

The Tarborough Southerner.

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

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TARBORO, N. C. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1894.

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had a scab form on her face. It kept spreading
until she was completely covered from
head to foot. Then she had boils. She had
fever on her head at one time, and more on
her body. When six months old she did not
weigh seven pounds, a pound and a half less
than at birth. Then her skin started to dry
up and got so bad she could not shut her eyes
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Evolution.
A Shawnee lad, who entered the
Indian school in Virginia as Tommy
Wild Cat, remains under the diplo-
mat name of Thomas W. Catt.—Chi-
cago Mail.

BALKING BURRO.
Only One Thing Proved Efficacious
in Giving Him a Start.

All Manner of Indecorums are Tipped,
But All Fall Until He is Lifted Bodily
to Where He Can No Longer Ob-
struct Anything.

There is a boy in Newport who
owns a burro, which means that the
boy has no time to take a vacation.
A burro is a cross between a mule
and a jack rabbit, and has the qual-
ities of both under certain circum-
stances. Like the latter, it can run
fast, wear long ears or stand still in
one spot for a long time. Like a
mule, it comes and goes at its own
pleasure, and not at anyone else's
nod and beck. Its favorite amuse-
ment is to stop suddenly in the mid-
dle of the street and stand there
while an admiring throng watch the
boy try to start it. It stopped on the
electric car track the other day, and
after beating it until he was tired
it was let go and tried to lead the
it. But it braced its legs and
held back bravely. Then he got be-
hind and tried to push. It never
changed its position. Then he pushed
first on one side and then on the
other, trying to throw it. It only
spread its four legs wide apart like
those of a saddle horse. Then the
boy took off the bridle, thinking
it might try to run away, knowing
itself to be free. The burro smiled
at this.

Then the boy gathered a lot of
stones and began pelting it. The
burro never shed. A man was
sprinkling his yard with a hose near
by, and the boy got him to squirt
water on the burro. The burro
laughed and sneaked audibly. Then
the boy pulled a handful of fresh
grass and held it temptingly in
front, but the burro only nodded his
head at its master (?). Naturally
this excited the crowd, and
many were the words of encourage-
ment showered upon the boy and
the sticks and yells at the burro, for
the boy in a sort of public address
gave them all "leave at him." Just
at this point an electric car ap-
peared. It came spinning up in
the burro's rear, clanging its bell noisily,
for the motorman recognized the
obstructionist. He thought the animal
would get out of the way of the
track. But the burro never moved.

The motorman, not caring to kill
the beast, stopped the car, only giv-
ing the burro a hard bump, which
made him brace the harder. Then
the crowd yelled, while an attempt
was made to start the car slowly,
but the burro only spread his legs
wider and smiled. The passengers
then got off, and two men taking
hold of each leg of the burro, they
lifted it off the track and sat it down
on the roadside just as if it had been
a heavy center-table. The boy then
put on the bridle again and climbing
aboard trotted the burro off after
the car, wagging his ears as peace-
fully as if he had never balked in his
life.—N. Y. Telegram.

LOTS OF SNAKES.
A Mail with Only Two Boy Assistants
Kills Thirty-Nine Rattles.
William Gossard, who lives near
the southern terminus of the Aurora
electric line, had an exciting experi-
ence and is fairly tumbled with pride
at the way he acquitted himself.
With two boys for assistants he did
to death no less than thirty-nine rat-
tlesnakes of varying sizes and
brought the rattles to the city in
the bargain. The most astonishing
part of the whole matter is that the
snakes were found basking quietly
in the sunshine within five miles of
the city, and Mr. Gossard says there
are plenty more left where his came
from.

According to his statement two
boys named Smith, one fourteen,
the other twelve, came out to his
house one morning to spend the day.
To amuse them he took a small twen-
ty-two-caliber rifle and started out
over the fields, they taking their
bean-shooters and firing pebbles at
every living thing that came in their
way. Beyond the DeBels farm,
some two and a quarter miles from
the end of the Aurora car line, they
came upon a deserted prairie dog
town and saw two or three rattles-
nake holes.

While seeking to find what had
killed them Gossard heard a warn-
ing rattle and saw a snake just
crawling under one of the carcasses.
He promptly shot the reptile, which
was about three feet in length, and
they cut from it eight rattles and a
button, showing it to be a patriarch
of eight years and six months. Then
one of the lads discovered another
snake and shot it in the head with
his bean-shooter. And then they
began finding snakes here, there and
everywhere for over half an hour,
finally counting up no less than thirty-
nine of all sizes which they had
killed. "We could have got more
if we'd staid longer," said Mr. Gos-
sard, "but I began to get shaky."
They were too thick. I didn't want
any of us bit, so we just hauled off.
Some one ought to get out after
them."—Denver News.

Long on Number Ten.
The number 10 is very noticeable
in the life of A. Northup, of Ray
county, Mo. He was born on July 10.
He has a brother who is 10 years
older, also born on July 10. His
wife is 10 years younger, also born
on July 10. Northup enlisted July 10
and was discharged July 10. He
fought on Island No. 10. He has al-
so 10 children and wears No. 10
shoes.

VIVID DREAMING.
A Young Minneapolis Man Has a
Startling Vision.

A young business man of Minne-
apolis bought a furnace and had it
set up. A day or two later he
worked all day in showing his wife
how to run it so she would not burn
the house down, and then took a
sleeper for St. Louis. Near Fulton
he had a vivid dream.

He thought his house was afire
and his family locked up inside.
With yells of desperation which
fairly froze the blood of the other
passengers in the sleeper, he kicked
in the door and found the floor
burned away, his wife and every-
thing in the house cremated, and he
himself landed in the cellar with a
heavy thud. The blow awoke him,
and picking himself up he found
himself by the side of the railroad
track. Glancing about him, ex-
pecting to see the train and wreck
and the other passengers killed, he saw
in the starlight his train vanishing
in the distance. He had actually
kicked out the double window of his
berth with his bare feet and thrown
himself feet first through the win-
dow to the ground while the train
was running twenty-five miles an
hour, and was unhurt save three
cuts on his left leg, caused by the
broken glass.

The passengers notified the con-
ductor, and when the train was
backed they found the man walking
to meet it. He was clad only in his
night clothes. It was almost impos-
sible to believe his story, but his
condition and his deserted berth
containing his clothes and the broken
window confirmed it.—St. Louis
Globe-Democrat.

THE WORD "TROLLEY."
Origin and History of a Term Now
Much Used.

Most persons who use the word
"trolley" probably do not know the
origin of this term, or why this
name was given to that apparatus
by which the electricity is conveyed
from an aerial wire. Twenty years
ago the word was used to designate
"a form of truck which can be tilted,
for carrying railroad materials or
the like." This is the only definition
of the word in Webster's dictionary
of the edition of 1868. In the edi-
tion of 1892 of the same work, three
other definitions are added. 1. "A
narrow cart that is pushed by hand
or drawn by an animal." It is noted
that this meaning of the word is in
use in England, not in the United
States. 2. "A truck from which
the load is suspended on some kind
of cranes." This meaning is tech-
nical, according to Webster, and
employed only in speaking of ma-
chinery. 3. "Electric railway." A
truck which travels along the fixed
conductors, and forms a means of
connection between them and a rail-
way car." It is easy to see how the
primitive form of the electric trol-
ley, which travels upon the wires,
came to receive its name from its
resemblance to other types of trol-
ley, and the name, having been im-
mediately given to this primitive
form, was naturally retained when
the method of connection was
changed from a little truck moving
on a wire, to a mast having at its
end a wheel pressing on the lower
surface of the wire.

Tit for Tat.
An American and an Englishman
were one day sitting on the balcony
of the house of the Anglo-American
club in Brussels passing the rather
short hours in a little friendly giv-
ing of each other. The Englishman
sat facing the American flag. After
a brief lull in the sharpshoot-
ing the Englishman came out with:
"I say, old man, you cawn't imagine what
your flag reminds me of."
The American was serious. "Well,
what is it?"
"Why, it reminds me of a deuced
big gridiron, don't you know?"
The American smiled a sad smile
and then said: "All right, Johnny.
But what do you think your flag re-
minds me of?"
"Don't know."
"Well, it reminds me of a darned
big beefsteak that we can fry on our
gridiron."—Boston Budget.

Dan Dawson's Versatility.
Probably the late poet athlete of
Philadelphia, Dan Dawson, was not
intended to rank as high in the
world of letters as the late John
Boyle O'Reilly, but he seems to have
had some of O'Reilly's versatility.
It is related of him that one morn-
ing he went over to New York to
give his foreman some instructions in
carrying out a contract for building
a croquet fence. In the afternoon
the Authors' club gave him a recep-
tion and his latest poem was the
topic of discussion. Later he went
to Sheepshead Bay to see the famous
steepchaser, Rushbrook, engage
in a race there. In the evening he
lectured on "Norse Mythology" be-
fore a select literary audience; and
afterward, before the New York
Athletic club, he whipped their
champion middle-weight pugilist.

Convertible Steamships.
Convertible steamships are the
newest designs in shipbuilding.
They are built to carry general or
liquid cargoes on very short notice.
The first vessel of that type, the new
British steamship Mexican Prince,
arrived in New York a few days
ago from the Tyne. She was built
at Wallsend, England, for James
Knott, and had every requirement
for loading and discharging anything
that might have to be sent across
the sea. Steam fans to drive out
gases that always accumulate on
this type of vessels were part of the
ship's equipment in Winches and
sigh-over pumps were also on
board to suit the varying demands
of commerce.

A CHAPTER ON DOGS.
Suggestions for the Farmer Who
Desires Gain's Protection.

How to Care for and Property House
The An Excellent Idea Concerning
the Chain-Various Kinds of
Useful Breeds.

If every dog in the world were
killed it would throw a large credit
to the favorable side of the world's
finances, so far as dollars and cents
are concerned. The food of dogs,
their taxes, and finally their depreda-
tions, foot up a large amount.
Still the world does not live for dol-
lars and cents. And how many a
child would mourn its amusing pet,
how many a lock and household miss
a faithful friend and defender! Bur-
glars, foxes, vermin generally
would rejoice at canine extinction.
But men who have been pulled by
dogs from alpine snowdrifts, rescued
from drowning, delivered from in-
furiated lions or from the burglar's
pistol, are not going to vote against
the dog. No dog should be trusted
to run loose at night unless the
owner is absolutely sure that it will
not leave his premises, or bite an in-
offensive stranger. This is so hard
to determine that it is safest that
every dog should be tied, during the
night at least. This rule would de-
crease the ravages in flocks of sheep
wonderfully, as such butchery is
generally done at night. If every
dog running loose at night could be
shot with impunity, it would be an
excellent law, in sheep-growing dis-
tricts at least.

If you own a good dog, do not
kick him outdoors when you go to
bed and tell him to shift for himself.
He cannot be expected to remain a
good dog long. Get a tight, large
dry goods box, cut a circular hole
just big enough for the dog to pass
through, in one side of the box near
the end. Nail a loose flap of carpet
above the hole to keep out the wind.
Put on a sloping roof of matched
boards and set the house in an open
shed or on the south side of a build-
ing. A dog with such a residence,
although it is cheap, will learn self-
respect. Now get several rods of
heavy wire and fasten it near the
dog's house, a little higher than your
head, so it will be an obstacle, and
carry it out to a tall post and fasten
it taut, about six feet high. String
the ring of the dog's chain on it be-
fore fastening it. It is then but a
second's work to snap or unsnap the
chain from the dog's collar. The
animal can have a fine run out to
the post and back, insuring health
and cleanliness, and the way he will
make the chain jingle along that
wire will make you admire the con-
trivance. Give the dog an occa-
sional bath with sea soap; or a rub-
bing with bagging. Insect powder,
also, will kill fleas if dusted dry into
the hair. A dog's food should be
varied, with not too much meat,
though a bone is always a boon to
him; meal scraps, Johnnycake made
of table and fine middlings, with a
little bone meal in it and dried beet
root, stale bread from the baker's
mill will piece out the dog's menu. Re-
member, also, that pure water is as
important as food.

For all purposes of the farmer the
Scottish collie is the choice dog. He
will not only drive stock by instinct,
but is a good watcher, fond of chil-
dren, and often, a game hunter of
vermin, squirrels, etc. Terriers—
Scotch, Irish, fox, bull and other
sorts—are valuable animals, not
only for hunting rats, but as house
dogs to detect robbers they are un-
equalled. They are generally safe
and a gamey, amusing pet. Fox
hounds render an excellent service
to poultry raisers, but setters, point-
ers and such pets of hunters cannot
be trusted around poultry. They
are better kept on the chain, being
often snappy in disposition. Be-
ware of Spitz dogs and degenerate
Newfoundlands, as they are prone to
bite and seem especially liable to
hydrophobia. A pure Newfound-
land makes a noble protector, espe-
cially for children when near the
water. A thoroughbred St. Bern-
ard is the noblest and safest of
canine companions, but they are too
high-priced for the average farmer.

If possible, get a dog in his youth,
and train him up in the way he
should go. Old dogs will not attend
school, or at least will ignore their
lessons. When training a young
dog, do it all alone by yourself, so
nothing will distract him; let him
know you are in earnest; enlist his
good will; reward him when he does
well, and do not weary him with a
long lesson, and you will succeed.—
C. H. Crandall, in Country Gentleman.

VAPORIZED QUARTZ.
The Volatilization of Rock Crystal by
Electricity.

A beautiful opalescence may some-
times be observed in the glass globes
used to diffuse the light of the elec-
tric arc, particularly after such
globes have been in use for a long
time.

Close examination shows that the
opalescent effect is due to the pres-
ence on the glass of minute spheres
of silica which have evidently been
formed by volatilization from the
glass under the influence of the elec-
tric arc. This effect is in accord-
ance with the experiments of M.
Moissan, whose electric furnace has
produced some surprising results.

The essential feature of the fur-
nace is an electric arc of great in-
tensity. When rock crystal, broken
into fragments, is placed in the fur-
nace it simply melts, like so much
ice, and in a few minutes the liquid
thus formed begins to boil.

The vapor rising from the liquef-
ied crystal is condensed into a little
bluish-white cloud, from which tiny
spheres of silica, glimmering with
opalescent hues, are deposited.

The latter, of course, are the prod-
uct of a very slow and gradual
process, while in the electric furnace
the volatilization is effected with as-
tonishing rapidity.—Youth's Com-
panion.

She's Used to It.
"This morning," said a prome-
nader, "I saw a newsboy pick up
and hand to a lady who was walking
rapidly away from it a bundle which
she had just dropped. She had a
number of bundles upon her arm,
and this one had slid out from the
rest. She was walking with another
lad and talking with her; perhaps
it was because she was thus pre-
occupied that she paid no attention
to the newsboy when he handed her the
bundle; she simply placed it back
among the rest and went on. The
newsboy halted for just a brief mo-
ment, and there was just the faint-
est flicker of a smile upon his face.
This was one of the times when he
had played for a tip and lost, and
then he went on with his regular
work. This leads me to say, as the
result of my observations, that men
more often than women give the
newsboy something. Why is this? Is
it because women expect as a
matter of course homage and
service from all, or are women less
generous than men?"—N. Y. Sun.

EASY ENOUGH.
The Young Irish Priest and His Crit-
ical Hearer.

In a certain church in Ireland a
young priest was detailed to preach.
This occasion was his first appear-
ance, and he took for his text: "The
Feeding of the Multitude."
He said: "And they fed ten
thousand people with ten thousand
loaves of bread and ten thousand
fishes."
An old Irishman said: "That's
no miracle; begorra, I could do that
myself," which the priest over-
heard.

The next Sunday the priest an-
nounced the same text, but he had
it right this time. He said: "And
they fed ten thousand people on ten
loaves of bread and ten fishes."

He waited a second and then
leaned over the pulpit, and said:
"And could you do that, Mr. Mur-
phy?"

Murphy replied: "And sure, your
reverence, I could."
"And how could you do it?" said
the priest.

"And sure, your reverence, I could
do it with what was left over from
last Sunday."—Tid-Bits.

A MARINE WONDER.
The Coral Rampart Along the Coast
of Northwestern Australia.

One of the marine wonders of the
world is the great barrier reef of
Australia. This stupendous rampart
of coral, stretching in almost un-
broken line for 1,250 miles along the
northwestern coast of Australia,
presents features of interest which
are not to be equaled in any other
quarter of the globe. Nowhere is
the action of the little marine insect,
which builds up with untiring indus-
try these mighty mountains with
which the tropical seas are studded,
more impressive; nowhere are the
wonderful constructive forces of na-
ture more apparent. By a simple
process of accretion there has been
reared in the course of countless
centuries an adamant wall against
which the billows of the Pacific,
sweeping along in an uninterrupted
course of several thousand miles,
dash themselves in ineffectual fury.
Inclosed within the range of its pro-
tecting arms is a calm inland sea,
eight thousand square miles in ex-
tent, dotted with a multitude of
coral islets and presenting at every
turn objects of interest alike to the
unlearned traveler and the man of
science. Here may be witnessed the
singular process by which the wavy,
gelatinous living mass hardens into
stone, then serves as a collecting
ground for the fotsam and jetsam of
the ocean, and ultimately develops
into an island covered with a luxu-
rious mass of tropical growth.

Here, again, may be seen in the se-
rene depths of placid pools extraor-
dinary forms of marine life, aglow
with the most brilliant colors and
producing in their infinite variety
a bewildering sense of the vastness
of the life of the ocean.

NOT SO PIZEN.
The Mountaineer's Feelings Had
Undergone a Change.

He Was One of the "Bad Men" of the
Wild Country of West Virginia, But
the Newfangled Machine Agent
Tamed Him.

I had heard so many stories in the
West Virginia mountains of the
"bad men" with their Winchester
that every time I saw a man with a
gun I fancied he was one of the
heroes of the hills and treated him
with corresponding courtesy, not so
much because I was naturally polite
as that I was anxious to leave the
country without taking any lead
away in my system. One day I
rode up to a comfortable farmhouse
and seated in the doorway was a
mountaineer with a Winchester on
his lap, rubbing it up clean and
bright.

"Good morning," I said, most
courteously, "will you be kind
enough to tell me how far it is to
Reed's Mill?"

"Four miles," he responded briefly.
"Air you goin' thar?"

"Yes, sir; I'm buying timber."
"Goin' right thar from here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you see a sewin' machine
agent thar you tell him I'm ready
fer him."

Here, I thought, is one of those
shooting scrapes of the mountains
budding, only this time it is an out-
sider who is to suffer, and my mind
was made up to warn the agent of
his danger.

"I'll tell him," I said, "but what
are you going to do to him?"

"Well, stranger," explained the
native, "bein' its you'll tell you.
He comes here yestiddy an' sells my
wife a machine fer forty dollar an'
she give him twenty dollars cash,
every dern cent I had in the house,
and then called me in ter sign a
note fer the balance. Well, yer see,
I was fer fighting right then an'
thar, an' made fer my gun, but the
durn agent headed me off, an' in
about four minutes he had wiped up
about two acres uv y'arth with me,
an' then he walked out an' said he'd
be back to-day fer the balance."

"Now I was sure what that gun
meant."

"You wouldn't shoot an unsus-
pecting man down in his tracks,
would you?" I said, in spite of my-
self.

"Shoot that agent, mister," he ex-
claimed, jumping up. "Shoot him,
mister? Not much; he ain't that
kind. I'm goin' ter try to pacify
him by givin' him this gun an' ten
dollars, an' the gun's wuth twenty,
it's wuth a cent. I know when
I've got enough, an' I'll be doggoned
if I want ter be walloped clean over
the rest uv my farm. So you can
tell him I'm ready fer him, an' sorter
explainly that I ain't so pizen as I
was yestiddy."

By this time my feelings had
undergone a change, and I very will-
ingly agreed to "explainly."—Detroit
Free Press.

A Gotham Lawyer's Big Fee.
The New York lawyer who en-
joys the distinction of having re-
corded, perhaps, the biggest fee on
record is William Nelson Cromwell.
He was paid \$200,000 for his
services. One would hardly take
him for a lawyer, however. He looks
like a Methodist minister on a visit
to the city. At present he is coun-
sel for the receivers of the Northern
Pacific railroad, and is esteemed one
of the best railroad lawyers in the
city. He is thin and wears bushy
iron-gray hair. His clothing is not
of the fashionable cut. He may often
be seen reading a novel as he rides up-
town from his office. The \$200,000
fee was paid him for extracting a
Wall street firm from an \$18,000,000
embarrassment. This he did in a
month's time. He will probably
make \$200,000 more out of the Northern
Pacific troubles. His law prac-
tice is enormous and his income is
princely. Meantime there are 5,000
other lawyers in New York city
whose pay will not average \$1,500 a
year.

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.

BE EVERY PACKAGE
Has the Z Brand in Red on wrapper.
J. H. SIMMONS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

NOT SO PIZEN.
The Mountaineer's Feelings Had
Undergone a Change.

He Was One of the "Bad Men" of the
Wild Country of West Virginia, But
the Newfangled Machine Agent
Tamed Him.

I had heard so many stories in the
West Virginia mountains of the
"bad men" with their Winchester
that every time I saw a man with a
gun I fancied he was one of the
heroes of the hills and treated him
with corresponding courtesy, not so
much because I was naturally polite
as that I was anxious to leave the
country without taking any lead
away in my system. One day I
rode up to a comfortable farmhouse
and seated in the doorway was a
mountaineer with a Winchester on
his lap, rubbing it up clean and
bright.

"Good morning," I said, most
courteously, "will you be kind
enough to tell me how far it is to
Reed's Mill?"

"Four miles," he responded briefly.
"Air you goin' thar?"

"Yes, sir; I'm buying timber."
"Goin' right thar from here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you see a sewin' machine
agent thar you tell him I'm ready
fer him."

Here, I thought, is one of those
shooting scrapes of the mountains
budding, only this time it is an out-
sider who is to suffer, and my mind
was made up to warn the agent of
his danger.

"I'll tell him," I said, "but what
are you going to do to him?"

"Well, stranger," explained the
native, "bein' its you'll tell you.
He comes here yestiddy an' sells my
wife a machine fer forty dollar an'
she give him twenty dollars cash,
every dern cent I had in the house,
and then called me in ter sign a
note fer the balance. Well, yer see,
I was fer fighting right then an'
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durn agent headed me off, an' in
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