The Tarborough Southerner.

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

VOL. 61. TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1883. NO. 17

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Will practice in the Counties of Edgecombe, Halifax and Pitt, and in the Courts of the First Judicial District, and in the Circuit and Supreme Courts at Raleigh. jan18-1y.

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The old stand of Austin & Bros., while he blows his horn he is always prepared to serve you with the purest *EAU DE VIE* and the best flavored CIGARS.
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Rocky Mount Mills
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, 21st 1883. GEO. HOWARD.

Notice.

Having qualified as Executor of the estate of C. H. Dozier on the 13th 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 bovine and swine. For the American boodle, 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.

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CAN MAKE $50 to $150 PER MONTH
During the Fall and Winter. For particulars, address, J. C. McCurdy & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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SASHES, DOORS, BLINDS
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PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,
And Building Material of every description
NOS. 16 W. SIDE MARKET SQUARE & 49 ROANOAKE AVE.,
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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.
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Doctors Recom'end It.
G. OPPENHEIMER & SON
BEER BOTTLERS,
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

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—MANUFACTURER OF—

Fine Hand Made HARNESS
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Saddles, Bridles, Robes, Whips, Halters, Blankets, &c.
☞OPPOSITE COURT-HOUSE,☜
TARBORO', N. C.
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.
SINGLE HARNESS.....$15 and up.
DOUBLE HARNESS.....$35 and up.
Machine Harness at all prices. jan17y

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BUY THE BEST.

BLATCHLEY'S TRIPLE ENAMEL PORCELAIN-LINED OR SEAMLESS TUBE COPPER-LINED
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Cotton Seed
WITHOUT ANY PREPARATION.
It is Very Durable.
All wearing parts being made of iron; hopper galvanized to prevent rust, and axle made of wrought iron.
Is Very Strong.
Leveler, Opener and Coverer all being fastened directly to beam, no strain can come on the body of the Planter.
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The Leveler, Opener and Coverer can be set for any depth; quantity of seed to be sowed can be regulated by the thumb screws under the bottom.
IS AN ECONOMICAL MACHINE.
The smallest quantity of seed desired, can be sowed; it can be run as near the end of the rows and as near stumps as the plow can go.
MANUFACTURED BY THE
EDGECOMBE AGRICULTURAL WORKS,
TARBORO, N. C.
April5 4t

NOTICE.

By virtue of the power and authority contained in an Act of the General Assembly of North Carolina, ratified March 12th, 1883, entitled an Act to amend an Act entitled "An Act to prevent live stock from running at large in certain parts of Nash county, ratified March 9th, 1881. We, the undersigned, Fence Commissioners, having completed the fence around the boundary of the territory hereinafter described in the manner prescribed by said act of Assembly hereby notify all persons not to permit his or her live stock to run at large on and after the 16th day of May, 1883, within the boundary embraced in the following described territory, lying in Edgecombe county, to wit:

Beginning at John H. Harris' western boundary to W. D. Harrison's land, thence with W. D. Harrison's western boundary to Sip Edward's line, thence with the eastern boundary, and with G. W. Ward's line to E. J. Braswell's, so as to take in G. W. Ward's, and leave out E. J. Braswell and Sip Edward's, and with the said Ward's line to cross the county road, leading from Whitaker's Mill to Battleboro, thence up said county road to R M Whitaker's line, thence with R M Whitaker's and J L Ward's line to J L Ward's outside fence, thence across J L Ward's and G W Ward's lands near Swift Creek to Mrs J K Harper's land, thence south with her line to the county road, east to J B Philip's land, thence north with the said Philip's land to his fence near Swift Creek, thence down the creek across the lands of J B Philips, J M Neal, J H Jordan, T P Braswell, C A Taylor, T A Marriott, W C Wells, Carter Pope and T B Wells to the Wilmington & Weldon Rail Road, said line last above mentioned to be located between the arable and pasture lands on said Swift Creek, thence across the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad to the eastern boundary of the said Railroad, thence with the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad bounds to the corporate limits of the town of Whitakers, thence with the eastern line of said town (or across the uninhabited portion thereof, if it shall be so agreed by the Board of Commissioners of said town) to the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad bounds north of said town, thence with said Railroad to Fishing Creek, thence down said creek to Tar river, to the boundary of the territory described in the act to which this is amendatory, thence with the line of said territory to the beginning; this description embraces a part of the counties of Nash and Edgecombe.

R. H. SPEIGHT, Chm'n,
MAC H. WEATHERSBEE,
J. O. BRYAN,
Fence Commissioners
April 5, 1883.-4t.

The Bad and Worthless
are never IMITATED or COUNTERFEITED. This is is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy IMITATED is of the highest value. As soon as it had been tested and proved by the whole World that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprang up and began to steal the notices which the press and the people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B. Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies, or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits. Beware of them. Touch none of them. Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits. april5 1883

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A Household Article for Universal Family Use.
Eradicates MALARIA.
For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Salivation, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the Sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.
Fevered and Sick Persons refreshed and Bed Sores prevented by bathing with Darbys Fluid.
Impure Air made harmless and purified.
For Sore Throat it is a sure cure.
Contagion destroyed.
For Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Piles, Chafings, etc.
Rheumatism cured.
Soft White Complexions secured by its use.
Ship Fever prevented.
To purify the Breath, Cleanse the Teeth, it can't be surpassed.
Catarrh relieved and cured.
Erysipelas cured.
Burns relieved instantly.
Scars prevented.
Dysentery stopped.
Wounds healed rapidly.
Scurvy cured.
An Antidote for Animal or Vegetable Poisons, Stings, etc.
I used the Fluid during our present affliction with Scarlet Fever with decided advantage. It is indispensable to the sick-room.—WM. F. SANDFORD, Eyris, Ala.
SMALL-POX and PITTING of Small Pox PREVENTED
A member of my family was taken with Small-pox. I used the Fluid; the patient was not delirious, was not pitted, and was about the house again in three weeks, and no others had it.—J. W. PARKINSON, Philadelphia.
Diphtheria Prevented.
The physicians here use Darbys Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria.
A. SCHLENWNER, Greensboro, Ala.
Tetter dried up.
Cholera prevented.
Ulcers purified and healed.
In cases of Death it should be used about the corpse—it will prevent any unpleasant smell.
The eminent Physician, J. MARION SIMS, M. D., New York, says: "I am convinced Prof. Darbys Prophylactic Fluid is a valuable disinfectant."
Scarlet Fever Cured.
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I testify to the most excellent qualities of Prof. Darbys Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and detergent it is both theoretically and practically superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted.—N. T. LUPTON, Prof. Chemistry.
Darbys Fluid is Recommended by Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia; Rev. CHAS. F. DEEMS, D.D., Church of the Strangers, N. Y.; Jos. LECONTE, Columbia, Prof., University, S.C. Rev. A. J. BATTLE, Prof., Mercer University; Rev. GEO. F. PIERCE, Bishop M. E. Church.
INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY HOME.
Perfectly harmless. Used internally or externally for Man or Beast.
The Fluid has been thoroughly tested, and we have abundant evidence that it has done everything here claimed. For fuller information get of your Druggist a pamphlet or send to the proprietors,
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA.

HERE AT LAST.
After Long and Weary Waiting, Relief is Brought to Those who Need it.
"Well, Pat," said an Orange country Physician to a complaining Irish patient, some years ago, "for that pain in your chest you had better go home and put on a mustard plaster. I can't think this minute of anything better. And by the way," added the doctor turning to a friend, "I really wish somebody would invent a real good plaster—something actually helpful for such a case as Pat's. Maybe they will, when it is too late for me to use it."
When BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER was placed on the market about ten years ago the doctor's hope was realized. Because of the rare medicinal virtues inherent in it, its rapid action and sure results, the Capcine is fast displacing the slow-acting plasters of former days, for all affections to which a plaster is ever applicable. Price 25 cent., In the middle of the genuine is cut the word CAPCINE. Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York.

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Dr. Ab. Meserele (late of London) who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 year's standing, successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any P. O. address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address Dr. Ab. MESERELE, No. 96 John St., N. York.

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GOOD FERTILIZERS,
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The Old, Well-Tried, Wonderful, Health Renewing Remedies.
Strong's Sanative Pills for the liver. A speedy cure for Liver Complaint, Regulating the bowels, purifying the blood, cleansing from malarial taint. A perfect cure for Sick Headache, Constipation, and Dispepsia. Sold by leading druggists.
Strong's Pectoral Pills insure hearty appetite, good digestion, regularity of the bowels. A sure remedy for Colds and Rheumatism. A precious boon to delicate females, soothing and bracing the nervous system, and giving vigor and health in every fibre of the body.
For circulars and almanacs, with full particulars, address Box 650, New York City.

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Tarboro' Southerner.
THURSDAY,.....APRIL 19, 1883.

THE BELLE OF THE BAKERY

It was not one of your common bakeries. It was a very genteel bakery, indeed, with a solid plate-glass window, and "Parties and Weddings Supplied" gilded in sprawling letters across the front. The floor was of chequered marble, and the walls were frescoed with peacock feathers and half-open fans. And Mrs. Biggs knew nothing at all about "the business," but came in and out of a private door, and Miss Edelgitha, her daughter, was taking lessons on the piano, and in arrasene work, and read D'Israeli's novels.

As for Mr. Biggs himself, he was invisible half the day in the subterranian region, whence he would occasionally emerge with a very red face, and hair and whiskers powered with flour.

"They ain't nothin' like the master's eye," Mr. Biggs would observe, with a noble disregard of grammar, which was peculiarly aggravating to Edelgitha, his daughter.

Then there was Mary—"Polly," as Mr. Biggs called her. Mary Biggs had come to visit Edelitha, and be educated with her, when the sudden death of her father left her unprovided for, and all but friendless.

"She's most educated, ain't she?" said Mr. Biggs. "Del'll put her through and make a teacher of her eh, wile?"

"Pray, Mr. Biggs, don't go to putting such nonsence into the child's head!" said Mrs. Biggs. "It's a deal too expensive, and it will be three years at least before she will be qualified to teach. And we can't board and clothe her all that time. Let her go down into the bakery and help you. You were complaing only yesterday of being short of hands."

"But it's most a pity, ain't it?" said Mr. Biggs, who was a kind-hearted soul, "Such a bright, smart little creetur as Polly is."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Biggs. "You want bright, smart creatures, don't you?"

"But I somehow calculated to give Polly the same advantages as Edelgitha," urged the baker, wriggling like an uneasy eel.

"Then you calculated entirely without your host," observed Mrs. Biggs, tartly. "We are not Rothschilds, and Signor Caracoli charges eighty dollars a quarter; and I've spoken to a French mam'selle about daily lessons in conversation at a dollar a-piece. Besides—"Mary was telling me, only yesterday, that she pined for something to do. She has always been used to such an active life."

So Mary in her black calico dress, with the mist of tears still heavy on her eyelids, went down into the work-rooms, to help her uncle.

She was a brisk, efficient girl, who had what Uncle Biggs called "a level business head." She was a good accountant, and kept the books below stairs: and once in awhile she amused herself without making up a pile of dainty, snow white meringues, or a batch of old-fashioned doughnuts, for the store. It was lonely down there, to be sure, among the busy workmen, and she sighed at times when she heard her Cousin Edelgitha practicing the scales.

"It is very ungratefnl of me," she said to herself. "I ought to be glad and thankful to help good Uncle Biggs."

And it never occured either to Mary or her uncle that if she hadn't been so very much prettier than Edelgitha she never would have been banished to the basement of the bakery.

"Edelgitha must marry rich," said Mrs. Biggs. "We have prepared, her to adorn any station; and Mr. Lilburne, certainly was very attentive when he met her at the private view of the picture gallery. I really think he likes Edelgitha."

"He's a queer old fish!" said the baker, meditatively.

"But he's rich," said Mrs. Biggs.

"Well, then, let's ask him to supper, and leave him and Edelgitha alone together afterward?" suggested Mr. Biggs. "That is, if she likes him."

"Biggs, don't be a goose!" said the lady, irritably. "You haven't a soul above one of your own fleur barrels—no, nor you won't never have."

So Mr. Biggs retired, and gave his whole attention to the checking off of a load of St. Louis flour, which was being delivered at the alley-door.

Mary Biggs had come up into the store to whisper one of her uncle's messages to the stylish young woman behind the counter, when a servant girl hurried in and emptied about a peck of little, flat, brown cakes on the glass top of the show case.

"Mr. Lilburne's compliments, miss," said she; "and they're trash!"

"What!" said the shopwoman.

"Mr. Lilburne's compliments; and they're trash!" repeated the maid. "He said they wasn't ginger-snaps at all; they was only lard and molasses. He wanted the kind his mother used to bake, of Saturday mornings. The very first one he tasted he threw on the floor."

"Well," remarked the shopwoman, tossing her head, "if our ginger-snaps don't suit the gentleman, then it's impossible to suit him. That's all!"

"He's been sick, you know," said the maid-servant, apologetically. "And he's just getting better and his appetite's dreadful uncertain, and Mrs. Pugsley—my missus—she thought she was sure to tempt him with these 'ere. 'Ginger snaps!' said he. 'Just what I've been a-longin for. My mother used to bake 'em for me, when I was a child. Yes, Mrs. Pugsley.' said he, 'you may order 'em for me.' But," with a mild sigh, "missus might ha' known they wouldn't suit. Nothin' suits when a gen'leman's just off a sick bed."

"Is it Mr. Lilburne?" said Mary. "Oh, I remember him. He came here once, and went to sleep while Edelgitha was singing, 'Oh, Summer Night!' I liked him. He knew all about calves and chickens, and cranberry swamps and robbins'-nests. Does he like ginger-snaps? I'll make some for him. I know an old-fashioned receipt that is always good. Come here to morrow, my good girl," to the maid, "and I'll have some ready for you. Poor Mr. Lilburne! I'm sorry he's sick!"

The smart shopwoman stared as superciliously as Liszt or Chopin might have done if a village bugler had volunteered to them the first principles of music.

A country-girl, like that, expect to compete with "Biggs's Celebrated Bakery!" Well, really, the shop woman did't know what the world was coming to.

But little Polly hurried down stairs again to where Mr. Biggs, all powdered with flour, was laying down the law to some of his satellites.

"Ginger, my dear?" said he. "And flour? What you like—what you like! I was telling you, Johnson, a barrel of prime flour has to be humored. You can't drive it. Flour is flour, and must be handled accordingly."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Leonidas Lilburne, stalk uneasily about his sick room, and anathematizing the sluggish current of the hours, was secretly making up his mind to get married.

"After a man has once been sick in a boarding-house," he said to himself, "he's a fool if he don't look around for a home of his own. I am forty next month. It's high time I was thinking of settling in life—Eh, who's there?"

"It's me, sir, please!" said Mrs. Pugsley—"with some ginger-snaps."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Lilburne. "Fling 'em out of the window! Give 'em to the dogs! I don't want any more of your city humbugs!"

"But please, sir, these are quite different!" Mrs. Pugsley coaxed—"made by a young woman from the country, as works in Mr. Biggs' bakery. And I was to ask, would you be so very good as only to taste 'em?"

"Oh, yes, I'll taste them!" said Mr. Lilburne, sarcastically. "It's no trouble to poison myself, just to oblige people!"

And Mrs. Pugsley, entering with an apprehensive air, put the plate of round, golden cakelets on the table.

"I really think, sir," said she, "if you would only taste them—"

"Hum! ha!" said Mr. Lilburne. "These are quite a different article? These are the kind my old mother used to turn out! They're ambrosia—they're food for the gods! Who made them, I say?"

"I—I don't know, sir, I'm sure," said Mrs. Pugsley, rather discomfited by this direct address. "Some young person in Mr. Biggs' bakery."

"Order a carriage?" said Mr. Lilburne "and bring me my sable-trimed over coat at once? I'll go and see that young woman. I don't believe there is another person on the American continent that can make ginger snaps like these. now that my poor old mother is burried!

Mary Biggs came, laughing, up from the subterranean deeps of Biggs bakery.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Lilburne," said she, "I made the snaps? Don't you remember, me—Edelgitha's cousin?"

"But what are you doing down here?" demanded Mr. Lilburne, in amazement.

"Earning my own living," Polly promptly answered. "And they told me you did't like the store snaps, so I baked some after my grandmother's old receipt."

Mr. Lilburne looked at Polly with the respect due to a maker of incomparable ginger-snaps, mingled with chivalrous pity for a desolate maiden.

"Miss Polly," said he—"that was what they called you, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Polly, "that's my name."

I ought to warn you that I'm going to be a little abrupt," said he; "but—I should like to marry you."

"Oh, dear!" said Mr. Lilburne. "Think of it, that's all. Think of it for a week, and then let me know your final decision. I'm not exactly what the world calls a gay young lover, but I can give you a good home and an honest, loving heart. Your uncle can tell you all about Leonidas Lilburne. There, I won't tease you any longer. Just take my proposal into consideration, that's all."

So he went away, and Mary, in her perplexity, went in among the flourbarrels, and took counsel with Uncle Biggs.

"Uncle," said she, "what am I to do?"

"My dear," said the good man, stroking her head with floury, yet not unkindly, hands, "what do you think? Could you learn to like him?"

"I think so," confessed Mary, with downcast eyes. He spoke so pleasantly to me, and he has honest brown eyes."

"Then I recommend you to say yes," said Uncle Biggs. "Lilburne is a good, warm hearted fellow, if a little eccentric, and his wife will be a lucky woman."

And he thought of Edelgitha and sighed.

A week subsequently, Mr. Lilburne gave his landlady warning.

"I hope I haven't failed to suit you, sir," said she plaintively.

"It isn't that, Mrs. Pugsley," said he. "But I'm going to be married."

"I'm sure, sir, I congratulate you," said Mrs. Pugsley, faintly.

"You may well do so, ma'am," said Mr. Lilburne. "She's as lovely as Venus, as domestic as Dorcas, and—she makes ginger-snaps such as my poor mother once did? Yes, Mrs. Pugsley, I feel that I have gained a prize."

So Polly Biggs' ginger-snaps won the treasur which Miss Edelgitha's frills and French conversation had been powerless to reach.

"I really can't see what Mr. Lilburne saw to fancy in my Cousin Polly," said she, with spiteful tears. And Mrs. Biggs could not enlighten her daughter.—*Helen Forrest Graves.*

PECK'S SON SHINES.

His Pa An Orangeman.

"Say, will you do me a favor, asked the bad boy of the grocery man, as he sat down on the box and put his wet boots on the stove.

"Well, y-e-s," said the groceryman, hesitatingly, with a feeling that he was liable to be sold. "If you will help me to catch the villian who hangs up those disreputable signs in front of my store, I will. What is it?"

"I want you to lick this stamp and put it on this letter. It's to my girl and I want to fool her," and the boy handed over the letter and stamp, and while the groceryman was licking it and putting it on, the boy filled his pockets with dried peaches out of a box.

"There, that's a small job," said the grocery man as he pressed the stamp on the letter with his thumb and handed it back, "But how are you going to fool her?"

"That's just business," said the boy, as he held the letter to his nose and smelled of the stamp. "That will make her tired. You see, every time she gets a letter from me she kisses the stamp, because she thinks I licked it. When she kisses this stamp and gets the fumes of plug tobacco, and stale beer, and limberg cheese, and mouldy potatoes, it will knock her down, and then she will ask me what ailed the stamp, and I will tell her I got you to lick it, and then it will make her sick, and her parents will stop trading here. O, it will paralize her. Do you know you smell like a glue factory. Gosh, I can smell you all over the store. Don't you smell anything that smells spoiled?"

The grocery man thought he did smell someting that was rancid. and he looked around the stove and finally kicked the boy's boot off the stove and said, "It's your boots burning. Gracious, open the door, It smells like a hot box on a caboose. Whew! And there comes two of my best lady customers." The ladies came in and held their handkerchiefs to their noses, and as they were trading the boy said as though continuing the conversation.

"Yes, pa says that last oleomargarine I got here is nothing but axle-grease in a different kind of a package. The only way you tell axle grease from oleomargarine is in spreading it on pancakes. Pa says axle grease will spread, but your alleged butter just rolls right up and acts like lip salve, or ointment, and is only fit to use on a sore——"

At this point the ladies went out of the store in disgust, without buying anything, and the grocery man took a dried codfish by the tail and went up to the boy and took him by the neck. "Golblast you, I have a notion to kill you. You have driven away more custom from this store than your neck is worth. Now you git," and he struck the boy across the back with the codfish.

"That's just the way with you all," says the boy," as he put his sleeve up to his eyes and pretended to cry, "when a fellow is up in the world, there is nothing too good for him, but when he gets down, you maul him with a codfish. Since pa drove me out of the house, and told me to go shirk for my living, I havn't had a kind word from anybody. My chum's dog won't even follow me, and when a fellow gets so low down that a dog goes back on him there is nothing left for him to do but loaf around a grocery, or sit on a jury, and I am too young to sit on a jury, though I know more than some of the beats that lay around the courts to get on a jury. I am going to drown myself, and my death will be laid to you. They will find evidence of cod fish on my clothes, and you will be arrested for driving me to a suicide's grave. Good-bye. I forgive you," and the boy started for the door.

"Hold on here," says the grocery man, feeling that he had been too harsh," "Come back here and have some maple sugar. What did your pa drive you away from home for?"

"O, it was on account of St. Patrick's Day," said the bad boy as he bit off half a pound of maple sugar, and dried his tears. "You see pa never sees ma buy a new silk handkerchief, but he wants it. 'Tother day ma bought one of these orange-colored handkerchiefs, and pa immediately had a sore throat and he wanted to wear it, and ma let him put it on. I thought I would break him of taking everything nice that ma got, so when he went down town with the orange handkerchief on his neck, I told some of the St. Patrick boys in the Third Ward, who had green ribbons on, that the old duffer that was putting on style was an orange man, and he said he could whip any St. Patrick's Day man in town. The fellars laid for pa, and when he came along one of them threw a barrel at pa, and another pulled the yellow handkerchief off his neck, and they all yelled "Hang him," and one grabbed a rope that was on the sidewalk where they were moving a building, and pa got up and dusted. You'd a dide to see pa run. He met a policeman and said mor'n a hundred men had tried to murder him, and they had mauled him and stoled his yellow handkerchief. The policeman told pa that his life was not safe, and he better go home and lock himself in, and did, and I was telling ma about how I got the boys to scare pa, and he heard it, and he told me that settled it. He said I had caused him to run more foot races than any champion pedestrian, and had made his life unbarable, and now I must go it alone. Now I want you to send a couple of pounds of crackers over to the house, and have you tell the hired girl that I have gone down to the river to drown myself, and she will tell ma, and ma will tell pa, and pretty soon you will see a bald-headed pussy man whooping it up toward the river with a rope. They may think, at times, that I am a little tough, but when it comes to parting forever, the weaken."

"Well, the teacher at school says you are a hardened infidel," said the grocery man, as he charged the crackers to the boy's pa. "He says he had to turn you out to keep you from ruining the morals of the other scholars. How was that?"

"It was about speaking a piece.—When I asked him what I should speak, he told me to learn some speech of some great man, some lawyer or statesman, so I learned one of Bob Ingersoll's speeches. Well, you'd a dide to see the teacher and the school committee, when I started in on Bob Ingersoll's lecture, the one that was in the papers when Bob was here. You see I thought if a newspaper that all the pious folks takes in their families, could publish Ingersoll's speech, it wouldn't do any hurt for a poor little boy, who ain't knee high to a giraffe, to speak it in school, but they made me dry up. The teacher is a republikin, and when Ingersoll was speaking around here on politix the time of the election, the teacher said Bob was the smartest man this country ever produced. I heard him say that in a corcus, when he went bumming around the ward settin' 'em up nights, specting to be superintendent of schools. He said Bob Ingersoll, just took the cake, and I think it was darn mean in him to go back on Bob and me too, just 'cause there was no 'lection. The school committee made the teacher stop me, and they asked me if I didn't know any other piece to speak, and I told them I knew one of Beecher's, and they let me go ahead, but it was one of Beecher's new ones where he said he didn't believe in hell, and afore I got warmed up they said that was enough of that, and I had to wind up on "Mary had a little Lam." None of them didn't kick on Mary's Lam, and I went through it, and they let me go home. That's about the safest thing a boy can speak in school, now days, "Mary had a Little Lam," or "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star." That's about up to the average intelleck of the committee. But if a boy tries to branch out as a statesman, they choke him off. Well, I am going down to the river, and I will leave my coat and hat by the wood yard, and get behind the wood, and you steer pa down there and you will see some tall weeping over them clothes, and maybe pa will jump in after me, and then I will come out from behind the wood and throw in a board for him to swim ashore on. Give my pocket comb to my chum," and the boy went out and hung up a sign in front of the grocery, as follows: "Pop corn that the cat has slept in, cheap for pop corn balls for sociables."—Peck's Sun.

P. O. CATS.—Many people will be surprised to learn that the Post Office Department has on its pay roll about one thousand cats which are regularly in its employ throughout the country, and are paid for their services with food and shelter. These estimable creatures make themselves very useful by keeping rats and mice out of the mail matter. Their number and the cost of their maintenance are strictly accounted for, and when any one of them declares a dividend that fact is duly reported and provision is made for the newcomers.
The Sentinel.

The plumbers' pipes are laid for a big spee next summer.

Coffins on the instalment plan are the lates.

A boy of twelve years who dosen't know more concerning the worldly side of the world than his grandfather did at thirty.

A young man who isn't trying to devise more whereby he may earn a livelihood without wearing corns on his hands or soiling his clothes.

A five hundred dollar monument over the grave of a country editor who has devoted his whole life to serve the public and help to build up every public enterprise started on foot in the county.

A man who doesn't think that he could go to the legislature and reverse our code of laws so that everybody would be pleased, the burden of taxes removed and everybody started on the road to prosperity.

A farmer who owes the removal of the mortgage from his farm to the fact that he visited the nearest village every day and idled away his time discussing the wrongs inflicted upon labor by capital.