

Published every Thursday by CHARLES, HEARNE & BIGGS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: (INVARIABLE IN ADVANCE.)

One copy one year, \$3.00 One copy six months, 2.00 One copy three months, 1.00

Twenty-five per cent. is added to the above rates when paid at the end of the year.

PROFESSIONAL.

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Partnership Notice. MR. JOHN H. HYMAN of SCOTLAND, N. C., having this day withdrawn from the firm of DENNY, HYMAN & CO., and R. W. HYMAN & THEODORE B. HYMAN of New York city, admitted as partners, the business of the firm will be continued under the same style and name. JNO. S. DANCY, J. H. HYMAN, New York, September 26th 1867. 32-3

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The Tarboro Southerner

"MY COUNTRY: RIGHT OR WRONG: MY COUNTRY." VOL. XLIII. TARBORO, EDGECOMBE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1867. NO. 43.

NORFOLK. RICKS, HILL & CO., COTTON AND Gen. Commission Merchants, NORFOLK, VA.

JAMES GORDON & CO., Commission Merchants, NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

FREER & NEAL, Gen. Commission Merchants, NORFOLK, VA.

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J. D. REED, AGT., PRACTICAL HATTER, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Hats, Caps, Straw Goods, Umbrellas, Canes, &c., No. 18 Main Street, NORFOLK, VA.

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ESTABLISHED 1854. Wholesale and Retail Clothier and Merchant Taylor. KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND one of the largest and best selected stocks of Ready Made Clothing and gent furnishing goods, also a fine assortment of piece goods, which he is prepared to make up to order in the latest and most fashionable styles, a call is very respectfully requested. S. W. SELDER, April 4, 1867. 18-47

REMOVAL. J. H. DOBSON, (Late of the firm of Dobson & Rainer.) Has Removed his Stock to the old stand, No. 7 East Side Water Street. WHERE he will be pleased to see his old friends and the public generally. He has on hand a large and well selected stock of Ales, Brandies, Gins, Wines and Whiskies. One lot of which is a magnificent article, ten years old and another several years old, to which he calls special attention. Also choice Old London Dock Brandy. PHILIP M. MERRITT, Give me a call. J. H. DOBSON, No. 7 Water Street, Sept. 5. 10-1m

BAVIS & BROZIER, Wholesale Dealers in GROCERIES, LIQUORS, and Agents for Carolina Belle Scotch Snuff, and various grades of VIRGINIA MANUFACTURED Tobacco.

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND a full stock of Sugar and Coffee, Flour, Lard, Bacon, Candles, Family and Fancy Soaps, Cheese, Butter, Fish, Pork, Salt, Candy, Buckets, Brooms, Shot, Powder, and many other articles, to complete the assortment usually found in a Jobbing Grocery House. Any consignment will have special attention. No. 4 Rowland's Wharf, Norfolk, Va. ap. 25, 1867. 21-47

EDWARD P. TICE & CO., WHOLESALE DEALERS IN HARDWARE, CUTLERY AND FANCY GOODS, West Side Market Square, Norfolk, Va.

Sign of the Anvil. AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF OLD Dominion Navy, Emory's Cotton Gin, Byles & Gambles Circular Pit and 24 cut Saws Warren's Gum Bolting, all sizes. A large stock always on hand of Axes, Spades, Shovels, Forks, Chain Traces Hollow Ware, Horse Collars, Rope. Agents for Fairbanks & Co's Standard SCALES, that will weigh a Gold Dollar or a Canal Boat Loaded. A large stock of Queens Ware, China and Glass. Attention of the trade respectfully solicited. mar. 28, 16-47

BOOK BINDERY. In connection with our splendid JOB PRINTING OFFICE, we are now in successful operation, and we are making SUPERIOR BLANK BOOKS, Binding and Rebinding Periodicals, Old Books, Music, AND EVERY KIND OF WORK Done in a First-Class Book-Binding. THE BEST OF WORKMEN ONLY are employed by us. This is the only establishment of the kind in Tidewater Virginia, and we can do work as well and cheap as it can be done in the North. EVERY VARIETY OF BOOK and JOB PRINTING Promptly executed, IN PLAIN OR FANCY COLORS. Call at the JOURNAL office, 12 Bonaventure, or address your orders to J. RICHARD LEWELLEN, Sept Norfolk Printing House Co. May 2, 1867. 22-47

JNO. W. WHITE, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, TARBORO, N. C. HAS on hand a large lot of Bedsteads, Chairs and other articles of Furniture, which he offers to the public cheap for Cash, all kind of wood Coffins, of all sizes on hand. All kinds of Furniture Made and Repaired at the shortest notice. Jan. 27 9-46

THE SOUTHERNER.

THURSDAY, - - - OCT. 3, 1867. GEN'L R. E. LEE.

FROM "LEE AND HIS LIENANTS."

"Robert Edward Lee belonged to a family conspicuous for two centuries, not only in the local annals of Virginia, but on the ample pages of the colonial and revolutionary periods of America. The genealogy of the Lee family in Virginia is traced to 1663. About that time Richard Lee, the early ancestor of the Confederate chieftain, made large settlements in that part of Virginia situated between Rappahannock and the Potomac rivers, and designated as the Northern Neck. He was faithful to the loyal sentiments of those times, he acted for sometime as secretary to Sir William Berkeley, the Governor of Virginia, and on the restoration of Charles the Second, he exercised a little influence in restoring the colony to its allegiance, although in Cromwell's time Virginia had taken a step towards independence, and had obtained a quasi recognition in a treaty signed by the Protector's own hand. He shared in the ceremonies of crowning the restored monarch King of England, Scotland, Ireland, &c., &c., from which came the legend on the ancient arms of the last commonwealth:—"Ead that Virginia guardus!" The descent of General R. E. Lee is traced from Henry Lee, a brother of Thomas Lee, one of the first of the leading men of the colony of Virginia, who died in 1750. This ancestor married a Miss Hand; his third son, named Henry, was united to a Lee, the famous "Light Horse Harry," and among the most illustrious characters of his time, Randolph and Peyton and Nicholas and Henry, in their religious character and sentiments; while the immediate ancestor, glorious "Light Horse Harry," was a brilliant reputation in arms, and obtained an inextinguishable recognition in the "love and thanks" of Washington himself. In the year 1825, at the age of eight years, Lee entered West Point as a cadet in the United States Army, and completed the course of study in the next four years, without a single mark of demerit against him, standing No. 2 in a class of forty-six, and leading, among others, Joseph E. Johnston. At the expiration of his cadet term he was immediately selected for service in the corps of topographical engineers, receiving his appointment as Brevet Second Lieutenant in July, 1829. In 1832, Lieutenant Lee married Miss Castles, the daughter and heiress of George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of George Washington, and, through her, became proprietor of Arlington House, and the White House on the Pamunkey river. In 1836, Lee was promoted to a first Lieutenant; and in 1838, he was made Captain. When the Mexican war broke out he was placed on the staff of Major-General Taylor, Chief Engineer, and he remained that post throughout the whole campaign under General Scott. At the battle of Cerro Gordo, April 18, 1847 he was breveted Major for gallantry. In the August following he again won a brevet rank by his meritorious conduct at Contreras and Churubusco. In the assault on Chapultepec, September 13th, 1847, he was wounded, and received the honor of brevet promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel. Lee's services in Mexico is remarkable for the extraordinary attention which for the young officer obtained from General Scott. He appears to have been the special favorite of the veteran Commander, and in which is hardly a single dispatch in which his name is not honorably mentioned. The subsequent career of Lee—his suppression of the "John Brown raid" here in the States; his participation in the Army of Northern Virginia; his many and glorious campaigns; the surrender of that army at Appomattox Court-house—subjects which are all touched upon in the biography—we must pass over as events too familiar to our readers to call for rehearsal here. Lee's early hesitation at the commencement of hostilities was simply the doubt of duty. Ambition, the bribes of office, personal interest, did not enter into a mind pure, conscientious, introspective, anxious only to discover the line of duty, and then prompt and resolute to follow it. As long as Virginia wavered, Lee stood irresolute. \* \* \* If only thought was duty. There is a very noble letter, written several years before the war by Lee, which exhibits the man and indicates his characteristic life of the soldier. It was written to his son, who was at West Point in 1822, the following lesson: "In regard to duty let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as the "dark day"—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The signature of Connecticut was in session, and its members saw the unexpected and unexpected darkness companion, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—

the day of judgment—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Devenport, of Stamford, and said, that if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more—you should never wish to do less."

Such was the lesson General Lee was wont to observe and exemplify in his own life. Assailed by opportunities, tempted by the highest military office in the gift of the Federal government, solicited by the voice of friendship, he never flinched in his adherence to the duty of duty. He was prompt to respond to it. On the 17th April, 1861, Virginia seceded from the Union; on the 13th Lee knew it; on the 20th, he dissolved his connection with the Federal Army, and sent the following letter to General Scott: "Arlington, Va., April 20, 1861. "General Scott—I have just received your letter of the 18th instant, I have felt that I ought not longer to retain my commission in your army. I therefore tender my resignation, which you will receive with acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed. "During the whole of that time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from your presence, and the most cordial friendship from your command. To no one, General, have I been indebted for so much of the uniform kindness and consideration, and I have always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to my grave the most grateful recollection of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me. "I never desired to draw my sword. I never desired to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me most truly yours, R. E. LEE. "Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, commanding the Army of the Potomac. "A copy of the preceding letter was enclosed in a letter to the writer's sister, which more completely discloses the state of General Lee's mind: "I have been waiting for a more convenient season," which has brought to many before me deep and lasting regret. Now we are in a state of war which will yield to nothing but the whole South in a state of rebellion, into which Virginia offers long struggle, has been drawn, and though I recognize no necessity for this state of thing, and would have borne and pleaded to the end for redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question, whether I will put against my native State, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have never been able to make up my mind to resign my commission, and leaving my children, and my home, I have thereupon, resigned my commission in the defense of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword. "We cannot better conclude this sketch than by quoting some examples of Lee's demeanor on the field of battle, as he is appeared under the most trying ordeal: "At the battle of Gettysburg, as the shattered column of Pickett returned to his lines on Seminary Ridge, General Lee saw that the day was lost. He had watched the battle from a hill in the rear of General Hill's position; and when he witnessed the fatal repulse, he saw at once the necessity of providing against a counter attack of the enemy, and displaying in these terrible moments, the calmness and self-possession by which alone he could now hope to save his army. Never was he more sublime, more forgetful of self, more perfect in temper, as in this one hour of great misfortune and terrible danger. Among the throngs of disoriented troops he rode quite alone, calm in manner, kind in voice, comforting the wounded, and encouraging the officers, divided by the reverse. He exclaimed repeatedly, "It's all my fault!" His presence, his generous words, kind and noble inspiration, the disorderly and demoralized ranks, the five detachments were formed in the woods, they were quietly brought forward and placed in position to resist attack, which all considered imminent. The men were ordered to lie down in the woods to await the attack. Presently a long cheer arose from the Federal lines. It was thought to be the painful signal of another battle; but it proved to be only the greeting awarded General Meade, as he rode along the lines, in full and complete satisfaction of the victory he had won. "Of the proof of General Lee's popularity with his troops, many instances are given in his biography. We quote several: "A great element of Lee's popularity in his army was his exceeding, almost fraternal care of his men. It is a remarkable circumstance that he never harangued his troops on a battlefield; he employed but little of rhetoric, and was innocent of patriotic machinery in maintaining the resolution and spirit of his army. He was never a conspicuous figure on the field of battle. His habit was to consult the plan of battle thoroughly; assign to each corps commander his precise work, and leave the active conduct of the field to his Lieutenants-Generals, unless in some sudden emergency. He but seldom gave an order on the field of battle. "Again: "But his intercourse with the troops on every proper occasion; he spoke a few simple words here and

there to the wounded and distressed soldier; and his kindness of manner was so unaffected that it at once gained the confidence and touched the heart. He had a rare gift, which many persons copy or affect, but which can never be perfectly possessed unless by a great man and a true gentleman—a voice whose tones of politeness never varied, whether uttered to the highest or lowest in rank. His men not only felt a supreme confidence in his judgment as a commander, but they were conscious everywhere of his sympathy with their sufferings and his attention to their wants; and they therefore accepted every sacrifice and trial as inevitable necessity imposed upon them by a parental hand."

Concerning his habits, his biographer writes: "The habits of General Lee were those of a thorough soldier, and all that men can require in the assurance that their commander shares with them the hardships of war. On a march, when campaigning out, he did not, as some of his brigade commanders did, select the finest dwelling houses in the neighborhood of his camp and insist upon the occupant entertaining himself and staff. It was only when he had established headquarters at place where he was likely to remain some time, that he sought the protection of a house. He dressed without unnecessary display of his rank; he underwent the commonest hardships without the affectation that calls attention to them; and in the sincere simplicity of his manner, he afforded an example how readily the much abused populace will distinguish between the arts of a demagogue and the virtues of a man."

Of anecdote emanating from Lee, or concerning him, there are a few examples in the biography. We select one or two: "In all his official intercourse and private conversation, General Lee never breathed a vindictive sentiment toward the enemy, who so severely taxed his resources and ingenuity, and put against him so many advantages in superior means and numbers. He had none of that *Invictus Phobus* common among the Southern army; his speech of the Northern people without malvolence, and in a style that depreciated their political delusions rather than denounces their crimes; and he generally referred to the enemy in quiet and indifferent words, quite in contrast to the epithets and anathemas which were popularly showered "upon the Yankees." On one occasion a spectator describes him riding up to the Rockbridge artillery, which was directly engaging the enemy, and greeting his son Robert, who was a private soldier, and was bravely working one of the guns. "How do you do father?" was all that Robert had to say as he continued his duty at his gun; and General Lee replied quietly: "That's right my son; drive these people back!" "At another time, in sight of the enemy on the Rapidan, General Lee was standing near his lines, conversing with two of his officers, one of whom was quite weak, and not only a hard fighter and a hard worker, but a cardinal hater of the Yankees. After a silence of some moments, the latter officer, looking at the Yankee with a dark scowl on his face, exclaimed most emphatically, "I wish they were all dead." General Lee, with the grace and manner peculiar to himself, replied: "How can you say so, General? Now if they were all at home at home attending to their own business, and leaving us to do the same." He then turned off, when the first speaker, waiting till he was out of ear shot, turned to his companion and in a most earnest tone said, "I would not say so before General Lee, but I wish they were all dead and hell!"

In August, 1865, General Lee was tendered the Presidency of Washington College. He accepted, and having qualified himself by taking the necessary oath, he was installed October 24, 1865. An ex-Confederate writes an essay to the *Carroll (La.) Record* "on worms," in which in a blaze of poetic fervor, he quotes the "poet," and comments on the verse as follows: "The ill the last damned worm species, that on his bones in his last days, lies. He on with daggers, the young & sires, And we have done em out. "The wormy pest during the late war, when the other fell, and sires and pits and sabers and swords, we shortly can fire worms that haunt none of these things, an can't even bite. If we don't, we ma can't even bite a faite as the peegel in Yuroop did a long time ago. Tha had a "diet of worms." It must be purty bad fair- an, what's worse, a hepe of peepel won't have enny bred to go with em, and I don't no what the will do, unless tha git the millers to furnish me!"

The traffic in Coolies, or Chinese laborers, it appears has reached our shores, and several plantations in Louisiana, if the telegraph is correct, are now employing Coolie laborers.—Coolie labor is really slave labor, and the traffic is only less infamous than that in African slaves. The Coolies are bought by traders at the Chinese ports, at prices ranging from \$30 to \$70 per head, and they are sold for \$200 to \$500 each in South America and the West Indies. It is believed that over 30,000 Coolies are annually imported into Peru and Cuba. A Havana correspondent says: "The number of Chinese Coolies that died on the passage to this port between the years 1847 and 1866, was 20,019. Of this number, 11,360 died during the voyage."

Sight Scene in a Boarding House.

A lady whose husband is in California, Calcutta or Chicago, suddenly awakened from her sleep the other morning, about 2 o'clock, and springing from her bed, dashed out of the room *enhabillie* screaming at the top of her voice, "Murder! Help! Murder! Man in my room," etc. Under the circumstances this was quite natural inasmuch as more than one mistake of the kind had happened in the house recently. Now, it appeared that no less than three husbands were absent when they should have been there, and consequently there was more or less wonder, mixed up with a species of apprehension, on the part of the three wives, each one wondering whether it was her husband who had thus forgotten himself or room.

"Oh come up quickly," shouted the terrified female, holding on the outside door knob. "I've got him in!" "If it's my Josey," said another disconsolate, "I'll learn him better. Confound these night suppers; now he's been at one of them and has mistaken the room, here I've been alone all night."

"Has he got whiskers?" anxiously asked the wife, upon reaching the landing on the upper floor. "Yes, ma'am, great big bushy whiskers laying right along side of my cheek, when I awoke. Dear me, if my Alexander was here, he'd learn him better, I'll warrant you!" "Joseph! Joseph! Josey!" shouted the wife at the door. "No answer came; not ever a grunt, incident to inebriation. "May be he has jumped out of the window," suggested four or five females, all at once, who made a splendid group of long white drapery. "Here—help! bring light!"—bring a light! shouted several of the females. "I recently a light was brought, and several of the male boarders appeared, all armed to give the thief or robber such treatment he had justly earned for himself. The door was opened, and in rushed the valiant squad, and sure enough the fellow was still in bed, with the top of his head just peeping above the sheet. "Come out here, you scoundrel!" said one of the men, at the same time grasping him by the hair. The table was strikingly interesting and graphic. The resolute boarder almost fell from the impetus he had given himself, for instead of jerking out a man, it was nothing more than a "frizzed chignon," which the lovely occupant of the bed had forgotten to take off when she retired for the night. It had been detached in her sleep, and grazing her cheek, awakened her. The alarm of course, was quite natural. The boarders had a hearty laugh, and all retired to pleasant dreams.

HOME AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.—The road along which the man of business travels in pursuit of competence or wealth, is not a well-paved one, nor does it ordinarily lead through pleasant scenes and by well-springs of delight. On the contrary, it is a rough and rugged path beset with "wait-a-bit" thorns, and full of pitfalls which can only be avoided by the watchful care of circumspection. After every day's journey over this worse than rough turnpike road, the wayfarer needs something more than rest; he requires some food and a change of air. He is weary of the dull prose of life, and thirsts for the poetry. Happy is the business man who can find that solace and poetry at home. Warm greeting from loving hearts, fond glances from bright eyes, and welcome shouts of children, the many thousand little arrangements for comfort and enjoyment that silently tell of thoughtful and expectant love, the gentle ministrations that forgotten to take off an old coat sent before we are aware of it; these and like tokens of affection and sympathy constitute the poetry which reconciles us to the prose of life. Think of this ye wives and daughters of business men! Think of the toils, the anxieties, the mortification and wear that fathers undergo to secure for you comfortable homes, and compensate them for their trials by making them happy by their own smiles.

OLD LETTERS.—Never burn kindly written letters. It is a pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age and the hands that traced the friendly words be folded over the hearts that prompted them, under the green soil. Above all, never burn love letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection in one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer she foolishly rejected twenty years ago, a fountain of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it, she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the "one that confronts her in her dressing room. "The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the beloved one, who has long neared before her to the far off land, from which there comes no message, and where she hopes one day to join him. No photographs can so vividly recall to the memory of the mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of Heaven, as the epistolary outpourings of their love. The letter of the true son or daughter to a true mother is something better than an image of features; it is a reflex of the writer's soul. Keep all letters.

HONORS OF THE FARMER IN INDIA.—The tale of the Oria's famine, as told in an elaborate official report of the Government of India, is heart-rending. The horrors it reveals are of an almost incredible character.—When it is stated that the mortality represented a sacrifice of about 600,000 souls, some idea may be formed of the magnitude of this awful calamity.—People died helplessly in swarms; money was expended in vain, and the Government's resources were exhausted in vain, since the living skeletons for whose relief it was provided, were too weak to walk, and far more so to work. Such was the distress starving masses that it was impossible to keep any order in the famishing crowd, which struggled for the daily dose of rice, and for some more out of dough well served food. So impossible was it to satisfy all that extreme emaciation became the practical test, and those who retained the least reserve of flesh on their bones were compelled to bear the pangs of hunger a little longer.

A BARBER PUZZLED.—Three brothers bearing a remarkable resemblance to one another, were in the habit of shaving at the same barber shop, on Main street, Lynchburg. Not long ago one of the brothers entered the shop early in the morning, and was daily shaved by (H), a German who had been at work in the shop only for a short time. About noon another brother came in and underwent a similar operation at the hands of the barber. In the evening the third brother made his appearance, when the man directed the razor in astonishment, and exclaimed: "So impossible was it to satisfy all that extreme emaciation became the practical test, and those who retained the least reserve of flesh on their bones were compelled to bear the pangs of hunger a little longer."

Terms of Advertising:

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HANDKERCHIEF FLIRTATIONS.—Drawing across the lips—Desires of getting acquainted. Drawing across the eyes—I am sorry. Taking by the centre—I am too willing. Dropping—We will be friends. Twirling in both hands—Indifference. Drawing across the cheek—I love you. Drawing through the hands—I hate you. Letting it rest on the right cheek—Yes. Letting it rest on left cheek—No. Twirling in left hand—I wish to get rid of you. Twirling in right hand—I love you.

Oh come up quickly, shouted the terrified female, holding on the outside door knob. "I've got him in!" "If it's my Josey," said another disconsolate, "I'll learn him better. Confound these night suppers; now he's been at one of them and has mistaken the room, here I've been alone all night."

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