

# The Tarboroan

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

TARBORO', N. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1894.

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I am Prepared to do all work in the **Undertaker's Business,** at the shortest notice. Having connected with my shop the repairing business. All work left at my shop shall have Prompt attention.

**PRICES MODERATE.**  
Also a first-class HEARSE for hire. Thanking my friends for their former patronage, I hope to merit the same, should they need anything in the **Undertaking**—OR—**Repairing Business.** My Place is on Pitt Street Three Doors from the Corner of Main.

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The reputation that the Weekly Herald has enjoyed for many years of being the best home newspaper in the land will be materially added to during the year of 1894. No price or expense will be spared to make it the every department the most reliable, interesting and instructive of all weekly newspaper publications.

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### Baby's Bad Blisters

My son, aged three, had breaking out on his face. The places were large as dollar, fresh, raw and covered with blisters. Tried remedies without result, eruptions spreading, new places breaking out. Concluded to try CUTICURA REMEDY, change in two weeks a perfect cure.

### Baby One Solid Sore

Baby broke out with Eczema when two months old. Head, arms, feet and hands one solid sore. She had no rest night or day. After one week's trial of CUTICURA REMEDY, change in two weeks a perfect cure.

### Baby All Over Sores

Baby had Eczema very bad when two weeks old. Covered with sores all over his head, face and neck. After one week's trial of CUTICURA REMEDY, change in two weeks a perfect cure.

### Baby Literally Afire

Our little baby, 2 years old, was taken with Eczema, body solid red and itchy. After one week's trial of CUTICURA REMEDY, change in two weeks a perfect cure.

### CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS

And its cures are the most remarkable performed by any blood and skin remedy of modern times. Parents, remember that CUTICURA is a permanent and economical.

### BABY'S SKIN

is the most delicate and beautiful. It is the most sensitive and the most susceptible to disease.

### TIN SHOP.

I AM DOING A Tin, Slate and Roofing BUSINESS as cheap as any.

I do repairing in Tin, Iron and Copper promptly.

**J. T. WARD,**  
Austin Building.

I make the most superior Coffee Pot ever offered to the public. 137

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

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

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

**Prof. E. W. SMITH, Principal of the COMMERCIAL COLLEGE OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY**

**MEDAL AND DIPLOMA** awarded to Prof. E. W. Smith for his work in the Commercial College of Kentucky University.

**\$525 Agents' profits per month.** Will prove it or pay for itself. New article just out. A \$1.50 sample and terms free. Try it. Chester & Son, 28 Bond St., N. Y.

### LOVE AND ACOUSTICS.

#### How the Capitol Dome Helped on an Affair of the Heart.

It was in the office of the clerk of the district courts. He had just planked down a dollar for a marriage license, and a reporter was about to add him to the list as "one more unfortunate, weary of single life, rashly impetuous, going in for married strife," but then he spoke: "Say, friend, I wish you would leave that out of the paper."

The objector to newspaper notoriety was a pleasant-spoken young fellow, and he continued argumentatively: "Now, I'm a newspaper man myself, and I know how you're fixed. You're sent here to get the news, and naturally want to get all of it. But if you'll keep that item out of the paper for twenty-four hours, I'll give you a story worth printing."

A mere two-line item, again, perhaps, a column; here was an inducement that no newspaper man could resist, and the reporter was not proof against temptation. Still, he was wise enough to stipulate that the story should be given at once.

"Well, you have our names and residence from the register," said the young Benedict-about-to-be, and we've had quite a little romance. She belongs to one of the best families in that country, where her father is quite a small magnate. I went down there about three years ago and started a paper. I did pretty well and am probably as well fixed financially as she is, but unfortunately, the old man and I couldn't hitch. Before I knew what a charming daughter he had I trod on his political toes pretty sharply and he never forgave me. The old lady, too, didn't like me, partly because I was a newspaper man and not related to any of the local aristocracy, into which she wanted her daughter to marry.

"Still, Bella liked me, and you know when you have the girl and the dog on your side a fellow can stand a good deal of snubbing. All went along very well for awhile. I proposed and was accepted, but when I came to speak to the old man about it he fired me out bodily, or threatened to do so, and ordered me never to show my face in his house again. Knowing the old man and having due regard for my face, I never did, but managed to meet Bella on the sly, although the old folks watched her pretty closely.

"Finally they decided to remove her from the contamination of my neighborhood, probably on the theory that separation is a cure for such cases. Accordingly they came to Washington for a month or so, possibly in hopes that some of these city swells might cut me out. But Bella managed to drop me a note telling me about it, so I followed them. They've been here about a week, stopping with friends—I couldn't find out where until the other day, I hunted through all the hotels and hunted the streets in hopes of seeing them, when finally I remembered that strangers in the city always go to the Capitol about the first thing.

"Then I took up my station in the rotunda every day, staying all day long. The watchmen kindly considered me a new crank in town, but finally they came—the old man, the old lady and Bella. I pulled my hat down over my eyes and hid behind a newspaper until they had passed, and then I heard them inquiring the way to the dome. When they got pretty well up the stairs I followed, and at the top, you know, it is pretty dark, so by keeping on the opposite side I managed to escape the old couple's eyes.

"They were busy studying out the 'Apotheosis of Washington,' while Bella was leaning against the wall, looking tired and homesick. I waited around for a chance to speak to her, but the old man kept her at his elbow, and I had about made up my mind that I would have to knock him down when an idea struck me.

"You know how sound travels over that arch, so that people on opposite sides of the circle can talk to each other in whispers? I had been there before and knew all about it, so I stood just across from Bella and spoke her name. She jumped as if she had been shot.

"'Where are you, Will?' she exclaimed, recognizing my voice at once. She had been thinking of me, she told me afterward.

"'Hush!' said I. 'I'm just opposite you; talk to the wall and I can hear all you say.'

"And maybe we didn't talk. It seemed a bit uncanny to be talking to a stone wall and having your best girl answer back. Something like the old story of Pyramus and Thisbe, only they talked through the wall. Well, she told me where she was stopping, and that it would be useless for me to try to see her nearer, as she was watched all the time.

"Just then the old man chimed in and asked her to whom she was talking. She said only to herself. As there was no one within fifty feet of her he had to believe it.

"Well, that made me mad and also gave me another idea. I had been looking up the district marriage laws and found that one could get a license almost for the asking. There was no time to be lost. I asked Bella if she would marry me at once, whether the old folks were willing or not, and she said she would if she could get away. Then

### EXEMPT FROM THIEVES.

#### A Sense of Honor Among the Pickpockets of Spain.

Remarkable Experiences of Senor Chucua, the Popular Composer.—The Wife of a Prominent Barcelona Editor Meets with a Like Good Fortune.

All Madrid has been amused at a remarkable experience which befell Senor Chucua, the popular composer, a few days ago in the Spanish capital, says the New York Tribune.

In his latest piece, "La Gran Via," which has been the chief attraction at the opera house for some time, the maestro has endeavored to immortalize three pickpockets, known as "Las Tres Ratas." The characters, in fact, are the chief ones of the piece.

While riding recently in one of the tram-cars of Madrid one of the "long-fingered gentry" relieved Chucua of his pocketbook, containing his photograph and three hundred pesetas. The composer reported the robbery to the police, with little hope, however, of regaining his property. The incident naturally was told in the newspapers.

Twenty-four hours later the senior received a package containing the money and the following letter: "Most Honored Maestro: By mistake one of our colleagues yesterday stole your pocketbook and its contents. Through the papers he learned of his error. The president of the society, to whom was intrusted the duty of repairing the evil done, honors himself in returning this to you, with the three hundred pesetas. In order to avoid such a mistake in the future we have retained your photograph, to which we will give a prominent place in our council chamber. Never again will the honorable association of Madrid pickpockets forget that it was you, honored master, through your operetta, who gave us a respectable name in the eyes of society. With the highest respect, "Las Tres Ratas."

The famous composer, however, is not the only one in Spain who is to be exempt from the depredations of this class of citizens. A few days after Chucua had recovered his property the wife of Senor Morano, a prominent editor of Barcelona, lost her gold watch studded with diamonds. The senior in his paper offered a reward for the return of the timepiece, promising to ask no questions. The paper had been on the street only a few hours when a handsomely dressed man called at the office and asked to see the editor. He gave him a package and disappeared. The package contained the watch. The next mail brought a letter saying that the watch had been stolen by a Barcelona "rata," but that as soon as the council had learned of his "highly" just before, being tucked into his crib, and in his infantile manner was praying to Santa Claus to bring him the treasure upon which he had fixed his heart. When he had finished, I asked the master of the house what should old Santa Claus bring papa? He bowed his little head on my knee again, and innocently pleaded: "And, dear Santa Claus, please bring papa to see those that can win something."

That was his mother's work, I suppose, but it went. I bought a tree that night, loaded it down with toys the boy had asked for, and then trimmed it with the tickets that hadn't won in the races. The habit I had contracted of keeping losing tickets enabled the "long shots" to reach from top to bottom; the five, three and two to one went twice around, and scarcely a branch escaped decoration. The unique feeling represented hundreds of hard dollars that had been scattered in the wake of a race-track "skate." I have not played a horse since that time, and I have made up my mind that I never will again. It's a delusion and a snare.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

### Another Lincoln Story.

"It was years ago," remarked Senator Voorhees, "when I was just beginning the practice of law. My circuit used to take me over into eastern Illinois. It was then I first saw Abe Lincoln. He was practicing law then and was very successful. I recall a story he told on some opposing lawyer during the argument of a case.

"Our friend," said Lincoln to the jury, "is not responsible altogether for the very remarkable argument with which he has afflicted you. Our friend is all right in a conversation, and he may even examine a witness fairly well. But the moment he embarks on a set speech his mind becomes peculiarly affected. In fact its operations while our friend is speaking seem so very much retarded that he might almost be said to have ceased. In this respect he reminds me of a steamboat I knew many years ago, and which busied itself in the Ohio river. This puffing little steamboat was of unusual, not to say illogical, construction. It had a five-foot boiler and a seven-foot whistle; and every time it whistled it stopped. It reminds me, very much, gentlemen, of our friend."—Washington Post.

### Why Yale Wins.

In the recent biography of Dr. Noah Porter, Mr. George S. Merriam, himself a Yale college man, commenting upon the prominence of athletics in that institution, has this to say upon "one side of the story."

A Yale senior was lately asked: "Who is ex-officio the greatest man in college?"

"The captain of the football team," was the prompt reply.

"Of course; and who has second honors?"

"Second, but at a good remove, comes the captain of the crew and of the baseball team."

"And who is next?"

"There isn't any next."

And it was not a Harvard, but a Yale man who offered one explanation of his college's supremacy in athletics:

"You see at Yale the athletic interest is supreme, while at Harvard it divides attention with scholarship and literature and various other affairs; so of course we beat them in our specialty."—Youth's Companion.

### DAVID GARRICK.

#### The Great Actor Romping in the Garden with a Little Blackamoor.

David Garrick, the great actor, although he had no children of his own, was most constantly fond of the little ones. He was never so happy as when he was romping in the garden with young folk, giving them rides on his broad back or pretending to frighten them by acting the part of a dog or a lion. Add never before were there such ferocious lions and bears, never were there such wonderful proud peacocks, as those he transformed himself into.

Once at a certain rich gentleman's house, to which the actor had been invited, the conversation during dinner time became too dull. The city merchants felt to talking about business, and Garrick began to feel out of place.

So when every one was busy chatting to his neighbor he slipped very quietly out of the room, and went round through the garden to the back of the house. There he discovered a little black boy—a negro. In those days, you know, people were permitted to keep slaves. Garrick was pleased, indeed, to see such a jolly little fellow, and it did not matter to him in the least if that boy was only a little black servant.

Down went his back and up went his head, with his three-cornered hat, while his hand behind lifted up the tails of his long blue coat. And the next moment there he was strutting about the yard, the very image of a dignified old turkey-cock.

"Gobbie! gobbie! gobbie!" went Garrick, bobbing his head up and down; and round and round he strutted, with his coat-tails flapping proudly behind him.

And thus he was discovered when his host came out to look for the missing guest.

"Oh, nonsense, he do so make me laugh! I shall do wid laffin!" cried the little blackamoor, holding his sides. "He one great turkey-cock; oh, he do make me to laff!"

Garrick's big, round face was glowing with childish joy as he stopped in the middle of a loud "gobbie," and looked up to meet the horrified countenance of his worthy host; and sorry enough he must have felt to think that he had now to join the uninteresting company again. He could have played turkey-cock all day, no doubt, if he and his little black friend had been left alone together.—N. Y. Journal.

### A RACE-TRACK FIEND.

How a Child's Prayer Worked His Reformation.

Peter Johnson, one of Flatbush's old residents, who is regarded by his friends as a "reformed race-track fiend," told the story of his reformation to a few friends the other day as follows: "It was Christmas eve," he said, "my four-year-old blood by my knee in his 'highly,' just before, being tucked into his crib, and in his infantile manner was praying to Santa Claus to bring him the treasure upon which he had fixed his heart. When he had finished, I asked the master of the house what should old Santa Claus bring papa? He bowed his little head on my knee again, and innocently pleaded: 'And, dear Santa Claus, please bring papa to see those that can win something.'

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### THE ART OF EATING.

Branch of Education in Which Americans Are Deficient.

"When my children get to the proper age," said the man who was smoking a briar pipe, "I intend to have them taken in hand by some competent person and given a thorough instruction in the art of eating and, further, in the science of finding out what to eat and ordering."

"What do you mean?" inquired the man who sat next to him.

"I mean this: The average American citizen is woefully deficient in knowledge of what he can get to eat. He falls down when it comes to ordering a dinner. The great majority of people in this country who are brought up frugally at home and do not know anything but the commonest dishes. The consequence is that when a man goes into a restaurant for dinner or to a hotel he gazes helplessly at the bill of fare and sees many things of which he does not know the component parts. He dare not order anything that he is not sure of for fear of ridicule and he falls back on roast beef and mashed potatoes. The fact is, he doesn't know anything but roast beef."

"Now, sir, my children are going to know what's what when it comes to eating. 'No roast beef domination!' shall be my household slogan."—St. Paul World.

### BEAUTIES OF HUNGARY.

They Are Healthy, Vigorous, Active and Fond of Admiration.

The Hungarian women are among the most beautiful in the world. Except and straight as a candle, hearty and vigorous to the core, they are pictures of good health and abounding vitality. They are gifted with small feet, full arms, plump hands with tapering fingers and wear long braids. The sun has spread a reddish golden tint or a darker tone over the complexion. The Hungarian woman is not a beauty of classical contour, nor does she, perhaps, frequently present a riddle to the psychologist, and ethereal poets will scarcely find a theme in her for hyperbentimental reveries. She is rather the vigorous embodiment of primeval womanhood. As her exterior, so her whole character is enchantingly fresh and positive. She likes to eat well, is fond of a little wine, takes naturally to swimming, dancing, gymnastics and has not the least objection to being admired.

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### THE PNEUMATIC AGE.

#### An Invention Intended to Make Riding More Comfortable.

The present era is likely to be known to history as the pneumatic age. What with pneumatic tubes and pneumatic tires, pneumatic bells and pneumatic guns, to say nothing of pneumatic craters, the wind works seem to be coming to the front. The latest thing in the pneumatic line is the invention of a Washington man, Jack Rogers, one of the well-known members of the Columbia Athletic club, and his invention is a saddle, says the Washington Post. Rogers was by no means a tenderfoot when he went west the last time, having lived on alkali and baking powder bread for a number of years west of the one hundredth meridian. On his last trip out he was softened by a long course of luxurious living in the effete east, and when it came to riding miles on a bronco that would jolt the top off a tin can in a Sabbath day's journey, he was, strictly speaking, not in it, or that was, he did not want to be. So, after casting around for means of alleviating his distress, he got a pair of old hot water bags that had been knocking around in the camp medical outfit, and improvised a couple of saddle pads that did away with saddle blankets and were cool and easy on man and beast. With true business instinct he patented the device and had a few pneumatic saddles made. It is a contrivance that is likely to be looked down upon by the callous residents of the west, who consider it a matter of no moment to settle their breakfast by fifteen minutes' exercise on a bucking bronco before starting off for an all-day ride, but in some localities the thing has taken quite extensively, and now the German army is experimenting with it in the cavalry service. What the outcome of this will be it is hard to say, but to an ignorant outsider it looks as though there might be danger of the superheated air exploding under the violent pounding of a sharp cavalry charge; and then, too, it would be an expensive business to have a combination of horse, saddle and rider that could be all three punctured and put out of use by one shot.

### THE PNEUMATIC AGE.

Because a juror looked at a cable train as it sped past him, Judge Henry granted a new trial of the five thousand dollars damage suit of Frank Jackson against the Kansas City Cable railway, in which Jackson was recently awarded fourteen hundred dollars damages. Mr. Ashley, for young Jackson, contended that if a new trial were to be granted in suits against cable companies every time a juror happened to glance at a cable car, no verdict for the plaintiff could ever stand. He also said that if a man were so deaf, blind and stupid as not to notice passing events such as the approach of a cable train, he had no right to a place on the jury. Judge Henry held, however, that the inspection of Juror Hickman was sufficient to warrant the granting of a new trial. Trial by jury, he said, would be a farce if jurors were permitted to get information out of court.—Kansas City Star.

### A New Slang Phrase.

A new slang phrase has made its appearance in New York city. It expresses contrition or anger at one's self and is to this effect: "I'm going down street to give myself to a policeman." It is supposed that this threat will replace the promise to kick one's self.

### Washing the Smoke.

They have just been trying in Birmingham, England, an exceedingly smoky, hot foggy city, an invention for washing the smoke and making it clean before it is turned loose in the air. The idea is not a new one, but in this application of it there are some novel features. As the smoke proceeds from the furnace to the chimney shaft, it is drawn away near the point of connection with the stack by means of a powerful fan revolving at a great speed. It is then forced through a cylinder making two hundred and eighty revolutions a minute into a tank filled with water. The water is agitated by perforated beaters, and this process has the effect of washing the smoke, which is then allowed to escape perfectly purified into the atmosphere direct, or is conducted back to the chimney. The carbon is precipitated to the bottom of the tank, and is brought out in a thick, bubbling black froth, forming a deposit the worth of which is put at about fifty dollars a ton, along with other by-products of an extremely valuable character. This device may be applied to factory furnaces, locomotives, steamboat engines, and, in fact, to all large furnaces. A company has been formed to work it, and there is a loud call for its trial in London.—Buffalo Commercial.