

The Tarboro Weekly Southerner

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

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TARBORO, N. C. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1893.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALM. Cleanses and nourishes the hair. Never Fails to Restore Gray Prematurely Lost Hair.

THE RUNAWAY. Dorothy Deems, in her dove-colored hat on a sweet, sunny day. Telling her grandmammas coal-colored cast.

FOUND HOME AT LAST. "You will care for my child? You will not let my little one suffer?" My old friend, John Harmon, said this as he wrung my hand.

With his home desolate, his purse empty, he resolved, as many a man had done before, to seek his fortune in California and dig gold in her mines.

The next morning I returned home to find Susie almost inconsolable, crying perpetually for "papa to come to Susie."

Then his letters ceased, and he did not come. I wrote again and again. Susie wrote. No answer came to either one or to the other.

Albert and Will, my boys, were older than the girls; Albert in business with me and Will at college.

DEAR FRED—Will you come to me at M-street without telling Susie? At first I believed it a hoax, but the more I pondered over the matter the more I was inclined to obey the summons.

Choose a sweetbread. Put it in cold water; after removing the membranes. When ready to use parboil it in boiling water for ten minutes.

her, Fred. Is she living? Is she happy? "She is both, John, a happy wife and mother."

"I struggled for daily bread alone, Fred," he told me, "and when I received your loving letters and Susie's I would not write, hoping to send better tidings if I waited a turn of fortune's wheel."

"I saved a little money, and was hoping for better times when my health failed again, and this time with my eyesight. I want you to take me to a home, Fred, and as I must be a pauper patient I must go to my own town. You will take me, Fred?"

"I will take you to a home, John," I promised. "And Susie? You will keep my secret. You will not disturb Susie's happiness?"

"I will not trouble Susie's happiness," I said. "It was evening when we reached the railway station of our own town, and as we had been long cramped in the train I proposed to walk home."

"No, no, Fred. I only ask you to put no burden upon her young life, to throw no cloud over her happiness. I am old and feeble; I shall trouble no one long."

Pick over, wash and dry a quart of berries and roll them in dry flour; butter an earthen pudding dish; stir together two cupsful each of flour and sugar, two-teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one of salt and a salt-spoonful of grated nutmeg; chop half a cupful of butter into the flour; then add the berries, three eggs beaten light and half a pint of milk.

Mr. Sweetly—This picture looks much older than your sister. Younger Sister—I guess it is, for she's several years younger than when it was taken.—Later Obit.

NEEDLE POINTS. Something Interesting About How They Are Made. The Immense Number That Are Used Each Year—Some of the Features and What They Are For.

One needle is a pretty small item, but the daily consumption of something like three million needles all over the world makes a pretty big total. Every year the women of the United States break, lose and use about three hundred million of these little instruments.

"Oh, how lovely!" "Aln't it sweet—the most lovely you ever saw to give you a ring like that, cried the girl with the black eyes."

"No, indeed; but what I like best is the fact that nobody else ever had one like it." As she spoke the newly affianced walked over to the girl with the black eyes.

For a Dark Corner. In decorating our homes with flowering plants we are often puzzled to find a flower which does not object to a dark corner.

Creamed Codfish. Pick the fish up and soak overnight in cold water; in the morning drain and pour enough water over to cover.

It is interesting and somewhat disquieting to note how much more identification it takes to cash a check than it does to get lynched.—Washington Star.

HER ENGAGEMENT RING. There was One Girl Who Was Not Excited Over It. It Was Very Pretty and Original, But the News from Her Parents That Some of the Stones Were Louis-15.

"Oh, girls, I— " "Did he say he had never proposed to a girl before? " "Of course he did—why, the marriage positively wouldn't be legal if he didn't say that when he proposed!"

"How did you manage to look surprised when he— " "Oh, dear, you know her ring already, she is hiding her left hand." "O, O, how lovely!"

"How lovely of him! Did you ask the jeweler how much it is worth?" asked the girl with the straight nose.

After the affair at Lexington and Concord, in which only Massachusetts militia were engaged, an appeal was made for help to the other New England colonies.

Cases of death from drinking tea-water when one is over-heated have been reported. Great care should be taken in regard to this matter.

Miss Alice Longfellow celebrated the 17th of June this year in a way which reminds one of her father's hospitality to strangers during his lifetime.

Mrs. Hicks—There is a burglar downstairs; you'd better go down. Hicks—You don't want me to see my hands in human blood, do you?"

A QUEER SUPERSTITION. A Belief of Napoleon's and the Reasons for It. Napoleon I was a fatalist, and among his superstitions was a firmly rooted notion that places and persons whose names began with the letter M possessed unusual power over his fortunes for good or for evil.

He was very pretty and original, but the news from her parents that some of the stones were Louis-15 excited her.

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

PURELY IMAGINATIVE. Ethel Gives Valuable Information to Her Sister's Sister.

"I'm glad to hear that. Have some more ready," said Willie Fred, with pleased surprise.

"But I see another, too, sometimes," said Willie Fred, doubtfully.

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"Fifty odd years ago the general atmosphere of undergraduate life at Harvard college was literary," says Dr. Edward Everett Hale.

"I was very free to choose and eagerly engaged in all other things that engaged me. In lectures, in societies, in discussions, literary subjects took a very large place."

While we were in college Mr. Emerson returned from Europe with the first volume of Transcendentalism. We recognized the King at once. We passed that volume, which Lowell had borrowed from him, from hand to hand, and because we could not have the book, we copied it, and had this volume in manuscript.

An English journal records that, not long since, a clergyman in Nottinghamshire, in baptizing a baby, paused to inquire the name, and was told by the father: "Steady, sir, if you please."

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