

# The Tarborough Southerner.

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

VOL. 54.

TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1876.

NO. 29.

## GENERAL DIRECTORY.

### TARBORO'.

**MAYOR**—Fred Phillips.  
**COMMISSIONERS**—Jesse A. Williamson, Jacob Feldenheimer, Daniel W. Hurt, Alex. McCabe, Joseph Cobb.  
**SECRETARY & TREASURER**—Robert Whitehurst.  
**CHIEF OF POLICE**—John W. Cotton.  
**ASSISTANT POLICE**—T. Moe & Jas. E. Stinson, Althorne Macrair.

### COURTY.

**Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge**—H. L. Stator, Jr.  
**Register of Deeds**—Alex. McCabe.  
**Recorder**—Joseph Cobb.  
**Courier**—  
**Treasurer**—Robt. H. Austin.  
**Surgeon**—John E. Baker.  
**Standard Keeper**—J. B. Hyatt.  
**School Examining**—H. H. Shaw, Wm. A. Dugan and R. S. Williams.  
**Keeper Poor House**—Wm. A. Dugan.  
**Commissioners**—Jno. Lancaster, Chairman, Wiley Well, J. B. W. Norville, Frank Dew, M. Egan, A. McCabe, Clerk.

### MAILS.

**ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS**  
NORTH AND SOUTH VIA W. & W. R. R.  
Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 7:30 A. M.  
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at 1:30 P. M.  
WASHINGTON MAIL VIA GREENVILLE, FALKLAND AND SPARTA.  
Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 8 A. M.  
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at 6 P. M.

### LODGES.

**The Nights and the Places of Meeting.**  
Concord R. A. Chapter No. 5, N. M. L. Lawrence, High Priest, Masonic Hall, monthly convocations first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.  
Concord Lodge No. 58, Thomas Gatlin, Master, Masonic Hall, meets first Friday night at 7 o'clock P. M. and third Saturday at 10 o'clock A. M. in every month.  
Reunion Encampment No. 15, I. O. O. F., L. E. Palmanson, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.  
Edgewood Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., T. W. Taylor, N. G., Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.  
Edgewood Council No. 123, Friends of Temperance, meet every Friday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall.  
Advance Lodge No. 28, I. O. O. G. T., meets every Wednesday night at their Hall.  
Zanah Lodge No. 285, I. O. B. B., meet on first and third Monday night of every month at Odd Fellows' Hall, A. Whitlock, President.

### CHURCHES.

**Episcopal Church**—Services every Sunday at 10:30 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Cheshire, Rector.  
**Methodist Church**—Services every Fourth Sunday of every month, morning and night, 1st Sunday at night and 3rd Saturday at night. Rev. Mr. Swindell, Pastor.  
**Presbyterian Church**—Services every 1st, 3rd and 5th Sabbath. Rev. T. J. Allison, Pastor. Weekly prayer meeting, Wednesday night.  
**Missionary Baptist Church**—Services the 1st Sunday in every month, morning and night. Rev. T. B. Owen, Pastor.  
**Primitive Baptist Church**—Services first Saturday and Sunday of each month at 11 o'clock.

### HOTELS.

Adams' Hotel, corner Main and Pitt Sts. O. F. Adams, Proprietor.

### EXPRESS.

Southern Express Office, on Main Street, closes every morning at 10:30 o'clock. N. M. LAWRENCE, Agent.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

#### FRANK POWELL,

Attorney and Counselor at Law.  
TARBORO', N. C.  
Office next door to the Southern office, July 2, 1876.

#### JOS. BLOUNT CHESHIRE, JR.,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
AND  
NOTARY PUBLIC.  
Office at the Old Bank Building on Trade Street. j25-24.

#### HOWARD & PERRY,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law.  
TARBORO', N. C.  
Practice in all the Courts, State and Federal. nov-13-76.

#### W. H. JOHNSTON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
TARBORO', N. C.  
Attends to the transaction of business in all the Courts, State and Federal. Nov. 5, 1876.

#### FREDERICK PHILLIPS,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
TARBORO', N. C.  
Practice in Courts of adjoining counties in the Federal and Supreme Courts. Nov. 5, 1876.

#### WALTER P. WILLIAMSON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
TARBORO', N. C.  
Will practice in the Courts of the 2nd Judicial District. Collections made in any part of the State.

#### JACOB BATTLE,

Counselor and Attorney at Law,  
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.  
Practice in all the State Courts. 13y  
March 24, 1876.

#### H. & W. L. THORP,

Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.  
PRACTICES in the counties of Edgecombe, Halifax, Nash and Wilson, and in the Supreme Court North Carolina, and in the United States District Court at Raleigh.

#### DR. E. D. BARNES,

Surgeon Dentist,  
Main Street, TARBORO', N. C.  
All work warranted to give entire satisfaction. feb-18-76

#### Dr. G. L. Shackelford,

DENTIST,  
TARBORO', N. C.  
Office opposite Adams' Hotel, over S. S. Nash & Co.'s Store.  
Owing to the stringency of the times, I have reduced my charges for all operations to as standard that will not fail to suit every one. Care of children's teeth and Plate work a specialty.  
Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. 13y  
March 17, 1876

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE SUN

#### FOR THE CAMPAIGN!

The events of the Presidential campaign will be so faithfully and fully illustrated in THE NEW YORK SUN as to command it to candid men of all parties! We will send THE WEEKLY EDITION (eight pages) post paid, from now till after election, for 25 cents; the Sunday Edition, same size, at the same price; or the Daily, four pages, for \$2.00.

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During this month we will dispose of 100 new and second-hand Pianos & Organs of first-class makers, including "Waters," at lower prices than ever before offered. New 7 Octave Pianos for \$200 Bowed and Sapped. Terms, \$40 cash and \$10 monthly until paid. New 5 Octave 7 Stop Organs with wood closets and 4000 warranted for \$100—\$20 cash, and \$5 monthly until paid. Illustrated catalogues mailed Agents Wanted. HORACE WATERS & SONS, 451 Broadway, N. Y.

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Male and Female in their own locality. Terms, \$100. VICKERY & CO., Agents, Me.

\$5 to \$20 per day. Samples sent for stamp. J. E. SIMMONS, 100 Portland, Maine.

MINI READING, PSYCHICITY, FASCINATION, Soul Charming, Mesmerism, and Marriage Guide, showing how either sex may fascinate and gain the other. 400 pages. By mail 50 cts. Hunt & Co., 139 S. 7th St., Philadelphia.

## NEWSPAPERS

### OF THE UNITED STATES.

A complete list, numbering 8,121, with a Gazetteer correct to date, of all towns and cities in which Newspapers are published; historical and statistical notices of the great Newspaper Establishments; illustrated; with numerous engravings of the principal newspaper edifices. Bound in 1/2 cow skin, just issued. Mailed, post paid, to address for \$5. Apply (including price) to Superintendent of the National Edition, Centennial Grounds, Philadelphia, or American News Company, N. Y. Every advertiser needs it.

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Which is thrilling interest, sterling merit, elegance and cheapness, has absolutely no equal. It is "The Terror" for the Centennial period—take the right.

The North American Review says it is "deserving of unequalled praise, we anticipate that it will be the most popular of the times." "Just such a work as thousands of the American People will be glad to possess."—The Detroit Free Press. "A gem for all eyes yet published."—AN ACTIVE MAN OF WOMAN'S of good address insure large profits and steady work for a year. For full particulars, address:

J. B. FORD & CO., April 28-54. 37 Park Place, New York.

## Boarding House.

MRS. V. E. LIPSCOMB respectfully announces that she has opened a Private Boarding House in Tarboro, on the corner of Bank and Main Streets. Good Fare, Pleasant Rooms, Comfortable Beds. Board Moderate. Feb. 19, 1875. 1y

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH

GEORGE W. HAWES, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN Tin, Copper AND SHEET IRON WARE, Tarboro, N. C.

A FULL LINE OF COOKING, HEATING, Parlor & Office Stoves, kept constantly on hand, which will be sold at the lowest cash prices.

ROOFING AND GUTTERING either in town or country, promptly attended to and on reasonable terms.

REPAIRING of all kinds in his line executed with promptness.

If you can't afford to buy a new stove bring your old one and we will give you a discount.

GEORGE W. HAWES, Nearly opposite Post Office. Feb. 19, 1876.

PORTABLE AND STATIONARY STEAM ENGINES, STEAM BOILERS, SAW, FLOUR AND GRIST MILLS, MILL GEARING MADE TO ORDER. SHAFING, PULLEYS AND RANGES OF IMPROVED DESIGN, A SPECIALTY. THE UNEQUALLED JAS. LEFFEL DOUBLE TURBINE WATER WHEEL, 1000 H.P. IN USE. ADDRESS: F. O. LEE & HANVEL, BEND FOR CIRCULARS, BALTIMORE, MD.

Want to Sell.

I WILL SELL MY TWO STORY DWELLING on Church Street, corner of Thomas street—five rooms and closets. The house is newly painted and in excellent repair. One acre of ground is attached under new paling. There are also the necessary out houses. This is a bargain for somebody.

I will also sell a good Piano and other Furniture. Also several vacant lots on Church Street. All in Rocky Mount, N. C.

DOSSEY BATTLE, Oct. 29, 1875. 1y

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

### FURNITURE!

A large lot for sale cheap for cash. Also Furniture made to order, by

J. E. SIMMONS, FITT ST., TARBORO', N. C.

Call and see before you purchase.

Carboro' Southerner.

Friday, June 30, 1876

A MODERN JOB.

BY BIZARE.

Boggs' face looked as mournful as a graveyard by moonlight as he descended the stairs of his boarding house, one morning last week, while the mincing manner in which he stepped and the wide detour that he made to avoid anything touching him was calculated to give one the impression that everything was not serene.

'Oh! old sport, how is things?' shouted young Tripper, overtaking him in the hall and rushing past him.

'Darn-a-tion! I wish you'd look here, you're running!' exclaimed B., holding on to the banisters and writhing around as if in agony.

'Why, I scarcely touched you at all,' said the young man stopping and looking at him in amazement.

'Touched the d—! You hit one of my miles hard enough to knock a horse down,' screamed Boggs, wiping the tears out of his eyes.

'Then why don't you keep your boils out of the way if you do not want to get them busted?' replied Tripper, getting mad and sassy.

'I'll bust the man that bursts one of them, if I go to prison for nineteen thousand years for doing it,' said Boggs, hoarsely, treading as softly down the stairs as if he was walking on tacks with bare feet.

'Good morning, Mr. Boggs,' said his landlady, coming suddenly upon and brushing against him as he passed the parlor door.

'Ouch! Oh, Lordy! Hang the thing!' he exclaimed, leaning up against the wall and holding his pants off the tender spot.

'Why, what's the matter?' she asked, with alarm.

'Oh! lemme 'toney, can't you?' he moaned.

'Are you sick?' she inquired, sympathetically, coming over to his side.

'Keep away and don't lay your finger on me, or I'll break everything in this house!' he cried, desperately motioning her off with his disengaged hand.

'Well, you might be a little more civil, I think,' she replied, flouncing away to the dining-room, where, meeting Jones, her first floor boarder, she said, confidentially—

'I just had an awful fright from Mr. Boggs. He acts like a man with the hydrophobia. I wish you would find out what all this is.'

When Boggs limped in, opening the door very wide, and looking around for the softest chair, there was a painful silence for a moment, and then Jones asked—

'Sprain your ankle, Boggs?'

'No, sprain nothing,' said Mr. B., tartly, sitting down as gently as if he was going to hatch eggs.

'Rheumatism, eh?' asked Jones, after receiving a smile of approval from his hostess.

'No,' ejaculated Boggs, tersely. 'Boots hurt you hey?' questioned Jones.

'None of your darned business!' exclaimed Boggs, getting angry at being interrogated.

'Well, there's no reason for your getting your back up about it. I was only inquiring what was the matter with you,' said Jones hotly.

'Well, if you must know, I have got a howling old bile here on this leg, and a couple of double-headed old snorters herabout,' explained Boggs, making a motion to lift his coat-tail and point out the precise spots.

The landlady turned quickly away and commenced talking to the canary; Miss Decollette, the young lady boarder, who had been listening attentively, blushed scarlet, and young Tripper roared with laughter, and Jones after wishing the floor would open, the house fall down, or some one shout "Fire!" in the street, stammered—

'Yes—yes. Ne-never mind you sh-showing us, we'll take your word for it.'

After breakfast, Boggs started off for business, walking as slowly and gingerly as a man does on ice; turning the corner of the street, a butcher boy with a basket on his arm ran into him.

'Ow! ow! Cessation! I will kick the head off you!' he roared, catching hold of a fence and glaring at the boy.

'Cricky! What's the matter with you? Got the Jim-jams?' yelled the boy.

'I hope I'll live to see you hung for that!' exclaimed Boggs, mopping the cold perspiration from his forehead.

'Don't your clothes fit you? Or don't you get enough to eat?' asked the boy challengingly.

Boggs limped away, promising himself a day's vacation, no matter how painful on the hard un-cushioned seat. A moment later a fashionable miss with pull-back skirts, and her hair artistically mussed over her forehead, came in and

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dropping into her seat diagonally, bumped up against his boot.

'Christopher Columbus! Why can't you sit down like a Christian?' he exclaimed, squirming and wriggling around on his seat, till the passengers thought he was going to have a fit.

'Me, sir?' inquired the young lady, haughtily.

'Yes, you? You, na'am! I've got a bile on my leg as big as a bucket, and you flopped yourself down on it,' he replied passionately.

The passengers tittered, the lady frowned, grew red as a boiled lobster and drew away from him, and Boggs was in hopes that his troubles were at an end, when a meek young man with a struggling whisker, lavender colored neck-tie, and bashful, timid manners, on trying to leave the car was precipitated into his lap.

'Whoop! Dorn you! Dorn everybody! I'll massacre you!' he shouted, grabbing the floundering young man by his collar, jamming his head over the seat and trying to choke him to death. The meek youth kicked and gasped and the conductor separated and bounced them both off the car.

'Wait till these biles get well, and I'll lam you for running against me!' screamed Boggs, shaking his fist at the mild young man.

The meek youth made no reply, but after trying to pin his bursted paper collar, hurried away to consult a lawyer about bringing action against Boggs for unprovoked assault with intent to kill.

Boggs was undergoing such 'grinding torments' that he concluded to return home and go to bed, and was limping back when he stepped on an orange peel, and his left foot shot out from under him with a swiftness that made him sick and he could feel his very scalp lift with horror of the inevitable crash, then his right foot scooted away in the opposite direction and he came down on the pavement with an abruptness and force that will make him shiver to think of it to his dying day.

An old apple woman helped him up, his hat, wiped the tears from his eyes with her apron and let him hang on to an ash barrel till he could get his breath and consciousness back, when he crawled home, and meeting his landlady on the stairs, said—

'If you will make me three flaxseed poultices a foot thick, I'll buy you the prettiest humped-up dress in the city when I get well.'—*Yankee Blade.*

## Drum-Head Sermon.

By J. CESAR POMPEY SQUASH

My died in de wool pollytishness.

Who am de cumin man? I say, who am de cumin man? Dat am de counydram dat a hole nashun am tryin to find out juss at dis pertickler epock in de world jinnery and ob E pluribus unum in pertikler; and we want to know, too, wedder who am ob de famous individuals dat de white house, or de White House, dat de loose-papers am seekin to diskerber! But we shal shually know him wen we see him, and wen we de see him we shal be mo' extomish at an exprised dan wen Don Kameron was pinted to de War office to perwify dat department from de kerrupshun dat had made it so rotten an filthy under de misfortyny Belnap.

But shal we lib to see de Grate Unknoone loom up like a lite house from de froff an mist wiche envelops de perliticly sityshun? Not if Blain, Konklin, Bristoe, Mortun, an Washburn, know darses, an dey tink dey do.

As for de democrats dey am nowhar in dis fit, because dey dont hold de keards and if dey did hold dem dey wudnt know how to play dem; because, too, dey am too fond ob investigashun—dey dont mind dar own business; dey am eternally pryin into de secrets ob de publican ofishals an de rings dey belong to, from de Bossun naby yard down to de white house; in fac dey am repy-tashun-distructives, and dey hab split de hard-urned fame, an kickt eber many a little ob clams, ob sum ob our moss asppirin leaders ob our perliticly pusswashun, an besides, dey wot try to bleeve in soudern outragis pon color, when Blaine or mortun waves de bloody shirt.

Darfo, as I sed afo you may count democry out. De fit is widin de publican party—wiche party we hab resolted to purwify widout demacricade, an we shal continer to resolted dat it ortu be dan, an we am de only party can do it, because we know whar all de kerrupshun lies, an can git at it widout gwine to kongress and make an unhefily smel about it dar, dat rises to de bery nostrils ob de goddiss ob liberty, who stans in gelemore unadisty pon de doom ob de kapitol.

Den, my blubbed niggers, who am de fo'moss candydates an who am dar sporters? Dats wot we mess wid painfally to make as public shambettycal odors, dars Blain ob Mane, a name ob exolted fame dat wud not shame de checks ob de

stated ob kristofer klumbus, or drer a tier from de eye ob Miss Klumbly herself; a man who am a statesman, a pollytishun, and a gemman considin he am a culd man. He am de candydate ob de men who alwus wote de tikit anyhow, rite, rong or doubtful. Ho stans investigashun bout as well as brudder beecin, an i tink all dey'll find out bout his bond an munny transackshuns wot demage him a contineble five cent peece. If he am nomerated he am shu to kerry de state ob maine, because de ofisholders down dar am mo' numerus dan de ress ob maine.

Nex cums Bristoe, de honest ofish-holer, who hab never been cotch in de ack ob stealin a dollar from uncul sam, or sellin a sessorship or kerletership, or lyn boud in any ob de girls in his department. Sech honesty, sech virtuo, ortu be rewardid in dese days ob kerrupshun, an dat am de rezon he am so popular mung de honisty, de gilt-edge airystockracy, and de reberend klurgy ob Bossun, and independant publicans ginally. I tel you, my brudrin, dat Bristoe stock am lookin up, an if he can hold out til nex October, widout yieldin to de temtashun ob stealin fortin, or jinnin a lucretive ring, or pokitin a bribe or two, he may possibly be seen, nex for ob March, standin in de portorio ob de cass end ob de capitol, oratatin