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## COMFORTED.

One night, with Grief, I closed my eyes, And had no other thought, but he Would waken with me presently. But God is gracious; God is wise Beyond our knowledge. In the dim Hushed hours betwixt the dark and light, There came a messenger from Him That of my Grief bereft me quite, I know not how to paint the sight That blest my eyes, or make you see The vision that was sent to me. For oh! it was the child that came, And called me softly by my name, And clasped me by the little white Warm hands that clung to me of old, And neetled in my garment's fold. A dream' you think? Well, may be so; But none the less God's messenger; For while I lay—afraid to stir, Lest the sweet dream should from me go-The child, that only utiers I here Such inarticulate trills and coos As nestling birds and babies use, Began to speak strange words and clear: Strange words, but clear; which, should I try To put in speech of mine again, It would be effort spent in vain. This was a language of the sky, Which, just for once, I understood Because, my God, Thou wert so good, And suffered one sad heart to see How narrow-souled and dull we are. That make our selfish love a bar Betwixt these little ones and Thee. Whereat-though it was but a dream, That vanished ere the east was red-The one sad heart was comforted: Nor since, do I and sorrow seem So fitly mated as before. For in my dally tasks once more I find content. And little things-

That Grief and I were comrades here! -[Mary Bradley.

The wavering shadows on the wheat,

As vague, as fair, as sweet as these,

The vision was that came to me,

Of something exquisite to be.

The scent of flowers, the whir of wings-

Bring back a sense of something sweet.

Whose nameless charm this shadow is

And when in some unearthly sphere

Of perfect love and bliss complete,

How like a dream it will appear

The child and I once more shall meet,

BROWN'S MARRIAGE. Concerning Brown it was said that he never saw a pretty face without falling in love with it. He certainly was of a susceptible nature, but he had so much time on his hands and so much money which he considered it incumbent on him to spend, that he had to do something. As he had neither wit nor industry enough to ake to trade or sport, he took to falling in love, and in his drowsy and easy-going way did his best to do his self-imposed vocation justice.

One day, after he had carried his fascinating employment on ten years or so, and wasted a fortune on bon-bons and opera boxes, diamonds and lap dogs, lawn parties and midnight banquets, according to the social and moral qualities of his impartial inamoratas, his friend Robinson suggested it was about time he got married. Brown had a great regard for Robinson, for several reasons. One was that they belonged to the same club, and perhaps still more because Robinson owed bim money. Robinson had the tastes of a prince and the income of a parasite. Brown's ready good nature and plethoric bank account represented all of this income but a couple of thousand dollars a year, the rent of a house an eccentric old aunt had left to her pet nephew in trust, for fear he would squander the principal if it was given to him. Robinson had reason to bless the foresight of his venerable benefactor after he finished his share of Robinson senior's estate. It provided him, at any rate, with club dues and pocket money, and chance and his ready wit supplied the rest. That is to say they supplied him with Brown, and for ten years Brown fulfilled the rest of the contract.

"So you think I ought to get married. eh?" said Brown. "You ought," returned Robinson decisively; "it's too bad. You're frittering yourself away like a raw member, and I'll swear there are grey hairs in your mous-

Well," said Brown, "perhaps you're right. But who is she?" Didn't you meet my sister when you were at Naples last winter?" demanded Robinson

"Oh!" retorted his friend. "She-"She's the best and purest girl alive," cried Robinson with sudden animation, dealing the table a blow with his open "Well, who the deuce said she wasn'?"

asked Brown calmly. "I was going to say she wouldn't have me." "My dear boy," said Robinson, drawing his chair closer, and patting his knee in friendly confidence, "you're wrong." "No," said Brown increduously.

"I tell you yes," insisted Robinson. The poor girl adores you. She has written to me a dozen times, and made me promise never to give it away to you. I am breaking my word, but I can't help it. Friendship, dear boy-" "Robby," said Brown, getting up, you're a good fellow, Thank you. I'll think of

They went, out together. As they parted at the first corner, Robinson having some special business and Brown an engagement at the stage door of the Casino, the former borrowed a spare fifty from his friend. While Brown was bowling up town in a hansom, Robinson was in the office of the Commercial Cable Company writing the following dispatch, which he paid for out of the crisp, clean note which had not grown warm in his hand:

tas Louise Robinson, Hotel Ragossy, Paris,
h. home at once, Brown and wedding ome are ready,

morning when Brown's cat-ued his master's boots off. It was gre. Sied his master's boots off. footed valet p. The robe Brown dismissed Invested in his n. head was hot and the his attendant. His opened the window bed looked warm. h. Then he closed and looked into the mis. a stand on the it and lighted a cigar from the desk and from mantle, went to his writing one of its compartments produced a little one of its compa leather. This book was headed,

F. Robinson, Dr. F. Robinson, Ci. The pages under "F. Robinson, Dr."
were full of dates and figures. Those under F. Robinson, Cr." der F. Robinson, Cr." were blank. For half an hour Brown totted up column after column of figures, puffling his cigar gai ed." calmly and with as impassive a face as if he had been counting grains of sand instead of gold.

"Gad!" he said, when he had made a total. "He's too greedy." And he closed the book, threw his cigar and the balance sheet into the grate, rinsed his mouth out and went to bed.

\* \* \*
Three weeks later L'Amerique steamed up the harbor. The first shore visitors to board her at her pier were Brown and Robinson. The greeting between Robin-

which towered high above the other edifices in the center of the city, was purposely spared. Not a single gun replied, however. Not a soldier could be seen. After several hours the houses were ared in she reached home. If you are wasting away from age, dissipa | many places. Toward evening the Landing Parker and Dent were with the latter; the former commanding a detachment of his regiment, and the other with the Naval Brigade. They spent the night in a suburban village, which the natives had

### TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY NOVEMBER 26, 1885. deserted on the approach of the invaders. None undressed and few slept. Most lay on the ground and in the open air. A surprise or an ambuscade was feared. Before daybreak they were roused by the

sound of firearms. The outposts had been attacked. The force was soon under arms and in motion to meet the foe. This was merely a skirmishing party, however, from one of the city gates that soon fled ingloriously,

and never came to close quarters.

As the naval forces were in the majority and the Admiral had supreme command, post of honor and led the attack. Although the soldiers were thus pushed in a corner, Parker was fully equal to the emergency, and made up for position by push. His skilled military eye had detected the weak points of the enemy's defences at a glance; and ere bis conditions had made up their minds where to place their scaling ladders, he had landed his party on the top of the city wall, cleared it of the few Chinese soldiers who were brave enough to come to close quarters, and thus paved the way for the marines, surprised to find their comrades so far ahead. Dent's party of sailors followed led by a sub-lieutenant. Dent

where he was. Once fairly on the city wall there was taken with triffing loss. The Tartar garrison, after firing some arrows and gingals, fled the place precipitately by the western gates. The city was soon almost deserted. The conqueror camped on the city wall. After some days the Viceroy Yeh was found secreted in his palace, taken prisoner and conveyed on board one of the menof-war for safety, whence he was soon banished to India. With his capture the war was virtually over. Peace was soon con- of both armies, it was very general to speak cluded, and the troops and war-ships ordered home. Search was made for the missing lieuten-

ant, whose headless body was found secreted in a hovel in one of the villages outside the northeast city gate. When in search of a suitable place to plant his scaling ladders, he had been decoved, waylaid, shot and then decapitated by the Chinese for the sake of head-money.

Thus ended poor Dent's love episode with Helen Stanley, to whom the news of his South Carolina. Weasels; Georgia, Bus death was conveyed by Parker, who then received the much-coveted prize, the hand Lizards: Kentucky, Corn Crackers; of the fair American, and learnt that he | Ohio, Buckeyes; Michtgan, Wolverines; had all along been her favorite. was to make her country his and reside in | Florida, Fly up the Creeks; Wisconsin America. As Helen was wealthy and Badgers: Iowa, Hawkeyes; Oregon, Hard Parker by no means wedded to the unset- Cases. Indeed, I am not sure but slang

this much of a sacrifice. Stanley's business being soon after fully transacted, he and his daughter returned home, as did Parker to England with his regiment, where, on arrival, he sold out, and then eagerly sought his lady-love in the new land of his adoption. The United States now numbers him among its wealthlest and most enterprising citizens, and Helen as one of the most facinating and charitable matrons.

A Tribute to Woman. Woman is at once sincere and hypocritical. Coquetry is nothing but gilded and refined hypocrisy, and all women are co-

quetties to a greater or lesser degree. It is perhaps a wise provision of nature that they can dissemble. They are called on to do a great deal of it. For instance, when a stupid young man who cannot see when he is a bore ealls on a young lady who does see that be is a bore and feels it keenly, she must dissemble For instance, again, when a woman meets another woman she does not like, but whose acquaintance is a social necessity, she must dissemble, and does so by kiss ing her on the cheek and saying, "My dear." Shakspere says:

All the world's a stage And all the men and women merely players. But most of the playing is done by the women. Their lives are more theatrical han men's are. They have more finesse than men. They can flirt for the mere fun of the thing, while men always have a serious purpose of some sort at the bottom of their flirting. Men are direct, women are evasive. All this on the mere surface. This is the picture of society as we see it whirling past us in ten thousand tints and shadows. This it is in the fashionable thorougfare, in the dazzling ballroom, at the gorgeous opera and in the reception-room at home. Formality, formality; meaningless compliments, flatteries. mocking endearments, with woman everywhere in the lead, the creator and compounder of it all. But underneath the surface there is another world, a quiet peaceful domain where women is earnest, and where her sincerity and devotion outshine every other virtue, and where her life becomes a priceless treasure. The insincere trader of the whirigig of society becomes the faithful, loving wife and the patient, tender mother. The tables are turned; the man now becomes the trifler. He goes forth to bask in the sunshine of the gay world, while the wife is the steady anchor that forever pulls him back and renews his sense of duty and obligation .- [New York World. .

The Progress of the South. "All the South reminds me" says Beecher, "of a budding spring, intellectually, morally, spiritually. Spring has broken up the Winter that has so long reigned in the South. Everybody there seems young, and full of life and energy. The South is at last, if you don't mind a Bible phrase, 'A strong man awakened and ready for the race.' In all the centres we visited, and they were all the towns big enough to pay for a lecture, I was struck

by the interest manifested in the education of the colored people,"
"Will this education in any way unfit the colored people for the work they have to do?" "Education unfits nobody," was the ready answer. "It is not like wine, of which one can take so much that he will

all. The South has before it a great future, and will work out its own salvation. What Did He Mean?

become drunk; it is a food, and benefits

Wife .- Mother is going to leave us today. She is going home. Husband.—(aside)—Darned glad. (Aloud) Is she, my dear? I'm sorry she's going. W .- She can't stay any longer. I am going to see her to the depot, and as I return i will call at the library and change the book. Is there any particular book you want? H-H'm! Yes; bring me "Paradise Re-

Tis's Wicked World, Says He. A Michie an farmer went to the assistance of a man who had broken down in the road the other day, and was presented by him with six here. When he got home it was discovered that the birds were his own property, and that all their mates were

Read This to Your Husbands. One night last week a man got up and went out of a theatre between the acts, leaving his wife. Upon reaching the street he dropped dead, and his wife did not hear of the occurrence until some time after

Experientia Docet? Wife of two years' standing. "Oh yes! I'm sure he's not so fond of me as at first. He's away so much, neglects me dreadfully, and he's so cross when he comes home. What shall I do?" Widow. "Feed the brute!"

## SLANG IN AMERICA. Walt Whitman Deals With the Sub-

ject Profoundly. "Slang, profoundly considered, is the lawless germinal element, below all words and sentences, and behind all poetry, and proves a certain freedom and perennial rankness and protestantism in speech. As the Utited States inherit by far their most precious possession-the language they talk and write-from the Old World, under and out of its feudal institutes, I will allow myself to borrow a simile even the seamen and marines naturally had the of those forms farthest removed from American democracy. Considering language then as some mighty potentate, into the majestic audience-hall of the monarch ever enters a personage like one of Shakspeare's clowns, and takes position there, and plays a part even in the statellest ters rules. Such is Slang, or indirect on, an attempt of common humanity to escape from bald literalism, and express itself Illimitably, which in highest walks produces poets and poems, and doubtless in prehistoric times gave the start to, and perfected the whole immense tangle of the old mythologies. For, curious as it may appear, it is strictly the same impulsehimself was missing, and no one could tell source, the same thing. Slang, too, is the wholesome fermentation or eructation of those processes eternally active in language, little opposition; and Canton was already by which froth and specks are thrown up mostly to pass away; though occasionally to settle and permanently crystallize." The annexed list of slang names for states or their citizens rather, will not be

new to the surviving veterans of the war: "Always among the soldiers during the Secession War, one heard of 'Little Mac' (Gen. McClellan), or of 'Uncle Billy' (Gen. Sherman). 'The old man' was, of course, very common. Among the rank and file of the different States they came from by their slang names. Those from Maine were called Foxes; New Hampshire, Granite Boys; Masschusetts, Bay Staters; Vermont, Green Mountain Boys, Rhode Island, Gun Flints; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs: New York Knickerbockers: New Jersey, Clam Catchers; Pennsylvania. Dogher Heads; Delaware, Muskrats; Maryland, Claw Thumpers: Virginia; Beagles; North Carolina. Tar Boilers; sards: Louisiana, Creoles: Alabama, Indiana, Hoosiers; Illinois, Suckers; One stipulation, however, was that he Missouri, Pukes; Mississippi, Tad Poles; tled life of a soldier, he did not consider names have more than once made pre-this much of a sacrifice. "Old Hickory" (Gen Jackson) is one case in point. Tippecance and Tyler, too,' another."

> Christmas Presents. If one has time and skillful fingers there is no end to the pretty things that may be made of simple and inexpensive materials. A bit of carving, of scroll-work, a painted shell or panel, a basket cut from a walnut or hickery nut, these make pretty little gifts. Earthen vessels of pleasing shape. painted black or blue, covered with pictures pasted and the whole varnished, make use gifts for match receivers and catchalls cushions covered first with bright-col ored silk or cambric and then with some one in silk or linen or fine cotton trimmed with knitted fringe or lace, are pretty. A crocheted cover for a goblet (with the stem broken) with a cord to hang it by, makes it easy for the recipient of the gift to have a

blooming hyacinth in the window. Wall pockets make useful presents. common palm-leaf fan may be thus utilized. Cover it with cretonne or other material, sew a straight piece of the same, half the diameter of the fan in width, to the circumference of the fan, hem the other edge of the strip and put in an elastic cord; this makes the pocket. Wind the handle with cretonne and put on it a knot of ribbon to hang it up by. Work bags made of bed-ticking with the white stripes covered with stitches in gay-colored silks of various color, and lined, make useful presents for the housewife. Macreme whisk-holders, hand-bags, lambrequins for brackets and mantel-pieces, are very showy and handsome and easily made.

For an old person, a carpet foot muff, a knitted lap robe, a spectacle case, a warry foot rug, are useful presents. An old lady will appreciate one of the crocheted worsted capes, and most comfortable.-[New

Lowell on William Payne. In his prime he would not paint everybody: I recollect one noveau riche who so displeased him that an offer of \$10,000for a portrait was not accepted. Page was very sensitive and proud. There were others more popular-Elliott, for example; but I think that he had a superior anywhere. The only trouble was that sometimes he wanted ninety sittings. He could have painted rapidly; perhaps it was his vehicle that delayed him. Some of his sitters were quite willing to give him ninety sittings, to hear him talk; but few of them had the time to spare. In historical painting also he was great. I remember his picture of Aaron and Hur holding up the arms of Moses on the mount-fine in conception and execution. The portraits of Beecher and Farragut are excellent. He made a good portrait of me which has stood perfectly, but there again he wished to try experiments-to let the light fall directly from above, thus keeping the eyes in shadow. People didn't like it. Emerson said: "There isn't steel enough in the eyes." The same day I heard Page tell Emerson's story about Washington, how the Father of his Country was interrupted in his prayers in a tent, when he had given orders not to be disturbed, and how he rushed out of the tent swearing roundly. I remember the dry humor of Emerson, with his nose drawn down as it always was in that mood, and his dry remark. "Glad to hear of this touch of nature in our iron-cast man." But when Page painted a really successful head he painted something very great. It showed the mastery that makes anything great.

Social Agonies By the way, are you dining with the Montmorency Browns to-night?" "Oh, Heavens! Now I remember, they did ask me to dine there to-night!" "What-and you forgot to answer?" "Oh, I answered fast enough; but I've clean forgotten whether I accepted or de-

clined!" Temporarily Out of Journalism. It is rumored that William Black, the novelist, makes \$40,000 a year. This is probably why we haven't heard from Bill

An Agricultural Triumph. Farmer's wife (anxiously)—Did the punkin win a prize, John? John (just from the fair)-Yesh (hic)

won first prish.

A Little Matter from Michigan. Hanover, Mich., ladies are justly noted for their small feet. Two ladies recently put their feet in a two-quart pail of milk.

Give to the cows none but the pest and purest food. With no other stock is this so essential, for this especially impure water.

Corsult the lips for opinions, the conduct for convictions.

## A STORY OF THE PRESENT DAY.

The Untimely End of a Tennessee Collector of Texas. I had to do it-yes, I had to do it," he xplained in a Tennessee court room to "It was a matter of self-de-"Did this plaintiff here, whom you shot twice, draw any weapon?" asked the

lawyer.
"I don't say as he did."
"Was he about to?" "I don't say as he was. 'Deed, I guess didn't have no weepins with him." But you plead self-defence."
"Sartin, I do. I went up thar in 1 st fall. We lived on sassafras

township ist fall. We lived on sassafras
tes add on bacon all winter. This spring
control is a live hills of corn and taters, and I
known to the corn and taters, and I
known to the corn to the corn to the
Things begun to look as if we had seen
the wast. The ole woman was recknin'
to gift on a new kaliker, and I was plannin' to git my old rifle fixed, when—when—" Here the prisoner seemed overcome by his emotions, and it was two or three min utes before he could continue "Well. I might a-knowed that some

calamity would come sooner or later and

kick the skillet up the chimbly. I was allus a poor critter-poor, but strivin' to be white all the way through." "Proceed," said the lawyer after the prisoner had wept some more.

I sot out that on a log, kinder hopin' that the corn and taters wouldn't grow fast 'nuff to keep me from goin' fishin' and the ole woman she was smokin' jimweed in her pipe and wonderin' if the children had treed 'nother coon, when-when this

ere feller what got shot swooped down like one 'o them sightlones. All was changed in one minit. All was—"
They let have a few minutes to crowd down his feelings, and he went on: "He didn't make no bones about it, 'tall. He axes if my name was Dan'l Scott, and says it was. He axes if I owned the farm and I gin it to him straight. Then he pulls out a paper and says: " 'Dan'l I'm cum fur."

" 'The taxes.' " What taxes?" "State and county, Dan'l. We can't run this 'ere best kentry on airth and her Liberty and Union and a Fourth of July every year without money. Them as owns land must pay taxes.' "Never" says I. The tyrant don't live as kin put his foot on the neck of Dan'l

" 'Fur what?"

"But you must pay,' says he, 'or I'll "Wall gents, that was threats. That was drivin me to the wall. The ole woman begun to cryin', the children cum up and sniveled, and corn and taters and bee trees and coon tracks and bright prospects all went to the dogs. I couldn't-no, I couldn't!" "Couldn't what, Mr. Scott!"

"Call me Dan'l, onless you want to hurt my feelins. I meant I couldn't put up with no sich threats of assassinashun. The ole woman sneaked me the doublebarl'd shotgun over the brush fence, and l popped away, and popped to kill. Yes, gents, I'm tellin' you the solemn truth, and want to ax if there's a free-born American citizen and Tennessee patriot among At last accounts the jury was still out.

A London Editor. William T. Stead, late editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, is of the "slasher" type, full of earnestness. He met Chinese Gordon at Dover, talked over the then situation in Egypt, returned to London, and wrote the article which compelled the government to send Gordon to the Soudan, and once there he raised such a row that the govern ment had to send Wolseley to Gordon's rescue. He got up a great scare as to the condition of the English navy. He is strongly for Russia, and is supposed to be a powerful factor in that section of the iberals opposed to war with Russia. Mr. Stead is about 40 years of age, a

slim, wiry, nervous man, with push and energy stamped upon his brow. The son of a Congregationalist minister, he was born at Howden on Tyne, and at first floated on the world as junior clerk in a shipping office. As a boy he was passionately fond of reading, especially of works having reference to the history of his country, and after quitting work for the day it was his custom to retire to his room and study up the great events of the empire. So diligent was young Stead in this respect that he won the prize offered by a local paper for the best essay on Oliver Cromwell, against a large number of competitors As he matured from youth to manhood his literary talents developed and were admired and appreciated outside of his local circle, so much so that he was offered and accepted a position on the Northern Echo. a daily published at Newcastle. From junior reporter he rose to the position of editor, and rendered valuable assistance to Mr. Gladstone's cause by his vigorous and pointed articles against the Disraelian administration. His articles in the Echo stirred up all the border burghs in favor of the "grand old man," and after the vigorous campaign Mr. Gladstone expressed his appreciation of Mr. Stead's assistance in a kindly worded note. This was the turning point of Stead's career. When John Morley accepted the editorship of the Pall Mall Gazatte he chose Mr. Stead as his first lieutenant, and so faithfully did Mr. Stead fulfill his duties that when Mr. Morley resigned the editorial chair the proprietor

of the Gazette made Mr. Stead Mr. Morley's successor. Plain Talking-Very. A village parson, having in his sermons taken too exalted a pitch for the comprehension of his auditors, found it necessary to make some apology, which he did as follows: "Respected friends,—My oral locuments having recently been the subject of your vituperation, I hope it will not be an instance of vain elequence or supercrogation, if I lanconically promulgate, that avoiding all syllogistical, aristocratical, and peripatetical propositions, all hyperbolical exaggerations and extenuations, whether physically, philosophically, philo-logically, politically or polemically con-sidered, either in my diurnal peregrinations, or nocturnal lucubrations, they shall be deficiely and categorically assimilated with, and rendered congenial to the occiputs caput, and cerebrums of you, my most superlatively respectable auditory.

The Marriage Vows. Minister (fashionable church wedding)-Whom God hath joined together, let no man put assunder. Let us unite in prayer. Bride (kneeling, whispering)-Remember, George, we are to pass down the right aisle, and do try and not be awkward. You mortify me to death sometimes.

A Weird Subject. "Pa," said a little Kentucky boy, "what is a ghost of a smile?" "A ghost of a smile," the father replie l, ids something that is found in empty

A cow should always be taught to allow any body to milk her, either reason that it has been demonstrated man or woman, and for this reason by competent authority that milk is it is best to change about in milking a very prolific source of transmitting occasionally so that the cow will not disease germ from impure food, and become too much accustomed to one person's attention.

People who have more polish than principle use it lavishly.

## THE NEGRO AS A CITIZEN.

Florida to the New York Sun about a problem that the Southern people must olve. It is about the negro as a citizen. Before the war, writes Mr. Jay, the negro was a mere chattel, an article of farm produce, as it were, having no moral or men-tal value, simply mercantile in his relations to humanity. The war made him a man, and a philanthropic Congress made him a citizen with the inestimable privilege of selling his vote to the highe der, and very often to both party bidders. For some of these citizens a close observer can have only words of praise. Up the quadmill of unceasing toil, striving in the and haughty race, diametrically opposed to them and rank with the prejudic centuries of dishonor, they have won their way into the cordial respect and esteem of the best communities. To them no meed of praise can be too great; but, alas! the leaven is too small to cover the multitude of sins in the others.

But to this class. In every city, town and hamlet they can be found. They occupy nearly every range of mechanical pursuits. They have become skilled a sans, carpenters, blacksmiths, enginee. and brick masons. Some of them have risen to the rank of contractors and builders, and have large forces of men in their employ and under their contract. Some of the finest buildings in the South bear witness to their patient labor and thoughtful skill. These men work early and late. They save their money and, by judicious investment, double and treble it. Some of them are school teachers, graduates of Northern temples of learning where the color of a man's skin is not considered a crime. In the cities, towns, and hamlets, and in the highways and byways of the country, they have taken their places, and are industriously seeking to drill through the adamantine skulls of dusky pupils the idea that education is the

one pearl of great price. All the fault that I can find with them is that away down in the subtle recesses of their life there lurks a smouldering hatred of the Caucasian. This generation will never outgrow that feeling. But they repress it, obey the laws, conform strictly to the rules and regulations governing society, and stand well up on the plane of a self-reliant manhood. In their family relations they seem to be peculiarly nappy, and as husbands and fathers compare very tavorably with their white brethren. To the oredit of their women, be it said that they are ladylike and refined in behavior, and lapses from virtue are so infrequent as to occasion surprise when they do become known. So much for the good black citizen. Now for a grade lower in the scale, the

negro is essentially gregarious. He was fast becoming a misanthrope, when the good Samaritan came down South and began to build railroads. To and fro throughout the lands went the agents looking for workmen. They pointed out to the country negro the land flowing with milk and honey, the easy work, the strange sights he would see the joli nights around the camp fire, the prompt had had like than grouped from tween the plow handles straight into the railroad contractor's arms. He gathered his garments about him. bade a grinnin farewell to his household gods, and plunged into the wilds of South Florida. Ah! what an elysium of joy was his! The life just suited him. Now he was never alone, but in gangs of hundreds he toiled, and ate, and frolicked. Cutting down trees, getting out cross ties, digging and grading all day, his stomach filled with an abund ance of nourishing food: when night came he threw off the Lurden of labor as if it were a garment, and gave up the earlier

night to his finer and more poetical na-The third grade in black citizenship is an idle, thieving, shiftless army, a curse to its race, and a reproach to the civilization of the century. Its members toil not, neither do they spin. Utterly devoid of anything approaching true manhood, they are the carrion crows of humanity. They swarm our cities by the hundred, and to a stranger it is a mystery how they exist. Yet exist they do, and are always fat, ragged, and saucy. Sooner than work at honest labor for a dollar a day they loaf around the village barroom. For a drink of whiskey they will carry a bucket of water half a mile. Beastly in all his instincts, there is no crime too revolting. He will act as a procurer for the dissolute white men of the town, and even forage in his own family for material. I have known of fathers negotiating for the sale of their daughters, and brothers acting as panderers for their sisters.

The woman of this portion of the race are equally immoral and worthless. · I think that every man who has lived a term of years in the South, and is a close observer, if he dares speak the truth, will bear me out when I say that more than half of the negroes are utterly unfit for any purpose of true citizenship. They are a burden upon the community, growing up in ignorance and crime, although the means of education and self-betterment are at their very doors. No people could have been kinder to them than the Southern people. None have dealt with them with more patience and forbearance. This majority of the negro race is still a perplexing problem to the Southern people. They furnish nineteen-twentieths

of all the criminals that infest the South. They are consumers, and not producers, living on the sweat and labor of others They bring reproach and contempt upor the upright of their own race. They fill our jails and convict camps. They make courts and law officers necessary, and eat up the land with their idleness and vice. Their men live upon the shame and degradation of their people, and their women bring many a recruit into the world whose only dowry is the bar sinister. Among the men drunkenness and gambling are considered twin accomplishments, and some of the orgies indulged in would defy the pen of a Dore to depict. Could the curtain be fully lifted from their lives it would show a state of affairs so revolting that Christianity would shudder and stand back appalled. To call them men and citizens is a bitter travesty on the sacred names.

In Hard Lines.

First Sporting Man-What horse did you run in the free for all? Second Sporting Man-Pompano. Did he win? First Man-Win? Ponpano fell and killed his jockey. Second Sporting Man-You don't say so Luck seems to be dead against me.

A Hospitable Welcome. "And are you glad to see me, my little man?" asked the Bishop of Bobby. "Yes, sir," replied Bobby. "And why are you glad to see me?"

"Because it's only when you come that we have anything for dinner worth eating."

A small quantity of perfectly dry acetate of lead or borate of manganese in impalpable powder will hasten the drying of the ink. It is essintial that it be thoroughly incorporated with the ink by trituration in a mortar.

A clown of gold cannot cure the

Working Up in Kansas, Mr. William Smith removed from Ohio How He is Atlancing-The Honest to Kansas, and entered upon a mercantile Black Workman, the Railroad Lalife. That is, he opened a store to sell dry borer and the Town Lounger. goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hard-ware, tinware, and all the other wares Hamilton Jay writes from Live Oak,

known to earth. Mr. Smith had cut his eye teeth in the Buckeye State, and he did not intend to lose any of his cuteness in travelling toward sundown. The store was a frame building. He first provided the windows with heavy shutters. Then he had three or four sorts of locks put on the doors. Then he arranged for three spring guns, each one of which was so set that the robber who got inside would be shot to pieces in the least possible time and with the most agonizing pains. As an additional precaution Mr. Smith had wires attached to doors and windows in such a way as to send an alarm to his borse is case inviting was dis-turbed. Then he bought a bulldog war ranted to hear a fly at night, and hired a man to sleep in the store and armed him with two shotguns.

It would look to a man up a tree as it Mr. Smith's general assortment of fall and winter styles was about as safe from the ruthless hand of the invader as anything in this country, but a great surprise was in store for him. The other morning when he went down to business, he found the front doors open and half his stock gone. His hired man and two shotguns were sound asleep in the bedroom, and the bulldog sat in the sun on the steps, and was too languid to wag his stump of a tail. The spring gun hadn't sprung, and the alarm wires dangled in fantastic shapes. Robbers had crawled under the store and cut a hole through the floor. As this wasn't the regular way of breaking into place, the dog didn't object, and the hired man didn't want to leave his dreams to raise a row.

Mr. Smith doesn't know any more about the dark ages, drift period, or the mound builders than he did before that robbery, but he has gained considerable insight into architecture. He has discovered that people are not so very particular whether they enter a store by the front door, a rear window, or by way of the lower floor. He is hopping mad, and has offered a reward, and he wants somebody caught and lynched, but he shouldn't fly off the handle in that fashion. There are several works on architecture which he can procure of any respectacle newsdealer, and any one of them will give him valuable hints on underpinning and how to compound it.

Total Depravity. ministerial friend of mine, says a writer in a Chicago paper, was down town the other day without his pocketbook. As he walked toward the street car he discovered that he had in his pocket only a nickel, and he discussed in his own mind whether he should walk home and save the nickel, or ride home. He finally decided that he was too tired to walk, and was in the act of hailing a street car when an old darky, bent and decrepid, accosted him. The old man explained that he had nothing to eat since morning, and that he was so faint that he could scarcely stand and that he was in great distress, and that a very little would help him. He told, in short, a very pitiful story. And the clergyman, always sympathetic, listened patiently. At last he told the created in pocket, and that if he gave that to 25 he would be compelled to walk home. The old darky became more earnest in his

plea, told how miserable he was, and as

sured the clergyman that the Lord would

bless him for giving to him the poorest of

the poor. Finally the clergyman gave the

old fellow the nickel and started to walk

home. He had not gone more than two

blocks when the street car passed him, and on the rear was the old darky. As he passed he raised his hands and shouted; 'May de Lawd bress you," cut a pigeonwing, and skipped into the car. They Didn't See it at First. A joke is a mystery to some people. In certain court in Maine the proceedings were delayed by the failure of a witness named Sarah Mony to arrive. After waiting a long time for Sarah the court concluded to wait no longer, and wishing to crack his little joke, remarked: "This court will adjourn without Sarah-mony." Everybody laughed excepting one man, who sat in solemn meditation for five minutes, and then burst into a hearty guffaw, exclaiming: "I see it! I see it!" When he went home he tried to tell the joke to his wife. "There was a witness named Mary Mony who didn't come," said he, "and so the court said:

"I know it," said he, "I didn't at first; but you will in about five minutes." A False Report, Featherly—I understand you and Robin-son had a row last night? Dumley-Yes. Featherly-And that he made you take

'We'll adjourn without Mary-mony.'" "I

don't see any point to that," said his wife.

living can make me take water. To a Limited Extent Only. Miss Clara-Are you an anglomaniac, Mr. Featherly? Mr. Featherly-Well, hardly as strong as that, Miss Clara. I fish occasionally; extent."

Dumley (valiantly)-It's a lie. No man

A Fair Warning. Only - days until you get the smallpox f you are not vaccinated.

Saws by the Late Josh Billings. Twins-2 mutch. Dignity-Wisdom in tights. Enough—Jist a leetle more. Mule-A bad pun on a horse Law-The shackels ov liberty. Stinginess-The bran of economy Sarcasm-An undertaker in tears. Deceit-A dead wasp with a live tail. Bachelor-The hero of a cot bedstead. Hash-A boarding-house confidence

PHARMACISTS zame. Lap dogs-A nucleus for affeckshun out Braggadocio-One who pulls hiz own courage noze. Solitude-A good place tew visit, but a

poor place tew stay.

Boardng-school—A place where wry coffee and flirtashun iz taught. Bliss-Happiness bileing over and running down both sides ov the pot. Miser-A wretch who haz dug out hiz heart to stow away hiz munny in Spiritualist-A curbstone broker, who sells exchange on Ben Franklin & Co. Marriage-An altar on which man lavs his pocket-book and woman her love-let- Opposite the BRYAN HOUSE and adjoin

Anxiety-Milking a kicking heifer with one hand and holding her by the tail with the other. Graveyard—A small patch ov land cul-tivated by the dead, lieing between time and eternity.

Fortune-The aggregate of possibilities; a goddess whom cowards court by stealth, but whom brave men take by storm.

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