

# The Tarboro' Southern

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

VOL. 61. TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY, 22, 1883. NO. 8

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**

**D. H. T. BARR**  
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Tarboro and vicinity.  
Office in T. A. McNair's drug store on Main Street.

**FRANK NASH,**  
**ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,**  
TARBORO, N. C.  
Practices in all the Courts, State and Federal.

**J. J. MARTIN,** R. C. SHERPHE  
**Martin & Sharpe,**  
**Attorneys-at-Law,**  
TARBORO, N. C.  
Practices in the Courts, State and Federal.  
dec-23-83

**H. A. GILLIAM,** DONNEL-BILLIAM  
**GILLIAM & SON,**  
**Attorneys-at-Law,**  
TARBORO, N. C.  
Will practice in the Courts of Edgecombe, Halifax and Pitt, and in the Courts of the First Judicial District, and in the Circuit and Supreme Courts at Raleigh.  
Jan-15-83.

**DOSSEY BATTLE,**  
**Attorney at Law**  
TARBORO & ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.  
Practices in the Courts of Edgecombe, Halifax, Wayne and Johnston Counties. Also in the Federal and Supreme Courts.  
Specialties: Collections a specialty.  
Office, for the present, in front room of Judge Howard's law office, next door to a store of S. S. Mack & Co., on Main St. Dec. 15, 1881.

**ROBERT HOWARD,**  
**Attorney and Counselor at Law,**  
TARBORO, N. C.  
Practices in all the Courts, State and Federal.  
Nov-5-82.

**D. R. I. N. CARR,**  
**Surgeon & Dentist,**  
TARBORO, N. C.  
Office hours, from 9 a. m. till 1 p. m., and from 5 to 8 p. m.  
Next door to Tarboro House, over Laster & Royster's.

**THOS. H. BATTLE,**  
**Attorney-at-Law,**  
TARBORO, N. C.  
Office next to Phillips & Staton's Law Office. Will practice in the Federal and State Courts. Refers by advice to the Hon. Judge E. L. Staton, of the Supreme Court; Citizens National Bank, at Raleigh; Battle, Bann & Co., Norfolk; Geo. Arrington & Sons, Petersburg.  
Oct-10

**Pender School,**  
Mrs. Genl. Pender, Principal.  
resumed after the Christmas holidays on WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2nd, in the Bridges Grove property, lately occupied by the Edgecombe High School, with increased facilities for conducting a good Strictly Female School as can be found anywhere. The Second Term for the first scholastic year will begin on MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12th.  
For particulars, address the Principal, Jan 4th.

**BOARDING.**  
MRS. J. G. CHARLES having taken the Bank building, on the Corner of Trade and Pitt streets, is now prepared to take boarders. Tarboro, N. C., January 11th, 1883.

**J. L. SAVAGE,**  
**LIVERY, SALE, EXCHANGE AND FEED STABLES,**  
CORNER GRANVILLE & ST. ANDREW STREETS, TARBORO, N. C.  
These Stables are the largest in the State, and have a capacity of holding ten carloads of stock. Give him a call.  
Jan-15

**Geo. Howard Pender, Wm. M. Phippen, Vice Pres. H. W. H. G. G. G.**  
**The Farmers Insurance & Banking Co.**  
(BANKING DEPARTMENT.)  
Bank open from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Discount Day, Thursday.  
DIRECTIONS:  
Dr. J. E. Baker, Geo. Howard, H. L. Staton, Jr., W. M. Phippen, H. Morris.  
Dec. 15-79.

**JOHN R. DIXON**  
Is at the old stand of L. W. & Bro., I will rebottle his wine as always prepared by the house with the best of DE VIE and the best FAVORITE CIGARS.  
Give him a call.  
J. R. DIXON, Opposite Court House, Tarboro, Dec. 18, 82.

**Rocky Mount Mills**  
ARE in full and successful operation, and are prepared to fill all orders for Sheet-ings, Yarns and Cotton Tops, at lowest prices. Orders addressed to Rocky Mount Mills, Rocky Mount, N. C., will be promptly attended to.  
JAMES S. BATTLE, Secy and Treasurer.  
April 11, 1879-81.

**A. WILLIAMSON,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
**Fine Hand Made HARNESS**  
—AND DEALER IN—  
Saddles, Bridles, Robes, Whips, Halters, Blankets, &c.  
OPPOSITE COURT-HOUSE, TARBORO, N. C.  
Having bought out Mr. R. A. Stier, the manufacturing and repairing will be under his charge. Any one wanting a fine hand-made harness will do well to give me a call.  
DOUBLE HARNESS, \$15 and up.  
MACHINE HARNESS at all prices.  
AGENTS WANTED FOR THE HISTORY OF U. S. BY ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

**New Year WINTER GOODS!**

1883.

**GREETINGS!**

I shall open on the first day of January, at R. H. Austin's Brick Store, two doors from my old stand, a well selected stock of

**DRY GOODS!**

Notions, Hardware, Groceries, Provisions

**And Farm Supplies,**

All of which will be sold very CHEAP for CASH, or on TIME to PROMPT PAYING Customers.

**ALL GOODS ARE NEW**

And Bought for Cash.

Give me a call before opening your account for the year. Respectfully,

**T. H. Gatlin.**

Tarboro, Jan. 13-83.

**LAGRR BEER!**

**LAGRR BEER!**

The Most Refreshing Beverage Known.

**Doctors Recom'nd It.**

**G. OPPENHEIMER & SON**

**BEER BOTTLERS,**

The Trade Supplied at our Establishment, Next Door to Court House.

Orders by mail, from any part of the State, promptly attended to.

Will have a supply of "Buck Beer" in season.

Tarboro, N. C., April 13, 1883.

**GROCERIES & LIQUORS**

WINE & A.C.
BRANDIES
WHISKIES
CIGARS
TOBACCOS

Also a fine line of

**Family Groceries.**

Having opened a Grocery and Bar, next door to E. C. Brown & Co., we invite all our friends to give us a liberal share of their patronage. We will try and please.

PARKER & DAWSON.  
Tarboro, N. C., Jan 18, 83

**The Hard Times**

Are upon us, but there is a rift in the cloud full of promise to those who

**TRADE WITH T. E. LEWIS,**

Notwithstanding the inroads made on his stock during Xmas, his line of Staple

**FANCY GROCERIES**

Has not been allowed to run low. LEWIS is the place for those who have little money, but want it to go a LONG WAY.

Only the Best Goods

Are Kept and they are CHEAP.

If you are not convinced of these facts, call and examine, or inquire of the multitude who daily trade.

**T. E. LEWIS,**  
Main St., 2 doors above Pender's  
Jan. 20, 1883.

**TO THE PUBLIC!**

HAVING RECENTLY PURCHASED THE interest of Mr. B. J. Keel in the firm of KECH & MALETT,

and formed a Partnership with Mr. J. P. MALETT, for the purpose of carrying on a FIRST-CLASS GROCERY BUSINESS, I will after this date be found at the store on Main street, known as the Williamson building, where I will be pleased to serve my friends. Wishing one and all a happy and prosperous year, I remain,

Very truly yours,  
WILLIE HART.  
Tarboro, N. C., Feb 1st 1883.

**For Dyspepsia, Constipation, Weak Digestion, Chronic Diarrhea, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fevers, Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases, and all Diseases, caused by Derangement of Liver, Stomach and Kidneys.**

**REGULATOR**

Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally, will find it a most valuable and safe remedy. It is a valuable addition to the family medicine chest.

**Jobbing House.**

**SOL WOOLARD.**

"Don't You Forget It,"

Country Merchants

Next to R. C. Brown & Co., TARBORO, N. C.

**Furniture!**

**Undertaking!**

**B. C. Carlile,**  
Main St., just above Pamlico Banking Co.

**Furniture**

Bought for Cash, which he offers at moderate prices.

Furniture of all Kinds Repaired.

COFFINS, CASKETS AND UNDERTAKING GENERALLY.

Patronage solicited.

**B. C. CARLILE.**  
Tarboro, Feb. 26, 1882.

**TEACHERS WANTED \$100.**

**For Dyspepsia, Constipation, Weak Digestion, Chronic Diarrhea, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fevers, Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases, and all Diseases, caused by Derangement of Liver, Stomach and Kidneys.**

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Persons Traveling or Living in Unhealthy Localities, by taking a dose occasionally, will find it a most valuable and safe remedy. It is a valuable addition to the family medicine chest.

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Patronage solicited.

**B. C. CARLILE.**  
Tarboro, Feb. 26, 1882.

**TEACHERS WANTED \$100.**

**Tarboro' Southerner.**

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1883.

**MAIL TO THE HIGHLANDS!**

BY W. C. HENRY.

Hail to the Highlands of North Carolina! Grandest of States! let them ring with her name.  
Wreaths of bright garland with which to entwine her.  
Wreaths of "immortelles" to last with her fame.  
Hail to the Highlands, the land of bright water!  
Last of the mountain, the cliff and the health to their sons and long life to their daughters;  
Hail to the Highlands! How fertile their valleys!  
Boundless their forests, and priceless their soil!  
Healthy the air they breathe that over them dallies;  
Charming the glen where the cataraet roars.  
Hail to the Highlands! Upon them is drawing life that will fill them with wealth and with power.  
What of the mood-tide, if this be the morning?  
What will the fruit be, if this be the dower?

**"DICK, THE RAMBLER."**

An Irish Sketch.

BY WILLIAM DUFFY.

The old farm-house of Pat McGrath, on a certain afternoon in the month of September, was the scene of unusual bustle and excitement. No wonder, something unusual about to take place—the marriage of his only daughter, Susan, as lovely a girl as there was in the entire County, to a young man of the name of Dick, who was just as good as she was lovely.

The bride's party was already assembled, the clergyman in attendance to perform the ceremony, and all was expectation awaiting the coming of the groom, John Fitzgerald, and his party.

Susan had had many suitors for her hand, for she was the acknowledged belle of the district; but lately they had all dropped off but two, John Fitzgerald and Matthew Donnelly, the former of whom she had chosen, to the great disappointment of the latter.

John's first idea was to be married privately, but fearing this would be attributed to cowardice, as Donnelly's violent disposition was well known, he spoke of it freely if public so that it was well known he was to be married the afternoon we speak of.

Therefore it was that Pat's large house was filled to the door, for, besides the invited guests, the invited guests, the invited guests had gathered in to see the marriage, and wish the happy party.

John had been expected by two o'clock. It was now seven, yet no sign of his coming, and Susan, overcome by anxiety, began crying bitterly.

"Don't cry, Susan dear," said one of the neighbors, "and he's yer purty eyes red when ye stan' up afore his reverence. He's some sense—he'll be here soon, I warrant ye."

"No, no," replied Susan, between her sobs, "the will not be here; I feel in my heart that something dreadful has happened to him."

It was suggested a messenger should be sent to learn the cause of his delay, and while talking of this, a strange-looking individual entered and gave Susan a letter.

"This was 'Dick, the Rambler,' a harmless, half-witted creature, who through the parish, and who, from his roving propensities, had acquired his name.

Dick felt at home wherever he went, and called every place he made his stay in his house.

So well was he known, he could come at will to any house, and stay all night; but he was sometimes preferred a hay stack, or a stable, or a fence, or the rocky mountain.

Susan recognized the hand writing as that of John Fitzgerald, and hastily tore open the envelope. She had read but a few lines, when a pallor as of death overpread her countenance; she clenched the letter in her hand, tottered, and fell heavily to the floor.

Immediately all was confusion, and they crowded round the fallen girl. The clergyman, however, ordered them to stand back, had water brought, and bathed her temples and chafed her hands.

She soon was restored to consciousness. He took the letter from her hand, and having looked over it, quietly dismissed those assembled, telling them there would be no marriage that evening.

The letter which had so affected Susan was as follows:

"DEAR SUSAN: I like you well enough, and thought I did love you, but now that it has come to marriage I find I do not love you well enough to marry you. I think it better for both of us to tell you this now than to let you find it out afterward; and now you will have a chance to marry one who does love you. I think it only fair to tell you this, and besides, think it better to go away awhile from these parts, and hope, when I return, to find you as happy with somebody else as you—expected to be with me.

"JOHN FITZGERALD."

Susan fully believed that John had written this letter; but in this she was mistaken, as the reader will soon see.

Matthew Donnelly, Susan's rejected lover, was, as before intimated, a man of very violent disposition, and stung into madness by her preference for John, had resolved at all hazards to frustrate their union. To aid him in this, he sought one Larry Dugan, or Larry More, as he was called, on account of his huge proportions, and it was agreed that John should be captured on the eve of his marriage day, the letter sent to Susan, and, if necessary, Susan herself abducted.

When John left his betrothed, about ten o'clock the night before the day fixed for their union, he proceeded homeward, feeling happier than ever in his life before, and had got as far as Loggoughlin Bridge when a large man, wearing a mask, bounded from the roadside, and came rushing towards him. He could do nothing to free himself, two others, also masked, sprang upon him; a gag was placed in his mouth, and secured back of his head, his hands were tied behind him, and a cloth placed over his eyes. He was then placed on a horse's back, and to render escape impossible, his legs were tied underneath. The other horses were brought from the field close by, and the line of march taken up, one on each side of John, with his horse fastened to theirs, the other behind; and thus they proceeded toward the mountains.

That same night, Matthew Donnelly stood outside his door, and once in a while took a turn up and down the road, as though expecting somebody. At length a tall form came looming through the darkness. "That you, Larry?" said he. "What news?"

"We've him caged, Mister Donnelly, just as ye told us."

"All right, Larry, yer pay is ready. Ye did not hurt him, I hope?"

"No hurt whatever. We tied him fair and easy to the black cave, and there we left him with his restraints."

"He did not know any of us, eh?"

"Arrah, how could he know us wid them things on our faces! And, besides, wan iv us never spoke!"

"Very well done, Larry. I hope the next mission I send ye on, ye will do it natty. And now about this letter?"

"Oh, yes, the letter! Hev ye got it yet?"

"Yes, I got it. It's a good copy of his writing. Ye can give it to Dick, the Rambler; he is sleeping in the barn there. Some time to-morrow will be time enough."

Though terribly shocked by the turn affairs had taken, Susan McGrath, under the care of her friends, was soon about her household duties again. A week had just passed when Matthew Donnelly came to see Susan, and with him, Larry. They were received rather coolly by Pat, and were scarcely spoken to by the girl herself, who as yet felt little disposed to see anybody. When they were seated a few minutes, Larry pulled a bottle of whisky from his pocket, observing:

"We hev come over to spend the night, Mr. McGrath, and this is a dhrap iv something good, to help make things a little pleasant."

"Pat hev whisky in yer pocket," replied Larry, rising as he spoke, and turning to the other, he continued: "I know yer errand, Donnelly, and I now tell ye, want for all, ye need come here no more with any such intentions. So take yer whisky where ye'll have more welcome, for a dhrap iv it won't be drunk here!"

"Let the girl speak for herself," said the other, "What do ye say, Susan?"

"I want to have nothing whatever to do with you, she replied; "and nothing will please me better than to have you never speak to me again."

And she rose and passed into the other partment, closing the door behind her.

"All right," said Donnelly, addressing Pat. "Ye want I forget to mention that, neither of us, and remember wan thing, ye'll be sorry for it. Come, Larry."

And both left the house without another word.

In the meantime, how fares John Fitzgerald? Better than might have been expected. When the bandage was removed from his eyes in the Black Cave, he saw that a rude bed was in readiness for his occupancy, a chair, a small table, and a large bundle of tallow candles, and also a pile of oatmeal bread.

Besides these things, were two stone jars, which he afterward found to contain water and whisky, respectively.

He also saw he was in the presence of three powerful men—one of them appeared being almost a giant in size—and concluded, very wisely, that to dispute the matter of staying behind them foolish.

So, when they had removed the gag, and loosed the cords that bound him, he suffered them to depart without a word, and then heard them barricading the entrance, by rolling quite a number of stones into it.

"The situation was dreary in the extreme, but he made the best of it by refreshing himself from the jars, then lay down to watch the dim candle burning in the awful stillness and think over what all this could be meant for.

How long he had been confined in the cave he had no idea; but this much he did know—that the jars were nearly empty, the candles nearly all burned, and but little of the bread remaining, when he was startled by hearing some one remove the stones at the entrance.

He thought it was the large man

coming to liberate him, or perhaps with a fresh supply of food; but in this he was mistaken—for when the intruder had removed the obstruction, and come within the circle of the candle-light, John saw he was no other than "Dick, the Rambler."

"Dick my boy," cried John, "hev ye no wan wid ye?"

"Mush! who wud I hev wid me? I hev no wan wid me. But I say, John, wud ye put them stones there? This is my horse. Nobody should do that. Had luck to who-ever it was! I only know—"

But John did not wait for the end of the sentence, but exceedingly thankful for the opportunity, hurried from the cave, and proceeded at a rapid rate down the mountain.

"Poor Dick!" thought he. "That's his horse! Very lucky for me he came around just now to occupy it."

He looked around, and saw all was darkness except one solitary light down the mountain side, and concluded—and rightly, too—that it proceeded from Matthew Donnelly's.

He thought Donnelly had something to do with his capture, and as it was not much out of his way, felt inclined to go to his house and see why it was lit up when all else was dark.

He quietly approached the window and peeped in. There sat Matthew, and by his side sat Larry More, whom John felt sure was the large man who had captured him, and who he had seen sitting on the horse rather loudly, and as the night was calm, and the window partially open John could distinctly hear their conversation. Crouching under the window, he listened intently.

"She cut me badly, Larry."

"She did that, sir; and as for me, I wudn't stan' it at all."

"No more will I; and I'll tell ye what I want ye to do, Larry."

"Ye hev said it, and, if I take in han, ye can depend on me doing it."

"I'll give ye five pounds for yer trouble, Larry, and I know ye can do it if ye only have the courage to try. It's just this: Ye know where Sluggish Bridge is. I want ye to go to-night and bring Susan McGrath to me at Sluggish Bridge. I'll meet there. Be sure ye don't hurt or abuse her in any way. Handle her like a baby. Bring her to me there, and the five pounds is yours. Bring yer comrades wid ye, and while they attend to the old man, go ye to the room where Susan sleeps, gag her, iv course, the first thing, to keep her quiet, then cover her wid a large sack, set her afore ye on a horse, and bring her wid ye. To-morrow night let John out—I'll be married to Susan by that time."

"What a devilish plot!" muttered John to himself. "But I think I can do it. I'll give ye my word, I'll do it."

And he hurried off in the darkness in the direction of Pat McGrath's, which place he reached in time to see "Dick, the Rambler," also approach it.

"This is my horse," said the latter. "I'll stay here till morning."

A few hours later, true to his appointment, Matthew Donnelly was at Sluggish Bridge, awaiting the coming of his confederate.

The sound of a galloping horse broke the stillness of the night, and Larry, holding a struggling form before him, came thundering forward.

"Ye hev her, sir," said Donnelly, as Larry drew rein on the bridge. "Be quiet, Susan dear," he continued, as the struggling form was deposited in his arms. "Ye'll hurt yerself. Don't be afeard—I won't hurt ye."

"There she is, sir, safe and sound," said Larry, getting off the horse; "and a hard time I had iv it a-houdling her. But my arm is strong, so I managed it."

"I see ye did, Larry, and yer money is here for ye. But I'll hev a peep at her face first, to make sure ye didn't hurt her."

He hastily opened the sack, and on doing so, what was his disappointment, horror and indignation to see that, instead of the lovely Susan McGrath, the person therein was "Dick, the Rambler!"

"By Jabers!" he cried, in a rage; "what trick is this?"

And he seized the unfortunate Dick by the neck, and shook him clear of the sack in an instant.

"Ye sold me in this, ye villain!" he continued, turning to Larry More, and a hard time I had iv it a-houdling her. But my arm is strong, so I managed it."

John Fitzgerald and Susan McGrath were married the following day, and among those assembled at the wedding no one enjoyed himself more fully than "Dick, the Rambler."

**That Bad Boy.**

"What broke your pa up at the roller skating rink?" asked the groovy man.

"O, everything broke him up," said the bad boy. "He is split up on ma buttons the top of his pants to his collar buttons, like a bicycle rider."

Well, he had no more than told me and my chum that he needed the best skater in North America when he was a boy. He said he skated once from Albany to New York in an hour and eighty minutes. Me and my chum thought if we was such a terror on skates we would get him to put on a pair of roller skates and enter him as the "great unknown" and clean out the whole gang. We told pa that he must remember that roller skates were different from ice skates, and that they couldn't skate on them; but he said it didn't make any difference what they were so long as they were skates, and he would just paralyze the whole crowd. So we got a pair of big roller skates for him, and while he was strapping them on, pa he looked at the skates, and he said "around on the smooth waxed board just as 'though they were grassed. Then pa looked at the skates on his feet, after they were fastened—sort of forlorn like, the way a horse thief does when they put shackles on his legs, and I told him if he was afraid he couldn't skate with these we would take them off; but he said he would beat any body there, or bust a suspender. Then we straightened pa up and pointed him toward the middle of the room, and he said 'beggo, and we just give him a little push to start him, and he began to go. Well, by golly, ye'd a had to have seen pa trying to stop. You see, we can't stick in yer heel and stop, like you can on ice skates, and pa he found that out, and he began to turn sideways, and then he threw his arms, and walked on his heels, and he lost his hat and his eyes began to stick out, cause he was going right against an iron post. One arm caught the post, and he circled around it a few times, and then he legged and began to fall, and he fell falling all across the room, and over every body, and he was way except a girl, and pa grabbed her by the polonaise like a drowning man grabs at a straw, though there wasn't any straws in her polonaise, as I know of, but pa just pulled her along as though she was done up in a straw strap, and his feet went out from under him, and he struck on his shoulders and kept going, with the girl dragging along like a bundle of clothes. If pa had another pair of roller skates on his shoulders and casters on his ears, he couldn't have slid along any better. Pa is a short, thick man, and as he was rolling along on his back he looked like a sofa with casters on being pushed across the room by a girl. Finally pa came to the wall and had to stop, and the girl fell right across him, with her roller skates on his neck, and she called him an old brute, and told him if he didn't let go of her polonaise she would murder him. Just then my chum and me got there and we amputated pa from the girl and lifted him up, and I told him for heaven's sake to let us take off the skates, cause he couldn't skate any more than a cow, and pa was mad and he said for me to get alone and he could skate all right, and we let go and he struck out again. Well, sir, I was ashamed. An old man like pa ought to know better than to try to be a boy. This last time pa said he was going to spread himself, and if I am any judge a jolly good fellow, I would have spread myself. Somehow the skates had got turned around sideways on his feet, and his feet got to going in different directions, and pa's feet were getting so far apart, that he was afraid I would have two apas, half the size, with one leg apiece. I tried to get him to take up a collection of money, and he got them in the second of the iron post with his feet, and one of them hit me on the nose, and I thought if he wanted to strike the best friend he had he could run this old leg himself. When he began to separate I could hear the bones crack; but maybe it was his pants, but anyway he came down on the floor, like one of those fellows in a circus, who spread himself, and he kept going, and finally he surrounded an iron post with his feet, and he stopped, and he looked pale as the proprietor of the rink put up if he wanted to give a living tape performance he would have to go to the gymnasium, and he couldn't skate on his shoulders any more, cause other skaters were afraid of him. Then pa said he would kick the liver out of the proprietor of the rink, and he began to get up and he headed for the door, but he was afraid to go out, and he turned a back somersault and struck right on his vest in front. I guess it knocked the breath out of him, for he didn't speak for a few minutes, and then he wanted to go home, and we put him on the street car and he slid down on the hay and rode home. There are hundreds of miserable people going about with disorderly stomachs, they're filthy, they're a lot of Parker's Cling's Tongue would do them more good than all the medicine they have ever tried."

**Worth Remembering.**

Now that good time are again upon us, it is worth remembering that no one can enjoy the pleasures of "arranging" in the best health, there are hundreds of miserable people going about with disorderly stomachs, they're filthy, they're a lot of Parker's Cling's Tongue would do them more good than all the medicine they have ever tried."