

The Tarboro' Southernner.

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

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TARBORO', N. C. THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1894.

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Is just what you need
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THAT TIRED FEELING,
also loss of appetite,
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common at this season
of the year.

Being made from
best detannated Sherry
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it combines the prop-
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agreeable stimulant
with those of an ex-
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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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STATON & ZOELLER
Tarboro, N. C.

Agents' profits per month. Will
prove it or pay forfeit. New
article just out. A \$1.50 sample and
terms free. Try us. Childer & Son, 28
Bond St., N. Y.

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

LARGE STOCK OF FINISHED
Monuments and Gravestones,
Ready for Immediate Delivery.
March 31, 1893.

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.

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 sebum or oily matter as it forms at the mouth of the pore.

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 chapped lips, dry, thin and falling hair, 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.

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

Sold throughout the world.
POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., 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.

Nathan Williams,
Barber,
Only a few doors below Hotel Farrar,
TARBORO', N. C.

Chamberlain & Rawls
Jewelry Store
Opposite Messrs. C. W. Jefferys & Co.,
where they will keep a
Full Stock of Goods

Fine Watches
Special attention and guaranteeing their
FIRST CLASS.
Long experience and a thorough
knowledge of all kinds of watches.

AT THE
Fruit and Candy Stand
Fresh Candies,
Bananas, &c

THE
Candy and Fruit Stand,
Main Street.
Tarboro, July 20th.

TOMBSTONES.
The undersigned informs his
friends that he is still representing
P. W. Bates'

Marble Yard,
can furnish Tombstones of all
kinds at lowest prices. Orders left
with me will receive prompt atten-
tion.
Yours truly,
THOS. E. LEWIS,
Tarboro, Aug. 31.

M. L. HUSSEY,
CARRIAGE
BUILDER,
TARBORO', N. C.

MY LITTLE TRESPASSER.

A Wee Bird's First Experience
Behind Closed Doors.

Once Through My Study Window, He
Falls to Find the Exit—At Home
on a Hookcase—Found by the
Parent—Retreat.

Some time ago, the weather being
pleasant, although it was as yet but
little after six o'clock in the morn-
ing, I was working with one of the
windows of my room open, says
M. Gunisset-Carnot, in Popular
Science Monthly. All at once I
heard a sound of wings, and per-
ceiving through the bill still be-
dered with the yellow characteristic
of infancy, fluttering frightened
across the room. It had probably,
in its first attempt at flight, met
a cat or a squirrel, and had taken
refuge with me under the stress of
a panic-stricken terror. It was so
frightened that, in trying to get out,
it did not see the open window, and
beat obstinately against the glass of
those which were shut. I thought
it best not to interfere, lest I might
frighten it still more; hoping, be-
sides, that it would be more per-
spicacious when it had recovered its
self-possession. It soon desisted
from its attempts and perched itself
on a corner of my bookcase. I
watched it with the corners of my
eyes without moving; I observed
that its respiration gradually be-
came more regular, and its expres-
sion resumed its calm. It com-
pletely recovered itself in a few mo-
ments, but, instead of trying to
escape, it stayed where it was, utter-
ing frequent light cries. In response
to these calls, another redthroat
came in, adult and experienced, evi-
dently the father of our frightened
one. He flew rapidly round in my
room, like one examining the re-
sources and means of the country;
then, having beaten his wings for a
few seconds before his offspring to
encourage him to follow him, I fancied,
he went out alone with a jerk of
his wings, without missing the
window. Here, I thought, is a
father who takes things philosophically;
sure that his chick will be in
no danger, he plants it there and
goes to his business. But I
judged too hastily. In less than a
minute the father came back, bring-
ing a caterpillar in his bill; he gave
it to the little one, then went out,
returned, and made twenty journeys
for provisions, bringing in all sorts
of insects, to the great satisfaction
of the young one, which became
quite contented and made itself well
at home, eating its feathers, smoothing them, working itself into
a ball and peeping. But its skill
did not correspond with its appetite;
it dropped the insects on my books;
not to my pleasure: then there came
a spider of respectable size, when,
having a horror of spiders as un-
reasonable as unconquerable, and
disliking the litter left by the little
bird on my books, I thought it was
time to give these creatures to un-
derstand that their familiarity was
a little in excess of the limits. I
opened all the windows, and, shaking
my handkerchief, sent them to
continue their feast in the woods.

THE SCENE CHANGED.
A Chilly Bank President is Quickly
Warmed Up.

A well-known contractor walked
into a bank in this city the other
day to cash a check for forty dol-
lars. The paying teller looked at
the check a few minutes, then coun-
ted out four hundred dollars and
handed it to the contractor, who,
although he noticed the error, said
not a word, but rolled up the bills
and wadded them down into his
pocket. This happened in the morn-
ing, and about two o'clock the same
afternoon, before the officials of the
bank had an opportunity to discover
the error, the contractor walked
into the office of the president of the
bank.

"Is this bank responsible for the
errors of its clerks?" he asked the
president.

"If it can be proved that any of
our clerks have erred," replied the
president, in a very chilly manner,
"we will make the correction."

"Well, nobody saw this error
made but myself," continued the
contractor, "and my word ought to
be sufficient proof, I think."

"I am sorry, sir," said the bank
president, "but we shall have to
have additional proof. We require
this in order to protect ourselves;
that is all."

"Very well, sir," replied the con-
tractor, "I am going to leave. If I
am sorry I cannot furnish what you
demand. The error I referred to was
the payment of four hundred dollars
for a check that called for only forty
dollars; but, as no one saw me re-
ceive the extra three hundred and
sixty dollars, I suppose you will not
want to correct the mistake."

"Hold on! Come back!" shouted
the bank president, who by this time
was very wide awake to the abyss to
which he had been led.

The matter was soon adjusted sat-
isfactorily and now when any person
reports an error at that bank the
first question is: "In whose favor?"
—Washington Post.

GOLD UNDER A CATARACT.
The Precious Metal Curiously Ob-
tained from an Unknown Depth.

Snoqualmie falls, in the state of
Washington, has developed an at-
traction not down on the guide
books. The story is vouched for by
reputable men working on that
stream.

A big piece of quartz bowlder, rich
in the precious metal, has been se-
cured from an unknown depth di-
rectly underneath the huge fall of
water, and the most wonderful part
of the story is the manner in which
this sparkling and precious stone
was secured from a place almost un-
approachable.

Running logs over the two hun-
dred and sixty-five foot fall has been
a custom for many years past, and
there is no prettier sight in the
world than to see the giant sticks
shoot out into space and then drop,
head on, into the roaring water below.

During the shooting of the logs
one particular log went over re-
cently, and shot straight downward
and was soon lost in the pool below.

After it had risen to the surface and
floated down stream, it was seen to
have a rock embedded in one end,
which, upon examination, was found
to be quartz rich in gold.

The only explanation is that the
log in the mad plunge into the pool
under the falls came in contact with
some ledge of gold with force enough
to embed the piece found in the firm
wood.—Seattle Telegraph.

COEDUCATION AT CORNELL.
Girl Students Show Their Literary
and Scientific Training.

At the twenty-fifth anniversary of
Cornell University Dr. Taylor said,
in speaking of the higher education
of women, that education was a unit,
and that we must stop talking about
men's and women's education as sep-
arate things. One of the oldest pro-
fessors of the university, speaking
of a book of original scientific arti-
cles sent to him by his former pupils,
pronounced an article written by a
woman student as so superior, accu-
rate and comprehensive that it alone
forever disproved that women were
not capable of as fine scientific work
as men. Another interesting fact
we learn from the great coeduca-
tional school is that one woman has
in this year won her way to a position
on the editorial staff of the college
paper through having contributed
more and better articles last year
than most of her political superiors.
—N. Y. Sun.

Works Both Ways.
Lawyer—You remember when I
charged you five hundred dollars for
services in that case I won for you,
you said I ought to throw off about
half for the fame I got out of it.

Client—Just so.
Lawyer—Well, I've lost your last
case, and I think I'll have to charge
you fifteen hundred dollars for dam-
aged reputation.—Puck.

A Miscellaneous Lot.
A backman found this order writ-
ten on his slate last summer, accord-
ing to a Maine correspondent:
"Joe: Send hacks and wagons in
time to carry the following to the
Bar Harbor train:
"One wife, two nurses, three serv-
ants, four children; five trunks,
four valises, three grips, two bun-
dles, one me (outside preferred)."
—Youth's Companion.

MEXICAN JOURNALISM.

How an American Reporter Got a
Newspaper Into Trouble.

"Gossip" Are Not Appreciated by Editors
in That Country—Why the Forces of
the Government Organ Were
Lodged in Jail.

"Haven't you worked on a Mex-
ican newspaper?" I asked of Dave
Ward, the old tramp reporter, as we
fished for black bass from the same
skiff the other day.

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed Dave,
as he wrinkled his face lighted up
like a big lantern. "Yes, I had a
'sit' on a daily paper in the City of
Mexico about ten years ago, and it
was a rare experience."

"Any objections to stating partic-
ulars?"

"None at all. Haw! haw! haw!
But it was funny! I was on one of
my trips around the globe and got
financially busted in the City of
Mexico. I can speak and write
Spanish, and it occurred to me that
I might get a 'sit' on one of the
dailies."

"I dropped in on the editor of the
government organ and stated my
case and he took me on the local de-
partment. I looked over the files to
see how some local matters had run
and could find only about half a col-
umn of the day to your tired hus-
band only adds to his burdens, and
does not lighten your own.

"My dear sir, all this happened
last night or to-day. It is too fresh.
It would excite our readers. And,
besides, it would be unfair to our con-
temporaries to publish these things
first."

"In the batch I had a fatal acci-
dent. A drunken Mexican had fallen
off his mule and broken his neck.

"That is sad, very sad," said the
editor, "but we cannot publish it. The
shock would be too great on our
readers. In two weeks they can
read it with placidity. I know his
brother, and I know the brother
wouldn't like to see the sad account
in the paper."

"Here's a case of a man stabbed
in a fight."

"That is not so sad, but the police
have not notified me yet. Be-
sides, he may die. It is better to
wait a week or so and see if he dies."

"But don't you want any live
news?"

"Oh, yes. You had best go and
see my friend, Senor Don—. He
generally has news—important
news. He will gladly give you all
he can, and it will be pleasing to the
public and perfectly reliable."

"I pocketed off to see my friend,"
continued Dave, as he reeled in his
line to see if the bait was all right.
"He was a high stepper and a Jim
dandy. When I told him what
I wanted he cried out:

"It is splendid! I shall give you
great news! It is news of the army,
and therefore of the government,
and so please all readers. My good
friend, Capt. A—, has resigned his
commission and will enter into busi-
ness."

"When did he resign?"

"Six weeks ago! You are the
first to have it! It will be great
news!"

"That's the way things went for
three or four days, and then I got
hold of something about one of the
government officials being short in
his accounts. I had my facts solid
and ripped him up the back, and
somehow or other the item passed
in and was published. Haw! haw!
haw!"

"What resulted?"

"The paper hadn't been out an
hour when the police swooped down
upon us and wadded us all off to jail.

"When I say all I mean every man
from Jack connected with the paper,
editor in chief down to press feeders
and office boy. It was an attack on
the government organ it was al-
most a shootable offense."

"I suspect they all put it on to me,
and as a matter of fact I owned up
to it, but they kept the crowd in jail
for three months, just the same. I
don't know how long they intended
to keep me, but soon after the others
were released our minister interfered
in my behalf, and when I got out I
made tracks for the United States,
and you bet your bottom dollar I
never tried for another newspaper
'sit' in that country!"—N. Y.
Herald.

"It's a Hard, Cold World.
Jack Borrows—There's no use in
trying to economize, Tom. The
money is bound to go, one way or
the other.

Wiggins—Why, what's the mat-
ter now?

Jack Borrows—Why, I've been
walking home every night for a
month to save my tram fare and now
's Mr. Pancake has raised my board
—'ount of increased arrears.

A Vermont Production.
A well-developed frog nearly two
inches in length was recently found
in a hen's egg which was opened in
a Vermont bakery. He was sepa-
rated from the body of the egg by
a film of albumen. The frog, at-
tached to the egg shell, is now pre-
served in alcohol.

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

Royal Baking
Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

FROM A TO Z. A GROWSOME INDUSTRY.

The Housekeeper's Alphabet of
Useful Knowledge.
Twenty-Six Brief and Pithy Maxims Full
of Wisdom and Suggestion for the
Home—Trust and Try a Key
to Success.

Always appear at table with
smooth hair and neat apparel.
Bread should never be hurried;
give plenty of time both in rising
and baking.

Cake, after it becomes stale,
makes an excellent steamed pudding,
eaten with a sauce or sweet gravy.

Drive ants out of your cupboards
by sprinkling pulverized borax on
the shelves.

Economy is the road to wealth, and
it is a poor housekeeper who wastes
anything needlessly.

Find time each day for a few mo-
ments' mental culture by reading
a few useful herbs, as well as
flowers, in your kitchen garden.

Have a good motto each year by
which to govern your daily life.
"Trust and try" is one of many.

Idleness, if spent in resting, is of
tentimes best employed.

Jokes and pleasant, lively table
talk aid digestion.

Keep a careful account of your
household expenses. You will find
it invaluable for reference.

Love lightens labor, and quiet
loving tones make a happy home.

Make pie crust with a little baking
powder sifted in the flour, and use
less shortening. You will find it
much more digestible, and better for
all fruit pies.

Naming over all the trials and
troubles of the day to your tired hus-
band only adds to his burdens, and
does not lighten your own.

Old pants, washed clean, and
pieced in plain patchwork, tied with
bright wool, make warm and durable
comforts for the beds.

Plan your work carefully each
morning before rising. Remember
brains can often save weariness.

Quiet tones and temper add to
your beauty, as well as the comfort
of your family.

Rainy days are well spent in an-
swering your letters.

Save all your bread crumbs and
crusts to crumble into your fried po-
tatoes, or add to your hash.

Try to become the best and most
thorough, as well as most economical,
housekeeper of your acquaintance.

Use coarse salt to sprinkle over
your carpets before sweeping, to
brighten and clean them.

Vinegar added to boiling beef (a
tablespoonful), makes it much more
tender.

Welcome your husband and chil-
dren with a pleasant word and smile.

Xantippe was a scold—do not imi-
tate her.

Your bread sponge stirred up af-
ter dinner and kneaded stiff at bed-
time, will always insure your getting
it baked early in the morning; and
light rolls for breakfast, if desired.

Zeal and patience will in time lead
to success crowned effort.—House-
keeper.

THE NEW ENGLAND COLONY.
Story of its Wanderings Previous to
Reaching America.

John Robinson, who was born in
England in 1575, became pastor of a
dissenting congregation at Norwich
in 1602. The church was persecuted,
and in 1607 the members attempted
to leave England and seek an asy-
lum in Holland, but were prevented
by officers of the law, who kept the
many company under arrest for
some time. The year following
many of them escaped in small boats,
and joined each other in Amsterdam.
In 1609 they went to Leyden, where
they organized a church, and re-
mained eleven years. In 1617 an-
other removal was contemplated,
and the pastor favored emigration
to America. Agents went to Eng-
land and made arrangements for such
emigration, and later, in 1620, a
portion of the Leyden congregation,
under the spiritual leadership of
Elder William Brewster, reached the
New England coast. Robinson in-
tended to follow with the remainder
of the congregation, but he died be-
fore the consent of the English mer-
chants, who controlled the enter-
prise, could be obtained. Not long
afterwards the remainder of his con-
gregation and his two sons followed
the passengers in the Mayflower.

Boy Life on the Farm.
Farmer's Boy—Kin I go fishin',
dad?
Farmer—Is th' pasture fence all
laid up?
Farmer's Boy—Yes, dad, every
panel of it. Kin I go?
Farmer—Is th' seed corn shelled?
Farmer's Boy—Ev'ry ear of it.
Kin I go?
Farmer (reluctantly)—Yes; dig
yer bait in th' garden 'n' throw th'
stones up side o' th' fence.—Puck's
Library.

The Old Friend
And the best friend, that never
fails you, is Simmons Liver Regu-
lator, (the Red Z)—that's what
you hear at the mention of this
excellent Liver medicine, and
people should not be persuaded
that anything else will do.

It is the King of Liver Medi-
cines; is better than pills, and
takes the place of Quinine and
Calomel. It acts directly on the
Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and
gives new life to the whole sys-
tem. This is the medicine you
want. Sold by all Druggists in
Liquid, or in Powder to be taken
dry or made into a tea.

BEVERLY PACKAGE—
Has the Z Stamp in red on wrapper.
J. H. SIMMONS & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

