

The Tarboro Southern

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

VOL. 55. TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1877. NO. 4.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.
Mayor—Fred Phillips.
Commissioners—Jesse A. Williamson, Alex. F. Oldenbush, Daniel W. Hurtt, Alex. McCabe, Joseph Cobb.
Secretary & Treasurer—Robt. Whitehurst.
Chief of Police—John W. Cotton.
Assistant Postmaster—T. Moe's Jas. E. Simonsen, Almore Macneir.

COUNTY.
Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—H. L. Staton, Jr.
Register of Deeds—Alex. McCabe.
Sheriff—Joseph Cobb.
Coroner—Robert H. Agstin.
Surveyor—John E. Baker.
Standard Keeper—J. B. Hyatt.
School Examiners—H. H. Shaw, Wm. A. Deane and J. W. Williams.
Keeper of Poor House—Wm. A. Deane.
Commissioners—Geo. L. Williams, Chas. W. Bell, Wm. W. Norville, Frank Dow, M. Exam. A. McCabe, Clerk.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

\$2500 a year. Agents wanted on our Grand Combination of Prospects, representing
150 DISTINCT BOOKS
water everywhere. The biggest thing ever tried. Sales made from this when all single books sell. Also Agents wanted on our "Kingsley" Family Bibles, superior to all others. With invaluable Illustrated Aids and Superb Bindings. These books bear the World's most particular notice. Address JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

\$6 a week layout own town. Terms Cash. \$50 cash free. H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A. WRENN.



Manufacturer of and wholesale dealer in CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, FARM WAGONS, CARTS, WHEELS AND AXLES, HARNESS, COLLARS, SADDLES, SADDLES, LADDERS, HORSE CLOTHING, WHIPS.

Also a large stock of German Materials. No. 24 and 26, Union Street, April 1, 1877.

Tarboro' Southern.

Friday, Jan. 26, 1877.

WAS IT LUCK?

BY JENNIE STERLING.

There appears to be a streak of ill-luck running through the genealogy of some families, their undertakings never prosper, or if it happens that good luck seems about to "turn up," disappointment invariably follows as if some Nemesis pursued them.

An individual with just such a family history, on a certain day in the year 1875, was sitting at a small window of a poverty-stricken-looking dwelling in the outskirts of Brooklyn.

The Little Rock and Fort Smith RAILWAY FOR SALE

Having Lands, Grading Lands, Fruit Lands, Vine Lands, Coal Lands, Wood Lands, some Prairie Lands, Bottom Lands, and Uplands, on terms to suit the purchaser. Six per cent interest on deferred payments. Ten per cent discount for cash. Full particulars, maps and pamphlets, apply to W. D. SLACK, Land Commissioner, Little Rock, Arkansas.

J. M. FREEMAN'S Old Reliable Jewelry Store.

48 YEARS ESTABLISHED. STILL IN FULL BLAST.

Arthur C. Freeman, SUCCESSOR.

100 Main St., Norfolk, Va., offers to the citizens of Edgecombe and surrounding country, a full line of

Supplies and Inducements.

Send your orders to me, and you will save 15 to 20 per cent. Should the goods not suit money will be refunded.

Address, A. T. FREEMAN, Jeweler, Norfolk, Va.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NORTH AND SOUTH VIA W. & W. R. R.
Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 9:30 P. M.
Arrive at Washington (daily) at 6:30 P. M.
Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 6:30 P. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at 6:30 P. M.

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She fairly sparkled and shone with excess of happiness, all on account of her darling, and he told his wife, that in spite of surroundings, he thought she was a lady.

Hermann Ulrich never knew how or where he lost his ring. The superstitions of his family, praying upon his mind, combined with poverty and ill health, caused brain fever, of which he died, his wife following him soon after.

That diamond was the heirloom which brought good luck to its next possessor.

TROUBLES OF AN EVENING;

OR
TOMTIT'S TRIALS.

BY CHARLES G. HARRIS.

What's the matter, Tom? You don't look well, and pretty little Mrs. Tomtit, coming out to meet her husband on his return from business one evening last week.

Then my looks, like George Washington, don't tell a lie, for I've felt meaner than skim milk with flies in it all day," he replied, taking off his overcoat and hanging it up in the hall.

That's too bad, dear. What appears to be the matter? she inquired, fastening the morning paper out of his overcoat pocket.

Oh, I don't hardly know. I've sort of circus performance going on in my head, and a young galvanic battery shooting through my bones. I guess a cup of tea and a quiet peaceful evening, with nothing to disturb me, and I'll be as right as a fiddle in the morning," he replied, leading the way to the dining-room.

After supper Tomtit exchanged his coat and boots for dressing-gown and slippers, selected the easiest chair in the room, lit a cigar, and leaning back, opened his favorite paper for a quiet read. He had finished about a dozen lines, and was getting interested when Smith's boy, who lives on the other side of the road, came over, and, after fumbling and whistling at the door for some time, put in his head, and remarked in a shrill voice:

"Please, sir, pa wants to know if you will lend him your saw?"

"For pity sake, tell the girl to give him the saw and tell him to go," said Tomtit, irritably, returning to his paper.

His wife gazed out of the room and gave the servant the order, and the boy moved himself by dancing a clog dance in the hall, the noise of which nearly drove Tomtit crazy. A few moments later, as he was trying to fix his attention on the story, the girl appeared and said:

"Share, sir, the devil a saw can I find at all, at all."

"Goodness gracious!" he exclaimed, throwing down the papers, "it seems to me—"

"Sit right still; don't scold, and I'll get it," interrupted his wife, jumping up and going out.

A few moments she returned, and after looking in the match-box, work-basket, and ice-pitcher, as if she expected to find it secreted in some of them, observed:

"I've looked every place from the garret to the cellar, and can't find it. You must have had it down to the barn."

"Heavens and earth! I knew it, I knew it!" he exclaimed, dropping the paper, darting off to the barn, where, after nearly knocking his brains out against a post, and stumbling over the hay-cutter he returned with the missing saw and his hair full of hay seed.

"I am not much of a judge of diamonds," he said, "but I should say this is a very fine specimen. It is certainly no common gem. You must try at once to find its owner, my good woman."

"It is mine," said Benita simply, her idea of ownership being limited.

He then explained to her the necessity and benefit of advertising, assuring her that if after a certain time, no one appeared to claim the lost jewel, it would be fairly her own to sell if possible.

Giving a reluctant consent, she returned home, but not without the stone that she cautiously concealed.

The clergyman made minute inquiries concerning her, learning that she might have stolen it, and was convinced that her simple story was a true one.

In a few weeks, according to her directions, she waited upon him, and learned that there had been no response to repeated advertisements; and now said he, "I will see that you get its value, and at his request, she accompanied him to a celebrated jeweler on Broadway.

There he ascertained that the precious stone was of the purest water, and that its value could be estimated by thousands; and being a match for one they already possessed, it was accordingly purchased by the firm.

Farwell forever to rag-picking. A more comfortable home was sought and soon found, the invalid was given an impetus towards health and happiness, both were increased by added comforts, and it was not long before she gained the use of her limbs, and was able to help herself.

As for old grand-mother, the good clergyman found she was a rough diamond, only needing a beautiful setting and polish.

She fairly sparkled and shone with excess of happiness, all on account of her darling, and he told his wife, that in spite of surroundings, he thought she was a lady.

Hermann Ulrich never knew how or where he lost his ring. The superstitions of his family, praying upon his mind, combined with poverty and ill health, caused brain fever, of which he died, his wife following him soon after.

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It took about fifteen minutes to get the coal gathered up and Bridget out of the room, and when quite had been restored once again, Mrs. Tomtit suggested:

"I would just try to read any more to-night, Tom. Go and lie down on the lounge, and you won't be interrupted."

"I'll finish that story, if I sit up all night. It's queer this house can't be kept quiet when a person's sick," he said, obstinately, taking up the paper, and trying to find the place he had left off at.

"He had just succeeded, and the interest he felt in the heroine's welfare was smoothing the wrinkles from his brow, as no flat-iron could have done, when out the garden there arose a series of most unearthly yells as if some giant cur was trying to commit suicide by barking himself inside out.

Tomtit pretended not to hear the first two or three ear-splitting howls, in hopes he would move away, but when it grew so loud and deafening that the windows rattled and the flame flickered in the lamp, he could stand it no longer; jumping up he loaded himself with coal and bad words, and started but opened fire on the yelping brute.

His first shot missed the dog and hit an Irishman passing on the other side of the road; the second lump of coal came somewhat nearer the dog, but broke a window in the next house. He didn't fire the third one owing to the Irishman having secured some bricks and sending one dangerously close to Tomtit's ear. The second shot from the infuriated Emerald Islander took him in the small of the back, as he dodged in the door and slammed it after him.

He did not read any more that evening, but told his wife, as she was rubbing his bruised back with arnica that night before retiring:

"I wish I was a dynamite torpedo, that I could explode and blow everything in this damned county to pieces."

Falling in Love.

There is nothing—no moral or intellectual phenomena—more strange than falling in love. What it is; whence it originates; how it is brought about; these things are among the hidden mysteries of our nature.

A girl has reached the age of eighteen; a young man that of twenty-one. They have lived as home; traveled a little; pursued their studies; attend parties, and been a good deal in the societies of other young people; yet they never took a very deep interest in anything in particular; neither of them ever cared very much for any other person.

They meet, and lo! of a sudden, all is changed! Each sees the other in a different light from what any other was ever seen in; the whole world seems changed. Life itself is changed, to be like what it was, again, nevermore!

Love is often as sudden as this, but not always.

Sometimes it is of very slow growth.

Persons have known each other for years, and been much in each other's society, and been intimate all this time, but never thinking of a tie stronger than friendship; when some incident or event—a temporary parting, or the intervention between them of a third person, friend or stranger—reveals to them, for the first time, the great truth that they are mutually in love.

Yet this love, springing up gradually and imperceptibly, is no less mysterious and unfathomable than that which is sudden and at first sight.

It is not mere friendship grown strong; it is a more absorbing, more violently more uncontrollable sentiment.

Whether a person can fall in love more than once is a mooted question.

Some people appear to fall in love many times.

It is not unusual to see widowers, who have been very devoted husbands, marry again and seem to love the second wife just as well as the first.

Jane Grey Swissheim says she would rather see a man drunk than a liar, which causes an exchange to remark: "This may be all right for Grant, but it is rather hard for Zach."

Pounded ice, if allowed to stand too long, is not what it was cracked up to be.