

SUCCESSFUL ECCENTRICITY.

Hon. John Randolph, of Roanoke, known as the marvelously eccentric man, found on his return one season from a long term in Congress that his slaves had become careless and lazy. They had great privileges during the holidays. Chickens and turkeys were caught weeks before and fattened in boxes and barrels, and coons, smoked in the big cabin chimney, were served up with pound cake, puddings, chicken pie, "store tea," and locust and persimmon beer, at holiday feasts night and day. It was then that the fiddle, the banjo, the tambourine and the clevis and clevispin kept up music for the never ceasing dance.

Mr. Randolph waited for the termination of these Christmas holidays, and promptly on the first day of January he ordered his overseers to have all his farming utensils brought into the barnyard. It took all day to search for them and get them together from where they had been left lying about in the fields far and near. The next morning there was a grand inspection of all the plows, harrows, hoes and rakes, and all that were broken or seriously injured were thrown into a pile. Mr. Randolph then said in his shrill voice:

"Set them on fire, Mr. Chumley, and burn them up."

The overseer remonstrated, and urged that many of them might easily be repaired.

"No, sir? No, sir! I want them burned up. They would always be old, rickety and good for nothing. I want no good for nothing articles on this plantation."

And they were burned.

Orders were then given to have all the wagons, carts, slides, lizahs, scythes, cradles, harness and gear brought up, and after due inspection the next morning, a large bonfire was made of all those rejected, and immediate orders issued to have all the sheep, goats hogs gathered together. On the ensuing morning these were inspected, and many were found feeble with age and want of food, others were crippled and injured, and all such, in spite of the overseer's pleadings, were remorselessly knocked on the head and buried.

All the horses, mules and horned stock were brought up for the fourth day, and under Mr. Randolph's rigid inspection many were declared worthless, and though Mr. Chumley begged that some of them might be spared, as they could be fattened and put to good use, Mr. Randolph was unrelenting, and all the condemned, including the blind, lame, spavined, fistulated, and wind broken, were mercilessly shot and buried.

As the weather had been quite cold during these days of inspection, many of the negroes, and especially the old, had continued to "play possum," and had never turned out of their cabins to aid in getting together the livestock or farming utensils. Mr. Randolph now gave orders that all the negroes, old and young, should be brought to the house next day for inspection, and in the meantime he had a great many plain coffins of all sizes made, and suitable graves dug near the chapel.

The news of these fearful preparations soon penetrated every cabin in the negro quarter, and things began to look serious in the mind of Cuffee Black. The negroes knew that Mr. Randolph was a member of Congress, and a big man in the country; they knew he was accustomed to have his way, and that nobody attempted to interfere with him, and they fully believed that he had full power of life and death over them. They knew he was a good, kind master, man and neighbor, but then they said he had "such quare ways" that there was no telling what he would do if the notion took him. They had seen how he had burnt up all the damaged farm implements; had caused all the injured and worthless sheep, goats and horses to be knocked in the head, and how he had shot all the broken down stock without any pity; and now what did he mean to do with them, and with all these coffins and graves? This was exactly the train of reflections and comment Mr. Randolph had calculated upon, and, accordingly, upon his arrival upon the ground, he found an anxious, terrified crowd of negroes, and not one missing—all were there. He entered and took his seat beside the overseer at a table, before him his dueling case, open and containing a pair of pistols and plenty of ammunition.

"Are they all here?" asked Mr. Randolph of the overseer. Up spoke a hundred voices, "Oh, yes, Marst John, we's all here." Chumley was ordered to call the list containing the names of those who

had been old enough to work during the year, but had not worked. They were placed in a row, in which stood more than half of all the grown negroes.

The old shirks and sinners were not slow to see how the list had been made up, and long before the roll call was ended many of them were on their knees beseechingly looking from the stern face of their master towards the pistols and the open graves, and many a "Lord a mercy on me, Marst John," went up from the line; but Randolph ordered them to be silent.

When the last had been called, he spoke out, "you say, Chumley, these niggers won't work; that they are old, worthless, and good for nothing; that they can not make enough to eat, and I must buy bread and meat to feed them."

Handing Chumley a pair of pistols, he added:—

"Chumley begin at the other end of the line, and I'll at this, and we will shoot these worthless negroes."

A universal shriek went up, and all the negroes rushed up to Randolph and begged in the most pitiful terms for their lives, all declaring that they could work, and that they never would play possum and lie again.

Randolph finally relented and agreed to spare them, provided that they could give security among the other that they would work well in the future. No one could have effected such a genuine scare as Randolph did. The negroes knew that he was a strange eccentric man, that the white people of Charlotte all but worshipped him, and they believed implicitly that he would do all he said he would. He did not allow any severe punishment upon his slaves, but this lesson was sufficient. The empty graves were filled up without occupants and the negroes went to work with a will.

WOMEN'S TEARS.

He must be a brute indeed who can bring tears to a woman's eyes. His heart must be of stone to enjoy the spectacle of a woman bathed in a flood of wild emotion, with the convulsive sobs shaking her little form, while grief, like a tornado, tosses her about like a paper collar box on the bosom of the boiling torrent.

Few men have the hardihood to look at a grief-stricken woman in the face while her nose swells up, angry and irritated, in the distance. Few men are so lost to all the better feeling of our nature as to do an act which will thaw out the frizzes and flood the features of the woman he loves.

This is one reason why many men are kind to their wives, who would otherwise be cruel and heartless. They do not like to see the wife of their bosom looking as though she had erysipelas in her nose.

Isn't the grief of wives that is killing off our husbands. It is the terrible shock to their aesthetic taste. No husband can bear to view the howling waste after the washout has subsided and the bridge is repaired.

Then, fellow men, on our journey to the tomb, let us resolve that we will not do or say anything that will bring the hectic flush to the nose of her to whom we have vowed life-long fidelity. Let us, as far as possible, stave off the storm, and if tears must be shed let us shed them ourselves. Most of us are so ding bustled homely that it don't make any difference whether we color our nose cherry red or sage green.

Then again if we weep pretty promiscuously and keep our nose middling red, perhaps we can fool the temperance people and thus regain some of the respect that we have lost.—Laramie Boomerang.

The merchant thought the young man wouldn't be up to the business and so the young man turned to go and in a dreamy sort of a way quite unconsciously took the merchant's silk umbrella instead of the cotton one he had bought and the merchant said: "Hold on, young man; I guess you can sell goods. I'll try you, anyway." And that clerk was an honest boy, but he understood human nature and knew how to get a job.

A gentleman met a rather "uncertain" acquaintance the other day, when the latter said: "I'm a little short, and would like to ask you a conundrum in mental arithmetic." "Proceed," said the gentleman. "Well," said the "short" man, "suppose you had \$10 in your pocket, and I should ask you for \$5, how much would remain?" "Ten dollars," was the prompt answer.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic Restores the Appetite.

An absent-minded man in Monroe, Ct., went to church one morning with his over-coat on his arm, as he supposed; but the laughing of the people in church attracted his attention to the fact that he had taken his everyday pantaloons, and that the suspenders attached to them were dangling about his legs.

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