The Tarborough Southerner.

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

VOL. 68. NO. 29. TARBORO', N. C. THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1890. PRICE FIVE CENTS

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JEF' SO.

You kin chirp about yer cities an' yer miles o' brown stun frunts,
An' yer swarries, balls, an' cepahuns, an' yer other plaisure hunts;
Yer 'lec'tic light an' hoss cars, an' steam b'ilers whis'lin s'rill;
But them's the things wot never suits yer homely Uncle Bill!

Yer brown stun frunts looks part enaff an' solid like an' clean,
But ain't nothin' to a farmhouse nes'lin' white amoangst the green;
An' yer boasted ole serciety's a pack o' lies, b'gosh!
Worse'n patent med'cine cir'lars or Doc Wiggins' weather bosh!

An' knowin' 'at her time hes cum to help all things rejoice,
The ole cow in the clover fiel' lifts up her good ole voice,
An' ain't cent like the peaceful lambs begins to skip an' romp,
While the bullfrog gargles out his throat 'way back ther' in the swamp.

The time I allus feel the mileenyum's come to pass
Is after supper's over an' I'm settin' on the grass
A lis'pin' to the cherrup o' the birds among the trees,
A twitterin' sweeter music 'an Miss Patty to the breeze.

Wot comes sobbin' through the branches fer to kiss the dyin' sun,
An' goes flirtin' with the swallers 'fore the kiss is half begun,
While the sun keeps peggin' right along a-layin' on his paint,
'Mid the whig'le o' the chic'dee and night-hawk's s'rill complaint.

An' so I set here, happy, 'tih the children at my knees,
A-askin' lots o' fool questhuns about the busin' bees,
An' when the wind hes died away an' ev'rything is still,
I stretch my legs along the grass an' say out with a will:

Sum folks hankers fer the city, but this suits yer Uncle Bill!

—(K. C. Tapley.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A canal will soon be built between the Black and Caspian Seas.

The sights of the new British rifle allow for an elevation up to 2,800 yards.

The Japanese are cultivating a taste for beer and porter as well as for European costume.

Labouchere says that "the American girl has almost entirely cut out the English girl in public favor."

Baldwin, the balloonist, leaped from his balloon with a parachute at the height of 6,000 feet. He fell in safety.

At 260 yards the Lepel rifle would go through two men. The French arsenals have enough ammunition to supply each soldier with 2,500 cartridges.

A swimming dress, to enable a swimmer to blow up mines and hostile boats, has been tried in the German navy. It is a sort of modified Paul Boynton affair.

A considerable part of the Prince of Wales's expenses has gone to pay for uniforms which he must wear at foreign courts. He has over 80 of them, and some cost $600 or $700.

Two young Germans in Berlin fought a duel with tricycles. Starting at 300 yards apart, they charged full tilt against each other, with slight injury to themselves and serious hurts to their machines. Their honor was satisfied.

Professor Thompson, who was a teacher in Philadelphia when he made the discoveries which have placed him among the world's millionaires, holds that sooner or later electricity will be obtained direct from fuel without the intervention of steam.

A. P. Gordon Cumming has discovered a new species of violet on his place near Sykesville, Md. It is a single violet, and the flower leaves are a soft white, striped or mottled with light and dark purple. The fragrance is very sweet. The new violet is welcome to a place among the old-established flowers that bloom in the spring.

SIX BRIGHT BOYS.

And How They All Became More or Less Distinguished.

The death of Senator Beck, of Kentucky, touched none of his colleagues more closely than Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, and the reason of this was told a few nights ago by John Sawteller, a prominent merchant of Lexington, Ky. "About 40 years ago," said he, "there were six farmer lads working in the northern portion of the State of New York, every one of whom has since become prominent in public affairs. A radius of 50 miles from the point of junction of Livingston, Wyoming, and Niagara counties included the early homes of these youngsters, all but one of whom were born there. That one was James Burnie Beck. The others were Angus Cameron, Francis Kernan, Henry M. Teller, Jerome B. Chaffee, and John Roderick McPherson. The young fellows all worked hard, and made the most of the limited educational facilities afforded them.

"They were all acquaintances, and kept up their knowledge of each other even after they had drifted away from their farms in search of wider fame and fortune. On December 4, 1876, when Henry M. Teller and Jerome B. Chaffee took their seats as the first Senators from the new State of Colorado, the four men who stood by their sides as the oath was administered them, were their former boy friends, who had known them years before. Francis Kernan was Roscoe Conkling's colleague in the Senate, Angus Cameron was Senator from Wisconsin, James B. Beck was Senator from Kentucky, and John R. McPherson was Senator from New Jersey. The sextet was first broken by the death of Senator Chaffee a few years ago, and now Mr. Beck follows him. All the others are still living. Mr. Teller, after serving as Secretary of the Interior, is back in the Senate, and John R. McPherson is there still. Angus Cameron is practicing law in Wisconsin, and Francis Kernan is enjoying the sweets of an honorable, and comfortable old age."

ALMOST EXTERMINATED.

COUNTLESS HERDS ONCE ROAMED THE WESTERN PLAINS.

Where Are They Now?—A Sad Chapter of Ruthless Slaughter—Barely a Thousand Survivors—Uncle Sam's Tame Herd—The Loss Is Irreparable.

One of the most melancholy chapters in American history, at least in American natural history, is graphically told in the recently published Government report on "The Extermination of the American Bison," by W. T. Hornaday. But a few years ago the bisons, buffalos, as we wrongly call them, on our western plains were as much on the sea shore. It seemed impossible that they should ever decrease, yet on January 1, 1890, the number of individuals in the whole country was known as exactly as the inhabitants of a rural village—there were only 1,091 of them, and of these 806 were tame. The tribe will probably never become entirely extinct like the New Zealand moa or the dodo of Mauritius, for the Government now protects a small herd in the Yellowstone Park, yet these by continual interbreeding will probably decrease in size till the huge creature that once roamed our plains shall become a sort of domestic animal of no remarkable dimensions.

The bison, so says Mr. Hornaday, once ranged over about one-third of the entire North American continent, from almost tide water on the Atlantic to the Western prairies, across the Rockies to Utah and Idaho, southward into Mexico, and north to the Great Slave Lake. It was at its heyday about a century and a half ago, and probably, if left undisturbed, it would have reached the Pacific Slope. As late as 1870 "it would have been as easy to count or to estimate the number of leaves in a forest" as to tell the number of bisons in the country. The last of the great herds, seen in 1871, was 35 by 50 miles in extent and contained not less than 4,000,000. In places the plains were black with the animals as far as the eye could reach. A train once passed 120 miles through this great herd. This was the northernmost of the two great herds into which the Pacific Railroad had divided the bisons of the West in 1869. The builders of the Kansas Pacific in 1871, running through the headquarters of the southern herd, was the main cause of its destruction. The slaughter, which reached its height in 1873, was so wanton and wasteful that, so it is said, every hide sent to market represented four animals actually slain. Three and a half millions of this southern herd were slaughtered between 1873 and 1874, and by 1875 the remnant, only about 10,000, fled into Texas, where only a few now remain. The northern herd, partially preserved by the enormous territory over which it became scattered, had its numbers thinned by the Indian hunters till finally, in 1880, the Northern Pacific Railroad gave it its death blow. In that year the herd was hemmed in, and by February, 1883, only a few thousand of them were alive.

Even the hunters themselves did not know how ruthless had been the slaughter, for in the autumn of 1883 costly expeditions were organized and actually went to the hunting grounds, only to find that the game, once numbered by countless millions, was practically annihilated. It was thought at first that the herd had escaped into British territory, for it could not be believed that the animals had been exterminated in so short a time, but their extinction is now only too well known. In addition to the small herd—about 200—protected in the Yellowstone Park, scattered individuals or small droves exist here and there throughout the West, but these are steadily hunted down, and soon there will be none left.

This whole story is rather sad reading, especially for any one who cares aught for the preservation of game, or for one who laments the extinction of any race of animals, but its commercial side should not be overlooked. If any one ever deliberately killed the goose that laid the golden egg it was the hunter who exterminated such a valuable animal as the bison.

We hear on all sides the time honored remark about the red man being gradually driven into the Pacific and about the rapid decrease of his numbers, yet reliable statistics are now given showing that there are many more Indians on this continent to-day than there were when Pocahontas averted the alleged war club from the fertile and somewhat mendacious brain of Captain John Smith. Is it any wonder, then, that statements about the decrease of the bison should receive little attention?

But the fact remains that not more than a thousand or so of these animals are left to us, and now their duties will be chiefly confined to filling engagements in menageries and in being stuffed after they have shuffled off their skin and horns. There is only one task remaining to the American people, part of whom have slaughtered bisons from the car windows while the rest looked on with apathy. There is yet money to be made out of the bison. Let the few thousand that remain be killed and the bodies buried; let the stuffed carcases of those already set up in museums be spirited away. Let only one remain, or at least a dozen or so. The price of these will at once raise the fortunate owners to affluence. Let us take a lesson of the dodo, a stuffed specimen of which would to-day bring more than the whole dodo tribe were ever thought to be worth. So much does scarcity enhance the value of a natural history specimen. The bison is not yet quite as scarce as the dodo, but its extinction will be a much greater loss to the world.

HOW TO ENJOY A GOOD CIGAR.

Opinion on the Subject from One Who Is Supposed to Be an Expert.

A cigar dealer on Park Row gives a lesson to an *Evening Sun* reporter on how to smoke for pleasure.

"Few people know how to smoke a cigar to enjoy it," said he. "Most men, after buying their cigars, stick them between their teeth and gnaw the ends off recklessly, tearing and loosening the wrapper in many instances, light their cigars, and puff away as if their very lives depended on finishing them. In many instances the finest cigar will burn irregularly, and smokers lay the blame on the cigar. The cigar may be to blame, but in most instances the fault lies in the way it is handled. After the cigar has been bought the end should be cut smoothly off by the clipper. The reverse end should be placed in the mouth and the cigar blown through. This removes all the little particles of dust which can not be avoided in manufacture, and prevents them from being inhaled into the throat and from producing coughing. The cigar should then be lighted, and particular attention should be paid to its being thoroughly ignited all over the surface of the end. Instead of puffing away like a steam engine, three or four puffs every minute make the best way in which to enjoy the smoke. The smoke should be kept in the mouth a short time in order to appreciate the flavor. Then it should be emitted slowly. In case one side of the cigar should burn and leave a ragged edge on the other side, it is not necessary to relight it, as I have seen many people do. A gentle blow through the cigar, toward the lighted end, will ignite the ragged side, and it will burn regularly. Smoking this way is a pleasure. It frets me to see a man smoking a cigar who does not know how to enjoy it."

Why a Book Was Written.

Talking with an intimate friend of General Lew Wallace the other day, I learned the true inspiration of his famous novel, "Ben Hur." "Wallace was on an Eastern bound train," said my informant, "and while going through the drawing room car he passed the open door of a compartment in which sat Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. 'Come in,' said the latter. 'I'm lonely in here, and want some one to chat with.' Wallace entered and seated himself. 'All right, colonel,' he said, 'what shall we chat about? 'Lots of things,' replied Ingersoll. 'Is there a future life?' Looking out of the window dreamily, as the express sped on, he answered his own query. 'I don't know — do you? Is there a God? I don't know—do you? Was Christ the son of God? I don't know—do you? He paused and looked keenly at Wallace. The general was a little embarrassed by the abruptness of the great infidel's interrogatories. He replied: 'Really Ingersoll, I have never given much thought or study to the question you propound. I had a Christian training, and I have always tacitly accepted them.' 'Indeed!' said Colonel Ingersoll. 'Why, man, you surprise me! They are vital issues. I have studied the subject thoroughly. Every man ought to. Now, take my advice and look into the matter. You'll find you'll agree with me.' 'I went away from this interview both embarrassed and mortified,' said the general, 'that I did not feel competent to discuss so important a matter with so learned a thinker. I made up my mind that I would never place myself again in so embarrassing a situation. I took down my books and read every authority I could lay my hands on. After a year's study, so far from agreeing with the great agnostic in his expressed opinions, I wrote "Ben Hur." That is my reply to him!"—[New York Star.

The Habits of Swans.

Superintendent Conkling says that the swans are curious birds. They pair off every spring, and each pair marks off for its own use a tract of water in the great ponds for its own domain. If any swan during the breeding season swims out of its own domain it is instantly attacked by the rightful occupants of the territory and driven away. How the swans know the boundary lines of their domains on the water is a mystery to all but them, and they don't tell. But they do, and they recognize them as thoroughly as farmers recognize the boundary lines between their farms. The attractive spectacle of the lone black swan sitting on her eggs in the nest on a rocky islet under the bridge near one of the entrances to Central Park, in New York city, is interesting, and hundreds watch her cygnigritude daily. There she sits all day, only rising for a moment once an hour or so, to rest herself, while her careless husband is sailing all about the pond, making himself agreeable to some handsome cygnets who have no nests to care for. "Just like a man," say the ladies who observe his conduct. His wife sometimes stretches up her long neck and lows mournfully after him; but she never deserts the nest. It is to be hoped that she gives him deserved punishment when she gets hold of him.

How It Happens.

A little man asking how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with but indifferent husbands, after many fine offers, was thus aptly answered by a mountain maiden: A young friend of hers, during a walk requested her to go into a delightful canebrake and there get him the handsomest reed. She must get it in once going through, without turning. She went, and coming out, brought him quite a meal reed. When he asked if that was the handsomest one she saw: "Oh, no," replied she, "I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on in hope of a much better, until I had gotten nearly through, and then I had to select the best that was left."

GITTIN' ON.

When I was somewhat younger,
I was reckoned purty gay—
I had my fling at everything
In a rollickin' coltish way.
But times have strangely altered
Since sixty years ago—
This age of steam an' things don't seem
Like the age I used to know.
Your modern innovations
Don't suit me, I confess,
As did the ways of the good ol' days—
But I'm gettin' on, I guess.

I set on the piazza
An' hitch round with the sun—
Sometimes, mayhap, I take a nap
Waitin' till school is done.
An' then I tell the children
The things I done in youth,
An' near as I can (as a vener'ble man)
I stick to the honest truth!
But the looks of them 'at listen
Seem sometimes to express
The remote idee that I'm gone—you see?
An' I am gettin' on, I guess.

I get up in the mornin',
An' nothin else to do,
Before the rest are up an' dressed
I read the papers through:
I bang round with the women
All day, an' hear 'em talk,
An' while they sew or knit I show
The baby how to walk:
An', somehow I feel sorry
When they put away his dress
And cut his curls ('cause they're like a girl's)
I'm gettin' on, I guess.

—(Chicago News.

MR. STANLEY'S CITIZENSHIP.

The Great Explorer's Allegiance to the United States.

When an American flag was presented to Henry M. Stanley at the reception given to him by the Americans in London a short time ago the great African explorer said that he had always considered himself an American and a citizen of the United States, but the circumstances under which he became a citizen are known to only a few. Stanley was naturalized in the superior court of New York on May 15, 1885. A few days ago Thomas Boese, the clerk of that court, told a *Tribune* reporter the circumstances connected with the incident. "On the date mentioned," said Mr. Boese, "the late A. S. Sullivan came into my office and introduced me to Mr. Stanley, who wished to become a citizen of the United States. I did not know that my visitor was the great African explorer until he had been in my office some time. Stanley told me that he had always considered himself a citizen of the United States, as he had served in the Union army, and had been honorably discharged. While traveling in Europe, however, he had met an American gentleman who had informed him that he must go through the forms as provided by statute before he became a citizen, and the fact that he was an honorably discharged soldier did not make him a citizen of the United States. Stanley was about to depart for Africa at that time, and told me that he had come from London to New York especially to be naturalized, and that only a few persons knew that he was in this country. He swore and produced witnesses who swore that he had always considered himself a citizen of the United States, so he received his certificate and departed." Among the 300,000 or 400,000 autographs which Mr. Boese has attached to naturalization papers in his custody Stanley's is the one which is probably prized the highest.

A Patagonian Child Doctor.

When a child in Patagonia is sick, a messenger is dispatched for the doctor, and never leaves him until he comes with him. As soon as the doctor arrives, he looks at the sick child, and then with much ceremony rolls it up in a piece of skin. He then orders a clay plaster, and by this time the child has ceased crying, soothed by the warmth of the skin, and so rendering still more solid his reputation as a wise man. Yellow clay is brought and made into a thick cream with water, and the child is painted from head to foot, causing him to cry again. "The devil is still there," says the doctor sagely, and undoes two mysterious packages he carries, one contains rhea sinews (ostrich) and the other a rattle made of stones in a gourd decorated with feathers. He then fingers the sinews, muttering something for a few minutes, then he seizes the rattle and shakes it violently, staring very hard at the crying child. Then wraps it in the skin again and it ceases crying. Again it is painted, rattled at, and stared at, and again it cries. This is done four times, and then the cure is considered complete. The doctor leaves the child quiet, enfolded in the warm skin, and goes his way, having received two pipefuls of tobacco as his fee. Strange to say the child generally recovers, but if it does not, the doctor gets out of the difficulty by declaring that the parents did not keep the medicine skin tightly around the child and so let the devil get back again. This is the only treatment sick children in Patagonia are ever known to receive.

Before We Turn to Dust.

How long will a human body remain in the earth before it decays until it can not be distinguished from the surrounding clays is a question as yet undecided by the scientists. Much depends upon the character of the soil and the different elements of which it is composed. In countries abounding in limestone, or, again, in regions thoroughly saturated with alkaline waters, human flesh will retain a natural color and firmness for an indefinite period of time. The bogs of Ireland have yielded up bodies fresh and natural that had been buried in their slimy depths for centuries. It is said to be an historical fact that the bodies of three Roman soldiers were found in a peat bog on the Emerald Isle in the year 1569 A. D., fresh and lifelike, although they had been buried almost 16 centuries.

THE HEARTY LAUGH.

The Bible Contains No Command That Man Shall Laugh.

The Bible contains no cheerful exhortation to laughter. For the most part, indeed, it is referred to in the metaphorical sense of "scorning," as when it is written of Leviathan that "he laugheth at the shaking of a spear." But there are passages also where the ordinary meaning is evidently intended, and in almost every one of these it is eyed askance. Solomon is the great authority on the subject. Let him speak for himself: "I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doeth it?" "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness." Again, "A fool lifteth up his voice with laughter, but a wise man doth scarce smile a little." Not very encouraging, truly, to those of hilarious proclivities. It may be legitimate enough to compare the giggle of a fool to "the crackling of thorns under a pot," but it seems hard that there should be no word of approval for the milder merriment of the few who may be supposed not to belong to fooldom. Yes, by the way, there is one, and only one: "A time to laugh," but we may search the Scriptures from Genesis to the Apocalypse without detecting any intimation as to when that time occurs. Probably Solomon meant the brief period of childhood, when ignorance is bliss and we are merry without knowing or caring to know why. He could not consistently recommend any such frivolity to those of a larger growth after having so bitterly commented on the practice in previous chapters.

It must have been constant study of the preacher's gloomy utterances which made laughter so unpopular among the monks of the desert and some of the early fathers. St. Basil, for instance, will have nothing to do with it. No person, he says, of well ordered mind can ever bring himself to indulge in a good laugh, or, in the quaint patristic language, "in immanes cachinnos prorumpere et corpore suesultare." A little further on, thinking, perhaps, that he has not spoken with decision enough, he takes occasion to improve the text, "Woe unto you that laugh now!" It is perfectly plain, he adds, that there is no room whatever for laughter in the life of the faithful ("nullum omnino locum dari fideli, in quo ridere debeat"). Plato, a good many centuries earlier, in constructing his ideal state, expressly warned his readers that laughter loving persons were ineligible as guardians. He even forbade that worthy men should be represented, on the stage or elsewhere, as overcome by their sense of the ridiculous. He does not condemn laughter in itself, however; this was reserved for other and less genial systems of philosophy.—[Gentleman's Magazine.

THE LATEST PERPETUAL MOTION.

This Time It Is a Clock That Needs No Winding.

T. G. Farrar, of Columbus, Ohio, watchmaker, has invented one of the most peculiar clocks of the nineteenth century. It consists of a plate glass dial suspended from the ceiling, and all the parts of it that are visible are the two hands, the pivot upon which they swing, and the dial.

Mr. Farrar worked on the invention for six years before he succeded in perfecting it. He alleges that the only motive power is the gravitation of the earth, and that the clock will run on forever without winding. The only imperfection is that it loses from 4 to 6 minutes per day by the friction of the hands on the pivot, and therefore the hands require to be regulated once in 24 hours.

The hands are of tin, and are hollow and perfectly balanced on the pivot. Mr. Farrar says they are moved by the gravitation of the earth, but it puzzles the spectator to account for the power that raises them after they reach 6.30.

All kinds of theories are afloat to account for this. Some people say that the hollow hands are filled with fluids of different densities that overcome the gravitation of the earth when the hands reach that point. But Mr. Farrar keeps his secret and rejoices over the mortification of the beholder. He insists that electricity is not the motive power.

Woman and Her Stomach.

"Woman is an omnivorous animal," says a great London physician whose investigation of woman's power of eating has led him to the conclusion that she is, as a rule, much more fond of unseasonable food at unseasonable hours than man. "Men do not eat some things," continues this observing practitioner, "because they know if they do they will be dyspeptic and ill tempered the next day, but the frailest woman—bless her sweet soul and strong stomach—will consume the very things a man refuses and rise on the morrow without a wrinkle on her face or a ruffle in her temper to be a comfort to herself and to every one else. Heaven only knows how they do it; the doctors don't."

THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

Just fifty years ago, dear wife,
Since you and I were wed.
To-day's our golden wedding day—
Where can the years have fled?
Am I that shy and awkward youth?
Are you that maiden fair?
With silver threads among the curls
That once was golden hair?

I never can forget the day
That made you all my own.
Your lips like tempting cherries ripe,
Your cheeks like roses blown,
Your sweet eyes shining bright as stars
In fancy yet I see;
And you that day than all the world
Were dearer far to me.

And yet, dear heart, I know that I
Love better far to-day
Than e'en I loved that maiden fair
The wife that's old and gray.
And I will pray that you and I
May walk life's golden sands
Until we reach that better place,
The house not made with hands.

—(Yankee Blade

SPOILED A GREAT SPEECH.

Prepared by Gus Williams for a Watch, but Not Applicable to a Case.

Gus Williams, the comedian, was tendered a benefit in Boston in 1872. He was a great favorite in that city. The benefit was to occur on Friday evening, and along about Wednesday John Stetson, who was manager of the theater where Gus was playing, approached the comedian on the quiet and said:

"Gus, my boy, your friends here are to present you with a watch at your benefit next Friday evening. I didn't want you to be broken up when they came upon the stage with it, so I thought I would tell you, confidentially, what was in the wind. Now you can write up a neat little speech for the occasion and prepare yourself for the ordeal." Gus thanked Stetson heartily. He was pleased with the idea of getting a fine watch. He carried a cheap one, which kept good time, and this he gave away to the property man at once, in order that the presentation committee might see that he had no timepiece.

When he went to his room at the hotel that night, he wrote out a pretty impromptu speech, in which he said that when he gazed at the face of the beautiful watch he would see the faces of his Boston friends; when he saw the hands he would be reminded of the Boston hand of good fellowship; the spring when he looked at it would suggest the well spring of friendship; the chain would bind him to Boston, etc. It was a neat response, and he studied it carefully.

He knew that when he sprung it they would think him a great extemporaneous speaker, and he shook hands with himself. Well, the eventful Friday night came at last. The vast house was packed with his enthusiastic friends. At the proper time the presentation committee filed out on the stage and faced him. He braced himself for the ordeal. The chairman stepped forward and presented him with—a cane. They might as well have hit him over the head with it, as he was unable to speak a word.—[Boston Herald.

THE NEW BRITISH NAVY.

Completion of the Big Battle Ships Nile and Trafalgar.

The English battle ship Trafalgar, which was launched in 1887 and now just completed and ready to go into commission, is one of the heaviest and most powerful war ships afloat. She has a length of 345 feet, a breadth of 73 feet, a displacement of 11,940 tons, and an indicated horse power of 12,000, with a draft of 27 feet 6 inches. She looms up in the distance one of the most powerful, bulky, and terrible monsters that have yet appeared upon the face of the waters at the command of man. Wrought iron, steel, and teak provide an armor that would seem impregnable, and from ram to sternpost provision has been made against the most formidable weapons of modern warfare. Turrets will revolve by hydraulic power. Each contains two 67 ton breechloading guns, which in turn will be loaded and worked by hydraulic power and so arranged that they rise for firing and descend for loading. A full charge calls for 520 pounds of powder. This tremendous monarch, with its towering turrets and citadel, carries 1,200 tons of coal, the amount necessary for steaming 6,500 knots, and the highest speed yet attained by the ship is 16½ knots an hour. The estimated cost at completion is $4,600,000, and is one of a pair, her sister ship being christened the Nile. The navy of England, with its present appropriations and growing numbers, will soon be the admiration of the world. To what extent these immense battle ships will be available in offensive warfare is yet to be shown. For purposes of defense, however, they much excel anything yet produced, and the momentum for ram power must be tremendous and terrible, while the armament provides for fierce execution. But how these immense ships will behave in oceanic storms or in long cruises at a distance from home is yet to be shown.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

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