The Tarborough Southerner.

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

VOL. 55. TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1877. NO. 8.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.

MAYOR—Fred. Philips.

COMMISSIONERS—Jesse A. Williamson, Jacob Feldenheimer, Daniel W. Hurtt, Alex. McCabe, Joseph Cobb.

SECRETARY & TREASURER—Robt. Whitehurst.

CHIEF OF POLICE—John W. Cotten.

ASSISTANT POLICE—J. T. Moo e, John Madra, Wood Windorne and Isaac Bynum.

COUNTY.

Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—R. L. Staton, Jr.
Register of Deeds—Alex. McCabe.
Sheriff—Joseph Cobb.
Coroner—
Treasurer—Robt. H. Austin.
Surveyor—John E. Baker.
Standard Keeper—P. S. Hicks.
School Examiners—R. H. Shaw, Wm. A. Duggan and R. S. Williams.
Keeper Poor House—W. T. Godwin.
Commissioners—Jno. Lancaster, Chairman, Wiley Well, J. B. W. Norville, Frank Dew, M. Exum. A. McCabe, Clerk.

MAILS.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS NORTH AND SOUTH VIA W. & W. R. R.

Leave Tarboro' (daily) at	10 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at	3.30 P. M

WASHINGTON MAIL VIA GREENVILLE, FALKLAND AND SPARTA.

Leave Tarboro' (daily) at	6 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at	6 P. M.

LODGES.

The Nights and the Places of Meeting.

Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. Lawrence, High Priest, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.

Concord Lodge No. 58, Thomas Gatlin, Master, Masonic Hall, meets first Friday night at 7 o'clock P. M. and third Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. in every month.

Repiton Encampment No. 13, I. O. O. F., I. B. Palamountain, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.

Edgecombe Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., T. W. Toler, N. G., Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.

Edgecomb Council No. 122, Friends of Temperance, meet every Friday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall.

Advance Lodge No. 38, I. O. G. T., meets every Wednesday night at there Hall.

Zanoah Lodge, No. 235, I. O. B. B., meet on first and third Monday night of every month at Odd Fellows' Hall, A. Whitlock, President.

CHURCHES.

Episcopal Church—Services every Sunday at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Cheshire, Rector.

Methodist Church—Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock, and at night. Rev. Mr. Rone, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church—Services every 1st, 3rd and 5th Sabbaths. Rev. T. J. Allison, Pastor Weekly Prayer meeting, Thursday night

Missionary Baptist Church—Services the 4th Sunday in every month, morning and night. Rev. T. R. Owen, Pastor.

Primitive Baptist Church—Services first Saturday and Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock.

HOTELS.

Adams' Hotel, corner Main and Pitt Sts. O. F. Adams, Proprietor.

EXPRESS.

Southern Express Office, on Main Street, closes every morning at 9½ o'clock.
N. M. LAWRENCE, Agent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRANK POWELL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
☞ Collections a Specialty. ☜
Office next door to the Southerner office.
July 2, 1875. tf

JOS. BLOUNT CHESHIRE, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
☞ Office at the Old Bank Building on Trade Street. je25-tf.

GEO. HOWARD.
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
☞ Practice in all the Courts, State and Federal. nov.5-1y.

FREDERICK PHILIPS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
☞ Practices in Courts of adjoining counties, in the Federal and Supreme Courts.
Nov. 5, 1875. 1y

WALTER P. WILLIAMSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TARBORO', N. C.
Will practice in the Courts of the 2nd Judicial District. Collections made in any part of the State.
☞ Office in Iron Front Building, Pit Street, rear of A. Whitlock & Co's.
Jan. 7, 1876. tf

J. H. & W. L. THORP,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
PRACTICES in the counties of Edgecombe, Halifax, Nash and Wilson, and in the Supreme Court North Carolina, also in the United States District Court at Raleigh.

JACOB BATTLE,
Counsellor and Attorney at Law,
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
☞ Practices in all the State Courts.
March 24, 1876. 1y

DR. E. D. BARNES,
Surgeon Dentist,
Main Street,
TARBORO', N. C.
☞ All work warranted to give entire satisfaction. feb.18-tf.

Dr. G. L. Shackelford,
DENTIST,
TARBORO', N. C.
Office opposite Adams' Hotel, over S. S. Nash & Co's Store.
Care of children's teeth and *Plate work* a specialty.
March 17th, 1876, 1y.

WM. HOWARD,
DRUGGIST
DEALER IN
DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,
&c., &c., &c.
Nier door to Mrs. Pender's Hotel,
TARBORO, N. C

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SEEDS SEEDS
OUR Priced Catalogue of over 1200 varieties of Garden, Field & Flower Seeds, Bedding Plants, Roses, &c., Mailed Free to all applicants.
ADDRESS D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT, MICH.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

A LUCRATIVE BUSINESS.
☞ WE WANT 500 MORE FIRST-CLASS SEWING MACHINE AGENTS, AND 500 MEN OF ENERGY AND ABILITY TO LEARN THE BUSINESS OF SELLING SEWING MACHINES. COMPENSATION LIBERAL, BUT VARYING ACCORDING TO ABILITY, CHARACTER AND QUALIFICATIONS OF THE AGENT.—FOR PARTICULARS, ADDRESS
Wilson Sewing Machine Co.,
Chicago,
827 & 829 Broadway, New York or New Orleans, La.

$2500 a year. Agents wanted on our Grand Combination Prospectus, representing
150 DISTINCT BOOKS.
wanted everywhere. The biggest thing ever tried. Sales made from this when all single books fail. Also Agents wanted on our Magnificent Family Bibles, superior to all others. With invaluable Illustrated Aids and Superb Bindings. These Books beat the World. Full particulars free. Address JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

25 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts., post-paid. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

$55 to $77 a Week to Agents. $10 Outfit Free. P. O. Vickery, Augusta, Maine.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

Newspaper Advertising Agents.
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
41 Park Row, N. Y.
They have the satisfaction of controlling the most extensive and complete advertising connection which has ever been secured, and one which would be hardly possible in any other country but this. They have succeeded in working down to a cash one business into so thoroughly a systematic method that no change in the newspaper system of America can escape notice, while the widest information upon all topics interesting to advertisers is placed readily at the disposal of the public.
—Extract from New York Times, June 14th, 1875.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

PATENTS obtained for mechanical devices, medical or other compounds, ornamental designs, trade-marks, and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, etc., promptly attended to. Inventions that have been REJECTED by the Patent Office may still, in most cases be secured by us. Being opposite the Patent Office, we can make closer searches, and secure Patents more promptly and with broader claims than those who are remote from Washington. INVENTORS send us a model or sketch of your device, we make examinations *free of charge*, and advise as to patentability. All correspondence strictly confidential. Prices low, AND NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.
We refer to officials in the Patent Office, and to inventors in every State in the Union. Address, in German or English,
C. A. SNOW & CO.,

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored!
Just published, a new edition of DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c.
☞ Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents.
The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and *radically*.
☞ This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post-paid*, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps.
Address,
THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York.
Post Office Box, 4586. jan.-1y.

THE SUN.
1877. NEW YORK. 1877.
The different editions of THE SUN during the next year will be the same as during the year that has just passed. The daily edition will on week days be a sheet of four pages, and on Sundays a sheet of eight pages, or 56 broad columns; while the weekly edition will be a sheet of eight pages of the same dimensions and character that are already familiar to our friends.
THE SUN will continue to be the strenous advocate of reform and retrenchment, and of the substitution of statesmanship, wisdom, and integrity for hollow pretence, imbecility, and fraud in the administration of public affairs. It will contend for the government of the people by the people and for the people as opposed to government by frauds in the ballot-box and in the counting of votes, enforced by military violence. It will endeavor to supply its readers—a body now not far from a million of souls—with the most careful, complete, and trustworthy accounts of current events, and will employ for this purpose a numerous and carefully selected staff of reporters and correspondents. Its reports from Washington, especially, will be full, accurate, and fearless; and it will doubtless continue to deserve and enjoy the hatred of those who thrive by plundering the Treasury or by usurping what the law does not give them, while it will endavor to merit the confidence of the public by defending the rights of the people against the encroachments of unjustified power.
The price of the daily SUN will be 55 cents a month or $6.50 a year, post paid, or with the Sunday edition $7.70 a year.
The Sunday edition alone, eight pages, $1.20 a year, post paid.
The WEEKLY SUN, eight pages of 56 broad columns, will be furnished during 1877 at the rate of $1 a year, post paid.
The benefit of this large reduction from the previous rate for THE WEEKLY can be enjoyed by individual subscribers without the necessity of making up clubs. At the same time, if any of our friends choose to aid in extending our circulation, we shall be grateful to them, and every such person who sends us ten or more subscribers from one place will be entitled to one copy of the paper for himself without charge. At one dollar a year postage paid, the expenses of paper and printing are barely repaid; and, considering the size of the sheet and the quality of its contents, we are confident the people will consider THE WEEKLY SUN the cheapest newspaper published in the world, and we trust also one of the very best.
Addre THE SUN, New York City, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. WRENN,

Manufacturer of and wholesale dealer in
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, FARM WAGONS, CARTS, WHEELS AND AXLES, HARNESS, COLLARS, HAMES, SADDLES, LAPROBES, HORSE CLOTHING, WHIPS.
&c., &c.
Also a large Stock of Carriage Materials.
Nos. 14, 16, 24 and 26, Union Street,
Norfolk, Va.
April, 7 1876. 1y.

J. M FREEMAN'S
Old Reliable Jewelry Store,
48 YEARS ESTABLISHED. STILL IN FULL BLAST.
Arthur C. Freeman,
SUCCESSOR,
160 Main St., Norfolk, Va.,
offers to the citizens of Edgecombe and surrounding country, a full line of

Diamonds, Plain Gold Wedding and Engagement Rings, Bridal Presents, &c.
My facilities are such that being connected with one of the largest Importing Houses in this Country, and buying exclusively for cash, enables me to offer
SUPERIOR 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, ARTHUR C. FREEMAN,
Jeweler, Norfolk, Va.
HIGHLY IMPORTANT.—I employ none but the most skillful Workmen in the Repairing of Watches and Jewelry, and if you wish to have your watches repaired properly and satisfaction given, send them to me by Express carefully packed in cotton.

WEBER'S BAKERY!
THIS OLD ESTABLISHED BAKERY IS now ready to supply the people of Tarboro and vicinity with all kinds of
Bread, Cakes, French and Plain Candies, Nuts, Fruits, &c., &c., &c.,
embracing every thing usually kept in a First Class Establishment of the kind.
Thankful for the liberal patronage of the past the undersigned asks a continuation, with the promise of satisfaction.
Private Families can always have their Cakes Baked here at shortest notice.
Orders for Parties & Balls
promptly filled. Call and examine our stock, next door to Bank of New Hanover.
Nov. 4.-1y. JACOB WEBER.

NEW RESTAURANT AND Boarding House.
MEALS at all HOURS!
OYSTERS SERVED IN EVERY STYLE.
A good stock of CIGARS and TOBACCO always on hand.
Soliciting your patronage.
Yours respectfully,
S. E. SPIER.
☞ Good accommodation for Transient Customers and Table Boarders.
Tarboro', Sept. 1st, 1875

W. T. TAYLOR,
Manufacturer of
WINDOW FRAMES, DOORS,
Plain Panels of every style
DOOR FRAMES,
WINDOWS, SASHES, BLINDS, MANTLES, MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, SCROLL WORK
AND
Tobacco Box Patterns,
Whitaker's, N. C.
Also, contracts to put up buildings, furnishing all material, complete turn-key jobs, or otherwise, as parties may prefer, *all* with kiln-dried lumber.
March 24, 1876. 1y

Want to Sell.
I WILL SELL MY TWO STORY DWELLING on Church Street, corner of Thomas street—five rooms and closet. The house is newly painted and in excellent repair. One acre of ground is attached under new paling. There are also the necessary out houses. It is a bargain for somebody.
I will also sell a good Piano and other Furniture. Also several vacant lots on Church Street. All in Rocky Mount, N. C.
DOSSEY BATTLE.
Oct. 29, 1875. tf.

A FORTUNE FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR
First Dollar Quarterly Drawing, at New Orleans, Tuesday, January 2, 1877.
LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY
This institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational puaposes in 1868, with a Capital of $1,000,000, to which it has since added a reserve fund of $350,000. Its Grand Single Number Drawings will take place monthly. The season of 1877 opens with the following scheme
CAPITAL PRIZE, $15,000.
1 Prize $10,000. 1 Prize $5,000
1898 Prizes, Amounting to $66,525.
100,000 TICKETS AT
ONLY ONE DOLLAR EACH.
Write for circulars or send orders to
CHAS. T. HOWARD, New Orleans, La.
Or to M. I. FOGARTY, 157 Main St., Norfolk, Va.
REGULAR QUARTERLY DRAWING on February 4, 1877. Tickets $10 each. Capital Prize $30,000. dec.8-1m.

Tarboro' Southerner.

Friday, : : : Feb. 23, 1877

Blitz, the Merry Magician.

The anecdotes concerning him, his ventriloquism and his marvelous dexterity, are innumerable. Very often endowed by the superstitious fancies of those who had witnessed his remarkable feats of legerdermain with supernatural powers, he carefully makes it evident in his autobiography that it was only to his manual dexterity and a close observance of character that he was enabled to so marvelously deceive the senses of his audi-tors.—Indeed, he takes occasion to say in this interesting volume that spiritualism, "the professors of which pretend to hold intercourse with the dead, and record the thoughts of those within the realms of heaven, professing to receive and convey communications between families and friends, is of character as nonsensical to the understanding as it is offensive to the moral appreciation of the divine law." *His* motto was, "Laugh, laugh and be happy. Live above the thought of wrong and it will not exist in action." *He* quotes many instances of the superstitious regard in which he was held. To his boyish tricks in his native village his neighbors ascribed the loss of their sheep, mishaps to their cattle, and any unusual occurrence within twenty miles of the town.

At Exeter, England, in the early part of 1826, he was summoned before the Archbishop and Church Council prior to a performance, and called upon to answer various charges of irreligion, and as being an "idle, mischievous person." The council were not able to find him guilty, but he treated them to a gratuitous performance. He astonished the assemblage by announcing that a watch which he exhibited, would be transported to a cushion in the cathedral pulpit; and there it was found when a messenger went to search for it.

His first feat as a ventriloquist was in a dissecting room, whither he had been invited by a medical friend. The doctor, scalpel in hand, had made an incision in the body of a woman, at which she protested. "*It* is cruel to mutilate," said the voice. "the remains of a woman."

"Yes," came from another body upon another table, "it is an outrage to thus abuse a woman." Doctor and students made a rush for the door, and it was only when the surgeon had frantically driven home in his carriage, taking Signor Blitz with him, that the ventriloquist explained.

It is impossible to give more than a few of the many anecdotes which Signor Blitz himself has left of his long life and varied experience. Meeting Paganini, the violinist, during a visit to Glascow, ar infant's cry came from within the great Italian's fiddle.

"My God," said Paganini, "what is this?'

"*You* know whose child it is," said a female voice from a neighboring closet. The excited musician rushed to the closet, thence back to the violin, and then turned round to see Signor Blitz laughing and to receive his explanation.

An Egyptian mummy was presented by the American Consul at Cairo to a Philadelpnia museum. A crowd was one day about the case, and was startled by a voice from amid the multitudinous linen folds.

"Open the box! open the box," said the voice,

"Who are you?" asked one visitor, more venturesome than the rest.

'*I*'m a descenant of the Pharaohs,' answered the voice.

'What do you wan't?'

'Ask yourself. Your confounded Yankee curiosity has waked me up from the sleep of ages. Open the box!'

'What's your name?'

'Signor Blitz,' answe-ed the voice, and the great ventriloquist made himself known.

The Signor, while in Nova Scotia, was approached by an old orange woman with a basket of delicious fruit. He bought an orange for sixpence, and cutting it in half drew from the centre a golden sovereign. This performance was repeated with an other orange, the old woman looking on with amazement. He was about to take a third, when she snatched it away and vowed that he should have no more sovereign for a sixpence.

Introduced to a very solemn clergyman in Hartford, Connecticut, that gentleman abruptly denounced the Signor for performances which were 'dangerous to the welfare of mankind,' and much more of the same sort. Interrupting him, the Signor plucked a pack of playing cards from the pocket of his ministerial coat and withdrew a dice box and dice from his clerical hat. Signor Blitz was troubled with no more orthodox objections from that gentleman.

In the old Sixth Street Market, Philadelphia, he bought a dozen eggs for 24 cents from a stolid Dutchman. 'Clear as wasser mit a well-bucket, eh?' remarked the vender, as he handed them over.

The Signor broke one, and there came peeping through the aperture first a feathered head and then a whole canary bird, which sang sweetly to the man of eggs,

The Signor's fun-making propensity seems to have been irresistible, and found expression in all manner of sterling ways and places. *He* made a negro cry out from within his trunk on one occasion, and came near being arrested as an Abolitionist. He made his horse talk, and the frightened hostler could not be induced to re-enter the stable. So the Signor was himself compelled to groom the animal. His favorite resort seems to have been in the market-places, where he gave voice to chickens and pigs and fish and even oysters, to the great confusion of the market-people. But when he had had his laugh the kind hearted Professor never failed to make good any loss, direct or indirect, that his victims might have suffered. His benevolence was comprehensive and it is said of him that he gave away half of what he made in charity. In the Island of St. John, however, an offer to give to the poor the proceeds of one of his entertainments was refused by the village pastor. 'What!' said the shepperd, 'receive alms for the poor from a wizard—a bewitched hand? Oh, no! What spiritual grace would flow upon the subjects of distress?'

During the war he gave 132 free entertainments before 63,000 soldiers, who had congregated in the various hospitals in Philadelphia, besides contributing considerable sums of money in aid of the sick and wounded.

He enjoyed friendly relations with many distinguished men. Calling upon Daniel Webster at the statesman's room in Washington, Signor Blitz asked his influence to procure for him a government appointment.

'What office do you wish?' asked Mr. Webster, somewhat astonished.

'To count the Treasury notes,' said the Signor. 'You might give me 100,000 dollar bills to count and watch me closely, and you would find only 75,000 when I returned them.'

'Signor,' exclaimed Mr. Webster, with lively animation, 'there are better magicians here than you, for there would not be $50,000 left when they had finished counting.'

Once, certainly, the famous magician was nonplussed. A bright boy of ten years was assisting him upon the platform, when the Professor proposed to pass every piece of silver into his pockets. The boy shook his head, declaring that the 'Signor could not do that.'

'Why not?' asked Signor Blitz.

'Because *I've* only one pocket,' chirruped the child, 'and that's got a big hole in it.'

A large hearted, genial, Christian gentleman was Signor Blitz, and his death will be sadly regretted by thousands of warm admirers in every part of the Union.

Politics and Collection Plates.

Recently a Radical who is a preacher, tackled Uncle Remus on the subject of politics.

'I understand, old man,' said he, 'that you are a Democrat.'

'*I* dunno 'bout dat boss,'

'Well, it comes pretty straight.'

'*I* know dey got two sides, one what dey call Demmy crat an' de udder what dey call Rad i kil, but I don't bodder wid 'em w'en de wedder gits dis stiff.'

'But, I hear you vote the Democratic ticket every time.'

'*I* wote wid my young marster what I nussed w'en he want no bigger dan a duck rabbit.'

'Now don't you know this is going back on your color?'

'But hit ain't gwine back on my belly, an' ef I don't tend to dat, de fus' cole rain dat comes 'long mout wash de color' right outen me, I ain't takin' no chances in dis bizziness' boss *I*'m a gittin' old, an de older I gits de hongrier I get I does for a fact.'

'Look at me, I vote the republican ticket, and I'm not loosing my flesh,'

'You sorter preaches 'round like, don't you, boss?'

'Sometimes. Yes. Why?'

'Caze dat's whar de fun comes in, I don't git no chance fer ter feed outen no beaver hat, an' I don't eat offen no plates what dey takes up church kleshuns in. I'm a mighty lonesome ole nigger, an' his ter scuffle 'long de bes' I kin widout enny congergashun at my back.'

The preacher looked at his watch, and said he would take some more at another time, while Uncle Remus with a serene smile upon his venerable face, went down the street singing:

Oh! whar shill we go w'en de great day comes
Wid de blowis, ub de trumpet an' de bangin' uv de drums?
How meny po' sinners will be cotch'd out late,
An' fine no latch to de golden gate.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Husband in the Kitchen.

A NORSE LEGEND.

Once upon a time there was a man so surly and cross that he never thought his wife did anything right in the house. So one evening in hay-making time, he came home, scolding and swearing, and showing his teeth and making a dust.

'Dear love, don't be angry there's a good man,' said his goody; 'tomorrow, let's change our work, I'll go with the mowers and mow, and you shall mind the house.'

Yes! the husband thought that would do very well. He was quite willing, he said.

So early next morning his goody took a scythe over her shoulder and went out into the hay-field with the mowers and began to mow; but the man was to mind the house and do the work at home.

First of all he wanted to churn butter, but when he had churned awhile he got thirsty, and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of ale. So, just when he had just when he had knocked in the bung, and was putting the tap in the cask, he heard the pig come into the kitchen overhead. Then off he ran up the cellar stairs, with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could, to look after the pig, lest it should upset the churn. But when he got up and saw that the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood there, rooting and grunting among the cream which was running all over the floor, he got so wild with rage that he quite forgot the ale barrel and ran at the pig as hard as he could. *He* caught it, too, just as it ran out of doors, and gave it such a kick that piggy lay for dead on the spot, then all at once he rememberred that he had the tap in his hand; and when he got down to the cellar every drop of ale had run out of the cask.

Then he went into the dairy and found enough cream left to fill the churn again; and so he began to churn, for the butter they must have for dinner. When he had churned a bit, he remembered that their milking cow was still shut up in the barn, and hadn't had a bit to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, though the sun was high. Then all at once he thought it was too far to take her to the meadow, so he'd just get her up on the house-top, for the house, you must know, was thatched with sods, and a fine crop was growing there. Now their house lay close up against a steep down, and he thought if he had a plank across to the thatch at the back, he'd easily get the cow up.

But still he conldn't leave the churn, for there was his little babe crawling about on the floor, and if he left it, he thought, the child was sure to upset it. So he took the churn on his back, and went out with it; but then he thought he'd better first water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch; so he took up a bucket to draw water out of the well; but as he stooped down at the well's brink, all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders and so down into the well.

Now it was near dinner time, and he had not even got the butter yet; so he thought he had best boil the porridge, and filled the pot with water and hung it over the fire. When he had done that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or neck. So he got up on the house to tie her up. One end of the rope he tied fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the chimney and tied around his own thigh; and he began to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oatmeal.

So he began to grind away; but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the house top after all, and as she fell she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast; and as for the cow, she hung half way down the wall, swinging between heaven and earth, for she could neither get up nor down.

And now the goody had waited seven lengths and seven breadths for her husband to come and call them to dinner; but never a call had they had. At last she thought she'd waited long enough, and went come. But when she got there, and found the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she run up and cut the rope in two with her scythe. But as she did this down came her husband out of the chimney; and so when his old dame came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge pot.

You have 208 bones and 600 muscles, your blood weighs 25 pounds your heart is 5 inches in diameter, it beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 per day. *At* each beat a little over 2 ounces of blood is thrown out of it; and each day it receives and discharges about 7 tons of that wanderful fluid.

What holds all the snuff in the world? no one nose.

Only a Button.

Three times a week did Wm. Green array himself in his best store clothes and stroll carelessly in the direction of the widow Stuart's cottage, on the outside of the village. Billy, as he was familiarly known about town, was a good fellow in every sense of the word.

He was chief clerk in the principal dry goods store in the place, and on account of sterling qualities, was a favorite of his employer as well as of all the young ladies of the neighborhood. But what was the attraction at the widow's cottage?

The gossips of the village said that Billy was courting the widew's only daughter, Annie. Indeed some said they were already engaged.

At any rate he was certain to visit her at regular intervals and his countenance betrayed his state of mind—a state of perfect happiness. What a pity it is that true love will not *always* run smoothly.

Who could have the heart to come between and cause an estrangement where there existed such mutual affection? Something was the matter, for Billy no longer visited his lady-love as before. He seemed abstracted and gloomy. There was an air of sadness and dejection about him that contrasted strongly with his former cheerful and happy disposition.

Was the widow opposed to his suit or had she prevailed on her daughter to reject him? No. Had his charmer changed her mind and flirted with him? No. Was Billy himself guilty of the charge of fickleness and inconstancy? No, he was as true as steel.

It was all the result of an unavoidable accident. How often does the turning point of one's life hinge upon a small and trivial occurrence. On his last visit to his sweet-heart, Billy was in a happier frame of mind than usual and proposed to take a short walk in the country road. They were soon ready and on their way to an old bridge near by and talking as only lovers can, when they came to a long tree on the roadside covered with vines and wild grapes. Annie expressed a desire for some of the fruit when Billy proceeded to climb the tree in order to get them. When he had climbed to the top and was reaching for a fine bunch, almost out of arms length, his foot slipped and he came crashing throuh the tangled vines and branches. The fall was not far enough to be dangerous had he reached the ground, but in his rapid descent his coat sleeve caught by a knotty vine and held him suspended, about six feet above the ground. Though he struggled manfully to release himself, his effort was unavailing and he was rapidly losing strength. Thinking that a strong pull would probably tear the sleeve and release him from the painful position, he called his companion to assist by pulling on his feet, which she could just reach.

Instead of laying hold of his boots, which were somewhat muddy, she seized the lower edge of his pants and pulled with a will. There was a sound of something that snapped and *Annie* fell to the ground with the garment in her hands. Billy still hung there, his feet swinging like gigantic pendulums, feeling for a foot hold which he never quite reached. With a little scream of terror at what she had done, *Annie* darted toward home as fast as she could run, unconsciously holding Billy's trowser's still in her hand. With many tears she told her mother what she had done and immediately sent the unfortunate garment back by a boy. In the meantime old Deacon Smith came along in his wagon, returning from the mill with a load of meal. He released Billy from his predicament and carried him by another way to the village where he quickly reached his room.

The next day there were many exagerated stories about the accident afloat in the village and Billy was the butt of many jokes. He was rapidly losing the equanimity of his temper and his faith in woman kind when he received a package, containing his trowsers and a little note, saying: 'Can you forgive me? I did not mean to pull so hard, but the buttons were not sewed on very strong.'

He observed that they had been replaced with strong thread and neatly repaired.

In a few days he visited her as usual and during the year her name was changed to Mrs. Wm. Green and she does all his sewing nicely.

On Monday a young man rescued a girl who had broken through the ice of a skating pond in Toronto. On the ensuing Saturday they were married, although they had been strangers up to the time of the accident.

An enthusiast who had been to hear Anna Dickerson lecture, wrote to her saying, 'With you I could be happy in a desert.' And she wrote back, 'No man will ever have the chance to desert me.'

The Old, Old Story.

It was late. The leaden sceptre of the sable goddess was stretched above the slumbering world, and yet they stood at the old front gate, and he wound a protecting arm around her lithe form to shield her from the falling dews. Her exquisite head drooped upon his shoulder, and the love light shone in her lustrous eyes. *It* was now or never. He would know his fate, be it bliss or misery. He pointed to a star, not one of the terrible shooting stars that crowd the cemetaries of Burlington with their unburied slain—oh, no, not one of those destroying angels—but one of those fixed, glittering orbs that know their places and stay in them, and spoke:

'Darling, by yon bright orb I swear—'

'Oh, don't say that,' she murmured, and her voice was like the sound of flutes upon the water, 'Leander Smith said that, and he ran away and married his uncle's kitchen girl the very next week.'

'Dear one,' he resumed, 'by the blue arching dome that bends above, I—'

'Oh, no,' she sighed, rubbing a prescription of Laird's Bloom of Youth upon his cassimere shoulder, 'don't say that, please; Orestus Johnson said that, and just think, pa found out before the affair went very far, that he had two wives in Indiana.'

'My own,' he once more tried, 'by every whispering breeze that touches with its balmy kiss the sleeping flowers, I—'

'Oh, please, please, don't say that,' she said, in pleading tones. 'Mr. Trevelyan La Rourke said that, and, do you know, it turned out that he was a waiter in a Water Street restaurant, and he came up one evening dreadfully intoxicated, when we had company, and burst into the parlor, and shouted to pa to set out 'Large plate beefancabbage welldonannogravy, potatoes mashed oneplate liveranonions, cornbeefash coffeetwo and blackberry both!' Oh, don't say that; it sounds dreadful to me.'

'Day star of me life,' he tried, 'bright gem of—'

'Oh, no, no, no,' she sighed, wearily, 'not that, Mr. Van Tresslewick said that, and the next week we saw him at the circus, in a suit of red and white stuff, sitting in the middle of a sawdust ring, tying his legs in a bow-knot around his neck, and crawling through a hoop not half big enough for him. Oh, anything but that!'

'Well, then,' he said, in despair, 'It'll be nothing, for I'll be dad binged if *I've* had time to learn any more. I ain't a walking lover's dictionary.'

'Sir!' she said, assuming an erect posture.

'Madam,' he said stiffly, 'adieu.'

She went into the house with a face like the shield that was white on one side and brown on the other, and he strode down the sidewalk with one shoulder looking like a whitewasher's advertisement, and a long curl of raven hue hanging to the collar of his coat. They never met again.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

Religious.

The Episcopalians have a Bishop and quite a working force in Japan, and are making some progress. A recent report of Bishop Williams says that their mission has five clergy one physician, and one woman, At Osaka, public services have been held every day. On an average about thirty persons have attended the meetings on Sunday, Monday and Thursday. The missionaries have enjoyed greater facilities for preaching at Yedde, and their labors have been marked by evidence of a growing desire for instruction and greater earnestness in the converts. *A* very encouraging increase in numbers is reported. Against 3 baptisms, 1 confirmation and three communicants in 1875, there are for 1876, 17 baptisms, 16 confirmations, and 20 communicants.

New Orleans is not a Protestant city. Out of about 200,000 people, it is estimated there are 100,000 communicants, mostly of the old French line. Their churches are very numerous and they represent generally the wealthy and cultured people of the city. The Jews have also some very large synagogues and temples and are illustrations of financial thrift—'rich as a Jew' is a proverb founded in a great truth. Hence Protestant congregations are as a rule weak, and are compelled to struggle hard for existence. Then again, the Sabbath is a holiday, rather than a holy day; the street railway lines reap a rich harvest on Sunday. The theaters make a special effort to draw great crowds on Sabbath evening. Many of the small shops, especially, keep open on Sunday, and the people without any restraint do their shopping and seek their amusement.

A lady architect in Chicago is getting rich, by drawing plans of houses that have a half dozen clossets in each room.