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THE LITTLE JEWEL.

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THE LITTLE JEWEL.

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Weary.

Weary of life and its many cares,
Weary of trying to avoid the snares
That beset me on every side,
Weary of heart, and weary of brain,
Trying to be strong, yet weak again—
When cometh the eventide ?

Weary of sowing for others to reap,
Weary of smiles when I can but weep
At the sorrows that I must bear,
Feeling like one from the world apart,
Only at rest when my aching heart
Is lifted in silent prayer.

"HE WAS SHOOK."

The Lady was Twenty Years Older than He, but he Loved Her.

"What I want to know" said a white headed young man of twenty, as he stood before the sergeant in charge of the District Central Station, "what I came here for was to get some advice"

"Proceed," said the Sergeant. "You know Nancy Thomson, don't you?"

"Never heard of her."

"Well she's a widder, over forty years old, and I've been boarding there."

"Yes?"

"And we were engaged to be married."

"Whew!" whistled the officer.

"I don't blame you," continued the young man in a broken voice.

"I'm only twenty and she's forty, but a man can't always tell when he's going to make a fool of himself."

"And you fell in love?"

"I did that, and as soon as we get though talking I'm going out to get some one to kick me over to Canada and back! Yes, sir, fell dead in love—loved a woman over forty."

"What follered? What allers follers? I'm human, same's anybody else, and when I love I love like a locomotive on a down grade. What do you think I did in just 4 weeks by the watch. Went to the theatre sixteen times, went out sleigh-riding twelve times, had three parties, went to three lectures and took her out to eat oysters ten or twelve times. Fact, sir—cost me near \$200.

"But it was all for love," replied the sergeant.

"I thought so and what else did I do? Bought her a \$40 watch, a \$10 bracelet, a \$5 ring, a \$7 set of jewelry, a new dress, and gave her a \$5 gold piece with a hole in it. Yes, sir, I drew \$500 from the bank—every red I had—and used it all up on her!"

"And then?"

"She pertended to love back, and when I squoze her hand she smiled and smiled and looked heaps of love at me. She'd lean on my arm, talk about Cupid, and git off poetry by the rod, and it was plainly understood that we were to be married in June. Oh, she knew her biz, and she slid around me as the Bengal tiger does around a lamb!"

"Did she break the engagement?"

"Last night," said the young man, swallowing the lump in his throat, "she told me she'd been trifling with me all along. She said she was engaged to another man, and she could never be more than a sister to me! I tell you sergeant, you could have knocked me down with a straw. I braced up after awhile and called her a hypocrite, when she called me a white-headed

idiot, and the boarders threw me out of doors.

"Five hundred dollars gone; and I'm a wretched man."

He blew his nose, wiped his eye and continued:

"I don't want to drown myself; the water's awful cold, and perhaps I can get over this. I want't them presents back, and I'll go to Muskegon and forget her. It's wrenched me all to pieces, and I can never love again. Were you ever in love, sergeant?"

"No, never"

"Then you don't know the anguish—the gripping around the heart. It cuts like a knife, and all I can think of is being laid out in a coffin, my right hand holding a bunch of roses and my left on my heart."

"You are young—you may out-grow it."

"I may—I may, but it's so awful sudden, and hits so hard, that I feel as if I'd fallen from a house.

Go to the house, sergeant, and see if you can't get them things back.

If I'm alive I'll be round again to-morrow, and if I dont come you may keep the things for your kindness. I'm white-headed, but I'm tender-hearted, and want to retire behind some barn and think."

And he retired and thunk.

A German had a horse stolen from his barn the other night whereupon he advertised as follows:

"Vounite, de odder day, ven I was bin awake in my Sleep, I heare sometings vat I tinks vas not yust right in my barn, and I out shumps the bed and runs mit the barn out; an ven I was dare coom I seez dat my pig gray iron mare he vas bin tide loose and run mit the staple off; and efer who vil him back bring, I yust so much pay him as vas kustomary."