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

VUL. 63.

TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 24, 1885.

WALTER P. WILLIAMSON Attorney-at+Law, TARBORO', N. C.

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ed, and clutched the somnambulist's E, B. BLAMIR - Norfolk, Va. Will mail samples of DRY GOODS WHEN REQUESTED, Dresses made to order. Correspondence icited. (atalogues of Patterns mailed . 11m3 to any address.

A BANK ROBBERY.

Mr. John Burkley, sole proprietor of the Burkley Bank, was being regularly robbed. The mysterious peculations had extended over a period of about five months.

The bank building was a stone struct-

ure about three stories in height. There were two entrances; one in front, which opened into the principal business room of the bank, and one on the side, by means of which admittance could be gained to the two upper stories, which were occupied by the banker as a dwell-

His family was a small one, consisting of his daughter Edna, a beautiful girl of nineteen, a middle-aged servant woman, and a coachman and man-of-all-work, who slept over the stable. Three clerks were employed in the bank, athough four had formerly held positions

Just before the beginning of these mys terious robberies Edward Radcliffe, cashier, had been discharged.

Although of excellent character, careful in his attentions to his duties, and in every way moral and self-respecting, Radcliffe had rendered himself objectionable to the banker.

He had dared to love the latter's daughter, and upon asking for her hand in marriage, had been discharged for his as-He had no difficulty in securing-another situation in the village as bookkeeper

in the largest store; one of the junior clerks had been promoted to his late position, and the affairs of the bank moved on as usual. Then it was that these mysterious robberies began.

Every night, at the close of business the cash and accounts of the bank would be found correct. In the morning sums varying from ten to fifty dollars would be missing.

The burglar and fire-proof vault in which the papers, money and books of

the bank were stored at night was of the most approved pattern. It stood in the rear of the main bankingroom, and had two doors, both provided with combination locks. The key to the main door had been carried by young Radcliffe, and when he was discharged it was turned over to his

successor. The banker also knew the combinations of the vault. After two or three hundred dollars had disappeared, he changed the combination of both locks, and took charge of the main door key himself. The losses still went on, and the money was apparently taken from the vault be-

tween the closing and the opening It came to his knowledge that his daughter and young Radcliffe were meeting clandestinely, and in his first anger he was willing to believe that the latter was the robber, although it was virtually impossible for anyone to gain admission to the vault after it was locked for the

He employed a detective, who shadowed the three clerks in turn, without connecting them in any way with the mysterious peculations.

Banker Burkley could gain admittance to his private office from his apartments over the bank without entering the main door, and so worried was he over his mysterious losses that on several occasions he arose in the night and stealing softly down-stairs, awaited in the darkness in the hope of catching the thief.

As the mystery deepened he grew careworn, haggard and pale, and his dreams were filled with haunting visions of masked robbers.

During all this time Edward Radcliffe worked diligently at his bookkeeping,

happy in the knowledge that Edna Burkley still loved him, and would wait patiently until such time as he could make her a home. They had a rendezvous in a dense grove

of trees on the outskirts of the village, and met there frequently. On one particular dark night they met as usual, and after strolling about the grove and talking as lovers will turned

their steps homeward. As they neared the bank building the town clock chimed 12. "I had no idea it was so late!" said Edna apprehensively. "Papa would be furious if he knew I stayed out so late. I shall have to steal is very quietly, for since these mysterious robberies he has

been very restless at night, and frequently gets up and wanders about the house. By this time they had reached the gate by which admittance could be gained to the little garden which surrounded the bank, and softly unlatching it Radcliffe led the way to the side door.

As he paused for a minute on the step to bid the beautiful girl "Good-night!" a light suddenly flashed through the window of the banker's private office overlooking the garden, and they saw outlined against the curtain the form of a

"Ha!" cried Radcliffe, in a startled whisper. "What does that mean-a man in your father's private office?" "It is the robber!" gasped Edna, clinging to his arm and beginning to tremble "Open the door," whispered Radcliffe

"and I'll capture the villain!" "No, no," persisted Edna. "The rob ber is evidently a desperate villain, and he may be armed." "Nonsense!" retorted Radcliffe, open

ing the door. "If I capture him, it will place your father under obligations to me and he may consent to our marriage." The door which opened out of the little entry into the private office was ajar and pushing it open, Radcliffe peered in. At the same instant a bright light was flashed in his eyes and he started back, for confronting him was Banker Burkley

himself, clutching in one hand a roll of notes, and in the other a dark lantern. The two men stood staring at each other for several seconds, and neither spoke. Finally the banker turned sharply, and, walking to an old-fashioned horse-hair-Lovered lounge which stood against the wall at one end of the room, drew back the heavy cushion and placed the roll of notes carefully in the cavity. Then replacing the cushion, he pushed back the slide of his lantern and started toward the door, on the threshold of which stood

Radcliffe, with Edna peering over his The whole proceeding had been so strange and mysterious that Radcliffe involuntarily drew back as the banker approached, and an apology for his intru-

wide open, they had a fixed and mean-"Sleep-walking, by Jove!" he ejaculat-

"Ha!" cried the banker, with a start, advantage, diffused more patchouly by and, reeling, he would have fallen had daintily flecking dust from his patent not Radcliffe supported him. "What leathers with his handkerchief.

does this mean? Where am I?"

The Rey. Mr. Smith sniffed of

her hand on her father's shoulder. By this time Mr. Burkley was thorough-Radcliffe, whom he recognized in the dim light, he demanded what right he had to enter his house after being ordered not to do so.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, and I ask pardon for the intrusion," answered the young man; "but I love Edna, and Edna loves me, and even your stern decree 'il quit lookin' at yo' two dollah stemcould not keep us apart. We have met windin' buggler alarm, an' ante, we'll frequently since my discharge from the git dar." bank, and to-night I was escorting her home, when, discovering a dim light in your private office, I concluded that we had discovered the mysterious burglar in the act of committing a robbery, and I entered to capture the villian. You can imagine my surprise, sir, when I discovered that you were the robber." "What do you mean t" demanded the banker, gruffly.

"I will show you, sir," answered Rad-And entering the little office, he lighted the student lamp on the mantel. Then going to the lounge he pulled back the cushion.

"There, sir!" he said, pointing to the money hidden in that snug receptacle. "I think you will find every dollar of the money that has so mysteriously disappeared. While in a somnambulistic state, on have from time to time gained admittance to the vault by means of the

"I used to walk in my slee, when I spired with a thought. was a boy," muttered the banker sheepishly, "but I thought I had outgrown the habit years ago." He gathered up the pile of notes that

and, after counting them nodded his head approvingly. "Well, Ned," he said finally, turning his old manner, "I suppose you're entitled to some reward for this discovery."

"I ask none, sir," answered Radcliffe and I'm only glad I was able to do you a service." "Well, I'm going to reward you," conhaven't gone exactly to suit me since you it, smoothness, and then inquired: left."

The rich man was as good as his word. and he told this story to the assembled guest on the night of his daughter's wedding.

Both Rode. The commercial traveler of a Philadelphia house while in Tennesse approached a stranger as the train was about to start and said :

"Are you going on this train ?" " I am." "Have you any baggage ?" " No." "Well, my friend, you can do me a fav: or and it won't cost you anything. You see, I've two big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You

can get one checked on your ticket, and we'll euchre them. See ?" Yes, I see; but I haven't any ticket."

But I thought you said you were going on this train !" "So I am; I'm the conductor." "Oh !"

He paid extra, as usual .- [The Indepen-Propitiating Both Parties, An old French peasant woman whom her parish priest found going into the village church one evening, with a wax

taper in each hand, as if to make an offering, was asked: "For whom are those candles, my daughter ?" "This one. my father, is for St. Michael,

the Prince of the Angels." "Good, my daughter; but for whom is the other ? "The other, my father, is for the dev-

"For the devil, my daughter?" echoed the horrifled ecclesiastic. "To be sure, my father," answered old Lisette, coolly, "it's just as well to

have friends on both sides."-[New York A Merited Self-Rebuke.

White (rushing in)-" Is Brown here?" Green-" No." White-"Has he been here any time within the last hour ?" Green-"No."

White-"Confound him! He said he would meet me here at 5 o'clock and here it is 5:30. If you see him now tell him I got tired of waiting round here for him and went off. Tell him I've no patience with men who don't keep their appointments.-[Somerville Journal.

An Editor of the Puture. "Why don't you finish eating your hash Tommy ?" asked a Brooklyn mother of her boy, who suddenly laid down his knife and fork as he caught sight of the servant dishing out ice-cream. "Impossible, ma," replied the lad.

"Why !" "'Cause it's crowded out to make room for more interesting matter," answered Tommy, who is working in a newspaper office during his vacation .- [New York Journal.

A Modest Request. Lover (passionately)-"My sweet! My

darling! I love you with all my heart! Be mine! Fair Maiden-"Oh, George, this is so sudden; I must have time-" Lover-"No, no! I must have an answer now, for I have my eye on another girl."-[The Rambler.

At the Hub. "I say, sonny, you've got a new baby at your house, haven't vou ""

"Yes, sir." "What's it like?" "Well, it's got a head like a baseball. Boston Budget.

THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB. Thankful Smith has a Brush with Foster Williams-a Blistered

Jack Makes Trouble. The door sotfly opened and a whiff of patchouly and Mr. Foster Williams ension trembled on his lips.

The hanging-light in the entry threw as to dazzle Mr. Johnson and make even its reflection upon the banker's face as the Elder Jubilee Anderson proud to be able to bow to him; but the Rev. Mr. he drew near, and Radcliffe noticed that Thankful Smith merely pulled his hat although his late employer's eyes were lower over his eyes and requested Prof. Brick, who sat next to the dealer, to wake

up and ante. Mr. Williams leaned elegantly against the mantel, and holding his eigar in such a way as to show his new topaz ring to The Rey. Mr. Smith sniffed once or

"Walking in your sleep, papa," inter- twice, made an irrelevent remark about posed Edna, stepping forward and laying sewer gas, and asked Mr. Johnson to please open the transom. Then he gave way to a furious riot of chips which ly awakened, and turning flercely upon frightened Mr. Whiffles's three kings out of the country.

"Whadjer playin?" inquired Mr. Williams, languidly comparing his brilliant timekeeper with the club clock. "Pokah," said the Rev. Mr. Smith, who was dealing. "We'se tryin' to play pokah," he added, "an' ef Brer Anderson

The hand was played in silence, and when the reverend gentleman drew in the pot with two bow-legged jacks, only the labored breathing of Mr. Johnson broke the husb.

Mr. Williams pocketed the water thoughtfully picked his teeth for a b minister, blew a contemplative cloud ward the ceiling, and then drew out a 3 low pocketbook, ostensibly to polish the silver initials guittering in the corners "Whad am de limmick?" he inquired sweetly.

"De limmick," replied the Rev. Mr. Smith, as sponsor for the party, "de limmick am what a genelman keers ter blow in. But dis ain't no cyclome game," he "Whn-whad am a cyclome game?"

asked Mr. Williams. "Playin' on wind," replied the Rev. Mr. Smith, giving the cards a double cut, it being Mr. Whiffle's deal. He then proprivate door, and have abstracted the | ceeded to fall for the nineteenth time to sums you missed, hiding them carefully fill his tiush, and as Mr. Johnson drew in the pot 'Mr. Williams seemed to be in-"Kin I come in?" he asked, beaming

on the elder Jubilee Anderson, who had ust lost two dollars. "Cern'ly," said the Rev. Mr. Thankful he had hidden under the sofa cushion, Smith, taking off his coat and preparing for business. "Duss off dat cheer fo' de genelman, Cy," he said to Mr. Whiffles, 'an' ef Gus quits smokin' dat punk, an' upon the ex-cashier with something like | de Perfesser il blow his breff tords de do', we'll git mo' wentilation. 'Pears like

a polecat's broke loose roun' hyar." This last shot at the patchouly nettled Mr. Williams, and the obsequious manner with which Mr. Waftles dusted a chair for him fatled to please; but he repressed tinued the banker, sturdily. "I'm going his feelings, sat down and tossed a new to make you my son-in-law, that is if five-dollar bill to the Rev. Mr. Smith, Edna don't object, and I don't think she who was banking as usual. That gentlewill-and after to-morrow you shall be a man adjusted his spectacles, critically expartner in the Burkley Bank. Things amined the bill, wet his fingers and tried

"Yo' kissed dat bill good-by?" Mr. Williams said nothing. The Rev Mr. Smith folded it twice and stuck it be hind his enr.

"If yo' feels bad, yo' kin look at it once mo' befo' goin' home." Still Mr. Williams refused to retort, se the reverend banker counted out two stacks and passed them over. Prof. Brick then had a deal, in which everybody passed, and a jack pot was in order. I was opened on the fourth round by Mr. Whiffies, who had three sevens, and let every one in for four blue chips. Mr. Williams seemed to hesitate about coming in, and after a moment of breathless excitement Mr. Gus Johnson, who was dealing, timidly inquired what he was going to do.

going to do.

"Yo' shet up, Gus." interrupted the
Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith. "Yo'low-flung
niggahs donn' unnerstan' de Fifth-aveyou style. It's wulgah ter hurry."
This fired Mr. Williams. "I rise dat fo iollahs" he said, wickedly. Prof. Brick and Mr. Whiffles couldn't get out fast enough, but the Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith drew out the old wallet

and began to shuck out bills.
"Wha-whad yo' doin'?" asked Mr. Williams, aghast at the sum displayed.
"I'se gwine ter dynamite Jay Gool," r orted the Rev. Mr. Smith, counting out "i'se gwine ter buss Cy Fiel' an liff ole Vanderbilk outen he salvation," he continued, still showering notes on the table; "I'm a razzlin' wif Wessen Union an' crowdin' de Chemikle Bank," he supplemented, as he added another pile—" sees dat fo' dollahs and I rises dat sixty tree." With this he slammed the walle down with an energy that lifted Mr. Whifiles two feet from his chair, and favored Mr. Williams with a steady and penetrating glower. Prof. Brick fainted and Elder Jubilee Anderson seemed on

the verge of catelepsy.

Mr. Williams glanced at the pack in
Mr. Johnsons's hand and slowly skinned his cards as one in a dream. The following conversation then ensued:
"Yo' down' rise dat sixty-tree?"

"Ain't de money up?"
"Rise dat sixty-tree?"
"Count dat boodle." "Rise dat sixty-tree?" The sends down lie."

Mr. Williams skinned his cards again Kin I call for a sight?" he inquired soft "Call for a boot," resorted his reverend antagonist. "Dis ain't no Newpote loo er Saratogy bunko. Dis am pokah." Then the Rev. Mr. Smith glared at all

hands in a way that challenged contra-"I calls," said Mr. Williams quietly with another games at the pack. Then while the room was so still that Mr Whiffles could hear his hair grow, he drew out the yellow pocketbook with silver initials and deposited three twentles in the pot with 12 blue chips. If a stroke of lightning had descended the paralysis of the party would not have been more complete. Mr. Gus Johnson was salmoncolored as he inquired how many cards

Williams wanted two. The Rev. Mr. Smith said he would play what he had. Then with a burst of renewed fehad. Then with a burst of renewed fe-rocity he shook out the balance of his wallet—six dollars.

"I rise dat fo'teen," responded Mr. Williams, languidly lighting a cigar-ette. The Rev. Mr. Smith looked ette. The Rev. Mr. Smith looked aghast.

"I—I haint got no mo," he said.

"Yo'se got dat bill behine yo' yeah," replied Mr. Williams, "an' I'll take yo' note fo' de ballans," he courteously add-

The bill and the note were added to the pot. The Rev. Mr. Smith was hoarse as he asked-

"Whadjer ketch?"
Mr. Williams spread down four jacks and a six, took up the notes, cashed the chips from the bills in the kitty box, and lighted a fresh cigarette, flecked s

speck of ashes from his vest with the patchouly handkerchief, whistled a bar from "Nanon," caught his cane midway between handle and ferrule, and ambled out of the room. The silence was six fathoms deep. Mr. Whiffiles examined Mr. Williams's hand. One jack was slightly chafed. The spot caught the Rev. Mr. Smith's eye.
"Were dat keerd in he han' befo' de draw?" he inquired.
"No, Sah," replied Mr. Johnson. "Dad

jack wid de sore back lay jess-jess on top de pack wen yo' clipped Toot dat fust rise."

"Dat splains hit," said the Rev. Thankful Smith. "Niggahs, hits yarly in de avenin', bud hits high time fer to me tergo home. I'se been buckin' de science fer mo'n thutty yar, an' I'se hed mo' hard camp meetin' speeunce dan de law 'lows, bud l'es cause vit seen de luck stick to a bud I'se never yit seen de luck stick to a dude niggah. An' heah I comes in wif a a king full agin a scented moke wif tree jacks, an' has eighty-two dollahs' wuff er

tar knocked onten me in one minnit by de blister on a top cyard. Go on an' play penny limmick, niggahs, an' be happy. I'se gwine home an' take up de fo'th chapter ob Job, and club myse'f." Alcoholic Stimulants in Belglum. Belgium affords the worst example in Europe of the harm from over-indulgence in alcoholic stimulants. The sale of liquor has been more than trebled in the last fifty years. While the population has advanced only from 3,500,000 to 5,500,000 the consumption of spirits, wine and beer for 1881 amounted in value to 475,000,000f.

Aithough the country is so small, it con-tained in 1880 no fewer than 125,000 places devoted to the sale of intoxicating liquors. There was a public-house on the average for every twelve or thirteen grown up males. The suicides rose from fifty-four per million inhabitants in 1848 to eighty in 1880. The lunatics advanced from 750 per million inhabitants in 1846 to 1470 in

Good Manners. Never pick your teeth at table. Never seal a letter of introduction. Remember everything except an injury. Do not make an ostentation of your The grace of patience well becomes a

The guest who comes late spoils the De not press a favor where you see it There is no flattery so exquisite as the lattery of listening.

Be the law where it may light.

Be the law you convince your friend that he has made a mixture.

A young lady may give her hand to a stranger, but will not shake his.

In helping any one at table never use a knife when you can use a spoon.

Pride, ill-nature and want of sense are the three great sources of ill-manners.

If you meet an acquaintance while walking with a friend do not introduce A rudeness is worse than a crime; it is a blunder because it is so easy to be polite,
"Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence."

In passing from the drawing room to the dining room the lady takes precedence. Never use your knife to convey your food to your mouth under any circum-

Nothing indicates a well bred man more than a proper mode of eating his most disagreeable talk is that The most disagreeable talk is that which turns upon a man's or woman's maladies. A married lady should treat a stranger with reserve, an acquaintance with reti-

In making calls do your best to lighten

the infliction to your hostess. Do not stay long.
A man who talks slang in a lady's hearing stands in need of the Roman Catholic discipline. Gentlemen do not take off their hats to each other. This is a courtesy reserved for the ladies. Never make introductions unless you have good reason to believe that both parties are agreeable.

In the country gentlemen do not offer their arm to ladies; but in large towns this should be done In railroad traveling no gentleman will address a lady who is unknown to him unless she invites it. There are three articles of dress which pre-eminently show the gentleman—hats, poots and gloves. Ladies should remember that the art of dressing well lies in the happy combination and harmony of colors.

Never give letters of introductions un less you are prepared to be responsible for the person to whom they are given. Carry your hat and cane (but not your umbrella) into the drawing room as a visible sign of your intention to leave quickly. Be specially careful in making introductions to ladies. It is an insult if you present to a lady any person of doubtful

There is no policy like politeness, and a good manner is the best thing in the world either to get a good name or supply the want of it.

The holder of a letter of introduction should send, it with his card of address. The receiver if he be a gentleman, will call upon you without delay. If you pass an acquaintance with a lad on his arm do not nod; take off your hat, so that your salute may seem to include

both your friend and the lady.

A MOTHER'S LOVE. Oh! in our sterner manhood when no ray, Of earlier sunshine glimmers on life's way, When girt with sin and sorrow and the toil Of cares which tear the bosom that thus soil. Oh! if there be in Retrospective's chain One link that binds us to young dreams again One thought so sweet we scarcely dare to muse On all the hoarded rapture it reviews,

Which seems each moment in its backward range The most to soften, its ties to change, And all the springs untouched for years to

It is the memory of a mother's love.

SERMONS IN FEW WORDS. Novelty is the great parent of pleasure. The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat There is no creature so contemptible but by solution may gain his point. Few are qualified to shine in company; but it is in most men's power to be agreeable. It is the care of a very great part of man-kind to conceal their indigence from the rest. The most divine light only shineth on those ninds which are purged from all worldly dross and human uncleanness.

Children generally hate to be idle; all the sure then is that their busy humor should be constantly employed in something of use to Great geniuses, like great ministers, though

We are born for a higher destiny than earth there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever. The sphere of our affections is one in which we are very apt to expect too much from others, and thus to cause bitterness and often estrangement. Where we love we naturally crave to be loved; but this oraving, if not regulated by reason, is very likely to blossom into a selfish oppression. Experience of the past teaches us that man does not a good work, but an evil work, who endeavors to force his formed opinions upon the formed opinions of others. All we can do is to set before men who differ with us the principles on which we form our opinions, and et them judge upon the premises formed.

TAKING CARE OF THE PET PUG. Young Benedict Recoming Dis-

gusted With His Wife's Method Adopts a Simpler One. The Buffalo Courier says there is in that city a young Benedict who is so unfortunate as to be wedded to a lady of rare beauty and attractiveness with a hobby for a pet pug. Now this young Benedict had in all respects proved a model husband and had acquitted himself so faithfully on all occasions that his wife had confidence in him, and willingly intrusted the most sacred and important duties to his charge. So fully, indeed, did she trust him that when she started for a week's visit to a friend, the last words to him, having consigned the baby to the the present day take more exercise and tender mercies of the nurse, were :

"George, promise me to take good care of Fido. Don't let him overeat himself, and above all, bathe him regularly, you'll turn the scale at 140 pounds, and many find the bath-tub in the parlor, the towels | more who persist in compressing their are in the linen-press, and his comb and waists to an extraordinary degree, under brushes are in the left-hand corner of my the mistaken impression that to be adlogne is on the shelf above. And be sure wear a small belt. Such girls may be gan's book on the "Mexican War," when you've finished to wrap him in his angels in somebody's eyes, but not in those with an appendix on the "Abolition blanket and put him in the sunshine to of sensible men. dry, and if he catches cold telegraph

She printed one lasting impassioned

him to her husband's arms, stepped inte the carriage and was gone. The next day and the next George implicity carried out the parting instructions of his wife. He bathed Fido, cologned Fido, brushed, combed and dried

Yesterday morning when the scribe

and ugly pug chained to a post and making frantic efforts to escape, while some yards away stood George playing the hose upon Fide and heartily enjoying the dog's discomfort.

Sharp Queries by Punch. your baby to walk would be give it in charge of a step-mother ? Does it necessarily follow that all blacksmiths must be wicked men because they

are much given to vice? Is it a fact that those people who only sing to please themselves" are not often difficult to please? When a photographer, in the exercise of his business, uses a black cloth, does he do so in order to make his camera obscura? Must your kitchen fire be of a dissipat-

Can it really be true that a too quie rmon often proves to be a moving disare unprincipled men because they poise

ed disposition because it goes out every

Now She Can Do It. Young ladies may find a lesson in the experience of a girl in Stockton, Cal., who sued her lover for breach of promise of marriage. She produced many of his letters extending over a period of several years, and all breathing promises of undying love. Then he brought out a letter written by her to him about two years before, when she was mad, in which she said she would rather marry a yellow dog than him. The result was an immediate

verdict for the defendant. Short-Haired and Toothless, Burdette says: When they brought Oscar Wild's baby to him the beautiful man tossed back his mane and gazed upon the babe. It had short hair and no teeth Oscar wept, and lifting his hands toward heaven called upon all the gods to witness

that it was no child of his. LITERARY.

It appears after all that the Dutches is still unknown.

Some of the critics rank "Zoroaster" the best of Mr. Crawford's novels. The Buffalo Courier thinks that How ells has never done better reporting that that contained in "Stlas Lapham. is delightful, entertaining, realistic, but ts impressions are not strong and lasting. Would that Howells were more imagina-

tive, more practical, more analytical! Admiral Porter appears to be wedded and a carrot in shape, which they seem to to the idea that he can distinguish him- relish greatly) and drinking, paying little self as a novelist. It was his penchant for the pen that led Gen Grant to re-mark: "I believe Porter to be as great an admiral as Lord Nelson. He was always admiral as Lord Nelson. He was always ready for every emergency and every responsibility. The country has never done him the justice that history will do him.

* * It would have been a great thing for Porter if he had never been able to read and write."

that current French literature has drop ped to a deplorably low plane. "There is that current French literature has drop-ped to a deplorably low plane. "There is hardly a literary man to-day in France," says the Register, "who is enjoying the pecuniary and social position to which his artistic gifts should entitle one, and whose success is founded on the unadul-terated exercise of talent." And the reason assigned for this condition of things is that the popular demand is for trash. The literary editor of the New York

The American Register of Paris thin's

Mail and Express is quite captivated by Lord Tennyson's lines on the marriage of the Princess Beatrice. The critic says:
"They are noble in their gravity of statedmirable in the train of thought which they suggest, and as perfect an example of his blank verse as can be found in the whole collection of his writings No other living poet, no other poet of this prolific century, could have written them. If you have read them once, read them again, for he will never write anthing

Blanche Willis Howard in her novel, "Aulnay Tower," takes a pessimis-tic view of the fashionable dinner. She Dinner is indeed a stern tyrant. says: "Dinner is indeed a site."
Its hideous gregarious rites impose themselves upon us at supreme moments when the primeval savage germ in us asserts itself and longs for air and freedom, space and solitude. The dagger suggests amorous tragedies, dim Venetian canals, and gliding goudolas, but the ponderous silver fork, weighed down like many a dull soul with the sense of its own respectability-with what suffering, the morcruel because prolonged, is it not associ ated ! The immaculate napkin, bristling with conventionality in every rigid fold what agonies has it not led on like the gallant pennon of a fotlorn hope! All honor to the unnumbered victims on the stout hearts faint and desperately raily before the invincible soup tureen, the deadly pauses between the courses, the ubiquitos attack of the waiters, the fatal volley of small talk. How they die a thousand deaths, yet bravely smile. If when the spirit flies age ast from the dinner hocus pocus, the outward man might vanish too, what a significant array of vacant chairs in our most genteel dining rooms would commemorate the triumph

of nature over civilization." Poor Billy Muckrow's Many Virtues, We drop a tear as we record the demise of poor Billy Muckrow. His genial presence and hearty laugh added a new grace to the most exclusive saloons of the town. We say it without fear of contraliction, Billy was as square as a chessboard. He was no chump. He never killed a man without cause; he never forgot to settle his score on the slate.

He never refused to go out on a hunt for hoss thieves nor to ante up his little pile when he bucked the tiger and lost. And he was a rustler when out with the boys. But his crowning virtue was that just before his death he paid us a three years' subscription in advance for the Howler, and we assure his widow, that the paper will be delivered to her on time every week. Stranger, go thou and do likewise. -Arizona Howler. Good Looking Girls.

There is no fear that American young women will always be beautiful enough. What they most need now is increased bodily vigor. In this respect there has been a notable improvement within the last fifteen or twenty years. The girls of endure it better than the girls of the previous generation did. But there are still those who would hate to confess that they

Eat Slowly. The remedy for corpulence, according | Great Conspiracy." But presumably

to the Lancet, is in the method of eating kiss on Fido's nose, tearfully delivered and drinking. If we only ate more deliberately, it says, we should find half of our accustomed quantity of food sufficient to satisfy the most eager cravings of hunger. Let men of all classes who lead healthy lives resolve to eat and drink slowly.

passed George's residence he heard wild "000 court bouse. yelpings and ki-yi-ings proceeding from There has been a decrease of \$300, looked over. He saw an uncommonly fat 000 in the public debt during August. cyclone.

QUITE NUMEROUSLY MARRIED.

An Ohio Girl who Ventured Nine Times on the Matrimonial Sea. Cynthia Boardman was an Ohio girl of loving disposition, and her affections were true as gold when once they were fasten-Do you think that the best way to teach ed. William Rawlings was the happy man who first led Cynthia to the altar a blushing bride. A mule killed Mr. Rawlings. His relict then married Mr. Ladd. He was drowned. Making a visit to Pennsylvania she was snapped up by Mr. Henderson. He died. Returning to Ohio, her native heath, she became Mrs. Johnson. He died. Mrs. Johnson then took Mr. Dixon. He died. Again the widow goes to Pennsylvania, and again is she snapped up; this time by Mr. Maybury, and they move to Indiana. The ague killed him. The much-tried widow returns to Ohio, where Henry Ladd, a brother of her second husband, married

r. He died. She now takes a rest for and proceeded to ornament her house with the portraits of the lamented dead, and hung them up as a gentle reminder of the fate in store for the man who should next marry her. She next married Mr. Dyer, a frail man, who was not as popular as some of her other husbands; 'but," she said, apologetically, "I was gettin' too old to be particular, an' l took him. George ain't overly stout, and I reckon his pictur'll soon go along with

the rest of 'em."

Settin' 'Em up in Munich. If you are a stranger in Munich you find a seat, call a girl and order a mug of beer. If you are to the manner born, you wend your way to a big tank into which water is always running, and pick out your mug. This tank is always twothirds full of huge stone mugs with big handles and pewter lids. The German walks up, thrusts his hand into the water, and, drawing out a mug, looks it all over. If it suits him-they are all alike-he rinses it and makes his way to the place where he gets it filled with beer, then rejoining his companions. Beer will keep deliciously cool for half an hour in one of these mugs, and as they hold fully a quart-each, one lasts a long time. And what a merry sight it is to see the people, in groups of four, two or three to a dozen. that are bound together in the most jovial social intercourse by this national beverage! They sit at the tables talking. laughing, eating (many of them raw vegetables resembling a turnip in color

attention to the music, but having a jolly

What a Newspaper Is. Bill Nye says: The newspaper of to-day is a library. It is an encyclopedia, poem, a biography, a history, prophecy, a directory, a timetable, a romance, a cook book, a guide, a horoscope, an art critic, a political resume, a ground plan of the civilized world, a low-priced multum in parvo, It is a sermon, a song, a circus, an obituary, picnic, a shipwreck, a symphony in solid brevier, a medley of life and death, a grand aggregation of man's glory and his shame. It is, in short, a bird's-eye view of all the magnanimity and meanness, the joys and griefs, the births and deaths, the pride and poverty of the world, and all for two cents-sometimes. could tell you some more things that the newspaper of to-day is if you had time to stay here and your business would not suffer in your absence. Among others, it is a long-felt want, a ninecolumn paper in a five-column town, a lying sheet, a feeble effort, a financial

problem, a tottering wreck, a political tool and a sheriff's sale. Lo's Appreciation of a Fine Scalp. At one of the Indian agencies, near Fort Reno, one Sunday the Indians were gathered near the officers quarters devoutly performing certain religious duties. An officer induced a young woman from one of the Eastern cities, who was possessed of a remarkably heavy head of blonds hair, reaching to the ground, to allow it to flow loosely and let the Indians admire. She at once became the centre of attraction, to the utter neglect of the religious ceremonies. They gathered about her in swarms and manifested their pleasure at the sight by jumping about, rubbing their hands and gesticulating wildly. They pronounced it the enest scalp they had ever seen, and so alarmed the young lady by their demonstrations

that she cut short her visit. What Sporting Men Rely On. When Lewis R. Redmond, the South Carolina moonshiner, cornered, after for eight years eluding the government officials, was asked to surronder, he ex-

gone clear through him, but strange to relate he got well in the hands of a rude back woods nurse." By the way, if Garfield had been in the hands of a backwoods nurse, he might have lived. A heap of volunteer testimony against the infallibility of the physiclans has been accumulating of late, and people are encouraged to do their own doctoring more and more. It is cheaper

and quite as certain.

"Never, to men who fire at my back "

Before he was taken, five bullets had

Before Detective Curtin of Buffalo, caught Tom Ballard he "covered" him with his revolver. Tom saw the point and tumbled! Joe Goss was "covered" a few weeks ago and he tumbled, and so did Dan Mace. Death. "fetched em" with that dreadful weapon-kidney disease. But they should have been lively and drawn first. They could easily have disarmed the monster had they covered him with that dead shot—Warner's safe cure, which, drawn promptly, always takes the prey. It is doubtless true that sport-ing men dread this enemy more than any ing men dread this enemy more than any mishap of their profession, and presuma-

bly this explains why they as a rule are so partial to that celebrated "dead

surrender when attacked in the back. He should "draw," face about and pro-ceed to the defence, for such attacks, so common among all classes, will fetch a man every time unless "covered" man every time unless "covered" by that wonderfully successful "dead shot." It is now announced that Gen. Loof Serfdom Among the Toltecs," is to be printed under the title "The

idea of Brother Logan's work. One of the straws showing the present prosperity of the South is the unwillingness of Charleston. S. Martin county is to have a \$20,-C., to receive outside aid to repair damages resulting from the recent

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