

The Tarborough Southerner.

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

VOL. 71. NO. 35.

TARBORO, N. C. THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1893.

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ANNIE'S TRIUMPH.

How She Captured Jack in the Presence of Her Rival.

Glimpse of a Pretty Romance Seen in a Chicago Park—Why It Was Lucky for Jack That He Didn't Love Miss Eunice.

He was something of a flirt; she was poor and pretty, and the other girl was possessed of a fortune and hair which her friends called "auburn." He and she sat on a bench in Lincoln park one bright afternoon, and the hyacinths on her hat danced as she talked.

"You didn't come over last Sunday afternoon," she said.

"No; the fact is I was not feeling very well, and—"

"And you thought a walk with Eunice would do you good?" she put in, mischievously.

He assumed an injured air. "I did happen to meet Miss Eunice," he said, stiffly, "quite accidentally, I assure you. I suppose Tom told you?"

"Well, yes," she admitted, "he did."

"And of course you allowed him to prejudice you against me," he returned, bitterly.

She drew a geometrical design on the gravel with the tip of her parasol before her replied:

"O, not at all; it was quite natural for you to join Eunice when you met her," but her tone belied her words.

"You know I don't care anything for Miss Eunice," he said, tenderly.

"Why, I should think those lovely eyes of yours could see more plainly than that."

A little smile lifted the corners of her mouth; this time the design she traced on the gravel was a very intricate one. He looked around to see if anyone were watching and then threw one arm carelessly over the back of the seat.

"Eunice is a very nice girl," she said, demurely. "It is not her fault if she does wear a No. 6 shoe. She wouldn't if she could help it, poor thing."

"I—I don't," he stammered.

"Of course it isn't, and no matter what anybody may say, I am sure she does tell the truth occasionally."

He was fidgeting with his cane.

"O well, Miss Annie," he said, "any foot would look larger after yours."

She moved a little nearer to him and cast a side glance at the russet shoe which protruded from her gown.

"I shan't listen to your flattery," she said; "I just know you don't mean it."

"It isn't flattery, and I do mean it," he asserted stoutly, "and you have no vanity at all, or you would know it is all true."

"O, Jack!"

This time the parasol slid out of her hands, when he returned it their fingers met and lingered.

"You know I don't care for anybody but you," he said, tenderly.

The sun was setting when they arose to depart. He looked down at her with a proprietary air.

"You know now that I do not care a fig for Miss Eunice," he said, softly.

"O, yes," she answered, pleasantly, "and it is lucky you don't."

"Lucky, why so?"

"Because," she responded, brightly, "she passed right by us awhile ago when you were holding my hand and saying that you did not care for anybody but me."

They walked on in silence.—Chicago Tribune.

A CIRCUS ELEPHANT.

Three or four times in my career as a circus man I saw one or more elephants get loose and raise Cain, but I never saw one turned loose but once, and then it was to save the show, and he did it.

Thus said a Michigan rider who was waiting for his train at the Third Street depot the other day. Of course he was asked for the details, and he continued:

"It was a good many years ago, when De Haven had the 'greatest on earth.' His was the first American circus to make a South American trip, and he made barrels of money. He put the price of admission at about fifty cents, and we took five-cent, furs, pelts, hides, blankets and lots of other things in place of money. I was at the door once when I took in four good horses, and again when I took in ten fat cattle. People would come forty or fifty miles to see the show, and if they had no money we stood ready to accept most anything else. The menagerie tickled them, most to death, and the circus performance just raised the roof. Our performers were looked up to as something more than mortal, and the girl who rode her horse, and jumped through hoops could have had her pick of millionaires for a husband."

A BILLIARD-BALL.

The globe of ivory which is knocked about the table in a game of billiards costs, if good quality, at least ten dollars. This represents its cost in money. There is, however, a far more important and formidable element in the price which has been paid for it. The billiard-ball of pure ivory represents, as it lies white and glistening upon the cloth, an expenditure of human life-blood, as well as of money.

Elephants' tusks are brought down to the African coast by caravans, generally in charge of Arabs, which have been trading in the interior. Very often they have picked up slaves as well as ivory. But this phase of the matter may be left out of the account.

It is estimated that every large caravan bringing ivory to the coast has cost more than a hundred and sixty human lives through fights and murders in the course of the expedition. Thirty more men are likely to have succumbed to fevers or other diseases and the fatigue of the march.

NEW AND NOVEL.

A Parisian device, comparatively new in this country, is an alcohol lamp designed to purify the air of smoking rooms and other apartments. The wick is of platinum, and after it has become red-hot an extinguisher is clapped on. After that the incandescence of the platinum continues until the alcohol is exhausted. Alcohol 96 per cent. pure must be used, as anything else would dilute with the incandescence of the platinum. The inventor insists that his lamp produces ozone, and thus purifies the air of any apartment in which it may be left burning.—N. Y. Sun.

AMERICANS IN SIAM.

American first introduced schools into Siam. Americans first introduced steam rice mills and steam sawmills. An American established the first hospital. The first medical class was established by an American and is now conducted by him. Americans have done more than any other nation to establish a friendly feeling and confidence with most of the foreign powers. Americans do not harass the Siamese or covet any part of their territory. In the King's own words: "They bring peace and good will."

HORSE NOTES.

White oak bark will stop the horse's craving for boards.

Have fewer low-speed horses, and the good ones will command a better price.

Judicious feeding is needed to keep up the strength of your horse.

No horse is too good to be used for hard work, no matter if he is well bred. Use the animal, but do not abuse him. That is where the harm comes in.

Horses of equal strength should be harnessed together. To use a weak horse with a strong one is cruelty to the weak, and even to the strong.

A Smart Old Lady.

Mrs. Sarah Phillips, of North Carolina, nearly 82 years of age, put in the loom and wove 18 yards of cloth from the 13th to the 30th of January, which embraced the very coldest days. Her loom was in an old house with only one fire place.

AN EVEN THING.

Dashaway—I hear you are living out at Lonelyville and come in every day. Don't you have to get up pretty early?

Von Blumer—I did, but now I've got to lie on my back in bed for a week.

Dashaway—Doesn't that give you dyspepsia?

Von Blumer—I get too much exercise for that. I have to run like smoke to catch the train.—Judge.

INTO A SHIP'S RIGGING.

Partisan Descent of a Woman Aeronaut at San Francisco.

She is Accompanied by a Clever Little Monkey Who Flies as Many Landing Places as the Aeronaut is Ready to Descend.

"Good heavens! She will be impaled on the mast of that ship!"

The situation was a thrilling one. Up in the air three thousand feet above that arm of the bay lying between Sausalito and Angel Island an immense bag of hot air was violently collapsing. Immediately below it two specks—no larger than the other—were falling, falling to what seemed a cruel death. Two lives hung on the direction and force of a fierce current of air—one of those lives that of a nervous, careless woman, whom many of the breathless spectators had admired and criticized at close range but a few moments before. The other spoke was an innocent little monkey.

THE CENTER OF INTEREST.

Scenes Around the Court of Honor at the World's Fair.

The Court of Honor at the world's fair is the center of architectural interest, whether seen by morning, sunset or electric evening light, and the most conservative spectator cannot restrain his enthusiasm when this glorious sight meets his eyes. The court surrounds the great basin and is bounded on the north, west and south by the building of Manufactures and Liberal Arts and by the Administration and Agricultural buildings respectively, while across the eastern end runs the magnificent Grecian portico with its four rows of columns one hundred and fifty feet high, separated midway by a noble arch supported by a quadriga, the columns adorned with eighty-five allegorical figures which stand out bravely against the blue waters of Lake Michigan and the blue sky above.

AN IMPERIAL FLOWMAN.

A Day in the Field with the Emperor of China.

In order to emphasize the importance of the restoration of the soil, and to encourage his subjects to follow agricultural pursuits, the emperor of China sometimes performs certain duties at the "Emperor's Field," and goes through the form of plowing and other work of the husbandman. One day recently, says the N. A. U. Cable, the emperor set out at daylight from his palace, with a numerous and distinguished train of courtiers and officers. Before breakfast the emperor arrived at the shrine of the deity presiding over agriculture, and his majesty stopped to offer up his thanksgiving and sacrifices. After changing his dress, the morning report was served, at the end of which the emperor proceeded to the field, at the four corners of which were erected four pavilions where the seeds of wheat and other cereals were sown. In the center were numbers of magnificently attired courtiers, each holding aloft a magnificently colored flag, while on the side of the pavilion were scores of aged and white-haired farmers, each having in his hand some agricultural implement. Finding his left hand on the plow and holding the whip in his right hand, the emperor began the ceremony of the occasion. By proclamation the emperor ordered the allotted shares, some within the agricultural implements, while others scattered seeds out of the baskets as if sowing, while the emperor was seated with the plow, which was hitched to a richly caparisoned bullock, draped in yellow and led by two of the emperor's bodyguards. As the emperor finished his round at the plow the three officers who followed him to go through the performance, and after their size high courtiers had their turn, after which the performance closed. Having received the greeting of the officers, the emperor returned to his palace.—Fall Mail Gazette.

THE MONK'S RIGGING.

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THE AUTHOR'S PRETTY HOME.

The house built by Mr. Ruyard Kipling for himself in the midst of the hills near Brattleboro, Vt., is charmingly situated, and commands a superb view of meadow, mountain and woodland, including a prospect of Mount Monadnock and the New Hampshire peaks. The house itself is a long frame structure, two stories and a half in height above the irregularly laid foundation of stone, and is painted in wood greens and browns that harmonize pleasantly with the hillside at its back. In spite of posters, Mr. Kipling has had difficulty in keeping too-curious visitors off his land and out of the house. Near the new dwelling is a homestead of the Kiplings, into whose family Mr. Kipling married, and within easy walking distance is the tiny cottage where Mr. and Mrs. Kipling have spent the winter and are still biding the completion of their larger home. Mr. J. Lockwood Kipling, the novelist's father, who is now staying with them, has been for twenty-eight years in the civil service in India. His son apparently takes kindly to American rural life, and may be meeting about the wooded roads, gun in hand, in heavy boots, shooting suit and huge gray felt hat wreathed with a white pugree—a picturesque figure who might have stepped out of a book of tropical adventures.—Harper's Bazar.

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A NEW RAILROAD IN HONDURAS.

Information received by the bureau of American republics from Belize, British Honduras, states that the colonial government favors the Belize river railroad route as the only practicable one to the frontier. A survey for a main line, in that direction has been made for a distance of thirty-five and one-half miles. The government's choice, however, is antagonized strongly on the ground that the proposed line would not touch the fertile lands of the crown to the south of the Sibun river, a region offering special inducements to immigrants and the only part of the colony where minerals may be found, and where the climate is such as to enable Europeans to work in the open air and keep their health. Coal exists in that section, and gold, in paying quantities, it is thought, may be obtained.

AN EXPLANATION.

Schoolmaster—Now I want all the children to look at Tommy's hands and observe how clean they are, and see if all of you cannot come to school with cleaner hands. Tommy, perhaps, will tell you how he keeps them so nice.

Tommy—Yes; ma makes me wash the breakfast dishes every morning.—Pack.

NOT MADE OF TOBACCO.

"Are you going to send him those cigars for his birthday?"

Allice—Yes.

"I thought you said he didn't smoke."

Allice—Horrors, no! I said he never used tobacco in any form.—Inter Ocean.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A JOURNALISTIC NOVELTY.

Enterprise Proposing to Run a Telegraphic Newspaper in Hungary.

Buda-Pesth, the Hungarian capital, may boast the greatest journalistic novelty of modern times—a telegraphic newspaper. The Oriental Review of that city gives an account of the enterprise that proposes to supply a city of half a million of people with important news delivered by word of mouth. The apparatus in each house occupies a space of about five inches square and has two tubes, so that two columns of the family can get the news at once. The whole cost of putting it in is six dollars, and each subscriber pays a rate of sixty cents a month for the special newspaper service. The news collector does his work in the night, as elsewhere, and at nine a. m. he takes his post in the central station and begins to tell his story in a telegraphic style, summary and precise, sending everything superfluous. At the end of five minutes, hearing but some of his subscribers may not have heard everything, he repeats his budget of news, word for word—mostly concerning home events and news of Hungary. At ten o'clock he issues another oral edition, this time of foreign news. At eleven o'clock he lets us know that the Hungarian parliament is in session, and may mention what is being debated. But word may also come of a riot, and by noon the alarmed subscriber may hear that the police have attacked the police and have fired upon them; this, we will say, causes stocks to fall five per cent. Immediately the wise subscriber rushes to his own telephone and gives his broker an order to buy. At one o'clock the central office rings furiously and reports a violent debate in parliament, which leads to a change of the ministry. At three o'clock there is a fire in a building of which the subscriber is part owner—and so it goes on. At six o'clock, according to the interesting reporter of the journal quoted: "Madame, the subscriber's wife, comes forward to hear the report of a lecture at the academy, perhaps the repetition, with all due commendation, of a new poem. At seven o'clock the young ladies listen to a concert through the Telephone Gazette; they can distinguish wonderfully well the touching pines of the violinist, the sweet melodies of the flute and the enchanting voice of the prima donna."—Illustrated American.

HOLD YOUR TEMPER.

Especially When Traveling, as It Adds to Your Comfort.

We hear of a good many requisites for traveling in comfort, but none of them surpasses good temper, especially in hot dusty weather. To be indifferent to the crying of cross and tired babies, to draw a shawl or wrap over the shoulders when some fresh air find persists in sending a current of cold wind from an open window, or equally to be patient when you want the window open but somebody else wants it shut, to be ready to accept delays without grumbling, and to be as sweet as a journey's end at its beginning, this is to be indeed good tempered.

If one travels easily, and is not made faint and ill by the rapid motion of the train, or sick by the roll of the steamer, there is little credit in keeping angry. But many women suffer fearfully from jolting and jarring. Their heads ache, their stomachs rebel, their nerves are on edge. It is nothing short of sanity to be pleasant in these circumstances, but some people achieve it, and they are held in pleasant memory by their fellow-travelers.

A certain amount of philosophy is an armor of proof when one is on a journey. The thought that not you but the conductor and the captain and the engineer are responsible for the safety of the cars or boat should suffice to keep you from needless and useless fidgeting when there is a halt. Some people waste an immense amount of energy in trying to undertake what is not within their province. No amount of life forcing will cool a heated journal or repair a break in the machinery, so it is as well to keep one's self from friction, maintain one's composure, and trust in the kind care of Providence.

In every emergency, in every experience, the good-tempered person has the advantage of the one who is cross and irritable. This is always true.—Harper's Bazar.

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A JOURNALISTIC NOVELTY.

Enterprise Proposing to Run a Telegraphic Newspaper in Hungary.

Buda-Pesth, the Hungarian capital, may boast the greatest journalistic novelty of modern times—a telegraphic newspaper. The Oriental Review of that city gives an account of the enterprise that proposes to supply a city of half a million of people with important news delivered by word of mouth. The apparatus in each house occupies a space of about five inches square and has two tubes, so that two columns of the family can get the news at once. The whole cost of putting it in is six dollars, and each subscriber pays a rate of sixty cents a month for the special newspaper service. The news collector does his work in the night, as elsewhere, and at nine a. m. he takes his post in the central station and begins to tell his story in a telegraphic style, summary and precise, sending everything superfluous. At the end of five minutes, hearing but some of his subscribers may not have heard everything, he repeats his budget of news, word for word—mostly concerning home events and news of Hungary. At ten o'clock he issues another oral edition, this time of foreign news. At eleven o'clock he lets us know that the Hungarian parliament is in session, and may mention what is being debated. But word may also come of a riot, and by noon the alarmed subscriber may hear that the police have attacked the police and have fired upon them; this, we will say, causes stocks to fall five per cent. Immediately the wise subscriber rushes to his own telephone and gives his broker an order to buy. At one o'clock the central office rings furiously and reports a violent debate in parliament, which leads to a change of the ministry. At three o'clock there is a fire in a building of which the subscriber is part owner—and so it goes on. At six o'clock, according to the interesting reporter of the journal quoted: "Madame, the subscriber's wife, comes forward to hear the report of a lecture at the academy, perhaps the repetition, with all due commendation, of a new poem. At seven o'clock the young ladies listen to a concert through the Telephone Gazette; they can distinguish wonderfully well the touching pines of the violinist, the sweet melodies of the flute and the enchanting voice of the prima donna."—Illustrated American.

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