NO. 50

DRANK POWELL,

PROFESSIONAL ARDS.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

CRANK NASE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW TARBORO, N. C. Practices in all the Courts, State and Fed

CEORGE HOWARD, Attorney and Counselor at Law.

TARBORC N. C. Practices in all the Courts, State and A NDREW JOYNER

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, GREENVILLE, N. C. In future will regularly attend the Superior ourts of Edgecombe. Office in Tarboro House M. T. FOUNTAIN,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office over Insurance Office of Capt. Orren feb31-6m

H. A. GILLIAM. CILLIAM & SON

Attorneys-at-Law, TARBORO', N. C.

Will practice in the Counties of Edgecombe, dalifax and Pitt, and in the Courts of the First Judicial District, and in the Circuit and upreme Courts at Raleigh. JAS. NORFLEET,

Attorney-at-Law, CIRCUIT .- Edg ecombe, Nash and Wil-

on. Loans negotiate. on reasonable terms. L. BRIDGERS & CON,

Attorneys-at-Lav.,

TARBORO,

DOSSEY BATTLE.

TARBORO, -[Battle & Hart, Rocky Mount, N. C.,] actice in the courts of Nash, Edgecom Wilson and Halifax counties. Also in the Federal and Supreme Courts. Tarboro office, up-stairs over new Howard building, Main street, spp. Bank-front room.

Offers his protes al services to the citizens of Tarboro and vicinity. Tens of Tarboro and vicinity.

Office in T. A. McNair's drug store on Main

DE. I. N. CARR,

Surgeon Dentist, TARBORO, N. C.

Office Louis, from 9 a. m. 'till 1 p. m. and on 3 to 6 p. m.
For Next door to Tarboro House, over loyster & Nash.

DR. R. W. JOYNER, SURGEON DENTIST



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

L . SAVAGE,

Livery, Sale, Exchange and 1 Teed Stables, CORNER GRANVILL & ST. ANDREW STREETS 80', N. C. TARBO.

These Stables are the and have a capacity of a fitted ten car-loads fanlsy of stock. Give him a call. UTHER SHELDON,

DEALER IN

SASHES, DOORS, BLINDS

BUILDERS' HARDWA BE,

PAINTS, OILS, G LASS,

and Building Material of every descr option NOS. 16 W. SIDE MARKET : JOUAR E & 49 ROANOAKE AV! 4.

NORFOLK, VA. November 1882, 18,1-y.

WILLIAMSON,

-Manufac' curer of-

OPPOSITE H. MORF .is & BROS.,

TARBORO, DARKER'S TONI J.

If you are wasting awr sy from age, dissipalion or any disease or w eakness and require a my stimulant take PARKE'S TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never int oxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives, it might save fours.

HISCO X & CO New York.

N. C.

PATCHED ELBOWS.

"Look, mother, those interesting elbows are out again! I don't know what old Toppleton will say."
As he spoke, Dave Baldwin turned about and showed his mother the rents where two very active elbows had worked themselves out of the prison. Mrs. Baldwin was frying griddle-cakes for Dave's breakfast. She looked up and said in her pleasant way:

"Well, Dave, the thing that made the trouble will cure it. Work did it, and work will cure it, and next month you will be able, from your earnings, to have a new coat, so that again you can say, what made holes will cover them. In a few minutes I will sew up those holes."

Sorry to make you so much trouble mother. I'm an awful boy."

Thereupon Mother Baldwin told him she would stop his mouth with a griddle-cake if he did not stop that style of

talking.
"I shouldn't object, mother, to looking as well as Frank Thompson."
"I should if I thought you get your clothes the same way. I was at the Thompsons the other day, and Mrs. Thompson groaned and said she should be a said the should be the same way. I was at the Thompson groaned and said she should be the said to the said glad when Frank got his bills paid, but clerks must dress in any store, she supposed. Before you and Frank went into Coppleton's store you and he were glad to pick greens in the city lots and bring them home for dinner, and I would rather you'd be a little dandelion-picker for life, rather than having you owing everybody and never paying them."

To this sentiment Mother Baldwin gave emphasis by the vigorous landing of

another griddle-cake on Dave's plate. "I think young people ought to grow up with a horror of debt, for it is one kind of lishonesty if you owe people because you have bought something you know you may not pay for. Then, if you expect when you buy to be able to pay, but still don't pay, and so keep people out of their just due, after a while conscience gets easy on this debt subject, and says; Oh, any time will do,' and who knows? If I get easy about what I owe a man, I may get easy on the subject of taking something outright from him. No, Dave, I want to oring you up right." Still again did Mother Baldwin give em-

phasis to her words by the prompt and hearty landing of a griddle-cake on the hungry boy's plate. "That's good, mother. You give 'em big and hot. I'll promise to be honest." "If you don't, young man," said Mother Baldwin, with a ringing laugh, "you may speak for another cook. The very first evening I possibly can, I will engage to cover those active elbows with two as neat

'ou can buy's new cost." Nove and Frank that morning walked toget ver to Toppleton's "Dry Goods Bazar." where bey were clerks. "Oh, tat is a beauty?" exclaimed Dave noticing on e of Frank's sleeve-buttons. The

style was that of a blue stone in a cross orm, set within a rich gold band. "Like it?" saled Frank. "The ladies all think it very ine. When I sell 'em a piece of silk, I just carelessly lay my hand on it and say: It shows well against jewelry, and it is just—just—irresistible."
"Must have cost something."

"Hem—well! 'Taint paid for yet, but that is all right. By wearing it I'm adverdising jewelry for the firm where I got it, and that is pay."
"Don't know about it, but seems to me

feel easier when I pay for a thing." "Oh, nonsense," replied Frank, sharply. He did not wish to be reminded of the subject of debt, and why should his old companion in days of dandelion picking worry him with his sensitive conscience? That night Dave's mother covered his enterprising elbows" with two very neat patches. Only a pair of sharp eyes would have detected these honest covers.
"Say, Dave," said Frank, the next day,

eyeing closely his fellow-clerk, "are those patched elbows paid for?" "Patched elbows?" asked Jim Blake, a clerk, with a rough voice. "Paid for? Has Dave any strange notions about the sub-"Yes," said Dave, coolly and pleasantly, "and I am not ashamed of them, or my

clothes either." "Indeed!" said Frank, contemptu-"Come, boys! Attend to your work!" exclaimed a voice. The clerks all looked up. It was Top-

pleton himself. There was an awful si-lence in that part of the store. "Guess I made a mistake," exclaimed Frank. "Pll look out for the old man A very serious mistake, that night, Toppleton thought somebody was making. Almost all of his clerks had left. Chancing to look out of his counting-room he

saw an arm that, reaching round the corner of a set of shelves on which were expensive broadcloths, abstracted a fragment and then was quickly withdrawn. "Indeed!" thought Toppleton. "That was a neat operation. Look here! What did I see on that arm, or the wrist, ra-ther? Something blue? Humph!" The next day the clerks wondered why Toppleton seemed to be bowing so much when near them, stooping down to the level of their hands.
"Funny," said Jim Blake, "I thought

Toppleton would turn cannibal and eat my hands to-day." thought he was going off with my said they "ere a pretty pattern, and eyed them covetons." Toppleton himself said. "If that thief

is round to-night fishing cloth off from

that shelf, he may have an unexpected That night, when almost all the clerks had left the store, that same arm began to slyly fish round the corner of the shelves on which were sorted the expensive cloths, and there was indeed an "unexpected bite." It was vigorously grappled by somebody hidden under the counter. When the "fisherman" and his "game" were brought face to face, Frank Thomp. son saw Toppleton on the end of his line It was the last day that Frank had a chance to "fish" or do any work in Toppleton's store. The next evening Dave Baldwin said to

his mother: "I am sorry to report that my elbows show a rent, not in the patches, but "Don't you worry. I saw it was giving way when I put the patches on, but I couldn't mend it then. I'll slip a needle through it in a jiffy. Let me take it

What shall I put on ?" "Oh-oh-throw on my sack, if you can 't do better. You needn't be ashamed of h . It's paid for," said the debt-hating

"Go od evening." It we is a man's voice. In astonishment Dave at 1d Mother Baldwin looked up. Exca se me, You did not seem to hear my rap a the front door, and as it was open I thought I would step in and rap here-but e vense me."

oft's Toppleton !" whispered Dave, *Dear me! Dear the! Let me get beand you! No, I won't!" Then Dave we forward, boadly and manfully, arrayin his mother's sack. Mother, this is Mr. Toppleton. Excuse

looks I_I_" the and built d you up from the first mever int oxicate. It has saved lives, it mit is save fours.

Hisco X & CO., New York,

Hisco X & CO., New York,

Tage Fact is, Mr. Toppleton, I was just week. It is also a good to pull off his boots and bunion remedies accumulate the preceding six days.

to to follow-to pay for what you buy as soon as possible. I wish one of my clerks had followed that rule; but I suppose you know about it, and I won't say anything more on that point. I came to say that thought young David was a trusty boy, and I would like to promote him. There is an open place in a higher department, and he is welcome to it."

The next day Dave took his new position in the store. Various explanations were given by his fellow-clerks. "There," said Jim Blake, "I can explain it all. It is owing to the fact that Toppleton heard our talk in the store about patched elbows.' I mean to put a patch on mine right off." He did not by any means, but the next

the end of two years, he had not paid for. THE HINDOO JUGGLER.

India,

week bought an expensive suit which, at

One of the Most Singular Men Met in

The juggler is perhaps the most singular man to be met with in all India. His tricks out vie in neatness of execution and in wonder all of the most famous prestidigitators of Europe and America. Their paraphernalia consists of an old leather bag, and their dress of a rag across their loins. They generally travel in pairs, one being the musician and the other the performer. The musician's dress is certainly grotesque, and consists of bright yellow or faded green cloth wrapped around his body and between his legs in many a fold. Around his waist he slings a drum, and fastened to his chest in such a manner that it reaches his lips is a reed instrument, supplied with a variety of different sizes of pipes on which he can blow notes in a variety of key, widely separate, from the squeak of a pig to the melody of a bagpipe, and

about as musical as either. Shaking out his bag of dead men's bones, leather straps, conches, baskets, garden pots and rubbish, the juggler proceeds to the execution of his tricks. He turns an innocent strap into the most vicious hissing serpent, and affrights all those standing by; he runs a sword through an empty basket, and human gore gushes out profusely; fire is emitted from his nose and mouth, and after swallowing a pound of raw cotton, fine thread is drawn from his ears and nose; this is all done by a halfnaked man in an open plain, But perhaps the most interesting and oft-described tricks which may with justice in this connection be repeated here is the mango trick.

Taking up a common garden pot, the juggler hands it over for inspection. He then scrapes up some of the earth, and filling the pot places over it a shawl, and blows on the earth, also repeating a prayer. This he continues tor a few minutes, and patches as I can put on. They will do till suddenly taking away the shawl shows to the bystanders the sprouting head of a green and tender plant. Again he covers the pot and blows, and again uncovers. There is a tree in miniature, with shapely leaf and blossom, and again the tree has grown to the height of four feet, with full turned fruit and bark, and then he blows on it, and before the eyes of the spectator the tree has vanished and the garden pot and earth are there alone.

A Very Curious Epitaph, The subjoined epitaph appears in Mr. James Payn's novel, "Thicker than Water." In his story two ladies are rambling about a country churchyard and Sarah Dempster:-

Here lies a poor woman who always was tired.

Who lived in a house where help was not Her last words on earth were:-"Dear friends. I am going, Where washing ain't done, nor sweeping, nor But everything there is exact to my wishes,

For where they don't eat there is no washing I'll be where loud anthems will always be ringing. But having no voice I'll get clear of the

Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never, I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever." One feels with what delight many a poor

woman would hail the prospect of "doing nothing for ever." The wife of an ordinary laboring man spends her whole time in cooking, scouring, washing, mending; except on Sundays, and perhaps on Saturday nights, she never stirs outside her own dwelling. The proverbial mill horse, compared with her, leads an easy life, and the want of rest, want of color, want of freshness, material and mental, always strikes me as about the saddest wants in a working woman's life. Therefore we must not blame poor Sarah Dempster if doing nothing for ever and ever " was her ideal of happiness in the future life. - [Lon-

don Society. A Systematic Traveller.

"Yes." said an elderly and sedate passenger, "I am a commercial traveler, but not one of the new school. I belong to the old regime. My tendency is toward quiet modesty and slow going. Besides I am very methodical. I work by system. My route is laid out to cover just nine months' travel every year, and year after year it is the same. My sleeping car berths are always engaged a year ahead.

always have the same birth, ride in the same back and have the same room in the same hotel as on the former trips. This is all arranged in advance, When I call upon a customer and get his order I tell him that at the same hour exactly one year hence I will be with him again. At every hotel my room is ready for me with a fire in the grate, my slippers before it, my dressing gown hanging in the ward-robe, pictures of my wife and family upon the walls and my letters and telegrams upon the centre table. This, too, is all

arranged months ahead. I have four sets of slippers, gowns, pictures, etc., and as soon as I leave a hotel these are packed up and sent ahead of me by express, to be arranged previous to my arrival in another hotel. I even order my meals a year in advance, and By referring to my schedule can tell you within a minute where I will dine and what I will eat any given day months Of course I am called a crank, but take delight in these things; it costs but little and makes travel for me a constant pleasure. The greatest satisfaction I have in life is in carrying out these precise methods. Excuse ne, but I get off here, and over there I see my hackman with the seat in his carriage reserved for me which I ordered exactly a year ago."

Evolution in Music. "I tell you, Bromley, I've married

an angel. "O, no doubt. Wait until you've been married as long as I have." "She's all smiles, Bromley, never cross word. Her voice is as sweet as the sound of a harp. Her-" "Oh, she reminds you of a harp, does she? Inside of a year she'll remind you of an accordion, "Because she'll make the most noise when you attempt to shut her

Sonday is the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week. It is also a good time for one bunion remedies accumulated during and the nightingale warbles for all other, the whole world would kick that are the least cocketed make the

A PET OF THE FOOTLIGHTS. What Charming Little Lotta Says

About Herself and Some Actresses She Has Met.

Lotta is one of the few actresses who look very much the same off the stage as on, and it is much the same with her manner. She is bright, sparkling, effusive, She gesticulates a great deal in conversation, is restless and moves about in her chair, is quick and impetuous in her move-ments, and her small coal-black eyes snap and sparkle like electric flashes when she talks. Although she is probably close to thirty, she does not look over twenty, which is in part owing to her good color petite figure and peculiar Titian red hair, which of itself gives her a juvenile appearance. Many of the erroneous impressions about Lotta's age grow out of the fact that she has been on the stage since she was eight years old. Her mother still accompanies her in all her travels, and is usually with her at the theatre. She has a veriest her heart, she says and a widden to her profession, and believes that as her on is to be funny, she couldn't be funny if she got married.

Lotta is down on English burlesque actresses and French comediennes. She is a robust American, and has no patience with the tendency to exalt things because they are foreign. "I can't think of a good low-comedy actress in England," she said "The best burlesque actress in London is Nellie Farron, but I don't count the burlesquers. Mrs. John Wood is of course splendid, but hers is the highest of high comedy. If Chonmont could have come to this country ten years ago people would have been wild over her, but she is too old to play now. Judic is the best the French have now. When I saw her ten years ago she was fine, but lately she has grown big and stout and matronly Things have reached such a pass in France that an actress cannot raise a laugh unless she is vulgar. Judic's forte lies in singing coarse songs in an innocent way. great success of Madame Nitouche was not so much owing to Judic as to Baron, who, as Celestin, the organist, was inimi-The reason I took up the play was that it afforded opportunity to introduce the prankishness of a roguish girl, which is special line. But I hate coarseness, I had my way would drive every vestige of it from the stage. I am glad to say vulgarity doesn't take in this country. Morally this country is as much ahead of England as England is ahead of France. You can always judge of the morals of a country by the morals of the The moral condition of the Eng ish stage is something frightful. It borders on moral leprosy. Mrs. Kendel is the only decent actress of prominence on the English stage. On the stage as anywhere else, whoever degrades herself just does

that much to degrade her profession. "Nothing struck me so much when I was in England as the intense prejudice of the people. They can tolerate nothing American. They unobediently hate us There is the dramatization of Little Nell, which John Brouham made for me. To suit the English I had to have Mr. Dickens rewrite it, but I knew if would be no good without the supper scene and other parts written by Mr. Brougham in it. After the first act which he wrote, Mr. Dickens went out of the box at the first performance He was afraid the supper scene would not take, but it did, and was the best thing in the piece. It's no use taiking, we are an original people, and if we want to be succeseful we must continue to be original and depend upon our own resources and not copy the English. The great trouble with our stage to-day is that it is aping the English and following too closely old traditions. When I went on the stage ! did as I pleased, and followed out my natural impressions of how things ought to be done. If somebody had told me what to do I would have been like the rest of them. If people like me, it's because I'm myself and try to be original, and not

do things because other people do them. "Jim."

The other day a second-hand dealer in Michigan avenue bought the household furniture of a poor family compelled to leave the city. It was such furniture as only the very poor could get along with, and among the rubbish was a little old cart, minus a wheel. Next day after the furniture was purchased a boy about twelve years old hung around the store for a while and finally asked the price of the cart. He was told he could have it for ten cents, but this was apparently a greater sum than he could raise. He disappeared, but an hour later he returne and was skulking off with the cart when a pedestrian nabbed him and returned him to the store.

"Don't send me to jail!" he pleade when the dealer spoke harshly to him. "But you are a thief!"

"Oh, no, sir! I took the cart, but i wasn't stealing. I never stole anything in my life." "Wasn't it stealing to take the

way?" "I hadn't the money and I was afraid you'd sell it. You see it belonged to "Jim —, sir. You bought all the things out of the house. They didn't

mean to give you the cart, but it got mixed in. Jim give it to me. "I didn't see any boy around there." "No, sir, because he died two weeks ago. On the very day he died he—he—"

Here the boy lost his voice and the tears ell fast, but after a time he went on :-"He give me that cart, sir. We used to draw wood in it. It was everything Jim had in this world, and it's all I'll ever have

to remember him by! Don't have me ar rested !" "You may have the cart, my lad," kindly replied the dealer. "And you take this quarter," added the edestrian, "and get a new wheel made." "Say! I want to chip in there," said a shopkeeper who had heard the story, but the lad seized the cart and made off, calling

back in a choked voice:—
"Thank everybody! I don't want any money! It just killed me to think I hadn't anything to remember Jim by, and didn't even know where they buried him."-[Detroit Free Press.

The Woman of Stenay. The Lorraine peasant loves to narrate the story of the "Woman of Stenay" who offered a barrel of wine to a detachment of Austrian soldiers, saying: "You are thirsty, friends. Drink, you are welcome to all I have," drinking, as she spoke, a The soldiers accepted with pleasure the proffered drink, and in a few minutes four

hundred men were writhering in agony on

the ground. Then the "Woman of Stenay" rose, and with her dying gasp shricked out: "You are all poisoned! Vive la France!" and fell back a corpse. This is the legend of Lorraine, and the memory of its heroine is revered by the peasantry as highly as that of Charlotte

this enormous number will begin about the middle of May. The sun shines for everything, the flowers smell sweet for all poses;

More than a million head of cattle

wintered in the Territory of Wyom-

ing, and the general "round up" of

GREAT FIRES OF HISTORY.

Conflagrations in New York, Chicago Boston and Other Cities New York has had its share of the great

res of history. As far back as 1741 there was a conflagration which was traced to idiaries, and seven persons were nged. In 1776 a fire destroyed 493 mses in Broadway, laying an eighth of the city in ashes. Two years later flames which started on an East River wharf, detroyed 300 buildings. In December, 1804, forty warehouses in Wall and Front streets were burned. The conflagration of 1835 troved the business portion of the city ast of Broadway and north of Wall street. Six hundred and forty-eight large wareises were burned, and the loss was esmated at \$18,000,000. In July, 1845, the ne district was visited by another fire, led with a loss of \$5,000,000. In 1848, houses in Brooklyn were destroyed by

San Francisco was destroyed by fire about twice a year regularity from the time of the discovery of gold in 1849 till 1853, owing to the crowded condition of the wooden houses. Columbia, the capital of South Carolina was burning when Sherman entered it Feb. 17, 1865, and very lit-tle was saved. Richmond was fired when the Confederates evacuated it in April, 1865, and the entire business portion of the city was burned. Charleston, S. C., was reduced to ashes in 1861 by an accidental fire, and in 1865 there was a fire, followed by an explosion of a war powder magazin and 200 persons were killed. Portland Me., was half destroyed on July 4. 1866, by a fire which started from the explosion

The most destructive conflagration which ever occurred in the United States, was that of Chicago, Oct. 8-10, 1871. It broke out in a shed near the lumber yards n the southwest part of the city. The legend is that Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over a lamp when young people went out to milk her at night in order to make an ovster stew. The conflagration swept over 2,100 acres, destroyed 17,450 buildings, and 98,500 persons were made homeless. hundred people were burned or killed by by falling buildings. The loss was

Boston was in 1872 visited by a confiaration second in extent only to that in Chicago. It began Nov. 9 and ended Nov. 11. Seventy acres were burned over, and his pipe. London, Paris, Yeddo Constantinople, Moscow, Copenhagen, and Carthage, Bagdad and Nineveh have also been licked up by flames in their time. November, 1885, will long be remembered by the citizens of Galveston on account of their great confiagration.

The Printer. A printer is the most curious being living. He may have a bank and coins, and not be worth a penny; have small caps, and have neither wife nor children. Others may run fast, but he gets along best by setting fast. He may be making impressions without eloquence: may use the lye without offending, and be telling the truth. While others cannot stand while they set, he can set standing, and even do both at the same time; use furniture, and yet have no dwelling; way make and put away pie, and never see pie, much less ent it, during als life; be uman being and a rat at the same time: nay press a great deal, and not ask favor; may handle a shooting-iron, and know nothing of a cannon, gun, or pistol. He may move the lever that moves the world, and yet be as far from moving the globe as a hog with his nose under a moleill; spread sheets without being a house He may lay his form on a bed, and yet be obliged to sleep on the floor. He may use the + without shedding blood. and from the earth may handle the * * * He may be of a rolling disposition, and never desire to travel. He may have a sheep's-foot, and not be deformed; never be without a case, and knows nothing of law or physic; be always correcting his errors, and growing worse every day; have m-s without ever having the arms of a lass around him; have his form locked

up, and at the same time be free from jail, watch-house, or any other confinement. An old negro, with an air of utter dejec-tion, sat on a bench in front of a cabin. Someone, seeing that he must be miserable.

"No, honey. De time fur my 'joyment s dun ober. "What is the matter?" "Wife dun dead, honey."

"You do not seem to be enjoying your-

"I am sorry to hear that, and I assure you that you have my sympathy." "Thankee, sah." "A man loses a good friend when his wife dies."

"Dat he do, honey; dat he do. I has foun' dat out ter my sor', let me tell yer, an' now my good days is all gone." "What was the matter with your wife?" "I dunno, honey. She tuck sick one night an' she died de naixt ebenin'. It wuz earnin' \$15 ebery munf. It wuz awful hard fur ter die jes' arter de white folks had raised her wages. 'Peared like long ez she wucked fur \$12 er munf she kep' her helf, but de \$15, 'peared like, wuz too much fur her. Yas, sah, she was snatched off at de berry time when she wuz de mos use ter me. I doan know what's goin' ter come o' me. I'll hab ter go ter wack, I'se

feerd."-[Arkansaw Traveller.

Prof. Loudon's Proposed system.

Prof. Loudon's proposed system of time, on the decimal plan, provides that the present day of twenty-four hours be devided into ten divisions, so that each hour would correspond to two hours and twenty-four minutes, this hour would be again devided into a hundred divisions, called minutes if pecessary, each minute on the new system thus corresponding to 1.44 minutes; again. this new minute division to be subdivided for accurate measurements into one hundred divisions, called seconds. The advantages arising from such a system, as enumerated, are, the abolition of the socalled A. M. and P. M., as has already been accomplished by the 24-hour system : all the advantages derivable from the adoption of any system based on the scale of 10-namely, the inconveniences arising from the continual use of vulgar fractions and the use of symbols for each unit in the ordinary affairs of life; and, finally, the fact that the time in hours and minntes, which for all practical purposes is sufficient, is indicated immediately by ally important advantage, as, by the present system, it is always essential to multiply by five in order to know the true

Tidbits. If you have a piece of work you can't get done just give a party of boys an idea that you don't want them to do it. A Pennsylvania young lady significantly added to her wedding invitations the line, "No pickle dishes as presents."

The most expensive book ever published by a single individual is Lord Kingsborough's "Mexico." It has seven volumes, with 1.000 colored illustrations, and cost 300,000.

If the whole world were put into

SAILORS' SUPERSTITIONS.

Strange Fancies That Make Jack Tars Fearful. As a rule, seafaring people are supersti-tious, and, from the time of the ark down to the present day, mythical tales find circulation among the mariners of all climes and countries, and ghostly ships, strange tales of the sea, form a large part of sea literature. The literature of the Norsemen is full of strange fictions of ghostly ships and wierd happenings of sailors. Lieutenant F. S. Bassett, U. S. N., in an interesting article on the subject, says: "Many fishermen believe that boats which men are drowned from are afterward unlucky. Fishermen at Bridgort, England, think boats are less lucky when they do not kneel in launching them, as formerly, and they carefully turn them with the sun and call on the name of God when they first lay hands on them to launch them, even going so far at Redcar, in Yorkshire, as to

change the crews once a year for luck.

The Northmen 'wileve if their offerings for souls to purgatory were not sceoptable, a spectral bark would sail into the wharf with crews of the souls of those who had perished years before at sea. Friends on shore recognized lost ones, but at midnight the bell would strike and lights and skip disappear as suddenly as they came. Beliefs in ghostly ships are not confined to ancient mariners, and strange sights and unearthly stories are given common currency by sailors to the present day. The story of the murder of the passengers of the Dutch vessel Palatine, the burning of the vessel by her murderous crew, and reappearance off Block Island, where she was burned, is now well known, and only last summer the writer talked with sober-minded men women of that island, who avowed that during the winter of 1881, on a cold and stormy night, this mysterious vessel made her a pearance off the harbor, with her must and rigging all on fire, exactly as told in the original story. was in sight some time, so they said, and when last seen was running directly into the teeth of the gale then blowing from the east.

A fisherman returning to port one night from a day spent on the fishing banks saw a bark heave in sight. Thinking she might want a pilot, he made for her, but before he could get alongside she came directly for him. As she approached he 800 buildings destroyed. The value of the | noticed that she was of a strange and property burned was \$80,000,000. Fifteen | antique build; her sails were old and her ives were lost. It was said to have been | rigging was about used up, and not a soul started by a hod-carrier dropping a coal | was to be seen on deck. Frightened at this strange sight. the land; but the bark followed, rapidly came up with him and, as she went by, strange voices in an unknown tongue issued from her decks, and a frightful heat seemed to come from her. As she was then running the fisherman knew she would strike in a few minutes; but all of a sudden she disappeared from sight. To the hour of his death this old fisherman pelieved that he had seen a spectre ship.

Young Indian's Romantic History. A tall young man, with a complexion of the rich color of the ripe chestnut and with limbs as cleanly cut as those of Michael Angelo's statue of David, called upon President Cleveland the other day, and asked the appointment of a cadetship at West Point. It was young Hole-in-the Day, the son of the noted Chippewa Chief, and now the King of all the Chippewas. Met him this morning, says the Washington correpondent of a Wester paper. He is about eighteen years old, is over six leet tall, and he has an eye like that of a oung eagle. A romance clusters around im, and it was at Washington where his ather, the noted Chippews King, met the woman who became his mother. It was in 867 that old Hole-in-Day then came here on business with the President. He was made much of by the newspapers, feted by society, and at the National Hotel, where ne was stopping, he was spoken of as the rich Indian King, who owned the greater part of the lands of the Northwest. At this hotel there was a pretty Irish chambermaid who did up the old chief's room. The two met. They looked, and from their eyes sprang love. Chief Hole-in-the-Day, who had met the belles of Washington, passed them by, and chose the chambermaid. He proposed. She accepted. They were married, and she went back to Minnesota an Indian queen. From the marriage sprang this boy, who has now inberited his father's position. The old King begot the jealousy of some of the Indian tribes by his union with a white wife, and they suspected him of treacherously giving away their lands. They assassinated him. Mrs. Hole-in-the-Day still lives. Her boy has the true military bearing about him, and he looks and walks like the king that he is. He dresses in American clothes.

and talks pure Anglo-Saxon . An Antiquarian and His Find. Several years ago a collector of ancient curlosities entered the taproom of a village in Tyrol while his horses were being fed. Here he saw a stone wedge lying on the table. The shape and rude workmanship, as also the hole for the handle, left no doubt in his mind as to its being a stone axe of the flint period. The son of the absent landlord was at once cautiously questioned. "My boy, whose is this stone?" "Father's." "Is it for sale?" "You'll have to ask father, but he wen't be back from town before to-morrow." "Where did your father get this stone from?" "He brought it down from that steep hill youder." "Are there any more stones like this one?" "Yes, lots!"
"What! yet? My boy, will you take me at once to the spot? Here's a florin for you." "Certainly, sir; much obliged."
It was a hot, toilsome journey for the antiquarian up that steep, rugged hill, but the prospect of fresh spoils nerved him for the task. Bathed in perspiration they both reach an immense heap of stones "There Gnadiger Herr, help yourself!" There are plenty of stones, but I don't see any shaped like the one at the inn!" "Why, sir, father shaped it himself to use as a matchholder, as the pot ones are always breaking." Tableau

Suggestions for a Novel.

A gentleman recently opened a letter addressed to his son containing suggestions from a friend to the latter for a novel which he (the son) was privately writing. The father was exceedingly surprised and frightened upon reading the following ireadful words:

"Dear Bob-You really must show more caution in constructing your plots, or the governor will be sure to discover the dead body of Geraldine in the cellar, and the clock—this latter being considered a then your secret will be out. You consulted me about the strychnine, I certainly think you are giving it him in rather large doses. Let Emily put her mother in a madhouse. It will answer your purpose well to have the old girl out of the way. I think your forgery is for too small a sum. Make it for \$3,000. Leave the rest of your particularly nice family circle to me. I will finish them off, and send you back the fatal dagger afterward by book post.
Yours, JACK."

> The real price of everything really costs to the man who wants to acquire it, is the toil and trouble of acquiring it.

Partiality in a parent is commonly unlucky, for fondlings are in danger one scale, and your mother into the to be made fools, and the children

A ROMANTIC STORY.

Cardinal M'Closkey's Early Love, Who

was the Niece of a Queen. From the Chicago Inter (In the death of Mrs. Parmelia Crane, aged 92, Chicago has lost a most remarkable character. She was born at Truro, Mass, and at the age of 15 married Mr. Charles Adams, a distinguished connection of John Quincy Adams. Her husband was captain and part owner of the Ploughboy, a sailing vessel running between Boston and Baltimore. In those days a trip of such a character was considered a risky undertaking, and much anxiety was felt for the safety of vovagers. At the age of 19 she was taken to Baltimore by her husband and placed in care of an old family friend, while he was to make another trip to Boston and back. While on the way a terribl gale sprung up, during which the Plough boy, with its Captain and all hands, wen to the bottom. At the house in which she resided in Baltimore were quite a number

Her great sorrow at the fate she felt hi befallen her husband moved her to seek quieter abode, and the place selected fo her by her husband's friend was nonother than the residence of the mother of Cardinal McCloskey, who lived a retired widowed life with her son. The Cardinal was then preparing for the priesthood. The two women became endeared to each other, and the young student, it is said, looked with favoring eyes upon the youthful widow. Being one of the most studious of young men, his attentions to Mrs. Adams were marked by a quiet but most sincere regard. So far did he forget for the moment his theological prospects that he proposed for the hand of the widow in marriage. In speaking of the affair in after time-Mrs. Crane used to comment upon the depth of devotion the young student evinced for her. She not being of the same faith, he intimated their difference in the matter of religion need be no bar, as in the event of her consent he would arrange that matter satisfactorily. "So," the old lady would say, "through my declination of his proposal the Catholic

Church gained one of its most notable dignitaries. She did not marry for seven years after the death of Capt. Adams, and then wedded Mr. Joseph Crane, of Quincy, Mass. In 1852 the family came to Illinois and settled on a farm at Plato, in Kane county. Her second husband, though an old man at the time, went on the call to arms in the Eighth Heavy Artillery, and during a campaign through Kentucky in 1872 dies at Bowling Green, he being 64 years of age. The widow came to Chicago and lived for 23 years with her daughter and son-in-law Mrs and Mr Edward Smith at No. 29 Fulton street. She had been sick for about ten weeks before her death, but to the end retained full use of her faculties. Her death calls to mind the fact that she was a niece of Queen Fanny Young

Kekelaokalani, of the Sanwich Islands Queen Fanny being the mother of Queen Emma, who died some years ago. Her uncle, John Young, who was a seafaring man, ran away from home when young, and took to a sailor's life. On one voyage the ship was wrecked, and the crew made their way in boats to one of the islands Knowing the man-eating tendency of the inhabitants, Young hid himself in a hogshead that had floated ashore, and thus saved himself from the fate of his comnanions who were sacrificed to the appetiti of the natives He was discovered soon. however, and his discoverer was the future Queen Fanny, then a member of the King's household. Young afterward married her and was raised to the position of the King's adviser. Through Young's influence Christianity was encouraged be being the first that was able to do anything in the direction of civilizing the people. He built the first house on the island, the ruins of which are still sacredly preserved. It was made of cocea wood and dobey, with the aid of a boat hatchet saved from the wreck and a wooden trowel, and was whitewashed with lime made from coral fished out of the sea by the natives. Young's life was so full of good works for the people that to this day they will raise their caps and kneel in front of his tomb. There are many interesting relics in the possession of the family on Fulton street, among which

are a photograph of Queen Emma and one of the ruins of the old Young house. PARAGRAPHS.

"That man never loses at play; I suspect him." "But" said the cool listener. of he did not defend himself he would

always lose." Two women in Florence, Kan., ate arsenic under the impression that it would improve their complexion. It didn't, and it was only by prompt medical aid that their lives were saved. The basket given by Washington to one of his messengers, David Eaton of New

Hampshire, as a despatch box, is preserved carefully by his daughter, Mrs. Burke, of Portland, Me., who is now 86 years old. The peerage founded in Japan for the purpose of forming an upper Chamber in the Parliament which is to meet in 1889 consists now of 11 Princes, 24 Marquises, 76 Counts, 324 Viscounts, and 74 Barons.

or a total of 409. One-fifth of all the coal produced in the United States is found in four counties, of which Pittsburgh is the business centre. Nearly one-third of the product is converted into coke. There are 100 coke makers, 12,000 ovens. and \$13,000,000 invested. Six thousand men are employed. A Binghamton N. Y., commercial agent wore celluloid collars. The train on which he was riding slacken. he thrust his head out of luced, will be a learn the cause. At that instant a spark from the engine struck his collar and ignited it. His whiskers were scorched, but fortunately he escaped serious injury. A section of the Milky Way has been admirably photographed at the Paris Observatory, showing about 5,000 stars, ranging from the sixth to the fifteenth magni tude. To similarly represent the whole of the Milky Way 6,000 similar sections would be required, representing 20,000,000 stars down to the fifteenth magnitude

A Berlin surgeon removed a quantity of dead bone from a man's arm. Immediately afterward he amputated the leg of another man for an injury. Then he took a large piece of born from the amputated leg and put it in the place of the dead bone of the arm. The bone became firmly attached and made a very successful operation. Vice-President Hendricks' widow was left in comfortable circumstances. She had herself largely taken charge of the private business affairs of her husband and anaged them with signal success-"much better," the Vice-President used to say, "than I could have done myself." The residence where Mr. Hendricks died. in Indianapolis, is worth \$10,000, and he had other property in the city, valued, all insured in a considerable sum. Altogether it is estimated that he left \$100,000, the bulk of which represents the earnings of his professional lcareer.

The wealthiest miser is the poorest of all men

Be just to your ene nies, generous to your friends, and independent of

Nothing more clearly indicates the self-operating Washing Machines. If you true gentleman than a desire evinced want one send us your name, P. O. and express office at once. to oblige or accommodate.

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of nrity, strength and wholesomeness. More conomical than the ordinary kinds, and annot be sold in competition with the mu'tinde of low test short weight alum or phate powders. Sold only in cans Royal

Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y. 47144

NEW AND VALAUBLEDE.

Water Closet

A Patent

-FOR THE-

CURE OF HEMORRHOIDS,

[Commonly Called Piles.]

INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL PROLAP. SUS AL.

NO MEDECINE OR SURGICAL OPERA TION NECESSARY, I have invented a SIMPLE WATER CLOSET

SEAT, for the care of the above troublesome and painful malady, which I confidently place before the public as a SURE RELIEF CURE It has received the endorsement of the eading 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 followng prices: Walnut\$6.00 Cherry5.00 Poplar5.00 Disc ount to Phisic ans Directions for using will accompany each Seat.
We trouble you with no certificates. We leave the Seat to be its advertiser.

LEWIS CHAMBERLAIN, Patentee Tarboro, Edgecombe Co., N. C.

UNDERTAKING

TURNITURE.

B. C. CARLILE, Main St., just above

Pamlico Banking Co

has on hand new, presh stock of

FURNITURE

Bought for Cash,

which be offers at moderate prices. Furniture of all Kinds Repaired, COFFINS, CASKETS AND UN-

Patronage solicited. B. C. CARLULE.

DERTAKING GENERALLY.

Tarboro, Feb. 26, 1882-

DEAFNESS. Its causes and cure, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialsts of the day with no benefit. Cured himself in three months, and since then hundreds of others by same process. A plain simple and successful home treatment. Address T. S. PAGE, 128 East 20th St., New

BIG OFFER.

press office at once.