The Tombigbee Incident.

The town of Clayville, situated some thirty miles from the mouth of the Tombigbee River, is at present greatly excited over the departure of the local colored minister, who recently started down the river on board a large and strongly-built colored sister, and who has not since been heard from. The circumstances attending the minister's departure were peculiar, and their publication may, perhaps, aid the recovery of the intrepid, though unintentional, voyager.

The minister in question was of the Colored Baptist persuasion, and was famed throughout the Tombigbee Valley for his skill as a baptizer, as well as for his ability as a preacher. There is no doubt that he is a fearless and conscientious man. Instead of maintaining that politic silence on the subject of chickens which many colored minister is issist is absolutely necessary, in order to avoid-chilling the fervor of their hearers, this particular minister never hesitated to declare that a right of property in chickens existed, and that it should be respected in certain cases, and to a greater or less extent, by all honest men, especially during the season when hams are readily accessible. This bold doctrine, instead of injurng his popularity, actually increased the respect in which he was held by his congregation, and gave him much prominence among his ministerial brethren.

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HAWKINS & KELLS,

Met by Chance

The Two Men From Silv Confab.

"Now, in Silverton, Nevada, we used to

"Now, in Surverson, ""
"Silverton?"
"Yes."
"Nevada!"
"Yes."
"Weil! you're the first man I have seen from Silverton in a coon's age. I left. I left there six years ago | left my wife there."
"I went there nearly six years ago."
Such was the passage in a conversation going on between two strangers taking a meal in a Utah restaurant, which attracted the attention of myself, eating at a different table.