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 14, 1874.

NO. 33.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.

Mayor—John Norfleet.
Commissioners—Benj. Norfleet, Joseph Cobb, H. Cherry and George Mathewson.
Secretary and Treasurer—Robert Whitehurst.
Constable—J. B. Hyatt.
Town Watch—Harry Redmond, Bill Battle and James E. Simonson.

COUNTY.

Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—John Norfleet.
Register of Deeds—B. J. Keech.
Sheriff—Battle Bryan.
Coroner—Wm. T. Godwin.
Treasurer—Robt. H. Austin.
Surveyor—Jesse Harrell.
School Examiners.—H. H. Shaw, Wm. A. Duggan and R. S. Williams.
Keeper Poor House—Wm. A. Duggan.
Commissioners—M. P. Edwards, Chairman, Wm. A. Duggan, N. B. Bellamy, and Mac Mathewson. B. J. Keech, Clerk.

MAILS.

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

Leave Tarboro' (daily) at	10 A. M.
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 of Meeting.

Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. Lawrence, High Priest, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.

Concord Lodge No. 58, Thomas Gatlin, Master, 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. 28, 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.

HOTELS.

Adams' Hotel, corner Main and Pitt Sts. O. F. Adams, Proprietor.

Mrs. Pender's, (formerly Gregory Hotel,) Main Street, opposite "Enquirer" Office, Mrs. M. Pender, Proprietress.

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No Quinine! No Mercury!
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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 actually 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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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 Bladder, Coleulus Gravel or Brickdust Deposit and Mucus or Milky Discharges

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

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And most economical in use of Water.
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Is harmless.
Is no drastic purgative medicine
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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 Jc'n.	7.25 "	8.56 "
" Salisbury,	9.52 "	10.51 "
" Greensboro'	2.15 A. M.	1.15 P. M.
" Danville.	5.18 "	3.36 "
" Dundee.	5.25 "	3.48 "
" Burkville,	11.30	
Arrive at Richmond,	2.22 P. M.	11.01 "

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express.
Leave Richmond,	1.08 P. M.	11.45 P. M.
" Burkville,	4.41 "	2.52 A. M.
" Dundee,	9.25 "	8.46 "
" Danville,	9.29 "	8.57 "
" Greensboro',	12.40 A. M.	11.58 "
" Salisbury,	3.38	2.51 P. M.
" Air-Line Jun'n,	6.24 "	4.54 "
Arrive at Charlotte,	6.50 "	5.00 "

GOING EAST.			GOING WEST.		
STATIONS.	Mail.		STATIONS.	Mail.	
Lve Greensboro',	1.50 A. M.	Arr	Lve Greensboro'	11.40 A. M.	Arr
" Co. Shops,	3.15 "	Lve	" Co. Shops,	10.15 "	Lve
" Raleigh,	7.30 A. M.	Lve	" Raleigh,	5.41 "	Lve
Arr. at Goldsboro,	10.20 "	Lve	Arr. at Goldsboro,	2.30 P. M.	Lve

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

STATIONS.	Mail.	Express.
Leave Greensboro'	1.50 A. M.	4.05 P. M.
Arrive at Salem,	3.40 "	5.50 "
Leave Salem,	10.00 A. 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. 14, 1874.

WHAT CAN WOMEN DO?

BY MRS. M. A. FREEMAN.

Solomon Brown had five daughters. The oldest of these was twenty-six, the youngest, seventeen. In some of the heathen countries it is considered a misfortune when a girl is born. Solomon Brown's mind may have been colored with this heathenism—though he owned conscientiously to the donation—for he shook his head in solemn fear—proval as his family increased, declaring that girls were, and had been since the world began, a failure.

Dear little Mrs. Brown emphatically declared her skepticism as to this broad assertion, saying with some spirit that the girls could not be dispensed with, and as the great Father have seen fit to create them, it must have been with the consciousness that they might be promoted go it.' She would just ask Mr. Brown what there was, that might be said truthfully, in disparagement of their own children?

'If they were boys, Lucy,' says Brown, filling up a day good bill, 'they would be self-supporting. If, for instance, Matilda had been named Solomon—and you know that name has fallen to the oldest in our family for generations—she, or rather he, might have learned a trade, and would not be able, not only to care for himself, but to render needful assistance to the family. I am sure I never blamed Betsey Trotwood, though I didn't understand her, that she couldn't forgive David for not being a girl. I have never forgiven one of my girls that they disappointed me.'

Dear me, Solomon, I'm sure the girls are doing the best they can. Matilda is a very good dressmaker—

'Bosh!' cried Solomon, impatiently, this country is overrun with dressmakers. *I* tell you all this feathers, fuss and flummery is ruining us—that is the people. Don't you understand every additional girl is an additional burden to some one? How much do you suppose, Lucy, I paid out for ribbons last year? Only one hundred dollars!'

'But my husband, there were five of the girls you know, not counting myself, and that makes twenty dollars only, for each. I am sure that isn't extravagant at all. There's deacon Smart's Sallie paid that much for one Roman sash. Our girls are very handy about turning their things, and fixing them up as good as new. There were only twenty-four yards in the dears' dresses this spring—that is in the dress of each—while Mrs. Million used thirty-five and I must say that our girls were much the prettiest.'

'And would have been prettier still if they been made out of eight,' growled Solomon, desperately footing up the accounts again.

Figures are obstinate facts. Solomon in facing the sum total of united columns, became an obstinate man.

'I tell you, Lucy, we can't go on in this way, that's certain. Something must be done. Why don't they get married?'

But that was a useless question, for this was a New England State, and there were several thousand more women than men, and as one man was allowed only one wife, it was quite impossible that all could be provided with husband's.

'Dear me, Solomon,' said the little wife smiling humorously. You forget that this isn't Utah—that there is actually no one to whom we may send the darlings; that you yourself, would quite disapprove of their going husband-hunting.'

Now, while Solomon had been talking thus complainingly and confidentially to his wife, his five unappreciated daughters had been listening from the next room.

'The old bear,' cried Matilda, the oldest, under her breath.

'Poor papa,' said Lucy, the youngest, her blue eyes full of tears.

'Poor papa, indeed,' snapped out the second sister. '*I* do believe he begrudges us the bird's allowance which we eat.'

'Bird's allowance! Josephine, I'm sure there isn't a heartier family of girls in this country than ours. No Canary's portion would do for me—of that I'm sure! I do think it a shame, that five great girls, able to work as we are, should depend upon one little, old broken down man for their support. Come now, 'Tilda, isn't it ridiculous? Don't you think that we might do something.

'*I*'m sure,' Matilda said, 'that I know how. You know I bought the machine, and then—then—'

'Well,' Lucy said, laughing, 'poor papa had to make the payment on it.'

'I'm sure I couldn't help that, because I had expected to get plenty of sewing to do, and sewing you see—'

'Is a drug in the market. No 'Tilda and Josephine, and Sarah, and Flora, all those pretty traditions ways of a woman turning an honest penny are out of date. I've been thinking this over, and *I've* made up my mind. Come girls, will you stand by me? Have you the courage to lay aside your dainty slippers to encase your feet in heavy shoes, to let the sun kiss your freckles on your face, in fact — wear a bloomer?'

'Bloomer!' the four cried together.

'Yes, my dear, for of course the work that I have laid out for us to do couldn't be done in trains. I have been thinking that we had better take Jacob Sloam's farm for a year,' and Miss Lucy, as she spoke, opened her pocket-knife and commenced whittling a bit of stick in true Yankee style.

'Jacob Sloam's farm!' they cried aghast.

'Yes, dears, I was over talking to Jacob yesterday, and he's quite delighted that we should have thought of making the experiment. He is sure, he says that it will be a success. Only think, girls, how nice it would be, if we could help old father now, after all the trouble he has had with us! And what a triumph, too, if we could prove to him that girls are a blessing, at least, if not exactly that, still worth being born. What say you? Will you put your names to the contract? Come now don't be cowardly, nor try to find excuse for shirking a duty. Jacob never had five more able-bodied people than we are.'

'But what will the world say? And then, dear Lucy, you have had an offer you know. Will Frank Lawler be satisfied that his future wife should engage in an unladylike occupation?'

'If he is dissatisfied that a woman should do what she may do well, I'm very glad to have an opportunity of learning it before *I'm* Mrs. Frank Lawler, instead of Lucy Brown. *If* I have girls, you may rest assured that they shall be self supporting, quite independent of outside help towards gaining a livelihood. If they have a talent for music above the ordinary possession they may become teachers; if not, they will not spend hours a day in useless beating of their white helpless fingers against some illused piano key. If they are greatly gifted with superior intelligence, they may go into the professions, if not, they will learn trades—I don't mean milliners and dressmakers, and so on—but nice light trades, like watch-making, engraving and drafting, and, indeed, heavier ones, if they have the muscle. We all have muscle. There is no excuse that we should remain idle. The world is full of work, and I can't understand why any honest calling should be unwomanly.—Come girls let us go and sign the contract, which binds us to work old Jacob's farm.

'Dear me, Solomon,' said the wife in the evening, 'you could never guess what those girls have done.'

'Perhaps purchased each a new silk,' growled Solomon, without lifting his eyes from his paper.

'Not indeed not,' cried the wife indignantly. 'They've rented Jacob Sloam's farm—eighty acres, and twenty of it in fruit.'

'What' cried Solomon, the paper falling helpless at his feet. 'You don't surely mean our girls, not Matilda, and Josephine, and Sarah, and Flora, and Lucy?'

'I mean no one else's girls surely,' the wife replied, little crossly. 'They take possession in the morning. Jacob Sloam is to find everything, and they are to have one-half.'

'I'll just tell you, Lucy, what it is. This is the most consummate piece of humbug I ever heard of. It will be a dead failure, and they'll make themselves the laughing stock of the whole neighborhood. Farming, indeed? Why' Tilda tho' afraid of her hands that she never sweeps even, without gloves; and Flora wraps her head in a towel to dust I've seen Josephine do the breakfast things with the dish rag clinging to a fork, and Sarah raps her fingers with a bit of cloth, each one seperately if she has vegetables to prepare. Brave farmers they will make. And Solomon Brown went to his paper with a scornful chuckle.

Solomon, too, was something of a fogy. Women were women, and women they must remain to the end of the chapter. A great pity, he had often said, that it was so, but nature could not be turned out of her old well worn channels by education. Eve, he considered, as having been a vicious sort of little body, bending poor Adam's nose down close to the grindstone, and there her daughters had relentlessly held it through all the long years since that first tragedy.

Solomon believed in progression. He thought that the sciences might be better understood, that new discoveries were to be made; that the Atlantic would be crossed in a balloon; but Solomon's radicalism did not include the possibilities of the coming woman. She was to be what she had been from the beginning. So he hooh-hooded at his daughters farming, not believing that any good thing thing come out of Nazareth.

It was an up hill road to those five dainty daughters of Solomon Brown's. But in one thing they resembled their father. They were obstinate, and when they heard his prediction as to their failure, they were unite determined not to fail.

They were up early and worked late. Their strawberries were a success. They gave employment to a number of girls in the village, in gathering their small fruits, thus recognizing the true policy, that women must help each other. They kept one hired man, and under his instructions these young ladies learned to turn a ready hand to all of farm labor,

Old Solomon Brown's 'poo-hoos,' grew less emphatic and he began to speak with a sort of shamed-faced pride of 'Our girl's place.' Then when the fame of these women farmers had traveled far and people came from a distance to inspect personally their success, Solomon began to feel proud in saying, 'Yes sir, they are my girls.'

'Your girls are all boys then?' said one smiling, quoting Rip Van Winkle.

'Just as good as boys,' said Solomon Brown, blushing at the retraction of old sentiments. But theories must fall before convictions, and well filled wheat, fine potatoes, good corn, etc., were more convincing to Solomon of his daughters' worth, than volumes favoring the 'Subjection of Women.'

Solomon Brown's daughters still hold Jacob Sloam's farm. Lucy, the youngest, is married to Frank Lawler, but instead of her going home to him, as is the manner of the world, he came to her.

Under the homestead laws a woman who is not at the head of a family—that is a widow—cannot pre-empt land. If this was not the case, I do believe that one of Solomon Brown's girls would go west and take a piece of land. As it is, they are all going in the spring and Solomon will enter one hundred and sixty acres in his own name, which in reality will belong to his daughters, as it will be purchased with the profits of their farming Jacob Sloam's land.

Davy Crockett's Dream.

One day when it was so cold that I was afraid to open my mouth, lest *I* should freeze my tongue, I took my little dog named Grizzle and cut out for Salt River Bay to kill something for dinner. I got a good ways from home before I knowed where I was, and as I had swetted some, before I left the house my hat froze fast to my head, and I liked to have put my neck out of joint in trying to pull it off. When I sneezed the icicles cracked up and down the inside of my nose, like when you walk over a log in winter time. The varmints was so scarce that I couldn't find one, and so when I come to an old log hut that had belonged to some squatter that had been reformed out by the nabors, I stood my rifle up agin the door post and went in. I kindled up a little fire and told Grizzle I was going to take a nap. *I* piled up heap of chestnut burrs for a pillow and stritened myself out on the ground, for *I* can curl closer than a rattlesnake and lay straiter than a log. I laid with the back of my head against the hearth and my eyes looking up the chimney so that I could see when it was noon by the sun, for Mrs. Crockett was always rantankerous when I staid out over time. I got to sleep before Grizzle had done warning the eend of his nose, and I had swallowed so much cold wind that it lay hard on my stomach, and as I laid gulping and belching, the wind went out of me and roared up the chimney like a young whirlwind, so I had a pesky dream, and kinder thought, 'til *I* waked up, that I was floating down the Massassippy in a holler tree, and I hadn't room to stir my legs and arms no more they were wisted together with young saplings.—While I was there and won't able to help myself, a feller called Oak Wing that lived about twenty miles off, and that I had give a most almighty licking once, cum and look in with his blind eye that I had gouged out five years before, and I saw him looking in one end of the hollow log, and he axed me if I wanted to get out. I telled him to tie a rope to one of my legs and draw me out as soon as Gid would let him, and as much sooner as he was a mind to. But he said he wouldn't do that way, but he would ram me out with a pole. So he took a long pole and rammed it down agin my head as if he was ramming down a cattridge in a cannon. This didn't make me budge an inch but it pounded my head down between my shoulders till I looked like a turcle with his head drawn in. This started my temper a trifle and I ript and swore till the breath boiled out of the end of the log like steam out of a funnel pipe of a steamboat. Jest then I woke up and seed my wife pulling my leg for it was ever most sundown, and she had come arter me. There was a long icicle hanging to her nose, and when she tried to kiss me, she run it right into my eye. I telled her my dreem, and sed I would have revenge on Oak Wing for pounding my head. She said it was all a dreem and that Oak was not to blame; but I had a very different idee of the matter, so I went and talked to him, and telled him what he had done to me in a dreem and it was settled that he should make me an apopogy in his next dream, and that would make us square, for I don't like to be run upon when I'm asleep any more than I do when I'm wake.

"My Dead Brother on Ice."

A well-dressed young man, aged about twenty-eight years, florid complexion, middle height, brown side-whiskers, and presenting generally quite a respectable appearance, has been going the rounds for some time past, imposing upon the credulity of merchants in the following manner: He manages, in a most systematic way to obtain an introduction by some means to his intended victim. Having thus broke the ice, he engages in conversation with his new acquaintances, and, by his conversational abilities, manages to impress them with the idea that he is on intimate terms with their friends. He then disappears from their presence for about three days, but returns on the afternoon of the fourth day, between the hours of 4 and 5 in the afternoon. On entering he immediately rushes up to the owner of the establishment and requests a few minutes' private conversation, which being granted, he unfolds the following doleful tale: 'Mr. Smith, oh, pardon me, sir; but I just received the following telegram from Philadelphia (producing a forged dispatch) informing me that my brother's body has just arrived from Charleston and that his body is on ice at the Pennsylvania depot, owing to the fact that the freight charges were not prepaid. You see his death is so unexpected that I really don't like to go over to Brooklyn to obtain the necessary funds to defray the expenses from mother for fear of shocking her nervous system. Moreover, it is after banking hours. May I request that you will feel pleased to advance a sufficient sum to pay my expenses to Philadelphia and return. It is only a matter of about $10, ann I will hasten on my return to refund the amount."

On several occasions he has been successful in obtaining the money. Of course the gentlemen whose charitable instincts and desire to help a fellow being in distress prompts him to advance the amount hears the last of his charitable loan loan when the borrower disappears through the door. This young gentleman tried the game again yesterday at the Lovejoy, in Park Row, but luckily he retired discomfited, and will be compelled to seek elsewhere for sufficient money to bring on his brother's dead body—"now on ice."—New York Herald.

Miss Neilson and Josh Billings.

Considerable interest, as well as amusement, has been created in San Francisco at a grim joke perpetuated by certain photographers by their manner of displaying in their windows the pictures of Miss Neilson and Josh Billings.

The *Chronicle*, in the gratification of its constant desire to publish useful information, said to its thousands of readers that, in its opinion, Mr. Billings was the homeliest man that ever came to San Francisco. This opinion we are pleased to say, is fully shared by Mr. Billings himself, as the following note will testify:

OXYDENT'L HOTEL, March the 28.
To the Editur of the Kronikal:

SUR—Mi wife siz that wen a man wunst gits a name fur being ugly, he mite ez well shet up hiz shop ez fur az wimmin iz koncerned. Konsekently she gits a little mad when she reads what the Kronikal hez got to say about my ugliness. Now I kinder like it. I know if it wuz the fashun fur men to be hung fur ther buty, I wood live fur menny daze. You are rite, Mister Edditur, I have off10 thaut thet I waz the orneriest lookin kuss that ever lived, & tho mi wife sez I aint, I no now I am, Beoz sum boddy else sez so. Tenny rate, az I sed tother nite in plat's haul, "I would rather hev a noze 7 and a ½ inches long than B cauled the hansumest man in Californy, for a hansum man I dispize above and things."

Yours, &c.,
JOSH BILLINGS.

Said a Tarboro lady the other day: "When I go to a place and see so many comforts and find everything so much nicer than I've got, I come home very much dissatisfied; but I went to Mrs. ——'s yesterday and I'm so much better fixed than she, *I* feel I ought to be real thankful." "Yes, my dear," said her husband, "they are good people, hope you'll visit 'em frequently."

BISMARK'S DAUGHTER.

Faithful Love for a Young Lieutenant—Rejecting the Highest Offers in the Land—A Knot that Puzzles the Prince.

In a number of the *Boersen Courier* of Berlin, an incident is related of Prince Bismark's domestic life which is uncommonly interesting. Most people who read the newspapers have heard of the great Chancellor's daughter. The young lady, though not beautiful, is amiable and accomplished, and accustomed to the homage of the high society in which she moves. With her father she has been a great favorite ever since she grew up. When in Berlin he has been wont to spend with her whatever leisure moments he could snatch from his laborious occupations, and in the country his idle hours have been usually passed in her society. The Prince observed with concern that his daughter repelled all proposals of marriage made to her. Though wooed by the most eligible suitors, among the heirs of the richest families, members of the most ancient nobility, gentlemen filling the highest official positions, even a prince, the young lady declined them all.

After brooding for a long time over the possible reasons of his daughter's conduct, the Chancellor, believing at last that he had fathomed the secret of her severity, opened his heart to her on the subject. He told her he felt sure that she must have become profoundly attached to some person inferior to herself in position and wealth. He then begged her to mention the name of the man to whom she had given her heart, as he, her father, was rich enough and powerful enough to change the condition which might see to render her lover an ineligible match. With flowing tears the young lady confessed that she did cherish such an affection as her father suspected, an affection that was returned, but that her lover was a simple lieutenant in the army.

The next day the lieutenant appeared in the presence of the father. The Chancellor hardly gave him time to speake before saying: "I know why it seems to you impossible to become my son-in-law; notwithstanding the difference of social position, your wish shall be accomplished. Though I do not know you, the love of my daughter is to me sufficient guarantee of your worth."

But instead of the joyful thanks which the Prince naturally expected, he received a reply of the following tenor: "I thank you for your infinite goodness, but this union is impossible. I belong to an old Catholic family. I cannot take home as my wife the daughter of him whom my family regard as an enemy of the Church, whom I myself am almost compelled to look upon as such."

The officer then sadly took his departure leaving the Chancellor utterly confounded. Having summoned his daughter, the Chancellor told her that the officer wholly refused her hand and that she must forget him.

The daughter becoming paler than ever, replied: "He is too honorable to deny his religious faith. I will not ask of him such a sacrifice, and if he desires it I—less believing than he—will adopt his religion, to render our marriage possible." The father saw his child become more inconsolable from day to day, and at length he was thrown into a state of fearful excitement, which was not without consequence. So things stand at present.

The Truth Well-Expressed.

The address of the White League of Louisiana, says:

We would show him that where the white man rules, the negro is peaceful and happy; that where the negro rules, the negro is starved and oppressed; that where our race bears sway, his race is mentally, morally, and materially progressing; that where his race governs, there is increasing ignorance, distress and brutality. But it is worse than idle to reason with those people. They have become maddened by the hatred and conceit of race and it has become our duty to become our duty to save them and to save ourselves from the fatal proclivities of their stupid extravagance and reckless vanity, by arraying ourselves in the name of white civilization, resuming that just and legitimate superiority in the administration of our State affairs to which we are entitled by superior responsibility, superior numbers, and superior intelligence; and while we declare it is our purpose and fixed determination not to interfere in any manner with the legal rights of the colored race, or any other race, we are determined to maintain our own legal rights by all the means that may become necessary for that purpose, and to preserve them at all hazards.

The Southern Dental Association will meet in Memphis next year during Mardi-Grass week.