The Tarboro Southerner.

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

VOL. 59. TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1881. NO. 35.

Religious Appointments.

Calvary Episcopal Church—Rev. Dr. J. B. Cheshire, Pastor, holds divine services every Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon. Services Wednesday morning at 9:30 and Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. L. H. Baldwin, Pastor, will preach morning and evening in Tarboro on 1st and 3rd Sabbaths; in Scotland Neck on 2nd, and Rocky Mount on 4th. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

Missionary Baptist Church—Rev. Jos. E. Carter, Pastor, will preach, morning and evening, in Tarboro, on 2d and 4th Sabbath in each month.

Methodist E. Church—Rev. Joseph D. Arnold, Pastor, will preach morning and evening every Sabbath. Prayer meeting every Monday evening.

Primitive Baptist Church—Elder P. D. Gold, Pastor, preaches on 1st Saturdays and Sundays in each month.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

HOWARD & NASH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
TARBORO N. C.
☞ Practice in all the Courts, State and Federal. nov.5-1y.

DOSSEY BATTLE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
TARBORO', N. C.
Practices in all State and Federal Courts. Regular circuits—Edgecombe and Pitt. Will keep an office at Rocky Mount.
☞ Special attention given to collections. Feb. 20, 1879.

A Card.

I have removed my DENTAL OFFICE to the new building recently erected by Mr. C. C. Lanier, next door to Tarboro House, where I will be glad to receive my friends or any one desiring Dental work. I am permanently located here, having leased the second story of this building for a term of years. Yours, &c.,
ISAAC N. CARR,
Dec. 4, 1879. 1y.

TONSORIAL DELIGHTS.

WOULD you be soothed by the softest touch and keenest razor when your beard is heavy? Would you enhance your personal pulchritude so that your wife or sweetheart wouldn't recognize you? Then apply to Nathan Williams, whose Barber Shop is in Tarboro House on Main St. Shaving, Shampooing done. Hair Oil, of his own manufacture, for sale.

KEEP COOL!

THANKING the citizens for their past patronage, I beg leave to call their attention to the fact, that I will keep a plentiful supply of ICE on hand during the coming season at my old stand and opposite the Court House. I will sell as low as it can be possibly put here for.
W. J. EDWARDS.
Tarboro, April 7, 1881.

RAILROADS.

Wilmington & Weldon Railroad Company.

Condensed Schedule.
TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Dated July 29, '81	No 48 d'ly	No 40 d'ly
Leave Weldon	5:30 p m	6:15 p m
Arr've RockyMount	4:59 p m	7:23 p m
Arrive Tarboro	7:40 p m	7:40 p m
Leave Tarboro	9:50 a m	9:50 p m
Arrive Wilson	5:38 a m	7:56 p m
Arrive Goldsboro	6:34 p m	8:43 p m
Arrive Warsaw	7:42 a m	.....
Arrive Burgaw	8:43 a m	10:43 p m
Arrive Wilmington	9:45 a m	11:25 a m

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	No 47 d'ly	No 43 d'ly
Leave Wilmington	6:40 a m	6:25 p m
Arrive Burgaw	7:26 a m	7:20 p m
Arrive Warsaw	8:41 a m	9:04 p m
Arrive Goldsboro	9:48 a m	10:22 p m
Arrive Wilson	10:43 a m	11:17 p m
Arrive Rocky Mount	11:38 a m	11:55 p m
Arrive Tarboro	8:50 p m	*6 10 a m
Leave Tarboro	9:00 a m	+8:30 p m
Arrive Weldon	12:50 p m	1:25 a m

*Leaves Rocky Mount Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
+Leaves Tarboro Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays.
Train No 48 North will stop only at Rocky Point, Burgaw, Magnolia, Warsaw, Mount Olive, Dudley, Goldsboro, Wilson Rocky Mount, Enfield and Halifax.
Train No. 40 South will stop only at Rocky Mount, Wilson, Goldsboro and Magnolia.
Train No 47 makes close connection a Weldon for all points North daily. All rail via Richmond, and daily except Sunday via Bay Line.
No. 43 runs daily and makes close connection for all points North via Richmond and Washington.
All trains run solid between Wilmington and Washington, and have Pullman Palace Sleepers attached.
JOHN F. DIVINE,
Gen'l Sup't.
A. POPE, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
mh 13-4f

Petersburg Railroad Company.

Office of General Sup't.
Petersburg, Va., May 12, 1881.

COMMENCING Sunday, May 15th, 1881, trains on this road will run as follows:

GOING SOUTH.
Boston and Savannah Fast Mail.
Leave Petersburg daily at ..... 4:00 P. M
Stops only at Belfield.
Arrive at Weldon ..... 5:58 P. M
New York Express.
Leave Petersburg daily at ..... 12:52 P. M
Arrive at Weldon ..... 3:10 P M
Through Freight.
Leave Petersburg d'ly, except Sunday 9:05 P. M
Arrive at Weldon ..... 2.35 P. M
GOING NORTH.
Boston and Savannah Fast mail.
Leave Weldon daily at ..... 1:30 A. M
Stops only at Stony Creek.
Arrive at Petersburg ..... 4:05 A. M
New York Express.
Leave Weldon daily at ..... 1:20 P. M
Arrive at Petersburg at ..... 3:32 P. M
Southern Express.
Leave Weldon daily at ..... 4:20 A. M
Arrive at Petersburg at ..... 6:50 A. M
Through Freight.
Leave Weldon d'ly except Sunday at 6:00 P. M
Arrive at Petersburg at ..... 11:25 P. M
Local Freight—Mon'y, Wedn'y & Fri'y.
Leave Weldon at ..... 3:50 P. M
Arrive at Petersburg at ..... 9:35 P. M
Sleeping cars and first-class coaches on night and day trains.
No change of cars between Wilmington and Washington.
Through tickets sold to all Eastern and Southern points and baggage checked through.
Passengers going South will purchase tickets and check baggage at Washington street depot.
Passengers going North and stopping at Petersburg, will claim their baggage at Washington street depot.
R. M. SULLY,
General Superintendent.
W. F. TAYLOR,
General Ticket Agent,
W. J. BROWN,
Dispatcher of Trains.
m-y19

NORFOLK ADVERTISEMENTS

GEO. L. CROW,
Manufacturer
TIN, SHEET IRON and COPPER-WARE,
Stoves, Ranges, Heaters, Furnaces. Lamps, Lanters, Lamp Goods, Cleine Oil, &c.,
13 Commercial Row, NORFOLK, VA.
SAM'L L PEED, Supt.
Dec 2, 1880.-1y.

S. MARX,
Dealer in
Hides, Furs, Wool & Beeswax,
No. 19 Roanoke Dock,
NORFOLK, VA.
The highest cash prices paid. Consignment solicited. Guarantee prompt returns.
Sept. 2-1880. 1y.

M. L. T. DAVIS. B. D. THOMAS
ESTABLISHED 1865.
M. L. T. DAVIS & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers,
AND DEALERS IN
FLOUR, PROVISIONS, FISH & SALT,
South-East Cor. Water & Commerce Streets,
NORFOLK, VA.
Sept. 2, 1880. 1y

W. C. Y. PARKER, Late of Wa. renton, N. C. | W. K. CARR, Late of Edgecombe, N. C.
PARKER & CARR,
COTTON FACTORS AND
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Room 9, Cotton Exchange,
NORFOLK, VA.
Cotton, Country Produce generally, Hides, Staves, &c., sold. Orders for merchandise promptly attended to. Guano a specialty.
Jan. 6, 1881.-1y.

BATTLE, BUNN & CO.,
COTTON FACTORS,
AND
General
Commission Merchants,
NORFOLK, VA.
We make the sale of Cotton a specialty, and promise always to obtain highest market prices. Barreling and Iron at lowest market rates, free of commissions.
Very liberal advances made on cotton to be held. aug.11-1y.

Luther Sheldon,
DEALER IN
SASHES, DOORS, BLINDS
BUILDERS' HARDWARE,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,
And Building Material of every description
NOS. 16 W. SIDE MARKET SQUARE & 49 ROANOAKE AVE.,
NORFOLK, VA.
November 18, 1880 1-y.

LOCATED AT LAST!
I HAVE JUST OPENED IN MY NEW Store, No. 144½ Main Street, (between Peter Smith's and E. B. Blamire's, opposite Market Square,) with a new and beautiful stock, consisting of JEWELRY, GEMS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, SILVERWARE, &C., purchased for cash from manufacturers and importers, which will be sold at prices hitherto unknown in this city.
Special attention paid to repairing, and the best work done employed.
A call is solicited and satisfaction in every respect guaranteed.
ARTHUR C. FREEMAN,
Jeweler, 144½ Main Street,
NORFOLK, VA.
On exhibition for a few days longer fac similies of all the noted diamonds of the world Well worth seeing. sep.2-tf

A. WRENN & SON,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of
Carriages, Harness, Saddles,
Bridles, Collars, Carts, Wheels,
Axles, Farm Wagons & Gear,
Horse Clothing, Lap
Robes, &c.
Nos. 14, 16, 24 & 26 Union Street,
Norfolk, Va.
Full line of Carriages and Harness Material. My Buggies and Carriages are sold by J. H. BROWN, Tarboro N. C. sep.2-1y

ECONOMY!
SECURITY!
CLEANLINESS!
COMFORT!
THE
CHARACTERISTICS
OF THE
MALTBY HOUSE,
BALTIMORE,
Which still continues the
HEADQUARTERS
—OF—
SOUTHERN MERCHANTS
Prices always to suit the
times and defy competition.
C. R. HOGAN, Pro'r.

R. H. ROWE & SON,
BUTCHERS,
Main St., Opposite Court House,
TARBORO, N. C.
PARTIES desiring to dispose of FAT CATTLE, will please give us a call.
Highest Cash Prices paid for Dry and Raw Hides.
FRUITS, VEGETABLES, and all kinds marketable produce
SOLD ON COMMISSION.
Aug. 11, 1881.-tf.

FOR SALE.
ONE 30 Horse Engine and Saw Mill for One Thousand Dollars, on time, or Nine Hundred, Cash. Apply for particulars to
B. F. TYSON,
May 26.-3m. Wilson, N. C.

MEDICAL!

SJACOBS OIL
THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

MALARIAL POISON.
The principal cause of nearly all sickness at this time of the year has its origin in a disordered liver, which, if not regnited in time, great suffering, wretchedness and death will ensue. A gentleman writing from South America says: "I have used your Simmons Liver Regulator with good effect, both as a prevention and cure for malarial fevers on the Isthmus of Panama."

A Purely Vegetable MEDICINE
An effectual specific for malarious fevers
Bowel Complaints, Jaundice, Colic, Restlessness, Mental depression, Sick Headache, Constipation, Nausea, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, &c.
If you feel drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes badly, poor appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or biliousness, and nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as to take
SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR.
It is given with safety, and the happiest results to the most delicate infant. It takes the place of quinine and bitters of every kind. It is the cheapest, purest and best family medicine in the world.
Buy only the genuine in white wrapper with red Z, prepared only by J. H. ZEILIN & CO.
Sold by all Druggists.

J. M. Baker, M. D. J. M. Rowe, Ph.G.
BAKER & ROWE,
DEALERS IN
Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Tobacco and CIGARS,
Main St., Tarboro, N. C.
Next door to H. Morris & Bros.
Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded day and night.
As seen from above, I have formed a copartnership with Mr. J. M. Rowe for the purpose of carrying on the Drug Business, at the old stand formerly occupied by myself. Mr. Rowe is a graduate from the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and he has had eleven years experience in some of the largest stores in the country. By strict attention to business, we hope to merit a continuance of the liberal patronage of the public. JULIAN M. BAKER, M. D.
After an absence of eleven years I have returned to my old home and formed a copartnership with Dr. J. M. Baker for the purpose of carrying on the Retail Drug Business. I shall devote my time and attention to the business, and hope that my friends and the public generally will give us a fair share of their patronage. JOHN M. ROWE.
Tarboro, N. C., May 12, 1881-tf

LAM LAWRENCE. J. J. BRITT
Lawrence & Co.,
Druggists & Apothecaries,
[NEXT TO J. M. SPRAGINS.]
Having opened a fresh stock of DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, TOILET ARTICLES, GARDEN SEEDS, CIGARS AND TOBACCO, we are prepared to serve the public with any article in our own line. We trust that by strict attention to business, and moderate prices, to win your confidence and patronage.
MR. J. G. M. CORDON, our efficient clerk, will have sole control of the Prescription Department, to which he will give his personal attention.
☞ Prescriptions prepared Day & Night. Respectfully,
LAWRENCE & CO.
Tarboro, March 3, 1881.-3m.

ART.
PORTRAIT PAINTING
IN
OIL AND CRAYON.
MRS. DOSSEY BATTLE is prepared to paint Portraits in Oil or Crayon at very reasonable rates for that class of work. Having obtained several first Prize Medals from each of the American schools—Cooper Institute and the Academy of Design of New York—she proposes to give satisfaction in good likenesses, provided a sitting be given or good likeness furnished.
References—Hon. E. G. Reade, Dr. Richard H. Lewis, Raleigh; Hon. Kemp P. Battle, Chapel Hill; Hon. George Howard, Capt. Fred. Philips, J. L. Bridgers, Jr., C. C. Lanier, Esq., D. Lichtenstein, Esq., J. H. Brown, Esq., Gen. W. G. Lewis, and Jos. Zander, Esq., of Tarboro, B. H. Bunn, Esq., of Rocky Mount, and many others, who have her work. Her address is Tarboro, N. C.
Jan 19,-81

Tarboro Southerner.

Thursday, September 1, 1881

A Yankee Republican at the South.

Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

FREE SPEECH.

I conclude that if a Northern man, visiting a Southern town, should go first to see the negro local politicians, many of whom are disreputable fellows, and should spend a day or two in leading a company of them from one drinking saloon to another, he would not afterward be received very cordially by the respectable white people of the place. I have usually called on decent people first, prominent white citizens, or the educated colored clergymen or teachers, and have then found no obstacles in the way of observations of even the lower strata of the life of the town and the region about it. . . . At the same time it is, of course, necessary to see the best people, too, at their houses and "in society;" and any well-behaved man can do this in the regions which I have visited, no matter what his political opinions may be. I can express any political sentiment or opinion freely at the tables of leading men in all the Southern States, provided only that I recognize the requirements which are universal in polite society, and that I converse with the women . . . .

THE NEGRO FROM TWO STANDPOINTS.

I have been strongly impressed by the general hardness and unsympathetic feeling of Northern men living in the South in regard to the negroes. Native Southerners of character and position do not often appear to me to feel unkindly towards the negroes, though, of course, they often regard them contemptuously and fail to treat them as they ought. But Northern men who have gone South since the war almost universally (those whom I have seen) speak of the negro with great harshness—a kind of cold hatred, and what I should call cruelty. I have seen and heard so much of this, that would have appeared incredible before, that gives me sometimes a kind of nightmare fear that residence in the South might transform the most philanthropic abolitionist into a tyrant of merciless severity.

Near Vicksburg I found a young planter from Minnesota, who works many negroes. I asked him about their quality as laborers, and he replied that they are almost worthless, "unless you whip them well." "How do you mean that you whip them?" I asked. "Do you fight with them and whip them because you are the best man as the white men fight in Minnesota?" "Oh, no," said he, contemptuously, "go at them with a club, or a heavy whip stock; knock them down and beat them as you would a mule." "But I thought the day for that was over in this country. I shoul think they would leave you. Why do they not go away, go to some other man, or out of this region?" "Oh, well, they do go away to the woods for a day or two: Their families are here, and they don't know where to go. Besides I shouldn't let 'em go, if I didn't want to. The dogs would soon find 'em." "Then," I said, "I would kill you." At this he laughed sneeringly, and replied: "Mebbe *you* would, but you ain't a nigger. A nigger's just in his place when he has a white man to drive him, an' they always need knockin' down occasionally." He went on to say that he had found out that only the harsh slaveholders made money in the old times. "An' that's the right way now; work 'em to death an' get more. There's plenty of 'em." On my expressing my abhorrence he said: "You wouldn't be here a year till you would say the same things. All Northern men talk just as you do when they first come down here. I did myself. My father was a red hot abolitionist; but I tell you a nigger has no affection, no gratitude, no heart. Every one of 'em will steal. They understand nothing but a club."

HUNTING NEGROES WITH DOGS.

In Mississippi I found a Republican official who hires prisoners from the authorities and employs them in various kinds of labor. The convicts work under guard, and occasionally some of them try to escape. Most of them are negroes. When they run away the employer and his guards chase them with dogs. He uses a pack of hounds to follow the man by scent. These would not at tack the fugitive, but they are accompanied by a powerful ferocious "catch-dog," that will tear a man in pieces in a few minutes if the flying, hunted wretch is unable to ascend a tree before the terrible bruit is upon him. Just before I was in that neighborhood a runaway negro convict had played a shrewd taick which enabled him to make good his escape, for that time at least. Hearing the hounds on his trail, he struck across the country for the railroad. When he reached it the dogs were in plain sight across the fields, and were rapidly gaining on him. Half a mile away he saw an express train approaching. He knew the dogs would follow the scent closely, so he ran to meet the train, which, but a moment after he had stepped from the track, ran over the dogs, killing them all. This "captain" is a North ern man, and I thought he felt some degree of shame when I expressed my disgust at what I had heard, but he insisted that my sentimental view of the matter was absurd. "How else am I to catch the niggers, then?" he said. Several Northern ladies in the Mississippi region where the incident occurred told me of their in expressible horror the first time they saw this man with his dogs pursuing a negro. It was just at dawn on a beautiful Sabbath morning. They could not at first believe what they were told about "the hunt," never having heard of any thing of the kind.

POLITICAL FABLES

In Mississippi, I was told by a number of Northern people of an account sent to the Northern press during "the Hayes campaign," which located an atrocious political outrage at the place which I was then visiting. These persons seemed reputable, and they all affirmed that nothing of the kind had ever occured there. I inquirred regarding the authority of the author of the dispatch, and learning that he was still living a few miles away, I went to see him. He laughed when I told him my errand, took a fresh chew of tobacco, and, crossing his feet on the top of the table before him, began talking of the affair in an easy, fluent, indifferent style, which seemed to indicate that he was glad to have somebody to talk with, and would as lief talk of that subject as any other. "Then the dispatch was not really true" I said. "Well," he replied, "it was true as to the spirit of the South generally at that time." "But why did you say that such and such things happened at a particular place, if they did not?" "Well, now, you know it would not be of any account to say at such a time, that there was lots of devilish feeling in the South. But it rather wakes people up to tell them that something's been done at a place that they've heard of." "But it was not true." But he thought that the use of a fable or parable was justifiable under the circumstances, because it was the only way to give point or effectiveness to any account of the condition of the South at that time. "All writers does pretty much the same thing," he urged; "they have to." "Oh, I hope not," I said. "Well, now, if you lived down here awhile you'd find out we have to fight the devil with fire." The Northern people who told me of this occurrence were good Republicans, and they were specially indignant about the fabrication, because it alarmed some of their Northern friends who had been preparing to remove to that region, but were now frightened from their purpose.

EXPERIENCE OF IMMIGRANTS.

I have not been able to find any "feeling against the North," or against Northern people in the regions which I have visited, and so far as that is concerned I should have no fear or reluctance in going to any part of the South which I have seen, if for any reason I wished to emigrate to that portion of our country. But many people are going South with no adequate forethouhht or knowledge of the country. There is a side of Southern character and life with which such persons are very likely to become acquainted. There are many men "in business" nearly everywhere in the South who are of the same type as the author of the following fraternal utterance. I hear of him as one of the fiercest fighters against us through the whole war, and went to see him. When I announced myself as a "yankee in vader" he shook hands heartily and replied: "I'm a reconstructed rebel. We fought til' the fight was all whipped out of us. I rather like the men that whipped us. Tell all your people to come down here. They're just as welcome as our best friends, an' we'll cheat the eyeteeth out of 'em."

One Woman's Idea of How to Keep a Husband.

Progress.

How to win a husband, has bothered many a woman, but how to keep him afthe the winning has bothered far more; and yet if a husband is worth winning, he certainly is worth keeping. I have always had an idea that I should like to write a book entitled, "What I Know About Husbands." Bat there are difficulties attending the task, not the least of which is the danger of impressing the public mind with a suspicion that there may have been a plurality of husbands, when I assure you, dear reader one husband will afford an ample opportunity for the study of the species as though he were a hydraheaded animal. Not that all men are alike by any means, but all husbands require very similar kinds of treatment, subject to sundry modifications of time, place, and mode of application. Why women in the main do not give this question the serious attention it demands I can not understand, for they could save themselves many heartbreaks and the world many sneers if they would as practically apply their intellects to the problem of how to manage husbands, as they do to the acquiring of any other knowledge.

I am not going into the old question of smiling welcomes—tidy costumes, dainty dinners, uniform amiabilities, and such sweet considerations, that are supposed to equalize the uneven surface of men's perverseness. On the contrary, I believe that wives as a rule have lost too much of their individuality by this eternal and generous outpouring of concentrated sweetness. Too much of anything creates satiety, and sugar palls the taste much sooner than vinegar. Besides, men's life is a game of pursuit, and they do not waste their powder and shot on hens and barnyard fowls; they prefer the vanity of wild hunt and the excitement of choosing where the prize is marked uncertainty. Wives, never let your husbands know your thoughts; never allow any one whose love you wish to retain to feel that, like a finished book, you have given forth all your attraction, and are ready to be closed and laid on the shelf with others of your kind. Always keep in reserve a new chapter, so that the volume shall remain unfinished even when the binding is old, and the reader himself worn and weary. Do you not suppose that men appreciate the value of a little mystery, and that half their attractiveness to us women is the varied life they lead of which we are believed to know so little? Women before they are wives are uncertain, capricious, and coy enough; why should they change the very bait that lured their captive?

A husband is the nicest thing in the world, if you choose to think so and keep him so. In the first place, he must think he is having his own way, and that you are permitting it, not because of any fear of him, or of any fawning love for him, but because you are convinced he is the best judge of his own affairs, and, from your knowledge of his character, you have the most implicit and unvarying confidence in him. This is the most subtle of flattery and though the dear one may know he is flattered, he little dreams that you know he is flattered. Say you—and herein lies deceit—not so; it is but the keeping bright of a golden treasure, that would tarnish if neglected.

Some men love to feel themselves very autocrats in the eyes of their wives; so, it is well to assume a helplessness and dependence which you have not, and which will, if you have it not, never interfere with your natural dignity in their eyes. Nine times out of ten a little woman full of helplessness and clinging tenderness will win a man when a self-reliant, self-asserting female will fail, and it does seem as if these subordinate little creatures know just how to rule a man. But there is a method in their madness that does not spring from ignorance of the power of their weakness. If a man is jealous, give him no cause to doubt you, and so establish his perfect confidence. This is one trait in a husband's character, however, that is beyond all others difficult to manage, because jealousy though it may sleep profoundly, never really dies, but awakens at the slightest touch with redoubled folly and unreasoning misery. A fault finding ill-tempered husband is cured with his own medicine, given in well selected doses and dignified quantities. One of a curious turn of mind gives you a power that is incalculable, for to hold a secret over an inquisitive man will endow you not only with the value of the secret, but the satisfaction in the telling of it, which has almost the same effect upon the humor that a good dinner has upon the stomach.

The man who is fond of beauty must have it in his wife, or all else fails her. Even beauty, if she has it, must be adorned; but this is no hardship for any woman, so I will not dilate upon it. The truth is, dear wives, a husband must be studied the same as any other lesson, and it remains with yourselves whether the task conquers you, or you the task.

Some one has said that women are born martyrs, and I believe they are; but that is no reason why they should remain so. We are all born babies for that matter, and yet we outgrow babyhood in spite of this state of affairs at the dawn of our existence.

"All's fair in love and war"—and surely in marriage are both, and therefore a double excuse exists for using any available means to make fewer martyrs in the world.

We live in wicked times, and must not expect to find perfect mortals. We must take our man just as he is, not as he ought to be, and live to meet his defects with intelligence and prudence, not antagonism and fault-finding. The chain of matrimony that betrays its weight is galling enough, and if we never felt its check no cynic would have dared to say, "Marriage is the sepulchre of love."

But to sum up my receipt for married happiness, let me add that it is of man's weakness a wife has to treat. Having discovered all these, and found an antidote for each, she holds the keynote to her own and husband's happiness. If any man knows a better receipe than I have tried to present, women, I know, will be glad to receive it.

If a man tells you the same lie twice do you consider him reliable?

Barnard Manufacturing Company.

Fall River, Mass., Daily Herald.

Mr. Isaac L. Hart, Superintendent, No. 3 Ashton street, says: I have used that superior remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, in a severe case of rheumatism in my arm, and its effect was wonderful, having banished, after a thorough trial, all pain, leaving my arm as well as ever.

At what type-foundry are expressions stereotyped.

Dr. Payne in his lecture upon the Foe and Grace says that dyspepsia is a great Foe to Grace. It darkens the sky and breaks the hopes of many Christians. They think the trouble is in their hearts, when it is in their stomachs. Thus the Stomach influences the feelings to such a degree that it should be more carefully looked after and regulated with the never failing Simmons Liver Regulator, the constant use of which will so improve the feelings as to make the heart happy and the spirits light.

MRS. KATE SPRAGUE.

The Former Queen of Washington Society an the Seashore.

Cor Philadelphia Record.

ATLANTIC CITY, July 22.—Did you ever look upon a beautiful face which told you almost as plainly as words that mental anguish had but added to its beauty? I contemplated such countenance in the parlor of the Shelburne to night. Its owner was a lady rather inclined to be tall, but with a symmetrical form, which looked all the more attractive for the extremely plain costume, black in color, and almost severe in its lack of trimming or other adornment. Her blonde hair, dressed in the prevailing seaside fashion—an English frizze—covered the forehead to within an inch or so of the dark blue eyes, and two flushed cheeks, a mouth full of pearly teeth, lips like a ripe cherry, and a short, round chin, cameleted the picture. But there was something in the face apart from its natural gifts which was calculated at once to rivet the attention of the observer. It was an expression of indescribable melancholy and pain, as if the iron had entered the soul of its owner and left there, not hate or vindictiveness, but sorrow and anguish—a look so plaintive, so appealing, that one might match it to melt the hardest heart.

"Who is she?" I heard the question asked twenty times inside of an hour, and each time the answer was returned: "Kate Chase Sprague." The former mistress of Canonchet has been the guest of the Shelburne since Tuesday, and proposes to remain until the close of the season. A maid and two nurses, who have entire charge of her three children, all girls, the oldest being twelve and the youngest not yet three, comprise her retinue. She moves about in a dreamy sort of way, seldom mingling with the other guests or engaging with them in conversation. Even when in the society of intimate friends, several of whom are at the same hotel, she sedulously avoids all references to her domestic difficulties. I asked her to night if the sale of the Sprague estate, referred to in the morning dispatches from Providence, jeopardized any of her interests, and her mouth was open for a reply, when Judge Tyner put in an inopportune appearance with a remark on the mosquitoes, a popular subject, which instantly changed the drift of the conversation.

There is one thing that the little newsboys who hunt for patronage on Michigan avenue have not been slow in finding out—Mrs. Sprague is an attentive reader of the New York morning dailies. Any morning, soon after the arrival of the train with the Gothem papers, a couple of lads may be seen running neck and neck up the avenue to the porch of the Shelbuane, and the one who wins is certain sure to leave at least four papers short.

Good Advice.

A gentleman of experience writes Perhaps few men have seen the troubles that farmers have been brought to by mortgaging their farms more than I have, and I warn my readers to beware of the pit they would dig to fall into by borrowing money to enable them to purchase stock or to cultivate their farms better and more extensively. There never was a time within the present century when farmers needed to be so careful not to run in debt as at the present time.

It will do for young men with but little money, to buy really good farms, and run in debt for a part of the purchase money, but a farmer who is out of debt—owns his own homestead free of mortgage—would be very unwise to put even a small mortgage on it. No matter what his condition is, it would be better to cut down expenses to the utmost degree. When a farmer is out of debt he can, on a tight pinch, support his family on a very small income. His cows, pigs and fowls, with the breadstuffs he can grow, without any hired help, will supply him with food.

Than by keeping from fifty to one hundred hens, he can buy his groceries with the surplus eggs, and with a few pigs fattened, a few calves, a little surplus hay and grain, he can clothe his family and thus avoid mortgaging his farm—the death knell, in most cases, of a farmer's prosperity and peace of mind.

Every farmer who finds it hard to make "both ends meet," and has girls and boys growing up, should have a patch of strawberries, raspberries, or other small fruits, for the children to pick and weed, and also to sell in the village, if not far off. Let the rising generation among farmers be utilized, by being thus employed at times in some profitable and pleasant work.

Every Body Right.

Indianapolis Indiana Farmer.

When every one says a "thing is so, it must be so." On this point Mr. A. H. Lyman, Druggists, Manister, Mich., writes: Every one who tries St. Jacobs Oil, say that it is the best remedy ever used for rheumatism. Mr. White, a customer, after having employed every known specific for rhumatism was cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

Ghosts' habilliments must be spirit wrappings.

How to Get Sick.

Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise, work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know

How to get Well,

Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!—Express.

The People on Hatteras Banks.

Not only does not one-half the world know what the other half is doing, but one half the North Carolinians have no idea of what the other half are like. In proof of this we refer to the following part of a letter to the Raleigh News and Observer, about the people on Hatteras banks:

The people of this region are of an amphibious nature, and live so much on and in the water that most of them, I am sure, are webfooted. They live mainly on fish, clams, oysters, crabs, terrapins and wild fowl. When they leave home they go in a boat, and whether they go to court or go courting, or to trade, or to a mill, or to a funeral, they always go by sail. Their corn mills are run by sails, and some of them pump their water with windmills. They don't go up stairs, but "go aloft," and when they go to bed they "turn in," and when they are ill they "are under the weather," and when in robust health they say they are "bung up and bilge free." They speak of a trim-built sweetheart as "clipper built." If she is a little stout they say she is "broad in the beam," or she is "wide across the transom." Many of them have ships' cabin doors in their houses, that slide on grooves, and to their buildings they give a coating of tar instead of painting them. The "old woman" blows a conch shell when dinner is ready, and they measure time by "bells." Their babies are not rocked in cradles, but swung in hammocks. They chew black pig tail tobacco, and drink a wild tea called "Yeopan." They measure their land with sea grass and bury their yam potatoes in the sand hills. When they want the doctor they hand a red flag against a hill side as a signal of distress. If he don't come, because the "wind ain't fair," they take a dram of whisky and copperas, soak their feet in sea water, "turn in," and trust to luck. If they die they will be buried on the top of a sand ridge, and when you see several sail boats on the water in procession, with a flag at half mast, you are looking at a funeral.

Fighting an Army of Snakes.

ELLENVILLE, N. Y., July 22.—On Saturday morning last as Jacob Uhl a farmer at Prospect Hill, with his seventeen year old boy was loading his wagon with logs from a pile he had cut about a mile from his house he heard an ominous hiss and rattle. Then a monster rattlesnake thrust his head out from between the logs, and Mr. Uhl says that he then saw what seemed to him hundreds of the reptiles in the wood pile. He gave a leap from the pile, and telling his frightened boy to drive the oxen out to the road and wait for him, he grasped a stick and began fighting the snakes, which seem to come from every crack in the pile of logs and from the rocky ledge behind. For three hours he fought, in the broiling sun. By that time the snakes were pretty well thinned out, and those that were left crawled slowly back to their den under the logs. When Mr. Uhl recovered from the exhaustion caused by his hard fight he surveyed the field before him. There were, according to his story, twenty-three rattlesnakes, thirteen black snakes, four pilots, and several adders and other snakes, making fifty four in all. One of the rattlers had nineteen rattles, and another had almost incredible number of thirty. The others ranged from six to twelve or thirteen rattles apiece. Mr. Uhl says that he found the fangs of several snakes in the top of his boots, which were of cowhide. The only bite he received was from a big black snake on his left arm. The arm is swollen and somewhat painful, but the wound is not dangerous. Several years ago two hunters killed one hundred and seven snakes of different varities in the same spot.

A Dreadful Picture.

Washington letter to New York Sun: "Could anything be laid bare relating to appointments in Washington, to say nothing of what exists elsewhere, the unsuspecting portion of the people would be appalled. Not only is there incompetence in the public service, but immorality, vice, wickedness. What would simple minded people probably say were they told that the wages of sin are borne on the pay rolls of departments; that appointments are made and persons kept in office on grounds that would put to shame the face of virtue and shock every true moral sentiment? Not only do these things exist, but to an extent that few outside of Washington suspect. It is difficult to describe the real state of the case. The ramifications of these things are so extensive that it would be difficult to say with any certainty where they do not reach. They permeate the entire public service in Washington. The readers that would not be shocked at a recital of even a part of the truth are few. Indeed, the truth cannot be told. Well may one want to know if such things can be and nothing come of it. What would a virtuous-minded citizen think if it were proven that not only one but dozens, more truly scores, of cases exist, as a sample whereof one may be cited, to wit: an officer in a responsible official position having his mistress borne on the rolls or one of the departments. Let it be repeated, this is not a single case. There are many and many.

There is no poetry in the light fantastic toe that wears a corn.

Long of the dry goods clerk—"Swinging in de lain."