

The Tarboroough Southerner.

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

VOL. 72. NO. 17.

TARBORO', N. C. THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1894.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Having qualified as administrator of the estate of the late Sarah N. Bass, all persons having claims against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me on or before April 1, 1895, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of same. All persons indebted to said estate are notified to make prompt payment to me or my attorneys.
J. W. BASS, Adm'r.
Whitakers, N. C.

A BACHELOR'S PROPOSAL.

Peter Patterson was ill—at least he thought so. It was warm spring weather and he felt languid and depressed.

"What should I do, doctor?" he said to the white-haired old physician.

"You say nothing else, but I can tell what my feelings are better than you can. I know I shall be down with something soon. Couldn't I get some coffee this morning? Let my milk toast untouched. Hateful life, that of a bachelor. Oh, dear me."

"Why don't you marry, then?" said the old doctor.

"They need so much courting," said Mr. Patterson. "You spend six months or so at least. You must go to the theaters and opera if she's gay, and to church meetings if she's pious. At fifty a man likes his slippers and his dressing gown and his easy chair of an evening. If it was just stepping over to the clergyman and getting married, putting a ring on her finger and saying or nodding 'Yes' two or three times, why, I wouldn't mind it, you know."

"Ah, well," said the doctor, "everyone to his taste. My advice to you is to get into the country."

"To another hotel and more mercenary waiters?"

"No; go to a nice private house. I know one. River before the house, woods behind it; orchard to the left, orchard to the right; no fever and no mosquitoes. I'm going up there to-morrow, and I'll see if she'll take you."

"Very well, I'll think of it."

Peter Patterson thought the matter over and thought better of it every day, and when the little note informing him that the widow would be willing to take "him in" reached him he had his trunk already packed and was ready to start that very afternoon. As for the widow, the doctor had prepared her for her boarder's peculiarities thus:

"Nice fellow; solid; plenty of money; thinks himself ill, but isn't; ought to be married; told him so, but he hates the idea of courting; marry off-hand some day, no doubt."

The widow was what Yankee call a smart woman. She had married at sixteen. At forty five she had married off all her daughters and was well-to-do, buxom and happy. Her son and his wife boarded with her, and she added to her savings by taking a summer boarder or two, if they happened to offer.

"Fifty, and a bachelor," said Mrs. Muntie, looking in the glass. "Well, it seems a pity; but then when elderly gentlemen marry it is generally some girl that leads them a terrible life, and likely it's for the best."

She also looked in the glass again. Mr. Patterson came to the widow's and obeyed the doctor's prescription carefully. Then, too, Mrs. Muntie did not smile at his aches and pains, and insisted that he must be perpetually well because he had a fresh complexion. She had savory teas and tasty portions which she produced when he complained of "feeling miserable."

For two months and more Mr. Patterson boarded with Mrs. Muntie, and happier months he had never lived through. Then he went back to the city for a few weeks; returned in urgent need of more milk, more fresh air, and stayed until the last chrysanthemum was blooming in its waning branches. He had grown so fond of his little room and of the cosy nursing of buxom Mrs. Muntie that he could scarcely bear the thought of parting with them both altogether.

After all, why could he not buy a house and try to get Mrs. Muntie to keep it for him? Perhaps she would. He would offer her a high salary.

If only he could approach the subject without offending his hostess; showing her, as he did so, that he considered her his equal and a lady and all that, as she certainly was.

After much consideration he finally mustered courage for the effort and, walking into the front parlor, sent the small servant to ask Mrs. Muntie to step there a moment if she pleased.

"Gracious!" thought Mrs. Muntie, "what can he want?"

Then she settled her necktie and walked demurely in.

"Be seated, ma'am," said Mr. Patterson. "I have something to say which may require some consideration."

"Oh, dear, it's coming," said Mrs. Muntie.

"I suppose you know that I'm a man of some little means, ma'am," said the old bachelor, "able to buy a nice house, furnish it well and live in it comfortably?"

"So I understand, Mr. Patterson," said the widow.

"And of course it's pleasant to live that way than in bachelor's lodgings."

"I should judge it might be."

"You judge rightly," said Mr. Patterson; "but you know a bachelor must be in the hands of servants if he keeps house. A gentleman doesn't want that; he wants a lady to superintend things for him—some job of taste and refinement, and all that."

"I know that," said Mrs. Muntie.

"You are almost as much alone as I am, Mrs. Muntie," said Mr. Patterson, coaxingly.

"The doctor knew him. He's going to do it just as he said he would."

GIANT VEGETABLES.

What Irrigation Has Done for a Desert Spot in Colorado.

Greely Shows a New Record—When Some Things Go There Get to Growing They Forget to Stop—A Huge Potato.

"I bought these potatoes from the town founded by Horace Greely," he said, as he entered the office of the newspaper founded by Horace Greely, near the New York Tribune.

There were only two potatoes, but they filled the basket in which they were carried to this city by George W. Gale, engineer from Greely, Weld county, Col. One of them weighed two pounds and ten ounces and the other was a little lighter. Neither looked large enough to make a meal for an average family.

"They are samples of what can be grown in the soil of Colorado since the irrigation preached by Mr. Greely has changed that part of the country from a barren waste to a beautiful garden," Mr. Gale said.

"I don't mean that all the potatoes grown-out there are the size of these, but some of them are much larger. As I left home in a hurry, these are the largest I could find. These are of the Rural No. 70 variety, but the Early Rose and other varieties grow to the same size. One acre of ground will produce two hundred and fifty bushels of potatoes or of what in one season. A farmer who has a farm of one hundred and six acres sold his crop for eleven thousand dollars last year. Greely is now a city of three thousand inhabitants and contains large stores and elevators of farm produce. It is a sight worth seeing when the farmers come into the city with their six-horse teams and wagons loaded with produce. There seem to be thousands of them in the streets and the load on each wagon is enormous."

"Do all vegetables grow large in that part of the country?" inquired a reporter.

"Not all of them. Pumpkins, for instance, grow no larger than in the east. We can beat the world in growing cabbages, however. I saw one head of cabbage that weighed sixty-four pounds. It was so big that it filled a cart and the leaves hung down over the wheels. Plant stalks are longer than I am."

"When Mr. Greely first saw this site of our city," said Mr. Gale, "it was a sandy waste, with here and there a cactus. That was twenty-three years ago."

"He went with the first colony and they were obliged to ride in stages three miles from the nearest railway station. When some of the men saw what a desolate-looking spot that had been taken to them they turned back at once and left the place for good and all. Mr. Greely mounted a box on the standard and addressed those who remained, telling them what might be accomplished by irrigation. Those who listened to his advice and staid in Greely have become rich men. It isn't at all surprising that the people out there believe that Mr. Greely was one of the best and wisest men that ever drew breath."

ALLEGED DECADENCE.

A Dark Picture Drawn of the Fin de Siècle Young Men.

But what are our men? Where is the chivalry, the truth and affection, the earnest purpose, the plain living and noble self-sacrifice that make a man? We look in vain among the bulk of our writers even for appreciation of these qualities. With the younger men all that is usually cultivated is that dippant smartness which is synonymous with cheapness. There is such a want of wit amongst them, too, such a lack of variety, such monotony of threadbare subjects worked to death! Their "comic" papers subsist upon repetitions of these three venerable jests, the mother-in-law, somebody drunk, and an edifying deception successfully practiced by an unfaithful husband or wife. As they have nothing true so they have nothing new to give us, nothing either to expand the heart or move us to happiness or mirth. Their ideas of beauty threaten always to be satisfied with the ballet dancer's legs, pretty things in their way, but not worth mentioning as an aid to the moral, intellectual and physical strength that make a man. They are sadly deficient in imagination, too; that old fallacy to which they cling, that because so evil thing has always been, therefore it must always continue, is as much the result of a want of imagination as of the man's trick of evading the responsibility of seeing right done in any matter that does not immediately affect his personal comfort. But there is one thing the younger men are especially good at, and that is giving their opinion; this they do to each other's admiration until they verily believe it to be worth something. Yet they do not even know where we are in the history of the world.—Sarah Grand, in North American Review.

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

IN A PEANUT FACTORY.

Quick Eyes and Nimble Fingers of the Negro Girls and Women.

When the peanuts arrive at the factory they are rough and earth stained and of all sizes and qualities jumbled together. The bags are first taken up by iron arms projecting from an endless chain to the fifth story and carried into large bins. From these bins they fall to the next story, into large cylinders fourteen feet long, which revolve rapidly, and by friction the nuts are cleaned from the earth which clings to them and polished, so that they come out white and glistening.

From this story the nuts fall through shoots to the third and most interesting floor. Imagine rows of long, narrow tables, each divided lengthwise into three sections by three-inch-high strips of wood. These strips also surround the sides of the tables. Each of these sections is scored with a strip of heavy, white canvas, which moves incessantly from the mouth of the shoot to an opening leading down below at the further end of the table. These slowly moving canvas bands, about a foot wide, are called the "picking aprons."

Upon the outer aprons of each table dribbles down from the shoot a slender stream of peanuts, and on each side of the table, so close together as scarcely to leave "elbow room" stand rows of negro girls and women picking out the inferior peanuts as they pass and throwing them into the central section. So fast do their hands move at this work that one cannot see what they are doing till they cast a handful of nuts into the middle division. By the time a nut has passed the sharp eyes and quick hands of eight or ten pickers one may be quite certain that it is a first-class article, fit for the final plunge down the shaft into a bag which shall presently be marked with a brand which will command for it the highest market price.

The peanuts from the central aprons fall only to the second floor, where they undergo yet another picking over on similar tables, the best of these forming the second grade. The third grade of peanuts, or what remains after the second picking, is then turned into a machine which crushes the shells and separates them from the kernels. These are sold to the manufacturers of candy, while the shells are ground up and used for horse bedding. So no part of this little fruit, vegetable or nut, whichever it may turn out to be, is finally wasted, but all serves some useful purpose.—Bliss and Gray.

THE DROP TOO MUCH.

Charles Lamb was once invited by an old friend to meet an author who had just published a volume of poems. When he arrived, being somewhat early, he was asked by his host to look over the volume of the expected visitor. A few minutes convinced Lamb that it possessed little merit; being a feeble echo of different authors.

The opinion was fully confirmed by the appearance of the gentleman himself, whose self-conceit and confidence in his own book were so manifest as to awaken in Lamb his spirit of mischievous waggery. His tenuous memory enabled him during the dinner to quote fluently several passages from the pretender's volume, with the introduction: "This reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was very young."

When this had happened several times, the real author of the lines quoted, looked ready to burst with suppressed indignation. At last, as a climax to the fun, Lamb coolly quoted the well-known opening lines to "Paradise Lost," as being written by himself.

This was too much for the versemonger. He immediately rose, and with an impressive solemnity of manner addressed the claimant to some poetical honors.

"Sir," he said, "I have tamely submitted all this evening to hear you claim the merit that may belong to any little poems of my own; this I have borne in silence; but sir, never will I sit quietly by and see the immortal Milton robbed of 'Paradise Lost!'—'Youth's Companion."

YOUR BIRTH MONTH.

A Horoscope for Girls Who Believe in Fate.

An old astrological prediction gives the following character of the girl according to the month she was born in, as follows, says Harrison's Monthly Magazine:

If a girl is born in January, she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good-tempered and fond of fine clothes; if in February, an affectionate wife and tender mother, and devoted to dress; if in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarrelling, and a comedienne in games and amusements; if in April, incessant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good looking and studious of fashion plates; if in May, handsome, amiable, and given to style in dress; if in June, impetuous, will marry early, be frivolous, and like dressy clothes; if in July, possibly handsome, but with a sulky temper and a penchant for gay attire; if in August, amiable and practical, likely to marry rich and dress strikingly; if in September, discreet, affable, much liked and a fashionable dresser; if in October, pretty and acquiescent, and devoted to attractive parure; if in November, liberal, kind, of a mild disposition, and an admirer of stylish dress; if in December, well-proportioned, fond of society, extravagant, and a student of dressy affairs.

RESULT OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

Reelfoot Lake, in Tennessee, the Remnant of an Old Waterway.

"Reelfoot Lake, in western Tennessee is one of the most remarkable bodies of water in the United States," said John E. York, of Troy. "It is popularly supposed to have a subterranean source from the Mississippi river, it having no visible outlet or inlet, but the evidence seems to be decidedly against this theory. I tried to fathom it once, and while this can be done at some places, yet there is a considerable area in the center where no line has yet been found long enough to touch bottom. It is not affected by the rise and fall of the river, but has a tide corresponding with that of the sea. The oldest settlers can remember when the land where the lake is now was a fertile farm. One night there was an earthquake, distinctly felt, but doing very little damage to the surrounding country. The next morning the land was gone and Reelfoot lake was there, and has been there ever since. It is one of the most noted fishing resorts in the south."—Globe Democrat.

Transparent Leather.

There is at present a good deal of interest manifested in the preparation of transparent leather. According to a foreign exchange, this may be accomplished in the following manner: After the hair has been removed from the hide, the latter, tightly stretched upon a frame, is rubbed with a mixture consisting of one thousand parts glycerine, two parts salicylic acid, two parts picric and twenty-five parts boracic acid. Before the hide is absolutely dry it is placed in a room where the rays of the sun do not penetrate and is saturated with a solution of biobromate of potash. On the hide becoming very dry, there is applied to the surface a solution of tartaric acid, by which a transparent effect is obtained. The leather is of an exceedingly flexible character, and is used for the manufacture of ladies' articles. It is claimed that it is exceedingly valuable for foot-gear, but its capabilities in this direction have not yet been put to the test.—N. Y. Ledger.

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