

The Tarboro Southener

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

VOL. 71. NO. 39.

TARBORO, N. C. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1893.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

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TO THE PUBLIC,
I am Prepared to do all work in the Undertaker's Business,

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WEEKLY HERALD

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During 1893, the WEEKLY HERALD will be the cheapest family journal published in America.

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Will be graphically described and artistically pictured, while the great feature of the coming year's history, the

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Will be given particular attention. So complete will be the descriptions of every thing connected with the great Exposition, and so true to the reality the many illustrations, that a perusal of the WEEKLY HERALD next summer will be almost as satisfactory as a visit to Chicago.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Original Color.
Solely Prepared and Sold in Tarboro, N. C.

What Causes Pimples?
Clogging of the pores or mouths of the sebaceous glands with sebaceous or oily matter.
The plug of sebaceous in the center of the pore is called a blackhead, gray, or comedo.
Nature will not allow the clogging of the pores to continue long, hence the plug comes out and the pore is once more free.

What Cures Pimples?
The only reliable preventive and cure, when not due to a constitutional humor, is

Cuticura Soap.
It contains a mild proportion of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, which enables it to cleanse the sebaceous or oily matter as it forms about the mouths of the pores.
It stimulates the sluggish glands and restores healthy activity to the pores.

Women full of pain, aches and weakness find comfort, strength and renewed vitality in Cuticura Plaster, the first and only pain-killing, rest-giving, strengthening plaster when all else fails.

NOTICE.
By virtue of the power and authority contained in a judgment rendered at the Spring Term, 1893, of the Superior Court of Edgecombe county, in the cause entitled Elizabeth Cherry against R. G. Dunn and his wife, Ida Dunn and Sally Dunn, the undersigned commissioner will sell at the court house door in Tarboro, N. C., on Monday, the 16th day of October, 1893, for cash, a certain piece or parcel of land, lying and being in the county of Edgecombe, State of North Carolina, adjoining the lands of Henry Winborne, Sallie S. Moore and L. S. Dunn and others, containing ninety-six acres, more or less.

NOTICE.
By virtue of the power and authority contained in a decree rendered at the Spring Term, 1893, of the Superior Court of Edgecombe county, in the cause entitled C. J. Austin, executor of R. H. Austin, against Bessie Egan and his wife, Sarah Egan, the undersigned commissioner will sell at the court house door in Tarboro, North Carolina, on Monday, the 16th day of October, 1893, for cash, a certain piece or parcel of land, situated in the county of Edgecombe, State of North Carolina, adjoining the lands of Archon Braswell, John T. Bellamy, Mrs. Dixon, Bennett T. Lyon, Nancy Newcomer, Thomas Anderson, Sally Johnson and I. M. Cutchin, and containing 710 acres, more or less.

NOTICE.
By virtue of the power and authority in a decree of the Superior Court of Edgecombe county, rendered at Spring Term, 1893, of said court, in the cause entitled J. W. Lipscomb and E. A. Lipscomb, his wife, against George Howard, W. H. Johnson and the four named upon his knees, while he assisted the lady to dispose of her manifold traveling bags and bundles.

NOTICE.
By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Edgecombe county, rendered by the clerk of said court in the cause entitled W. H. Johnston, executor of the will of Norfleet Cutchin against Margaret A. Cutchin and others, devisees of the late Norfleet Cutchin, the undersigned commissioner will sell at the court house door in Tarboro, on Monday, the 16th day of October, 1893, a certain piece or parcel of land, situated in the county of Edgecombe, State of North Carolina, adjoining the lands of J. W. Sherrod and Brother, and others, containing two hundred and fifty acres, more or less, and known as the Drew Center place, being the industrial tract of land, devised in the last will and testament of the said Norfleet Cutchin to his wife for life, and to his daughter Matie Lee Bobbitt for life after the death of his wife, all of which will more fully appear by reference to said last will and testament; and also a certain other piece of land, situated in said county and State, adjoining the lands of the said Matie Lee Bobbitt, containing one hundred and seventy-seven acres, more or less, known as the Nathan Phippen place, being the same devised in said will to the children of R. N. Cutchin.

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DEAF
PARKER'S HAIR BALM
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Solely Prepared and Sold in Tarboro, N. C.

A LONG TRIP ABOARD.
The winter night was closing, dark and drear, around the tumult and bustle of the railroad station, in the heart of the city. Without, the snow fell, white and ceaselessly, and the busy eyes of the locomotive threw a line of light through the darkness for yards around.

Hugh Southbank was walking slowly up and down the platform, with his arms resting carelessly on the shoulders of Alfred Neville, his dearest friend. Both were wrapped in the warm blanket of a heavy overcoat. "So you are really setting forth, Hugh?" asked Neville. "And when shall you return home?" "I can scarcely tell—certainly not in many years, and perhaps never. I may become a planter, or possibly pitch my tent among the palm trees of Palestine."

"Hugh," said his friend, turning so as to look into the dark eyes that were partially hidden by the fur-trimmed cap of the traveler, "I remember when you were the quietest and most home-loving of prosaic individuals. What has changed you so suddenly?" "Time works changes in us all," returned Southbank, evasively. "Hugh," said Neville, reproachfully, "surely we have not been friends for twenty years for you to deny me your confidence at last!"

"I have no secret for you, Neville," replied Hugh, somewhat softened. "Nor am I unwilling to confess to you that the whole of my life has been changed since that unlucky quarrel with Edith Sayre six years ago. We both loved very like a couple of Scotch children, and so we parted."

"And what has become of her?" "Edith married Charles Oathorne years ago and I have long lost sight of her."

"Why don't you follow her example, my boy, and take unto yourself a wife?" Southbank shrugged his shoulders. "Hullo! here comes your train!" In with you, old fellow—tuck me a line now and then just to let me know that you haven't turned me out of Constantinople or taken to flight hunting in the jungles of Bengal."

There was a cordial grasp of two earnest hands and then Alfred Neville stood alone on the platform, a mist that was not the dew of melting snowflakes before his eyes, and the express train was speeding away through the gloom and darkness of the winter night.

Hugh Southbank answered in the negative, almost petulantly, for the conductor's voice roused him from a deep reverie into which he had fallen. The twilight of the half-illumined car, the heated atmosphere within and the swift, tremulous motion of the train were alike favorable to dream fancies, and it was not particularly pleasant to be roused up to make room for a lady and two little children.

A LICENSE TO MARRY.
The Experience of Jacob Sasarraf, of Hoopville, with the County Clerk.

Mr. Jacob Sasarraf, of Hoopville, Hoopville, had answered all the preceding questions to the satisfaction of the clerk of vital statistics, and then that gentleman said: "Now, what is the lady's name?" "Can't you leave that blank?" "Certainly not."

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IN DIXIE LAND.
Some Amusing Stories of the Sunny South.

"One day last summer, when I was in Georgia," some horseback riding to do going around among my customers in the country away from the railroad. At one store where I stopped there was a traction engine about ready to start and I got a young fellow to follow to watch my horse. When I had been in the store for ten or fifteen minutes the boy came in.

"I can't watch you no longer, boss," said he, anxiously. "Is that engine there yet?" "Yes."

"Well, go and watch him; I'll be there in fifteen minutes and I'll give you a quarter."

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Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A GIRL'S QUIET PLEASURES.
They Are the Most Delightful Ones in This World.

Some of the most delightful pleasures in this world are the quiet ones, and I think you will find that the long, dreary days need something in them besides the outdoor pleasures, writes Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal. Get a lot of comfortable chairs around in a shady corner of the piazza, hunt up a clever short story and let first one of them then another take their turns in reading, or else let somebody who is a thoroughly good reader devote his or her time to it. Then talk about it. Sometimes the simplest story will bring up the most curious questions, and bring forth the greatest amount of knowledge.

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