

Standard

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THE KALEIDOSCOPE

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J. B. Whitaker, Jr.,
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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Longer advertisements at contract rates
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SUT LOVENGOOD,

COMMISSION MERCHANT.

Kernel—I left Nashville to go keep a country store in Eufauly, Alabama; but I got to Orleans, joined the Masons, walked Carondelet street for a few days in store clothes, and it made a man of me. I cut eye teeth torreckly. My bosom panted for somethin grander and bigger than keepin a one horse country store. I seed two or three fellers as said they had fooled away half a life time doin that without makin either money or credit—had larnt better, and was then tryin Orleans commission business. They sed thar was two things as was a payin busy an easy. One was runnin a newspaper, and tother was bein a commission merchant. Said the last was most fashionable just then, an advised me, bein friends of mine, to drop anchor in Orleans an try my luck. All I had to do was to put out my sign, buy a thousand seegyars, and walk up and down Carondelet street with my thumbs in my weskit an ask fellers what's gold and how much cotton's bin sold.

They said business would "flow to me." Well, I done it, and business did flow. I hired a book-keeper, an called him "my young man," I opened a bank account and never didn't have nothin over. I bought me some cotton tables and some second hand samples which I hilt seven cents above the market, and talked about 'waitin for an advance.' I writ to every man I ever heard of on a price current sheet, an my young man got a circular for me.

Last, I got a bale o cotton!!—Some dratted fool sent it down to sorter encourage me or to try my sense. I had to go and look at the

darned thing. A Fas'man had got it and tuk it to to his cotton press fore I got to the levee, and bein a clever feller had it rolled out for my inspection.

Well, Kernel, hit war the biggest bale o cotton in the press yard.—Looked like the feller had floated it down the river to dodge freight, charges an duty. Hit was wet, muddy, an what they call 'coweatin.' Hit weighed 767 pounds; for I weighed it then an thar to kalkilate my commissions." Bein sed, and evidently truly, that hit must go to the pickery, thar hit went; not, howsover, before I gethered a armfull out of the heart of it, whar twas dry. Then I hed cotton to sell! There want a broker in Orleans that didn't see that cotton. I called it "Good Middlin," but every one of em called it "dogtail to low ordinary." I did a power o tradin over that sample! Last a green spectacle feller, he bought it, an I tole my young man to make the county sale. He done it. The bale weighed after pickin, slippin, snatchin or whatever you call it, 249 pounds, an thar was picker's charges, baggin, rope, patchin, drayage, an gracious knows what more, mountin to \$89.75. The county sale brought the owner of the cotton in debt, an as I don't know him from Adam's coon dog, I'm holdin the bag yit, waitin for him to send more cotton, or 'remit,' as they call it.

A chap, an onery cuss, with a white choker, an lookin like the head devil of a temperance society, a Yankee chaplain and sutler—he come into my office one mornin an sed how he wanted me to "take his bizness." I squared round to see how clean a thing he was offerin me. Sed how he had left the pulpit as onworthy his high order of talent, and hed bought a stock of goods from Wallace & Co., an they wouldn't ship em without cash or an exceptance. He wanted to control cotton and other projuce, an hed an unbounded influence in his 'section.' Sed whar he kep store there was pine trees tell you couldn't repose, and the gophers and tarrapins was so thick that wagins goin long the road killed millions of em.

The pine trees made tar, pitch and turkentime, an the gophers and tarrapins was what they made turkle soup out of at the restaurants an fancy hotels in Orleans. Sed they weighed, whar he cum from, 800 to 8000 pounds, and that freekently timber wheels was necessary to move em.

Sed he hed a government contract for carryin the mail an movin the gophers outen the country, and Orleans was the market for the meat of the gopher. Sed he had an intrust in every plantation whar he agreed to move em, and whar he agreed to guarantee agin the army worm, boll worm, an heavy rains in pickin season, an would control 1729 bales of

cotton outen the comin crap, an wanted exceptances for six thousand dollars. Cheap enuff! Wallace's folks wouldn't take it, but somebody else on Canal street did, an I get the fellar's bizness, an think it's safe enuff. I find he's wuss en a mustard plaster for 'drawin,' tho.

I found how many acres was in that feller's county, and from what cotton he said I'd git, I knew torreckly what the growin crop would be. I aint mean about what I know so I tole the fellers on Carondelet street, an some of em writ it down and sent it to England to influence prices. I talked big about my "advance" to planers—but didn't say a word about hit's bein on paper an no cash out. Oh hit's orful easy to be a commission merchant, ef a feller's just got meat and bread sense!

Some of these busy, eye browed old fogies that look so mighty wise, don't pear to notice me; an I have heard some of em talk about 'mash-rooms' an 'toad-stools.' That means somethin envious en spiteful, I don't doubt, but I aint payin no tention to em. Thar's one bank that jest loves to lend money to "commission merchants." Hit's given me nuff to run me an my young man six months, which may be long nuff. I'm ready to swar thar aint nothin like the commission business for bein easy and cheap, less'en it's runnin a newspaper—which I aint tried. Ef that gopher man with the white choker dont come up to front an center gin the time the time the paper's due, I'm gone up a spout, shore; broke, ruined, an made an assignation.—Then I'm goin to turn liquorary an start a paper.

If I do, kernel, I'll give you a season ticket to the circus. Come an see me. My office is 793 Carondelet street, up stairs. Mus go now an see what's gold an cotton.

TO PREVENT MISE FROM NAWIN YOUR THINGS.—The best anecdote against the Kanaverous propensities of mise is not to keep mise at all, but if you must keep any as will naw. But if they will naw, don't keep anything they kan naw. You might keep such things in your house without danger from them, as mustard, horse-reddish, pepper, pickels, nails, grind-stones and such like things. By observin the whole rule you'll git entirely rid of them.

BEE-BUGS.—Don't keep any bed-bugs in your house, but if they will stay in your house, don't keep any house, go to a hotel. But if you will keep a house, don't keep any beds; sleep on the floor, make a sircle of tar around you, and you are safe from their bite.

The following is Aunt Betsey's description of her milkman: "He is the meanest man in the world. He skims his milk on the top, and then he turns it over and skims the bottom."

JOSH BILLINGS INSURES HIS LIFE.

I kum tew the conclusion lately that life was so unsetin that the only way for me to stand a chance with other folks was to get my life insured, and so I called on the agent of Garden Angel Life Insurance Co., and answered the following questions which was put to me over a pair of goald spees, by a slick little, fat, old feller, with a round grey head:

QUESTIONS:

Are you male or female? If so how long have you been so?

Are you subject to fits, and if so, do you have more than one at a time?

What is your precise fiteing weight?

Did you ever have any ancestors, and if so, how much?

What is your legal opinion of the constitutionality of the 10 commandments?

Do you ever have enny nitewaze?

Are you married and live single, or are you a bachelor?

Do you believe in a further state? If you do state it.

What are your private sentiments about a rush of rats to the head—cap it be did successfully?

Have you ever committed suicide, and if so, how does it seem to effect you?

Did yu ever have the meezless, if so how many?

After answering the above questions like a man, on the confirmative, the slick, little, fat old feller, with goald spees on, ced i was insured for life, and would probably remain so far a tirm of years. I thanked him and smiled one of my most pensive smiles.

MARK THAT.—Out West, a small boy, one cold day, was assisting his father to mark sheep with a paint brush.

The father would catch a sheep and say to the boy:

'Mark that.'

After the job was done he started for home, which was some distance off, and was overtaken by a minister on horseback, who, seeing the boy was barefooted, invited him to ride behind him.

After the lad was seated, he began to catechise him thus:

'My lad, do you attend Sabbath school?'

'No,' was the reply.

'You should attend Sabbath school, mark that. All good children attend both church and Sabbath school, mark that.'

Many other good things the minister told the boy, always ending with the order to 'mark that,' when at last the boy shouted out:

'Minister, don't tell me any more, for I've got your back all marked over now, and it looks like thunder.'