

The Tarboroough Southerner.

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

VOL. 72. NO. 2.

TARBORO, N. C. THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1894.

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Is just what you need for the Spring Fever, otherwise known as THAT TIRED FEELING, also loss of appetite, impure blood, etc., so common at this season of the year.

Being made from best defatted Sherry wine, Extract of Beef, and Chloride of Iron, it combines the properties of a mild and agreeable stimulant with those of an excellent re-constructive tonic.

The Chloride of Iron used is considered by many physicians to be the most active form of iron, besides being tasteless and entirely harmless to the teeth.

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THE COUPER MARBLE WORKS,
111, 113 and 115 Bank Street, NORFOLK, VA.

LARGE STOCK OF FINISHED Monuments and Gravestones. Ready for Immediate Delivery. March 31, 1892.

What Causes Pimples?

Clogging of the pores or mouths of the sebaceous glands with sebum or oily matter. The plug of sebum in the centre of the pore is called a blackhead, grub, or comedo. Nature will not allow the clogging of the pores to continue long, hence, inflammation, pain, swelling and redness, later pus or matter forms, breaks or is opened, the plug comes out and the pore is once more free.

There are thousands of these pores in the face alone, any one of which is liable to become clogged by neglect or disease.

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 dissolve the sebaceous or oily matter as it forms at the mouths of the pores.

It stimulates the sluggish glands and tubes to healthy activity, reduces inflammation, soothes and heals irritated and roughened surfaces and restores the skin to its original purity.

For bad complexion, red, rough hands and scaly and irritated scalp and simple baby blemishes it is wonderful.

It is preserving, purifying and beautifying to a degree hitherto unknown among remedies for the skin and complexion.

Sole greater than the combined sales of all other skin and complexion soaps.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

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

There are dozens of such places. They were built up by the steamboat traffic in times when railroads were deemed nothing more than remote possibilities. They grew and prospered. They fed the steamers and the steamers fostered them. Inland towns had but small chance beside them, and were looked upon with contempt as places far in the backwoods, hopelessly remote from the channels of commerce and communication and forever doomed to small things.

Well, within the memory of men who are now active on the river, Port Louisa, Louisa county, some distance below Muscatine, was a great grain-shipping point. Half a dozen big warehouses stood there, and there were dwellings, and there was a mill, and possibly another industry or two. The place had the promise of growth and increase. It was the place where the wheat and rye and oats and barley and potatoes of thousands of acres of rich Iowa and Mississippi river bottom lands found passage on the packets and barges for the markets of St. Louis, Memphis or New Orleans. To-day there is not a stick or stone there to remind the stranger that men did active and profitable business there not many years ago. Till within a few years the brick chimneys of the mill stood, near the river bank, and approaching nearer to it every year the soft earth cut and crumbled into the water with the floods. At last the very site has been absorbed by the Mississippi, and has gone to build up a bar somewhere for Maj. McKenzie's engineers to work and worry over. Forty miles or so down the river, thirty years ago, stood East Burlington. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy did not cross the river there till 1869, and there was a prosperous town opposite the Iowa town of that name. It had two hundred yards of levee better than Davenport ever had, and it is there to-day. It is buried under a sandbar that chokes the channel in front of Burlington for half its width, the melancholy remains of two or three tow-heads and bars above there in former years, all removed by the change of currents resulting from the construction of dams across some of the chutes above.

Six miles below there, on the Illinois side, in a Choquoquin chute, in former years stood another lot of warehouses similar to those at Port Louisa. The farmers of Henderson and Hancock counties, Ill., used to haul their grain and other produce to them, there to await the coming of the boats in the spring. It used to be a race for the honor of being the first to enter this chute and tap those warehouses. The first boat there after the ice went out was sure of a load to the guards, and more than that she could not carry. Now there is not a fragment of warehouse or a suggestion that there ever was one there.—Davenport (Ia.) Democrat.

Woman Kills an Eagle.
Mrs. Mary Gilman, wife of a well-to-do farmer residing near Bird mountain in Ira, had a fierce encounter with an eagle. She saw the bird about to swoop down upon her fowls and endeavored to frighten it away. The eagle attacked her, and it was only after a vigorous fight that she succeeded in killing it with a hatchet. She had some fearful marks of the struggle, and went to Rutland to have a physician dress her bruises, taking her trophy of victory with her. The eagle measured five and one-half feet from tip to tip, and is one of the largest and handsomest ever seen in the vicinity.—Boston Herald.

Contesting Will.
It seems to be a reflection on the administration of the law that when- ever a rich man dies, it is assumed that somebody who is dissatisfied will contest the will. The presumption of the law ought to be that every testator is of sound and disposing mind.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Marble Yard,
and can furnish Tombstones of all kinds at lowest prices. Orders left with me will receive prompt attention. Yours truly,
THOS. E. LEWIS,
TARBORO, Aug. 31. 3m

M. L. HUSSEY, CARRIAGE BUILDER,
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VANISHED RIVER TOWNS.

Changes Caused by New Methods of Transportation.

Degenerate Days for Towns Along the Mississippi—The Great Father of Waters Not What It Used to Be for Traffic.

It is the fashion to talk about the decadence of the steamboat business on the Mississippi. These degenerate days, when the business is confined to a few rats of logs or lumber, a short-line packet or two, and one boat a week either way between St. Louis and St. Paul, give occasion for plenty of invidious comparisons with the old days of palatial steamers and tows of five big barges of freight, besides the loads on the boats themselves, of full cabin lists and fast times, of swell passengers and big profits.

But the decay of the river traffic is not confined to the loss of the boats and the decrease in their number and tonnage. On shore all along the river are evidences that these days are different from those when the steamboatman was the monarch of all men. They are found with melancholy frequency in the dead and dying towns along the river, not to mention those other places that were once prominent shipping places, of which hardly a memory now remains.

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M. L. HUSSEY, CARRIAGE BUILDER,
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A MIDNIGHT INCIDENT.

Fermented Catsup Caused an Explosion.

The head of a home in northeast Baltimore was awakened by his wife with the information that burglars were in the house. He ridiculed her suspicions at first, but some ominous noises from the region of the kitchen finally convinced him that something was wrong. He got up, and not having a weapon, seized a bronze ornament and boldly started on a tour of investigation. Entering the dining room he managed to overturn several chairs as a preliminary warning to the invaders, as he did not care to surprise them.

The ominous sounds continued, however, and cold chills began chasing each other in rapid transit up and down his spinal column. Urged on by encouraging stage whispers from his wife, he moved toward the kitchen, clutching his weapon until its outlines were imprinted on his hands. Then he pushed open the door. As it swung back a pistol-like report echoed throughout the house, causing the investigator to beat a hasty retreat, firmly convinced that he was shot.

Under the gaslight he soon found that he was unhurt, and again advanced to the kitchen. This time he entered and lit a match, but just then the kitchen door shut with a bang, puffing out the light and increasing the terror which had taken possession of him. After another retreat the kitchen was again entered, and this time the gas was lighted. Then surprise took the place of fear. The kitchen looked as if a small-sized cyclone had struck it. Broken china and glass encumbered the floor and everything was in confusion. But no burglar could be seen.

Searching further the cause was soon discovered. The wife had put up a quantity of catsup in bottles and placed them on a shelf. During the night the catsup began to ferment. Several bottles exploded, throwing surrounding objects to the floor and creating havoc generally.—Baltimore Sun.

A PETRIFYING SPRING.
The Peculiar Qualities Possessed by a Georgia Fountain.

The recent account of the wonderful properties of a certain creek in the Black Hills country, which is said to transform plants, nuts, leaves and even flesh into solid stone, reminds me that there is a spring in Brooks county, Ga., which in a very short time converts wood and several other substances into hard rock.

The peculiar qualities of this Georgia fountain have been known since early in the century, when an old "bar hunter" accidentally lost his knife in the basin, which has been hollowed out of the granite strata by the ceaseless bubbling of the water.

A month later the old hunter again repaired to the spring and was agreeably surprised to find his favorite knife.

The water had had no effect upon the bright steel, not even to the extent of leaving a speck of rust, but with the wood of the knife's handle it was far different.

The petrifying particles with which the water is so highly impregnated had entered every pore and had entered in the wood, and what was only a few weeks before a hickory handle of "home make" was now two thin slabs of solid stone, wood-like in appearance, but as hard and unyielding as a chip from a granite boulder.

To this day the place is known as "Old Moore's petrifying spring."—St. Louis Republic.

A Story of Napoleon.
Sir William Fraser, whose memoirs are just published, writes as follows about Napoleon: "When Napoleon was at school at Brienne, the son of an English peer, who himself became Lord Penllyn, was his school fellow. One day the little Corsican came to young Lawley and said: 'Look at this.' He showed him a letter written in remarkably good English. It was addressed to the British admiral, and requested permission to enter our navy. The young Bonaparte said: 'The difficulty, I am afraid, will be my religion. I don't believe that you have any religion at all.' Napoleon replied: 'But my family have; my mother's race, the Kamolini, are very rigid; I should be disinherited if I showed any signs of becoming a heretic.' These facts I had from one who had very good means of knowing. He told me that Bonaparte's letter was sent, and that it still exists in the archives of the admiralty."

Loyal to Excess.
King Oscar of Sweden once passed through a little town which was festively decorated for the occasion. Among the rest a huge transparency, known as "the lady with the long hair," was to be seen. The hair is now gray, and the lady no longer young; but she still retains her wealth of wondrous hair, which was the marvel and admiration of the various courts and circles in the many countries where she has resided as the wife of a diplomat; and she attributes her rare possession to persevering, energetic brushing.—Philadelphia Press.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

A Delicate Point Settled by the Wisdom of the Cadi.

How a Woman's Reluctance to Let Her Age Be Known Operated in Favor of Plaintiff—An Interesting Case of Disputed Possession.

"Sir," said Abdullah, as he appeared with his sister Fatima before the judge, "perhaps you will remember the brave Abbas, who died thirty years ago. He was our father, and left both of us his property in equal portions, on which we have hitherto subsisted in common. Fatima, it is true, has been peevish and quarrelsome during the last few years, but I always gave way, as I am a lover of peace. But I have recently chosen the beautiful Zoraida for my bride, and thought of giving her this valuable string of pearls—the most precious keepsake of my father in my possession, for he gave it to me on his return from a journey when I was five years old, and it has been mine ever since."

"But Fatima will have it that the pearls are part of our father's legacy, and claims half of them as her share. She refuses to listen to my arguments and insists upon her claim, not, indeed, for the sake of the pearls; oh, no! I see quite plainly she wants to spoil my pleasure and that of my bride elect, for my sister does not like the idea of Zoraida entering the paternal house as mistress. Now, wise cadi, give me judgment."

The cadi bowed his head and said: "Fatima, is the case as your brother stated?"

"It is all quite correct excepting the assertion that the string of pearls belongs to him alone. How does he mean to prove that father gave it him? I dispute the fact and claim my share; my reason for so doing is immaterial to the question at issue."

"Well, Abdullah," said the cadi, addressing the plaintiff, "have you any living witnesses or any handwriting to prove that your father gave you the pearls?"

"I have nothing of the kind," was the reply.

"That is a bad outlook," the cadi continued. "I fear there is no prospect of an amicable settlement by persuading your sister to accept a sum of money for her share."

"No," she broke in, "I want half of the pearls."

"Very well," said the cadi, beckoning to his clerk; "I must have a report of the case drawn up before delivering judgment. Say, defendant, your name is Fatima. What is your age?"

Here she blushed, hesitated, tried more than once to speak, but never uttered a syllable.

"How old are you?" the cadi repeated.

"I am twenty-eight."

"Really?" said the judge, with an ironical smile. "I hereby award the whole string of pearls to Abdullah alone. Take them, plaintiff, and go your way in peace! Fatima is thirty years old, and she is only twenty-eight."—Fliegende Blatter.

HE SETTLED IT.
The Grand Vizier of Turkey and the Armenian Question.

It is said that foreign ambassadors to Turkey recently complained to the sublime porte that the prisons of Constantinople were overcrowded with political prisoners from Armenia. The government decided to remove the cause of the complaint and shipped three hundred of the prisoners on board a man-of-war for transportation to Africa. The vessel was only gone a very short time, however, and it was a mystery what had become of the prisoners until a Russian merchant vessel in the harbor of Constantinople, while raising her anchor a few days since, brought up with it fifteen half-cloth sacks, such as are used by Turkish merchants for packing goods for shipment. At first the Russian thought that he had found traces of smugglers, but when he came to examine the sacks he found that they were filled with human bodies, eighteen or twenty in a sack. The bodies were ascertained to be those of Armenians. It is said that the grand vizier settled the Armenian question by annihilating the Armenians, and he is said to be in a fair way to fill his treasury. The matter has been reported to Russia, as it is thought that some of the murdered Armenians were Russian subjects.

Care of the Hair.
For the girl that has no maid to brush her hair, that must depend on her own exertions for the daily "hundred strokes" which are said to give it length and vigor, there is encouragement to be found in the magnificent hair—six feet nine inches long—of a lady now living in London, known as "the lady with the long hair." She wears it tied "queue" fashion with black ribbon. The hair is now gray, and the lady no longer young; but she still retains her wealth of wondrous hair, which was the marvel and admiration of the various courts and circles in the many countries where she has resided as the wife of a diplomat; and she attributes her rare possession to persevering, energetic brushing.—Philadelphia Press.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Dilemma of a Negro Porter on a Mexican Road.

A Party of Tourists Want to see the Tropic of Cancer as They Cross It—Pete Can't Find It on His Time-Table.

A traveler of experience says: "Never worry because you cannot speak the language of the country you are in. Speak English, and the people will let you meaning if there's any money in it. Use signs instead of words, and you will be surprised to see how well you get on." In this matter, however, a little knowledge is not a dangerous but a very valuable thing. In "Mexico," T. L. Rogers describes crossing a line which, though imaginary, is one that every schoolboy and schoolgirl has heard about.

At half-past five we reach Gutierrez, and at half-past six are due at Fresnillo. Between these stations lies that mysterious line which we have read about but never seen, the Tropic of Cancer. When the major reminded the boys of this fact, they said they must get up to see that line.

"We don't cross a tropic every day, and we should be showing disrespect to geography if we didn't turn out to meet it," said the captain.

"So be it," said the major; "we'll make sure of a call. I'll ask the gentleman from Missouri to wake us up."

"Porter!"

"Yes, sah."

"Please call us three about twenty minutes before we get to the Tropic of Cancer; we want to be up when we get to the torrid zone."

"Torrid zone! No such station, sah!"

"What are you sure?"

"Never heard of it, sah."

The boys had to laugh at the look on Pete's face. Evidently he thought he knew the names of the stations, but in order to justify himself he drew out a time table and read: "Jimico, Camacho, Fresnillo; no Cancer there, sah! Here's Camacho; may be that's what you mean, sah."

"Oh, no, this train goes past Cancer, or I have been misinformed," said the major, very positively, "and if I have been, I'll make a row."

"Maybe it's on the other road, sah, and you ought to have changed cars at Torreon," said the porter a little disturbed. "Say it again, sah, please; I don't get on to the Spanish very well."

"Tropic de Cancer," soberly said the major.

"Sorry, sah, but you're on the wrong train, sah. No such station on this yer road; no Topico, no Torrid Zone."

"Well, porter, you are not to blame if we are, but please wake us at half-past five."

Pete's voice was soon heard in the smoking room. A dialogue was going on between the conductor and the porter.

Porter—Got a time table? Less see it. (Silence.) Jess like mine.

"What is it?"

"Why, that major with the two boys wants to be called at Topico de Cancer. I tole him no such station."

"Was he awake?"

"Certain."

"Did he say Topico?"

"That's what he said. He said this train go past that, or he's been tole wrong."

"Well, you didn't understand him; he knows what he's about, he's been over this road before."

"Maybe he has, but he nubber seen no Cancer, all the same; he's plum crazy, or I'm out; but he gets off at Zacatecas. I'll wake him up at five o'clock, and let him hunt for it."—Youth's Companion.

Bicycles at the Theater.
On all hands one can see in Paris the daily spread of the bicycling mania, for such in reality it has become. One of the Parisian managers announces that ladies or gentlemen arriving at his house "en bicyclette" can have their machines warehoused free of charge during the performance in a room specially set apart for the purpose.

The piece which is being played at his house, the Gaites, is "revue," or burlesque, called "Les Bicyclistes en Voyage," wherein the principal characters are on wheels.

Comparative Compensations.
The college presidents of this country receive on an average \$3,947 a year for their services. The lad who rode the winner of the Futurity was paid \$5,000 for the mount and Corbett got a fortune for beating John L. Sullivan. Every day is produced evidence that bulging intellects and ability to corral the mighty dollar do not always manifest themselves through the same mediums of flesh and blood.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Effort Put Forward by a Southern Ohio Lawyer.

The shrewdness in working up and presenting the remarkable case against Lizbie Borden suggests the effort of a southern Ohio lawyer some years ago in "adducing the fullness of testimony." The case was that of a young man on trial for murder, and the witness under cross-examination a young lady who had, so it was alleged, seen the young man running away from the house of his victim. Said the attorney:

"Now, ah, Miss Jennings, were you on the evening of December 4th?"

"At home, sir, at my mother's house."

"How far away?"

"A short distance, sir."

"How far?"

"I don't know exactly, sir."

"Don't you know the distance in feet and inches?"

"No, sir."

"A-ah! Now, Miss Jennings, did you see the defendant on that night?"

"Yes, sir; he ran past our door."

"How fast was he going?"

"I don't know exactly, sir."

"A-ah!" Writes that down.

"Now, Miss Jennings, how old are you?"

"Nineteen, sir."

"Father is forty-four, mother forty-three."

"How do you know you are nineteen?"

"They told."

"Tut, tut! No hearsay testimony goes in this court. What was the color of your grandmother's eyes?"

"I—I don't remember, sir."

"A-h! Now, how often did your grandfather shave?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"A-h!" Writes that down.

"Now, Miss Jennings, how did your grandfather die?"

"He was kicked by a horse, sir."

"What color was the horse?"

"How can I tell you, sir?"