

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

TARBORO' N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1883.

NO. 14

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
D. H. C. BASS
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Tarboro and vicinity.
Office in T. A. McNeil's drug store on Main Street.

FRANK NASH,
Attorney-at-Law,
TARBORO, N. C.
Practices in all the Courts, State and Federal.

Martin & Sharpe,
Attorneys-at-Law,
TARBORO, N. C.
Practices in the Courts, State and Federal.

M. A. GILLIAM,
DONNELL GILLIAM
Attorneys-at-Law,
TARBORO, N. C.
Will practice in the Courts of Edgecombe, Halifax and Wayne, and in the Courts of the First Judicial District, in the Circuit and Supreme Courts at Raleigh.

DONAY BATTLE,
Attorney at Law,
TARBORO, N. C.
Practices in the Courts of Edgecombe, Halifax and Wayne, and in the Courts of the First Judicial District, in the Circuit and Supreme Courts at Raleigh.

HART & COOLEY,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Rocky Mount and Nashville, N. C.
Practice in the Circuit and Federal Courts, in Edgecombe, Halifax and Wayne Counties.

GEORGE HOWARD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
TARBORO, N. C.
Practices in all the Courts, State and Federal.

JNO. L. BRIDGERS & SON,
Attorneys-at-Law,
TARBORO, N. C.
Practices in all Courts. Prompt attention to all business.

D. L. M. CARR,
Surgeon & Dentist,
TARBORO, N. C.
Office hours, from 9 a. m. till 1 p. m., and from 2 to 6 p. m.
Next door to Tarboro House, over Lanier & Koyler's.

THOS. H. BATTLE,
Attorney-at-Law,
TARBORO, N. C.
Office next to Phillips & Stanton's Law Office. Will practice in the Federal and State Courts. Refers by express permission to Judge B. C. Rogers, of the Supreme Court, Halifax National Bank, Raleigh; Judge B. H. Smith, of the Circuit Court, Tarboro; and Judge J. M. Harrison, of the Circuit Court, Petersburg.

Pender School,
Mrs. Geo. Pender, Principal.
Resumed after the Christmas holidays on WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3rd, in the Bridgers' Grove property, lately occupied by the Edgecombe High School, with increased facilities for conducting a course of study. Female School as usual. Found any where. The Second Term for the first scholastic year will begin on MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12th. For particulars, address the Principal, Jan 4th.

BOARDING.
MISS J. G. CHARLES having taken the back 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, STABLES AND FEED STABLES,
CORNER GASTON ST. AND ANTHONY ST.,
TARBORO, N. C.
These Stables are the largest in the State, and have a capacity of holding ten carloads of stock. Give me a call.

The Pamlico Insurance & Banking Co.
(BANKING DEPARTMENT.)
Main Street, Tarboro, N. C.
W. M. PIPPEN, President.
Geo. HOWARD, Cashier.
Des. 1877.

JOHN R. DIXON,
Attorney-at-Law,
TARBORO, N. C.
Office in the building on the corner of Trade and Pitt streets, is now prepared to take boarders. Tarboro, N. C., January 11th, 1883.

Rocky Mount Mills
Are in full and successful operation, and are prepared to fill all orders for sheeting, yarns and other mill goods. Orders addressed to Rocky Mount Mills, Rocky Mount, N. C., will be promptly attended to.

Luther Sheldon,
DEALER IN
SASHES, DOORS, BLINDS,
BUILDERS' HARDWARE,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS,
And Building Material of every description,
Nos. 16 W. SIDE MARKET SQUARE,
ROANOKE AVE.,
NORFOLK, VA.
November 1882, 18-17.

New Year
1883
GREETINGS!
I shall open on the first day of January, at my old stand, a well selected stock of
DRY GOODS,
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.
Respectfully,
T. H. GATLIN.
Tarboro, Jan. 1st, 1883.

LAGER BEER!
The Most Refreshing Beverage Known.
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.

Doctors Reason and N. 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
Having opened a Grocery and Bar, next door to R. C. Brown & Co's, we invite all our friends to give us a liberal share of their patronage. We will sell at wholesale and retail.
PARKER & DAWSON,
Tarboro, N. C., Jan. 18, 1883.

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 people
PANTRY GROCERIES
Has not been allowed to diminish. LEWIS is the place for those who have little money, but want to go a LONG WAY.
Only the Best Goods
Are kept and they are CHEAP.
If you are not satisfied of these facts, call and examine, or inquire of the multitude who daily testify to their truth.
J. W. COBBERT
T. E. LEWIS,
Main St., 2 doors above Pender's
Jan. 5th, 1883.

GREGORY HOUSE,
The Gregory Hotel, known as the House in full operation doing good business, will be sold on Thursday, April 5th, 1883.
Geo. HOWARD,
MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP
Invaluable, tasteless, harmless, cathartic for children, restlessness, worms, constipation. Price 25 cents.

SIMMONS' PATENT
LIVER
REGULATOR
Cures Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, and all Diseases of the Liver, Gallbladder, and Biliary System.
STIMULANT OF A DISTEMPED LIVER.
This is a most valuable medicine for the cure of Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, and all Diseases of the Liver, Gallbladder, and Biliary System. It is a most valuable medicine for the cure of Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, and all Diseases of the Liver, Gallbladder, and Biliary System.

Persons Suffering
Persons Suffering from Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, and all Diseases of the Liver, Gallbladder, and Biliary System, will find Simmons' Patent Liver Regulator a most valuable medicine for the cure of these ailments. It is a most valuable medicine for the cure of Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, and all Diseases of the Liver, Gallbladder, and Biliary System.

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Tarboro Southern
THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1883.
PAIR BUT OUT.
Her cheek's a cent in advance,
A moon that makes the darkness day,
Her statue is like any lance,
And like a sword she stands.
Her eyes are ever wide awake,
Though dream as a fawn's to see,
The moon is blurring for her sweet sake,
The moon is blurring for her sweet sake.

In Disguise
I suppose I must give you up
your time, my child," said Martin
Vanstone, "and if you can find it in
your heart to choose Fred Graham
I should be very much pleased. He is
so genial, and his character is
above all else."
Daisy's face flushed brightly as she
replied:
"I will never choose a husband,
papa, until I know that the man is
worthy."
"You're right, Daisy, and I trust
you will choose wisely," and Martin
Vanstone left her alone in the draw-
ing room.

"I wish I knew my own heart,
Fred seemed to be all I desire in a
husband and yet—"
She paused for a moment and walked
slowly to the window. She stood
looking at the folds of the lace curtains,
wondering absentedly down into the
street.
"Harry Clifford is my ideal of a
man," she thought.
Against her father's will, she stole
over her face.

Furniture!
Undertaking!
B. C. Carlile,
Main St., just above
Pamlico Banking Co.
HAS ON HAND NEW, FRESH STOCK OF
Furniture
Bought for Cash,
which he offers at moderate prices.
Furniture of all kinds repaired.
COFFINS, CASKETS AND UN-
DERTAKING GENERALLY.
Patronage solicited.
B. C. CARLILE,
Tarboro, Feb. 26, 1882.

BEATTY'S ORGANS 27 Steps 10 Set
price reduced to \$90. Pianos \$125
and upwards. Write or call on
Beatty, Washington, N. J.

DON'T
Fall to use ALFARINE for removing
your Wall and Ceilings. It is rightly
superior to all other Plasters. For durability,
strength, and economy, it is without a peer.
It can be applied by anyone. If not
for sale in your neighborhood, send to
ALFARINE CO., 23 Burling Slip, New York.

THE BLATCHLEY PUMP!
BUY THE BEST.
BLATCHLEY'S
WATER, WINDMILL,
PORCELAIN-LINED
PUMP
IS THE BEST.
I'm going wild ye to the house, an' if
that gentleman trates ye I'd give
him a piece of my mind. Come
along me lassie."
Daisy followed her reluctantly,
and were soon admitted into Fred
Graham's room.
"So you have returned, have you?
I suppose the spirits are all right this
time."
"Look and see!" said Dot.
The shirt had never been moved
from the basket after Daisy had
arranged them the morning previous.
"I've of them are much im-
proved but the other two look much
worse than they did before. Take
them back, and tell her to iron them
better."
"Please, sir, and would you be kind

enough to send me the money
that's owing to me?"
"No one farther until you do my
work satisfactorily. It's an outrage
to ask money for work like that.
Away with you!"
"Please, an' do just pay what yer
owin' the child, it's her just due,
an' would keep the wolf from the
door," said Biddy, putting her arms
akimbo.
He looked at her from head to
foot, and a sneer overspread his face.
"Never meddle with other people's
business. I will not pay one penny."
"Sure, an' it's jokin' ye are! You,
a gentleman, would never ground the
face of the poor, siver! Yer too
honest-lookin' for the loikes iv it.
Just pay the child now."
His face became pale with anger,
and pointed to the door, he said:
"Go!"
They turned without another word
and left the room, Dot's sobs falling
on her father's ears.
As they passed down the street
they met Harry Clifford.
"Hallo, Dot! What's the matter,
child?" he asked in a kind tone.
"I couldn't get the money that's
owed to me, an'—"
"I'll have to see 'bout the rent,"
said Vanstone, "and if you can find it in
your heart to choose Fred Graham
I should be very much pleased. He is
so genial, and his character is
above all else."
Daisy's face flushed brightly as she
replied:
"I will never choose a husband,
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"You're right, Daisy, and I trust
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Vanstone left her alone in the draw-
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"I wish I knew my own heart,
Fred seemed to be all I desire in a
husband and yet—"
She paused for a moment and walked
slowly to the window. She stood
looking at the folds of the lace curtains,
wondering absentedly down into the
street.
"Harry Clifford is my ideal of a
man," she thought.
Against her father's will, she stole
over her face.

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the cloak, and Daisy stood before
him in her elegant evening attire.
"Miss Vanstone, this is a cruel
farce! I did not dream you capable
of it."
"The end justifies the means, Mr.
Graham. A man who will refuse to
pay his honest debt, and thus cause
a poor woman and her helpless child
to suffer, can never be my hus-
band. You have my answer. Good-
evening!"
She turned and walked slowly
toward the alcove, and the crestfallen
Mr. Graham cast an inglorious re-
trograde glance at the door.
"Harry Clifford stepped from his
bedding-place, his face radiant, and
clipping Daisy to his manly heart,
he said:
"May I not claim you now, my
darling? Your little play was per-
fect. I pity Fred, but I trust he
will profit by his sad experience.
You are quite an actress. But you
must give me my answer now—what
is it? If it is yes, give me the kiss
my heart has hungered for so long."
She raised her face suffused with
blushes, and their lips met in the
first ripe kiss of love.
That was Daisy's answer.

PECK'S SON SHINES.
He Continues to Illustrate—His Paternal
Progenitor is Still the Victim.
"I hear you had burglars over
your house last night," said the gro-
ceryman to the bad boy, as he came
in and sat on the counter, right over
a little gilded hole, where the grocer
had fixed a darned needle as a bait
pulling a string the needle would fly
up and run into the boy about an inch.
The groceryman had been laying for
the boy for two days, and now that
he had got him right over the hole for
the first time, it made him laugh to
think how he would jump and yell, as
he edged off and got into a hole of the
boy looked unconscious of the im-
pending danger, the groceryman
pulled, and the boy sat still; he pulled
again, and again, and finally the boy
said:
"Yes, it is reported that we had
burglars over there. O, you needn't
pull that string any more. I heard
you were setting a trap for me, and I
put a piece of board inside my pants,
and thought I would let you exercise
yourself." Go ahead, if it amuses you.
It don't hurt me, for a cent."
The groceryman looked sad, and
then smiled a sickly sort of a smile at
the failure of his plan to puncture the
boy, and then he said, "Well, how
was it? The policeman didn't seem
to know much about the particulars."
"He said he would go to the theatre
going on at your house that nobody
could tell when anything was serious,
and he was inclined to think it was a
put up job."
"Now, let's have an understanding,"
said the boy. "Whatever I say, you
are not to give me away. It's a go,
is it? I have always been afraid of
you, because you have a sort of de-
cided-egg look about you. You are
like a peck of potatoes with all the
big ones on top; a sort of strawberry
box, with the bottom raised up, so I
have thought you would go back on
a fellow. But if you won't give this
away, here goes:
"You see, I heard my father tell
you another bottle of liniment last
night. When my father corks himself,
or any one else, he always notices the
liniment for all that it is worth, and a
pint bottle don't last more than a
week. Well, I told my father, and
we laid for you. This liniment makes
us feel hot, and almost blisters. Pa
went to the Langtry fandango, and
didn't get home until eleven o'clock,
and me and chum decided to teach
him a lesson. I don't think it is right
to talk the matter over, and they
decided that the man was going to
commit suicide. A traveling man, who
had a room next door to the
solemn man, and who had previously
occupied adjoining rooms in differ-
ent hotels to three men who had
committed suicide, felt that he was
about to experience a fourth shock
of the same kind, and he lay in his
bed all night and never slept a wink
believing that the next moment he
should hear a revolver shot or the
death struggle of his neighbor, from
poison.
He never heard a sound all night,
and when he got up in the morning
he told the clerk that he was sure
the man was dead. The conductor told
the room and listened but could hear no
noise, and it was decided to look over
the transom to see if the man was
dead. It is not a pleasing thing to
look over a transom into a man's
room, not knowing whether your eye
will fall on a corpse or a live man
with a revolver pointed at you, so
nobody seemed to yearn to be the
first to climb the step ladder. Finally
it was decided to throw a cat over
the transom, onto the bed, and if they
did not hear any noise it would be
certain that the man was dead, and
they could go on with the funeral.
A cat was procured, and the porter,
who knew just where the bed was
located, was detailed to toss the cat
over.
He went up the ladder a few steps,
not enough to look over, because he
was not prepared to look suddenly
upon a corpse, and taking the cat in
both hands, by the legs, he gently
tossed her, or him, as the case might
be, over the transom on the bed oc-
cupied by the mournful-looking man.
The cat was heard to fall with a dull
thud, there was a sound as of scratch-
ing and ripping, a heavy form was
heard to strike the floor, the cat
"purred" and "spit," and the half
dozen people out in the hall looked
at each other wondering, when
suddenly the door opened and the
maddest man that ever was seen in
Oshkosh came out in the hall in his
night shirt, his arm and face bleed-
ing on to the white night shirt. He
had the cat by the hind legs with
one hand and a revolver in the other,
and as he struck at the assembled
multitude right and left with the
cat, there was the worst getting down
stairs, and the man returned to his
room.
He dressed himself, went down to
the office and paid his bill, and took
the first train South, never having
spoken a word while in Oshkosh, and
the people are to this day wondering
whether he was a prohibition speaker,
a traveling man for a coast factory,
or an agent for a deaf and dumb as-
surance company. The traveling man who
was so nervous for fear his neighbor
was going to commit suicide, wished he
had the landlady's face that he had
displeased a guest, who might have
remained longer, and the porter who
threw the cat, says that it is the last
time he will ever try to find a corpse
by the aid of a cat.

Rather Rapid Traveling.
Half a dozen railroad men were
standing by the Union depot lunch
counter the other night, waiting for
a train, drinking coffee and telling sto-
ries about their experiences in rail-
roading. "An engineer was making
some tracks in a most fine, and he
was between Milwaukee and La Crosse,
when the 'old man' was in a hurry
to get up there to see about a bridge
that was being built there. As he
was describing how the engine and
two cars fairly blistered the rails be-
tween Portage and Camp Douglas,
a frightened-looking man stepped up
and asked for a cup of coffee and
some doughnuts, and while he was
soaking a doughnut in coffee, he said
they didn't know anything about fast
running unless they had been on the
Pennsylvania road. The man asked
him what he knew about fast running
and he turned out some coffee in a
saucepan, blew on it to cool it, swallow-
ed it and said:
"Well, I just got in here from the
East, and I have witnessed railroad-
ing that knocks the socks off of any
thing that ever was. We started
from Jersey City one night at 8 o'
clock, and up this side of Philadel-
phia there was a wreck ahead of us,
and we side-tracked for six hours, and
when the track was clear we started.
Well, sir, we flew, fairly flew. We
didn't realize in the car, that we were
going fast, by any jar, for it was just
as smooth as a pair of skates on ice,
but if a man went out on the platform
he could not breathe. The nigger
started to bring a lunch from the
hotel car into the car. I was in, and
while he crossed the platform the
coffee froze as stiff as ice cream and
a man sat it with a spoon. The nigger
was afraid to go back into the car
and waited till the train stopped at a
coal place. The conductor told me
the train was going faster than a bul-
let, and that the engineer often shot
his revolver up the track ahead, and
the engine would create the halloo
and flatten it against the smokestack.
Did you ever see a passenger train
jump right over a freight train when
both were in motion?" asked the
doughnut man as he filled his empty
coffee cup up with milk.
"Oh, what are you giving us!" said
the engineer, as he loosened the
leather belt around his greasy over-
alls, and looked at the man with dis-
gust.
"Well, you don't have to believe it
if you don't want to, but I pledge
you my word our train jumped right
over a freight train ahead of us. We
came up to it on a straight track,
and our engineer signalled to the
freight engineer to slow up a
little, and the conductor told us to
keep our seats. We had seen the
freight train ahead on the curve,
and wondered why our train did not
stop. When the conductor told us
keep our seats I asked him what was
the matter, and he said we were
going to jump a freight, and if we
moved around we would jar the cars so
they wouldn't be liable to hit the
track ahead when we came down.
Just then I could feel the train go
into the air, and hear the wheels turn
without any track under them and in
less than ten seconds we began to
descend, and I could hear the wheels
on the track again, and I looked
back and the freight engineer was
waving his hat at us. Why, there
wasn't a sound for the life of the
world. Of course they wouldn't
attempt to jump a freight train on a
curve or in a tunnel, and the man
scratched a match on his pants and
lit a cigar stump he had been keeping.

The Mournful Man.
HOW THE OSHKOSH BOYS ENJOY A BIT OF
FUN.
A few weeks ago a man registered
at an Oshkosh hotel, and was assign-
ed a room, as everybody noticed,
and he was a most mournful looking
man. He never said a word, but
there was that about his face, and
his actions that showed he was labor-
ing under some great sorrow. He
had his supper taken to his room, and
the waiter said the man never spoke,
and seemed to be the saddest look-
ing man he ever saw. The guests
all talked the matter over, and they
decided that the man was going to
commit suicide. A traveling man, who
had a room next door to the
solemn man, and who had previously
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ent hotels to three men who had
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be, over the transom on the bed oc-
cupied by the mournful-looking man.
The cat was heard to fall with a dull
thud, there was a sound as of scratch-
ing and ripping, a heavy form was
heard to strike the floor, the cat
"purred" and "spit," and the half
dozen people out in the hall looked
at each other wondering, when
suddenly the door opened and the
maddest man that ever was seen in
Oshkosh came out in the hall in his
night shirt, his arm and face bleed-
ing on to the white night shirt. He
had the cat by the hind legs with
one hand and a revolver in the other,
and as he struck at the assembled
multitude right and left with the
cat, there was the worst getting down
stairs, and the man returned to his
room.
He dressed himself, went down to
the office and paid his bill, and took
the first train South, never having
spoken a word while in Oshkosh, and
the people are to this day wondering
whether he was a prohibition speaker,
a traveling man for a coast factory,
or an agent for a deaf and dumb as-
surance company. The traveling man who
was so nervous for fear his neighbor
was going to commit suicide, wished he
had the landlady's face that he had
displeased a guest, who might have
remained longer, and the porter who
threw the cat, says that it is the last
time he will ever try to find a corpse
by the aid of a cat.

The Mournful Man.
HOW THE OSHKOSH BOYS ENJOY A BIT OF
FUN.
A few weeks ago a man registered
at an Oshkosh hotel, and was assign-
ed a room, as everybody noticed,
and he was a most mournful looking
man. He never said a word, but
there was that about his face, and
his actions that showed he was labor-
ing under some great sorrow. He
had his supper taken to his room, and
the waiter said the man never spoke,
and seemed to be the saddest look-
ing man he ever saw. The guests
all talked the matter over, and they
decided that the man was going to
commit suicide. A traveling man, who
had a room next door to the
solemn man, and who had previously
occupied adjoining rooms in differ-
ent hotels to three men who had
committed suicide, felt that he was
about to experience a fourth shock
of the same kind, and he lay in his
bed all night and never slept a wink
believing that the next moment he
should hear a revolver shot or the
death struggle of his neighbor, from
poison.
He never heard a sound all night,
and when he got up in the morning
he told the clerk that he was sure
the man was dead. The conductor told
the room and listened but could hear no
noise, and it was decided to look over
the transom to see if the man was
dead. It is not a pleasing thing to
look over a transom into a man's
room, not knowing whether your eye
will fall on a corpse or a live man
with a revolver pointed at you, so
nobody seemed to yearn to be the
first to climb the step ladder. Finally
it was decided to throw a cat over
the transom, onto the bed, and if they
did not hear any noise it would be
certain that the man was dead, and
they could go on with the funeral.
A cat was procured, and the porter,
who knew just where the bed was
located, was detailed to toss the cat
over.
He went up the ladder a few steps,
not enough to look over, because he
was not prepared to look suddenly
upon a corpse, and taking the cat in
both hands, by the legs, he gently
tossed her, or him, as the case might
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