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THE LITTLE CLIPPER.

"Hew to The Line, Let The Chips Fall Where They May."

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The Young Widow.

BY ROBERT JOSLYN.

She is modest, but not bashful,
Free and easy, but not bold,
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old;
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing, and now shy,
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature;
She is schooled in all her arts;
She has taken her diploma,
As the mistress of all hearts.
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
O, a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow, all the while.

Are you sad? how very serious
Will her handsome face become;
Are you angry? she is wretched;
Lonely, friendless, tearful, dumb;
Are you mindful? how her laughter,
Silver-sounding, will ring out,
She can lure and catch and play you,
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bald and wise;
Young Americans of twenty,
With the love-lock in your eyes,
You may practice all the lessons,
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow,
Who could win and fool you all.

When He Gets Round.

Wife—"John, dear, I notice that your brother Jan es never makes a friendly call upon us unless he is intoxicated."

Husband—"No, my dear, he doesn't. James reminds me of the moon."

Wife—"Reminds you of the moon?"

Husband—"Yes, dear; he never gets round till he's full."—Boston Courier.

Don't Do It.

Bill Nye says: "Don't attempt to cheat an editor out of a year's subscription to his paper or any other sum. Cheat the minister, cheat the doctor, cheat anybody and everybody, but if you have any regard for future consequences don't fool with an editor. You will be up for office some time, or want some public favor for yourself or some of your friends, and when your luck is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, the editor will open you and knock your air castle into a cocked hat the first fire. He'll subdue you and then you'll cuss yourself for a drivling idiot, go and hire some one to knock you down, and then kick you for falling."

A Puzzler.

A Saundersville schoolgirl lately puzzled her teacher with the inquiry: "If the oldest child of an English ruler succeeds to the throne, what would happen if the oldest child was twins?" The girl was very much surprised at the teacher's inability to answer off-hand, and tried to find out from her mother, but the question still agitates the village.—Worcester (Mass.) Spy.

Lying Too Far Apart.

In a hunter's camp different men began to unfold their yarns. Among others a Kentuckian said he once shot a buck in such a way that the bullet, hitting the right ear, passed through the heel of the right hind foot. Jeering and laughter greeted this monstrous story.

"Brown," called the Kentuckian to his companion, "what do you think of what I say is not as true as gospel."

"Why, yes," replied the other, "I saw it myself. You see, gentlemen, when he pulled the trigger of his rifle, the buck was just scratching his head with his hoof." Then he whispered to his friend: "That was a narrow escape. Another time don't lie so far apart."

Providence And Quails.

"They were discussing in the Illinois legislature," said a gentleman from Springfield, "a bill to prevent the destruction of quail for three years. Speeches of various sorts were made. One farmer advanced the suggestion that there were too many quail. If they should be preserved for three years they would eat up all the crops. Then up rose an honest Granger, who had not opened his mouth before, with this valuable contribution to natural history, delivered in a drawing, squeaking voice: "Mr. Cheerman, I've lived in Illinois, man and boy, for forty years. Enduring all of which time I've followed agricultural pursuits exceptin' for seven years, when I was a-runnin' of a saw-mill, and I have observed this about quail: Whenever there is too many quail, the good Lord He freezes them out. That settled it."—Phila. Record.

Some Americanisms.

The New York Tribune calls attention to the fact that New England papers are very fond of prefixing the profession or calling to a name in a way that is sometimes rather amusing. It will not be long before they will contain something like this: As Tailor Shears was walking along the street the other day he was assaulted by Ditcher Doe, who had got full in Saloonkeeper Ginsling's place along with Painter Chromo. The assault was witnessed by Druggist Mixem, Weaver Flax, Gardner Spring, Wood-chopper Jones and Teamster Whip. Tailor Shears was taken to the house of Rector Ritual, which was near at hand, and Ditcher Doe was marched off by Constable Clubber, aided by Blacksmith Sledge and Post Hole Digger Bore. Lawyer Brief will defend him.

Are You Sure About Ingersoll?

A story is told of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll to show that, when he lived in Peroria, Illinois, he believed in a much-talked-of-subterranean region, whose existence he has since vehemently discredited. He was engaged as counsel by a pretty and attractive widow who had a claim against a corporation, which it would not pay. For the company appeared Jonathan Cooper, an able lawyer and a devout Presbyterian. During his argument he referred to the Colonel as often unreasonable, on account of his sympathy, charming women always arousing his chivalry to such an extent as to make him unmindful of sound law. Ingersoll, in reply, admitted his sincere admiration of the sex, whether as maidens, wives, or mothers, and declared that he had rather sit on a bench in Hades, talking to a pretty woman for fifteen minutes than stay forever in Jonathan Cooper's heaven, singing psalms and play a celestial banjo. This raised the laugh on Cooper, who joined in it himself, and the decision of the jury was given in favor of the widow.

The young lady who bites her finger nails and kisses her pug dog on the nose would fall in a stony faint at seeing her father dip a piece off the butter lump with his own knife.