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MEMORY, A GLEN HILL ECHO.

Back to the dear old home once more, Back to the dear old home; Where the busy wheel on the polished floor Made music with its hum.

There gran'pa sat in days gone by, With gran'ma by his side; His locks so gray, he's " not so spry " The glowing fire sheds genial rays

Of light around the room;

Each thinking of their youthful days. Spent there without a gloom. Mother, I'm thinking o'er to-night The days we spent together: Since we were young and hearts were light In fair and stormy weather.

The wee ones added to our cares; They added to our joys;
Like you (when young), the girls were fair And manly were our boys.

I'd like to've kept them all 'till now, But Ged he knowsth best; To his divine mandate we'll bow, Feeling they are at rest.

He took them ere temptations came 'Mid life's tempestuous throng: Born innocent, they died the same, And sing the new-made song. So now once more we're all alone.

And near the other shore :

The day is gone, our work is done, We'll rest soon ever more. We've always lived in this dear home Since we were joined together;

We not like others wished to roam ; We've lived just for each other." Around each neck I placed an arm. Their cheeks I loving kissed, As if to shield them from all harm,

None would be so much missed. "You've been a blessing, child, to me; May you have friends God grant, Thro' all your life, if long it be ;

"God bless you child," the old man said; "Now rise the window dear;"
Then on my arm I raised his head
And felt that death was near. "Good night!" They rest their last long rest

Beloved by all on earth; Their loving hands together pressed: Their lives had been no dearth. In the same grave they thus were laid Together side by side;

Like bridegroom and his bride. So I'm in the dear old home once more, Alone-in the dear old home,

Nor music of it's hum; Who'll gently raise my dying head? Whose lips to mine be pressed? Who'll think of me when I am dead,

And say, "What life so blessed? THE WAIF'S DREAM. A Policeman Picks Up a Forlorn Child Who Had Forgotten His

Policeman Curtis, of the Oak street police station, says the New York Herald, while walking through Ann street at 3 e'clock in the morning, saw what he thought to be a bundle of clothes lying in a doorway of one of the stores. He stooped down to pick it up, and, to his surprise, found that it was a sleeping boy. Gently he lifted him up in his arms, and, as he looked into the childish face, said : "Poor little fellow! I wonder if he has a home

or a mother. The little fellow did not awaken until within a block or two of the station house When he did open his eyes he said: 'Where am I? Why are you takin' me

"I only intend to take you to a place where you can sleep undisturbed, child.' "Say," said the boy, "I was dreaming of mother, and oh! I had such a nice "Is your mother living ?" asked Police-

man Curtis in a kind tone. Tears came to the large blue eyes, and, after indulging in a little cry, the boy replied: "No, sir. she died a week ago." "What did you dream, my son?" said

"I dreamed that mamma was living that we had plenty to eat and drink; that it was Christmas night, and I saw all kinds of toys lying around the room. Little brother Steve had all the cream cakes and candies that he could est, and dear mamma smiled and seemed, oh, so happy! Suddenly she got up from the chair on which she had been seated, came toward me, and kissed my forehead. Then I awoke to find myself in your

Policeman Curtis listened to the bo with, so he says, as much interest as if it were a play. At the station house the child said that his name was "Ed" Kenny, that he was 8 years old, and lived at 38 James street with his father.

The Confessions of a Smokes.

Yes, it is a terrible bondage. It is slavery. Yes, I inhale the the smoke, and then blow it out again. It is very stlly, is it not? I do the same thing with my breath. Away with this useless breath. Some breaths are much pleasanter far, far away. Why do I smoke cigars? Because I am the biggest, and therefore the eigar cannot help itself. It is an economical habit; the smoke of the cigar keeps the moths out of my hair. Then I use to bacco to preserve human life. Science tells me that three drops of the off of tobacco placed upon the tongue of a rattlesnake or a dog will kill either or both of them in a minute. I tremble to think now many times I walked in the very shadow of death before I began to carry a plug of tobacco around with me. Now when I meet a mad dog, I am secure, He may bite me, but I will kill him. The cannibal who eats me will dream that night that he got hold of the wrong pre-

An Excellent Bint

The way to keep money is to earn I fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide by its possessor. But money that is inherited, or that in any way comes without a fair and just equivalent, is almost as certain to go as t came. The young man who begins by saving a few shillings, and thriftily increases his stere-every coin being the representative of good, solid work, honestly and manfully done stands a better chance to spend the last half of his life in affluence than he who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing peculations, or the devious means which abound in the foggy region lying between fair dealing and actual fraud. Amongst the wisest and most thrifty men of wealth the concurrent proverb is "Money goes as money comes,"

The Mexican Indians when at warfare with troops make a shield out of their black ets by wetting and holding them up by the upper edges. Bullets sway the blankets instead of penetrating them, the blankets acting like a balistic pendulum. These blankets are handwoven and are fulled until thick and waterproof.

LIFE IN DAMASCUS. An Exterior and Interior View of of the Homes-Jewesses and

Their Jewels. The luxury of the Orient is not apparent at a glance. The exterior of the private houses in Damascus is rough and uninteresting. A wall of mud with a Sarcenic gateway is about all you see. You pass through a dirty alleyway, perhaps by the way of the stable. A narrow passage leads into a large open area-a court of marble or parti-colored stone pavement. A fountain in the centre is skirted by lemon and orange trees and vines full of

The walls are of stuceo, painted in gay colors, and carvings are affected. The harem is connected with this estab hishment by a circuitous corridor-arranged so as to exclude the wives of the Moslem nabob from the view of the male servants. The rooms are shabby, devoid of comfort, and every home I have seen suggests anything but home comforts. But the furniture carvings are often very

roses. The house is built around this cen-

tral court, into which all the rooms open.

The Jewesses of Damascus are very handsome, as a rule, and they love to show their faces. We visit one Jewish family. The matron receives us in the elevated floor or lewan at one end of the court. We are escorted to divans. The women get themselves into a heap on cushions. The children come forward and kiss our hands. They love to display their jewels, and I observed handsome diamonds on a little girl of perhaps ten years. These little giss speak Arabic, French and Greek. One is betrothed, and is but twelve years of age. Their dresses are like those our grandmothers were when they were brides -waists up under their arms. The betrothed wears orange blossoms and is very appy. Wreaths of diamonds are much worn. These Oriental Jews and Arabs are very fond of gems, and a gem once in

the family rarely leaves it. The funny thing about these lavishlybedecked children and women is their feet -they wear great wooden clogs which lift them three inches above the floor. One pair of these clogs, I notice, is inlaid with pearl. These clogs are held to the foot by s strap, but they clatter and make the gait very awkward. The women are very much entertained by inspecting the humble Yankee bounet and gown of my better little souvenirs she gives them. They return the courtesy by giving her a vell with a border of crocheted silk, which would be the envy of the ladies of America. The women use the stilts or clogs while walking in the court or any damp or soiled place, but when they come up on the raised platform where the drains are

they sit in their stockings. Coffee and cigarets are furnished us for entertainment. The ladies are all very curious to know how we live in our country, what our houses are made of. and so on. They are very hospitable, and do not allow us to leave until they have shown us about the apartments. The rooms are high. A curious arrangement is it that about two-thirds of the apartments fronting the court have a floor about a foot above the balance of the room whose floor is marble and on a level with the earth in the court. The platform is covered with elegant rugs, and the furni ture is inlaid with pearls. The marble wainscot is carved. Much gilding and marble are in the walls. Windows open above and mear the ceiling with an interior

balconv. The sleeping rooms in the second story have walls of glass, swinging French windows, but they are too cool for winter use. They open into one another. The mural decorations of Damascus houses are in primitive colors, and as faulty in perspec tive as the work of children. To speak of art in this connection is absurd. It is all veneering and stucco and semi-barbarous. Much money is spent, but in a bizarre and inartistic way, on marbles and carving and elaborate scrolls. But everything is put together without fineness-every joint in the mason or carpenter work yawns with apprehension. I had thought it might be difficult to get access to Damascus houses; but, on the contrary, the Damascus plutocracy feel complimented by our visit. You are expected to remark that we have nothing so grand in America,

A person struck by lightning does no know it, the fluid being much quicker than thought. The nerves which convey pain are rather slow in their power to convey their information. Stick a pin in the tail of an elephant and quite a perceptible interval occurs before the noble animal gives his opinion of the man or boy at the other end of the nervous system on trial. Lightning does its work before the victim knows anything. Two men were struck while taking refuge under a tree. Both were carried into a house and laid out for dead. One of the men revived, and, after weeks of terrific suffering and infirmity, he got out again and is still living. He said that he knew no more about having been struck by lightning than he was conscious of having lived before the flood. It was all news to him when told of the fact.

-Chicago Current, John Brown's Rebuke to a Swearer. A Mr. Gill of Des Moines, has a rich store of John Brown anecdotes. Brown was greatly opposed to the use of profane language, and sternly forbade it among his men. At one time he captured a border ruffian in Kansas, and he could shame a Flanders regiment with his horrible oaths. Brown listened to him for some time, partook of his supper in silence, lighted his pipe from coals in the ashes, then said to the border heathen: "I very much dislike to hear you using such language!" Greatly surprised at the declaration he asked Brown to state his objections. "I'll tell you, sir," he replied. "If there is no God it is exceedingly foolish. and if there is it is desperately wicked.' OM Brown said it in such a fatherly way

ward swore in his presence. Not Much of a Recommendation. In a Western town a citizen of the name of William Shakespeare has been appointed Postmaster.

that the fellow desisted, and never after-

Recently a visitor asked one of the residents of the place if he were familiar with the works of Shakspere. "All I know about him is," replied the resident, "he has been workin' for the Postmastership for sixteen years, an' he's got there at last. That's about all the work I ever knew Bill to do."

It is shown by Major Ben: Perley Poore's descriptive catalogue of Government publications, that Congress and the Executive Department have printed sixty thousand books or pamphlets since 1776.

The population of Paris is said by the tax gatherers of that city to have diminished 100.000 in the last four years.

DAKOTA'S GIRL FARMERS. " Crackle " Glass.

YOUNG WOMEN WHO OWN THE LAND THEY CULTIVATE.

They Find More Vexation in Getting ing-A Fair Proposition.

The Mitchell, Dakota, correspondent of the New York Sun, writes that most of the sheet on the table with a thick coating the young ladies who own and work farms in this Territory have a great abhorence of noteriety, because of the number of horses that we save the transfer of the same more easily fusible glass, and then subjecting it to the action of a strong farms that we save the transfer of the same more of horses that we save the transfer of the same more easily fusible glass, and then subjecting it to the action of a strong farm of the same more of the same more of the same more easily fusible glass, and then subjecting it to the action of a strong farm of the same more easily fusible glass, and then subjecting it to the action of a strong farm of the same more easily fusible glass, and then subjecting it to the action of a strong farm of the same more easily fusible glass, and then subjecting it to the action of a strong farm of the same more easily fusible glass, and then subjecting it to the action of a strong farm of the same more easily fusible glass, and then subjecting it to the action of a strong farm of the same more easily fusible glass, and then subjecting it to the action of a strong farm of the same more easily fusible glass. horence of noteriety, because of the number of bores that are sure to hunt them up, either in person or by letter. One of them said: "I had some of the funniest letters you ever read. About a dozen of them were from men who wanted to marry, evidently a lazy, shiftless lot, for not one of them could spell, and in every case the letters indicated ignorance even of the common courtesies of life. They were principally from widowers, and all began by saying that they had been thinking of going to Dakota for a long time. I suppose they all thought that I would jump at the chance to get them. I never answered any of them. Some of the letters were from old ladies in the Eastern and Middle States who wanted to give me good advice, and others were from girls, widows, and old maids asking how I managed to get along, and what was necessary for them to do in order to get themselves established as well as I am. I answered some of these, and two or three of them have written to me since.

"One young fool came to me, and after following me around a sixty-acre lot twice, just because I treated him decently, actually had the nerve to ask me if my thoughts ever turned to matrimony. I told him that they never had, though I didn't know what might happen if I came across just the right person. That seemed to help him on a little, and he asked what sort of a person it would have to be. I told him I didn't know, and called his attention to the fact that my off horse was a little off his feed.

"'How would I do?' said the young fellow, and I says: "'If I had a ten-acre lot full of fellows like you I wouldn't take the trouble to scrape you up with a horse rake.'

"I rather like some of these young chaps from the city, though-the kind that are haif, and are specially grateful at a few | not making love, but who are always wanting to help you. They think they are so strong, and when anything is to be done they are so quick to take hold; but gracious goodness, I could break a good many of them in two, if I wanted to. They're good boys, though, and I'll never say anything against them." This young lady, who is as brown as a

berry and as solid as a russet, with all the spryness and grace of the gentlest of her sex, owns 160 acres of good land, and has it under a pretty fair state of cultivation. Some old farmers might make fun of a few things, and she readily admits that she has much to lears, but she manages to make her living and considerably more. Her mother lives with her, and with the assistance of a stout maid of all work they get along without any male help. Before the young women came here she tried to make her living as a dressmaker in a small Michigan town, but she failed at that and finally determined to come here and settle down on a farm. She laughingly says that she does not know how long she will keep at it, and there are those who suspect that before long somebody will come

whose suit will not be in vain. Up near Blunt there are two young sisters, not more than twenty-five years old. who own and work a farm of 200 acres. They went on their claim before there was building of any kind there, taking a tent along to live in, and with the assistance of a carpenter for a few days, they built their house and sheds and made ready for farming operations. These girls came from an Illinois town, where they had heard stories of the productiveness and cheapness of Dakota lands, and, having no near relatives to oppose them, they struck out to make their fortune. During the first year they had a pretty hard time of it. They were healthy, but not robust, and a great deal of the work that they had to do would have tried the strongest man sorely. Their capital was small, and they did not realize enough the first year to pay their own expenses, but neighbors took an interest in them, and the assistance which they rendered carried them through. After that they prospered, and

every year now they do better than the year before. When I saw these girls last, they were resting after a hard day's work in the field. Except that their hands were hard and brown, they appeared like any other young women whom one might meet, save possibly that they were fresher, healthier, and brighter. They both de clared that nothing could induce them to leave their farm, and that no proposition for a life of idleness and luxury in a city would have any allurements to them. I suggested the ever present topic of matri-

mony, when one of them, the younger, replied with a good deal of spirit: "That is what the men are always talking about. We've heard precious little I remember once crushing a young fellow who was out here looking for a place to settle, he said. He had been following me around about half the day, and along toward evening, as I was doing some chores at the barn, he grew sentimental, and proposed to me right there. I pretended to be awfully busy, and I said:

"'Just give me a boost with this bag of corn now. Pleasure first, business after-

ward. "He never returned to the subject no did I. There have been others just like him, and we have found that the best way is to just pass them off. They get over it right away, and if it don't hurt them any ore than it does us, no harm is done. There is one point, though, on which my sister and I are agreed. We realize well enough that the time may come when it will be best for us to be married. This life is not all pleasant, by any means, but there is one supreme satisfaction about it. We are now independent, and whatever course we pursue will be followed because we want to follow it, and not because we have to. Any two young men who thin they are coming out here to settle down on our farm are going to find out their mistake. We have figured the whole thing out, and our terms are fixed, if we have to wait till we're 40 years old. We have 200 acres of good land, and when we marry there must be two more 200-acre lots with ours. Now, I call that a fair proposition, and any way it is the only one that we'll ever accept."

In the New Orleans markets everything is sold by the eye. There is no standard of measurement. Ninetenths of the hund reds who sell in the noted French markets of the city do not know what a bushel or a peck is. They buy their vegetable by the lot, and place them in little piles on tables. These piles are of different sizes and prices. The boyer looks at the piles and buys tha which he thinks is biggest and best. Some times buckets and boxes are used to meas times buckets and boxes are used to meas there were in all 880 persons killed and they are of all kinds and shapes.

A CHIMPANZEE.

An ingenious process of producing glass with an iced or crackled surface, suitable for many decorative purposes, has been invented in France by Bay. The product ppears in the form of sheets or panes, se side of which is smooth or glossy, like common window glass, while the Bid of the Cranks who Want to other is rough and filled with innumerable Marry them than in Earning a Live Crevices, giving it the frozen or crackled ppearance so much admired for decorative purposes This peculiar cracked surthe same in the form of numberless irregularities, scales, irregular crystal forms, stc., giving the glass surface the peculiar appearance to which the above name has been given. The rapid cooling of the glass may be facilitated with the aid of a stream of cold air, or by continuously

projecting a spray of cold water upon it. By protecting certain portions of the glass surface from contact with the flux, with the use of a template of any ornamental or other desired form, these portions will retain their ordinary appearance, and will show the form of the design very strongly outlined beside the crackled surface. In this manner, letters, arabesque, and other patterns in white or colored glass, can be roduced with great ease and with fine Story About a Popular Actor.

Onenight Henry E. Dixey, the comedian fell in with the customary crowd of poker players at Delmonico's, and they followed the mystic art of filling straights and flushes, and practically illustrating the verb "to bluff" until the morning sun stole over Madison Square, waked up the waiter, made the gas look half-hearted and yellow, and brought the party to a realizing sense of the situation. They all cashed in, and Mr. Dixey bade them s hurried good night and walked wearily down stairs and strolled up the east side of Broadway. It was very late. The sun was shining brightly, the cars rattled cheerfully. Ruddy-faced workmen were tramping to and fro, and the porters were with ear-splitting cheerfulness. Just after having passed Twenty-seventh street the comedian turned on his heel and crossed Broadway. As he stepped up on the gut ter he instinctively paused and stared in front of him. There he saw a weariedlooking youth with a face that was half yellow and haif gray, eyes that were redlidded and embellished with deep purple rings, and lips that lacked color; the whole face expressing fatigue and disgust. Dixey looked at it for a full minute, recognized himself, straightened up, and went

home. From that day he has never played draw poker-New York Sun. What to Read When the Day to Over It is wise at night, says Canon Kingsley

\* to read, but for a few minute some book which will compose and soothe the mind; which will bring us face to face with the true facts of life, death, and eternity; which will make us remember that man does not live by bread alone; which will give us, before we sleep, a few thoughts worthy of a Christian man with an immortal soul in him. And, thank its captivity with regret I cannot say, but God, no one need go far to find such books. I do not mean merely religious books, excellent as they are in these days. I mean any books which help to make us better, and wiser, and sober and more charitable persons; any books which will teach us to de spise what is vulgar and mean, foul and cruel, and to love what is noble and highminded, pure and just. \* \* In our own English language we may read by hundreds of books which will tell us of all virtue and of all praise. The stories of good and brave men and women; of galant and heroic actions; of deeds which we ourselves should be proud of doing : of persons whom we feel to be better, wiser

nobler, than we are ourselves.

She Caught Him. A certain lady suspected that her hus band was in the habit of kissing the cook a pretty German girl, by-the-by, and resolved to detect him in the act. After watching four days, she heard him come in one evening and gently pass through into the kitchen. Now, Katie was out that evening and the kitchen was dark Burning with jealousy, the wife took some matches in her hand, and, hastily placing her shawl over her head, as Katie ofte did, she entered the kitchen by the back door, and was almost immediately seized and embraced and kissed in the most ardent manner. With her heart almost bursting with rage and jealousy, the injured wife prepared to administer a terrible rebuke to her faithful spouse. Tear ing herself from his embrace, she struck a match and stood face to face with Katie's beau, one of the factory boys Her husband says his wife has never treated him so well since the first month they were married as she has for the past

The Close of Service. I could sometimes wish that you did no leave your pew so abruptly and promptly as you do, the moment the last syllable of the benediction has been pronounced. There is no need that you should have your hat in your hand; no need that you should have the great coat on the shoulder nor yet that, the moment the last syllable s pronounced, doors should be thrown open as though you were eager and impa-tient until the thing had come to a close. It would be well-it would be better, more in harmony with those outward expressions of reverence—if there were a moment's silence, a silent pause indicating that when the service is closed you have not been eager for its close, and then it is yours to go away in the hopeful confidence that God, who has been reverently walted upon by you, and whose benediction has been pronounced over you in his name and by his authority, would go with you and help you to make the rest of your life, not secular as distinguished from reand through-Dr. John Hall.

Plate Was All Right, The poet Whittier once lent a volume o Plato to one of the neighboring farmers, and when the book was returned asked Well, friend, how did thee like Plate "First-rate." said the farmer : "I ...e he's got some of my idees."

In 1884, the revenue from distilled liquers in the United States amounted to \$7.5 905,38 . This is the taxes paid, Add profits—say 100 per cent. and you will see what the people pay for their drinks. The amount consumed has steadily increased The number of railroad accidents in the United States during 1884 is given at 1,191.
Of these 445 were collisions and 681 derail ments, while 65 are recorded as "var'ous."

A Perfect Little Contleman at the Table and in His General

Habits. I was once, says Dr. A. E. Brehm in the Popular Science Monthly, the owner of a highly educated chimpanzee. He knew all the friends of the house, all our acquaintances, and distinguished them readily from strangers. Every one treating him kindly he looked upon as a personal friend. He never felt more comfortable than when he was admitted to the family circle and allowed to move freely around, and open and shut doors, while his joy was boundless when he was assigned a place at the common table, and the guests admired his natural wit and practical jokes. He expressed his satisfaction and thanks to them by drumming furiously on stove for the purpose of watching the fire, opened drawers, rummaged boxes and tranks, and played with their contents. provided the latter did not look suspinions to him. How easily suspicion was aroused in his mind might be illustrated by the fact that, as long as he lived, he shrank with terror from the common rubber ball. Obedience to my orders and attachment to my person, and to everybody caring for him, were among his cardinal virtues, and he bored me with his persistent wishes to accompany me. He knew perfectly his time for retiring, and was happy when some one of us carried him to the bedroom like a baby. As soon as the light was put out he would jump into the bed and cover himself, because he was afraid of the darkness. His favorite meal was supper with tea, which he was fond

of, provided it was largely sweetened and mixed with rum. He sipped it from the cup, and ate the dipped bread slices with a spoon, having been taught not to use the fingers in eating; he poured his wine from the bottle and drank it from the glass. A man could hardly behave himself more monkey. Cat and Sparrow. says: One day my house cat rushed into my room, having in its mouth a sparrow caught in the neighboring garden. Scarcely had puss entered the room when she let the bird free, evidently with the purpose of playing with it, as is the custom of cats with mice, before devouring them. The sparrow having one of its wings injured could not escape by flying, but boldly began to attack its huge enemy

by flerce blows on the nose with its beak. The cat seemed astonished at the attack. and beat a retreat. From that moment the two seemed to forget their natural instincts, and came to a mutual understanding. The truce continued, and gradually grew to a fraternal friendship! They ate. played and slep together. Often they ran about the house, the sparrow perched on the cat's back, and sometimes carried gently in the cat's mouth, from which it was released on the first wish to be free. When feeding together puss never touched a morsel till her friend had first partaken. Many of my friends came to see the strange sight, and were much amused at the proceedings of the friendly pair. One morning the sparrow seeing the window open, and its wings now being in good order, took its flight, and I saw it no more. Whether it ever remembered I am bound to add that puss did not die of grief on account of losing its companion. He Humored Him.

A New York stock broker, who was on his way to Buffalo last week, observed that one of his fellow passengers was closely regarding him, and after a time

the man came over and asked:

"Didn't I see you in Chicago in 1879?" The broker wasn't in Chicago that year, but thinking to humer the stranger, he replied in the affirmative. "Don't you remember of handing a poor devil a silver dollar one night in front of

the Tremont ?" " I do." "Well I'm the chap. I was hard up, out of work, and about ready to commit suicide. That money made a new man of me. By one lucky shift and another I am now worth \$85,000."

"Ah, glad to hear it." "And now I want you to take \$5 in place of that dollar. I can't rest easy until the debt is paid." The broker protested and objected, but finally just to humor the man, he took the twenty-dollar bill and gave him back \$15. The stranger then withdrew, and everything might have ended then and there if the broker, on reaching Buffalo, hadn't ascertained that the "twenty was a counterfeit, and that he was \$15

out of pocket. - Wall Street News. A "Pint" of Law on the Judge. Farmer Woods, of Brewsters, N. Y. turned up in the Jefferson market police court, says the New York Herald, as drunk and smiling as ever. It was about the tenth appearance in the same role.

"Consarn it!" said he to Justice Duffy, "I hey the all-firedest luck when I come to town I ever see. I no more than land at the deppy than one of these 'ere bluecoated fellers yanks me to another bluecoated feller who shoves me inter s

"But," added the old man, flatteringly "there's generally a gentleman a-sitting where you be that lets me go hum." "You get drank every time you come to town, don't you ?" asked the little judge, sternly. "No, judge, yer wrong; an' it's just

ain't got no right fur to punish me." "How is that " "Why, I didn't get drunk here. I was drunk when I started.' He was discharged.

there I claim a pint of law on ye. Yer

Gail Hamilton on Married Lite. The duties of married life require the same qualities that the duties of unmarried life require, generosity, truth, palarge-heartedness. In married life and in anmarried life alike, the highest happi ness and the highest blessedness require that you should often yield your own whim, taste, ease and pleasure to the pleasure of another. It requires often the still harder duty of maintaining your own stand in opposition to the wishes of anther, and it requires the wisdom of high heaven to know certainly when to do the one and when to do the other.

Last Friday in an old field about a mile from Favetteville three men were hanged for murder. Joe Howard, white, and Ton thee and Tom McNeil, colored. Two com panies of the State Guard were on duty and

ded over the Brooklyn bridge last Saturday, & South Carolina by two or three companies.

A Model Partor.

Your chairs and sofa should be chosen with a view to comfort. The latter must not be too fine to lie down upon, or even, in the privacy of family life, to lay one's feet upon. And the whole couch should, if possible, turn toward the fire, so that its occupant may have his face toward the cheerful glow. At the same time, a little wickerwork table-black and gold if you will-may hold a lamp for reading. As to chairs, a couple of good, well-stuffed easy chairs, to match the lounge, and arranged so as to look toward the fire, ought to be enough for luxury, while six or eight little ebonized and cane-bottomed gossip-chairs are the simplest and prettiest "occasional" furniture you can have, Add to these a black wickerwork chair, and you have seats enough. Tables are of very little real use in a drawing room; still, we must the table. In his numerous moments of leisure his favorite occupation consisted in investigating carefully every object in this reach. He lowered the door of the sun. You can have nothing better than black and gold for this purpose. Another,

round of course, is needed for afternoon tea. There must be some place to lay books and other heavy articles; and the table for this office should be solid and should stand against the wall. Nothing remains but the piano, and that must nat urally be placed where the exigencies of space demand. Don't have too many or naments in the room, so that one can scarcely move without knocking something down. The ctagere over the mantleshelf will hold a few such pretty things : and a Japanese cabinet, out of harm's way behind the sofa, may display a few more but we should never make our living-room into a sort of bazan. If we must have old Chelsea and plaques of Limoges ware, we may fasten them against the wall or put them on little brackets; but we should leave ourselves space to move unrestrainedly through the midst of our room. Too little furniture is far better than too much. few books may be scattered here and there: they give the parlor a refined look. Your pictures may be a few well-chosen engravings. In such a room as this, one may sit at ease, without fear of spoiling anything, and enjoy quiet delight in merely looking around at the nearest pic A gentleman writing to a foreign paper

Sick Headache. This complaint is the result of eating too much and exercising too little. Nine times n ten the cause is in the fact that the stomach was not able to digest the food last introduced into it, either from its hav ing been unsuitable or excessive in quantity. A diet of bread and butter, with ripe fruit or berries, with moderate and continuous exercise in the open air, sufficient to keep up a gentle perspiration, would cure almost every case in a short time. Two teaspoonfuls of powdered charcoal in a half glass of water and drank, often gives instant relief. Sick headaches with some persons comes on at regular intervals, and is the signal of distress which the stomach puts out to inform us that there is an over-alkaline condition of its. fluids; that it needs a natural acid to restore the battery to its normal working condition. When the first symptoms of headache appear, take a tablespoonful of lemon juice clear, fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same dose at bedtime. Follow this up until all symptoms are passed, taking no other remedies, and you will soon be able to go free from this unwelcome nuisance. Many will object to this because the remedy is too simple but many cures have been effected in this

"O, Lor' Hit 'In: Again!"

In the early days of Methodism in Scotland, a certain congregation, where there was but one rich man, desired to build a new chapel. A church meeting was held, The old rich Scotchman rose and said: Brethren, we dinna need a new chapel 'Il give £5 for repairs."

Just then a bit of plaster falling from the ceiling hit him on the head. Looking up and seeing how bad it was, he said . "Brethren, its worse thon I

thought : I'll make it 50 pmn' " "Oh, Lord," exclaimed a devoted brother ou a back seat "bit in again!" There are many human tabernacies which are in sore need of radical building spots without satisfactory results It 1 only when we are personally alarmed at the real dunger that we are independ ently, and do the right thing. Then it is did not sooner use our judgment, follow the advice hern of the experience of others and jump away from our perils Thousands of persons who will read this paragraph are in abject misery to-day when they might be in a satisfactory condition. They are weak, lifeless, full of odd aches and pains, and every year they know they are getting worse, even though the best doctors are patching them in spots The origin of these aches and pains is the kidneys and liver, and if they would build these all over new with Warner's safe cure as millions have done, and cease investing their money in miserable un and happy and would bless the day when sense course for them to pursue - London

A Daily Betaleation,

The Hon. John Kelly, the head and front of Tammany Hall, a man of strict integ rity, an indefatigable worker, early at his business that regular meals were seldom known by him, with mind in constant tension and energies steadily trained, finally broke down !

The wonder is that he did not sooner give way. An honest man in all things else, he acted unfairly with his physical resources. He was ever drawing upon this bank without ever depositing a collateral. The account overdrawn, the bank now resumed at the below named losuspends and both are now in the hands cation, where we trust to meet all of of medical receivers. our former customers. It is not work that kills men. It is

irregularity of habits and mental worry. No man in good health frets at his work. Bye and bye when the bank of vigor suspends, these men will wonder how it all happened, and they will keep wondering until their dying day unless, perchance, some candid physician or interested friend will point out to them how by irregularity, by excessive mental effort, by constant worry and fret, by plunging in deeper than they had a right to go, they have produced that loss of nervous energy which almost invariably expresses itself PHARMACISTS in a deranged condition of the kidneys and liver, for it is a well-known fact that the poison which the kidneys and liver should remove from the blood, if left therein, soon knocks the life out of the strongest and most vigorous man or woman. Daily building up of these vital organs by so wonderful and highly reput-ed a specific as Warner's safe cure, is the only guarantee that our business men can have that their strength will be equal to the labors daily out upon them.

Mr. Kelly has nervous dyspepsia, we learn, indicating, as we have said a break-down of nerve force. His case should be a warning to others who, pur-suing a like course, will certainly reach a like result.—The Sunday Herald.

F our companies of the Virginia troops were detailed by the Governor to attend Gen. Grant's funeral in New York. Georgia was represen-It was estimated that 180,000 persons pass | ted by the Gate City Guard, of Atlanta, and

NO. 34

A HOME DRUGGIST

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer: RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPRILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public.

E. F. HARRIS."

River St., Buck and, Mass., May 13, 1882. GEORGE ANDREWS
OVERSET IN the Lowell
was for over even of Francis Corporation,
to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in the worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by Aver's Sarsaparulla. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$5. NEW AND VALAUBLE DE-

A Patent

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-FOR THE-

CURE OF HEMORRHOIDS

[Commonly Called Piles.] INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL PROLAP

NO MEDECINE OR SURGICAL OPERA TION NECESSARY,

I have invented a SIMPLE WATER CLOSET SEAT, for the cure of the above troublesome and painful malady, which I confidently place efore the public as a SURE RELIEF AND It has received the endorsement of the wherever tried, has given entire satisfaction, and where it falls to relieve the money will

be willingly returned. These Seats will be furnished at the following prices: Walnut......\$6.00 Cherry......5.00 Disc ount to Phisicians Poplar.....5.00

Directions for using will accompany each We trouble you with no certificates. We

leave the Seat to be its advertiser. Address. LEWIS CHAMBERLAIN.

Tarboro, Edgecombe Co., N. C. HAVE YOU A CARDEN? IF YOU HAVE SEEDS



RESUMED.

We take pleasure in announcing to our numerous patrons and friends that we have now recovered from the disarrangement to our business caused by the recent fire, and have

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AT THE WEDDELL BOOK STORE.

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ing the POST OFFCE.

7 ELEVATOR WHISKEY.