

CARCASSONNE.

How old I am! I'm eighty years! I've worked both hard and long!

One sees it dimly from the height Beyond the mountains blue: Fain would I walk five weary leagues—

They say it is as gay all times As holidays at home! The gentles ride in gay attire,

Our vicar's right! He preaches loud, And bids us to beware. He says, "Oh, guard the weakest part,

My God and Father, pardon me, If this, my wish, offends! One sees some hope, more high than he,

Thus sighed a peasant, bent with age, Half-dreaming in his chair. I said: "My friend, come, go with me,

LARKIN AND MARIA.

"W'en folks set umse'v's up ter say 'at er darky hain't got feelin's de same ez white folks, I tells um 'bout 'Ria en Larkin.

"You see 'twuz dis er way," old Edward continued, complacently marking the interest his colored hearers exhibited in his words,

"We all b'longed to Marse John Paxton den, 'twuz long 'fo' de war, wuz down in middle Georgia. He had so many niggers he hatter ax um sometime is dey his'n or do dey b'long ter somebody else.

"Larkin wuz de de fines' young darky on de plantation. De wuzn't nuffin 'at anybody lay dey han's on it he couldn't beat um at at. He wuz erhead w'en it come ter makin' shuck collars, en door mats, en brooms, puttin' in split bottoms in chairs, en mendin' shoes.

"Bout dis time Larkin shyn' his eye mighty 'spicious at 'Ria, de purty yaller gal 'at waits on de table in de big house. De wuzn't no doubt in my mind 'at 'Ria wuz willin', too, for she mighty ready ter hang back wid 'im after meetin' broke up eve'y Sunday.

"Well, sub, Marse John tuck us all by 'sprise one day. 'Twuz des after de fambly had eat er big watermelon in de dinin' room en der preacher wuz in dar wid um.

"Marse John sen' fur Jim en Luke en Tobe en Dave en Larkin. Den he call fur 'Ria en fo' mo' women ter kin um. All de while folks laugh fit ter jine-se'v's w'en dem niggers come slouchin' in de room, de las' one er um feard 'at dey gwine git de lash fur sompen wurr dey done.

"W'en day all stan' in two rows, lak Marse John put um, facin' one nurr, des like dey gwine dance de Firginey reel, Marse John say:

"Folks, de is gott'er be some marryin' done on dis plantation—de is too many nigger yo' people living by yo'se'v's. Des cast yo' eye at big Ma'y dar, she's fat en forty, en ain't never knowed w'at 'twuz ter have er husband. En Tobe los' all his twef wid age, en haint tried matrimony vit.

"Now, parson, git yo' book ready en w'en I cum six, dese folks mus' choose der partners.' Wid dat Marse John 'gin ter count, 'one, two, free, fo', five, six; den he holler out:

"Choose yo' partners. 'En he hain't no mo' got de wod's out'n his mouf 'fo' Larkin en two mo' niggers jump at 'Ria lak dogs at er bone. 'Ria scream lak yu stickin' er knife in 'er, en jerked away from um all 'cep Larkin, en put her head ergin his 'brea's en kep' on cryin'.

"Ol' Marster seem lak he feel kinder sorry fur 'Ria, fur he quit laughin' all at once, en order Dave en Jim ter stan' back. Den he say:

"Now, I'm gittin' purty ol' en I seed consider'ble married people, bofe white en black; but dem two wuz certenly de mos' happiest I ever come er crost.

"Larkin look lak he do mo' w'ok en ever en 'Ria wuz de same way. Well dey live long dat way fur 20 year. Den come de trouble fur us all.

"Marse John got ter speculatin'—folks say he not satisfied wid w'at he had, en want ter git rich. He wuz erway in New Orleans fur er mont' after time. One day we all hear at de plantation en us darkeys all gwine ter be sold ter pay off Marse John's debts.

"Ol' mistis mos' 'stracted, en Miss Lucile walkin' de flo' en cryin' lak 'er heart broke. De lan' en slaves hatter go; de wuzn't no way gittin' roun' hit. Judge Bacon wuz pinte'd receiver by de law. But all dis didn't come up ter w'at we hatter went thoo w'en de day come fur us slaves ter be sold on de block at de court house. De wuz a pow'ful big croud 'fom all sides; des lak hit wuz er hangin'.

"I'm tellin' you de trufe. I wuz more sorrier fur Larkin en 'Ria 'an I wuz fur myse'f; I reckon 'twuz kase dey take on so. 'Dar wuz er nigger trader 'fom Louisiana ready ter buy six ur us; en he wuz wrigglin' roun' in de croud, axin questions en lookin' at us. De folks in dat settlement wuz mighty lackin' er money dem times, en we know 'at some er us bou'n ter be tuck way 'fom home.

"Dey put Larkin on de block tust one, en dey 'gin ter bid up on 'im. Somebody start it at eight hundred dollars, den de trader say eight fifty. 'Twuz ergin de rules fur um ter open der moufs while dey on de block; but Larkin clean furtig de rules; en w'en dey got ter biddin' hot en high on 'im, his eyes got plumb full of water en he 'tar open his shirt at de neck en twis' his lak twis' his han's lak 'twaz er rope—Larkin 'pear lak he gwine ter die wid er spasm.

"En w'en de trader say 'leven hundred dollars, Larkin des bend down to'ds 'im en beg 'im. 'G'ow, marster, ef you buy me you mus' buy 'Ria, sub; she's my wife. Dar she is wid de red head cloth on. 'De wuz consider'ble talkin' 'mongst de white people, en er farmer wid er plantation jinin' we all's bid 'leven hundred en fifty. Larkin look at 'im pow'ful glad, den de trader say:

"'Twelve hundred! 'Larkin look at 'im ergin en say: 'Ef you buy me, sub, fur God sake take 'Ria, too, sub. I wouldn't be no 'count 'doubt 'er, en she is er mighty faithful woman; ax 'er mistis, she tell you so. 'De auctioneer tell Larkin ter dry up, but twuzn't no use; ev'y time de trader raise de bid Larkin beg 'em ter buy um both. 'Twixt um all en de 'titement, dey run Larkin up ter sixteen hundred dollars en de trader got 'im.

"Larkin jump off'n de block en git on his knees 'fo' de man en pled wid 'im ter buy 'Ria too. Dat trader des kick de po' darky lak he er a chunk er wood, en say: 'Git erway! Don't sturb me! I haint here to buy women; I des got orders fur men. 'Larkin look lak he stark, ravin', 'stracted. He went ter 'Ria en dey cry togerr lak chilren.

"Dey hatter take 'Ria ter de block by main 'fo'ce, w'en hit come her time, en den she couldn't stan' up she so weak. Marse Sam Hanna, ol' miss' brer, bid her in en give 'er ter ol' miss kase she sech er favorite wid de fambly; en he bought me too, kase I didn't bring much; I wazn't vey stout en I reckon dey feared I gwine ter die. 'Marse Hanna bought de plantation too, en deeded it ter ol' miss, so de fambly went back dar ter live wid only er few niggers.

"So Larkin en 'Ria wuz parted. Dey tuck 'im way down ter Louisiana ter he'p um make sugar cane. 'Ria 'fuse ter live in de big house whar ol' miss want 'er ter stay. She went back ter de same cabin whar her en Larkin uster to live. Way in de dead er night I hear dat woman rockin' 'erse'f en talkin' lak she speakin' wid ha'nts. She go 'bout de place 'dout talkin' ter anybody wid 'er head hangin' down.

"She got mighty thin en peaked; en ol' miss couldn't git 'er ter eat much. Den ter doctor she got down wid de brain fever en de doctor couldn't keep 'er 'fom dyin'. 'Twuz er sad day fur us all w'en 'Ria was put in de ground. 'De war come on den: en w'en 'twuz over, all de darkeys wuz free. Den hard times set in. Massa John told me I at liberty ter strike out fur myse'f ef I want er go. But I didn't leave um den, fur I wuz 'bout all dey had left.

"Bout six mont' after de surrender one evenin' to'ds dusk all de fambly wuz out in de ya'd. We seed er ol' raggety darkey comin' up de big road. W'en he got ter de bars, he clomb throo um en den look up at de big house. Den he look at de row er cabins, whar de darkeys uster live, en he limp erlong wid his stick tell he come to 'Ria's house.

"He stopped at de do' en knock on't wid his stick. He stan' still er minute en listen, den he tap ergin. But nobody didn't open it; so he pull de ol' rusty chain out'n de hole, en push de do' open en go in. 'Purty soon he come out in front en count de cabins wid his finger; den he go back ergin en look in de do'. Den he tu'n roun' slow en tumble long up ter whar we all stan' in.

"He tuck off his ol' hat en stan' 'fo' Marse John, bowin' en tryin' to steddly hisself wid his stick. Look lak his clothes 'bout to drop off'n his body, dey so ragged en he's so thin. 'Marse John, has you forgot me? he say, tryin' ter smile. 'Marse John des shuck his head, en look at 'im vey straight, en tell 'im he cayn't 'member 'im.

"'Use Larkin w'at uster 'b'long ter you, de ol' darkey say. Den we all shake 'im by de han', en ol' miss 'bear pow'ful put out kase he lookin' so sick. 'Dey help 'im inter de big house, en give 'im er seat in er big arm chair in ol' miss maste room. Den Miss Lucille en ol' miss make haste ter git 'im some wa'm victuals 't eat. 'Dey fetch 'im some coffee en light bread toast, en tell 'im ter eat hit en den lie down en res' hisse'f, 'at he is sick en mus' be careful wid hisse'f.

"But ol' Larkin wouldn't tech the toast nor de coffee. He stan' up en ax ol' miss: 'Miss Laura, whar's 'Ria? 'Ol' miss tu'n her head 'way en ain't said nuffin. Den Larkin git ter shakin' lak he tuck wid chill, en he say: 'Marse John, whar is 'Ria? 'Nobody wouldn't tell 'im nuffin 'bout

his wife bein' dead; so he walk out do's—dey couldn't 'sua'de 'im ter set still. 'Den dey all walk roun' 'hind de big house, whar de slaves all wuz buried, en ol' miss put 'er han' on his arm, des lak he wuz er white man, en lead 'im ter 'Ria's grave, wid 'er name on de white sign at de head.

"Ol' miss des look down at de grave, w'at had grass en flowers growin' on it, en 'gin ter cry, en Larkin know what she mean. 'He des fall down by it en moan, en moan, en cough, lak he 'bout ter strangle wid his tears. Marse John en me hatter tote 'im 'twixt us in de house, en ol' miss fix 'im his bed. He never lef' it. De doctor came, but he say 'twuz no use, de ol' man done broke down wid trampin' so far, en his heart broke, too.

"He died de next day, en he wuz laid 'side 'Ria under de trees, 'hind de big house.'—Will N. Harben in Atlanta Constitution.

Ten Thousand Dollars a Year. Robert Burdette the humorist, who has recently, so we learn, become a parson, once said to a young boy, "There's nothing like knowin' your business clean through, my boy, whether you know anything else or not."

Vanderbilt pays his cook \$10,000 a year. He might have known how to cook fairly well and known a little of a thousand and one other useful employments, but he could not have gotten ten thousand a year salary for all of them.

He gets that just because he knows thoroughly how to cook, and it wouldn't make a cent's difference in his salary if he thought the world was flat and went around its orbit on wheels. The cream always rises to the top and stays.

As with individual avocations, so it is with every branch of business, or every class of goods or article of use or necessity, they live the life of the butterfly and are forgotten as soon as something else appears that is new, or else they become so firmly fixed in the minds of thousands that they become a part of life itself.

We were forcibly impressed with the above idea from a remark made by a gentleman in our office a few days since. He said, "Any article of merchandise that has been in the old Johnston's Anodyne Lintment, must have extraordinary merit."

The manufacturers, I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., have in their office and will send to any one, testimonials from old people who have used it in their family, when young, and whose children's children have used it very many years. This is not at all remarkable when we think of the amount of good this remedy will do; thousands of cases of pneumonia and consumption have been prevented by using this remedy for internal inflammation, such as colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis, as well as cramps and pains innumerable. It is totally unlike any other remedy used, and called lintment. It was a great mistake ever calling it anything but Johnson's Anodyne. The information on the large four page wrapper around each bottle is worth much to every family. Johnson & Co. send a pamphlet free to any one, containing much valuable information upon diseases and their cure—Advt.

If you want a situation, invest 10 cents in a "Progress" want. Betsy Ann's Bunnet. This quaint, true story from Duxbury shows a tender remembrance of spouse No. 1 under new matrimonial conditions: Sallie and Hiram were married after a brief courtship. He was 75 and she 76 years old. As he sort of apologetically said at the store, he was "tired of diggin' claims and shuckin' on 'em out, an' makin' a chowder, and then settin' down alone to eat." So he sold his house and moved over to Sallie's.

The first thing to be put in place was an old sunbonnet, which he hung in the entry-way, saying to Sallie: "I couldn't be contented no way if I didn't see Betsy Ann's bunnet hangin' up there, Sallie."

"Well," says she, "I shall go straight up garret for Josiah's old hat which I was decent enough to put away when I knew you were coming here." And she did so; and Josiah's old hat and Betsy Ann's "bunnet" hang side by side at the present day, as tender a tribute, perhaps, as flowers placed on the earth above a resting place.—Boston Transcript.

They Have Their Fears About It. Uncle Sam (calling up the stairway)—Good night, children. By the way, could you make room under the union blanket for another bedtowel if I should adopt Miss Canada into the family? Miss Florida, Miss Georgia, Miss Alabama and Miss Louisiana (shiveringly)—Uncle, don't you think she must be troubled a good deal with cold feet?—Chicago Tribune.

She Warmed the Bed. Guest (of an evening)—"Well, it is getting late, and as your wife has excused herself, I think I ought to tear myself away." Host—"Oh, don't hurry. I shan't go up stairs for an hour yet."

"You will not?" "Oh, no. After my wife retires I always allow plenty of time for the bed to get warm."—New York Sun.

If you want a flat, insert your need in "Progress," for only 10 cents. Not Very Serious. Caller—"Is Mr. Jones in?" The new servant maid (a jewel of honesty from the country)—"Yes, sir; but he's not well. He can't see you."

"Ill, is he? I hope it's nothing serious." "Not very serious; he's drunk, sir."—Puck.

THE MINISTER'S SUGGESTION. The old maid sat in her rocking chair. With thimble and scissors and thread. And talked, as she sewed, of her neighbors' faults. Till the minister wifed, in his patient way, and heard all her acid talk, while she pounced on this one and then on that, like a vicious old hook-beaked hawk.

She sewed, as she talked, in a vicious way, and pulled the thread through with a jerk; then she tried the scissors, but they were so dull that she never could make them work. "These scissors are dreadfully dull," said she, as her sewing she angrily flung. On a chair; and the minister murmured low—"Then why don't you use your tongue?"—Somerville Journal.

IPSEY, DIXIE!

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1888—Winter Arrangement—1889

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D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent. RAILWAY OFFICE, Moncton, N. B., November 20, 1888.

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