The Tarborough Southerner.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D. Crockett.

VOL. 53. TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1875. NO. 51.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.

MAYOR—Fred. Phillips.

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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., I. B. Palamountain, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.

Edgecombe Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., J. G. Charles, 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

Zanoah Lodge, No. 235, I. O. B. B., meet on first and third Monday night of every month at Odd Fellows' Hall.

HENRY MORRIS, President.

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 night. Fourth Sunday, morning and night. Rev. Mr. Swindell, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church—Services every 1st, 3rd and 5th Sabbaths. Rev. T. J. Allison, Stated Supply. Weekly Prayer meeting, Thursday night

Missionary Baptist Church—Services the 4th Sunday in every month, morning and night. 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.

EXPRESS.

Southern Express Office, on Main Street, closes every morning at 9½ o'clock.
N. M. LAWRENCE, Agent.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRANK POWELL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Collections a Specialty.
Office at the residence of the late Mrs. M. E. Lawrence.
July 2, 1875. tf

JOS. BLOUNT CHESHIRE, JR.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office at the Old Ban Building on Trade Street. je25-tf.

HOWARD & PERRY,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Practice in all the Courts, State and Federal. nov.5-1y.

W. H. JOHNSTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Attends to the transaction of business in all the Courts, State and Federal.
Nov. 5, 1875. 1y

FREDERICK PHILIPS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Practices in Courts of adjoining counties, in the Federal and Supreme Courts.
Nov. 5, 1875. 1y

J. H. & W. L. THORP,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
PRACTICES in the counties of Edgecombe, Halifax, Nash and Wilson, and in the Supreme Court North Carolina, also in the United States District Court, Raleigh.

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DENTIST,
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With over eight years experience in the practice of Dentistry, I feel assured of giving satisfaction in all cases. Charges Moderate.
Office opposite Adams' Hotel and over S. S. Nash & Co's store.
Oct. 23, 1875. tf

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DRUGGIST,
DEALER IN
DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES,
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TARBORO, N C.

LOUIS HILLIARD, Greenville, N. C. MARCELLUS MOORE, Formerly of N. C.
HILLIARD & MOORE,
COTTON FACTORS
AND
General Commission Merchants
McPHAIL'S WHARF,
NORFOLK, VA.
Keep constantly on hand a large and well stock of Bagging and Ties.
General dealers in Standard Fertilizers.
Liberal Cash advances made on consignments. je 25-

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"DOMESTIC" SEWING MACHINES.
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The Best Patterns made. Send 5 cts. for Catalogue.
Address DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE CO.
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FOR NORFOLK AND NORTHERN and EASTERN PORTS.

THE Steamers COTTON PLANT and PAMLICO connecting with the Old Dominion Steamship Co., afford the most direct and the quickest time for shipment of produce from all points on the River.

Through Bills of Lading given from all points on Tar River for Norfolk, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, Produce is covered by insurance, if desired, as soon as Bills of Lading are signed.

Shipments by this line go directly to destination without delay at Norfolk or Washington.

The COTTON PLANT makes close connection with the Wilmington & Weldon Rail Road, and gives through Bills of Lading from *all landings* on the River at the lowest rates.
JOHN MYERS' SONS.
Washington, N. C., Jan. 29, 1875. tf

E. T. POOL. C. A. POOL. W. E. POOL
Pool Brothers
FASHIONABLE BAR,
Billiard Rooms,
OYSTER SALOON,
Barber Shop
AND
Cigar Store,
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
OYSTERS STEWED AT ALL HOURS, first and sweet.
Attentive waiters to attend to the needs of his guests. mr19-tf.

WEBER'S BAKERY!
THIS OLD ESTABLISHED BAKERY IS now ready to supply the people of Tarboro and vicinity with all kinds of
Bread, Cakes, French and Plain Candies, Nuts, Fruits, &c., &c., &c.,
embracing every thing usually kept in a First Class Establishment of the kind.
Thankful for the liberal patronage of the past the undersigned asks a continuation, with the promise of satisfaction.
Private Families can always have their Cakes Baked here at shortest notice.
Orders for Parties & Balls
promptly filled. Call and examine our stock, next door to Bank of New Hanover.
Nov. 4.-1y. JACOB WEBER.

Manhood: How Lost, How Restored!
Just publishrd, a new edition of DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY on the *radical cure* (without medicine) of Spermatorrhoea or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc.; also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence or sexual extravagance, &c.
Price, in a sealed envelope, only six cents.
The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at one simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and *radically.*
This Lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, *post-paid*, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps.
Address the Publishers,
CHAS. J. C. CLINE & CO.,
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MISCELLANEOUS.

RATHBONE'S

ACORN COOK.
With or without Portable Hot Water Reservoir and Closet.
Don't buy an old-fashioned Stove, but get one
With all latest improvements.
Largest Oven and Flues. Longest Fire Box for long wood. Ventilated Oven, Fire Back and Fire Box Bottom—insures a Quick, Sweet and Even Bake and Roast. Swing Hearth and Ash Catch. Won't soil floor or carpet. Durable Double and Braced Centers and Ring Covers. Burns but little wood. Has Mica or Solid Iron Front. Carefully Fitted Smooth Castings. No Old Scrap Iron. Nickel Plated Trimmings. Tin Lined Oven Doors. Ground and Silver-like Polished Edges and Mouldings.
Heavy. Best New Iron: Won't crack.
WARRANTED SATISFACTORY.
Manufactured by
RATHBONE, SARD & CO., Albany, N. Y.
Sold by an Enterprising Dealer in every Town.
W. G. LEWIS, Agent,
Nov. 12, 1875.-3m. Tarboro', N. C.

FALL STOCK.
NEW GOODS
JUST RECEIVED.
Dress Goods,
Embroideries, Collars and Cuffs, Kid Gloves, Merina Vest and Shirts,
Hats, Hosiery,
Cassimeres, Jeans, Bleached and Brown Muslins,
Ladies and Gents Boston and Philadelphia. Hand Made Shoes,
Crockery, Hardware &c., &c.
Call and Examine.
A pleasure to show Goods.
T. H. GATLIN.
Tarboro', Oct. 1st, 1875.

ROBT. LAWSON & CO.,

SADDLE, HARNESS, COLLAR, and TRUNK
MANUFACTURERS
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SADDLERY HARDWARE, WHIPS, LADIES' SATCHELS, CARRIAGE ROBES, &C.
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April 2, 1875. 1y

BLATCHLEY'S
Improved CUCUMBER WOOD PUMP is the acknowledged STANDARD of the market, by popular verdict, the best pump for the least money. Attention is invited to Blatchley's Improved Bracket, the Drop Check Valve, which can be withdrawn without disturbing the joints, and the copper chamber which never cracks, scales or rusts and will last a life time. For sale by Dealers and the trade generally. In order to be sure that you get Botchley's Pump, be careful and see that it has my trade-mark as above. If you do not know where to buy, descriptive circulars, together with the name and address of the agent nearest you, will be promptly furnished by addressing with stamp.
CHAS. G. BLATCHLEY, Manufacturer,
506 Commerce St., Philadelphia, Pa
Feb.-12, 1875. 9m

The Best Household Oil in the World!
C. West & Sons' Aladdin Security Oil.
Warranted 150 Degrees Fire Test.
Endorsed by the Fire Insurance Companies.
Howard Fire Ins. Co. of Baltimore, December 23, 1874.
Messrs. C. West & Sons: Gentlemen—Having used the various oils sold in this city for illuminating purposes, I take pleasure in recommending your "Aladdin Security" as the safest and best ever used in our household. Yours truly,
(Signed) ANDREW REESE, Pres't.
IT WILL NOT EXPLODE.
Ask your Storekeeper for it.
Wholesale Depot: C. WEST & SONS, 113, 115 W. Lombard St., Baltimore.
Sept. 17. 6m

R. B. ALSOP,
GROCER,
MAIN STREET,
TARBORO', N. C.
Choice and varied stock kept constantly on hand. my28-1t

Rocky Mount Hotel,
G. W. Hammond, Prop'r.
POLITE AND ATTENTIVE SERVANTS always at the Depot, on the arrival of trains, to conduct guests to the Hotel.
It is the Traveler's delight.
Oct. 1st, 1875. tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. J. AUSTIN'S
Wholesale & Retail
GROCERY.
PRICES LOW DOWN FOR CASH!
THANKING the public for past patronage, I call their attention to the following goods which I keep constantly on hand at the
Lowest Prices for Cash
NEW MESS PORK,
NEW RUMP PORK,
SUGAR CURED HAMS, from the best dealers,
BACON SHOULDERS & SIDES,
D. S. SHOULDERS & SIDES.
C. R. SIDES,
SPICED BEEF,
BEEF TONGUES,
PATAPSCO FLOUR in bbls. and ½ bbls., and other standard brands of Flour.
FRESH PEARL HOMINY & GRITS.
C. YELLOW SUGAR,
Extra C. WHITE SUGAR,
LOAF AND GRANULATED SUGAR,
COFFES.—Rio, Laguyra and Roasted.
GILT EDGE BUTTER in Firkins and Tubs.
GOHEN BUTTER in 10 bl. Cans.
CAKES, CRACKERS, CHEESE
Fresh Buckwheat Flour,
Macoroni, Sapioca, Vermacille,
Gelatine, French & Plain Candies.
Best Old Rye Whiskey for Medical purposes
Fine Cooking Wines,
Extra French Brandy,
American & Imported Ale and Porter
HOSTETTER'S BITTERS.
SCHEIDAM SCHNAPS, by the bottle and case.
And everything else found in a FIRST CLASS FAMILY GROCERY.
Call and save money by buying from
C. J. AUSTIN.
Bricks, Lime, Lathes, Hay, Oats, Mill Feed, Corn Meal, always on hand.
Nov. 12, 1875. 1y

The Reason Why
LAZARUS & MORRIS'

Celebrated
Perfected Spectacles and Eye Glasses.
Have met with such extraordinary success and are so much in demand is because they are found to possess all the qualities we claim for them, viz:
Purity and hardness of material (therefore not liable to scratch), brilliancy of finish, strengthening and preserving power, and conferring an amount of ease and comfort attained by no other Glasses in the world.
They are without doubt the most perfect and scientifically accurate Lenses ever manufactured, and last many years without change. For sale in this locality only by
JAMES H. BELL,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
Tarboro, N. C.
LAZARUS, MORRIS & CO.,
Wholesale Depot,
No. 10 Courtlandt Str. N. Y.
Manufactories,
HARTFORD, CONN., AND SHEFFIELD, ENG.
Caution.—We never supply or employ Peddlers. jy2-1y

S. H. MARKS & CO.,
PETERSBURG, VA.
WOULD INFORM THEIR PATRONS that they are receiving the finest assortment of Fine French and American Candies, Fruits, Toys and Fancy Goods ever offered in this market, viz:
Chrystalized Apricots,
Chrystalized Cherries,
Chrystalized Pine Apple,
Chrystalized Limes, Crab Apple, &c.
Chocolate Pistache Josephine,
Chocolate Jim Crow,
Chocolate Wafers and Cream Drops,
Sugar Filberts and E. Walnuts,
Fine Cream Bon Bons, Parisian Bon Bon,
Fine Cream Pistache,
Burt Almonde Roasted Almonds,
Almon Croquet and Jordan Almonds,
Chocolate Caramels and Cocoa Caramels, fresh every day,
Lemon Taffey and Cocoanut Taffey, fresh every day.
MALAGA GRAPES,
CONCORD GRAPES,
DELAWARE GRAPES,
Oranges, Lemons and Apples by every steamer,
California and Bartlett Pears,
New London Layer Raisins,
New London Layer Figs,
Fine Dehesa Raisins,
New Prunes, New Currants,
New Pecans, Almonds, Palmnuts and Filberts
Brandy Peaches, pints, quarts, half gallons,
Brandy Cherries,
Pickled Oysters, Canned Oysters,
Canned Peaches, Pears, Tomatoes and Corn,
Sardines in quarter and half boxes,
The Wholesale Department has not been neglected,
Merchants will find our store stocked with everything in our line and in large quantities, which we can offer at the lowest prices, and they will find it to their interest to examine our stock before purchasing, as we can offer them great inducements.
Our Steam Refined Flint Candy cannot be surpassed.
Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff, a specialty.
Oct. 29, 1875. 5t

NO MIDDLEMEN!
THE IMPROVED U. S.
SEWING MACHINE.
A perfect working Family Machine
FOR $10.
We claim for this machine
1st. Simplicity combined with Durability.
2d. It will not skip stitches, but is as sure as the high priced machines.
3d. Its great simplicity makes it the cheapest machine in the market that will do GOOD work.
4th. The parts are all made by machinery, and are therefore interchangeable.
5th. It makes less noise in running, and works easier than any machine in the market.
6th. Unlike all other cheap machines the needle enters nearly perpendicular, thus preventing the breaking of needles.
7th. It will work on any material, from the thinnest Lawn to the thickest Cloth.
8th. It has no machinery under the table to need oiling, all the working parts being on top and in sight.
9th. It is a splendid Embroidering machine, the peculiar construction of the needle allowing the use of coarse silk for that purpose.
Send Stamp for Circular.
FAIRCHILD & CO.,
176 Bleecker Street, New York City.
Nov. 26.-1y. P. O. Address, Box 4785.

Tarboro' Southerner.

Friday, : : : Dec. 24, 1875

BUSINESS HABITS OF ASTOR.

His Rejection of Society and Devotion To Money Making.

The New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, who claims to have been for thirty years an acquaintance of the late William B. Astor, writes:

The Astors, father and son, lived each eighty-five years, and their benefactions, thus far, are little more than the library, which cost less than the legacy inherited by Wm. B. Astor from his uncle, the butcher. Perhaps his will may contain some beneficient provisions, but of this there is little probability. It was urged by Astor that his money was his own, and that people had no right to complain at his refusing to adopt a liberal course of conduct. This is correct in a legal sense. A man may do as he will with his own, providing he does not transgress the law, and there is no statue against covetousness outside of the Scriptures; but the common sense of mankind unites in this verdict that society has a right to a degree of beneficience from the rich corresponding with their wealth. Such is general propriety of this sentiment that it inspires Virgil, who describes in the sixth book of the Eueid, among the wretched inhabitants of Tartarus various grade of criminals, such as adulterers and robbers, among whom are *aut qui divitiis soli in cubuere repertis*, which may be translated 'those who brooded over their hoarded wealth.' Such was the occupation of the late capitalist. His fear of being overreached gave him frequent distress. Thirty years ago he desired to enlarge the Astor House, and proposed purchasing lots in the rear, but when the price was mentioned he exclaimed, 'Too high,' and declined the opportunity. He lived to see those lots double in value, and the enlargement was never made.

The greatest capitalist in America was in all points, but tenacity, a mere negation. Like a sponge on a rock, to bloat, to absorb, and to die, was his destiny. In no point was he united with the race outside of his family. *He* belonged to nothing, not even a church nor a political party. He was not in need of society. He sought not friends and possessed none. He had no expensive tastes. Fine pictures, fine horses, and works of art generally, were not in his line. *He* was of a low grade of mind, and although all that might minister to a refined nature was within his reach, he turned from it. His frame was large and healthy, and he lived on, fulfilling his great purpose to be the richest man in all America. This was his only positive point of character—all else being negative even, to the emotional nature. I never heard of his getting into a passion. He was too stolid for that. The only thing that could affect him was unproductive property, and this must have occasioned much annoyance. About seventeen houses are now vacant, the tenants having been driven away by extortionate rent. In addition to this it may be said that one house which he priced at $9,000 stood empty three months and has lately been let at $6,000. This dreadful state of things has been felt, and no doubt, in addition to old age, hastened his death. It was a new and unexpected misfortune at his late period in life to be obliged to reduce rent.

Mr. Astor seldom lent money on bond and mortgage, because the record would lead to taxation. He seldom bought real estate because it was dear. His enormous income was invested in building on his lots, and also in first-class stocks. In this manner he laid up more than $6,000 per day. His rents were deposited in the Galatin National Bank, and he always had a heavy balance, which enabled him to be always investing.

"With cautious prudence put his gains to use, inquiring always what will this produce?"

In former days he omitted insuring his property, but of late he found that it could be added to the rents and acted on this idea. He became a large stockholder in one of the most successful companies in the city, and gave it his enormous business, which, after all, was but another method of insuring himself. There is something surprising in the good luck which has this family. How strange that almost all of John J. Astor's purchases should be in spots which either business of fashion should afterwards select as their chief resorts. On the eastern side of the city real estate has not advanced in a half century, but Astor owns nothing there. It so happens that his forty acres (bought when it was commons) should be the subsequent scene of opulence and traffic or of social rank. As far as this world is concerned it would seem that a charm has worked continually in favor of this man in order to gratify his ambition to be the richest man in America.

The Cork in the Camphor Bottle.

It wasn't a very large cork, but it created quite a sizable disturbance for all that. You see, Cousin Mary Ann had the headache that night, and when Uncle John prescribed camphor for it, Aunt Hilda, like an obedient wife and good mother, went immediately to get it without stopping to argue the matter. She got a tea-cup and spoon, took down the bottle and proceeded to uncork it. She had not proceeded far, however, before she became aware of the fact that she wasn't proceeding at all. The cork was in, and it was not inclined to come out.

Aunt Hilda was surprised and held the bottle off at arm's length to survey it a moment, then she brought it nearer and scrutinized it closely on all sides. She didn't see any reason why that cork couldn't come out, and a sudden fierce determination took possesion of her face. She shut her teeth hard, and took hold of that cork with her strong thumb and forefinger, and pulled and twisted, twisted and pulled, and pulled—that cork would not stir a peg. Then she took hold with her teeth, and they weren't false teeth, either. Vain were her efforts! Anybody would have thought that cork was run into that bottle.

How mad it does make anyone to have such a little thing as a cork in a bottle persistently defy all efforts to remove it. Aunt Hilda was no exception to the general rule, and she got mad. Her face became red, her hair tumbled, her forehead scowled, and she jerked and pulled and twisted, and "didn't see what under the sun ailed the thing." The perspiration rolled down her cheeks and dropped off on to her clean calico, and still she fretted and fumed and worked away at that cork in the camphor bottle. She took a fork and pried on it, two tines of the fork broke and that was all. Finally uncle got up, walked across the floor and looked down on my Aunt with a tender smile of superiority as he exclaimed:

'Look'ere, Hilda, dew let me git that out for ye.'

Aunt Hilda handed him the bottle without a word, and then stood by and smiled triumphantly as she watched him pull and jerk and twist and dig at the cork with his thumb nail and finally broke the big blade to his jack-knife clean off in his efforts to pry it up.

Uncle John didn't get mad, of course, but he began to use emphatic words, such as deacons are supposed not to use, and where the thing would have ended I'm sure I don't know, had not cousin Horace suddenly looked up from his paper and remarked in his emphatic way:

'Why the dickens don't you get the cork-screw?'

'The cork-screw!' yelled Uncle John.

'The cork-screw!' screeched Aunt Hilda.

Then one rushed to the machine drawer and the other to the china closet in search of it. Uncle John he fumbled and Aunt Hilda she fumbled.

By and by Aunt Hilda found it, and then they went for that camphor bottle with renewed vigor. Uncle John put in the corkscrew and then offered to hold the bottle while Aunt Hilda pulled out the cork. Each braced themselves for a long pull and a strong pull. Uncle John cried out 'Now!' Aunt Hilda put on all her strength and pull-ll-ll-ed.

There was a pop-a swash-a crash-smash and bang-silence. They both sat on the floor rubbing the bumps on their heads and surveying the ruin before them.

The cork had come out, so had the camphor, and was even now, spattered over the floor, filling the air with its fragrance.

SEQUEL.

Mary Ann got well, Aunt Hilda was sick for a week, and Uncle John lost his faith in cork-screws.

AVE NIK.

Detroit Free Press.

Marine Beauties.

One of the prettiest creatures that live under water is the seamouse. It sparkles like a diamond, and is radiant with all the colors of the rainbow, although it lives in the mud at the bottom of the ocean. It should not have been called a mouse, for it is larger than a rat. It is covered with scales that move up and down as it breathes, and glitters like gold shining through a flocky down, from which fine silky bristles wave, constantly changeing from one brilliant tint to another, so that, as Cuvier, the great naturalist, says, the plumage of the humming-bird is not more beautiful. Sea-mice are sometimes thrown up on beach by storms.

The Bootblack's Story.

When a dozen Detroit newsboys and bootblacks had collected on the Custom-house stairs the other day, and when each one had grown tired of jaw-brakers and popcorn balls, 'Little English' remarked:

'Sposen Jim Cocanut tells us a story.'

'Sposen,' remarked all the others.

'Well, gentlemen,' remarked Jim, after a few digs at his head, 'I will tell you a true story about a girl. Her name was Marier, and she had yallar hair, blue eyes, small feet and she was worth a million dollars.'

'*In* stamps?' asked Cross-Eyed Dick.

'In clean cash, right in the Savings Bank,' answered Jim, 'This girl was an orphan, with no one to boss her around, and if she wanted to be out till eleven o'clock at night, she could. There was piles of fellars after her to marry her, but she stuck up her nose at the hull caboodle.'

'*What* fur?' anxiously inquired Firecracker Tom.

'What fur? Why, she knew they loved her money instead of herself. She wanted some one to love her earnestly and like gosh. Well, one day when she was going down to the postoffice to see if there was any mail, a runaway horse came along. Marier fainted away and sat down in the road, and she'd have been broken all to pieces if it hadn't been for a bootblack 'bout my size. He pulled her into a shooting gallery, brought her to, and then hired a hull omnibus and took her home.'

'And they fell in love and were finally married,' remarked Suspender Johnson.

'No, my fellow-countrymen,' sadly replied Jim; 'gin him ten cents!'

'And is that all?' exclaimed three or four voices.

All she gave him, and that turned out to be counterfeit!'

Then there was a long period of silence, and then Cocanut Jim continued:

'Which is a lesson on us never to marry a girl worth a million dollars!'

'And we never shall!' they solemnly replied.

A Hundred Years Ago.

As in celebrating our centennials we think lovingly of the men and women a hundred years ago, there is a natural interest to know how they lived. We want to see more of their ways than can be learned from fermal orations, and we gather eagerly the relics of that day in order the more closely to understand their lives.

So far as many material advantages go, they were certainly far behind their successors to-day, and this fact is quaintly emphasized by John Phœnix, when he says of Washington that, although for the time in which he lived a very distinguished man, his ignorance is perfectly incredible. '*He* never travelled on a steamboat, never saw a railroad or a locomotive engine; was perfectly ignorant of the magnetic telegraph, never had a daguerreotype, Colt's pistol, Sharpe's rifle or used a friction match. *He* ate his meals with an iron fork, never used a postage stamp on his letters, and knew nothing of the application of chloroform to alleviate suffering, or the use of gas for illumination.'

And yet Washington and his associates, whose deficiencies are thus quaintly pictured by the humorist, had some advantages which, with all our boasted improvements, we seem to miss in these later days.

It is indeed not wholly without reason that we lament the disappearance of those gentlemen and ladies of the old school who went out with powdered hair, knee buckles and procade dresses. Their pictures-que faces linger among us on the canvas of Copely, but their living forms, like their manners and customs, have long since disappeared.

'The apparel,' as has been said, 'often proclaims the man,' and we may add woman, and certainly the costume of the days of the revolution had a picturesqueness which is wanting to our more extensive luxury. The wigs and gowns and bands of the clergy gave them a notable appearance in the pulpit, and the cocked hats which they wore in the streets distinguished them from their brethren of to-day, whose white cravats sometimes make difficult to discriminate between them and hotel waiters or ordinary diners-out.

The gentlemen in those days wore when he went out—a wig, white stock, white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small clothes, with white silk stockings, a fine broadcloth or velvet coat. At home, instead of his wig, he had on a velvet cap, and sometimes a fine linen one under it, and his coat gave place to a gown, frequently of colored damask linen with silk and fancy colored leather slippers.

Ladies worse those elegant silk and brocade dresses which are still so much admired, and their hair, dressed with powder and pomatum, was elevated much higher above their heads than the most of soaring and ambitious locks of their fair descendants to-day.

In those days a gentleman's snuff box was as indispensable as the cigar is now, and courtesy was shown in taking the weed in this form with a friend. The houses in those days, with their spacious halls and ample fireplaces and stairways, were very suggestive of solid comfort. In the spacious mansion of Sir Henry Franklin, on Garden Court street, in this city, from whose windows his widow, royalist to the last, witnessed the fight on Breed's *Hill*, the great stairway was so wide and easy of ascent that the county collector used to ride his pony over it.

Bright brass andirons, the use of which has lately been revived, were common in revolutionary times, and as long ago as Governor Endicott's day they were features of a luxurious household. The punchbowl was also a notable article in families of substantial means, and its contents were a customary treat for company.

Rings were given as presents at funerals to pallbearers and particular friends, and the Rev. Andrew Eliot, of Boston, who died in 1778, left a mugful of those articles which had been presented to him on such occasions. Hotels on the scale of our modern caravansaries were unknown, but there were taverns and coffee-houses where a good deal of solid comforts could be secured. Such are some of the manners and customs of our revolutionary ancestors, whose stately courtesy and dignity covered so much of genuine nobility and worth that we cannot but feel interested in whatever distinguished them from their descendants of to-day.—*Boston Globe.*

A Courtship.

M. H. B., in a New York letter to the St. Louis Republican, says: The Detroit Free Press describes a Texas courtship, but it is not half as funny as one the is carried on twice a week in a friend's kitchen. Her cook is a German named Louisa, and she has for a beau a middle-aged Yankee of small pretensions to intellect.

One report of one conversation is a verbatim account of the whole courtship.

Smith knocks and enters. Louisa says, gruffly:

'Vell, Smitt, how you goes?'

'Putty well, Louisa,' drawls Smith.

Then silence for five minutes, when Louisa says:

'Vot vas the yedder outside?'

'Pretty fair, Louisa.'

Another intermission.

'Did you bring your razor mit you, Smitt?'

'Yes, Louisa.'

Then he proceeds to cut his fair inamorate's corns—a solemn silence brooding above the pair. About nine Smitt ventures to remark:

'I s'pose I must be going, Louisa?'

And Louisa replies:

'Vell, likely as not it would be better.'

And the door closes and the courting is over. This has been going on for four years without a single accident. Twice a week this cutting of corns and exchange of affection takes place. Probably this winter the marriage will eventuate, and Louisa will get some one else for a corn doctor, since it's against all nature that a husband should be, for a moment after marriage, what he was as a lover.

The Sweetest.

The sweetest bread, the sweetest sleep, comes of honest toil, and the sweetest odors come from crushed flowers and bruised hearts. The sweetest fellowship comes of mutual, self-sacrificing labors and sufferings. The sweetest sounds are the trembling tones of the martyr spirit. The sweetest homes is where our loved and lost ones are being gathered. Our sweetest, dearest, friends are those for whom we have done and suffered most. And our sweetest joys will come of meeting our loved ones where sin and parting will be no more. Our sweetest rest will come from freedom from sin in our own hearts. The sweetest gratitude will flow from the redeemed to the Redeemer. The sweetest song will be of Him who suffered for our sins. The sweetest joys in life are transient and bring not happiness, but the unalloyed, the ever-enduring joys of heaven are sweetest. The sweetest consolation comes of duty performed, and the sweetest plaudit is in the words of Jesus, 'Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord.'—*Ex.*

"Oh! Lord! Thou knowest," prayed a Connecticut deacon in the church meeting, "that I am afflicted with a most impious and depraved son. Thou knowest that on the last Sabbath day he was seen walking down the principal street in the village with his hands in his pockets, whistling the following ungodly tune"—And the congregation were astonished to hear 'Yankee Doodle' flow melodiously from the deacon's pursed-up-lips.