

BESURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D. Crockett.

VOL. 61.

TARBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1883.

NO. 4.

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Do not forget that we have the best School Suits, Business Suits, Dress Suits and Overcoats in Tarboro.

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THE SUN. More people have read the Sun during the past year than ever before.

Because it is a newspaper, it is read, and like the Sun for the following reasons:

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TARBORO'S Southerner. Thursday, January 25, 1883.

It was a late hour of a latter, cold February evening in St. Petersburg, in the year 1878. The snow mingled with sleet, driven by the black north wind, cut the faces of the few citizens who were hurrying home-ward along the Nevsky Prospect.

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police officials. Your name attracted my attention and I listened. Well, so easy or traitor, it seems, to give the Third Section a list of the members of its Revolutionary Fraternity, as they call it, the place and hour of its meetings—in two words, all the details necessary to accomplish your capture. A hundred gendarmes are to surround this building between one and two o'clock this night. They must be at hand already. Quick, quick, if you have any sense for your safety, disperse in all directions, so that you may escape them.

She looked up at the clock in the hall whose hands pointed to past one, and then in an affrighted tone reiterated her warning.

The young man was dumfounded for a moment, but he quickly realized the danger which was nigh, and bounding into the room from whence he had come, made the facts known to his comrades. These were men of every age and of every class of society. Students with long hair and eyeglasses, mechanics with brawny arms and rough hands, clerks and business men in faultless attire; yet, even the army had its representatives there in two young officers, whose shoulder-straps bore the insignias of sub-lieutenants. They were seated around a long oaken table, on which stood two petroleum lamps, a samovar (a Russian tea urn), several glasses, and a bundle of documents. Nicholas' announcement created no little confusion among the conspirators, and this was increased when the clatter of horses' hoofs on the flag-stones suddenly reached their ears.

"Keep steady, brothers," cried Nicholas, who seemed to be the leader of them all, "escape as quietly as you can, one after the other, through the door," in saying which he pulled back a green curtain, hiding the entrance to a secret passage. The lights were quickly extinguished, and the conspirators began retiring in regular order. Nicholas now hurried into the hall, and grasping Olga by the hand, bade her seek safety in the same manner as his companions.

"And you, Nicholas?" "I replied hastily. "The captain is always the last to leave his vessel. I am the chosen leader of these men, and not until they are secure will I begin to think of myself."

At this juncture footsteps became audible on the staircase, and seeing that his sweetheart hesitated, Nicholas, beside himself with anxiety, began drawing her toward the secret passage into which the last few conspirators were disappearing.

Meanwhile an officer's voice out side the apartment was demanding the surrender of the inmates in the name of the Tsar. Not a word being deigned in reply, several hammers were brought to bear on the doors, which soon yielded beneath the heavy blows of the soldiery. Nicholas and Olga were prisoners. The others, though hotly pursued, were not overtaken.

Commanding officer of the gendarmes, a colonel of the third Section, scrutinized his victim closely, by the dim rays of a lantern.

"This is strange," he murmured, "a woman here—and a pretty one, too, yet Olga (my God). There was no mention of the woman, captain was there?"

The last words were addressed to an elderly man who, second in command, had remained behind his superior until then. He stopped forward and glanced, who stood pale but undaunted by the side of her lover. Uttering an exclamation of horror, amazement, the captain staggered backward, while Olga, with a low cry of anguish, recognized her father.

Justice—if the system of persecution which thrives in the Tsar's empire can be called justice—was relentless. Neither the father's position nor the services he had rendered the state could avail the daughter. She was dragged to the city prison, and there closely confined.

But if Olga's lot was sad, what must have been her lover's, who had caught her ruin! How vividly he recalled their first meeting a year before, and the vows of undying affection they soon after exchanged. He was but a struggling student at the time, while she was the daughter of a wealthy official. The inequality in their respective stations induced Olga to defer disclosing the matter to her father until Nicholas had been admitted to the bar. Meanwhile loving epistles never ceased to pass between the police-captain's handsome residence and the humbler lodgings of his sweetheart. But, unknown to his sweetheart, the young man was suddenly drawn into the current of nihilism, which finally led to the above related catastrophe. Olga, who had overheard the plans of his capture, risked all, and lost all, in her efforts to save him.

It was in vain that Nicholas sought to expiate the girl before the instructing magistrate; for Olga would say nothing in her own defence. She knew that Siberia stared her lover in the face, and she had but one thought: to gain in his exile.

The case was soon transferred to a special tribunal, and three months after their arrest the two prisoners were sentenced, as dangerous revolutionists and conspirators, Nicholas to twenty years, and Olga to ten years banishment in Siberia. The following morning the young man was found dead on his prison pallet, with the blood still dripping from a cut in the vein of his arm. He left

short letter in which he strongly asserted Olga's innocence, and entreated her judges to pardon her. But his body was buried the following day, his note was burned, and the fact of his suicide was withheld from his sweetheart.

Far, far away in a snow-bound village of the Siberian steppes a woman waits. Waits patiently, watching unceasingly for one who never comes. Month follows month, and year follows year, and yet her faith never flags—her hope never dies. Her fellow exiles whisper her sad story to one another pitying, knowing, alas! how fruitless is her vigil.

But her dull brain nourishes but one idea, and until the restless spirit leaves the tired body she will be faithful to her love, and wait for his coming.—Second Century.

A Touching Story of Rural Simplicity and Beauty. "Good bye, papa."

The plump, white arms of Erica Brown were thrown about her father's neck and the pretty face with its fragrant mouth and cunning dimples was pressed closely to the bronzed cheek of the farmer as he stood in the kitchen doorway a moment before going out to his daily toil.

"I am going to mow the south meadow this morning, my darling," he said to the girl, "and when noon comes you must have my accounts as treasurer of the church all arranged, because the building Committee will be here after dinner, and I am to turn over the money in my hands, so that the erection of the new church in the little dell just beyond where we buried that mouse-colored heifer two years ago last Spring can be commenced at once"—and, kissing his daughter again, Farmer Brown took a chew of hard tobacco, and went away into the glad sunlight.

The petals of the June roses had fallen like a pink carpet along the edge of the woods, contrasting pretty in the wild grass and green leaves. Above the hum of insects and the twittering of the birds rose the airy voice of Farmer Brown swearing at the off-mule. "Get up, darn it!" he said. But the mule only waved its ears in a sullen, languid fashion, and looked wistfully into the next meadow where the stony eyes of the old cow stood, and the old sorrel mare that had sprang on her rear foot, was quaffing the incense of the new born day. Picking up a short stick the farmer advanced and struck the faithful mule a cruel blow just about his hind ribs. Stretching out his hind legs in a dreamy listless way, the mule felt them touch something, and in a moment Farmer Brown was sailing in the far blue overhead, and the twittering of the birds rose in the incense of the new born day.

The little church in the mossy dell is not completed yet, and the Building Committee is anxiously waiting for him to come down.

A Wonderful New Cotton Plant. Attention now attracted, says an Atlanta, Ga. despatch, to a new sort of cotton plant which is believed to prove immensely valuable.

For many years A. A. Subers, of Macon, has been carefully experimenting to hybridize the cotton plant that grows wild in Florida with the common okra. The cotton plant used is of that species which is found in the lowlands of the Calousabatcha River.

The new plant retains the okra stalk in its fruit, and the several days after it opens, after the fashion of the okra, and gradually assumes darker shades of color until it becomes red, when it drops, disclosing a wonderful boll. For about ten days this boll resembles the cotton boll, and then its growth suddenly increases, as if by magic, until it reaches the size of a big coconut. Not until it reaches this size does the boll appear. Then its snow threads begin to burst from the boll, but are held securely in place by the okra like thorns or points that line the boll. One inexperienced picker can easily gather eight hundred pounds a day, and fast hands much more. Were the only saving that of labor in gathering the lint, the result of Mr. Subers' experiment would entitle him to the everlasting gratitude of the Southern farmer. But this is not all—there are no seeds in the lint. Each boll produces about two pounds of very long staple cotton, superior to the Sea Island, and at the bottom of the boll there are from four to six seeds resembling persimmon seed. This new cotton, therefore, needs no ginning.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

Fault of Character. Insufferable though the giggling, gushing girl may be, she is angelic when compared with her sarcastic sister. The sarcastic girl is, in some instances, product of a hasty or ill advised compliment paid her by some thoughtless admirer or some rude remark concerning an acquaintance or companion.

There are three different styles of salvation in China when two men meet, depending upon their relative rank. The first, used between equals, is like our hand shaking, except that instead of grasping each other's hand each doubles loosely his fists, brings them together and shakes them up and down. In the second the inferior bends one knee to his superior. In the third,—called the

"Ke ton"—the inferior gets down on his hands and knees in front of his superior, and knocks his head three times upon the ground or floor.

When high officers of state in China, upon being they be "princes of the imperial blood," have audience with the emperor, they are obliged to repeat this last prostration three times. In the "Code of Etiquette" it is called the "three prostrations and nine knockings." When the foreign ministers in Peking applied in January, 1873, for audience with the Emperor, Yung Chih, who had just ascended the throne, a Chinese government insisted that they should make this prostration before his imperial majesty.

Of course the ministers refused to do so, and the audience was delayed nearly six months because of this refusal. The Chinese, yielded at last, however, and his majesty contented himself with three prostrations before the "Ming" barbarian king of Yung's Chamberlain.

The Kiss of History. "Alas with a kiss that the dark doom which gave the prostrated king a kiss, but which King Aspasurus signified to the trembling Esther that her fortunes were no longer at the caprice of the mercenary Haman." A kiss dismissed the hapless Haman to the melancholy death which the whimical love of the hero, Elizabeth made a dagger in her hand the life of King Haman. Elizabeth, the victims of Elizabeth's unutterable enmities to the monarch's deceptions of the Castle d'Este. A kiss was the sign that the perdition Queen Catherine de Medicis made the token of the weak king's assent to the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Brutus made his readiness to his benefactor more odious by a misdeed than the very moment his dagger was in his hand, he was the victim of his adopted father. William the Conqueror saluted his condoling King Harold on both cheeks, and the moment he meditated, wrestling his kingdom from him. The kiss is quite as often the sign of infidelity as it is the sign of love. On entering the battle of old, the knight graciously invited the company to a banquet on the table of his sword. He laid the gallant knights of France deliberately drew up in line, and raising their morrisons raised their blades as often the sign of infidelity as it is the sign of love. On entering the battle of old, the knight graciously invited the company to a banquet on the table of his sword. He laid the gallant knights of France deliberately drew up in line, and raising their morrisons raised their blades as often the sign of infidelity as it is the sign of love. On entering the battle of old, the knight graciously invited the company to a banquet on the table of his sword. He laid the gallant knights of France deliberately drew up in line, and raising their morrisons raised their blades as often the sign of infidelity as it is the sign of love.

"I reckon it's about an evening's work," he said. "What do you say, old woman?" "Well, I can't be much wuss off," she replied as she jumped down.

"The settler's wife was not even seven minutes packing up, and as the wagon moved off she called back: "Good bye, old man! Reckon we don't see each other no more."

In less than a fortnight the settler appeared at the county seat, to be a lawyer, and great was his indignation as he explained: "In less'n a week after that 'ere wagon drove off that 'ere woman went stone blind and likewise developed consumption, and yesterday morning she suddenly dropped off her cheer and died without a flick."

"Sis did?" "And I've got to bury her and break up and lose my squire. Now, then, what I want is to know if there is any law in this State which allows a stranger to tote a dying female around the kentry and trade her even up for an old woman who could chop a board and a half of wood per day and set up all night to keep the bars from holdin' a convention in the shanty?"

What We Eat. The species of vegetables we now cultivate have been produced and eaten for centuries. Even before the Christian era many of them were in use. Lettuce has been used in the table for thousands of years. Herodotus tells us that he saw it at the royal table centuries before the Christian era, and one of the noble families of Rome derived its name from the plant Spinach, asparagus and celery have been cultivated among the Eastern nations for thousands of years. Jesus took the mustard seed as an exponent of a parable showing that it was esteemed among the Jews. Radishes were known and grown by the Greeks, and were offered at Apollo's shrine wrought in precious metals. Parsnips were raised and brought from the Rhine to add to the luxury of Tiberius' table. Beets were most esteemed centuries ago, and carrels were in such high repute in Queen Elizabeth's reign that the ladies of her court adorned their huge structures of false hair with their lacy plants. Peas, at Elizabeth's court, were very rare, and were imported from Holland as a great delicacy. Fruits were in great repute among the ancients. The orange was cultivated centuries ago in European gardens, and was called the Cornithian grape. Evelyn, in his charming diary, speaks of nuts of Corinth, hence of some of our cranberries. The Damson plum was extensively cultivated at Damascus, whence its name. The cherry came from Cerasus city of Pontus, and the delicious peach king of fruits, was first known in Persia. The quince was a holy fruit, dedicated to the goddess of love, and was called Cydonian apple.

Chinese Salutations. There are three different styles of salutation in China when two men meet, depending upon their relative rank. The first, used between equals, is like our hand shaking, except that instead of grasping each other's hand each doubles loosely his fists, brings them together and shakes them up and down. In the second the inferior bends one knee to his superior. In the third,—called the

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