The Tarboro'ugh Southerner.

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

VOL. 54. TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1876. NO. 9

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

TARBORO'.

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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 - - - 2:30 P. M.

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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. 18, I. O. O. F., I. B. Palmountain, 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 there 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, Pastor 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.

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

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Will practice in the Courts of the 2nd Judicial District. Collections made in any part of the state.
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Jan. 7, 1876. tf

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July 2, 1875. tf

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AND
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☞ Practice in all the Courts, State and Federal. nov.5-1y.

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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

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Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
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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.
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Oct. 23, 1875. tf

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HILLIARD & MOORE,
COTTON FACTORS
AND
General
Commission Merchants
McPHAIL'S WHARF,
NORFOLK, VA.
Keep constantly on hand a large and varied stock of Bagging and Ties.
General dealers in Standard Fertilizers.
Liberal Cash advances made on consignments. je25-tf.

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The worst cases of the longest standing, by using
DR. HEBBARD'S CURE.
It has Cured Thousands.
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NEW YORK TIMES, June 14, 1875

NEW FIRM!
NEW GOODS!
T. E. LEWIS & CO.
Invite their friends and the public to an examination of their largely increased stock of
SCHOOL BOOKS,
MESCELLANEOUS WORKS,
STATIONERY,
FANCY GOODS,
PICTURES,
PICTURE FRAMES.
Tobacco & Cigars
OF ALL GRADES.
Having purchased FOR CASH, we are enabled to offer such inducements as will insure ready sale.
Call and See.
T. E. LEWIS & CO.
Tarboro, Feb. 4, 1876. 6m.

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.

TERRELL & BRO.,
DEALERS IN
GROCERIES
AND
STAPLE DRY GOODS,
Main Street,
Near the Bridge,
Tarboro, N. C.
Sept. 30-tf

Want to Sell.
I WILL SELL MY TWO STORY DWELLing on Church Street, corner of Thomas street—five rooms and closets. The house is newly painted and in excellent repair. One acre of ground is attached under new paling. There are also the necessary out houses. It is a bargain for somebody.
I will also sell a good Piano and other Furniture. Also several vacant lots on Church Street. All in Rocky Mount, N. C.
DOSSEY BATTLE.
Oct. 29, 1875. tf

FOR RENT.
THE dwelling house at Panola Farm, 3 rooms with Kitchen attached 1-2 acre garden, good water. 1000 yards from Town line—Terms very easy, with privilege of fire wood. A one horse crop also if desired.
JNO. S. DANCY.
Jan. 13th 1876. 4t.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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.-6m. 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.

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Officers, Soldiers, and Sailors of the late war, or their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the Government of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received. Enclose stamp to Gilmore & Co., and a full reply, after examination, will be given you free.
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All Officers, Soldiers, and Sailors wounded, ruptured, or injured in the late war, however slightly, can obtain a pension by addressing Gilmore & Co.
Cases prosecuted by GILMORE & CO., before the Supreme Court of the United States, the Court of Claims, and the Southern Claims Commission.
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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

TARBORO'
Lager Beer & Wine
SALOON.
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL the Fine WINES and LIQUORS, TOBACCO and CIGARS, next door to J. A. Williamson's.
ERHARD DEMUTH,
Oct. 8, 1875.-tf. Proprietor.
15 to $20 Per Day at home. Terms free Address G. STINSON & Co., Portland Maine.

Tarboro' Southerner.

Friday, : : : March. 3 1876

HARD WORK.

'Raymond Thurston, I believe you are insane.'

As Amabel spoke her voice had a sharp quiver of pain as well as anger. She was very proud of her brother—proud of his handsome face, proud of his talents—and she considered he was about to degrade himself socially if not morally, by the stand he had announced himself to have taken. Seeing her passionate outcry had not moved him, she said pleadingly:

'Have you no pride left? You who had all the old Thurston pride once?'

'I have just so much pride left. Amabel,' he answered, 'that I cannot sit here eating the bread of idleness another day.'

'You know you are more than welcome here.'

'I do know it. I appreciate your husband's kindness at its full value, Amabel. I hope the day will come when *I* can prove it. And, sis, I am only too thankful that you have his true love and strong arm now, when we have lost so much. Now, darling, don't try to hold me back from honest employment.'

'But Raymond, you surely can obtain some gentlemanly position?'

'I have been trying faithfully for six months, you know with what success. There don't look at me so pitiful, it will come right one of these days.'

'I wonder what Bertha *Haines* will say when she sees you perched upon the driver's seat of an express cart.'

For the first time the forced composure of Raymond's face was stirred. A dark red flush crept to his very hair, and he arose and walked up and down the room. Glad to have him moved at last, his sister said:

'With her aristocratic ideas and the pride that is inborn in her family, she will never recognize you again, Raymond.'

'Then I must lose the honor of her friendship,' Raymond replied hoarsely. 'Don't say any more, Amabel!' And unable to bear any further remonstrance he left the room, and a little later the house.

The Thurston pride of which Amabel had spoken was stinging him sorely, in spite of the brave face he carried to cover it. He was a man of twenty-eight, and his life had held only the pleasures of wealth, the opportunities money gives for the development of intellect, for twenty-seven years. His parents died when he was a boy, and Amabel, his only sister, fifteen years his senior, married when she was twenty, and gave her brother a home, whenever he was not traveling, or in some seminary or college. While he considered himself a rich man, Raymond had accepted this hospitality as freely as it was offered, and Amabel's jewel case, her husband's library, and her children's play room bore witness of her brother's generosity. But suddenly, without warning, there swept over the country one of the devastating financial crashes so overwhelming in this land of speculation, and Raymond was recalled from Europe by his brother-in-law, informing him that his entire patrimony had been swept away. Investments that had seemed to the young man, ignorant in all details, as secure as they were flattering, had fallen to ruin, and a few hundred dollars only were left of what had been a noble fortune.

At first Raymond did not realize the extent of his misfortune. He was still young, well educated, in perfect health, and certainly the world had some niche where he could earn an honest living. But weeks of seeking gave him a keener knowledge of his misfortune. Friends who had been willing to smoke his cigars and drink his wine, who were yet willing to extend every social greeting, shook their heads when asked to confide any portion of their business into his keeping.

Brought up to study, to live a life of elegant leisure, Raymond Thurston at twenty-eight knew absolutely nothing of business, nor had he studied any one branch sufficiently to qulify himself for a teacher. He tried faithfully to get some employment, spending what little remained of his fortune with the lavish hand that had not yet learned of economy.

Society welcomed him home after two years of wandering for Amabel Barclay kept open house for her friends, and Raymond was a favorite in her circle. Her husband, many years her senior, had long retired from business with a large income, and while he gave Raymond cordial welcome, had no opportunity to aid in finding occupation.

And Bertha Haines, the friend from whom Raymond parted two years before, in this renewed intercourse became to him more than ever was a friend before. They had not thought of love in the days when the girl was a debutante in society, and Raymond one of its favorite beaux, but when they met after the long parting, some new emotion stirred both hearts. They did not know what made the hours pass so quickly when they were together, nor recognize the subtle charm that dwelt for each in the other's presence, for many a week.

Raymond was the first to awaken to the knowledge that love was the charm that bound him to Bertha's side, whenever she was present; that it was love that made her eyes, sparkling eyes, so beautiful in their expression; that love tuned her voice so musically; that love made her the dearest of all women in his eyes.

Amabel was delighted. Bertha was one of her own fast friends, and Bertha's father a merchant of standing and influence. Aside from this the girl had inherited money from her mother. Altogether, Amabel decided the match would be charming. But a hint to that effect met one of Raymond's sternest frowns, such as had never visited his face in the old amusing days.

'Never speak of it again, Amabel,' he said, 'I am no fortune hunter to live upon the money of a rich wife. I'll carve out my own way first.'

But carving his own way proved tedious work till desperate at his many failures, he accepted a position, offered in jest, of driver of an express wagon.

'I do understand horses,' he said 'if I cannot sell goods or keep any books.'

It proved harder work, however, than in the first flush of his desperation he had imagined. Not the mere work; that he soon conquered; but the slights, rudeness, and stares of his old friends. Some few recognized the true nobility that accepted honest labor rather than an easy dependance upon his wealthy connections, but these were few.

A week passed, when one morning, delivering some goods at one of the most fashionable stores on Broadway, as he went out, Raymond saw Bertha Haines opening the door of her low carriage. An impulse made him start forward to hand her out, only to draw back crimson with confusion and drop the hand he was lifting to raise his hat. The sweet musical voice he loved spoke at once:

'Please, Mr. Thurston, help me with this obstinate door. It will stick.'

He went forward, then with all the easy grace of manner that had ever marked his intercourse with ladies. The little gloved hand was extended to meet his as she thanked him.

'Its too bad you are engaged,'—she said. 'I should like to borrow your artistic eye to aid me in selecting a dress for my reception on Thursday evening. But you will come and tell me how I succeeded alone, will you not?'

'Do you really wish me to come now?'

'I do.'

'Then I will come! I must say good morning,' and he left her with a most courteous bow.

But while the great express wagon rattled down the streets, Miss Haines turned away from the store she had been entering and re-entered her carriage.

'To my father's, she said to the driver, and a few moments later the merchant looked up from his ledgers to see his only child, in a faultless walking dress entering the counting house.

'Another check!' he said, moving a chair to her 'How much this time?'

'Nothing! I want to talk to you. Shut the door so those horrid men can't hear me.'

The door was closed, and privacy in the sanctum secured. Bertha astonished her paternal relative by bursting into a passion of weeping.

'Why, Bertha!' he cried.

'Never mind, papa. It is all over now. Do you remember what you said to me when Raymond Thurston asked for some employment here?'

'Not exactly.'

'*I* do. You said that a man brought up as he had been would want a sinecure; that he would never come down to real work, and that you had no position for a fine gentleman; that his offer to take a subordinate position and learn the business was simply a farce.'

'Did I say all that, Bertha?'

'To me you did. I suppose you dismissed him politely enough. But papa, if you thought he was really in earnest, really meant to work for a living, would you not give him a chance here?'

'Yes. He has capacity, brains, and a splenid address. But, he has been an idler all his life.'

'He is no idler now. He is driving an express cart.'

'Bertha!'

'He is. I met him not an hour ago. He thought I was going to cut him. As if,' she added, with magnificent scorn, 'I would slight an old friend in adversity.'

'Bless my soul! Driving an express wagon! Ned Thurston's boy! Educated at Harvard! Dear me! Did you notice whose wagon it was Bertha?'

Bertha had not noticed, and the old gentleman bustled into his coat and started for the office. At dinner he informed Bertha that Raymond had accepted a place in his own large establishment, with a frank confession of his profound ignorance of all business affairs, but in earnest resolution to learn well and speedily whatever appertained to the duties entrusted to him.

It was not many weeks before Mr. *Haines* congratulated himself upon the acquisition of his new clerk. He told Bertha marvelous stories of Raymond's rapid progress he was making in his new life, knowing of the long nights spent in poring over ledgers and accounts, the many misgivings the new clerk felt. The same active brain and quick intelligence the young student had brought to gain college honors now stood in good stead in mastering the intricacies in invoices, book-keeping, and counting-house mysteries, and Raymond gained favor rapidly in the eyes as his employer.

It is a question whether actual merit would have advanced him quite so freely as he was promoted, hard as he worked, and steadily as he improved. But Mr. Hains worshipped his only child, and the burst of tears in the counting-house told him the secret Bertha successfully concealed from all others. A self-made man himself, with an ample fortune to the one Bertha already held he laid no stress on money in thinking of a son-in-law. Energy, industry, integrity, those were the foundations of his own fortune, and these were the qualities he desired in a life companion for the child who was the hope and pride of his old age.

The closer ties were bound that drew Raymond Thurston to him in business, the more he honored and esteemed the sterling worth of the man he so long regarded as a mere butterfly of fashion, one of fashion's spoiled children. And learning to respect his worth he had also learned to love the frank, bright face, the clear ringing voice, and the ever ready courtesy of the young—clerk. It grew to be a very frequent occurrence for him to ask the support of the strong young arm when the streets were slippery, and at the door to invite Raymond to dine, sure of a beaming look of pleasure from Bertha.

There came a day, after two long years of faithful service, when Raymond was informed in the privacy of his counting-house, that a junior partnership was his if he would accept it. Some emotion checked the utterance of Raymond's hearfelt gratitude. *He* extended his hand, to meet a cordial grasp, and hear:

'Yes, yes! *I* know. And now, if you want to tell Bertha the news, you can take a holiday.'

'May I tell her more? May I tell her I love—that the one hope of my life is to win her love in return?'

'You may tell her that *I* have been your most sincere friend and warmest well-misher for two years. You may tell her,' and the old man's twinkled, 'that I have looked upon you as a son ever since the day she met you driving and express wagon.'

'And behaved like an angel?'

'Yes, yes, of course, they always do. There, get along with you. I'm busy. Take my love to Bertha, if you are not overburdened with your own.'

And so—you know the rest. There was a wedding, and Amabel gave the bride a parure of diamonds, and owned, when in a burst of confidence Bertha told her the whole story. that after all, Thurston's pride was never so good in the end as Raymond's pride.

Description of the Dismal Swamp.

Alex. Huntel, the brilliant Southern correspondent of the *Forrest and Stream*, writes up the Dismal Swamp in its last number. We copy a brief extract:

"So unlike any other place, so weird, strangely solemn, so utterly still and silent, that it inspires the the traveler with a nameless awe and an intense fascination. The immense cypress trees, with bare trunks and interlacing boughs, stand like pillars supporting a fretted dome in some vast cathedral, and the dim aisles stretch away off all around you and powfully excite imagination. One can stand and imagine himself in Avernous, condemned to wander through a vast unpeopled shade all alone; doomed to be seeking some object sentiment with life, but never finding it; followed by grim remorse wherever he fled, ever by his side, and never leaving him, except when his crime was expiated. De Quincey, in his confession of an 'Opium Eater,' draws just such a picture. He believed that he had committed such a great sin that even the crocodiles shuddered when they heard it; and he dreamed that he was hunted by Bramah, the Hindoo god, through the forest, the jungles and the swamps of the Indies, but finding no rest.

"It was as late as the Revolutionary war that a hunter named Drummond first discovered the lake. *It* seems he went hunting one day, and allured by the wounding of a bear, he followed the trail far in the interior, until he hopelessly lost his way. He was the first white man whose footsteps ever trod this unknown land, and he must have been terrible frightened, for tradition, rumor and superstition had made this swamp a veritable enchanted land, within whose realms dwelt warlocks, witches and goblins, and such uncanny beings. There were tales told, too, of vast wild animals of surpassing strength and fierceness, the like of which mortal eyes never saw before. The whole place was peopled by only an immortal race. One cannot help fancying his feelings during his three day's wandering, his constant action and incessant struggles and at last a helpless despair at ever getting out of the labyrinth, and then his ecstacy and delight when he at last discovered the lake, placid in its beauty, and gleaming like gold in the sunlight. Lake Drummond is a splendid sheet of water, and is oval in shape. It is seven miles long and four miles wide. There is no beach whatever, the forrest growing clear up to its boundaries.

"The water looks black, but when examined in a glass it is the color of light wine. *It* is tinted and tinctured by juniper and gum leaves, and other decaying vegitable matter. This water is considered a fine medicinal drink; and invalids afflicted with pulmonary diseases have been so benefitted by it as to remain several months in the vicinity where they would have daily access to its healthgiving waters. Another peculiarity is, that it keeps pure for a great length of time, and is often used by ships going on a long voyage, who have their water casks filled from Lake Drummond. A popular delusion was that this lake had no bottom, but Commodore Barron of the United States Navy once sounded it, and the greatest depth in the middle was only fifteen feet, the average being ten feet. The bottom is generally composed of mud, but sometimes of pure white sand."

Belle Boyd.

As the young person who calls her eself Belle Boyd paid a visit to Charleston not long ago, the following statement by a St. Louis paper will have a mournful interest for some of our charitable readers:

Perhaps the memories and incidents of thirteen years ago are not pleasant, and that is the reason the once famous Confederate spy has secluded herself from the prying investigations of the curious, and in a measure effectually concealed from the public her identity with the daring, dashing girl who, in the days of our national distress, cast consequences behind, and pursued her own adventurous career. Perhaps, too, written in the records of those days, are some passages in her life which she would now wish to be forever obliterated. *It* matters not what the motive may be, the woman who was once known far and wide as Belle Boyd, and some of whose exploits have found an enduring place in history, has for some years led the quiet life of a respectable matron in the city of St. Louis. No consideration, apparently, can induce her to lay aside this quiet domestic life to appear again before the public. She has another name now, and husband and children, and if the individual lives, the name, at least, has ceased to exist. Nor does she or the very few persons who know her identity with the daring spy care to recall that name again from the tomb of the years in which it is buried.

So careful has Mrs.——and her friends been in guarding this secret, that even when impostors have assumed her discarded name, and traversed several Southern States appealing to public sympathy in the character of lecturers, she has said nothing and charged her friends to say nothing, and her silence has proved to be the opportunity of the pretenders to make money on her credit. Perhaps the fact that the once celebrated Belle Boyd is now a respectable matron, residing in this city, would never have been revealed to the public had not her father been a member of the Masonic fraternity, a fact which being known has been utilized by the fictitious Belle Boyd who has traversed Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas and Florida everywhere calling upon the bretherhood for advice and sympathy.

But a description of the deceiver was printed in an Atlanta paper, and that description was read by the brethren of Equality Lodge, No. 44, A. F. and A. M., at Martnsburg, West Virginia, to which Lodge Dr. R. Boyd, father of the real Belle Boyd, belonged. These Masons had known the real Belle in the days of her girlhood as a bright-faced, blueeyed, light haired maiden, and thus knew that the one who called herself Belle Boyd, with a brunette complexion, black eyes and hair dark as the raven's wing, was not the real Belle, and so as late as the 22nd of January the Lodge prepared a circular addressed to the brethren throughout the country to beware of the impostor. Among other things they state: 'The real Belle Boyd is now married, and living in St. Louis, Mo., with her husband and her mother, and two brothers reside in Baltimore.' This letter is signed by Alexander. Parke W. M., and B. Hughes, Secretary.

On bright Sunday mornings, a trio consisting of an aged woman, a hale, well looking man, of middle-age, a rather tall, thin lady, of middle-age, with deep-blue eyes, light hair and sharp, Roman features, may be seen entering a certain church in this city. The old lady is Belle Boyd's mother, the gentleman her husband, and the middle aged lady is the veritible Belle Boyd of the war times.

The Small Boy.

He was ten years old. He had a red nose tears in his eyes, ragged clothes, and he was awful sorry.

'It makes a shiver run up and down my back when I think of this boy standing on a street-corner and calling pedestrians names,' said His Honor gravely.

'It was in fun!' wailed the lad.

'Think of his calling men 'old bald-headed and the like of that!'

'Jim put me up to it!'

'I don't want to saw him in two, and it's too late now to use him for fish-bait, but this boy needs reformnig.'

'*I*'ll reform—I'll reform!' called the lad.

'I don't want to send him to prison, and yet I fear he will turn out a bad boy.'

'Try me—try me—*I*'ll never call names no more!' sobbed the boy.

His Honor left his chair, walked down to the boy, and putting a hand on his head he solemnly said:

'Bub, a bald-headed man isn't to blame for it. He'd have hair there if he could. I am bald, and Bijah is bald, but we always pay one hundred cents on the dollar and never dead-beat a street car. You may go home, but if you come again I shall know that you want to turn out a Dick Turpin, and I shall deal with you accordingly.'

And the boys sang:

There was an old woman who had a good dog,
And another who had a good cat;
The feline was lean, and rather mean,
And the dog he wasn't fat.

Now, one autumn day, in childish play,
The owner of this feline
Came to her gate and didn't wait
To hear the other decline.

But to her did say in positive tones,
"That sad eyed canine I will scald
If he touches my cat [you can just bet on that]
And his owner I vow to snatch bald!"

Some other words passed—some clawing was done—
Some hair flew lively around—
Each woman was hit, each woman was hit—
And to end it the cops around.

CHRISTIAN MEANNESS.

A Short Sentinel Sermon.

Christian meanness! Is there, can there be, any such thing? Yea, verily, or else many of our professed christian churches, are so only in name. 'The laborer is worthy of his hire,' said Jesus Christ, the great head of the church. The faithful preacher of the gospel, the humble shepherd of the flock, certainly earns his living. And yet, what a burning disgrace to the treatment which many of these devoted servants of God receive. No other class of men is so scantily and grudgingly paid. The lawyer, the doctor, the butcher, baker and shoemaker, all whose labors end with the perishing body, get their wages promptly and cheerfully. The earnest worker for the good of the immortal soul, alone, is cramped and pinched and haggled with. We know a so-called 'christian congregation' that actually deducted a week's salary from the miserable pittance they bargained to pay their minister, for every Sunday that the aged and self-sacrificing man lost by sickness! Can it be possible, that even all hell will afford a bake-oven small enough to accommodate such christian souls? Ministerial brethren, you can't convert sinners, by preaching the gospel to them at half-price. Any sinner who is willing to get his religion on such terms, will be satisfied with a wretchedly poor article. A congregation that will not pay you enough to support you comfortably, needs a missionary more than a pastor. 'Deadheading' on the heavenly road is, or ought to be, played out. A picayune saint ain't worth a damaged pewter spoon.

The way to make money advertise, in the Southerner.