into all sorts of trades and occupations,"

command of a Liverpool packet running

a woman could do all the work a skipper

needs to do on one of these big steamships,

providing she knew enough. It is a mat-

ter of endurance with the skipper, and

not muscular strength. The skipper

neither pulls on ropes nor hands and

reefs, nor stands a trick at the wheel. He

just stays on deck and looks after things,

of, from the time he leaves Queenstown

till he's tied up alongside of some North

River pler. There are plenty of women

who could do that if they knew enough.

But the trouble is the learning. They

have got to do the work before they can

boss it; at least, that's the general idea

"There have been cases, however,

though not very many where women

have shown themselves to be first-class

sailors. Maybe you have seen a big

schooner yacht cruising about the lower

bay with a handsome gray-haired woman

standing at the wheel and keeping her

full and by with one spoke. . I have, any-

how, and I am told that there are half a

dozen ladies whose husbands belong to

the New York Yacht Club who are as

handy about the deck as their husbands

among sailor men.

across the Western ocean. Not but wh

TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY AUGUST 27, 1885.

PROFESSIONAL "ARDS WALTER P. WILLIAMSON Attorney-at-Law, TARBORO', N. C. office next that of Col. J. L. Bridgers, over

Bell's Jewelry store, Main street.) Practices in State and Federal Courts PRANK POWELL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

FRANK NASE. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, TARBORO, N. C.

Practices in all the Courts, State and Fed-GEORGE HOWARD,

Attorney and Counselor at Law. TARBORC N. C. Practices in all the Courts, State and nov.5.1y.

ANDREW JOYNER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, GREENVILLE, N. C. In future will regularly attend the Superior ourts of Edgecombe. Office in Tarboro House,

G. M. T. FOUNTAIN, TTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Tarboro, N. C.,

DONNELL GILLIAM H. A. GILLIAM. CILLIAM & 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 upreme Courts at Raleigh.

CIRCUIT .- Edgecombe, Nash and Wil-

son. Loans negotiated on reasonable terms.

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TARBORO, TARBORO, [Batlet & Hart, Rocky Mount, N. C.,] Practice in the courts of Nash, Edgecombe, Wilson and Halifax counties. Also in the Federal and Supreme Courts. Tarboro office, up-stairs over new Howard building, Main street, opp. Bank-front room.

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O. WOODWARD.

- Norfolk, Va. E, B. BLAMIR Will mail samples of DRY GOODS WHEN REQUESTED, Dresses made to order. Correspondence icited, tatalogues of Patterns mailed

to any address.

## A WOMAN'S QUESTION,

thing Ever made by the Hand above— A woman's heart, and a woman's life, And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing As a child might ask for a toy, Demanding what others have died to win,

With the reckless dash of a boy? You have written my lesson of duty out, Manlike you have questioned me;

You require your mutton shall always be hot Your socks and your shirts shall be whole; require your heart shall be true as God's

stars. And pure as heaven your soul. You require a cook for your mutton and beef I require a far better thing;

I look for a man and a king. A king for a beautiful realm called home,

am fair and young, but the roses will fade From my soft, young cheek one day; Will you love me then, 'mid the falling lea As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

I may launch my all on its tide? loving woman finds heaven or hell On the day she is made a bride.

If you give this all I would stake my life To be all you demand of me. If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook

You can hire with little to pay : But a woman's heart and a woman's life Are not to be won that way. -N. O. Times-Democrat

Tragedy-A Moral.

Jeannie Welch in Buffalo Courier. List to the thrilling tale of a handker chief. Not many sensons since a fair and very beautiful Buffalo girl lost her handkerchief in climbing the Alps, and although we may fancy she searched long and zealously in the shadows of the A few hours after a party of tourists, numbering two, and consisting of a newly wedded husband and wife, whose marriage rites had been performed by a Buffalo clergyman but a few short weeks before in the bride's native home at Groveland, Livingston county, passed over the same road, and the bride's affrighted steed, backing and rearing at sight of the white handkerchief at the roadside, wellnigh plunged over the precipice. The husband hastily dismounted and picked up the handkerchief, and handed it to his wife who put it in her pocket and henceforth it became as her own, for the nam on the border, which she supposed to b that of some English dame, was not to be found on the register of the mountain inn where they spent the night. From that brief blissful wedding journey the bride returned to America to attend the funera of her father-in-law in Canada, and while visiting a friend in her native place, Grove-

land, she chanced to mention to a kinswo man the curious circumstances of finding the handkerchief, and her pleasure, since she was unable to get a clue to the owner, bit of cambric in her own possession About one year after, having returned meanwhile to Europe, she died in Geneva, Switzerland, where she had resided since her brief trip to America. In her last will and testament she ordained that her wardrobe should be given to her kinswomen at Groveland, N. Y. In the summer of 1885, a young gellant from Buffalo chanced to be visiting in Groveland, and one day in playing lawn-tennis with him his fair young hostess dropped her handkerchief on the lawn. With his accustomed courtesy he dashed across the lawn and seized the handkerchief which lay like a snowflake on the green expanse, when his startled eye caught sight of a familiar name on the border. Perhaps the original owner of the mouchoir can

tell why his hand trembled and his cheek blanched, as in restoring the bit of cambric to his companion, he said, slightly "Do you know Miss --- ?" repeating the

ame on the handkerchief. "Why, no. By you?" said she. "Then, pray tell me," said he, evading

session of her hankerchief?" "Why," replied she, "I may say that I inherited it." A lately deceased kinswoman left me a portion of her wardrobe, and I have always had a peculiar feeling about this handkerchief (which was among her things), because it so nearly caused her death," detailing to him the circumstances related above. "My kinswoman," added she, "always

supposed that it belonged originally to an English lady." The handkerchief was without more ado entrusted to the keeping of the hero of the tennis field, who returned it to its first owner.

Moral: Mark your handkerchiefs.

I am convinced that people think enough; it is the utterance of thought that is needed. If the habit of brave attempts at this utterance could be formed and, despite all criticism, be persevered in. how much more should we give to each other? What a world of enjoyment and improvement would spring up! How Athenian would Yankee life become! A Socrates at every doorway, an Aspasiawithout Aspasia's reproach—at every tea urn, full of discourse that would exclude the weary pettiness of thoughtless talk. Do this for your neighbors and you will be to them Ferdinands and Isabellas, making of them the discoverers of more than a continent, for they will discover themselves, and you will pay to them the debt you owe to those who have done the same for you. But do not conceive yourself an original person. It is a snare and a delu-

A Tender Heart.

Young Lady-And so you've really been on a whaling voyage, Mr. Hardyman ? Mr. Hardyman-Yes. Young Lady-How delightful! I am ssionately fond of fishing, too, but I feel sorry sometimes for the poor little belpless wriggling things, it seems so

Bishop Wilson, of Baltimore, of the M. E. Church, South, who is sojourning with his family near Asheville, took a dose of aconite by mistake, Wednesday morning, and created a the pleasure of seeing the train on sensation. Doctors were bustling around lively, The aconite was, however, says the Citizen, the leaf extract, and comparitively innocuous, the payment of pension claims can and nothing serious resulted.

## SAILOR WOMEN.

Do you know you have asked for the costlies

Now and Then a Woman Has Become a Sailor, and Has Made Fame and Sometimes Fortune-Ferocious Female Pirates. "Women are making their way on shore

Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul Until I shall question the

seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—

And a man that the maker, God, Shall look upon as he did the first, And say, "It is very good."

s your heart an ocean, so strong and deep

require all things that are grand and true, All things that a man should be;

TALE OF A HANDKERCHIEF. Lost in the Alps it Almost Causes

"Ship owners have a cast-iron, casehardened rule which forbids skippers to take their wives to sea, the theory being that a Captain will be looking after the wife when he ought to be looking after the ship. It's a bad theory, and is not always held to. There is the case of the cargo ship Edgar, homeward bound from Senegal to London. The fever broke out, and all the crew were prostrated excep went into the engine room, and the Captain's wife steered. But for her grit the ship would have been lost. "Then there was the heroic Mary Patten, who was with her husband in a voyage

around the Horn in the early days of the California gold excitement. Her husband was taken sick off the Horn, and she took his place on the quarter deck, The crew were a lot of swabs, and none of them knew a sextant from a spud-bag, not even the mate; but Mrs. Patten kept the log. and took the sun, and navigated the ship into 'Frisco, caring for her husband when It was her watch below, "Another case where a woman served as skipper is that of the British brig Cleetus, Miss Betsy Miller, master. Her

father was a ship owner of Saltcoats. He had no sons, and took his daughter into his office and about the docks as a companion. She gradually picked up a knowledge of ships and navigation. Finally she became so much enamored with a life at sea that her father put her in command of the Cleotus which he built especially for her. For more than twenty years she sailed the Cleotus about the stormy coasts of Great Britain and the continent, resisting the woolngs of the many gallant sailor boys who were fascinated by her bravery, and when her father died she succeeded to and conducted his business successfully.

"Not long ago a man who had for years served as quartermaster in the British navy died at a hospital in London. His name was Thomas Phelan. He was born on the frigate Swallow in 1812, his mother having been regularly shipped on board the vessel. She was a married woman, her husband being a gunner. Three weeks after Tommy was born the Swallow was attacked by two French vessels off Frejus. During the action Mrs. Phelan was stationed to assist the surgeon in the care of the wounded. While the ships were engaged, yardarm to yardarm, word reached her that her husband had been dangerously wounded on deck. She at once rushed on deck and took him in her arms. He opened his eyes, whispered her name, and then closed them again. At that instant a large cannon ball took off her head, and the two died together. They were sewed up in one hammock and

buried in the sea after the action was "Not the least interesting of the stories of women at sea are the tales of the female pirates. Some of them are historical as well as comantic. Alwilda, the daughter of Synardus, a Gothic King, was betrothed by her father to Alf, the heir to the throne of Denmark. The proposed marriage was so disagreeable to Alwilda that she gathered a troup of young Amasons, dressed them in the garb of sailors, left her home, and put to sea as a viking. She was exceedingly courageous and successful. Finally she one day found a crew of pirates who were bewailing the loss of their commander. She proposed that they sail under her command. The men were pleased with her bearing and readily accepted. With this increase of forces she became a terror to the coast and rapidly increased her fleet and the number of her sailors. It finally became necessary to exterminate this new band of pirates under an unknown and handsome commander, and Alf, the rejected lover, was placed in command of the naval fleet that was ordered to search for her. The two fleets met in the gulf of Finland. Alwilda laid her ship alongside the Admiral's, and in the battle that ensued half of her crew was killed outright, and she was overpoweaed by the Admiral himself. She wore a casque over her head, and was not recognized until she had been disarmed, and the casque was removed. The astonishment of the prospective King was great when he saw the runaway girl. His valor in action had

who conquered her Preparing for an Emergency. Young Man-Can you lend me your rubber mark eraser until morning, Charley?

something to bite on on my way home. Everything has been arranged for

what used to be Col. Jones' hill .-Louisburg Times. Auditor Roberts does not think that begin befor October 1st.

the immediate completion of the rail-

road and our citizens will soon have

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE WORK | BETTY AND THE COWS. Explained by a Writer Who Has Done Both. AN OCCUPATION IN WHICH MEN EXCEL

the age, says a Washington correspon-dent of the Chicago News, are engaged by the great newspapers, the other half are writing books, and all of them, more or less, are selling their names attached to their second and third class work, and rumaging their waste baskets for the said an old skipper to a New York Sun benefit of the magazines. The publishers of these periodicals appreciate their true reporter, "but it will be a long time, I'm status. Year by year they are paying thinking, before you will see a woman in

the engravings alone—and they are advertised very much as the late Dr. Branreth advertised his celebrated proprietary medicines. It is nip and tuck between the magazines and certain manufacturers as to which shall sell the most volumes or bottles.

The editor of one of the leading magazines of the country told me on one occasion that he did not see how it was possiwithout any watch below worth speaking ble for anybody to make a living by magazine writing. In my humble opinion this settles the question. A pursuit at which it is impossible to make a living can never in this age command the best and brightest minds. The magazines pay no salaries except to the editors-and only pay for the matter they print. No doubt the newspapers would be glad enough if they could do likewise, but,-mark wellthe newspapers cannot exist without a class of writers who not only are paid for their work, but for their time when they are not working, and who command, even the lowest of them, living salaries not only in an open market, but where there are multitudes of people ready and anxlous to write for nothing. In no branch of trade-for literature is a trade as well as art-can this anomalous condition be found where workers hold their own, demanding and receiving good wages for

work which an innumerable army clamors to do for nothing. The rewards of magazine writing are meager even to the most successful. Junius Henri Browne, certainly a most delightful writer, is quoted as saying that he last I took \$90 I'd gotten saved oop i' th' was never able to make more than \$2,000 a year by the hardest kind of work on the magazines. Mrs. Frances Hogdson Burnett, when the Scribners were advertising her the loudest, did not receive \$2,500 a year from the magazine. I think she did 1 thou't I'd best do that to get th' maggot not get more than \$125 a month for a cot't her foolish head. I toud her I'd do monthly part of one of her serial stories, th' milking for her, but she toud me she besides the royalty on the book when it was published-and her contract forbade her to write for any other periodical. Imagine a newspaper writer of Mrs. Bur nett's relative reputation working for about \$200 a month all told, and forbidden | been wanting to get iver since we'd been to write for any other publication! The ip th' country; but, so far, that was all I'd most money a contributor can make out of a magazine is by a serial story, a series

of articles to be published in book form. It is a case in which the interests of the to Gherico. author and publisher are peculiarly assotual money paid for the serial parts it is three salaries among its workers it can afford to do something handsome for them.

The Habit of Saving. Children who have a little money ought | gotten a head on t' her shoulders ! Many boys and girls of to-day hardly

know a higher use for any money that comes into their hands than spending it for some foolish thing as quickly as possi-To such a lesson in self-denial and economy is very important.

As go the boy's pennies and dimes, so, very likely, will go the man's dollars and hundreds by and by.

Without having the spirit of a miser, the person accustomed to save has more The way to keep money is to earn it fair-

Money so obtained is pretty certain to But money that is inherited, or that in any way comes without a fair and just

equivalent, is almost certain to go as it The young man who begins by saving a few dollars a month, and thriftily increases his store-every coin being a representative of good, solid work, honestly and manfully done-stands a better chance to spend the last half of his life in affluence and comfort, than he who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations, or the devious means which abound

in the foggy region lying between fair dealing and actual fraud. Among the wisest and most thrifty men of wealth, the current proverb is, money goes as it comes.

Let the young make a note of this and see that their money comes fairly, that it may long abide with them.

Zola's Last Novel. Extract from Emile Zola's last novel: Rain was falling in Paris. A man

walked the street. He was hungry. He was as hungry as a wolf. He wanted something to eat. He wanted it bad. Rain was falling. The river roared. It roared loud. The man leaned over the bridge. He was hungry. The rain ceased. The man left the bridge. He could not take it with him. He could not have disposed of it. The pawnshops were closed. The man stopped in front of a restaurant. Through the lace curtains he saw people eating. It seems they had come there to eat. The man was hungry. The rain had ceased. The bridge still remained in its place. The curtain was partly drawn aside. He saw a soldier eating canned eel. He wanted some. meantime won the respect of the Poor fool! His mouth watered. That fair pirate, and she married the man was all it could do. How he wished it could bread as well as water. But it couldn't. People met him. His pinched face gave them the impression that he was drunk. He was not. He was hungry. He could find no work. He was too Charley—Certainly.
Young Man—Thanks. I'm going up tonight to ask old Moneybags for his daughler, and if I don't get her I shall want semesthing to hits on on my way home.

Transler.

gry, The could find no work. He was too honest to beg and not proud enough to steal. He was in a bad fix. The rain had ceased. The man was hungry. His mouth watered. The soldier continued to eat pickled eel. Poor fool!"—Arkansaw

> The Bibical Recorder says that a young colored preacher in a recent sermon, wishing to display his learning, would occasionally use the word "curiculum," and as often as he used it, some of the sisters said "Glory!"

is an American citizen.

BY WILLIAM WHITWORTH. -One-half of the really good writers of He had a jovial florid face, of decided English type, and his speech was strongly sarked by the same nationality. Seated in the opposite side of a more than com only cheery open fire-place, surrounded a great display of bright tinware hangto the walls, and corner cupboard filled

> an of equally striking English asclean and neat as a pin," with eyes, and brown hair just turning gray. There was a twinkling gleam of humor lancing at the corners of his eyes as he held his short pipe aloft and said to me:

th pretty blue deft, glass, and China, sat

"Do yoo knaw, I used to have t'same ding'd fool idea aboot t'women. Nobbody ouldn't tell me a woman had any head for business. It's t'English idea, yo knaw, that t'women like cats should stick to theer ouwn firesides. I was browt up t'that notion, and nobbody couldn't mak me believe as t'women weer fit for owt but tendin' t'children and makkin' things

comfortable for t'husband. "But, dang my buttons yo knaw, t'oud nisaus theer—ah! she's gotten a head on her oud shou'ders !-t'oud missus theer let me knaw a blamed sight better nor that. Listen, and I'll tell yo how it coom.

We'd gotten nobbut a wee mite of a grandchild t'th house. She were a bonny little lass as iver yo setten eyes on. And t'missus says to me one day:

"David, lad, I donna like thee to be do-' ibery bit o' th' work and me doin' nowt. Let me get some work o' some kind and help thee.' "I up and toud t'oud dame a this'n:

Thee tend to th' housework and leave me to do th' airning out o' doors. Thee's gotten no head for business. That's men's work.' But she kept on worriting, so at savings bank and bought a couple o' cows. 'Na,' lass, says I, 'thee can potter thee time away wi' them'-makkin' sure she'd be sick enoof o' her job in a little while. could manage hersen if I'd tend to th'

work I were doin.' "I must tell yo as I'd gotten that \$90 saved to'ards a little house and lot we'd iver been able to scrape oop. And noo I made sure enoof 't was all as good as gone

saved up aboon their keep, and in a year probably not large. As for the salaries of t'whole price o' th' house rent, clean and one editor-in-chief of a magazine, and one 'slick as a whistle! T'say I was astonished or two subordinates, I imagine they are | wean't begin to tell 'ow I felt about it good; as the magazine pays only two or Dang my buttons, yo knaw, it was turning t'oud ideas topsy-turvey. I coodn't see into it upon onny other basis 'cept t' idear as at least one o' th' women folks had

t'eend of another year she had fower more cows boughten, and had me rent a bigger place; and when I wanted to help to tak some o'th trouble ofn' her hands, she toud me to stick to my man's wark, and let her manage hersen! A head upo' her shoulders! She managed t'sich a way as pretty nigh bewildered me. When counted ten cows-all clean paid for, and butter and keeping the accounts as farrantly as a store clark, I had to acknowl-

edge I was beaten-flat beaten! "But she surprised me worse nor that "David, my lad, th' work is getten a nost too much for me. I can manage weel enough, but I want help i' th' wark part. I think thee had better let thy wark go and stay at home and put in a'

thy time wi' me.' "And, dang my buttons, mister, Betty actooally hired me to work for her, while she did th' managing! Bless my soul, how the bare idea stunned me? It knocked all t'oud English ideas aboot t' women folks having no head for business

"Dash my wig! what a head that little dame let me see she had upoo her shoulders! To tell the clean truth I was nowheer. At first, to say it plain, I was mightily miffed P the bottom. T'oud English idea stuck to me above a bit. But when she keept on till theer was seventeen as bonny cows as iver yo see, all clear paid for, and a house of our ouwn on a biggish piece o' ground secured by a solid payment down, I hugged t'dear lass to my whiskers wi' a buss as did her soul good, and said :

"'Betty I the'es gotten a better head on thy shoulders nor I iver had, and I ouwn

"And noo, mister, when yo iver hear a fool chap puttin' women down below a man's capacity for business, send him to oud SammylWivvletree, and I'll show him such a head as he'll niver have uppo his shoulders if he lives till he's as old as Methuselam !"

Worldly Wisdom. It is the hardship that sails on the sea

Envy is the acknowledgment of the forwhiskey. Love is blind, but matrimony is a great oculist.

A fool's advice is better than a knave's. It is at least sincere. Cheek boldly enters where modesty dare not pull the door-bell. It is the easiest thing in the world to keep somebody else's temper.

We regret that the Rocky Mount and Weldon Fairs will occur the same in Weldon, as the premium list of controls a base ball nine. the Weldon Fair first gave the dates The friends of Riel claim that he November.—Tar River Talker.

A CURL PAPER ROMANCE.

The Girl Who Fixed Her Back Hair

sented a house in a neighboring city, and was accorded a cordial reception. After getting through with the business in hand the merchant was so prepossessed with the agent that he asked the pleasure of introducing him to his family at dinner the same day. The invitation was mod-estly and thankfully accepted, and after a few remarks the gentleman separated to meet at an appointed place and hour. The merchant immediately informed his wife of the intended visit, that she might make suitable arrangements for the entertainment of the expected guest. It was warm day, just the sort of a day to keep away from extensive toilets and new acquaintances. So indignation followed the announcement that a guest was coming, and the daughters declared that they would neither take their hair out of curl papers nor change their gowns for other garments. This in consideration of the paternal ancestry furnished food for conversation for the next four hours, and by time for dinner the sweet girls had entered into a solemn compact that they would not only look as ugly as possible, but did not intend to say "a single word" to the horrid stranger. They knew he would be old and uninteresting, and they didn't care any way. Finally the guest was announced and the young ladies, at least two of them, gloating over their independence, and each feeling every inch a martyr, floated to the parlor in their neglige costumes and were formally introduced to the stranger. But one of the sisters broke the compact entered into and appeared in a neat-fitting dress, with her hair becomingly arranged and forming a strong contrast to her more inde-

pendent sisters. The dinner passed off without incident, the polite stranger making himself generally agreeable, but paying no especial attention to either of the three. Observing the etiquette of polite society, he called on the family the next evening, and after spending a brief hour with them left with the assurance that he would be welcomed at any time ladies voted him "the nicest man' they had ever met, and the dear mother could talk of no one else Three or four days after this, while the father was engrossed in the details of flag of distress. As the wreck has never business, one morning he came across a since been heard of, it is supposed that the

The letter was answered affirmatively: the young and ardent lover immediately returned to the city to begin the wooing of his lady-love. It was a short and an ardent courtship, and in the end he won his suit. After remaining for a week or ten days the gentleman returned home, got the free consent of his own parents, and the wedding-day was appointed. They were married in eight weeks and, live in elegant style in a city not far from Louiswille. The parents of the gentleman are

wealthy and he is the only child.

swooped down upon a poultry yard, and, overcome and spoke laboredly. The next eizing a hen, flew with it to the top of a day he was even less effective. Later he neighboring tree. The hen made a great | was compelled to ask his opponent for a ontcry, and before the hawk could kill it | postponement of certain appointments a swallow made a dash at the hawk, and which was granted. Before the campaign pecked and worried it so that it released | ended he had abandoned the field alto he hen and attempted to fly away. The gether. hen fluttered to the ground and ran back | Meantime the Democratic candidate up its attack on the hawk, and it was stronger, cheerier and more effective with soon joined by other swallows. The courageous little birds surrounded the hawk, and assailed it fiercely, until the big bird dropped to the ground. The farmer on which gave me the election. With the openwhose ground the conflict took place hurried to the spot. The swallows had the mercilessly. They were so much engaged in the attack that the farmer walked within three feet of them before they discovered him and flew away. The farmer picked up the hawk. Both of its eyes had been picked out, and it was so badly hurt in other ways that it died in a few

The Secret of True Happiness. observed, that those persons who have attained to eminence in any vocation of life have followed a uniform course, that of earnest work and unwearied application. None are truly happy but those that are busy; for the only real happiness lies in useful work of some kind, either of the hand or the head, so long as overexertion of either is avoided. It should be the aim of every one to be employed. If all men and women were kept at some useful ployment, there would be less sorrow and wickedness in the world.

" Here Lies."

The poorson of a pious Friend opened the first roller skating rink week, and we suggest that a change be made. We believe the date was fixed for the Fair here before it was

November.—Tar River Talker.

By all means let Weldon change.

carried 400,076 passengers on Saturday without accident or any noticeable delay.

Won the Beau and is Happy. A well-dressed young gentleman of about thirty years of age presented his card to the head of one of the largest business houses of Louisville, Ky. He repre-

known to them was to be taken in tow. giving as a reason that they had on board he might return to the city. The young away, leaving the fish owners flying their

letter which banished all thoughts of fish, wreck and sailors kept Easter at the trade and profit from his brain. It was bottom of the sea. from this young stranger. He asked permission to address his daughter. After worrying over the matter all the morning the father took the letter home and gave it to his wife. Not understanding it, she gave it to each of the daughters. They were as much startled as their parents The divine stranger had previously given no intimations of any serious intention and had hardly had a word in private wit any of them. There was a mystery some where. After giving the matter much consideration it was decided that the father should write the handsome stranger and ask of him plainly which one of the daughters he desired to address. The letter was written and mailed, and oh! the suspense and agitation of the next four days. No one who came to the door of the beautiful house could bring as much of interest to the occupants as the postman, and his coming was the one absorbing topic in that household. Finally, on old thermometer out in the barn, but the third morning there came a letter; what is it good for ?' it was postmarked from the city of the stranger, aed the handwriting was much like that of the first. It was anxiously taken to the most private part of the house, and, with mother and daughters breathless with suppressed excitement, the seal was broken, the contents read, and the name of the fortunate girl disclosed. It

was the one who had taken the pains to dress herself becomingly at the first

Near Youngsville, N. Y., a large hawk | candidate came up alling. He seemed

Somebody has saids what everybody has want to quarrel, wait till the children are gone to bed. Then they will not see you

"Yes," said an old man, visiting the grave-yard in his native town after long years of absence, and reading an inscription-"'Here lies Sam. Brownlow.' I might have known he was lying somewhere, for he never told the truth that I can ever remember of in all his life. But it's kinder mean throwing it up to him that way after he's dead and gone and can't hit back."

The New York elevated railroads

Cause of Non-Church Attendance. According to information given to the Christian Union by a large number of clergymen, not more than five per cent. of American artisians in cities habitually attend religious services of any kind. All but two of the letters say that the attendance is diminishing, and all but one that the neglect is not from unbelief in Christianity. The cause of non-church attendance, as given by these experts, may be summed as follows: The men have to go to work all the week, and they recreate on Sunday. They cannot dress as well as those with whom they must associate, and therefore star away. They think se-cret societies are as good as the church. They are unable to pay for the privileges secause of the high prices of things which they must have. The large salaries of the ministers disgust some. Some feel that the minister is a hireling, and therefore seeks to upbuild his church as a

doctor seeks to increase his practice, not from love of souls, but to increase his salary. Some employers of labor are so bad in their treatment of their employees that the men do not want to go where of the stomach and bowels. They are they shall meet those in whose real Christianity they have so little faith. All the letters indicate that especially in the the best of all purgatives for family use. arge places artisians feel they are not welcome in churches frequented by the

An Extraordinary Shipwreck. On an outward March trip of the steamship Germanic she discovered one day the wreck of a vessel, to which several men were clinging, and holding aloft a flag of distress. A fearful sea was running, but the Germanic's captain determined to do what he could at all hazards, so a boat was lowered and four sailors, literally taking their lives in their hands, started for the wreck. After several hours of hard work they reached it when, instead of rescuing the men, they were seen to put about and pull for the steamship. The Germanic's captain was astonished beyond measure, but, after some hours of exhaustive work, the sailors returned, to explain that the wreck was in no danger of sinking, and that the only want the people on board made

into market before the expiration of Lent. The wreck's mast, rudder and sails had been blown away, but still her captain would not abandon his fish. The Ger-

Humors of the Day.

a cargo of fish which they wished to get

"Sleeping out loud" is the child's definition for snoring. ladies. Well, if they will occupy the fence occasionally it will give the gate a rest, and the whole business will wear out

"Grandpa, dear, we have come to wish you many happy returns of your birth-day; and mamma says if you will give our way home. A girl with three arms is an attraction in a Lonisiana side-show. She can play the piano with two of them and turn the

music with the other, thus saving the expense of a young man. "Uncle John," said Annabelle, "you must congratulate me. I am graduated."
"H'm!" grunted Uncle John; "so is our

child. I'm afraid that husband of yours neglects you terribly. He's always at his club when I call." "Yes, mamma; but Alonzo writes that he cannot help writ ing "poetry"; that it is a frenzy with him—a passion. That he talks in verse even in ordinary conversation, and wants to know if a trip across the ocean to the homes of poetry would not be good for

your head, Alonzo. Soak it up to the armpits, and keep it under eleven hours. A Campaign Secret Given Away. In the campaign of 1884 the two candidates for governor in a "pivotal" Western State arranged for a series of joint discussions. Both men were popular, both of fine appearance and were so well matched in mental force and as orators that the contest between them promised to be a magnificent one. For severa

weeks the scales balanced evenly. But one day the brilliant Republican

to the poultry yard. The swallow kept | continued his canvass, seeming to grow ing of my campaign I began caring for my liver. I knew that a disordered or torpic liver meant duliness and possible sick-ness. I took something every day. When my opponent began failing I knew his trouble to be his liver and felt like pre-scribing for him, but feared if I did so he might beat me! I grew stronger as the campaign progressed, often making two speeches a day. Even my voice, to my surprise, did not fail me once. All be-cause Warner's safe cure kept me in A 1 trim." Ex-Governor Jacob of Kentucky also made a campaign tour under precise v similar circumstances and says he kept up under the exhausting strain by use of the same means. - Rochester Union

> Treat them kindly. Don't preach politeness and propriety to them and violate their laws yourself. In other words, let the example you set them STATON & ZOBLLER be a good one.

Never quarrel in their presence. If you

and perhaps by that time you may not want to quarrel. Never talk "old folks" talk in front of PHARMACISTS Never speak flippantly of neighbors before children. They may meet the neighbors' children and have a talk about it. Teach them to think that the little boy

in rags has a heart in him in spite of the rags-and a stomach, too. Teach them, as they grow older, that a respectful demeanor to others, a gentle tone of voice, a kind disposition, a generous nature, an honest purpose, and an in dustrious mind, are better than anything else on earth. Teach them these things, and self-reliance and intelligence and capability will come of themselves. Teach them these things, I say, and your boys and girls will grow up to be noble men and women.

-Pittsburgh Traveler. The Chinese are experimenting with the cultivation of the opium pop in California.

NO. 35-

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