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The Tarborough Southerner.

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

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THE BLACK SPOT.

Story of the Hole Burned in the Parlor Carpet.

A Young Couple's First Domestic Quarrel—He Decided to Go Away Forever, and She to Her Mother—That Lucky Friction Match.

"Why, Milly!" said a young Westside wife to another young Westside wife the other day, "how'd you burn that great black spot on the parlor carpet?"

"It was an accident," replied Milly.

"Too bad, isn't it?"

"No." And Milly's face took on a queer expression. "I don't think it's too bad. I think it's the best thing that has happened since I was married, or before, either, for that matter."

Milly's friend pondered for a minute.

"Well," she then declared, "I can't for the life of me see how it is a good thing to have a great hole burned in a parlor carpet, especially when I don't think you can afford a new one any better than Fred and I can."

It was then Milly's turn to ponder. She finally said: "We can't afford to buy a new carpet, and that hole is in such a bad place that I will have to plan a good deal before I find a way to cover it up. But, for all that, I think that that is the luckiest and best thing that has happened to me since I was married."

Milly's friend drew off her gloves, pulled a couple of cushions about, so that she was perfectly at ease, and said, imperatively: "Tell me."

Milly blushed a bit and then said: "Well, I suppose I might as well, now that I have spoken about it as I have." She hesitated, as if at a loss how to begin her story, and then plunged boldly in like this: "Jack and I have been married six years, and never until last night had we had a quarrel which could be dignified by the name.

"There have been plenty of little spats, of course, but never any out-and-out quarrel. Last night we did have one. It's no need telling what it was about. It began shortly after dinner and after the babies were in bed. It was pretty bad at the start, but in half an hour were saying perfectly awful things to each other. I felt that I hated Jack, and I know from the way he looked at me that he felt that he hated me.

"Things went from bad to worse, and finally, about 9:30, Jack got up, vowed that he was going down-town and that he didn't care whether he ever came back or not. I told him that I wasn't particular, either, and he banged out into the hall, threw his overcoat around him and grabbed up the first hat he could find. Then he came back into the parlor and I said something else mean and he said something that was so awful that I can't think of it.

"Then he started toward the door. Now, as long as we have been married, Jack has never gone away from the house without kissing me good-by. I stood over there by the door, waiting to see what he would do. I vowed mentally that if he didn't try to make up before he went away I would go straight home to mother and never come back again. I wanted to cry, but wouldn't give in, and kept saying mean things to Jack, and he, enraged beyond endurance, paid me back, with interest. I gave him one particularly exasperating shot and he made another break for the door. He said that he would never, never come back, and I think he half meant it, or thought he did.

"I stood looking at him with a mean smile on my face all the time, trying ever so hard to keep the tears back. Jack hesitated again. He didn't want to go. I gave him no encouragement to stay and he bit his lips, said something under his breath and gave a leap for the hall.

"Well, his feet struck where that burned spot is. Somebody had dropped a parlor match there and of course his stepping on it lighted it. It cracked loudly and Jack gave a little start of surprise and the most ludicrous look of fright came over his face. It was so funny that I laughed. And the next thing I knew Jack had me in his arms and we let the carpet burn until it burned out. And that's the reason why I am so thankful that the parlor match happened to burn that hole in my carpet."—Buffalo Express.

A Compensating Cap.

An optimistic young woman declares that the compensations of old age are far more than its trials. And chief on her list of reasons why one should welcome gray hairs and hail wrinkles with joy is the lace cap. The lace cap of this season bears out this claim made for it. It is the daintiest bit of headgear shown in any millinery shop. It is airier than the airiest theater toque ever made and more delicate than the finest and whitest of babies' hoods. It is a little "fluff" of lace, with a bunch of pink ribbon somewhere near the front and a little lace butterfly rising from them, or a bewildering concoction of lace and lavender silk, with perhaps a violet or two looking as though some youthful member of the family had dropped a flower on "grandma's" head. All the delicate shades that bring out the beauty of soft gray hair are used in combination with the lace, and any clever needlewoman can make one in an hour.

ACTIVE AT 123.

Richard Hoops, of Missouri, the Oldest Man of the Country.

One of the oldest, if not the very oldest, men in America lives in a little shanty on the banks of the Osage river at Osage City, Mo., according to the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. He is a negro, and his name is Richard Hoops.

According to the statements of Hoops, which are well supported by accessible records, he was born in Chatham county, N. C., December 29, 1770, and thus has completed his 123d year.

Born a slave, he was taken to Missouri by his owner, John P. Hayden, while a mere boy. A few years later he was sold to the man whose name he now bears, and lived with him near Vienna, Maries county, until the emancipation of the slaves. Since that time he has lived at Westphalia, but for the last twenty-five years has made his home at Osage City.

Hoops is remarkably well preserved, and lives alone in his shanty. He fishes a great deal for the big catfish that frequent the waters of the Osage, and is never happier than when he can catch a big one and makes soup of its head.

He is still able to do some work, and it was only a few years since that he contracted with a farmer in the vicinity of his home to remove the stumps and roots off a newly-cleared tract of land. He fulfilled his contract, doing all the work himself.

His mind is still clear on many of the events that happened toward the close of the last century, and he recalls with great pride that he once held the horse of Gen. Greene, of revolutionary fame.

In appearance Hoops resembles a mummy; his skin looks like parchment, and he is toothless and hairless, but his step is remarkably firm, and his eyes bright and clear.

He has the record of his birth, and there is but little doubt that he is the oldest person in the country.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

The Scheme Will Not Work Equally Well in All Cases.

"The best story I ever heard," said John Thomas to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat's corridor man, "is vouched for by Capt. Rivers, of the Forth Worth & Denver railroad. A Russian Hebrew came to this country and established a dry goods and notion business. He was so successful that he sent for his younger brother and started to educate him in the business. The boy was slower to learn the ways of the world than his brother had been, and the latter sometimes grew impatient. One day he said:

"'Now, schust vait und see how I do. Dere vas a lady.'

"The lady asked to see some silk, which was shown, a piece at two dollars a yard.

"'But I saw some like it a few days ago for one dollar and fifty cents,' she said.

"'I dond doubt id, madam; but dot vas some days ago. I vas selling dese goods at dot brice until yesterday, ven we got word dot all the silk vorms in China vas dead, und dot goods vill cost us more as two dollars now.'

"The lady was satisfied and purchased the silk.

"'Now you see how dot vas done. Dere vas a lady now; you vait on her,' he said to his brother.

"The lady entered and asked for tape. The young man was all attention, and the desired article was speedily produced.

"'How much?' the lady asked.

"'Ten cents a yard.'

"'Why, I saw some for eight cents.'

"'I dond doubt it, madam; but dot vas some days ago. Shust today ve heard dot all de tapeworms vas dead, and dere would be no more tape less as twenty cents a yard.'"

A Great-Niece of Gen. Jackson.

Mrs. Donelson Wilcox, of Dupont Circle, is the great-niece of President Jackson, says the Washington Post. Her father was Maj. Donelson, who was a nephew of Mrs. Jackson. She was so much of an invalid that being unable to undertake the arduous social duties, she invited her nephew's beautiful wife to assist her. And it was at the white house that Mrs. Wilcox was born, in the same room which was the scene of Mrs. Harrison's death. She was President Jackson's pet and delight. Her husband was Congressman John A. Wilcox, of Mississippi, and since his death she has occupied a position in the treasury department. Her daughter, Miss Mary Wilcox, is very accomplished, and is popular in society.

BISHOP MARVIN'S STORY.

A War Incident Which Dispelled His Fear and Worry.

Bishop Marvin, of the Methodist Episcopal church, relates that, as he was traveling during the war in the wilds of Arkansas, a feeling of depression took possession of him. The union soldiers had driven him from home, but as he drew near to a dilapidated old log cabin, he heard some one singing:

"Nearer my God, to Thee."

Dismounting, he entered the hut, where he found a poor old woman, in the midst of extreme poverty, singing it as he had never heard it sung before. His fears and worry and depression vanished, and he continued his way happy and trustful, because of the faith which he had witnessed, and the hymn which he had heard.

HE LOST.

The Gambler and His Contribution to the Church.

A Black Sheep Amid New and Unusual Surroundings—Lost in Contemplation He Mistakes the Plate for a Novel Lottery Scheme.

Through a miscalculation of time a professional gambler was caught one Sunday in a small country town and was obliged to remain over until Monday morning.

It was a dull and gloomy day at best and was particularly so for the speculator, used as he was to the excitement of city life. He lounged around all the morning, slept the most of the afternoon, but in the evening, for want of other amusement, he began to stroll through the village.

It was just about church time, and the gambler, moved by some impulse, followed a number of people into one of the houses of worship.

The scene was all new and strange to the visitor, and in the novelty he found much to interest him. He had a dim recollection of having been to church years and years before, but the remembrance was very faint indeed.

The music pleased him, and had the preacher been a good talker and chosen a theme somewhere up with the times there is no telling what the result might have been in regard to this rather black sheep who had strayed so far from the fold.

As it was, the sermon was rather dull and the gambler soon let his fancy roam from his present surroundings and began forming plans of an entirely worldly character. It was during this fit of abstraction that the ushers passed the contribution plates.

Down the aisle where the stranger sat came one of them, and as he drew near the gambler noticed that the people were placing coins of various denominations upon the plate. Fishing a silver dollar out of his pocket he carefully tossed it in with the rest and resumed his musing.

In all probability he would never have thought of it again had he not noticed the usher walking back up the aisle.

Realizing his ignorance of the "game" it naturally occurred to him to inquire as to the result of his venture. With a low "hist" he attracted the usher's attention, and as that individual stooped down to listen the gambler asked:

"Did I lose?"—N. Y. Telegram.

Insomnia Parties.

A society woman seeking "something new" has found it in a very funny direction, if she meets the cooperation of the guests invited.

Herself a victim of insomnia, she comes to her own relief and that of her fellow sufferers by "at home" cards three times each week, the unearthly hours given for this strictly feminine social function being "from 12 p. m. to 4 a. m."

Guests must appear in negligee toilets, tea gowns, etc., and even flannel bath robes will rank as full dress on these occasions. Not a bright idea must be advanced, and if music is allowed it is only the doleful or lullaby style that will be acceptable.

Lights dim, plenty of couches and easy chairs provided, and refreshments weak—hot chocolate and thin wafers.

The greatest compliment paid to the hostess will be excess of stupidity and falling asleep at the earliest possible moment.—Boston Globe.

A Disturbing Introduction.

At the trained animal show in New York, recently, for the first time a goat was brought into the ring, after the lions and tigers had been chained to the bars on the inside of the big cage. The goat drew a little cart in which the tiger was supposed to ride. No sooner had the animals seen the goat than the lions and tigers made a spring for the center of the ring as far as their chains would let them go. The goat was terribly frightened, but was quieted by the trainer. It took a long time to quiet the animals down, and great care and management to prevent the tiger who was to ride in the cart from jumping on the back of the goat, but at last both animals went through the act, and when the audience assembled in the afternoon the animals behaved so quietly that the audience did not dream how nearly they had followed their natural instincts in the morning. The animals who perform together are kept in sight of each other all the time, lest if they were at all unfamiliar the flesh-eating animals might become uncontrollable.

A Congressman's Start in Life.

Joe Hendrix, congressman and president of a great bank, laid the foundation of his financial prosperity by feeding on peanuts and apples when hustling for the Sun in Brooklyn. His economy made possible his great success in life. He eats apples occasionally, but says it is only from force of habit. Unlike some newspaper men who have found the pot of gold and have been graduated from the ranks, Joe is one of the most approachable of men, that is to newspaper men. He always sees them and tells them what they want to know if it is in his power.—N. Y. America.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

NOT MUCH OF A PLAYER.

But the Mississippian Knew the Value of Two Pairs of Aces.

When Gov. Lowrey of Mississippi was in this city, some time ago, says the Washington Post, he very cleverly took in a few friends with whom he sat one evening in a friendly game of draw. The governor and a party of ladies and gentlemen were being entertained at an evening tea, and, after the menu had been discussed, the gentlemen withdrew to the library, where cards and chips were soon produced and in use.

Gov. Lowrey said he knew nothing about the game, so, while his friends tried their luck, the southern executive remained in the parlor and entertained the ladies. Later in the evening the governor drifted to the poker-room and was prevailed upon to play the hand of one of the gentlemen for a few minutes. As soon as the governor sat down he reminded his friends again that he knew nothing about the game.

There was a jackpot on the table which had gone around several times. Hands were dealt, the pot was opened and play passed around to the governor. He didn't seem to know whether to pass or not. He studied his hand for several minutes, then, showing a card, asked the man next to him whether it was a king or a jack.

"That's a king, governor," replied the gentleman.

Then the governor produced a queen and remarked: "I take it that this is a queen. Am I correct?" He was informed that he was, and then very deliberately putting up his money he called for one card.

The gentleman who had opened the pot had three nines and failed to better his hand on the draw. He thought he had a lead-pipe cinch on the pot and stood up the governor as having two pairs—kings and queens.

He thought the governor had found cards like the king and queen he had shown and was drawing for a full.

He was somewhat taken back when the governor raised the bet, and fearing that the governor did not know that two pair were not very good, he called his attention to the fact.

"O, go ahead," said the governor, "we'll play this out, anyway."

The governor kept raising until finally the gentleman with the three nines weakened and called. Then the governor proudly laid down four aces, and everybody yelled. He had held three aces all the time, flashed his king and queen for a bluff, then drew one card and caught another ace. The gentleman who held three nines says he will never again sit in a game with a man who knows nothing about it.

RODE IN A CATTLE CAR.

A Tramp Who Succeeded in Earning His Free Passage.

The other morning when the freight train from the east arrived a man emerged from a car loaded with long-horned steers, says the Reno (Cal.) Gazette. He said that when endeavoring to secure free passage on the cattle train leaving Winnemucca the night before, one of the railroad boys said he would let him into a cattle car where he could ride as long as he wanted to keep company with the steers. To the surprise of the railroad man the offer was accepted and the tramp jumped in. He says he rode the greater part of the one hundred and seventy-five miles between Winnemucca and Reno astride one of the animals, and when he got cold or tired of that position he stood in among them, where he found it quite warm and comfortable, and would have continued on his journey westward had it not been for hunger and the absence of any milch cows in the cars, so he got off to rustle a little grub.

The railroad men in Reno say that brake-beam and blind-baggage tourists are quite common, but they never before heard of one beating his way on the back of a steer.

Did Not Want Trunks.

"Pardon me, madam," gently urged travel-stained Rhodes, as he struck the lady of the house at the alley gate, "have you an old pair of shoes you can spare a poor pilgrim on life's thorny path?"

Bidding him wait a moment the good woman went into the house and returned with a pair of shoes, which she handed to him.

"Excuse me, good lady," he murmured, hoarsely, "your husband is a Philadelphia policeman?"

"He is," she replied, wonderingly. "How did you know?"

"By the size of these," was the sorrowful reply. "Here, madam, take them back. I wanted shoes to walk in. I could use these for trunks, but, alas! I have no need for such."

Then he drifted on, and the woman leaned against the gatepost and thought.—Philadelphia Call.

SIGHT IN PLANTS.

The Influence Which Leads Them to Lean Toward a Support.

A correspondent asks whether plants can see or not, and suggests that as plants will turn their tendrils in the direction of something to cling to that may indicate that plants can possibly see. It is certainly a fact that the proximity of something to cling to will make parts of plants turn in that direction.

There is evidently some attraction, but as for seeing as we generally understand by sight, this is, of course, entirely out of the question. A very pretty experiment may be made by placing stakes in among a mass of garlic.

The leaves will in many cases be found twisting around the stakes, occasionally clinging tightly to them, but, as generally seen, the garlic would be the last thing we would think of as having a twining habit, and yet we see by this that when there is a chance to twine they evidently know that the chance is there.

It is not sight, but it is some remarkably attractive power. What the nature of that power is has not yet been determined.—Meehan's Monthly.

An Abundance of Game.

To illustrate the Irish propensity for drawing the long bow, or being agreeable, the reader must decide, is this anecdote:

A story which is well known in Kerry was told me long ago by a Mr. B——, of Tralee. He was shooting with an English friend, a Mr. B——. They had very little sport, so Mr. B—— said: "I'll ask this countryman whether there are any birds about here." "No use to ask him," said Mr. B——; "he'll only tell you lies." "I'll ask him at all events," said Mr. B——. "My good man, are there any birds about here?" "Lots of birds, your honor," said he. "Tell me what sort of birds." "Well, now, your honor, there's grouses, and woodcocks, and snipes, and ducks, and pillibines, and all sorts of birds." "Ask him," whispered B——, "whether there are any thermometers." "Tell me," said B——, "do you ever see any thermometers here?" "Well, now, your honor, if there was a night's frost the place would be alive with them."

OBEYING ORDERS.

Mistakes Likely to Occur to Those Who Follow Instructions.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Morse, instructing her new maid, "when a lady comes to call upon me, you must hand her this tray and bring her card upstairs to me."

"Yis'm," replied Bridget, promptly.

The next afternoon Mrs. Morse was surprised by the appearance of Bridget, bearing a card in her hand.

"Why, Bridget," she remonstrated, "didn't I tell you yesterday to hand the little silver tray to the callers?"

"Yis'm," replied the smiling maid, "an' I did hand it to her, an' it's herself was unwillin' to tak' it; but whin I tould her it was my mistress' ixpriss orthers, she give in, quite mild an' pleasant like. You'll find it safe wid her down in the parlor, ma'am."

And sure enough Mrs. Morse, when she had made a hasty descent, found her visitor holding the card receiver, while her mouth was twitching with amusement.

"I didn't dare refuse it," she said, meekly, "as long as Bridget was so urgent."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

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