

The Tarboro' Southerner.

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

TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1877.

NO. 15.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.
MAYOR—Fred Phillips.
 COMMISSIONERS—James A. Williamson, Jacob Faldenberg, Daniel W. Hurr, Alex. McCabe, Joseph Cobb.
 SECRETARY & TREASURER—Robert Whitehurst.
 CLERK OF POLICE—John W. Cotton.
 ASSISTANT POLICE—J. T. Moore, John Madra, Wood Windsor and Isaac Bynum.

COUNTY.
 Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—M. L. Blandin, Jr.
 Register of Deeds—Alex. McCabe.
 Sheriff—Joseph Cobb.
 Coroner—Wm. W. Blandin.

Treasurer—Robt. H. Austin.
Surveyor—John E. Baker.
Standard Reporter—T. E. Hicks.
School Executive—W. F. Malmon. Chair-man, W. A. Duggan, W. F. Williamson.
Keeper Public House—V. T. Goodwin.
 Commissioner, No. Lancaster, Chairman, N. B. Bellamy, F. U. Whitted, Clinton Battle, F. Dancy.
 County Attorney—W. P. Williamson.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS NORTH AND SOUTH VIA W. & A. R. R.
 Leaves Tarboro' (daily) at 10 A. M. for WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE, PHOENIX, AND WASHINGTON. Arrives at Tarboro' (daily) at 6 P. M.

THE NIGHT MAIL.
 Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. L. Lawrence, High Priest, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations on third Friday night at 10 o'clock A. M. in every month.
 Concord Lodge No. 28, Thomas Gallin, 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.
 Reunion Encampment No. 18, I. O. O. F., L. B. Palmour, Chief, Rev. T. J. Allison, Grand, meets every first and third Thursday at 8 o'clock P. M. in every month.
 Edgewood Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., T. W. Taylor, N. G., Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.
 Edgewood Council No. 122, Friends of Temperance, meet every Friday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall.

CHURCHES.
 Episcopal Church—Services every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Cheshire, Rector.
 Methodist Church—Services every Sunday at 10 o'clock A. M. and 8 P. M. Dr. J. B. Cheshire, Pastor. Prayer Meeting on Monday evening.
 Presbyterian Church—Services every 1st, 3rd and 5th Sabbath. 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.
 Southern Express Office, on Main Street, closes every morning at 9 o'clock. N. M. LAWRENCE, Agent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
FRANK POWELL,
 Attorney and Counselor at Law, TARBORO', N. C.

JOS. BLOUNT OSHESIRE, JR.,
 ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Office at the Old Bank Building on Trade Street.

BO. HOWARD,
 Attorney and Counselor at Law, TARBORO', N. C.
 Practice in all the Courts, State and Federal.

FREDERICK PHILLIPS,
 Attorney and Counselor at Law, TARBORO', N. C.
 Practice in Courts of adjoining counties in the Federal and Supreme Courts.

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, Pitt Street, near A. Whittlock & Co., Jan. 7, 1875.

JACOB BATTLE,
 Counsellor and Attorney at Law, ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
 Practices in all the State Courts.

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

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.

H. K. NASH, JR.,
 Engineer & Surveyor
 OFFICE OVER
 S. S. NASH & CO'S STORE,
 where he can always be found when not professionally absent.
 Tarboro, March 9, 1877.

DR. J. B. GODWIN,
 Surgeon Dentist,
 Washington, N. C.
 March 24, 1877.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A week lay on own town. Terms \$66 and \$5 outfit free. H. Hallett & Co. Portland, Maine.

GEORGE PAGE & CO.
 Patent Portable and Stationary Engines, Patent Circular Saw Mills, Farming, Milling and Saw Mills, Gas Engines and Boilers, Water, Wind, Steam, and Turbine, and all kinds of Machinery, also all kinds of Milling, Saws and Millstones.
 \$550 to \$770 Outfit Free. F. O. Vickers, Augusta, Maine.

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

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

The Maryland Eye & Ear Institute.
 No. 66 North Charles St., Baltimore.
 Incorporated April 9, 1860.
 President, Hon. J. W. Dobbin, Judge Superior Court.
 The above institution offers all the comforts of a home to suffering eye and ear diseases. Skilled surgeons are in attendance, and the most successful charges rendered in the house with the same patients as seen by him several times during the day. For further information, apply to the surgeon in charge.
 DR. GEORGE B. REULING.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples with \$5 to \$10 at store. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

THE PATENT SEPARATOR
 FOR THE SEPARATION OF MILK AND CREAM FROM BUTTER.
 This Separator is made of the best materials, and is the most perfect and reliable of its kind. It is of simple construction, and is easily operated. It separates the milk and cream from the butter, and is a great saving in labor and expense.
 Price, \$1.00 per dozen.
 For further information, apply to the manufacturer.
 STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING
 ONE HUNDRED & NINTH EDITION.
 Containing a complete list of all the towns in the United States, the Territories, and the Dominion of Canada, having a population greater than 5,000, according to the last census, together with the names of the newspapers having the largest local circulation in each of the places named. Also, a catalogue of rates, showing the cost of advertising to advertisers as giving greatest value in proportion to price charged. Also, all newspapers, Commercial, Insurance, Real Estate, Law, Sporting, Musical, Fashion, and other special class journals; very complete list—Together with a complete list of over 300 German papers printed in the United States. Also, an essay upon advertising, many tables and specimens of the various styles of advertising in various newspapers, and everything which a beginner in advertising would like to know.
 Address, GEO. F. ROWELL & CO., 41 Park Row, New York.

NORFOLK BUSINESS CARDS.
 W. H. TAYLOR. T. E. HILLOTT. J. H. WATERS.

Taylor, Elliott & Watters,
 Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
HARDWARE,
CUTLERY, GUNS, & CO.
 Corner of Main Street and Market Square, NORFOLK, VA.
 Feb. 9, 1877.

Hamburger Bros.,
 MANUFACTURERS OF
TOBACCO
 FACTORY, OFFICE & WAREHOUSE,
 35 & 95 Water Street,
 Petersburg, Va. NORFOLK, VA.
 Feb. 9, 1877.

LOUIS HILLIARD, MARCHELLUS MOORE, HILLIARD & MOORE,
 COTTON FACTORS
 AND
General Commission Merchants,
 McPhillip's Wharf, Norfolk, Virginia.
 Keep constantly on hand a large and valued stock of Sugars and Teas.
 General Dealers in Standard Fertilizers.
 Liberal cash advances made on consignments. Feb. 9-17.

J. EASTMAN, E. T. POWELL, EASTMAN, POWELL & CO.,
 Wholesale Grocers
 90 Water St. & 41 Commerce St. Norfolk, Va.
 April 6, 1877.

GOODE HOUSE,
 COR. COMMERCE & MAIN STS., Norfolk, Va.
 A. J. Manning, Prop'r.
 BOARD PER DAY, \$2.00.
 April 6, 1877.

M. L. T. DAVIS, B. D. THOMAS, M. L. T. DAVIS & CO.,
 WHOLESALE GROCERS,
 Also, large stock of MEATS, PORK AND FLOUR, always on hand.
 IRON STORE,
 South East Cor. Water and Commerce Sts., Norfolk, Va.
 Capt. D. BELL, Salesman in the House.
 April 6, 1877.

MARROW & CO.,
 (Successors to Bottumore, Marrow & Co.)
 WHOLESALE GROCERS,
 1855. ESTABLISHED 1850.

SHOE HOUSE,
 Nos. 129 & 122 Main St., Norfolk, Va.
 April 6, 1877.

W. A. MEHEGAN,
 Manufacturer of
FINE CIGARS,
 Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
 Leaf & Manufactured Tobacco,
 120 CHURCH STREET,
 Norfolk, Va.
 April 6, 1877.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

GEO. S. HAWES,
 MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Tin, Copper
 SHEET IRON WARE,
 Tarboro', N. C.

A FULL LINE OF COOKING, HEATING, Parlor & Office Stoves, kept constantly on hand, which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

ROOFING AND GUTTERING
 either in town or country, promptly attended to and on reasonable terms.

REPAIRING
 of all kinds in his line executed with promptness.
 If you can't afford to buy a new stove bring your old one and trade.
 GEO. S. HAWES,
 Nearly opposite Post Office.
 Feb. 18, 1876.

J. M. FREEMAN'S
 Old Reliable Jewelry Store,
 6 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



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 IMPROVEMENTS.
 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.

HILLY IMPORTERS—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 Cakes, 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 short notice.

Orders for Parties & Balls
 promptly filled. Call and examine our stock, next door to Bank of New Hanover.
 Nov. 4-17. JACOB WEBER.

W. T. TAYLOR,
 Manufacturer of
WINDOW FRAMES, DOORS,
Plain Panels of every style
DOOR FRAMES,
 WINDOWS, SHEDS, 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 work kiln-dried lumber.
 March 24, 1876.

THOS. E. LEWIS & CO.,
 AT THE OLD ESTABLISHED
Cheap Cash Store

INFORM THEIR FRIENDS AND THE
 public generally that they will add to their present stock of

Books, Stationery
 AND FANCY GOODS,
 A full supply of
Staple and Domestic Dry Goods,
Notions, Boots & Shoes, Groceries,
 &c., &c.
OUR MOTTO:
QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.
 The patronage so long extended to M. WEDDELL & CO., is respectfully solicited.
Thos. E. Lewis & Co.,
 March 9, 1877.

Carboro' Southerner.

Friday, April 13, 1877.

THE TWO LOVE LETTERS.

“We don't take boarders” said Mrs. Farquhar, looking in an owlish fashion through her spectral glasses at Mr. Stuart Waller. “We have got plenty a ad to spare without the trouble of 'em. You'll find the tavern three-quarters of a mile below. You must have come right past its door.”

“So I did,” said Mr. Waller, who possessed the insinuating, semi-chivalric manner that made every lady whom he addressed feel herself for the time being, the only feminine creature in all the universe; “but no amount of money would hire me to make my home in a place like that. Here it is like a glimpse of Paradise, looking admiringly around at the shady lawns, the clematis-bordered porch, and the rose hedges all sprinkled over with pink buds. I am sure, madam, you will reconsider your decision, and take me in for a few days, and I will promise to be no more trouble around the house than a kitten.”

Mrs. Farquhar was but human, and the upshot of affairs was that Mr. Waller's trunk arrived the next day.

“Oh, mother,” said Patty Farquhar, knitting her pretty black eyebrows, why did you let him in? And we so peaceful and comfortable here!”

“Child, why shouldn't I?” said the widow. “He's to pay ten dollars a week board, and I haven't no use for the little three-cornered room over the parlor.”

“I don't know,” said Patty, slowly, “but it seems to me I feel exactly as Eve must have felt when she saw the serpent writhing his way into Paradise.”

“Nonsense!” said Widow Farquhar, almost angrily.

But Patty only laughed, and ran away under the shadow of pink buds, to meet Morris Newton, her affianced lover.

“Little one,” said Morris, impressing both her soft, white hands in his, “I've got bad news for you!”

“Bad news, Morris?”

“I've got to go to Omaha next week, to see about those silver mines that one of my clients has an interest in.”

“Oh, dear!” cried Patty, parsing up her strawberry of a mouth.

“I shall be gone six months.”

“Worse and worse,” said Patty.

“But if you say so, Patty, drawing her gently to his side, “we can be married first, and make a wedding trip of it.”

“The idea!” flashed back Patty, drawing herself out of his embrace. “And I without a single dress made!”

“We can buy the dresses afterward.”

“That's all a man knows about it. You're sure it's impossible?” with a disappointed air.

“Oh, quite!” asserted the little brunette.

“Then,” said Mr. Newton, with a sigh, you must be sure and write very often, and be getting your folds ready to be married in, as soon as I come home.”

“Yes,” said Patty, gravely. “That is more reasonable.”

And she went back into the house utterly ignorant that, at the same time, Mr. Stuart Waller was laying a wager with a boon companion, at the Eastworth Arms “that he would cut out that coquetted lawyer in less than four weeks.”

For Mr. Waller was piqued by Patty's cool indifference, and, unfortunately, his was the “idle hands” for which Satan is said to find plenty of mischief to do.

“She's pretty, after a fashion,” said he to himself; “and I mean to make her dead in love with me before I'm through.”

Mr. Waller was a man of the world. Patty Farquhar was as young in experience as in years. They were an ill-matched pair, and it was hardly three weeks before the tongue of gossip began to busy itself with the widow's dark-eyed daughter.

Mrs. Farquhar came into Patty's room, one afternoon, and found her crying as if her heart would break, and with an open letter in her lap.

“Heart alive, child! what is the matter?” cried the old lady.

“Nothing, mother—nothing!” and Patty hurriedly wiped her eyes.

“Only I've got a letter from Morris, and it makes me so glad and so sorry!”

had walked with him in the twilight, and she had written two letters, when he was temporarily absent in New York—careless, girlish letters, which although she had thought no harm at the time, she would now give worlds to recall.

“I'll ask him to return them to me,” said Patty to herself; “and then I'll turn a new leaf. I will go to Aunt Prudence's, while he remains here, and begin my wedding clothes in good earnest.”

But when Patty Farquhar professed her innocent request, Mr. Waller laughed in her face.

“My dear Patty,” said he, “do you take me for a fool?”

“My name is Miss Farquhar,” said the girl with flashing eyes.

“Excuse me, but when you say ‘Dear Stuart!’—”

“I never said such a thing!” interjected Patty, with burning cheeks and eye-ashes.

“In the letters!”

“I said ‘Dear Mr. Waller,’” panted Patty.

“Excuse me once more—your memory plays you false.”

“Will you return me the letters?”

“Miss Farquhar,” with a low bow, “they are a great deal too precious to me!”

“You refuse?”

“I never refuse anything to a lady; but—”

Patty did not stay to hear the conclusion, but flashed out into the afternoon sunshine, with a huge lump in her throat, and a curious sensation as if all her blood were turned to fire.

“What a fool I have been!” she thought, pacing up and down the tiny graveled walk, like a chained pantheress, and biting her scarlet lip. “Oh, what an idiotic, unreasoning fool! And what will become of me if ever Morris Newton sees those silly scrawls? But, surely, surely, with a troubled effort of memory, “in the wildest moment of my infatuation, I never addressed him as ‘Dear Stuart!’ Be that as it may, I must and will get those letters back!”

Fired with determination, Patty Farquhar resolved herself at once into a private detective, searched Mr. Waller's room, and even got a false key to his trunks and went through their contents, but all in vain.

“And he had the sorry satisfaction of perceiving, by Mr. Waller's amused and patronizing air, that he knew all about it.

“I'll have them yet!” said Patty. Miss Farquhar was standing with clasped hands before the wide-opened door of the old-fashioned oven, built by the side of the kitchen chimney and extending a sort of hump-backed excrescence, out into the lilac bushes of the back garden, when Mr. Waller came in, one afternoon, with a string of speckled trout depending from his finger.

“La Penserosa!” said he, lightly. Pardon me, Patty, but why are you so grave?”

She looked up suddenly at him.

“My thimble!” said she, “It has rolled down into the oven—my little gold thimble!”

“And can't you reach it?”

“It is impossible!”

“Nothing is impossible where a lady's behest spurs one on!” said Mr. Waller, gallantly. “Stand aside one second, Penserosa!”

And he sprang valiantly into the yawning depths of the old brick oven.

It was decidedly warm, for the fires had just been taken out; it was decidedly dark, but no sooner had he entered than Patty, a brilliant inspiration lighting her heart and face alike, swung the massive, dingy iron door to, and fastened it with the sturdy bolt.

“Hello!” shouted Mr. Waller, “what are you doing there, Patty?”

“I'm shutting the oven door,” breathlessly responded Patty.

“But I can't find your thimble in this Egyptian darkness.”

“Impossible!”

“Nothing is impossible,” mimicked malicious Patty, “where a lady's behest spurs one on!”

Mr. Waller uttered an ejaculation, which was certainly not a prayer.

“I can't stand this broiling heat!” shouted he. “In the little summer-house under the loose board of the table! Quick, or I shall be stifled to death!”

And Patty flew off as if her tiny feet were garnished with wings.

In the little summer-house, under the loose board, as Mr. Waller had said, wrapped in oiled silk, and tied with a yellow cigar ribbon. Catching them up, she tore them hurriedly open.

“I knew it wasn't ‘Dear Stuart!’” she exclaimed, mockingly; and then tearing them into a shower of infinitesimal pieces, she flung them to the summer wind.

Half a minute later, Mr. Waller, crumpled as to linen, frowzy as to hair, and streaming with perspiration, crept out of his sultry cell. Patty courtesied low to greet his egress.

“Walk out,” said she. “Coward and liar!”

Mr. Waller made no reply. What could he have said?

He left the Farquhar cottage that evening. He said he had received a telegram. Perhaps he had; but Patty had her doubts on that subject. At all events he disappeared, and Patty Farquhar breathed free again.

Morris Newton came back in October, and Patty married him. But she never told any one, even her husband, of the episode of the old brick oven, and the two love letters.

She had her lesson, and she had profited by it she told herself; let all else sink into oblivion.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington Lapsed into Apathy—Improvements—Patterson and Spencer Overhauled—Things too Monstrous and too Insignificant to Mention—A Senator Robs the Soldiers and Charges His Wife with the Crime.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
 WASHINGTON, D. C., }
 April 9, 1877.

Washington has lapsed into its summer apathy; its greatness has departed.

The Senate chamber and the hall of the House of Representatives are undergoing indispensable repairs. The departments jog on through the monotonous routine.

Mr. Hayes shakes hands with all who are disposed to condone his usurpation, and drives with Zach Chandler or Secretary Sherman about the banks of the much-sounding Potomac. A few Senators and members remain; some of them own houses and property in the city and Washington is more their home than the districts to which they are accredited. This is especially the case with reference to the carpet-baggers Spencer, of Alabama, and Patterson, of South Carolina, although they represent those States in the Senate, are less identified with their interests and people than are intelligent and philanthropic members of the foreign legations.

These worthies, their peers and vassals, are not identified with anything, in fact, but theft and lechery. I am willing to be responsible for this assertion. I have no doubt but that similar expressions of opinion in my letters have been attributed to malice and personal spite, by those who were not themselves cognizant of their truth. I came to Washington four years ago prepared, patriotically, to admire our great legislators. I had read the invective and bitter personalities of the opposition press until it impressed me as rhetorical rather than truthful. Strong in the orthodox faith that we were the envy of surrounding nations, I was a worshipper of American institutions, American women, men and congressmen. My opportunities for observation have not been remarkable, but they have been fair, and while I have written with strong indignation, I have never written a word that I did not believe to be the truth, and feel it my duty to write. I earnestly believe that the story of corruption as it affects congress and the departments, as it permeates every artery and tissue of official life, has never been told—can never be told. “The fraud that shocks our existence is one, which, ere we can fix it in language, is gone”—or eclipsed by a bigger fraud, and so it goes on in stunning succession, until there is a deepening apprehension of a decay of public spirit in the American people, a reasonable fear that despair has made them resigned to the greasy old machine, until it shall run down, with its fraudulent executive, perjured judiciary, and corrupt, imbecile legislature. I said that the story of corruption cannot be told. There are some things too monstrous and too insignificant for

a statement that will be credited, by our peculiar packed jury of 40,000,000. They will not believe that the government supplies its legislators with cognac, visiting cards and tooth picks; its thousands of employees with pen-knives and stationery for private use; and they will not believe that a cabinet officer, who was a member of the Republican church, stole thousands of dollars from the soldiers and charged the theft upon his wife.

But these are only items; grains of sand on the teeming shore. I hate statistics; the world hates statistics. We all prefer romance and cant of moral ideas and progress; the blowing of trumpets and banging of drums on the fourth of July, or the soft fluttering singing of star spangled poets. If the poets of the future will but get his facts from the archives of the department, and his inspiration from the reporters gallery, the American epic will be disseminated from Bayard Taylor's Gipsyland Ode. In my humble opinion, popular government is faulty; not an absolute failure, perhaps, but so far as our experiment goes, a failure to secure wise legislation, fair administration or just construction in municipal, State or national matters. One thing is certain: the government made by the fathers for 3,000,000 colonists of the Appalachian water-shed, is not suited for a steam regenerated, rail-road ribbed, electric nerved 40,000,000 of people. I am no pessimist, but since Hayes is called president I think there need be no haste to put the obituary of the devil in type.

If an American citizen can bear or even look at such low browed, villainous men as Patterson and Spencer, without a sense of mortification, so much the worse for the American citizen. These honorable Senators are not monsters, they are such men as we meet every day; men whose bosoms never swelled with a free and generous thought, who have never felt an emotion that was not selfish, never an aspiration that was not venal or venal.