

# The Tarboro'ough Southerner.

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

VOL. 55.

TARBORO', N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1877.

NO. 13.

## GENERAL DIRECTORY.

**TARBORO'.**  
Mayor—Fred Phillips.  
Commissioners—Jesse A. Williamson, Jacob Feldenheimer, Daniel W. Hurt, Alex. McCabe, Joseph Cobb.  
Secretary & Treasurer—Robt. Whitehurst.  
Chief of Police—John W. Cotton.  
Assistant Police—J. T. Moore, John Madra, Wood Windsor and Isaac Bynum.

## COUNTY.

Superior Court Clerk and Probate Judge—H. L. Station, Jr.  
Register of Deeds—Alex. McCabe.  
Sheriff—Joseph Cobb.  
Coroner—  
Treasurer—Robt. H. Austin.  
Surgeon—John E. Baker.  
Standard Bearer—P. S. Hicks.  
School Examiners—W. P. Mabson, Chairman, W. A. Dugan, W. T. Godwin.  
Commissioners—Jas. Lancaster, Chairman, N. B. Bellamy, F. W. Whitted, Clinton Battle, F. S. Fanny.  
County Attorney—W. P. Williamson.

## MAILS.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS  
NORTH AND SOUTH VIA W. & R. R.  
Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 10 A. M.  
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at 3:30 P. M.  
WASHINGTON MAIL VIA GREENVILLE, FALKLAND AND SPARTA.  
Leave Tarboro' (daily) at 6 A. M.  
Arrive at Tarboro' (daily) at 6 P. M.

## LODGES.

**The Nights and the Plagues 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.  
Repton Encampment No. 13, I. O. O. F., I. B. Palamont, Chief Patriarch, Odd Fellows Hall, meets every first and third Thursday of each month.  
Edgecombe Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F., T. W. Toler, N. G., Odd Fellows Hall, meets every Tuesday night.  
Edgecombe Council No. 123, 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 7 o'clock P. M.  
Zion Lodge, No. 235, I. O. O. F., meet on first and third Monday night of every month at Odd Fellows Hall. A. Whitlock, President.

## CHURCHES.

**Episcopal Church**—Services every Sunday at 10:15 o'clock A. M. and 5 P. M. Dr. J. B. Cheshire, Rector.  
**Methodist Church**—Services every Sunday at 10 o'clock, and at night, Rev. W. S. Reane, Pastor. Prayer Meeting on Monday evening.  
**Presbyterian Church**—Services every 1st, 2nd and 4th 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 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, 1875.

**JOS. BLOUNT CHESHIRE, JR.,**  
Attorney at Law,  
AND  
NOTARY PUBLIC.  
Office at the Old Bank Building on Trade Street.  
Je25-11.

**EO. HOWARD,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
TARBORO', N. C.  
Practice in all the Courts, State and Federal.  
Nov-5-17.

**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.

**JACOB BATTLE,**  
Counselor and Attorney at Law,  
ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.  
Practices in all the State Courts.  
March 24, 1876.

**DR. E. D. BARNES,**  
Surgeon Dentist,  
Main Street,  
TARBORO', N. C.  
All work warranted to give entire satisfaction.  
Feb. 18-17.

**J. 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, also in the United States District Court at Raleigh.

**H. K. NASH, JR.,**  
Engineer & Surveyor  
OFFICE OVER  
S. S. NASH & CO'S STORE,  
Where he can always be found when not professionally absent.  
Tarboro', March 2, 1877.

**DR. J. B. GODWIN,**  
Surgeon Dentist,  
Washington, N. C.  
March 28, 1877.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**SETH THOMAS' CLOCKS**  
RUN WELL  
WEAR WELL  
KEEP GOOD TIME

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**GEO. S. 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 price.

## 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 trade.

## J. M. FREEMAN'S

**Old Reliable Jewelry Store,**  
48 YEARS ESTABLISHED, STILL IN FULL BLAST.

**Arthur C. Freeman,**  
SUCCESSOR,  
190 Main St., Norfolk, Va.,  
offers to the citizens of Edgecombe and surrounding country, a full line of

## A HOME AND FARM OF YOUR OWN.

On the line of the Great Railroad, with good markets both East and West.

## NOW IS YOUR TIME TO SECURE IT.

Mild Climate, Fertile Soil, Best Country for Stock Raising in the United States.

Books, Maps, Full Information, also "The Pioneer" sent free to all parts of the World. Address O. F. DAVIS, Lamb C&C, OMAHA, NEB.

**\$550 to \$775** a Week to Agents. \$10 a day at home. Agents wanted. All Agents and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

## A LUCRATIVE BUSINESS.

WE WANT 500 MORE FIRST-CLASS SEWING MACHINE AGENTS, AND 500 MEN OF ENERGY AND ABILITY TO LEARN THE BUSINESS OF SELLING SEWING MACHINES. COMPENSATION LIBERAL, BUT VARYING ACCORDING TO ABILITY, CHARACTER AND QUALIFICATIONS OF THE AGENT.—FOR PARTICULARS, ADDRESS

**Wilson Sewin Machine Co.,**  
Chicago,  
827 & 829 Broadway, New York or New Orleans, La.

**25** Extra Fine Mixed Lards, with name, low priced work (75) prices, only \$2.50; trading expense paid. No peddling. Address MONITOR LAMP CO., Cincinnati, O.

## WANTED

Men to travel and establish agencies in every town for our new and perfectly fire proof Glass Chimneys and Lamp. Business permanent; salary, no peddling. FIREBIDE MFG. CO., Pittsburg, Pa.

## WONDERFUL SUCCESS! \$5,000 OF THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

Described and Illustrated. Sold in 60 days. Being the only complete, low priced work (75) prices, only \$2.50; trading expense paid. No peddling. Address MONITOR LAMP CO., Cincinnati, O.

## DRUNKARD STOP!

C. C. BERRY, M. D. (formerly of Boston) has a radical cure for Intemperance, which can be given without the knowledge of the patient. Also cure for the

## OPIOUM HABIT.

Permanent cures guaranteed in both. Send stamp for evidence. Ask drugists for it. Address BIRMINGHAM, COMM.

## FELT CARPETING, 30 to 45 cents per square.

Felt Ceilings for rooms in place of plaster. Felt Roofing and Siding. For Circular and Sample, address G. J. FAX, Camden, New Jersey.

W. B. TAYLOR, T. E. BELL, J. H. WATERS,  
**Taylor, Elliott & Waters,**  
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

## HARDWARE,

**CUTLERY, GUNS, &c.**  
Corner of Main Street and Market Square,  
NORFOLK, VA.  
Feb. 9, 1877.

## TOBACCO.

FACTORY, OFFICE & WAREHOUSE,  
Second Street, 95 & 95 Water Street,  
Petersburg, Va. NORFOLK, VA.  
Feb. 9, 1877.

## HILLIARD & MOORE,

GENERAL  
Commission Merchants,  
McCall's Wharf,  
Norfolk, Virginia.  
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General Dealers in Standard Fertilizers.  
Liberal cash advances made on consignments.  
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March 18, 1877.

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March 18, 1877.

## Tarboro' Southerner.

Friday, March 30, 1877

## KITTY CLYDE.

"Kitty! Kitty Clyde! Where are you?"

Nobody answered. A robin, building a nest in the great apple-tree over the south door, looked up, listened a minute, and then whistled softly to himself. He was not going to betray Kitty Clyde—not he. The great dog Rover, dozing on the piazza, half opened his eyes, and then dozed again. The truth was, Rover had declined Kitty's invitation to go off frolicking with her, and the girl had patted his head softly, touched her red lips to the snow-white star in Rover's dusky forehead, Rover's beauty-spot, and then flitted carelessly away, her bright brown curls tossing in the west wind, and a fragrance of a song running over from that blithesome little heart of hers.

And so, at this very minute, Kitty is standing ankle-deep in the clear, cool, blue water of the pond, trying with all her might and main to reach a great, splendid lily that, with all its golden stamens hid and petals half closed, was just going to sleep for the night. To be sure, Kitty had already a whole apronful of the pure, sweet flowers; but when was ever mortal man, or woman either, satisfied with what they already had—when did they not long and strive after what was just beyond reach? And so it came to pass that, as Kitty pulled and tugged, the soft, treacherous bank gave way, and down went Kitty, clean mussed dress, apronful of lilies, spotless white stockings and dainty slippers, golden-brown curls and all, into the cold dark water.

"O-oh!" cried Kitty, struggling in the water.

And then, in a minute, something seized her, and lifted her sheer out of the water, and set her high and—oh, no—not at all dry, but very wet, indeed, among the violets, up on the green bank.

Was it Rover? Kitty shook the water out of her eyes, swallowed a sob or two, and looked—And then she blushed all over her white face, and away down to the tiny lace ruffle about her throat. For her preserver was a young man, a very proper and very unexceptionable young man, indeed, in a faultless black suit, which never saw a speck of lint since it was a suit. And this young man, who was quite tall—a very giant beside Kitty, in fact—surveyed her with a face in which amusement and surprise were as strongly expressed as if they had been written in letters right across his handsome, broad forehead.

"Well," said he, his dark, smiling eyes shining down upon her, "you are only the worse off by a wetting! What would have become of you, if I had not happened by just as I did?"

"I dare say I shouldn't have drowned," said Kitty, demurely. "But I am very much obliged to you."

"You are very much welcome! In return, perhaps you can tell me where Deacon Grey lives. I was just about to ask you, when you disappeared from my astonished eyes, in the pond."

"Poor Kitty! Who could wonder that she blushed again, like a red, red rose, and wished from the bottom of her sorrowful little heart that she had drowned among the lilies—for was not this the new young minister, younger and handsomer than Kitty—who had only known old Parson Brown, with his snuffy tones and grizzled wig—had over dreamed a minister could be? And had she not been charged, over and over again, to behave properly in his presence? And, now—poor Kitty Clyde!

"Deacon Grey lives there," said Kitty, who must speak, though she died, pointing at the great square red farm-house glowing in the afternoon sun.

"That house there in the clover field, with the apple trees around it?"

"Yes, sir! The clover field comes up to the door. Isn't it pretty?" said Kitty, forgetting her wet clothes, and what her aunt would say in her girlish, artistic delight in the picture.

"Very pretty!" said the young man. "Very pretty indeed!" he repeated, looking into the sweet young eyes, and seeing the rosy color come and go under the clear, fine-grained, beautiful skin.

"A full half minute he stood thus, and then he started suddenly—"I beg your pardon! I should not have kept you. You will take cold!"

As he spoke he lifted his hat, bowed, and turned away from her. In a minute or two, he was out of sight, around the bend in the road.

"How handsome he is!" thought Kitty. "And he bowed to me, just as they do in stories. Oh, dear, what a figure I am! And now I shall never dare speak to him."

And two great shining tears glittered in Kitty's brown eyes.

Slowly she made her way home, and crept around to the well-room door. The parlor was open, and she heard her cousin Julia speaking, and the odor of her aunt-Grey's cake came out, delicious and tempting, and the tea-kettle was singing on the hearth.

And Kitty was very cold and wet, and most unexpectantly hungry. But she slipped off upstairs unseen.

An hour or two passed. Supper was served in the hospitable farm-house kitchen. And supper being over, Deacon Grey lit his pipe, and began to discuss free-will with the young minister.

"You'd better go into the parlor, father," said Mrs. Grey.

"Oh, no matter about the parlor, wife," said the obtuse deacon. "Mr. Weston likes the kitchen well enough, I'll warrant."

Mr. Weston laughed—"Oh, yes, he liked the kitchen!"

"And he sat down on the old-fashioned settee, and seemed as much at home as if he had been a son of the family."

"I wouldn't let the table set any longer for Kitty," said Julia, gathering up the cups and saucers with a dainty grace.

Mrs. Grey remembered the Lady Washington cake which Kitty was fond of, and the strawberries Kitty had picked, and her good heart was divided between impatience and pity.

"Oh, dear! she sighed, 'that good-for-nothing Kitty Clyde tires me nearly to death.'"

"What's Kitty been doing now?" asked the deacon.

"Oh, don't ask; I don't always do what she ought to do, and neglecting every thing she ought to do? I'm about the fields all day, and reading novels and poetry, and she can't make a loaf of bread to save her life!" Julia, added the matron, despairingly, "go and call her all over the house."

And so Julia's silvery "Kitty! Kitty Clyde!" resounded through the wide rooms.

And pretty soon a small figure glided silently down in the twilight.

"Ah, there you are! Now eat your supper so we can clear off the table," said Mrs. Grey, reprovingly.

Kitty sat down, still as a mouse, and helped herself to bread and butter and strawberries, and, unhappy as she had been, was making a very good meal, when all at once her aunt said:

"Are there any pond-lilies about?"

"Miss Julia just then sailed out of the parlor, a graceful white cloud in the dust."

"Oh, yes. There are some great dishes of them in the parlor. We have them all the time, she said, graciously, forgetting to add that good-for-nothing Kitty Clyde gathering and arranging them."

"I thought I detected the odor! How lovely they are!"

"Oh, very lovely!" said Julia, with a sweet enthusiasm.

"That reminds me," said the young minister, laughing softly, "that I had a bit of an adventure coming from the station."

"An adventure coming from Cloverdale Station to our house?" cried Julia. "Pray, what was it?"

"Why, a little girl—at least she was very small, though she might have been grown up—was picking lilies in the pond just down here, and fell in. Of course I pulled her out."

"Pulled her out! Did she get wet?"

"It was Mrs. Grey. She had come in with a lighted lamp."

"I'm afraid she did!" said Mr. Weston, his eyes twinkling.

Unfortunate Kitty Clyde! The cruel light of the lamp fell full upon her face, and betrayed the deep blushes and the fearful, down-cast eyes.

"Kitty Clyde, was that you?" said Mrs. Grey, in a stern and awful voice.

Kitty choked and tried to get up.

"And you got your new muslin wet. Oh, Kitty Clyde, you are the worst good-for-nothing girl in the whole world!"

"I—I don't care!" sobbed Kitty, and she fled from the table and ran up-stairs, crying very bitterly.

"Now, mother, you've scared her most to death. You'd ought to be thankful she wasn't drowned," said the good deacon.

"I hope I am, Deacon Grey," said his wife. "I hope I don't wish any harm to the child, though she is such a trial."

"Oh, well, well! We can't expect all girls to be like our Julia."

"Julia never caused me a moment's anxiety in her life," said her mother.

"That remarkable young lady came in just then, and Mr. Weston examined her with interest. She was really a very pretty girl, lady-like, and well-bred."

"And what a good girl she must be!" thought the Reverend Edward Weston.

Yes, Julia was a pretty girl and

a good girl. And Mr. Weston wanted a wife. Is that strange? Not a bit of it. All young men who are manly and pure do—when the right time comes.

Cloverdale quite agreed that Mr. Weston wanted a wife, and when he was properly installed, and every thing was as it should be, the good people took counsel together, and decided that he couldn't find a better wife than Julia Grey.

Apparently Mr. Weston was of a similar opinion. And yet, perhaps not. Perhaps it was only in a friendly way that he took Julia out to ride, and out boating on the pond, and to walk in the sweet starry summer evenings. Sometimes Kitty Clyde was with them, often not. Sometimes she started with them, but was off directly in quest of some gay night-rose.

And so Mr. Weston found obstacles in the way of studying Kitty's character. It was a study which interested him more and more. But somehow the flower which at times opened to him, and let him drink in its sweetness and fragrance, at other times folded itself away in silence, in the shyest and most perplexing manner. And the Reverend Edward Weston was exceedingly disturbed.

But he never asked himself what it meant, till one golden evening in October, when Jamie Wood, a stalwart young farmer, came in, and looked hard at Kitty in all the pauses of the talk. At last Kitty slipped away. Then up rose Jamie Wood, and took a sorrowful, disappointed leave.

"Jamie is sadly in love, poor fellow!" said Julia, tenderly.

"In love with whom?" said Mr. Weston, rousing up.

"Oh, Kitty Clyde, of course. It would be an excellent match for Kitty, only she is so perverse."

The Reverend Edward Weston felt a sharp stab near his heart.

An hour later he was walking up and down a moonlit path, and thinking very hard and fast, when suddenly a white wraith glided out of the shadow of the trees, and would have passed him; but he put out one hand and detained it.

"Kitty, I want to tell you something. What! Will you run away from me as you do from your lover?"

Kitty shook in his hands.

"Jamie Wood is not my lover," she said, passionately. "I won't have him!"

"Why, Kitty?"

"Because I—I don't love him. Let me go, Mr. Weston!"

"Wait a minute, Kitty. I want a wife. Every body says I do, and I am sure of it. But I want