

The Tarboroough Southerner

State Librarian

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D Crockett.
TARBORO', N. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1894.

VOL. 72. NO. 12.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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Office room of Double Dealer's Store.
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What is Eczema?

It is an agony of agonies. A torture of tortures. It is an itching and burning of the skin almost beyond endurance. It is thousands of pin-headed vesicles filled with an acid fluid, ever forming, ever bursting, ever flowing upon the raw excoriated skin. No part of the human skin is exempt. It tortures, disfigures and humiliates more than all other skin diseases combined. Tender babies are among its most numerous victims. They are often born with it. Sleep and rest are out of the question. Most remedies and the best physicians generally fail, even to relieve. If CUTICURA did no more than cure Eczema, it would be entitled to the gratitude of mankind. It not only cures but a single application is often sufficient to afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure. CUTICURA works wonders because it is the most wonderful skin cure of modern times.

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JERRY'S FERTILE WIT.

How He Rid the Town of Its Bad Man with a Big B.

The Terror of the Town Finally Made to Literally Bite the Dust by the Clever Use of a Very Powerful Magnet.

You can take this story for what it is worth, for the Clubman declines to go sponsor for it. He had it from Buffalo Bill last summer, but Col. Cody also declines to vouch for it. It is a tolerably steep yarn, but creditable to Buffalo Bill if he constructed it, says the Chicago Mail.

Five years ago there was a Bad Man, with an upper case B, in a place called Bloody Gulch, in Montana. The name of the Bad Man in Col. Cody's tale was Wilkins—Si Wilkins. People out there said he had seventeen notches on the handle of his gun and that each of them meant a man. Moreover, no earthly power seemed to be able to bring him to justice. United States marshals in scores went out gunning for Si and returned perforated in various portions of their anatomy. Posses and vigilante committees would call upon him once a month or so, but always found him away from where they thought he was. It was certain he had friends at court, but nobody ever lit upon the spot where the leakage occurred. How ever it was, Si always knew when it would be most healthy for him to lie low. Then when the vigilants had returned to their homes in Bloody Gulch, and the righteous indignation of the people had been appeased, Si would come cavorting through the town and there would not be a whole pane of glass in Main street.

Matters finally came to a crisis. Prayers were offered in the Methodist church of Bloody Gulch for the capture of Si. The price of residence lots began to sink, and it seemed as though Si was going to kill the Bloody Gulch boom single handed. The territorial government became interested in the affair and sent a one-thousand-dollar price on Si's head. That sum was to be paid to the man who captured him dead or alive.

Along about that time there drifted into Bloody Gulch a lank-haired, scrawny gawk called Jeroboam J. Wotherspoon. He came from the east and handed around bits of pasteboard to everybody he met, inscribed with his name and also a mention of the fact that he was in the employ of a private detective agency. The pasteboards worried the best citizens of Bloody Gulch just as much as did Jeroboam's insistence upon wearing collars and low shoes, and his obvious resentment at being addressed by the name of "Jerry." They endeavored to induce the stranger to leave town by every innocent means in their power, such as tar and feathers and contumely. But he declined to go, and when the Bloody Gulch Firebrand denounced him to the editor. After that he became a respected member of the community.

When the reward notices relating to Si were posted in the town Jeroboam J. Wotherspoon wanted to know all about it. They told him the state of affairs, and when he said he wanted that one thousand dollars they smiled and glanced in the direction of the local burying ground, known in Bloody Gulch as "the target," because there were so many bullet holes scattered there. Jeroboam J. said nothing, but when next Si made Bloody Gulch a chronograph it was noticed that he was the only man on the street who did not slide under the board sidewalk. Si needed a keg of shot that day and went into a hardware store to hold up the proprietor. Jeroboam J. followed him on tiptoes, and men, made incautious by their curiosity, crawled out of their hiding places to follow developments. They peeped through the store window and saw Si place shots deftly in the shelf on either side of the proprietor's head. Jeroboam J. crept up behind him, and with a deft movement shoved a powerful magnet into his pocket. Si turned to see what had happened, but before he understood anything a quantity of nails had roostered on his shoulder and six feet of stovepipe was climbing down from the back of the store to get at him.

"Here, what the h—!" he began, but he never completed the sentence, for the store was alive and it was going for him. He barely had time to empty his gun into the storekeeper and get out of the door. The entire stock was on his track to the last shingle nail. He tore down the street for his life, with the hardware hot on his heels. Two squares of boiler iron led the way with a bundle of hay forks and a kitchen range neck and neck for second place. Si ran as he never did before in his life. The whole population, attracted by the infernal clatter, came out of their homes and stood open-mouthed, gazing at the weird race. Lamp-posts on the street took up the pursuit and the steel plow took a flying leap over the fence of a vacant lot and landed on Si's shoulders, felling him to the ground. Then the whole mass piled on top of him, and when they collected him they found it impossible to sort him from the tin tacks.

FRAUDS IN DRIED FISH.

Why the Eastern Market for the Cod Has Declined.

Years ago when our grandmothers and great-grandmothers went to market they bought codfish—that is, they bought a fish wearing a skin and they knew that beneath that skin was the good meat that long ago had a standard place on the table with corn, New York Sun. They knew what they were getting and they would as soon buy a rattlesnake as a fish without a skin. Nowadays it is different. The servants who go to market instead of the housewives ask for codfish and are furnished with small boxes packed with layers of bits of white meat. They are told that this is the latest product of the art of packing and curing fish, boneless codfish it is often called. Often it is the genuine article, but there is a trick in the trade that is easily explained.

A quintal of cod—that is, one hundred and twelve pounds—is worth from six to seven dollars. A quintal of hush is worth from two to three dollars. The hush is a fish resembling the cod in appearance. The striking difference is that the hush has a square instead of a split tail. The meat looks quite like that of the cod, though lacking the crisp flavor that a cod properly prepared should have. Nevertheless, the hush is cut up, cured, packed in layers and sold for codfish. Haddock and hake are likewise getting, and the deception is carried out by soaking these fish in a preparation of oils and acids to prevent the white color from turning brown.

Thus it happens that the epicure misses the delicate flavor and tells the head waiter that codfish are not like the codfish that grew when he was a boy. As a result the trade has dropped off until the demand in New York is not a marker to the market of a few years ago. Out west the people are getting the genuine article, and the labor of catching and curing fish at San Francisco and other Pacific coast towns is cheaper. Perhaps, in the course of a few years, as civilization advances westward, the people of that region will be treated to the same deception practised upon helpless New Yorkers.

A Lesson in Patriotism.

"In a railroad car the other day," said a traveler, "I sat back of a father and son, the son a smiling, pretty boy of eight. They laughed and chatted along together in the most friendly way. Some of the things the father said to his son I couldn't help hearing, but I forgot them as fast as I heard them, all except one thing that fixed itself in my mind in spite of me. The father seemed to be teaching his boy some lines of poetry. When he came to that he stopped laughing. His face was loving and gentle, but as he tried to fix the lines in the boy's mind his manner was serious. I don't know whether he spoke a number of verses which all had the same ending or whether he repeated the same verse, but certainly the ending was always the same, though I heard only part of that:—east or west, I love my native land the best." He said this always very earnestly. Of course I couldn't know just what it was that he couldn't let in his life to his son, but in his love for his son he was trying to instill into his heart a lesson in patriotism.—N. Y. Sun.

The Japan Current.

In many respects the North Pacific ocean resembles the North Atlantic. A great warm current, much like the Gulf stream and of equal magnitude, called the Black stream or Japan current, runs northward along the eastern coast of Japan. Close to the coast there is a shallow bay through a marine valley which flows the deepest water in the world. It is sounded at a depth of five and a quarter miles by the United States steamer Tuscarora in 1875 while surveying for a projected cable route between the United States and Japan. The heavy sounding weight took more than an hour to sink to the bottom. But trial was made of the lead and it was found that the lead did not fetch it up at all. It is the only depth of ocean that yet remains unfathomed.

The Chinese in America.

The Chinese Six Companies represent the six districts near Canton, China, from which almost all the immigrants come to this country. The companies bring the immigrants here, paying their passage, supporting them until they get work, burying them when they die and taking their bones back to China. For all this they exact enormous rates of interest, and blackmail their subjects from time to time as occasion arises. The highlanders are simply the agents of the companies in black mailing or in removing Chinamen who refuse to be blackmailed or are otherwise obnoxious to the companies.

THE RISK WE RUN.

Interesting Figures Gleaned from a Government Report.

Theoretically Eight Accidents, a Bad Score and a Fatally Occurs to Every 35,542,282 Miles Traversed—A Suggestion for Jilted Lovers.

If a man takes a ride of the average length, which is almost twenty-four miles, in a railway train in this country, what is his chance of getting killed? asks the Pittsburgh Times. According to the interesting report of the inter-state commerce commission it is one chance in 1,491,910. If a young man of twenty, jilted by his sweetheart, should determine to commit suicide without sin by getting accidentally killed in a railroad accident he might do it. Certainly he might do it. If he were to get on a train as a passenger and ride, ride, ride at the rate of thirty-five and one-half miles an hour, day and night, every hour of every day and every day in the year, if he had average luck he would eventually get surprised from the great pain at his heart somewhere in the course of passing over 35,542,282 miles, for, according to these official figures, one passenger is killed for every 35,542,282 miles that a passenger is carried. According to the same he would be injured in some way eight and three-quarters times, or eight times and a half, in the course of that journey. It is a little better than one chance in three that he would come to an untimely grave in consequence of a collision, but if he preferred to have the train run off the track to kill him he would have only one chance in nine to be satisfied. His possible journey would have taken him around the world and past the place where she went to housekeeping with the other fellow 1,421 times and would have cost him, at the rate of three cents a mile and two dollars and a half a night for a sleeping berth, \$1,087,916.48. In this melancholy state of mind he wouldn't care how his shoes were blacked and the porter wouldn't disturb his grief for a daily quarter. He would be in his one hundred and thirty-fifth year by the time his desperate purpose was achieved, and he would probably have considerable more sense than he started with.

ODD CONCEITS ABOUT JEWELS.

Empress Eugenie Always Refused to Wear Opals.

The fancy for having one's birth-month stone introduced as a mascot in all possible degrees has led to some quaint and pretty conceits in the way of spoons, which have had set in the handles in unique and effective fashion the stones assigned by superstition to the various months, says the Great Divide. This January has the garnet imbued among fanciful trappings of silver, February the amethyst, March has the blood stone, April the diamond, May the emerald, June the agate, July the ruby, August the sardonyx, September the chrysolite, October the opal, November the topaz and December the turquoise while the pretty superstitions attached to the moonstone make it a favorite at all times. It is said of a famous actress that she never appears upon the stage that some where about her person is not to be found one of these Indian gems. When the birth stone happens to be a secondary gem it is put in a seal, and mounted with the monogram or crest of the owner, whereas its occult influence over the letters sent out from my lady's boudoir.

It is said that Queen Victoria has tried to set at defiance the old superstition about the opal, and that she has given many opals as presents, while of the unfortunate Empress Eugenie it is written that she has always refused to wear the stone. The old legend tells a story of an opal belonging to a Roman senator which was coveted by Marc Antony, and mounted with the monogram or crest of the owner, whereas its occult influence over the letters sent out from my lady's boudoir.

A Friend of the Family.

Mr. Arthur Gilman, of Cambridge, tells the following story: "You know there was a picture of Mr. Longfellow's children that was copied a good deal which was taken in such a way that the arms of one of the little girls did not show. And so it was told about a good deal that she had no arms. One day Mr. Lowell was in a car going by Mr. Longfellow's house and near him were three women seeing the sights. One of them was explaining things to the others, and after pointing out the house, she said: 'You know one of Longfellow's children had no arms.' Mr. Lowell thought that that story had gone about far enough, so he said: 'Excuse me, madam, and told her Mr. Longfellow's children all had the usual number of arms.' She turned on him with a sniff and a little vex on her head and said: 'One of them has no arms, sir. I had it from a friend of the family.'—Boston Transcript.

The Judge Took a Nap.

Most of the Philadelphia judges have their own peculiarities. They tell a story of one well-known judge of the common pleas, who likes an occasional afternoon nap, that after an important case had been argued for several hours by leading counsel with great eloquence, the attorney for the state coughed and prodded his honor gently and said: "They are waiting your verdict." "Ah," said the judge, opening his eyes, "what case is it?" and upon being told he disposed of the matter summarily and gave sentence. So far as known a new law has never been granted upon the plea of judicial somnolence.—Philadelphia Times.

Volcanoes for Sale Cheap.

According to an advertisement contained in the Danish Government Gazette, published in Copenhagen, two big volcanoes are for sale. They are situated in Iceland and are the principal attractions of the island. The owner asks for them the sum of four hundred dollars apiece—not an excessive charge for anyone who may have use for them.

"NOT AT HOME."

What a Caller in Society Understands by This.

The little phrase "not at home," used in the conventional sense, simply means that one is not at liberty to receive her friends or acquaintances. It does not mean that she is out of the house, and it is not so understood by people accustomed to society, according to a writer in Harper's Bazar. When the maid bars the door to a caller, with the information that the lady is "engaged" and cannot come down, the caller, unless she is a very sensible woman indeed, is apt to feel that she has had a rebuff. "I'll not take the trouble to go to her house again very soon," she thinks, and probably says, as she walks disappointedly away.

One use of politeness is to ease the wheels of society and do away with needless friction. When everybody in a community adopts the same formula and its meaning is generally understood and accepted there is no violation of truth in availing one's self of it simply as a convenience. When we send out cards saying that on a certain day we will be "at home" we signify to our friends that then we will be free to enjoy their society. This may seem too formal to be done in a little village where old acquaintances run in upon one another on their way to or from the market or the post office, and where the demands of life are not very insistent. But in town, with its multifarious and pressing engagements, a day at home is almost a necessity to those who would see their friends, and still have time left for anything else.

Of course, if the phrase "not at home" is crudely taken, and regarded as a falsehood by the utterer and by the person who hears it, it lowers the moral tone of both. But this is not what is intended when it is used. The gentleman who is "not at home" is understood simply to be "not at home to visitors," and thus she has thrown up a fortification for the day around the poem she is writing or the picture she is painting, the child she is nursing, the gown she is making, or the dessert she is concocting. "Mrs. — will not be at home until after three or four or seven p. m." is merely a variation of the form, signifying at what hour Mrs. — will be disengaged.

The only really everyday thing in the matter is to have everybody understand and adopt, what a few have adopted and found convenient and courteous, a conventional phrase to indicate that the occupations of the house cannot be thrown over for the pleasure of a conversation with friends who may find another occasion for calling. To a multitude of over-wearied women, interrupted until serious pursuits become impossible, and nerves and health broken down, this little phrase, if accepted as coin current, would prove a boon.

Expensive Travelling.

The journeys of the emperor of Germany cost him a great deal of money. According to an article recently published in a German paper over eight hundred thousand marks, or two hundred thousand dollars, were spent on their trip to Italy and Austria, undertaken soon after he ascended the throne. A heavy trunk in charge of a privy councillor on that occasion contained eighty diamond rings, one hundred and fifty diamonds, many of them jeweled; fifty scarfs, thirty necklaces, with diamond pendants; six handsome sabers, three large photographs of the emperor and his family, framed in gold; thirty gold watches and one hundred gold cigar holders, with diamond ornaments. The emperor pays his own expenses when traveling on German railways.

An Arithmetical Snake.

An Englishman had one day told an editor several snake stories which made the newspaper man laugh, and then he said as a wind-up: "I can't call any more to mind just at present. My wife knows a lot of snake stories, but I forgot 'em. By the way, though, I've got a regular living curiosity down on my place. One day my eldest boy was sitting on the back step doing his sums, and he couldn't get 'em right. He felt something against his face, and there was a little snake curled up on his shoulder and looking at the slate. In four minutes he had done all those sums. We've tamed him, so he keeps all our accounts, and he is the quickest head at figures you ever saw." He'll run up a column eight feet long in three seconds. I wouldn't take a prize for him."

"What kind of a snake is he?" inquired the editor, curiously.

"The neighbors call him an adder."

"Oh, yes, yes," said the editor, a little disconcerted. "I've heard of the species."—Golden Days.

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In the Apartment-House.

Agent—the janitor will supply you with coal.

Mr. Fishbone—Jumping Jupiter! What an innovation! Everywhere else I have always supplied the janitor.—N. Y. Herald.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A KISSLESS LAND.

Lovers as Portrayed by Japanese Novelists and Poets.

Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, in his paper, "Of the Eternal Feminine," in the Atlantic, thus refers to one of the many differences between the poetry and fiction of Japan and those of western nations:

I must touch upon one feature of western literature never to be reconciled with Japanese ideas and customs. Let the reader reflect for a moment how large a place the subject of kisses and caresses and embraces occupies in our poetry and in our prose fiction; and then let him consider the fact that in Japanese literature these have no existence whatever. For kisses and embraces are simply unknown in Japan as tokens of affection, if we except the solitary fact that Japanese mothers, like mothers all over the world, lip and hug their little ones betimes. After babyhood there is no more hugging or kissing. Such actions are held to be highly immodest. Never do girls kiss one another; never do parents who have become able to walk. And this rule holds good of all classes of society, from the highest nobility to the humblest peasantry. Neither have we the least indication through out Japanese literature of any time in the history of the race when affection was more demonstrative than it is to-day. Perhaps the western reader will find it hard even to imagine a literature in the whole course of which is no mention of kissing, of embracing, even of pressing a loved hand; for hand-clapping is an action as totally foreign to Japanese impulse as kissing. Yet on these topics even the native songs of the country folk, even the old ballads of the people about unhappy lovers, are quite as silent as the exquisite verses of the court poets. Suppose we take for an example the ancient popular ballad of Shuntokumaru, which has given origin to various proverbial and household words throughout western Japan. Here we have the story of two betrothed lovers long separated by a cruel misfortune wandering in search of each other all over the empire and at last suddenly meeting before Kionidzu temple by the favor of the gods. Would not any Aryan poet describe such a meeting as a rushing of the two into each other's arms, with kisses and cries of love? But how does the old Japanese ballad describe it? In brief, the train only sit down to eat, and stroke each other a little. Now, even this reserved form of caress is an extremely rare indulgence of emotion. You may see again and again fathers and sons, husbands and wives, mothers and daughters, meeting after years of absence, yet you will probably never see the approach to a caress between them.

They will kneel down and salute each other with smiles, and perhaps a little for joy, but they will neither rush into each other's arms nor utter extraordinary phrases of affection. Indeed, such terms of affection as "my dear," "my darling," "my sweet," "my love," "my life," do not exist in Japanese, nor any terms at all equivalent to our emotional idioms. Japanese affection is not uttered in words; it scarcely appears even in the tone of voice; it is chiefly shown in acts of exquisite courtesy and kindness. I might add that the opposite emotion is under equally perfect control, but to illustrate this remarkable fact would require a separate essay.

Hats in the House of Commons.

The first thing that strikes the visitor to the house of commons is that—there also it is exceptional among the legislatures of the world—the house of commons permits its members to retain their hats during the sitting. Indeed, it is the rule to wear and the exception not to wear the hat. Mr. Gladstone never wears his hat nor did Mr. Smith, the late respected leader in the house of commons on the conservative side; nor did Disraeli, nor does Mr. Balfour, nor Sir Charles Russell. A member, however, can keep his hat on only when he is in his seat. If he rises to speak, he is of course takes off his hat; if he rises to leave his seat and go out of the house, he has to take off his hat; so long as he remains standing in any part of the house, he has to keep off his hat.—Harper's Magazine.

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The Old Friend

And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmonds Liver Regulator, (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 Medicines; 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 system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

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