Enquirer Southerner.

"ALL POWERS, NOT HEREIN DELEGATED, REMAIN WITH THE PEOPLE."—Constitution of N. C.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 50. NEW SERIES, VOL. 1. | TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 7, 1874. | NO. 32.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.

MAYOR—John Norfleet.

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Register of Deeds—B. J. Keech.

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Treasurer—Robt. H. Austin.

Surveyor—Jesse Harrell.

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MAILS.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS NORTH AND SOUTH VIA W. & W. R. R.

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Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at	3 30 P. M.

WASHINGTON MAIL VIA GREENVILLE, FALKLAND AND SPARTA.

Leave Tarboro' (daily) at	6 A. M.
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at	6 P. M.

LODGES.

The Nights and the Places.

No. 5, N. M. Lawton, Master, Masonic Hall, monthly communications first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.

Concord Council, Masonic Hall, meets first Friday night at 7 o'clock P. M. and third Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. in every month.

Repiton Encampment No. 13, I. O. O. F., Dr. Jos. H. Baker, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.

Edgecombe Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., J. H. Baker, N. G., Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.

Edgecombe Council No. 122, Friends of Temperance, meet every Friday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall.

Advance Lodge No. 23, I. O. G. T., meets every Wednesday night at Odd Fellows' Hall

CHURCHES.

Episcopal Church—Services every Sunday at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Cheshire, Rector.

Methodist Church—Services every third, Sunday at 11 o'clock. Rev. C. C. Dodson Pastor.

Presbyterian Church—Services second Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock A. M. and 8 o'clock P. M. Rev. J. W. Primrose, Evangelist.

Missionary Baptist Church—Services the 2nd Sunday in every month, at 11 o'clock. Rev. T. R. Owen, Pastor.

Primitive Baptist Church—Services first Saturday and Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock.

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Chills and Fever.

No Quinine! No Mercury! No Arsenic!

Dr. Bellamy's Pills!

This invaluable medicine involves a perfectly New Treatment of Chills and Fever, and will effectually cure and root out the disease from the system.

1. All other remedies must not be taken when the chill and fever fit is on; put the "Bellamy" Pill *can be taken just as safely when the fit is actully on as at any other time.* Taken once a week during the season of Chills and Fever, they will Positively ward off and Prevent an Attack—making a residence in the most infected districts perfectly safe.

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3. After you are entirely discouraged and hopeless and all other remedies have failed, make one more trial, procure one Box of Bellamy's Pills and take them. The proprietor guarantees you an absolute and perfect cure.

Reference is made to the extraordinary cure of Professor Lawrence, Principal of the Institutes of Elocution at New York and Philadelphia. He says as follows:

"About ten years ago, while residing in New Jersey, I had a violent attack of chills and fever. The chill would come on regularly about ten o'clock, and continues for nearly two hours, followed by a burning fever for more than five hours, which no medicine would relieve; and I became so weak that I could hardly walk across the room, and could not ascend one flight of stairs in less time than ten minutes. My life became a burden to me. I loathed every kind of food, and every kind of food, and even water tasted to me like copperas. I could get no refreshing sleep either by night or by day; the medicines prescribed for me by physicians gave me no relief, and I was fast sinking into the grave. One day a lady persuaded me to purchase a box Bellamy's Pills. I took three at twelve o'clock noon, and three at night. After taking the two doses I felt better, and that night, for the first time in three months, slept for fully eight hours. The next morning I felt much better, and took three more pills. As ten o'clock approached I prepared myself for my daily chill, but to my intense joy my unwelcome visitor did not come; and after eating a hearty dinner at one o'clock, I took three more pills, and at night three more.—The next morning, after a delightful night's rest, I arose at seven o'clock, feeling quite well; and although still very weak, yet I was able to enjoy my food, and whether eating or drinking, everything tasted sweet and pleasant to me. In about seven days' time I was strong enough to walk four miles, and felt perfectly cured. Ten years have elapsed since then, and I have never had another attack of Chills and Fever.

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"New York Conservatory of Music,
"5 East 14th Street."

In conclusion, the proprietor has only to state that he will guarantee to cure any case of Chills and Fever. No *fee* will ever in such case be exacted. The patient is at liberty to pay or not. All that is desired is, that he will forward a certificate of his cure at an early date.

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And a positive remedy for
GOUT, GRAVEL, STRICTURES, DIABETES, DYSPEPSIA, NERVOUS DEBILITY, DROPSY,
Non-retention or Incontinence of Urine, Irritation, Inflamation or Ulceration of the
BLADDER & KIDNEYS,
SPERMATORRHŒA,
Leucorrhœa or Whites, Diseases of the Prostrate Gland, Stone in the Badder, Coleulus Gravel or Brickdust Deposit and Mucus or Milky Discharges.

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Permanently Cures all Diseases of the BLADDER, KIDNEYS, AND DROPSICAL SWELLINGS,
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NO MATTER WHAT THE AGE.

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SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR, OR MEDICINE,

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Is no drastic violent medicine.
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Is no intoxicating beverage.
Is a faultless family medicine.
Is the cheapest medicine in the world.
Is given with safety and the happiest results to the most delicate infant,
Does not interfere with business.
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Takes the place of Quinine and Bitters of every kind,
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RICHMOND & DANVILLE, RICHMOND & DANVILLE R. W., N. C. DIVISION, AND NORTH WESTERN N. C. R. W.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.
In effect on and after Sunday, June 14, 1874.

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express.
Leave Charlotte	7.00 P. M.	8.35 A.M.
" Air-Line Jct'n,	7.25 "	8.56 "
" Salisbury,	9.52 "	10.54 "
" Greensboro'	2.15 A. M.	1.15 P.M.
" Danville,	5.13 "	3.36 "
" Dundee,	5.25 "	3.48 "
" Burkville,	11.30	
Arrive at Richmond,	2.22 P. M.	11.04 "

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express.
Leave Richmond,	1.38 P. M.	11.45 P. M.
" Burkville,	4.41 "	2.52 A. M.
" Dundee,	9.25 "	8.33 "
" Danville,	9.29 "	8.37 "
" Greensboro',	12.40 A. M.	11.58 "
" Salisbury,	3.38 "	2.51 P. M.
" Air-Line Jnct'n,	6.24 "	4.54 "
Arrive at Charlotte,	6.30 "	5.00 "

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST.
Mail.	STATIONS.	Mail.
1.30 A.M.	L've Greensboro', Read up.	Arr. 11.40A M
3.15 "	" Co. Shops, Read down.	10.15 "
7.30A.M.	" Raleigh,	5.41 "
10.20 "	Arr. at Goldsboro,	L've 2.30P.M

NORTH WESTERN N. C. R. R.
(SALEM BRANCH.)

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express.
Leave Greensboro'	1.30 A.M.	4.05 P. M.
Arrive at Salem,	3.00 "	5.50 "
Leave Salem,	10.00 P. M.	8.00 A. M.
Arrive at Greensboro	11.30 "	9.45 "

Passenger train leaving Raleigh at 5.41 P. M., connects at Greensboro' with the Northern bound train; making the quickest time to all Northern cities. Price of Tickets same as via other routes.

Trains to and from points East of Greensboro' connect at Greensboro' with Mail Trains to or from points North or South.

Trains daily, both ways.

On Sundays Lynchburg Accommodation leave Richmond at 9.42 A. M., arrive at Burkeville 12.35 P. M., leave Burkeville 4.35 A. M., arrive at Richmond 7.58 A. M.

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THE Enquirer-Southerner.

FRIDAY. : : : : AUG. 7, 1874.

A NIGHT OE TERROR.

'Mrs. Discomb,' said I, one evening, to a middle-aged lady with whom I was spending an hour in pleasant conversation, 'you appear to have met with many adventures in your younger days. You relate a story so well, that I never tire of listening to you; so, if there has been any thrilling episode in your life that I have not as yet heard, I should be pleased to have you narrate it, and I can assure you that I shall be a most attentive listener.'

'I am afraid you're great flatterer, Mr. Williamson,' she replied.

'However,' she added, 'I will comply with your request, for a startling event recurs to my mind at this moment.

'Twenty years ago my husband was a dealer in jewelry, and also in most articles of great value. He traveled almost incessantly, and stopped but a short time in each city or town. I could not bear to be parted from him for months at a time, so I always accompanied him in his wanderings, and endured many hardships and dangers for the sake of always being with him. There were not many railroads in those days; they were 'like angels' visits—few and far between.'

'Late in the Summer of 1852, we were in New Orleans; he had finished his buisiness there, and was ready to leave. On making inquiries he found that there would be no vessel for Savannah, our next stopping place, till the end of the following month, so he decided to take the overland route.

'Well, we got as far as Opelaka. Georgia, without meeting with any very serious annoyance or danger. Opelaka, at that period, was little more than a village, inhabited by half-breed Indians, miserable, treacherous rascals, and a few whites, whose general character was equally as bad. Every two weeks a stage left Opelaka for Griffin, the terminus of the railroad from Savannah. We got there in time for the stage, but through the stupid obstinacy of my husband we were left behind in that miserable place. He had three trunks filled with valuable goods, and the stage driver wanted ten dollars more than my husband had ever paid anybody else—that is, for an equal distance—for carrying them to Griffin.

'George, give him what he asks,' I said, 'rather than stay in this wretched village for weeks. If we remain here, we'll be murdered and robbed by those villainous-looking Indians.'

'Annie,' he replied, 'I won't pay such exorbitant charges to that scoundrel; no, not if we have to stop in this place for a month by refusing to do so.'

'Well, as *I* said before, the stage left without us, for the driver refused to take the trunks for less than he demanded.

'There was a squalid-looking hotel—tavern rather—in the village, kept by a dirty, ruffianly-appearing half-breed, which my husband and I entered on the departure of the stage.

'Can we get a team to take our trunks and ourselves to Griffin?' asbed my husband, of the host.

'The roads are in very bad condition, and you couldn't get more than five miles from here this afternoon, and you'd have to stop at a house where a man was murdered last week for two dollars. You'd better stop here to-night; I'll make you as comfortable as I can,' he replied.

'Well, then, *I* guess we'll stay here till to-morrow morning,' observed my husband.

'The host went to prepare a room for us, and as he left the apartment a white man stepped up to my husband and said:

'Mister, you'd better not stay in this shebang to-night, for you'll surely get murdered if you do. There were five men killed and robbed in this ranch within the last two months. *I*'m a teamster, and I'll take you to Griffin if you want me to.'

'A pleasant prospect, indeed,' said George. 'If we stay here we're likely to have our throats cut, so he tells us; and, if we go on this afternoon and stop at the old tavern over night, mine host says that the same delightful fate will await us there. Between two evils choose the least; but confound the whole affair! I don't know which is the least. My friend,' he added, turning to the teamster, 'I reckon we'll remain here to-night. Be ready to start early to-morrow morning at daylight.'

'If you and your wife isn't as dead as a door nail, you mean to say, mister,' said the teamster, with a grin, as he walked away.

'*G*ood heavens, George!' I cried, when safe within the apartment that we had been conducted to by the host; we'll be murdered, and only because you acted like an obstinate mule,' and then *I* burst into tears.

'My dear,' he replied, 'be a philosopher and make the best of our felicitous situation. There is one consolation—that is, if our throats are cut we shall have the blessed privilege of dying in each other's arms, Think of that, my dear, and be happy.'

'George,' I sobbed, 'how can you be so heartless as to joke when we are in such great danger of our lives? If you'd had any consideration for my safety, you'd have given the stage driver what he asked. *I* shall never forgive you for acting so—no, not as long as I live.

'Well, perhaps that wort be very long; so you'd better not treasure up any harsh feelings against me, for if you should happen to die suddenly, without having pardoned me, your soul wouldn't rest in peace.'

'I made no reply, for *I* saw that he was very anxious, and was trying to cheer me up by making light of the situation.

'About six o'clock the host brought us some supper, which we partook of sparingly, for we were in no humor for eating. At nine o'clock George ordered two milk punches. When the host had brought them, and deposited the tray on the table, and left the room, my husband cautiously tasted and smelled the contents of one of the glasses.

'This punch contain drugs,' he said; 'we have, indeed, got into a murderer's den.'

'The windows were both shutterless, and our room was not more than ten feet from the ground. It was a lovely, clear, moon-light night, and we could see those treacherous half-breeds standing outside, gazing up into our apartment, and looking as if they but waited till we were aslsep, when they would be only too ready to assist the tavern-keeper to take our lives.

'It's a slight consolation to know that you have your pistols with which to defend us, if we are attacked by those scoundrels,' said *I*.

'Unluckily for us, as it happens, I placed them in my trunk yesterday by mistake, and all the trunks are down stairs. I should have had them brought up here, but I did not wish to do so, as I thought it might cause the tavern-keeper to think that we suspected he would rob us if he got the opportunity.'

'Good God!' I cried, then we shall have to stand still, and be killed like sheep when slaughtered by the butchers. What need you to have cared for the man's suspicions as long as we had something to defend ourselves with. Oh, George! you have acted very rashly.'

'My dear Annie, we've got into a scrape, and now we must get out of it as best we can. We must put our trust in luck, and hope we shall escape bodily harm.'

'Not in luck, George, but in God,' I solemnly replied.

'Our conversation had been carried on in whispers, for we were afraid of being over-heard. About twelve o'clock the tavern-keeper knocked at our door, and asked: 'Are you asleep, and is there anything you wish to have brought to you?' My husband answered in the negative. Three hours elapsed, when the same question was repeated. George made no reply, but a slender, though heavy log of wood in his up-raised hands, stood near tne door, ready to attack the first person who entered, I lay, trembling in an agony of fear stretched upon the bed. The suspense was awful, and I was almost crazed with terror.

'My eyes were fastened on the door, and my husband, who statue-like, stood beside it. The door had neither lock nor bolt, so anybody could enter the room easily. Suddenly I perceived it move slightly, and by degrees it opened wide enough to permit a man to come in. To my great horror I saw, through the aparture made by the opening of the door, the tavern-keeper, and in his right hand he clutched a large bowie knife. He thrust in his head cautiously, and as he did so, my husband struck him a heavy blow with his rude weapon. The wretch, without giving vent to a cry or even a groan, fell to the floor like a dead weight.

'You've killed him, George,' I cried, though hardly above a whisper.

'No, he's only stunned. Just hand me that cord lying on the table, and *I*'ll pinion his arms so that he won't be able to give us any trouble when he regains his senses.'

'I obeyed my husband's orders and he quickly bound the villian's arms and feet, so that it would be impossible for him to move when he came to. At the first sign of consciousness that he showed, George gaggod him, and then carried him to a large closet, placed him in it, and closed the door.

'At daylight,' said George, 'the teamster will be here, but few people will be up and about, and we shall be able to leave quietly. If this fellow had any accomplices he would have brought them with him; he has no wife, so his people will not miss him till long after we are gone. If they knew how I've treated him, we'd have the whole tribe at our heels, and they would make short work of killing us and dividing the spoils, I fear. Once out of this detestable place, and we are safe.'

'Daylight at last came, though the time seemed long before it did, and never before or since have *I* hailed the first gleam of light in the eastern horizon with greater joy. The teamster soon made his appearance, my husband helped him to put the trunks on his cart, and we were quickly driving rapidly toward Griffin, which place we reached in two days, and without meeting with any other adventure.

'So you see Mr. Williamson,' she said, in conclusion, 'my life thus far has numbered at least one thrilling experience. I can afford to laugh now at the perils and fears of that terrible night, but it is not likely that I shall ever forget it or them as long as I live.'

The Present Condition of Latin Grammar.

[By Prof. Gustavus Fischer of New Brunswick, N. J.]

Suetonius reports that the first teacher of Latin grammar was Crates of Mallos, who after the second Punic war stayed in Rome as an embassador of King *A*ttalus, being compelled to prolong his residenee for a considerable time by a fracture of his leg, which had happened when he fell into an open gutter or sewer. Tbe fact was a bad omen. Scioppus, a learned German philologist of the last centnry, cynically remarks that since this ominous fall all Latin grammarians were nothing but cloacines, wallowing with delight in the mud of the sewers. Certainly the science of Latin grammar has not kept pace in our day with other sciences. The purpose of the paper was to show that in almost every part of syntax the present condition of grammatical science is exceedingly defective. This was demonstrated by a very abundant citation of passages from Latin authors and grammarians, and a careful analysis of the assmptions of the latter.

The paper was long and far too technical in its character to be fairly represented in this report. The following were among its conclusions: If we examine the treatment of any subject in Latin grammar we shall find it open to criticism. The grammars leave us without any answer just where they ought to answer; they often answer just where it is not worth while to ask a question. In my opinion the time has come when we should apply to the study of language. The philology is one of the natural sciences, and accurate and minute observations is no less necessary in it than any other of them. Philology, indeed, deals with the mind; we may call it a physiology, but at the same time a history of the mind. We have already begun to apply this microscopic investigation to the origin of words; it remains now to apply it to syntax in the same manner as many members of this Association have successfully applied it to some parts Greek grammar. Such a treetment of Latin grammar would be essentially historical, carefully separating the different epochs, and always beginning with the oldest writers in which a given syntactical form occurs.

Senator Gordon's Conclusions.

Senator Gordon, of Georgia, who professes to be "very intimate" with Gen. Grant, and believes that he is welcomed at the White House with as much cordiality as any one, has been talking to a reporter of the Atlanta Herald about the prospects of a third term, and telling all that he has learned of the plans and aspirations of our Chief Executive. How much Mr. Gordon really knows about the President's purposes it is not for us to say. Gen. Grant is not a garrulous man, and the Senator from Georgia, who has been only a short time in Washington, has, perhaps, fallen into the common error of new statesmen in overestimating the significance of occasional civilities and private conversations with which he has been honored at Court. But whatever the premises upon which he reasons, he has reached a conclusion at which a great many respectable people seem to have arrived. He is convinced that Gen. Grant wants to be re-elected, not as the candidate of the republican party, but by a strictly popular movement; he believes the republican party "cannot stagger along much longer under its load of infamies," such as "the Sanborn contracts, the Credit Mobilier. the moiety system, the District of Columbia jobs, and above all the carpet-bag scoundrelisms in the Southern States;" and he appears to think that Grant will be wise to cut loose from such a rotten concern and run as the independent nominee. And others besides Senator Gordon are beginning to talk as if this were a rational scheme.

Historical Facts Concerning North Carolina Worth Remembering.

We put on record the following facts that are worth knowing and worth remembering:

The first English settlement in America was on Roanoke Island, in July *A*. D. 1584.

The first Indian who ever received Christian baptism was Manteo a chief. He was baptized August 13th, 1584.

The first white child ever born on the American Continent was Virginia Dare, daughter of Anancas and Eleanor Dare. She was born on Roanoke Island, August 18th, 1584.

The first blood shed on the American Continent in resistance of British tyranny was at the battle of Alamance on May 16th, 1771, between the Regulators and Governor Tryon, the Royal Governor.

The first Convention of the people to declare an open resistance to British authority was held in Charlotte, Mecklenburg county, in May, 1775.

The first resolutions ever passed by a Provincial Congress instructing their delegates to the Continental Congress to issue a Declaration of Independence, occurred on April 12th, 1776.

The first men who were hanged by British authority for taking up arms in defence of liberty, was at Hillsboro', Orange county, in the year 1771—probably in the month of June.

The first resistence ever made to the Stamp *Act* was at Wilmington in the year 1776.

The first tea that was ever thrown overboard on the American Continent, was at Wilmington, not long after the resistance of the Stamp Act. It was done in open day by a number of prominent gentleman. We state this on the authority of a native of Wilmington. We also think that Hon. George Davis makes a similar statement in his Chapel Hill address, delivered ten or fifteen years ago.

In these particulars North Carolina was ahead of all other States. Surely she was wide awake then and not entitled to the *sobriquet* of "Old Rip Van Winkle."

We add some other interesting facts. The battle of Moore's Creek Bridge was fought on February 27th 1776. Colonel Caswell (afterwards Governor) command the North Carolinians, who numbered 1,000 men and Captain McLeod the Tories, who numbered about 1,600.

The first pamphlet over published in North Carolina of a rebellious character was in 1766. It was written by Maurice Moore, and was printed by *A*ndrew Stuart in Wilmington.

The last Royal Governor of North Carolina was Joseph Martin. His term lasted from August 17th, 1771, until July 18th, 1775, when he took refuge on board the Cruiser, a British sloop of war.

The Provincial Governor was Richard Caswell.

The population of North Carolina in 1776 is estimated to have been 150,000—one-fifth slaves.

Newberne had in 1776 about 600 inhabitanes. It was the largest town in the State. Governor Swain thought these estimates erroneous. He puts the population at 210,000, estimating the slaves at 70,000. He thinks the free white males between the ages of sixteen and fifty, including Tories, Quakers and other non-combatants at less than 35,000. He says that nearly one-third of the fighting men were in the field in 1776. But enough for this time.—Raleigh *Sentinel*.

Simplicity in Language.

Do not part with your common sense when you write. You need not make an idiot of yourself because you have a pen in your hand Be simple, be honest, be unaffected in speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do. Call things by their right names; never smother your thoughts, with a cloud of phrases; let a spade, not a well known long instrument of manual industry; let home be home, not a residence; a place, not a locality. Write as much as you would speak; speak as much as think. With your inferiors, speak no coarser than usual: with your superiors, no finer. Be what you say, and what you are.

How to Preserve Flowers.

Take a deep plate, into which pour a quantity of water. Set a vase of flowers upon the plate set a bell glass with its rim in the water. The air that surrounds the flowers being confined beneath the bell glass, is constantly moist with water that rises into it in the form of vapor. As fast as the water becomes condensed it runs down the side of the bell glass into the dish; and if means betaken to enclose the water on the outside of the glass, so as to prevent it evaporating in the air of the sitting-room, the atmosphere around the flowers is continually damp. The plan is designated the "Hopean apparatus." The experiment may be tried on a small scale by inverting a tumbler over a rosebud in a saucer of water.

The Book Canvasser.

About eight years ago while at dinner with my family *I* waz informed that thar waz a gentleman in the parlor who must see me immediately on very important buzziness.

Hastening from the table I found myself in the presence of a plainly dressed, but very nervous man, who informed me that he was canvassing mi distrikt for the sale of Erastus Spignot's new work entitled the "Normal Circulashun of the Blood."

I at once informed the man that I did not want the work.

He then began a long account ov its value and importance to every human being, when i broke in upon his eloquence be repeating "that i did not want the book."

He continued bi telling me that no library would be komplete without it. Again i deklared in the most positiff terms "that i did not want the work."

At this point the stranger seated himself in a chair, and deliberately drew the book in question out ov his satchel, and informed me that no gentleman to whom he had offered it had failed to subscribe.

Growing desperate i deklared in the most emfatik tone "that I would not hev the book at any price."

Rising from his chair he took oph his overcoat, and, throwing it carelessly on the sofa, struck an attitude, and for ten minutes gave the most glowing akount ov the blood and the anatomy ov man that I ever listened to.

I once more assured him, in a beseeching manner, "that i did not want the book."

Seating himself again in the chair, and wiping the drops ov perspirashun from his brow, he went back to the days ov Adam and Eve, and for half an hour talked ez no man ever talked before on the various diseases the human sistem was objekt to, closing up with a vivid recital ov the circulashun of the blood.

Again i insisted upon it that the book would be ov no use to me and that i would not hev it.

Springing from his seat with his book in his hand, and his eyes flashing fire, and his whole manner intense, he began to sho me its knotents, commencing at the title-page.

I saw at last that it was more than madness to resist any longer, so i subscribed for the book, consoling miself with the reflecshun that if ever i had a book to sell miself, i would hev it sold by subskripshun.

The more i think ov it i am delited with the pious suffering of the book canvasser.

He is a man whom yu kant eskape any more than yu kan your own shaddo, he follows his victim like a ghost and hangs around him grinning like an undertaker.

The only way tu git rid ov him is tu subskribe at once, and let him go for the next phellow.

The shaving-sope man, and the life insurance agent, are very good in their way, but they don't kompare with the book-canvasser for lively work any more than the pensive cockroach doz to the red-hot muskeeto.

They steal on you like a kat on a mouse when yu ain't looking for 'em, and, like the fly in the spider's web, the more yu try tu git out the further yu get in.

I luv the book-canvasser now, hiz words are like hunny in the comb, and his logic iz like sweet ile, and tho he may sell me a book i don't want, and won't have, there is real phun in the way that he duz it.

I subskribe now, at least once a year, for some kind ov a book, that i never look into, with a title to it as long as the tail ov a a kat, just because the book canvasser iz so polite and so utterly impossible to get rid ov.

BARNUM'S FATAL HIPPODROME.—Mrs. Charles Davis one of the lady riders in the races at Barnum's Hippodrome, New York, who was injured in the hurdle race on Friday night, died on Monday. On the night of the accident, she was riding at full speed, and her horse, "Spot," an English thoroughbred, gathered himself too quickly to leap one of the hurdles, and striking it with his fore feet, turned a summersault. His rider came in contact with the hurdle and fractured her collar bone, also sustaining internal injuries of a serious nature. She had been suffering previously from a weakness of the lungs, and the shock occasioned by the accident procured constant and violent hemorrhages which caused her heath.

The death of Mrs. Davis makes the fourth fatal accident at the Hippodrome during the past month, not to speak of the broken bones and broken heads of other performers. Barnum seems to look with indifference upon his human slaughtering business, judging from the fact that he makes no attempt to abandon the dangerous sports of his colossal establishment. Upwards of twenty years ago, Franconi's Paris Hippodrome exhibited in New York, with a career something akin to that of Barnum's, until the authorities interposed to modify the character of the performances. Let the action be re-enacted.