

# The Tarboro' Southerner

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

VOL. 55.

TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1877.

NO. 6.

## GENERAL DIRECTORY.

**TARBORO'.**  
Mayor—Fred Phillips.  
Commissioners—Jesse A. Williamson, James O. Feldenheimer, Daniel W. Hurr, Alex. McCabe, Joseph Cobb.  
Clerk—J. B. W. Stewart.  
Sergeant—Robert Whitehurst.  
Chief of Police—John W. Cotton.  
Assistant Police—T. M. Coe, Jas. E. Simpson, Alvin McCall.

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Sheriff—Joseph Cobb.  
Clerk—Joseph Cobb.  
Treasurer—Robert H. Austin.  
Surgeon—John E. Baker.  
Standard Keeper—J. B. Hyatt.  
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Keeper of Poor—Wm. A. Deane.  
Commissioners—Jno. Lancaster, Chairman, Wiley Well, J. B. W. Stewart, Frank Dew, M. Erem, A. McCabe, Clerk.

**RAILS.**  
ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS  
North and South via W. & R. R. K. R. Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 10 A. M. Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at 3:30 P. M. WASHINGTON MAIL VIA GREENVILLE, FALLS AND SPARTA. Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 6 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. W. meets every first Thursday in every month at 10 o'clock A. M.  
Concord Lodge No. 58, Thomas Gallin, 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.  
Epiphany Encampment No. 43, I. O. O. F., L. B. Palamontain, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month at 7 o'clock P. M.  
Edgewood Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., T. W. Toler, N. G., Odd Fellows' Hall, meets every Tuesday night.  
Edgewood Council No. 122, Friends of Temperance, meet every Friday night at the Odd Fellows' Hall.  
Advance Lodge No. 28, I. O. O. F., meets every Wednesday night at their Hall.  
Zanah Lodge, No. 333, 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. H. Cheahire, Rector.**  
**Methodist Church—Services every Sunday at 10 o'clock, and at night. Rev. Mr. Rone, Pastor.**  
**Baptist Church—Services every first, third and fifth Sabbath. Rev. T. J. Allison, Pastor. Weekly prayer meeting, Thursday night.**  
**Missionary Baptist Church—Services the 4th Sunday in every month, morning and night. Rev. T. R. 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 9:45 o'clock. N. M. LAWRENCE, Agent.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**FRANK POWELL,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law, TARBORO', N. C.  
Office Collections a Specialty. Office next door to the Southern office. July 2, 1875.

**JOS. BLOUNT OSHESIRE, JR.,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
AND  
NOTARY PUBLIC.  
Office at the Old Bank Building on Trade Street. 10c-24.

**LEO HOWARD,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law, TARBORO', N. C.  
Practice in all the Courts, State and Federal. nov-5-ly.

**FREDERICK PHILLIPS,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law, TARBORO', N. C.  
Practices in Courts of adjoining counties in the Federal and Supreme Courts. Nov. 5, 1875.

**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. Office in Iron Front Building, Pitt Street, rear of A. Whitlock & Co's. Jan. 7, 1876.

**J. H. & W. L. THORP,**  
Attorneys and Counselors at Law, ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.  
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**JACOB BATTLE,**  
Counselor and Attorney at Law, ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.  
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**THE SUN.**  
1877. NEW YORK, 1877.

The different editions of THE SUN during the next year will be the same as during the year that has just passed. The daily edition will be published at 10 o'clock, and the Sunday edition on Sundays a sheet of eight pages, or 56 broad columns; while the weekly edition will be a sheet of eight pages, or 56 broad columns, containing a character that is already familiar to our friends.

The benefit of this largeness of circulation, and of the substitution of statemanship, wisdom, integrity for hollow pretensions, and the confidence of the people in the government of the people by the people and for the people as opposed to government by frauds in the ballot-box and in the counting of votes, enforced by military violence. It will endeavor to supply its readers—a body now not far from a million of souls—with the most complete, complete, and trustworthy accounts of current events, and will employ for this purpose a numerous and carefully selected staff of reporters and correspondents. Its reports from Washington, especially, will be full, accurate, and fearless; and it will doubtless continue to decrease and enjoy the hatred of those who thrive by plundering the Treasury or by usurping what the law does not give them; and it will continue to merit the confidence of the people by defending the rights of the people against the encroachments of unprincipled men.

The price of the daily Sun will be 55 cents a month or \$5.50 a year, post paid, or with the Sunday edition, \$6.00 a year, post paid. The Sunday edition alone, eight pages, \$1.50 a year, post paid.

The price of the weekly Sun will be 15 cents a copy, or \$1.50 a year, post paid. The price of the Sun will be 15 cents a copy, or \$1.50 a year, post paid.

Write for circulars or send orders to  
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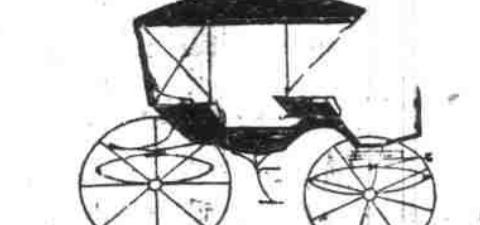
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## Tarboro' Southerner.

Friday, Feb. 9, 1877

### THE PRICE OF DORA'S GOLD.

BY E. ANNIE FROST.

'If you had half the spirit of a man you would go too!'

Poor John Raynor had heard this so often in the last two weeks that at last he was roused to answer.

'See here, Dora,' he said, pulling his wife down upon his knee, and holding her fast, 'do you mean that? You said it fifty times since this expedition was talked about, now tell me if you want me to go.'

Dead silence on the part of Dora. 'I have been working hard for five years, to clear off the mortgage upon the farm, that I might have a home for you,' continued John, earnestly, 'and it is mine now, clear of debt. We are not rich, but I am strong and not afraid of work, and you have been brought up a farmer's daughter, and know the duties of a farmer's wife. Six months ago you were as happy as a bird, my bride and darling, but now—'

'Now,' interrupted Dora, 'I see an opportunity for you to become rich in a few months, instead of toiling and slaving for life, as your father and my father toiled and slaved to make a bare living by farming. They tell us that gold can be picked up at the Black Hills in pocketfuls at a time.'

'Well?'

'And we could be rich. We could leave this miserable farm and go to the city to live in a great house, with servants, carriages, fine furniture. Oh, John!'

Dora had slipped from her perch upon her husband's knee, and stood before him, her little figure drawn erect, her big blue eyes flashing, her cheeks crimson with excitement.

'And would it make you happy?' asked John wistfully.

'Yes! Of course it would? Who would not be happy with plenty of money?'

'There are two sides to the question,' said John, quietly. 'The Indians have the right to keep us off this promising gold country, and they defend it passes. It may be your bag of gold will be only John Raynor's scalped head!'

'Oh, if you are afraid to go, that ends it!' Dora said, quickly.

It was a cruel speech, and it stabbed the honest, loving heart of John Raynor to the core. He was no coward, but a strong, brave man, with a noble nature, but he was fond of his home, of the farm he had worked so faithfully to clear of debt, and of the wife he had loved for five long years.

Only six months had passed since his wedding day, when Dora seemed entirely happy in his love, and in the cosy nest he had taken an honest pride in winning for her.

Then the young men of the village of Topham became smitten with the gold fever, and about a dozen of them resolved to form an expedition to the Black Hills.

Dora's brother, Tom Haven, was the prime mover in the scheme, and coming every day to lay all his dreams and plans before his sister, he had inspired her with the same feverish thirst for gold that was driving him from home to brave the toils and perils of the expedition.

Like many women brought up to work hard, to own but little finery, to live upon plain fare, Dora set a fictitious value upon the delights of wealth. She built gorgeous air-castles founded upon the few works of fiction she had read, and dreamed of an existence to which that of a princess in a fairy tale would have been dull and prosaic.

And with her head full of these airy visions, it provoked her past all patience that John was content to follow the plow, to eat greens and bacon, and wear coarse clothing, as he had done all his life. He would listen to all Tom's glowing descriptions of the expedition with a grave, quiet face, sometimes speaking a word of caution or warning that fell upon deaf ears. He would answer all her hints and taunts by a gentle:

'I'm well content here, Dora, with my life-long home, and my darling wife!'

But at last he was roused, not to any hope such as spurred the others on, but to the fact that Dora wished him to go.

'She thinks more of the gold than of me!' he thought, rising heavily from his chair, and speaking slowly.

'Since you wish it, Dora, I will go!' he said, and even her enthusiasm was held in check a moment by his pale face.

'Oh, I don't want to drive you, she said, pettishly, 'if you are content to vegetate for life in this miserable hole, I suppose I can put up with it.'

'I will go!'

He spoke the three words with

stern, emphasis, and left the room. His heart seemed breaking.

For five years he had had but one dream of the future. Father and mother lay in the church-yard, brothers or sisters he had none, and the entire love of his heart was given to pretty Dora Haven. He was burdened with debts his father left for his sole legacy, his home was heavily mortgaged, and he would not ask Dora to share in the privation and toil by which he freed himself.

And when at last he could answer her to come and brighten the home he had made for her, it had seemed to him that his cup of happiness brimmed over.

He passed from the room where he had announced his decision, and wandered slowly over the house. It was small, but every portion was full of tender association to him.

In one room his parents had died, in another was the cottage furniture he had sent all the way to 'York' to get to please his bride. The parlor carpet and the substantial horse-hair set had come at the same time, filling him with pardonable pride at the preparations for his marriage.

These white curtains Dora had made in her first week of her home life as his wife.

These autumn leaves they had gathered in their lower stroll, and Dora had made them into wreaths and bunches to bring with her to adorn the walls of her new home.

He was but a simple farmer, not yet twenty-five, with but a meagre education, and not given to dreams or castle building.

Thoroughly content to live as his father and grand-father had lived before him, he could not comprehend the vision's filling Dora's imagination.

He half hoped yet that she would urge him to give up his intention and remain at home, and yet he knew that her content with the humble happiness he could give her, was gone.

But Dora, though frightened twenty times a day at the success of her taunts, would not speak the words he hoped to hear.

Very rapidly the preparations were made to depart, for the others were nearly ready, and the little nest, egg at the bank was all that before John Raynor was fully equipped as a miner.

The first realization of what she was giving up for a dream, came to Dora when she stood upon the platform of the rustic railway station, with Tom upon one side and John on the other, the former full of exultation, with merry smile and bright eyes, the latter grave and stern, with lowering brow and set lips.

'John! the little wife whispered, 'if you don't want to go!'

'It is too late for that!' he said harshly, and then hearing the approaching train, his face softened, and he caught her in his arms.

'God keep you, little wife,' he said hoarsely, 'I go for love of you! I may come back rich and make you happy. No man will work harder for gold than I will to bring it to you.'

Through a mist of tears she saw him follow the others into the car, and then joined the groups of weeping women who had come upon the same sorrowful errand as her own.

Letters came but rarely. John's hard hands could guide a plow far more easily than they could wield a pen, and when he wrote his epistles were brief, though loving. As the expedition went further and further from the borders of civilization the letters became less frequent.

But from the hour the train carried John out of sight, Dora's punishment began. The cosy home he had fitted up for her was a haunting reproach, and the excitement of Tom's visits over, memory began to recall all John's love and the change that had come upon him after he had decided to join the gold-seekers.

It was no comfort to cross the lots and go to her old home, for there Mr. and Mrs. Haven bewailed Tom's absence, and gave Dora round scoldings for encouraging him in his crazy expedition.

'Like as not we'll never see either of them again, or know how they died,' Mrs. Haven would moan, rocking herself to and fro, 'a good son Tom was, till he got the gold fever.'

'A better husband than John never lived,' Mr. Haven would say, 'and you've him no place or rest till you drive him off!'

And going back to her desolate home, Dora could gather no comfort in the old dreams. Nannie, her only servant, would bring her knitting to the sitting room, and drive her mistress nearly frantic by her sincere lamentations for the master.

Night after night, kneeling to pray for John's safe return, Dora felt the agony of self-reproach grow keener and keener.

For it had come to this very soon, that the longing for wealth, the hope of being a great lady, all faded away, and the desolate wife's only prayer was for her husband's return.

A whole year passed away, and the miners had not returned. A wee snow-drip of a baby came to life for one brief week on Dora's breast, and then leave her. Occasionally the newspapers that came irregularly to the village, told of disaster and death in the gold regions, but never were the names of the party from Topham in the list, and Dora hoped against hope.

Winter snows were lying over the farms, and fifteen months had dragged out their weary length since John Raynor had left his home. A pale, wasted shadow of Dora moved listlessly about the farm-house, and Nannie muttered often:

'She'll not be long after husband and child.'

Grief and remorse were doing a fatal work with pretty Dora, when one evening as dusk was settling into night shadows, there came a startling knock at the door of the farm house. Dora started to her feet, but sank back half fainting, into her chair, saying, with white, trembling lips:

'Quick, Nannie, go quick! It may be John.'

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'Quick, Nannie, go quick! It may be John.'

Nannie was not behind hand, and opened the door quickly.

A tall, brown-bearded man stood upon the porch, who passed the old seaweed, and entered the room where Dora, with white cheeks and startled eyes, looked at him, then beyond him. Beyond him into vacancy.