The Tarborough Southerner.

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

VOL. 63. TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 10, 1885. NO. 37

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

WALTER P. WILLIAMSON
Attorney-at-Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
(Office next that of Col. J. L. Bridgers, over Bell's Jewelry store, Main street.)
☞ Practices in State and Federal Courts

FRANK POWELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
TARBORO, - - - N. C.

FRANK NASH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
TARBORO, N. C.
Practices in all the Courts, State and Federal. 8688

GEORGE HOWARD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO N. C.
☞ Practices in all the Courts, State and Federal. nov.5-1y.

ANDREW JOYNER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
GREENVILLE, N. C.
In future will regularly attend the Superior courts of Edgecombe. Office in Tarboro House

G. M. T. FOUNTAIN,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Tarboro, N. C.,
Office over Insurance Office of Capt. Orren Williams. feb21-6m

H. A. GILLIAM. DONNELL GILLIAM
GILLIAM & SON
Attorneys-at-Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Will practice in the Counties of Edgecombe, Halifax and Pitt, and in the Courts of the First Judicial District, and in the Circuit and supreme Courts at Raleigh. jan18-1y.

JAS. NORFLEET,
Attorney-at-Law,
TARBORO, - - N. C.
CIRCUIT.—Edgecombe, Nash and Wilson. Loans negotiated on reasonable terms.

J. L. BRIDGERS & SON,
Attorneys-at-Law,
TARBORO, - - N. C.
14 1ry

DOSSEY BATTLE.
Attorney at Law
TARBORO, - - N. C.
[Batlet & Hart, Rocky Mount, N. C.,] Practice in the courts of Nash, Edgecombe, Wilson and Halifax counties. Also in the Federal and Supreme Courts. Tarboro office, up-stairs over new Howard building, Main street, opp. Bank—front room. apr 1 '84

DR. H. T. BASS
Offers his profes al services to the citizens of Tarboro and vicinity.
Office in T. A. McNair's drug store on Main Street

DR. I. N. CARR,
Surgeon Dentist,
TARBORO, N. C.
Office hours, from 9 a. m. 'till 1 p. m. and from 2 to 6 p. m.
☞ Next door to Tarboro House, over Royster & Nash.

DR. R. W. JOYNER,
SURGEON DENTIST

Has permanently located in Wilson, N. C. All operations will be neatly and carefully performed and on terms as reasonable as possible. Teeth extracted without pain. Office on Tarboro street, next door to Post Office. Jan-1 6m

J. L. SAVAGE,
Livery, Sale, Exchange and Feed Stables,
CORNER GRANVILLE & ST. ANDREW STREETS
TARBORO', N. C.
These Stables are the largest in the State, and have a capacity of holding ten car-loads of stock. Give him a call. jan18y

OPIUM & WHISKEY HABITS cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent Free. B. M. WOOLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga. 9 t28

TEACHERS, Make $70 to $150 per month selling our Standard Books & Bibles. Steady work for Spring and Summer. Address J. C. McCurdy & Co., Philapelphia, Pa.

LUTHER SHELDON,
DEALER IN
SASHES, DOORS, BLINDS
BUILDERS' HARDWARE,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,
And Building Material of every description
NOS. 16 W. SIDE MARKET SQUARE & 49 ROANOAKE AVE.,
NORFOLK, VA.
November1882. 18,1-y.

T. O. WOODWARD,
with
E. B. BLAMIR - Norfolk, Va.
Will mail samples of DRY GOODS WHEN REQUESTED,
Dresses made to order. Correspondence solicited. Catalogues of Patterns mailed free to any address.

Why Lot's Wife Was Salted.

The Sunday-school was hushed and still,
And the parson led in prayer,
Then said a speech would now be made
By a stranger who was there.

The lesson told, that day, the fate
Of the cities razed by fire,
And of the great reward of those
Who did the Lord's desire.

And then the stranger spoke of those
Who disobeyed God's law,
Said they the end of such as sinned
In the death of Lot's wife saw.

To impress the fact he asked a class,
Small eight year urchins they,
Why God had turned Lot's wife to salt
On that ill-fated day.

One little rascal made response,
With grimy hand upheld,
His shrill voice sounded loud and clear
"She was too fresh," he yelled.

Timely Topics.

Of all the Lompoc tribes of Indians, of whom fifty years ago there were some 4,000 in Santa Barbara county, California, there is but one survivor, and he is old and feeble, existing upon charity in the city of Santa Barbara.

Immense quantities of writing paper are used in the Baltic provinces of Russia, but not for writing. As tobacco is extremely dear, the Russian peasant makes a very good-looking cigar out of cabbage leaves and writing paper, the smoking of which makes him perfectly happy.

Connecticut leads in longevity in this country. The majority of very old people are women. Among men, soldiers and farmers are the longest lived. A recent investigator found one hundred ministers who had passed the century limit, but he found only thirty doctors, ten lawyers and ten actors.

During the last 100 years the English race has multiplied fivefold, the Russian fourfold, the German two-and-a-half fold and the other European races in a smaller proportion; Italy having nearly doubled and France and Spain having added only about fifty per cent. to their population. An easy problem would be to find the length of time before the English race will rule the world.

It is in the Pacific ocean that what is probably the deepest water on the surface of the globe has been found. English scientific explorers dropped the sounding line 4,575 fathoms, about five and one-fifth miles. The American steamer Tuscarora sounded 4,600 fathoms east of Japan. Thus it would seem that the greatest heights of mountains and the maximum depths of the sea very nearly correspond.

The tombs of Esther and Mordecai are in a poor little shrine in Hamadan, Persia. They are covered each by a wooden ark, on which are small pieces of paper like labels, covered with Hebrew characters. They are placed there by the Hebrew pilgrims. All are under a small dome some fifty feet high. The building is of red bricks, the walls much patched with mud; the blue dome is of tiles. These tombs are held sacred by all Hebrews in Persia, and thousands make pilgrimages annually.

Strange things have been done in recent years in the way of moving buildings and large masses of stone and brick, but none have been more curious than the moving of a brick factory chimney in Salem, Mass., a short time ago. The chimney was ninety feet high, and only six and one half feet at the base. By the aid of six workmen this clumsy structure was lifted, moved a distance of one hundred feet, and safely deposited upon a new foundation. A sway of only three inches would have been enough to bring the whole mass down like so many bricks in a Buddenseck building. The load weighed 130 tons.

The wives and families of the Peruvian soldiers always travel with them, like the squaws and papooses of the North American Indians. In camp, the women do the cooking; on the march, they carry on their backs and heads a great part of the camp equipage, and in battle they nurse the wounded and rob the dead. They are poor, miserable, degraded creatures, just one degree above the dogs which follow at their heels. Their powers of endurance are extraordinary. Often it is the case that they will march twenty or thirty miles a day over dusty roads, carrying a child on their backs, without food or water.

Another medical journal, the "Physician's Investigator," is out against oatmeal, which it declares makes children weak mentally and physically. Medical opinion now seems to be about evenly divided for and against the meal. One side says it was eaten by Robert Bruce and Sir Walter Scott, and the other side says that Scotland is the land of dyspepsia. Meanwhile the Scotch people continue to be great shipbuilders and to keep an eye out in the world, and among the other people of the earth a great many persons eat oatmeal because they like it, and a great many others eat it notwithstanding that they like it not.

Five of the wholesale pickle-dealers of Brooklyn, N. Y., admit that they use copper for the purpose of imparting a fresh and inviting appearance of their commodities, and one of them describes the process by which the fictitious coloring is imparted as follows: The pickles are placed in a vat and subjected to a steam heat of 140 to 160 degrees Fahrenheit. In the vat a quantity of alum and copper plates are added, and the innocent cucumber or onion subjected to contact with these harmless ingredients for a term of from three to nine hours. The pickles are then carefully washed, and are ready for the palates of the public. One dealer said he discountenanced the use of copper plates, and said that he only used crystal of blue vitrol, a most appetizing adjunct. This highly agreeable method of "greening" the pickles and poisoning the public will not be further permitted by the health officer. He prefers his pickles straight.

He Felt Discouraged.

He had a wearied, sad-eyed expression, as if booked for a funeral and was awaiting the hearse and mourners. A sympathetic friend sought to sound the secret of his woe. The wearied man responded:

"I feel discouraged."

"Tut! You mustn't give way to grief in that despairing way. You know what the poet sang: "Hope springs eternal in human breast."

"Ah, yes! But it ain't for me. When a man's seen what I've seen hope ain't for him."

"Bless my soul, what can have happened?"

"I'll tell you. Mayhap it will give relief. You know how steady I've been sitting up to Miss Hopsnood?"

"Everybody knows you sat up to her like a sick kitten to a warm stove."

"She encouraged me, and I felt I was solid till first one and then another got to whispering that she was sitting Gus Tom Mill out 'n out. I wouldn't believe a word of it. Didn't she go with me to ice cream parlors two or three times a week and picnic, and didn't that show I was solid? So I believed she was all right and wouldn't hear to a word contrary."

"That's right. Don't never listen to busybody talk."

"That's what I was determined till to day. A person told me a little while ago that he saw Tom Mill escorting Kate home from the matinee. That didn't worry me. I knew he was all right and thought everything of me. So I started up to call on her. It wasn't my night to pay my regular visits, but I wanted to go, just to show them I knew it was all right. I met her ma at the gate. She said I'd better not go in. That sounded queer, but I did not let it bother me at all. Then the old man—he was smoking his pipe under a tree—he chipped in; said he guessed Kate wasn't expecting me to-night. That was queer, too. Still, I wouldn't allow myself to be discouraged. I was sure Kate could explain everything, no matter how it looked. On the stoop I met Kate's little sister. She kind of snickered, and had a curious, cute look in her eyes as she said: "Kate won't best like to see you to night" This was the queerest of all. But still I wouldn't give way. Something told me to keep a stiff upper lip and not be discouraged. And I determined I wouldn't. So I walked right into the parlor, and then——"

"What?"

"I saw Kate sitting on the lounge with that Tom Mill—he with his arm round her waist and she her head flopped down onto his breast."

"Then you gave way?"

"Then I felt discouraged and came away."

Out all Night in London.

We, too, turn round, and proceed over Blackfriar's bridge. Alas! what a sight is here! Huddled together out of the wind are quite a large number of midnight wanderers; starved, cold, and helpless they appear. Some have sunk to their full length on the hard pavement at the foot of the bridgehead, and one we meet further on is a woman, with a piteous-looking baby face peeping from the folds of her tattered shawls. Others stand against the wall with hands in pockets and shoulders raised, sheltering themselves from the cold blast which sweeps so keenly over the river. The deeply recessed seats are crowded with wretched occupants, thronging together to obtain warmth and rest and slumber.

Over sixty poor wretches have thus been found on this bridge alone. They are of various trades and occupations, and from all parts of the country; one has been a Hampshire laborer, another a Margate ostler, this man a Cambridgee stonemason, that woman a needle-worker from Dorsetshire. Mantel-makers, domestic servants, governesses, chair-women, bricklayers, law writers, coopers, pianoforte makers, laborers of every description are found among them. Some have been sleeping out in the streets three nights, some five, some one. They object to go to the causual wards, because they allege that they cannot get out sufficiently early in the morning to find "odd jobs" of work at the docks, coal wharves, markets, etc. Another reason advanced is the objection to the bath. "I should not mind it if it were clean water, or I could have the first dip," said one, "but to go into the water after a lot of others—faugh! —I cannot stand it!"

On London bridge the same sad sight is presented, and numbers of men and women of all characters and employments, as just described, are to be found, crouching into the seats in search of rest and shelter.

For some reason the bridges are favorite resorts of the sleeper-out. Perhaps the sight of the silent river, with its rows of shining lamps, its shipping, and its far outlook, is more welcome to the wanderer than the stony streets. In any case, here they congregate, and as many as 150 poor wretches have been found on London Bridge alone.—Quiver.

Sam Jonesisms.

A good man is like a city set upon a hill, you can't hide him.

If you want to know what your neighbors think of you disguise yourself and go among them.

How many men in this congregation are prying the rent for women who are not their wives?

Preachers know a good deal more about their flocks than they dare tell. It might endanger their salaries.

A pretty woman has ruined more than one church.

You needn't turn up your nose at God, for he knows you.

"Whatsoever a man soweth he shall reap," is true both in the Bible and the almanac, whether God said it or not.

Some of you men sowed enough seed to damn the world.

If you sow whis'key you reap drunkards.

Grocery stores with barroom attachments are moral hell holes.

Your daughter may be beautiful and lovely, but first thing you know the devil may pack off a drunken son-in-law on you.

A man who gets drunk will steal if he is not too much afraid of the jail.

A man who would swear before his children is a brute.

The gambler is invariably the son of a Christian family. Why is this?

Show me the man who was a soldier in the late war who says he didn't steal and I will show you a liar.

I have a contempt for a man who has the time to play cards.

I never knew a first-class billiard player who was worth the powder and lead it would take to kill him.

There's about forty men in this congregation who are going to hell on blooded horses.

The most beautiful slight in this world is a man leading his wife and children into the gates of heaven.

Live so your children may put their feet in your tracks and be honorable.

Most of you don't care if your neighbor goes hungry so you have enough:

If you don't like my style of preaching you know the way out.

God will never quit drinking whiskey for a man.

Christ and whiskey don't stay in the same hide at the same time.

Do you know a pious politician? If so, rack me out one. I want to see him powerful bad.

The devil enjoys the way many preachers preach.

Ingersoll does no harm. The real infidels are in the churches. They believe, but don't practice.

There are women here who haven't struck a lick of work in years. They do nothing but shop, shop, shop. Hell is full of such women.

Take your city churches—the Lord don't go within a mile of them, and the devil gets in.

The man who dan't laugh needs a liver medicine. The moper and growler never gets to heaven.

This three-mile an-hour lick in religion ain't no good.

Look at the sister, headed for the theatre. The devil has a string round her neck, but she don't know it.

Bring me a corpse and a coffin, and I will be gloomy; flowers, and I will smile.

I'd rather be a town dog than a town liar. The truth flows from a good man like molasses from a jug.

Tell the truth, though you die in a poorhouse.

There's a merchant in this town who tells the truth, but he's mighty lonesome.

A horse trader lies by keeping his mouth shut.

There are Christians in this church who are kind to everybody else's wives, but mean to their own.

A Chinese Printing Office.

In a San Francisco Chinese printing office the the manner of putting a newspaper on the press and printing is very primitive. The editor takes American newspapers to friends, from whom he gets a translation of the matter he needs, and after getting it written in Chinese in a manner satisfactory to him he carefully writes it upon paper chemically prepared. Upon the bed of the press, which is of the style that went out of use with the last century, is a lithograph stone. Upon this the paper is laid until the impression of the characters is left there. A large roller is inked and passed over the stone after it has been dampened with a wet sponge, and nothing remains but to take the impression upon the upon the newspaper to be. The Chinese pressman prints three papers every five minutes, five papers in the same time less than Benjamin Franklin had a record for. The life of a Chinese journalist is a happy one. He is free from care and thought, and allows all the work of the establishment to be done by the pressman. The Chinese compositor has not arrived. The Chinese editor, like the rest of his countrymen, is imitative. He does not depend on his brain for editorials, but translates them from all the contemporaneous American newspapers he can get. There is no humorous department in the Chinese newspaper. The newspaper office has no exchanges scattered over the floor, and in nearly all other things it differs from the American establishment. The editorial room is connected by a ladder with bunks on the loft above, where the managing editor sleeps, and next to it is, invariably, a room where an opium bunk and a layout reside. Evidences of domestic life are about the place, pots, kettles and dishes taking up about as much room as the press. In all cases, no disposition is shown to elevate the position of the "printer" above his surroundings. If an editor finds that journalism does not pay, he gets a job washing dishes or chopping wood, and he does not think he has descended far either.

Crusoe's Island To-Day.

Opposite the harbor of Valparaiso stands the island of Juan Fernandez, sacred to the memory of Robinson Crusoe "and his man Friday, who kept things tidy and listened to the tales his master told." There isn't a boy where the English tongue is spoken who hasn't read a description of this island better told than I am able to give it, and it is only necessary to say that Daniel Defoe, or whoever wrote the book, must have studied the place with great attention or had the island created to suit the picture he gave of it.

The little harbor is there, with its rocks and coves, just as it was when Robinson went ashore; the cave is in good order still, and the cliffs up which he and Friday used to chase the mountain goats. The goats are there and the armadillos, the birds of wonderful plumage, and the crawfish among the rocks. Every boy in the United States who has read the story recently could go all over the place without a guide and could find everything except Robinson himself and the faithful Friday.

The island belongs to Chili and is leased to a cattle company, who have 20,000 or 30,000 head of cattle and as many more sheep grazing over the hills. There are about fifty or sixty inhabitants, ranchmen with their families, under charge of a Frenchman named Crawe, and beside the stock they raise a quantity of poultry and ship chickens and eggs, with some vegetables to the Valparaiso market. The timber on the island is said to be of an excellent quality, but is not much used. No one ever goes there without bringing away a cane or two as a memento, and the brush from which these canes are made is of very beautiful fiber and polishes well. Excursions go over frequently from Valparaiso, and the interest in Robinson Crusoe's experience is much stimulated by those who come this way.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Decadence of Dancing.

A Convention of Dancing Masters now in session in New York City is considering the vital interests of the dancing community. It seems that the laws and proprieties of this form of social amusement need consultation and intellectual discussion, and we judge from the limited reports that appear that the industry needs stimulating in council. Our people do not dance so well or so often as they did fifty years ago.

The terpischorean dalliance has settled into formal and occasional sets in the back parlor and the annual hop. Doubtless it is the decadence of dancing that has brought the masters of the art together. They are devising means to make the American people trip the light fantastic with something of the old time fever and persistency. We hope they may succeed. Our forefathers and foremothers went out and tripped it merrily on the green and joined hands in a gallopade under May-poles and "melancholy boughs." Why should we not imitate them? We trust the dancing masters will frown upon the introduction of the Can-can into the back parlor and stimulate a fresh desire in the breasts of our sedate young ladies to kick up their hells in a good old-fashioned jig.

Baptized.

AT a negro baptizing in an Arkansaw bayou, a rather small preacher conducted a rather large brother down into the water, but only partly succeeded in immersing him.

"Look heah," said the large brother, drawing himself up, "is dis all de baptizm' what I' gwine to git?"

"Ain't dis ernuff?" the preacher asked.

"No, it ain't."

"Why so, sah?"

"Case, wid dis little de debil will git me sho.' I's prowled erroun' too much to hab my sins washed er way by this little dip."

"Come on, brudder, yer's been baptized ernuff. Ricolleck dat it am de faith 'stead o' de water dat do de good."

"Dat's all well ernuff. Come, souse me under heah erg'in."

The preacher soused him again. Arising, he began to shout with a loud voice: "Oh, I'se got de ole debil bp de ho'ns dis time. Gwine up yander whar—" he suddenly stopped. The preacher asked the cause.

"Oh, doan say nuffin'. Dar's er white man out yander whut am er goin' ter cauze me er stealin' his coat. I neber seed him afore, but I jes' know dat he am er gwine ter do dat fack."—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Zinc Boat.

The New York "Sun" says that the French, who have made more experiments in shipbuilding than any other nation, once built a vessel with iron frames, zinc plates for planking, and a wooden deck. It was launched at Nantes in 1852 by the builder, Mr. Gulbert. She was a sloop. Her master, Captain Johanue, took her out to Rio de Janeiro for a cargo of coffee. She was a good sea boat, and carried a great cargo considering her size. But they never built another zinc boat. She cost too much and did not wear as long as an iron one.

Starving Seven Days in a Mine.

LEBANON, Pa., Sept. 8.—The story of a thrilling escape from death by slow starvation came light here to-day. Clayton Klick, nineteen years old, is a son of Henry Klick, a wealthy farmer, residing in Union Township, this county On Wednesday morning a week ago he took a walk through the Narrow Valley to gather a fragrant herb known as Blue Mountain tea. That was the last seen of him until late last night, when he was hoisted out of the shaft of a deserted mine about 140 feet deep, more dead than alive.

Klick had not partaken of food since his disappearance. He says that while walking along he suddenly found himself sinking in the ground and was hurled into a dark abyss, striking its rocky sides several times before he found himself at the bottom. He landed on his feet, which were frightfully crushed, and his legs and body were bruised by the concussion. He lay there day after day in almost utter darkness, within a narrow space six feet square. He was unable to move and would have welcomed death as a relief to his sufferings. All of Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday the sorrowing father searched the hills for his lost boy. He believed that his son lay in one of the mine-holes, but he never expected to see him alive. While walking along the mountain he saw an open air hole near the edge of a hill, and when he shouted into the cavern he received an answer from young Klick, who had just strength enough left to call out.

The neighbors were tummoned and ladders procured and spliced and by this means he was hauled to the surface, where he swooned away. He had become so desperate that he had torn portions of his clothing into shreds and eaten them. He is terribly emaciated and it will require careful nursing to save his life. He feet and legs may have to be amputated and his other injuries are of a very serious character. He was to have been married to a country lass on Sunday and the wedding will take place as soon as has sufficiently rocovered.

A Captured Devil Fish.

Immense crowds of people gathered at the beach at Galveston, Texas, one day recently to see a devil fish that was captured on the previous day. Eor some days past a school of marine monsters had been seen disporting in the gulf a short distance from the shore, and all efforts to harpoon or capture them proved futile until one was caught in a fishtng seine. Ropes were thrown around the monster, and, with horses, it was dragged ashore. It proved to be a specimen of a very rare fish, the "Ceyhaloptera Vampyrus," also called devil fish and vampire of the ocean. Its weight was about two tons, and as it lay spread out on the beach dead, it had every appearance of an enormous bat or vampire. It was fully sixteen feet wide from the extreme edges of the pectoral fins and fourteen feet long. The mouth was four feet wide, and was protected on either side by formidable appendages resembling horns, with which it scooped in food.

Comfort at Home.

Put self last. Be prompt at every meal. Take little annoyances out of the way. When good comes to anyone rejoice. When anyone suffers, speak a word of sympathy, Tell neither of your own faults nor those of others. Have a place for everything in its place. Hide your own troubles, but watch to help others out of theirs. Take hold of the knob and shut, not slam the door. If the door squeaks, apply the drop of oil at once. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak. Look for beauty in everything and take a cheerful view of every event. Carefully clean the mud from your feet on entering the house. Always speak politely and kindly to servants. When inclined to give an angry answer, press your lips together and say the alphabet. When pained by an unkind word or deed, ask yourself. "Have I never done ill and desired forgiveness."—Soldier and Servant.

Officials Cannot Enterta in Guests at Expense of Government.

Judge Maynard, Second Comptroller of the Treasury, has decided an interesting point in considering an item of $400 in the accounts of Paymaster Stevenson, U. S. N., for expenses incurred by Rear Admiral Jouett, of the U. S. S. Tennessee, in entertaining the following officials at the New Orleans Exposition: Director General Burke and party; Governor McEnery, of of La., staff and friends; Governor Bourne, of R. I. staff and friends, the Mexican commissioner and party; Governor Cameron, of Virginia, staff, and friends. The account was approved by Secretary Chandler. The Second comptroller says he can find no law for these expenditures, and that there is no statute or naval regulation which imposes on naval officers the duty of entertaining public officials at the expense of the Government.

Mosquitoes at the North Pole.

The popular notion that mosquitoes are chiefly resident in tropical and subtropical countries is quite a mistake, the home of their mightiest legions being within and about the Artic circle. On coasting trips to the North Cape even, vessels are invaded by maddening swarms at every stopping place. It is reported that in Alaska they form clouds so dense that it is impossible for sportsmen to aim at objects beyond. Native dogs are sometimes killed by them and even the great grizzly bear is said to be occasionally blinded by their attacks and finally starved in consequence.

Smoking and Courtship.

The Persian girls smoke incessantly, and sweeten their breath at every third whiff with a small lump of sugar. It is a mark of esteem to permit a visitor to smoke out of the same pipe, and the Persian young man who goes courting need not take cigars with him nor leave the stumps on the front fence as he goes in, for if he prospers in his suit the maiden takes a whiff herself and then passes the pipe to him. If she alternates whiffs she is in love, but if she gives him a whiff only once in a while she is merely polite.

Even better than this is the Creole habit of giving their lovers a sort of second hand benefit of their smoke. This charming trick is performed by the maiden filling her mouth full of smoke and passing it quietly and lovingly into the mouth of her admirer as she gives him a kiss. If he is gallant he will retain it but a moment and then return it, in hopes of getting it back again. This is a pretty trick, but it has its dangers. If the maiden chances to have the larger mouth the young man runs the risk of being filled unpleasantly full of smoke. Most young men are willing to take the chances.

Growing Opposition.

The Western Union Telegraph Company applied to the courts at Little Rock, Ark., last week for an injunction to prevent the Arkansas Telegraph Company from building a line along the Little Rock, Mississippi River and Texas Railway between Pine Bluff and Little Rock, claiming an exclusive contract with the railroad company. The injunction was denied, because at the last session of the Arkansas Legislature a telegraph law was passed granting telegraph companies rights of the way on all railroads in the State of Arkansas.

The Arkansas Telegraph Company is an extension of the Baltimore and Ohio system to Little Rock, Hot Springs and other important places in this State. Material is on the ground and work will now be pushed forward rapidly. Little Rock will probably be connected wish the Baltimore and Ohio system by Sept. 20, and Hot Springs soon thereafter. Arrangements have been made for an extension to Memphis, Tenn.

Cowhided by a woman,

At St. Johns, Ont., Sunday Miss Priscilla Taylor, a farmer's daughter, of eighteen summers, pretty and engaging, with a turn for athletics, gave an extraordinary piquancy to the scene at the door of the Methodist church. She went to William Warner and accused him of defaming her character. Warner, a wealthy farmer of fifty, got no chance for reply, as Miss Taylor quickly drew a cowhide from her dress folds, and in presence of the congregation slashed Warner's face, each blow bruising or cutting the flesh. Warner was in a corner, and tried to grapple with Miss Taylor's whip hand, but failed. Some of the congregation finally interfered, when Miss Taylor's big brother and her father in turn took a hand in and there was a lively row. Quiet was after some time restored, and Warner threatens an action against his Amazonian assailant.

In New Orleans.

You can see here white and colored bricklayers on the same scaffold together, with the colored man carrying up the corners and doing the fancy work while an Irishman carries the hod. There are many wealthy property holders among them here. A great many of them are Catholics, The white and colored worship together. The estimated wealth of colored people here is in the tens of millions. The colored man, if he can furnish such goods as they use, is well patronized by the best class of whites, but the best colored trade goes to the whites, as it does everywhere. White help is abundant here and it is mostly from the North. These northern white cooks and waiters have a union here, and no negroes can join it, nor will they work in a house or on a boat where colored help is employed if they can help it.

A Water-Spout on the Niagara.

Last Friday afternoon on the Niagara river two gentlemen who were out in a skiff saw a very peculiar looking cloud, small and black, whose movements were such as to attract attention. Fearing a thunder storm, they started for the shore to seek cover. After they reached land they saw about a mile below Falconwood the water of the river rise to the clouds, forming a water-spout. It moved down the river, the gentlemen watching it until it disappeared. Water spouts on the lake are rare, but on Niagrara river rarer still. The spout seemed about five feet in diameter.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS. 9

HAGAN'S
Magnolia Balm
is a secret aid to beauty. Many a lady owes her freshness to it, who would rather not tell, and *you can't* tell.

HEADACHES
Are generally induced by Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation, or some Derangement of the Liver and Digestive System. Sufferers will find relief by the use of
Ayer's Pills
to stimulate the stomach and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AYER'S PILLS divert the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of Congestive and Nervous Headache, Bilious Headache, and Sick Headache; and by keeping the bowels free, and preserving the system in a healthful condition, they insure immunity from future attacks. Try
Ayer's Pills.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

A NEW AND VALAUBLE DEVICE.

A Patent
Water Closet Seat
—FOR THE—
CURE OF HEMORRHOIDS,
[Commonly Called Piles.]
INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL PROLAPSUS AI.
NO MEDECINE OR SURGICAL OPERATION NECESSARY,

I have invented a SIMPLE WATER CLOSET SEAT, for the cure of the above troublesome and painful malady, which I confidently place before the public as a SURE RELIEF AND CURE
It has received the endorsement of the leading physicians in this community, and wherever tried, has given entire satisfaction, and where it fails 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 Seat.
We trouble you with no certificates. We leave the Seat to be its advertiser.
Address,
LEWIS CHAMBERLAIN,
Patentee
Tarboro, Edgecombe Co., N. C. je26-1y

HAVE YOU A GARDEN?
IF YOU HAVE YOU WILL NEED SEEDS
And will want the Best at the least money. Then my new Seed Catalogue will surprise you. No matter what or how you may be dealing it will save money. It is mailed Free to all, and you ought to have it. Address also
WM. H. MAULE,
1711 & 1713 Front St., Philadelphia.

HARTER'S IRON TONIC
THE ONLY TRUE
Will purify the BLOOD, regulate the LIVER and KIDNEYS, and RESTORE THE HEALTH and VIGOR of YOUTH. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength, and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.
LADIES Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe and speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion.
Frequent attempts at counterfeiting only add to the popularity of the original. Do not experiment—get the ORIGINAL AND BEST.
Send your address to The Dr. Harter Med. Co. St. Louis, Mo., for our "DREAM BOOK." Full of strange and useful information, free.

RESUMED.

—;0;—

We take pleasure in announcing to our numerous patrons and friends that we have now recovered from the disarrangemant to our business caused by the recent fire, and have now resumed at the below named location, where we trust to meet all of our former customers.

—:0:—

STATON AND ZOELLER
PHARMACISTS
AND
DRUGGIST.
AT THE WEDDELL BOOK STORE.
Opposite the BRAN HOUSE and adjoining the POST OFFICE.

D. CUMMINGS,
Sells
ELEVATOR WHISKRY. 14t27