The Tarboro Southerner

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

TARBORO', N. C. THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1883. NO. 19

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Practices in all the Courts, State and Federal. 883

J. J. MARTIN. B. C. SHARPE.
Martin & Sharpe,
Attorneys-at-Law,
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Practice in the Courts, State and Federal. dec-5-82 ly

H. A. GILLIAM. DONNELL GILLIAM
GILLIAM & SON,
Attorneys-at-Law,
TARBORO', N. C.
Will practice in the Counties of Edgecombe, Halifax and Pitt, and in the Courts of the First Judicial District, and in the Circuit and Supreme Courts at Raleigh. jan18-1y.

DOSSEY BATTLE,
Attorney at Law
TARBORO' & ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
Practices in the Courts of Edgecombe, Nash, Pitt, Wilson and Halifax counties. Also in the Federal and Supreme Courts.
Collections a specialty.
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Geo. P. Hart. R. A. Cooley.
HART & COOLEY,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Rocky Mount and Nashville, N. C.
Practice in State and Federal Courts. n16m

GEORGE HOWARD,
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TARBORO, N. C.
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Tarboro', N. C., Jany 18, 83ly

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SINGLE HARNESS.....$15 and up.
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Let them buy from ME and get SLEEK and FAT.
Staple and FANCY GROCERIES
OF ALL KINDS. CONFECTIONS &c. The best in the Market, always on hand
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Nun's Veiling and Buntings in all shades, Latest styles in
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A NICE LINE OF ZEIGLER'S SHOES,
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All bought this Spring and will be sold very low.
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A Household Article for Universal Family Use.
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In Contagious Diseases, the Sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after Black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.
For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Salivation, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and Pitting of Small Pox PREVENTED.
"Persons waiting on Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Small-pox, Yellow Fever, Black vomit, and Measles, can safely use it as a preventive."
SMALL-POX and PITTING of Small Pox PREVENTED.
A member of my family was taken with Small-pox. I used the Fluid; the patient was not delirious, was not pitted, and was about the house again in three weeks, and no others had it.—J. W. PARKINSON, Philadelphia.
Diphtheria Prevented.
The physicians here use Darbys Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria.
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Tetter dried up.
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Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia; Rev. CHAS. F. DEEMS, D.D., Church of the Strangers, N. Y.; Jos. LeConte, Columbia, Prof., University, S.C.; Rev. A. J. BATTLE, Prof., Mercer University; Rev. GEO. F. PIERCE, Bishop M. E. Church.
INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY HOME.
Perfectly harmless. Used internally or externally for Man or Beast.
The Fluid has been thoroughly tested, and we have abundant evidence that it has done everything here claimed. For fuller information get of your Druggist a pamphlet or send to the proprietors,
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After Long and Weary Waiting, Relief is Brought to Those Who Need it.
"Well, Pat," said an Orange country Physician to a complaining Irish patient, some years ago, "for that pain in your chest you had better go home and put on a mustard plaster. I can't think this minute of anything better. And by the way," added the doctor turning to a friend, "I really wish somebody would invent a real good plaster—something actually helpful for such a case as Pat's. Maybe they will, when it is too late for me to use it."
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A Leading London Physician establishes office in N. Y. for the cure of Epileptic Fits
From Am. J. of Me
Dr. Ab. Messerele (late of London) who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 year's standing, successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any P. O. address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address Dr. Ab. MESSERELE, No. 96 John St., N. York.

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Strong's Sanative Pills for the liver. A speedy cure for Liver Complaint, Regulating the bowels, purifying the blood, cleansing from malarial taint. A perfect cure for Sick Headache, Constipation, and Dispepsia. Sold by leading druggists.
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Tarboro' Southerner.
THURSDAY, ... MAY 10, 1883.

Trouble at a Bridal Party.

"Say, what kind of a hotel do you keep?" said a green-looking man, as he stepped up to the counter and registered his name, and added "and wife" after it. "Can a new married couple settle down here for two or three days and have a quiet visit with each other and not be scared out of their boots?"

The hotel man said they could go right to their rooms and stay three days or three weeks and never come to their meals if they didn't want anything to eat. "But what is the matter? Have you been annoyed?" asked the hotel man.

"Annoyed? That don't express it. We were married day before yesterday at St. Paul, and went to the hotel. I lived about sixty miles west of St. Paul, and the traveling men put up a job to make me tired.—There were about a hundred of them snowed in at St. Paul, and I'll be darned if they didn't keep us awake all night. They knew we were a bridal couple, and they bribed the bell boy for a drummer for a Chicago cigar factory, came in and wanted to know what was wanted. I ordered a pitcher of ice water, and a Milwaukie drummer for a grocery house brought it in, and he looked at my wife, who is bashful, and made her feel bad. I didn't know that they were drummers until the next day, or I should have killed some of them. I rang the bell for coal, and a traveling salesman who posts railroad cards around and works up excursions, came in and fixed the fire, and he stayed and fixed it for a half an hour, and he had more gall than ever I see. He asked so many questions about how long we had been married that I wanted to thump him, but my wife said we didn't want to have a row the first day we were married. I rung for a chambermaid to clean up the room and bring some towels, and it was about half an hour before she came, and I went down to the office to see about my trunk, and the chambermaid staid about half an hour and very interesting, and my wife said she was a real pleasant, affectionate sort of creature, far above her, and I tell you I was mad when I found out it was a smooth faced, handsome, young Jewish drummer for a Milwaukie clothing house, who was in with the gang, and he gave the chambermaid three dollars to loan him an old dress so he could play chambermaid. When my wife told me that the chambermaid patted her on the cheek, and told her she was the sweetest bride that was ever in the hotel, and asked her for a kiss, and my said she thought it would be no harm to kiss a poor chambermaid and to encourage her, I wanted to kill him, and I went to the office next morning, but the smooth faced cuss had gone to Fargo. It was all the landlord could do to hold me. Well while we were at supper somebody got into the room and put cracker crumbs in our bed and we found a cold oil cloth floor mat over the top sheet enough to freeze anybody. But the worst was at night. We had just got comfortably in bed when there was a knock at the door, and I got up and the watchman was there and he said he wanted to point out to me the fire escape, so I could get out in case of fire. I went out in to the end of the building with him to show it to me, and while I was looking out of the window my wife came running down the hall and begging me to save her. I asked her what was the matter, and she said as soon as I went out a man that looked like a porter came in the room and told her to fly and save herself, and to follow her husband. She felt awful when she found there was no trouble and we got back into our room half frozen. I have got them fellows down fine. The fellow who called me out to see a fire escape is a drummer for a Philadelphia millinery house, and the one that scared my wife out of her wits travels for a hearse fatory at Rocester N. Y. My wife says she would know him because he has a big grey moustache and wears a diamond collar button in his shirt. She says she thought he was pretty stylish for a portion of the time. They woke us up several times to tell us what to do in case we were sick, and in the morning before we were up a waiter brought us our breakfast. He said the landlord sent it up, and he just stood around until we had to sit up in bed and eat breakfast. I thought at the time that it kind in the land in the landlord to send up our breakfast, but when I found that the waiter who brought it up was a traveling man for a repair factory at Rockford, and remembered how durned impudent he looked at my wife; I could have murdered him, but the clerk said he had gone to Winnipeg. It was just about as bad coming down here on a sleeping car, and I think half the passengers on the cars, were those same drummers that were snowed in. It was colder than Alaska, and I would order extra blankets and they would steal them. I had more than twenty blankets put on the bed, and in the morning there was nothing but a sheet over us. And every time a blanket was spread over us there was a different porter put it on, and I think they were all traveling men. Every little while some body would pull open the curtains and sit down on my berth and begin to pull off his boots, and I would tell him the berth was occupied, and that he must have made a mistake, and he would look at us as innocent as could be, and then ask our pardon, and then go and damn the porter. Once I felt somebody feeling about my berth and the fellow said he was looking for my wife's shoes to brck. Then about every fifteen or twenty minutes the conductor would open the curtains and hold a red lantern in and ask for our tickets. I think they punched my ticket sixty five times. Anyway it looked like a porus plaster when I got out in the morning. I think it was the travelling men who were playing conductor, but I was sleepy and I thought the best way to let him punch it. Well, about 3 o'clock in the morning somebody punches us and said it was time to get up, as all the passengers were up, and would have breakfast in fifteen minutes. And then we hustled around and got dressed the best way we could, laying on our back and kicking our clothes up in the air and catching them on ourselves when they came down. I got my pants on wrong side before and lost everything out of my pockets, and my wife lost her hair and had to tie a handkerchief around her head, and then we had our berths made up and sat up till daylight, and the porter found my wife's hair and pinned it to a berth occupied by a preacher from Oshkosh, and he kicked and got mad and talked about it and wondered how came it there and swore about it, and I think he travels for an Oshkosh carriage factory. Oh, I never had such a night, or two nights in my life, and what I want to know is if I can be quiet here and get a little sleep and not be annoyed." The hotel man told him that if anybody came around to bother him to knock clear down stairs and he would be responsible, and the bridegroom took his satchel and the colored man showed them to a room, and they have not showed up since. It is confounded mean in travelling men to snow in and form a syndicate for fun. They will cause themselves to be disliked if they keep on.

PECK'S SON SHINES.

His "Par" Goes Out on a Lark and is Caught.

"If You Love Me, Kiss Me."

"Where have you been for a week back?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as the boy pulled the tail board out of the delivery wagon and let a couple of bushels of potatoes roll out in the gutter. I haven't seen yer around here, and you look pale. You have'nt been sick, have you?"

"No, I have'nt been sick. Pa locked me up in the bath room for two days and two nights, and didn't give me nothing to eat but bread and water. Since he has got religious he seems to be harder than ever on me. Say don't you think religion softens a man's heart, or does it give him a caked breast? I speck Pa will burn me at the stake next.

The grocery man said that when a man had truly been converted his heart was softened and he was always looking for a chance to do good and be kind to the poor but if he only had this galvanized religion, this roll plate piety, or white washed reformation, he was liable to be a harder to be a harder citizen than before.

"What made you pa lock you up in the bath room on bread and water?" he asked.

"Well, says the bad boy, as he eat a couple of salt pickles out of a jar on the sidewalk, 'Pa is not converted enough to hurt him, and I knowed it and I thought it would be a good joke to try him and see if he was so confounded good, so I got my chum to dress up in a suit of his sisters summer clothes. Well, you would not believe my chum would look so much like a girl. He would fool the oldest inhabitant. You know how fat he is. He had to sell his bicycle to a slim fellow that clerks in a store cause he didn't want it any more. His neck is just as fat and there are dimples in it, and with a dress low in the neck, and long in on the trail he looks as tall as Ma. He busted one of his sisters slippers getting them on, and her stockings were a good deal too big for him, but he tucked his draws down in them and tied a suspender around his leg above the knee, and they stayed on all right. Well he looked killin, 'I should prevaricate, with his sister's muslin dress on, starched as stiff as a shirt, and her reception hat with a white feather as big as a Newfoundlond dog's tail. Pa said he had to go down town to see some of the old soldiers of his regiment, and I loafed along behind. My chum met Pa on the corner and asked him where the Lake Shore Park was. 'She' said she was a a stranger from Chicago, that her husband had deserted her, and she didn't know but what she would jump into the lake. Pa looked in my chum's eye and sized her up, and said it would be a shame to commit suicide, and asked if she didn't want to take a walk My chum said she should titter, and he took Pa's arm and they walked up to the lake and back. Well, you may talk about joining the church on probation all you please, but they get their arm around a girl all the same. Pa hugged my chum till he says he thought Pa would break his sister's corset all to pieces, and he squeezed his hand till the ring right into his finger and he has to wear a court plaster on it. They started to the Court House Pary, as I told my chum to do, and I went and got Ma. It was about time for the soldiers to go to the ex position for the evening baness, and I told ma we could just go down and see them go by. Ma just throwed a shawl over her head and we started down through the Park. When we got near Pa and my chum I told Ma it was a shame for so many people to be sitting around lally gagging right before folks, and she said it was disgustin', and then I pointed to my chum who had his head on Pa's bosom, and Pa was patting my chum on the cheek, while he held his other arm around his waist. They was on the iron seat, and we came right behind them and when Ma saw Pa's bald head I thought she would bust. She knew his head as quick as she sot eyes on it. My chum asked Pa if he was married, and he said he was a widower. He said his wife died fourteen years ago, of liver complaint. Well, Ma shook like a leaf, and I could hear her new teeth rattle just like chewing strawberries with sand in them. Then my chum put his arm around Pa's neck and said: "If you love me kiss me in the mouth." Pa was just leaning down to kiss my chum when Ma couldn't stand it any longer, and she went right around in front of them, and she grabbed my chum by the hair, and it all came off, hat and all, and my chum jumped up Ma scratched him in the face, and my chum tried to his hands in his pants pockets to get his handkerchief to wipe off the blood on his nose, and Ma she turned on Pa and he turned pale, and then she was going for my chum again when he said, 'O let up on a fellow,' and he see she was mad and he grabbed the hat and hair off the gravel walk and took the skirt of his sisters dress in his hand and lifted out for home on a gallop and Ma took Pa by the elbow and said, 'You are a nice old party, ain't you? I am dead, am I? Died of liver complaint fourteen years ago did I? You will find an animated corpse on your hands. Around kissing spry winmen at night, sir.' When they started home Pa seemed as weak as a cat, and couldn't say a word, I asked if I could go to the exposition, and they said I could. I don't know what happened after they got home, but Pa was setting up for me when I got back and he wanted to know what I brought Ma down there for, and how I knew he was there.

I thought it would help Pa out of the scrape and so I told him it was not a girl he was hugging at all, but it was my chum, and he laffed at first, and told Ma it was not a girl, but Ma said she knew a darn sight better. She guessed she could tell a girl.

Then Pa was mad and he said I was at the bottom of the whole bizziness, and he looked me up, and said I was enough to paralyze a saint. I told him through a keyhole that a saint that had any sense ought to be able to tell a boy from a girl, and then he throwed a chair at me through the transom. The worst of the whole thing is my chum is mad at me cause Ma scratched him, and he says that let's him out. He don't go into any more schemes with me. Well, I must be going. Pa is going to have my measure taken for a rawhide, he says, and I have got to stay at home from the sparring match and learn my Sunday school lesson."

THE SEWING MACHINE AGENT.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN TO BE MET WITH AT EVERY CROSS-ROAD.

The sewing-machine agent is of all ages and sizes, and flourishes luxuriantly in all climes. He travels in a light spring wagon, drawn by two sore-backed ponies. He carries "the best machine in the world" in his wagon, and has its name in gilt letters, painted on the sides of the vehicle. He inhabits the cities and towns, but is often found in rural districts. He knows that he is a great public benefactor, and is therefore not at all modest about forcing his family blessings on the people. When he rides up to a house he hitches his horse to the fence and instead of standing at the gate and shouting "Hello! Mister, does your dog bite?" as other travelers do, he boldly walks up to the house, and, if no one is around, takes a seat on the gallery and begins to whistle.—He does not whistle to keep his courage up, for, confident that he is engaged in a good and noble cause, he does not fear dogs. He is there on a beneficent errand. His mission is to cheer the wife, comfort the daughter and make the old man buy them a new-improved-scroll-spring, side-bar, adjustable sarven-wheel, fock-stitch Grover and Singer sewing-machine. He tells the old lady that he sees her health is giving away, and that the old Wheeler and Baker machine that she uses is the cause of it. He has known fifty ladies whom that machine has hurried to an untimely end and an early grave. He tells the daughter that he is unmarried, going to settle in the county, and hopes she will let him call on her when he is in the vicinity. He informs the old farmer that he (the old farmer) has more good agricultural sense than any man he has yet met in the State. Then he tightens up the fifth wheel of the machine, and starts to sew. He shows how much lighter it runs than any other machine, how easy it is to adjust, and how much superior the new turbine take-up is to the old four-motion crank still used in all the rival machines. He asks them to examine the mould-board on the off stationary arm and the French burr take-up on the stern, and then inquires if they do not think that the perfection of mechanism, and very unlike the cheap rattle-traps that all the other companies are now making with a view to swindle the public, filling their coffers, while they ruin the health of thousands of mothers, and wear the bloom off the cheek of the fairest in the land. He shows how difficult it is to get the machine out of order. He warrants it for fifteen years.—Then he flutes and fells, chums and braids, and never fails to turn loose that originality, "sew it seams," while he speaks of the simplicity, durability and elasticity of the stitch.

A good sewing-machine agent's tongue will make seventy five oscillations and three laps per minute and keep on the track nine consecutive hours without refreshments. It is not to be inferred, however, that the sewing machine agent is indifferent to refreshments. His stomach is like his machine—always in order and adjusted to any size, style, thickness or quality of goods. He eats corn bread and fat bacon, when he cannot get chicken and cake. He can eat a pound of butter to a square foot of corn-bread, and when there is no butter he is equally fatal to molasses.—*Texas Siftings.*

Going to School.

"Class in geography, come forward, and in case any of you drop a pencil, look out of the window, or utter a cough, I will keep the whole school in at recess. Now, then, where is Green Cheese Creek?"

They give it up.

"What! None of you able to answer that question? Here are twenty boys who expect to become business men, and seven girls who will become wives and mothers, and not one of you know that Green Cheese Creek rises in the southeastern part of Hindostan, and flows in a northwesterly course for seventeen miles and twenty-two rods, and empties into Ham River. You boys would look nice starting out as lawyers, doctors and bookkeepers, wouldn't you? Go to your seats, and as a punishment each one of you must write fifty words and give me the name of every President in the United States.

"Class in arithmetic, step this way, and be careful how you step or you won't get any dinner to-day.—Now, James, what is a rhomboid?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't? You are expecting to grow up and become a clerk in a clothing store, and you don't know what a rhomboid is? A rhomboid, sir, is a parallelogram whose angles are not right angles. Take your seat, and don't you dare to look up until you have committed seventeen pages of history to memory.

"Now, Thomas, what is the amount due on a note for $467.19½, given for one year, one day, one hour and nine-tenths of a minute, and bearing seven and three-elevenths per cent. interest? Come, now, answer off-hand."

"Can't do it, sir."

"You can't? Only yesterday you told me that you intended to run a grist mill when you grew up, and here you can't answer a simple question in mathematics! You'll never be able to run one end of a corn-sheller, and I might as well tell you so now. Go to your seat and cipher one hundred and sixty examples in vulgar fractions.

"Class in ancient history, now advance. When was the first rebellion against the Assyrian King Sardanapalus?"

No answer.

James, Henry, Charles, Samuel—what! None of you able to answer this question! ou Yare preparing to go out into the world, insurance canvassars, telegraph operators, bank clerk and Board of Trade speculators and behold your ignorance! What would any of you do in case you were walking through an alley on a dark night twenty years hence, and some one should stop you and ask you this question? The class is dismissed. How the next generation will manage to run stores and factories and keep the wheels of commerce and progress moving, I don't know.—[Detroit Free Press.]

UNLUCKY PEOPLE.

A genuinely unlucky man will entail as much upon those who are dependent or associated with him as a genuinely wicked one. They can never be relied on. Their speculations turn out ill when those of more stupid men succeed. Their inventions are just a little anticipated by those they never heard of. Their book or plays do not become popular. Their crops are sure to be injured by floods or tornados, their vessels to be wrecked or burned; their houses consumed within twenty four hours after the insurance had expired, or day before they had resolved to take one out. Judges are sure to rule adversely to their interest; juries always bring in verdicts against them. Their letters are certain to go astray; their baggage or express packages to be lost or stolen. It is they who are always looking for their missing knives, and are constantly wondering where their hats or umbrellas have gone to. The money they put in their pocketbooks or the pocketbooks they put in their pockets, mysteriously disappear. Even when they desire to be prudent and with considerable sacrifice and pains, buy their potatoes, coal and other stores in advance at reduced rates, the price of the succeeding winter invariably falls below what they have paid. They are to be dreaded as Jonah was dreaded. The boughs of trees they climb always break, the boats they row or sail always capsize. The train they take is by no means expected on its terminus on time, and even if late, should, should cause gratitude that it got there at all. If they are not the victims, they are the authors, of all sorts of involuntary mischief. Altogether, shrewd old Rothschild was wise when he consulted his sons to "avoid unlucky men."