

The Tarboro' Southerner.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D. Crockett.

VOL. 54.

TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1876.

NO. 45.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.
MAYOR.—F. M. Pids.
COMMISSIONERS.—Jesse A. Williamson, Jacob Feldenhimer, Daniel W. Hunt, Alex. McCabe, Joseph Cobb.
SECRETARY & TREASURER.—Robt. Whitehurst.
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Best Selling Goods! HASTIS & LUBBERT, 107 Liberty Street, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. WRENN,
Manufacturer of and wholesale dealer in
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April, 7, 1876.

How the Pump Made a Match.

A FACT-STORY.
BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon had no children of their own, and so they decided to take one from the poor-house, where there were usually a goodly number to select from.

Dainthe Blade was eight years old, an orphan, and without any relatives, when she went to live with Mrs. Sheldon, and she grew up a nice, clever, modest maiden, grateful for all the favors she received, and cheerfully anxious to make some suitable return—which is not the case with all adopted children.

Well, when Dainthe was about sixteen years old, two strange events occurred to disturb the harmony of the household. One was the arrival of a baby—an unexpected pleasure!—and shortly after Mrs. Sheldon found that his business required his removal to Massachusetts.

"You can do as you like about going," Dainthe said Mrs. Sheldon. "You know we can't compel you."

"I'd rather, said Dainthe, twisting a corner of her apron; 'I wouldn't be happy anywhere else.'"

So the journey was made, and the family settled in a nice, cosy house, where Dainthe continued as maid-of-all-work, and occasionally assisted as child's nurse; although Mrs. Sheldon was jealous of any attention the baby received from any one but herself.

The pump that supplied them with drinking water was two blocks off, and Dainthe would tie a white handkerchief over her head and go out to fill the pail at least twice a day. It was all the time she was in the street, and always with the handkerchief tied over her head, and her hair neatly bound.

Just at dusk one evening the baby was taken alarmingly ill; the poor mother was frantic, and sent Dainthe flying for the medicine the doctor prescribed, while never a change passed over the sufferer's face that did not send a pang to the heart that leaped anxiously over it.

Dainthe put her usual head covering on, and started for the drug-gist's, but meeting a crowd on the way stepped one side, and stood for a moment on a convenient stoop to allow them to pass her.

"Did you notice that party?" said a gentleman, drawing near to Dainthe.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Have you any idea where they are going?" he inquired.

"No, sir; I was wondering what was the matter."

"They are going to be married; six couples; let us go over and see the ceremony."

It was a temptation too strong to be resisted. Six brides! It would be well worth seeing. And baby, medicine, everything, was forgotten in the womanly curiosity that filled Dainthe's breast. Al-most mechanically she followed her guide to the door of the opposite dwelling, where they could see the whole assembly, and before she knew it—the attraction was so great—she was standing inside the room, which was connected with a private residence, an absorbed and interested spectator.

All the gentlemen signed their names in a book, and Dainthe noticed that her companion signed his, after which they stood up, something was said, and then the six couples marched out of the room just as they had come in, only looking ever so much happier.

Dainthe was preparing to follow, all at once reminded of her neglected duties, when the minister touched her on the shoulder and congratulated her on being married.

"I Married?" exclaimed the poor girl. "It cannot be! I didn't come here to be married! and a storm of tears and sobs shook her violently."

"It is too late now to repent," said the minister, not understanding the circumstances of the case; and with a few kind words he took his departure.

"Are you unwilling to be my wife?" inquired Mr. Rogers, who had brought all this shame and confusion upon the poor, bound girl.

"I don't know," said Dainthe. "I don't know what to do, or where to go," and she hid her face again, and gave way to convulsive sobbing.

When she was calmer, she told him who she was, and what was her situation. She owed several months of service yet to her employers, and hardly knew what they would say to her on her return.

"Remain here to-night," said Mr. Rogers, "for it is too late now for you to get in the house, and if anything is said to you give them this," and he handed her a slip of paper which she had no curiosity to examine.

He then left her, and she spent the remainder of the night in solitude and in tears; and the early dawn found her looking haggard and worn with anxiety and remorse.

"Where in the world have you been?" exclaimed Mrs. Sheldon, on entering the kitchen to make preparations for breakfast. "Father went out hunting for you and thought you must have been spirited away."

"The baby was better, so that Dainthe's absence had caused no really serious trouble."

"I was married last night," said Dainthe, blushing painfully.

"Married! To whom, pray, now?" "I don't know."

"Don't know? Was there ever anything so silly?"

It was silly, Dainthe thought, and more like a dream than a reality. Perhaps it was a dream!—and then she thought of the slip of paper given her by her companion. Mrs. Sheldon took it, read it carefully, and then transferred it to her husband.

"An order on Timothy Rogers for three hundred dollars in money, or in goods? Why, this can't be genuine! Somebody has been playing a practical joke on the poor child; but I'll stop in and see about it!" Timothy Rogers! Why he's one of the wealthiest men in Massachusetts! I'll stop in the store on my way down."

Mr. Sheldon was quite certain it was a hoax; and handed the paper to Timothy Rogers himself that he might realize what a bold forgery had been committed.

"That is all right," said Mr. Rogers; "will you have the money, or the goods?"

Had Mr. Sheldon been arrested by a highwayman with a demand for his money or his life, he could hardly have been more surprised or startled.

"It was a strange proceeding," said Mr. Rogers, "and I'll do every thing in my power to make amends. My mother died some time ago, and left me alone in the world, with a large house to look after, and plenty of servants. I needed a wife, but had never seen any one I could marry, until I saw Dainthe Blake. I used to watch her going back and forth to the pump, and have frequently stood by your door of an evening, wondering in what way I should secure an introduction. When I met her last night, it seemed too good a chance to lose. I married her in sober earnest, and am ready to stand by my contrast."

Dainthe was released from her engagement with her employers, and the poor, bound girl became the beloved mistress of an elegant home, where slaves stood ready to do her bidding. This happened a great many years ago—when there were slaves in Massachusetts—and was told me by a descendant of one who knew the Sheldons and Dainthe Blake, and thought it the most romantic affair she ever heard of.

If the town pumps were still in existence, maidens would trip lightly along the street, in the hope of alluring the heart of some wealthy and romantic lover. But love is best caught when caught unawares, and little did the modest Dainthe imagine that—

"Tying her handkerchief under her chin, She hid a young man's heart within."

Training a Mustang.

The Experience of a Young Man Who Trained Himself or His Horseman-ship.

In these dull times, when scores of young men are out of employment, and others are crowding in from other places seeking for so-called "gentled" situations, it is well to give wide publicity to such facts as are set forth in the following extract from the New York Journal of Commerce:

"One of the great problems of our day, too little discussed by those who have the ear of the public through the press or at the forum, is to furnish the young men of this generation with remunerative employment. The professions are all overcrowded. The shop-keepers are by far too numerous. Agencies of all classes are so multiplied that the occupants tread on each other's heels, and are a bore and nuisance to the general public. Clerks out of employment and willing to serve for a mere pittance are to be reckoned by their tens and thousands. Book-keepers with hungry eyes are reading the advertising lists in the vain hope of an opening for their application. Collectors, messengers, door-keepers, box-keepers, watch-keepers, conductors and the great variety of others, already expert, seeking employment in kindred callings, and waiting anxiously for some to engage them."

Every possible form of service that can be reckoned in the list of gentled occupations is anxiously sought for by multitudes who have no other provisions for their daily needs. The men who have been trying to live by their wits must go to work at the bench or in the field; of these the soil offers the most remunerative employment. The mass of the unemployed must seek their sustenance from the bosom of mother earth. Land is cheap and there is a wide area that awaits the tiller. The back may ache, and the skin blister in the sun, but the bread can be made with no fear of failure, if the laborer will be faithful to his calling. It needs less wisdom and forethought than patient industry, and the man with a common mind may eat his harvest in peace."

They carried him home on a stretcher and after ten hours' uncertainty he gave proof that he was alive by opening his eyes. As soon as he could speak he gave instructions to present the mustang to his worst enemy, a man who lived next door but one, and whose seven children were each provided with a tin trumpet. He didn't take the same interest in horseback riding as formerly, and for the next six weeks his wife has no fear of his being out late at night.

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There is nothing a young unmarried man likes better than to go to a dinner at the invitation of a friend and be asked to carve a turkey. He never carved a turkey in his life, and with an old maid on one side of him, watching him closely, and on the other side a fair girl for whom he has a tenderness, he feels embarrassed when he begins. First, he pushes the knife down toward one of the thigh-joints. He can't find the joint, and he plunges the knife around in search of it until he makes mince-meat of the whole quarter of the fowl. Then he sharpens his knife and tackles it again. At last, while making a terrible dig, he hits the joint suddenly, and the leg flies into the maiden lady's lap, while her dress-front is covered with a shower of stuffing. Then he goes for the other leg, and when the young lady tells him he looks warm, the weather seems to him suddenly to become 400 degrees warmer. This leg he finally pulls loose with his fingers. He lays it on the edge of the plate, and while he is hacking at the wing, he gradually pushes the leg over on the clean table-cloth, and when he picks it up it slips from his hand into the gravy-dish, and splashes the gravy around for six square yards. Just as he has made up his mind that the turkey has no joints in its wings, the host asks him if he thinks the Indians can really be civilized? The girl next to him laughs, and he says he will explain his views upon the subject after dinner. Then he sops his brow with his handkerchief and presses the turkey so hard with the fork that it slides off the dish and upsets a goblet of water on the girl next to him. Nearly frantic, he gorges away at the wings, gets them off in a mutilated condition, and digs into the breast. Before he can cut any off the hosts ask him why he doesn't help out the turkey. Bewildered, he puts both legs on a plate and hands them to the maiden lady, and then helps the young girl to a plateful of stuffing, and when taking her plate in return knocks over the gravy dish. Then he sits down with the calmness of despair and fans himself with a napkin, while the servant girl clears the table. He doesn't discuss the Indian question that day. He goes home right after dinner and spends the night trying

to decide whether to commit suicide or to take lessons in carving.

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