The Tarboro' Southerner.

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

VOL. 61. TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1883. NO. 15

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MRS. J. G. CHARLES having taken the Bank building, on the Corner of Trade and Pitt streets, is now prepared to take boarders. Tarboro', N. C., January 11th, 1883.

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Is at the old stand of Kalfin & Bros., while he blows his horn he's always prepared to serve you with the purest *KAU DE VIE* and the best flavored CIGARS.

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Tarboro, Dec. 15, tf.

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ARE in full and successful operation, and are prepared to fill all orders for Sheetings, Yarns and Cotton Rope, at lowest prices. Orders addressed to Rocky Mount Mills, Rocky Mount, N. C., will be promptly attended to. JAMES S. BATTLE, Sec'y and Treasurer.

April 11, 1878-tf.

GREGORY HOUSE,

The Gregory Hotel, known as Bryan House, in full operation, doing good business, will be sold on favorable terms.

Feby. 31st 1883. GEO. HOWARD.

Notice.

Having qualified as Executor of the estate of C. H. Dozier on the 6th day of March, 1883, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the estate of the said C. H. Dozier, to make immediate payment; and all persons having claims against said estate will present them for payment to me or to H. L. Staton, Jr., on or before the 1st day of April, 1884 or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. N. J. PITTMAN, Ex'r.

March 22 4t By H. L. Staton, Jr.

BEEF STEAK AND SAUSAGE.

R. H. ROWE & SON still vend the finest beef and swine. For the American hoodle, they cannot be undersold. Steak, Fresh Pork, Sausage and every thing of the kind, always on hand.

Thanking the public for past patronage, they are still

R. H. ROWE & SON,

Butchers for the Town of Tarboro.

FARMERS and FARMERS' SONS CAN MAKE $50 to $150 PER MONTH During the Fall and Winter. For [illegible] J. C. McCurdy & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine. ap 11y

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PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,

And Building Material of every description

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November 1882, 18,1-y.

New Year

1883.

GREETINGS!

I shall open on the first day of January, at R. H. Austin's Brick Store, two doors from my old stand, a well selected stock of

DRY GOODS.

Notions, Hardware, Groceries, Provisions

And Farm Supplies,

All of which will be sold very CHEAP for CASH, or on TIME to PROMPT PAYING Customers.

ALL GOODS ARE NEW

And Bought for Cash.

☞ Give me a call before opening your account for the year. Respectfully,

T. H. Gatlin.

Tarboro, Jan. 18 1y.

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The Mot Refreshing Beverage Known.

Doctors Recom'end It.

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The Trade Supplied at our Establishment, Next Door to Court House.

Orders by mail, from any part of the State, promptly attended to.

☞ Will have a supply of "Buck Beer" in season.

Tarboro, N. C., April 13, 1882.

GROCERIES & LIQUORS

	WINES, &c	BRANDIES,	WHISKIES,	CIGARS,	TOBACCOS,

Also a fine line of

Family Groceries.

Having opened a Grocery and Bar, next door to R. C. Brown & Co's, we invite all our friends to give us a liberal share of their patronage. We will try and please.

PARKER & DAWSON.

Tarboro', N. C., Jany 18, 83ly

A. WILLIAMSON,

—MANUFACTURER OF—

Fine Hand Made HARNESS

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Saddles, Bridles, Robes, Whips, Halters, Blankets, &c.

☞ OPPOSITE COURT-HOUSE, ☜

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Having bought out Mr. R. A. Sizer, the manufacturing and repairing will be under his charge. Any one wanting a fine hand-made harness will do well to give me a call.

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DOUBLE HARNESS.....$35 and up.

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For Dyspepsia, Constipation, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Dirty Complexion, Bad Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, Chills, and all diseases of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys, caused by Dyspepsia or Torpid Liver.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the seat of the pain is in the shoulder, or extending over the whole right side; sometimes complaining with the head; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a feeling of having neglected some duty; there is a want of something to have been done, a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weakness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but in cases have occurred, when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, should always on occasion use it to keep the liver in healthy action, will avoid all Malarial, Bilious attacks, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Depression of Spirits, etc. It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage.

If you have eaten anything hard of digestion, feel heavy after a meal, or sleepless at night, take a dose and you will be relieved.

Time and Doctors' Bills will be saved by always keeping the Regulator in the House!

For, whatever the ailment may be, a thoroughly safe purgative, alterative and tonic can never be out of place. The remedy is harmless and does not interfere with business or pleasure.

IT IS PERFECTLY VEGETABLE, and has not a single ingredient that can injure the most delicate constitution, child or invalid.

A Governor's Testimony.

Simmons Liver Regulator has been in use in my family for some time, and I am satisfied it is a valuable addition to the medical science.

Hon. Jas. H. Fauntleroy, Ex-Lieut. Governor of Ala.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Ga., says: Have derived much benefit from the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, and wish to give it a further trial.

"The only Thing that never fails to Relieve me, after taking many medicines for Dyspepsia, Liver Affection and Debility, I never gave found anything so beneficial and to the extent Simmons Liver Regulator has. I sent from Minnesota to Georgia for it, and would further for such a medicine, and would advise all who are similarly affected to give it a trial as it seems the only thing that never fails to relieve.

T. H. Jaynes, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Mason, says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

☞ Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Undertaking!

B. C. Carlile,

Main St., just above Pamlico Banking Co.

HAS ON HAND NEW, FRESH STOCK OF

Furniture

Bought for Cash,

which he offers at moderate prices.

Furniture of all Kinds Repaired.

COFFINS, CASKETS AND UNDERTAKING GENERALLY.

☞ Patronage solicited.

B. C. CARLILE.

Tarboro, Fb, 26, 1882.

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BEATTY'S ORGANS 27 Stops 10 Set reeds only $90. Pianos $125 Rare holiday inducements ready. Write quick Beatty, Washington, N. J.

Tarboro' Southerner. April 12, 1883.

TO MY DAUGHTER

Oh, sweet bewildered soul, I watch
The fountain of thine eyes, [illegible]
New [illegible]
To feel our common light, and lose
The flush of strange ethereal hues
Too dim to [illegible]
Fade, cold immortal light, and make
This creature human for my sake.
An angel is too like a [illegible]
To sit behind my chair and sing
The low my [illegible]

EDMUND GOSSE.

A Girl Detective.

A POLICE STORY.

The door of Rufus Markham's counting room was scarcely closed, and the proprietor of the large, flourishing cotton factory, talked earnestly with a gentlemanly looking man of middle age, whose face was as impressive as a wax mask.

"Five thousand dollars!" said the individual. "It was a large sum to have exposed."

"Exposed!" said Mr. Markham. "It was in my private desk to which no one had access but myself and my nephew, Fred Tyron."

"Would it be possible for the young gentleman—"

"Sir," said Mr. Markham, indignantly, "my nephew is not a thief. If he needed ten times that sum he knows I would freely give it to him. He will be my heir, and he is as dear to me as a son. It is simply absurd to connect him in any way with this robbery."

"Just state this matter again as briefly as you can, and allow me to take notes; will you, Mr. Markham?"

"Certainly. I drew five thousand dollars cut of the bank yesterday to meet a note that was not presented for payment. Retaining it until after the bank was closed, I concluded to lock it in my desk until this morning, and did so. At nine o'clock this morning, the expected note was presented, and I unlocked the desk. The money was gone, and with it a small memorandum book that was in the small roll."

"The lock was not forced?"

"No, sir; the desk was apparently exactly as I left it."

"And Mr. Tryon has the only duplicate key?"

The old gentleman frowned. He was evidently displeased at the turn the detective's suspicions seemed to be taking.

"Yes, my nephew certainly had the only duplicate key."

"Humph! Yes. Had you the numbers of all the notes."

"Yes. The roll consisted of ten five hundred dollar notes."

The list of numbers being taken the detective made a searching examination of the apartment, and prepared to take his departure. As he stood near the door Mr. Markham suddenly said nervously, "I think, Mr. Vogdes, if you make any discoveries you had better report to me privately before making any arrests."

"Certainly, sir, if you desire it. Will you grant me one favor? Do not mention the robbery to Mr. Tryon if you have not done so already."

"No one has heard of it but yourself."

"Very good; I will call again when I have my report to make."

"Fred! Fred" the old man said, in a troubled tone when he was alone. "Vogdes evidently thinks it's Fred. It cannot be. It is impossible that my nephew would rob me. I cannot believe it. And yet he knew the money was there. He was here when I handed Arnold the check, and here when he returned with the money. He know that Johnson's note was not presented, and Fred alone has a duplicate key. O, if it should be! Anna's boy that I promised to love as my son. Have I not kept my promise? Where have I failed? And why should he steal from me when all I have is his? I cannot, I will not believe it."

"May I come in?" asked a pleasant voice at the door, and, permission being given, Fred Tryon entered the room.

Looking into his handsome young face, bright and frank, with well opened brown eyes and curls of nut-brown hair, it was hard to connect it with any idea of roguery, ingratitude and theft. His manner toward his uncle was the perfection of respectful affection, and before he had been an hour in the counting-room Mr. Markham's fears were entirely gone.

They were talking of a certain dark eyed little maden who was soon to be Mrs. Tyron, and when Fred left his uncle it was with a promise that he would call on the morning upon Miss Clarkson to arrange for the wedding day.

The young man, a favorite of fortune, apparently, spent the afternoon with his betrothed, received his uncle in the evening beside her, and accompanied the old gentleman to his boarding house, receiving an affectionate farewell when he took his way to his room in another house. For a week he heard nothing of the robbery.

It was just when summer twilight was fading that returning home from a drive with Maud Clarkson. Fred met his uncle's confidential clerk waiting for him at Maud's house.

"I have a note for you, Mr. Fred," he said, "but as I saw there not at home I thought I would wait for you here."

Something in the young man's face struck a sudden chill to Maud's heart.

"You have bad news," she cried.

"Perhaps he had better read the note," was the evasive answer.

But Maud's fears was only increased when, after reading the note, broke into a furious exclamation of rage.

"Who dares to say that I am a midnight thief?" he shouted.

"O, Fred, what is it?" asked Maud, turning very white.

"My uncle has offered a reward of five thousand dollars, and he pays me the compliment of supposing me to be the thief because I have a duplicate key to his private desk. I—great heavens!" he cried, with a sudden change in his voice, "he cannot mean it. I rob my uncle—I—"

"Mr. Fred," said the clerk respectfully, "I only waited to see how you took the note to speak a few words of advice. Mr. Fred, I was with your father when he was killed on a railway train; I was with your uncle when he brought you from your mother's [illegible] I took you to boarding school, and brought you home for the holidays and I've loved you, boy and man, since you were ten years old and that's twelve, long years. I know you never took the money but these things look very ugly for you."

"But," said Fred, grasping hard the hand the old clerk held out to him, "I cannot understand it. Listen." And he read aloud the note from his uncle:

"MR. FREDERICK TRYON:—I could not believe, without proof—undeniable, positive proof—that you could rob me of five thousand dollars, taken, as you know, from my private desk on Wednesday last. You are my sister's son, and I'll never be the one to imprison or punish you; but you are no longer a nephew of mine. Willingly I will never look you in the face again. Your ill-gotten gains I freely give you to start in some business, trusting that you will endeavor to live honestly in the future. Do not try to see me; I will not listen to any explanations I know to be false. Do not write, for I will not open your letters.

"RUFUS MARKHAM."

Maud Clarkson grew white as death as she heard the stern edict.

"O, Fred," she cried, "what can you do?"

"Starve, I suppose," was the bitter answer, "as I do not happen to possess the ill-gotten gains he so generously presents me. But I will not ask you to starve with me, Maud. You were betrothed to the millionaire's nephew and heir; the dishonest beggar frees you from your promise."

"Fred," she cried, bursting into tears, "how can you be so cruel? Then, unheeding the clerk, who was directly looking from the window, she came close to Fred's side. "Darling," she said, fixing her large black eyes upon his face, "if all the world believes you guilty, I do not. If all the world casts you off, I will keep my promise."

The young lover had been bewildered, indignant, desperate, but he folded the gentle comforter fast in his arms, and great tears fell on her upturned face.

"God bless you, Maud!" he cried, "I can defy the world if you are true to me. Now, Potter, sit down and tell me what you know of this wretched business."

"Well, Mr. Fred, I never heard of the robbery myself until this morning, when Vogdes, the detective your uncle employed to work it up, came to make his report. They did not notice me at first, and when your uncle remembered I was in the room I had heard about all Vogdes knew. You remember there was a note coming due last Wednesday?"

"To Johnson?"

"Yes; well, I thought at the time it was curious that your uncle gave him a check, when I knew the money was drawn out of the bank the day before to meet that very note. But I never knew until this morning that the money was stolen from Mr. Markham's private desk by means of false keys. Mr. Fred," said the old man, earnestly, "it was all in five hundred dollar notes, and your uncle had the numbers."

"Well?"

"This morning Vogdes brought back one of the notes which you gave to T. yesterday in payment for a pearl locket!"

"Stop! Potter, let me think. Where did I get that note? I have it. Arnold gave it to me to take out a hundred dollars that I lent him some time ago. And Arnold—Potter—Arnold borrowed my keys last Wednesday night to open his trunk. Potter, huzza! we know the thief!"

"Not so fast, Mr. Fred, not so fast. It will not be an easy matter to prove this. Were there any witnesses present when Arnold borrowed the keys?"

"No; I was alone in my room, half undressed, when he knocked at my door and said he had lost the key of his trunk. I lent him my bunch of keys, which he returned before I was out of bed the next day.

"And you were also alone when he paid you the money?"

"Yes; I thought he was very flush, for you know as well as I do, Potter, that a note for five hundred dollars is not a daily visitor in Arnold's pocket."

"He is a cunning scoundrel. He wants to be certain if the notes can be identified before he uses to get rid of them himself. Mr. Fred, will you leave it to me a few days—only a few days—and if I don't catch the thief you may try—"

"But my uncle?"

"Wait till you can prove your innocence before you see him. Only a week—give me only a week to catch Arnold. And, by the way, you will give me an additional chance if you will leave the city. Throw him off his gard by letting him suppose you are banished for his crime."

"Run away like a coward!" flashed Fred.

"Only for a week. You see, the probability is that Arnold has the money in his possession yet. He will wait to see the fate of what he has given you before putting any more into circulation; but he has probably hidden it very securely. He will watch, but if you are willing I will take your room while you are gone, and do a little detective business on my part."

It was not easy to persuade Fred to consent to Potter's plan, but Maud's persuasions being added to the old man's, he finally consented to leave the city for a week and return in that time to vindicate his own innocence, in case of Potter's failure.

Before night Fred was on his way to visit another city, and his landlady had agreed to allow Mr. Potter to occupy his place during his absence.

Fred had been gone two days when the old clerk called upon Miss Clarkson to report progress.

"I am completely baffled," he said, in answer to her inquiries. "You see, Arnold knows me and evidently suspects me. He is so affectionately desirous of keeping men in sight that I cannot get a peep into his room; and whenever he is out he locks the door and gives the key to the landlady. I cannot force the door yet, and by the time Fred returns I am afraid the money will be smuggled away. I am sure the money is in his possession now, he is so careful about his room. Nobody gets in there but the landlady. I did think of bringing the chamber maid to let me in when she was at work there, but unfortunately she left to-day."

A flash of light seemed to pass across Maud's face, but she only said, demurely:

"Your landlady is German, is she not?"

"Yes; her English is very imperfect. Have you ever seen her?"

"No; I have heard Fred speak of her. My mother, you know, was German."

"But what has that to do with Fred's case?"

"I will tell you. Vodges has tried to catch the thief, and failed. I mean to try, and succeed."

"You! What can you do?"

"Come to morrow and I will tell you."

Punctual to the appointed time Potter made his appearance. With dancing eyes and flushed cheeks Maud met him.

"Well?" he asked, certain from her looks that she had good tidings.

"I told you I would succeed."

"And you did? Huzza! I feel as young as Fred himself."

"To whom I have telegraphed to return. He will be here this evening, and you must bring Mr. Markham, Mr. Vogdes and the proper police authorities to meet in his room. Then, Mr. Potter, go to Mr. Arnold's room and remove the pipe of the stove at elbow. In the joint you will find Mr. Markham's memorandum book and the missing notes."

"You are sure?"

"Listen. This morning, in a calico dress, sun bonnet and coarse shoes for disguise, I applied for the place of chamber maid at the boarding house where Mr. Arnold had a room. I braided my hair in two long plats, and convinced your landlady that I was a recent importation from Germany, unable to speak a word of English. She agreed to take me for one week on trial, and before I had been two hours in the house I was sent to tidy Mr. Arnold's room. Never was a room tidied so quickly; and seeing my mistress on her way to market I shot the bolt and took a survey of the premises. The trunk was locked, the bureau drawers wide open, the closet ajar. I felt a reluctance to overhaul his private depositories, though I should have done it," she added resolutely, "if I had been driven to it. I rummaged a little, when on the close floor I espied a shirt, apparently scarcely soiled except one sleeve, and that was black soot. I wondered what he would be doing at the fireplace in summer, and went to examine. A few minutes sufficed to convince me that the stove had been moved out and the elbow of the pipe removed. I repeated the process—to find a roll of five hundred dollar notes and a small note book, with the name of Rufus Markham on the first page. I carefully replace everything and come home. Now, Mr. Potter, he may say Fred put the notes there."

"You are a brave girl!" cried the old man, looking with admiration at the beautiful, animated face, "and Fred will owe you more than his life."

"He can repay me by coming to tell me the good news when he is clear."

Eight was struck by the city clocks when Mr. Graham Arnold, dressed in the latest fashion, and with a Havana between his lips strolled leisurely into his own room.

He had been in the parlor of his boarding house for an hour, watching Mr. Potter with some anxiety, but wholly unaware of the little party of four who, in Mr. Potter's temporary apartment, awaited his return to his own room.

Once inside the door the nonchalant look left the handsome face of the young man and he muttered fiercely:

"I must get out of this. Potter suspects me, and may yet communicate his suspicions to Mr. Markham. I will be off to-night as soon as the house is quiet.

He opened a small traveling satchel as he spoke, and, was rapidly filling it with necessaries for a journey, when he was interrupted by a knock at the door.

Tossing the satchel into the closet, he cried, "Come in."

But his face turned livid as his call was obeyed; and a party of five entered the room.

Two policemen stationed themselves on his right and left, while Mr. Markham, Mr. Potter and Fred Tryon followed them.

"Now, Mr. Potter," said one of the policemen, with the face and voice of the detective Vogdes, "will you tell us where to find those missing notes?"

"What notes?" cried Arnold. "What does this outrage mean!"

"It means," said Mr. Potter, "that your plan to throw the robbery of Mr. Markham's private desk upon his nephew has failed. It means that the five thousand dollars stolen from the gentleman are now in your possession except only one note given to Mr. Tryon in payment of debt."

"It's a lie!" cried the prisoner; but this white face, faltering voice and shaking limbs were no proof of innocence. "Search my trunks; search everything I have."

"No, gentlemen," said Mr. Potter, "Draw out the stove, if you please, and look in the elbow of the pipe."

With a cry Graham Arnold fell senseless to the floor as Vogdes put his hand upon the stove.

Mr. Markham turned to Fred. There was no word spoken. Hand clasped hand, and each read forgiveness in the other's eyes.

Mr. Graham Arnold spent some weeks in jail ere his trial and conviction; but before his sentence was pronounced Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick Tryon were crossing the ocean on a wedding tour to Europe.

PECK'S SON SHINES.

The Boy's Pa Becomes an Inventor, and Only a Pail of Cold Water Saves Him from Becoming a Burnt Offering.

"Ha! ha! Now I have got you," said the groceryman to the bad boy the other morning, as he came in and jumped upon the counter and tied the end of a ball of twine to the tail of a dog, and "sicked" the dog on another dog that was following a passing sleigh, causing the twine to pay out until the whole ball was scattered along the block. "Condemn you; I've a notion to choke the life out of you. Who tied that twine to the dog's tail?

The boy choked up with emotion, and the tears came into his eyes, and he said he didn't know anything about the twine or dog. He said he noticed the dog come in and wag his tail around the twine, but he supposed the dog was a friend of the family, and did not disturb him. "Everybody lays everything on me," said the boy, as he put his handkerchief to his nose, "and they will be sorry for it when I die. I have a good notion to poison myself by eating some of your glucose sugar."

Yes, and you do about everything mean. The other day a lady came in and told me to send up to her house some of my country sausages, done in muslin bags, and while she was examining it she noticed some thing hard inside the bags, and asked me what it was, and I opened, and I hope to die if there wasn't a little brass padlock and a piece of red morocco dog-collar embedded in the sausage. Now how do you suppose that got in their?" and the grocery man looked savage.

The boy looked interested and put on an expression as though in deep thought and finally said, "I suppose the farmer that put up that sausage did not strain the dog meat. Sausage meat ought to be strained."

The grocery man pulled in about a half a block of twine, after the dog had run against the fence and broke it, and told the boy he knew perfectly well how the brass lock came to be in the sausage but thinking it would be safer to have the good will of the boy than the ill will he offered him a handful of prunes.

"No," says the boy, "I have sworn off on musty prunes, I am no kindergarten, any more. For years I have eaten musty prunes and rotten peaches around this store, and everything you couldn't sell, but I have turned a new leaf now, and after this nothing is too good for me. Since pa has got to be an inventor, we are going to live high.

"What's pa invented? I saw a hearse and three hacks go up on your street the other day and I thought may be you had killed your pa."

"Not much. There will be more than three hacks when I kill pa, and don't you forget it. Well, sir, pa has struck a fortune if he can make the thing work. He has got an idea about coal stoves that will bring him in several million of dollars, if he gets a royalty of $5 on every coal stove in the world. His idea is to have a coal stove on castors with the pipe made to telescope out and in, and rubber hose for one joint, so you can pull the stove all around the room and warm any particular place. Well, sir, to hear pa tell about it, you would think it would revolutionize the country, and maybe it will when he gets it perfected, but he came near burning the house up, and scared us all, he'd to death this morning, and burned his shirt off, and he is all covered with cotton and sweet oil on it, and he smells like salad dressing. You see pa, had a pipe made and some castors put on our coal stoves, and tied a rope to the hearth of the stove, and had me put in some kindling wood and coal last night, so he could draw the stove up to the bed and light the fire without getting up. Pa told him he would get his foot in it, and he told her to dry up, and let him run the stove business. He said it took a man with brains to run a patent right, and ma she pulled the clothes over head and let pa do the fire act. She has been building the fires for twenty years, and thought she would let pa see how good it was. Well, pa pulled the stove to the bed and touched off the kindling wood. I guess maybe I got a bundle of kindling wood that the hired girl had put kerosene on, and cause it blazed up awful and smoked, and the blaze bursted out the doors and windows of the stove, and pa yelled fire, and I jumped out of bed and rushed in, and he was the scardest man you ever did see, and you'd a died to see how he kicked when I threw a pail of water on his legs and put his shirt out. Ma did not get burnt, but she was pretty wet, and she told pa she would pay the $5 royalty on that stove and take the castors off and let it remain stationary. Pa says he will make it work if he burns the house down. I think it was real mean in pa to get mad at me because I threw cold water on him instead of warm water to put his shirt out. If I had waited till I could heat water to the right temperature, I would have been a orphan and pa would have been an burnt offering. But some men always kick at everything. Pa has given up business entirely, and he says he shall devote the remainder of his life curing himself of the different troubles that I get him into. He has retained a doctor by the year, and he buys liniment by the gallon. What was it about your folks getting up in the night to eat? The hired girl was over here after some soap the other morning and she said she was going to leave your house.

"Well, that was a picnic. Pa said he wanted breakfast earlier than we had been having it, and he said I might see to it, the house was awake early enough. The other night I awoke with the awfullest pain you ever heard of. It was that night you give me and my chum the bottle of pickle oysters that had begun to work. Well, I couldn't sleep, and I thought I would call the hired girls, and the got up and got breakfast to going, and then I rapped on pa and ma's doors and told them the breakfast was getting cold, and they got up and came down. We eat break fast by gas light, and pa yawned and said it made a man feel good to get up and get ready for work before daylight, the way he used to on the farm, and ma she yawned and agreed with pa, 'cause she has to, or have a row. After breakfast we sat around for an hour, and pa said it was a long time getting daylight, and bimeby pa looked at his watch. When he began to pull out his watch I lit out and hid in the store room, and pretty soon I heard pa and ma come up stairs and go to bed, and then it was all still, and the pain had stopped inside of my clothes. I went to bed, and I locked to see what time it was and it was 2 o'clock in the morning. We got dinner at 9 o'clock in the morning, and so pa said he guessed he would call up the house after this, so I have lost another job, and it was all on account of that bottle of pickled oysters you gave me. My chum said he had the colic too, but he didn't call his folks. It was all he could do to call up hisself. Why don't you give away something that ain't spiled?

The grocery man said he guessed he knew what to give away, and the boy went out and hung up a sign in front of the grocery, that he had made on wrapping paper with red chalk, which read "Rotten Eggs good enough for custard pies for eighteen cents a dozen."

A Fellow Feeling.

A gentleman was arraigned before an Arkansas justice on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. He had entered a store, pretending to be a customer, but proved to be a thief.

"Your name is Jim Lickmore!" said the justice.

"Yes, sir."

"And you are charged with a crime that merits a long term in the penitentiary?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are guilty of the crime?"

"I am."

"And you ask for no mercy?"

"No, sir."

"You have had a great deal of trouble within the last two years!"

"Yes, sir I have."

"You have often wished that you were dead?"

"I have, please your Honor."

"You wanted to steal money enough to take you away from Arkansas?"

"You are right, judge."

"If a man had stepped up and shot you just as you entered the store you would have said, "Thank you, sir?"

"Yes, sir, I would. But, judge, how did you find out so much about me?"

"Sometime ago," said the judge, with a solemn air, "I was divorced from my wife. Shortly afterwards you married her. The result is conclusive. I discharge you. Here, take this fifty-dollar bill. You have suffered enough."—*Little Rock Gazette.*

It is the nature of our political arrangements, as regarded by the Chicago *Times*, that government can do nothing, at least will do nothing, that is not dominated by a political and partisan motive. So long as this is the case no guarntee can be given that any public officer will serve efficiently any purpose outside of politics.