The Tarborough Southerner.

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

VOL. 61. TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1883. NO. 21

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For Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhœa, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Derangement of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.
Bad Breath; Pain in the Side, sometimes the pain is felt under the Shoulder-blade, mistaken for Rheumatism; general loss of appetite; Bowels generally costive, sometimes alternating with lax; the head is troubled with pain, is dull and heavy, with considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of leaving undone something which ought to have been done; a slight, dry cough and flushed face is sometimes an attendant, often mistaken for consumption; the patient complains of weariness and debility; nervous, easily startled; feet cold or burning, sometimes a prickly sensation of the skin exists; spirits are low and despondent, and, although satisfied that exercise would be beneficial, yet one can hardly summon up fortitude to try it—in fact, distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred when but few of them existed, yet examination after death has shown the Liver to have been extensively deranged.

It should be used by all persons, old and young, whenever any of the above symptoms appear.

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P. M. Janney, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dr. T. W. Mason says: From actual experience in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator in my practice I have been and am satisfied to use and prescribe it as a purgative medicine.

☞ Take only the Genuine, which always has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-Mark and Signature of J. H. ZEILIN & CO.
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Tarboro' Southerner.

THURSDAY,..........MAY 24, 1883.

A LOST PEARL.

I do not know where I lost it,
For it slipped from a broken string,
And far and away from my sight to-day
It lies, a neglected thing.

Or worse, since it may be another
Is wearing my pearl of price,
And the gem that was mine, with its lucent shine,
May be set in some strange device.

I do not know when I lost it;
It was just as the dawning burst
Thro' the crystaline bars of the ling'ring stars
That with sorrow I missed it first.

Perhaps in an opaline twilight,
Perhaps when the moonbeams lay,
With their delicate quiver o'er field and river,
And night was fairer than day.

THAT BAD BOY.

He Employs the Bohemian Band to Soothe the Savage Breast of his Dear "Par."

"There! you drop that!" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came limping in the store and began to fumble around a box of strawberries. "I never have kicked at your eating my codfish, and cheese, and herrings, apples, but there has got to be a dividing line, somewhere, and I make it at strawberries at six shillings a box, and only two layers in a box. I only bought one box, hoping a plumber or gas man would come along and buy it; and by gum! every body that has been in has sampled a strawberry out of that box, shivered as though it was sour, and gone off without asking the price." And the grocery man looked man, took a hatchet, and knocked in the head of a barrel of apples, and said:" "There help yourself to dried apples."

"O, I don't want your strawberries or dried apples," said the boy, as he leaned against a show-case, and looked at a bar of red, transparent soap. "I was only trying to fool you. Say that bar of soap is old enough to vote. I remember seeing it in the show-case when I was about a year old, and pa came in here with me and held me up to the show case to look at a tin tobacco box and that round zinc looking glass and the yellow wooden pocket comb; and the soap looks just the same, only a little faded. If you would wash yourself once in a while, your soap wouldn't dry up on your hands." And the boy sat down in the chair without any back, feeling that he was even with the grocery man.

"You never mind the soap. It is paid for; and that is more than your father can say for the soap he has used in house the past month, said the grocery man, as he split up a box to kindle the fire. "But we won't quarrel. What was it I heard about a band serenading your father, and his inviting them to lunch?

"Don't let that get out, or pa will kill me dead. It was a joke. One of these Bohemian bands that goes about town playing tunes, for pennies, was over on the next street, and I told pa I guessed some of his friends who had heard that we had a baby at the house, had hired a band and was coming in a few minutes to serenade him, and he better prepare to make a speech. Pa is proud of being a father at his age, and he thought it was no more than right for the neighbors to serenade him, and he went to loading himself for a speech, in the library, and me and my chum went out and told the leader of the band there was a family up there that wanted to have some music, and they didn't care for expenses, so they quit blowing where they were and came a long. None of them could understand English except the leader, and he only understood enough to take a drink when invited. My chum steered the band up to our house and I got them to play 'Babies on our block,' and I stopped all the men who were going home and told them to wait a minute and they would see some fun, so when the band got through the second tune, and the Prussians were emptying their beer out of their horns, and pa stepped out on the porch, there was a hundred people in front of the house. You'd a dide to see pa when he put his hand in the breast of his court, and struck an attitude. He looked like a congressman, or a tramp. The band was scared, cause they thought he was mad, and some of them was going to run, thinking he was going to throw pieces of brick houses at them but me and the leader. Then pa sailed in. He commenced, Fellow Citizens, and then he went way back to Adam and Eve, and worked up to the present day, giving a history of the notable people who had acquired children, and kept the crowd interested, I felt sorry for pa, cause I knew how he would feel when he came to find out he had been sold. The Bohemians in the band that couldn't understand English, they looked at each other, and wondered what it was all about, and finally wound up by stating that it was every citizen's duty to own children of his own, and then he invited the crowd in to take some refreshments. Well, you ought to have seen that band come in the house. They fell over each other getting in, and the crowd went home, leaving pa and my chum and me and the band. Eat? Well, I should smile! They just reached for things, and talked Bohemian. Drink? O, no! I guess they didn't pour it down. Pa opened a dozen bottles of Champaigne, and they fairly bathed in it, as though they had a fire. Pa tried to talk to them about the baby, but they couldn't understand English; and finally they got full, and started out, and the leader asked pa for ten dollars, and that broke him up. Pa told the leader he supposed the gentlemen who had got up the serenade paid for the music; and the leader pointed to me, and said I was the gentleman that got it up. Pa paid him, but he had a wicked look in his eyes, and me and my chum lit out; and the Bohemians came down the street, bilin full, with their horns on their arms, and they were talking Bohemian for all that was out. They stopped in front of a vacant house and began to playin, but you couldn't tell what tune it was, and then a policeman came along, and drove them home. I guess I will sleep in the livery stables to night, cause pa is offul unreasonable when anything costs him three dollars besides the champagne."

"Well, you have made a pretty mess of it!" said the grocery man. "It's a wonder your pa does not kill you."

A POETIC WIDOW.

Our mutual friend Spykens has "made a mash, to use the language of the worldly. He incidentally became acquainted with the widow McWinzy at a church social last fall. She has come to the conclusion that he is her natural affinity and wants him for her fourth husband. Her strong suit is poetry, or, as she expresses it, "human æsthetic rhyme; the sweet, responsive echo of soul to soul."

"Dear Mr. Spykens," sighed the widow the other evening, puckering her mouth down to the size of a shirt button hole, as it were; "you have lived and loved. The mellifluous profundity of your sympathetic soul has always required that you should."

"Ah, yes, Mrs. McWinzy, you bet, I——"

"Call me Hitty, dear, my name is Mehitabell and those most endeared to me always call me Hitty."

"All right, Hitty goes."

"Well, as I was about remarking, my nature was aboriginally poetic, away up among the embarrassed clouds of Heaven's sublimated artillery. My first husband was a dear genial spirit, attuned to poetic harmony, but nothing could rhyme with his name. It was Tulkington. I used to weave it into poetic verse by abreviating it to Tulky, but even then it never would make a smooth rhyme with any other word. Two short years he loved and languished, and then sank to eternel rest as softly as though the springs of his couch had been the Springs of Parnasus."

"Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed Spykens, "what a rattling good obituary you must have written for him."

"Ah, sighed the widow, "I tried over a year to write seven verses suitable, but perhaps might have succeeded had I not been wooed and won by Jason Babcock. My new married life was bright and hopeful until I tried to merge it into poetry. The culmination came when I composed twenty-seven verses, each one rhyming his name, the best of which were mason, basin, face-on. Then he closed the doors of his heart, took his over coat and valise, and bade me farewell forever. I never saw or heard of him more."

"What a miserable narrow guage, unappreciative wretch he must have been."

The widow gave a responsive roll of her dark eyes toward the sympathetic Spykens, and she continued:

"Yes, the rhymatic music of poetry did not abound in his worldly soul, and my own longing heart almost perished before I procured a divorce on the ground of desertion. Then I married my old friend and school mate, Timothy McWinzy. He had a soul full sympathy, and when he realized how my poetic soul was crushed by the very idea of making rhymes of his name, or any part of it, he earnestly, yet rashly, attempted it himself. For days and weeks he wrote, and went about the house muttering to himself binzle, crinzle, ginzle, pinzle, zinzle, and his last words as he died in the asylum, were minzle, pinzle, stinzle, zinzle."

"How dramatically sad," moaned Spykens, as he reflected upon the rhyming possibillities and calamities of his own name.

"Did you ever read Thaddeus of Washoe?" asked she, beaming her loving eyes, full of literary intelligence, full upon him as she gently laid her hand on his coat sleeve.

Spykens owned up that he hadn't, and tore himself away from her sweet presence, pleading pressing business engagements. The widow had money in bank, and a pile of stocks, and is looked upon as a desirable matrimonial investment, but when Spykens reflects, musingly, upon the sad fate of those three husbands, two killed and one driven away by her infernal poetry, assisted materially, no doubt, by her large, cold, clammy feet, he concludes to remain single.

Sixty Wives.

Conductor Lane, of the Conneaut accommodation, tells a good story illustrative of the curiosity of certain people, and the average willingnes to credit any all rumors that may be classed as gossip.

It was two or three days after the Mormon reunion at Kirtland had closed, and about twenty of the saints who had remained behind had boarded the train at Willoughby. They soon began to sing, and as the conductor passed on to the rear of the car he was grabbed by a trio of ladies, who asked in unision, pointed to the Mormons!

"Who's them?"

"Those," said Mr. Lane, "are Mormons."

"Mormons! Heavens and earth, are there Mormons on this train?"

"Yes," replied the conductor, and then explained that they had been in attendance at the Kirtland reunion and were on their way home.

The ladies stood up and watched the unsuspecting saints long and carefully, One of them even wandered out into the aisle to more closely scrutinize their queer fellow-passengers.

"Of course there's a good many more women than men, aren't there? asked one of the ladies, toying with the question they so much wanted to ask, as to the number of wives.

"Oh, yes," explained the conductor, "there's about four or five women to every man.

"You don't say;" and the ladies confidentially whispered. Finally one of the most bold asked:
How many wives did you see any one man have?

"Oh," said Mr. Lane, "they quite frequently have ten or fifteen. There was one on my train yesterday with twenty-five. He was not recognized, however, as a very much of a Mormon. I took down one old fellow the other day with sixty wives."

A chorus of "ohs" followed, and while the ladies dissected the choice morsel of gossip the conductor passed on through the train.

Cats as Projectiles.

Fishing tackle which is costly does not on that account necessasily catch fish. Sometimes a raw looking country lad with a hook and line made fast to stick cut from a tree, will bring in all the fish he wants, while the dainty tourist with split bamboo rod and silver plated reel will have to buy of the lad or else go home without fish. So it is with locks and bolts and appliances for keeping out burglars. There are some houses which bristle with electrical hardware and other contrivances which might reasonably be supposed to keep burglars out, but into which the burglars manage to effect entrance. Tubs of water and coal scuttles promiscously set in likely places, on stairways and in passages, have sometimes proved more effected discouragements to mid night prowlers than all the devices of locksmith and electrician. Yet, simple as are these obstacles to buglarious progress, there are things which even to a higher degree combine simplicity with effectiveness.

Jersey City, ample in its resources of invention for utilizing cats, comes to the front with the most postive preventitive of burglary yet offered The cat is shown to be a great engine of confusion to burglars. A wicked man entered the house of a lone widow to steal and to destroy. There was no male being in the house with the exception of the widows pet Thomas Cat. Rashly the wicked intruder mounted the stairway. lighting a match as he ascended. The widow was awaiting him, for she had heard his footsteps. She was armed with the cat; her beloved combination of offensive and defensive weapon. Taking advantage of the light afforded by the strinking of the burglar's match she uttered a word of encourragement to her pet and let him fly full in the burglar's face. There was scratching; there was tearing; there was flight; and there was swearing as the discomfitted seeker after other peeple's business beat a hasty retreat.

The cat clung to him, digging teeth and nails into his flesh by way of speeding him on his way. Never was a burglar more astounded. A bullet of a whole volley of bullets may easily enough be understood. But this terrible new engine of warfare was more than the burglar had been ready to expect. Cat and man went off in company and at the last accounts had not been heard from. To make the cat a handy means of repelling burglars an aparatus like a spring gun should be kept in the house, constructed as much as those are from which circus performers are fired out at the audience. Such a thing could, at moment's notice, be loaded with one or more cats, which could be discharged with disastrous effect on intruders. The time may come when no house will be considered properly furnished without such a contrivance.

Poultry Notes.

THE BROWN LEGHORN.

In Brown Leghorn Fowl, their gay plumage, lively appearance, and in fact, every feature connected with them, is attractive and pleasing; and in this variety we must soon recognize the leading class of fowl, whether for fancy or profit. They mature early; have known pullets to commence laying at three months of age, and continue laying during the entire season. They are non-setters, and I never saw a case of roup or any hereditary disease among my fowls during the whole period of my successful breeding. I have bred all classes of fowl, and by far give the Brown Leghorn the preference.

Statement of 40 Brown Leghorn hens for the first six months of 1873:

Total number of eggs laid, 4,759; average per month, 793; average per day, 26½; average per month for each hen, about 20.

Cost of board during the time mentioned:

Wheat,	$15 00
Corn and buckwheat,	11,60
Meal, small potatoes, ground shell and bone,	6 00
Pork scraps and 100 head of cabbage,	3 25
Total,	$ 35 85
7,759 eggs at 3c. each,	1.42 77
Net profit,	$106 92

Who cannot, that has half an acre of land, keep 400 Brown Leghorn hens, and realize the net little income of $1,000 semi-annually?

TROUBLED.

'Dearest, sweetest, what is it?, Are you sick? What ails my precious pet?" and the young husband bent tenderly over the graceful form of his blushing bride.

"Oh, Adolphus Edward, its too dreadful for any thing."

"Bad news from home."

"Worse' worse! what shall I do?"

"Tell your own darling hubby."

"It's that awful Selina Tarbox, she's—"

"She's what, my precious?"

"She's got a bonnet trimmed exactly like mine, and to-morrow's Sunday"!"

Then the afflicted bride buried her face in her husband's breast and trickled her pearly tears all over his three dollar shirt.

COULD AFFORD IT

"Boss, does you wanter by a ham'!' asked a negro of a white man.

"What is it worth?"

"Well, as its yerself, yer may take it fur fifty cents."

"That won't do. You can afford to sell it for less, for I believe you stole it, anyhow."

"Boss, doan' cuse me so rash. Have a little mussy 'bout yer pusson. But, I tell yer boss, if yer won't say nothin' bout' it, I let yer hab it fur forty cents."

The white man agreed, and paid over the amount. The negro, just as he crossed the street, was accosted by an acquaintance, who said:

"What did you let dat man hab dat ham so cheap fur?"

"Oh, I could 'ford it, 'cause I stole it outen his own smoke house."

Norwegian Breakfasts and Dinners.

The foreigner will be perplexed at first by the appearance of the breakfast table, which is usually covered from end to end, and from side to side, with an infinite variety of small dishes containing slices of tongue, sausage, ham, corned beef, smoked salmon, bear's flesh and other dainties.

There are also tins of caviare and of sardines, sprats and other kinds of preserved fish. There is usually a heap of radishes piled around a glass of water, and whatever vacant spaces are left about the table are filled huge pieces of cheese—Norwegian, Dutch, Swis and Englis. In the middle of all there stands a bottle of aqua-vit, or brandivin—the white wine of the country, which is a strong spirit flavored with caraway seeds, and distantly resembling kummel. The orthodox fashion is to begin with a slice of bread and butter, covered with flakes of cheese, and with a nip of aqua-vit as appetizer. Those, however, who do not care to breakfast on realishes and the mere accidents of the meal may take refuge in the hot dishes, which are usually served in the shape of fish and meat. Salmon is the staple fare all over Norway. You get it at morning, noon and night, and in all forms. It enables one to understand the stories that are told of the farm servants in Scotland long ago, who stipulated in their engagements that they should not have salmon for dinner oftener than thres times a week.

Judkin's Boy on Frogs.

Frogs is the people's friend, but they can't fly. Onc't they wos tadpoles about as big as licerish drops, and after a while legs growed out on 'em. Oh let us love the frog—he looks so sorry! Frogs can swim better'n little boys, and they don't haf to hold their nose when they dive, neither! Onc't I had a pet frog and the cars run over him. It just squashed him! But he never knowed what hurt him. Onc't they was a rich lady swallered one—when he was little, you know; and he growed up in her, and it didn't kill him at all! And you could hear him holler in her It was a tree toad, and so every time he'd go "p-r r-r-r!" w'y then the grand lady she'd know it was going to rain, and make her little boy run and put the tub out under the spout. Wasn't that a beautiful frog!—N. Y. Life.

The Front Gate.

It was night? the sable goddess stretched her leaden sceptre over the silent, slumbering world, and they were still swinging on the old front gate. He placed his arms around her waist and drew her to his throbbing breast to protect her from the falling dews of heaven. Her head was resting on his strong manly shoulder, and the love light was shining in her lustrous eye as bright as the head light of a locomotive. He looked her earnestly in the eyes, and passionately murmured, 'Jemima, is your folks had a mess of spring peas yet?'

A little girl, aged nine, called her father to her bedside the other evening. 'Papa,' said this little diplomat, 'I want to ask your advice.' 'Well, my dear, what is it about?' 'What do you think it will be best to give me on my birthday?'

A young man is languishing in jail at Evansville, Ind., for stealing an umbrella. The next time he wants to put up something for a rainy day he will burglarize a bank and flee to Canada.