

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION. ONE YEAR, \$1.00. SIX MONTHS, .60.

Advertisements among local matter 10 cents a line for each insertion to regular advertisers.

Advertisements in local columns parties having no regular advertisements 15 cents a line and none inserted for less than 50 cents.

Advertisements, discontinued before the time contracted for had expired, will be charged transient rates for time actually published.

Notice of marriages or deaths, not to exceed ten lines, will be inserted free. All additional matter will be charged to cents per line.

Payment for transient advertisements must be made in advance. Regular advertisements will be collected promptly at the end of every month.

Communications containing news or a discussion of local matters, solicited. No communications will be published that contain obscene names of the author, or that will make more than one column in this paper.

The editor is not responsible for views expressed by correspondents.

All business with this office, in order to insure prompt attention, should be addressed to THE SOUTHERNER, TARBORO, N. C.

Entered at Postoffice as second class matter. THURSDAY, May 24, 1894.

DEMOCRACY IS IMMORTAL. THE WORD DEMOCRAT STANDS FOR HUMAN LIBERTY AND HUMAN FREEDOM, AND CANNOT DIE.

Lillian Russell and her husband have parted, and they are no longer husband and wife. It was a quarrel that caused the split.

The Trustees of the Brooklyn Tabernacle will rebuild as soon as they can select a site for the church. Mr. Talmage is now in Europe.

And so it turns that the Populists don't want Mr. Kitchin. They are afraid of him. They make the boast that they will hold him down better than the Democrats did.

Cozy, Browne and Jones, the Commonwealers, have been sentenced by the authorities of Washington City to twenty days imprisonment, for trespassing in the Capitol grounds.

Buck Kitchin makes a good defence for the Democratic party, in the latter part of his card, which has appeared in the Caucasian. We were disappointed in this production. It does not at all sound like Mr. Kitchin.

The Teachers Assembly that meets at Morehead next month promises to be as large as ever. Eminent men will lecture, and the noted teachers of the day will assist in the programme. This is the largest organization of the sort in the United States.

The Populists say they are going to bring their most prominent speakers into this State next fall. So the Populists of Virginia thought last year when they brought out Mr. Butler to assist in the campaign, and the Prohibitionists polled more votes in the election.

The Greenville Reflector truly says: "There are people who will not subscribe for their county paper because they happen not to agree with its politics, yet they always read it, even if they have to sponge on their neighbor and worry him almost to death by continually borrowing his paper."

The Richmond Times Washington correspondent, under date of the 18th, says: "Senator Jarvis succeeds Senator Call as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Civil Service and Retrenchment. This is an important Committee, and places the new Senator from North Carolina in the front rank."

How's This! We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O. We have assigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Wading Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

THEY DO NOT WANT HIM. The Hon. William H. Kitchin, generally known as Buck Kitchin, has gone over, head and ears, to the Populist party.

His letter announcing his position was printed last week in the Caucasian of Goldsboro, the leading third party journal in the State. This article was quite a lengthy one, and a surprise not only to Democrats, but to the Populists too.

Mr. Kitchin does not appear to be as consistent as was expected, for some Democrats claim that the conclusion of his article is a good defence for them, and, in fact, so it seems. The whole production was somewhat confusing to the Populists, for they were unable to tell whether Mr. Kitchin had come to them or not. Mr. Butler himself did not know, at first, and to do away with all doubt, he publishes a short editorial in the Caucasian to the effect that a second

letter, private, of course, to himself, settles the question as to "how Mr. Kitchin stands."

We were a little surprised that the Caucasian did not make this announcement, "with a flourish of trumpets and the sound of drums," but on the other hand, Mr. Kitchin was quietly initiated and taken into the ranks of the Populist party in a way, not at all in keeping with his prominence and standing in the State.

What can be the matter? Is it that the Populists do not want Mr. Kitchin? Surely they need all they can get, and Mr. Kitchin is no ordinary man. He is a fluent speaker, and a man of bright mind and entertaining disposition. He is a "cracking" stump-speaker. These qualities should recommend Mr. Kitchin to the Populists, but somehow or other, they don't want him.

Some of the leading Populists have expressed themselves as afraid of him and seem to be unwilling to allow him to make a campaign.

We sympathize with Mr. Kitchin and can appreciate his position.

Tired, Weak, Nervous. Means impure blood, and overwork or too much strain on brain and body. The only way to cure is to feed the nerves on pure blood.

Thousands of people certify that the best blood purifier, the best tonic and strength builder is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What it has done for others it will also do for you.

Hood's Cures. Nervousness, loss of sleep, loss of appetite and general debility all disappear when Hood's Sarsaparilla is persistently taken, and strong nerves, sweet sleep, strong body, sharp appetite, and in a word, health and happiness follow the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The strong point about Hood's Sarsaparilla is that they are permanent, because they start from the solid foundation of purified, vitalized and enriched blood.

WASHINGTON LETTER. (From Our Regular Correspondent) WASHINGTON, May 19, 1894.

The Democratic Senators, under the able leadership of Senator Harris are making strenuous efforts to pass the Tariff bill by June 15.

Senator Ransom is a member of the steering committee and will do his utmost to prevent any delay in having this important matter settled.

Thursday night there was a large gathering of North Carolinians at the Vance memorial meeting in this city, besides many Representatives of other States. Mr. Hugh Waddell introduced the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we sincerely mourn with the people of North Carolina over the death of the patriot and statesman whom they love and honor above all others, whose abilities and distinguished public services had won the respect of the country.

Resolved, That although the youngest Governor of a State, on either side during the war, there was no man who exhibited greater capacity or energy or continued more to the cause which he espoused than Zebulon B. Vance.

Resolved, That we will cherish his memory as a brave Confederate soldier, a great war Governor, an able United States Senator, and an honest and incorruptible man.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to his family with assurances of our tenderest sympathy.

Then Senator Jarvis was introduced by Mr. Robert Hunter, the President of the Association in an elegant and gracefully delivered speech. Senator Jarvis read a carefully prepared and very eloquent speech on the life of our lamented Vance. In closing he said:

"But how shall I speak of his devotion to his State and her people, a devotion of the measure of which even the most ardent of patriots does not often fill! His love of home was almost as unique as was his matchless personality. It was not in the least of place or power to shake that allegiance, and whether surrounded by the stately grandeur of London or the dazzling allurements of beautiful Paris—anywhere and everywhere in the historic old world, whose pages could be so readily translated by a life-long student, his eyes were ever turned toward the new, and the burden of his song to the members of his family who remained at home was, I shall hail with delight the hour of my return, for there is no land so beautiful as ours, no music half so delightful to my ears as the rustling of the wind in the old pine trees in North Carolina."

We have laid his body to rest amid the mountains which were the place of his birth. They shall stand as silent sentinels over his tomb till time shall be no more, and the waters of the French Broad, by the side of which he now sleeps, shall murmur over his hallowed grave a perpetual requiem. As anxious as we are to perpetuate his fame, we cannot lay one trophy at his feet which would add one iota to the towering monument which he has erected for himself. He was the artificer of his own fortune. His own hands have hewed the architrave upon which tomb or seneschal must alike rest.

"His life is history now, and Fame's one of the few immortal names. That were not born to die. Let our hearts go out to the noble and devoted wife who is sitting in the shadow of a great grief, weeping in her widowed home; to the children to whom he has left the priceless heritage of a great and stainless name. May heaven comfort them, and give us strength to emulate his virtues, public and private, as far as in us may lie."

The Senator's address was well delivered and loudly applauded at its conclusion.

Hon. Samuel F. Phillips then made an admirable of hand talk on Vance, the "Business Man and Private Citizen." He spoke as an intimate friend having full knowledge of the subject. Mr. Phillips, like Senator Jarvis, was warmly congratulated. His speech

should be written out for publication, as it was eminently worthy of the occasion.

Among the public men present were Representatives Henderson, Alexander and Woodard; Gen. Harry Heath and Josephus Daniels. Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. N. Vance and Mr. Harry Martin were in the audience. Senator Ransom sent a letter stating that he was detained at a night session of the Senate. Representative Bunn also wrote a letter of regret.

The charges of an attempt to bribe Senators Buntin and Kyle to vote against the Tariff bill will be investigated by Senators Grey, Lidsay, Allen, Lodge and Davis, all good men and not easily swayed from duty.

Representative Bryan, the eloquent Nebraska, who will address the Greenboro Industrial and Normal School next week, wrote to-day to his constituents, declining to stand for re-nomination.

Some of the members say that it should be more widely known that is, even with the Senate's amendments, the Wilson Tariff bill will reduce prices, that is taxes, 25 per cent at least, and that is glory enough for a starter under all the circumstances.

Patrick Henry Winston, of pleasant memory in North Carolina, in spite of his political sickness, has come out in a Spokane paper and declared himself a Populist. He says he can't see the difference between a Democrat and a Republican. I wonder if our brilliant and versatile ex-fellow citizen is after office. This was the case when he turned Republican and went from Washington City to the State of Washington. He was in such high favor with President Arthur on account of his fund of first-class jokes and inimitable way of telling them that Pat had a standing invitation to dine at the White House every time he came to Washington. Finally he came to the conclusion that he would give up the idea of becoming such good friends that Arthur gave him a \$3,000 place as a Republican. Pat accepted and left for distant Spokane. I judge he hopes to come here now as a Populist Senator from the State of Washington. He must have had inducements to become a Populist. Pat's new platform is outlined in the Spokane Review of May 6th and it is as follows:

Corey's crowd has been formed by the indignant citizens of Hyattsville, to move to Bladensburg. This old town was once a famous duelling ground. Ex-Senator Clingman once fought a duel with Wm. L. Yancy. Hon. W. M. Wilson was cordially welcomed to the House after his long absence.

The Legislative appropriation bill makes a reduction in salaries for the next fiscal year of \$766,199. It makes a reduction of 558 clerks in the Government service.

Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Gresham are fishing in North Carolina. The episode of the drunken man was entirely forgotten. Just before the conclusion of the performance, the magician announced that, if any one wished to learn how he performed his tricks, he would teach him at the rate of \$2.50 per trick. He stated that he would be in his room at the hotel, to accommodate each student, and would remain up till 12 o'clock. He said that he would leave town very early next morning and this was why he had no other time to give. Two men sitting near me agreed to go to the hotel and take lessons in magic. They asked Stouder if he would agree to give their rooms in another hotel to give the lesson, and he readily assented. This ended the evening's entertainment. It was then half past ten o'clock.

My room was in the same hotel as that of the magician and adjoining. I retired as soon as I reached the hotel and, being wearied in body from my arduous labors of the day, I soon fell asleep. I was awakened about half past eleven o'clock by a knock on the door of my neighbor. Angry words were heard and then rapid steps were heard going out of the room and along the passage. Then everything was quiet. I wondered a little at this but soon fell asleep.

About daylight I was aroused again by voices in the next room. This time they were evidently made by porters moving baggage. These sounds soon ceased and I slept.

At the breakfast table, that morning, the talk was entirely about the last evening's performance and the coolness he displayed in the encounter with the drunken man.

Ten months afterwards I was again in Tarboro. Superior court was in session, and the crowd in town was very large. I asked my landlord the cause. He replied: "There is an interesting murder trial going on."

Then, looking at me earnestly, he added: "I believe you were one of my guests at the time of the murder."

"I guess not," I answered. "I never heard of it before."

"But you were here that night," he said, "for I remember that you had a room adjoining the murderer's—that magician fellow Stouder."

This was becoming interesting and mysterious to me. So I begged the landlord to give me the whole story. He gave me the following history: "I believe you left town immediately after breakfast that morning. Well, about two hours afterwards, news came to town that a man had been found murdered and dragged from the main road into the creek-way and there murdered. His throat cut and his pockets rifled. He was identified as James W. Broome, a well-to-do cotton planter who lived near Sparta on the road to Greenville. He was in town the night of the slight-of-hand performance, and I think he drank and got disorderly, and I think he had some words with Stouder during the acting of one of the tricks."

"It was proved, on the inquest, that Stouder was seen on the Main street going towards the river about 12 o'clock that night. It was proved

also that the policeman who had Broome in charge released him by order of the Mayor, on condition that he would go straight home. This he did about half past eleven o'clock, riding horseback. He was nearly sober at that time and fully capable of managing his horse, which was notably a gentle one.

"My night porter swears that he let Stouder in that night, at one o'clock. It is so well known as to need no proof that Broome had no enemies and, when sober, was notoriously good natured."

"Now the only person who had shown any ill will to Broome was Stouder. He is a passionate man, as proved by two gentlemen who took lessons in magic from him that night. He had high words with them at their room, the other hotel, and also here in his room about half past eleven that same night."

"Stouder says he knows nothing of the murder—that he was walking out at 12 o'clock that night was on account of headache—that the cool air of the river soothed him, and after walking about an hour he returned to the hotel."

"But the strongest evidence against his hand is the finding of a blue silk handkerchief with a red square in the centre, much torn and twisted, near the body of Broome. Spectators at the performance say that they noticed specially this queer handkerchief; for he used it in the performance of several tricks. Stouder said it was like his but was not his. When asked to produce his, he said that he had mislaid it and did not know where it was."

"The trial will be concluded to-day by 12 o'clock and I have no doubt but that the verdict will be 'guilty.'"

Painful thoughts came in my mind at hearing this recital. Somehow I did not believe that Stouder was guilty. I was, in fact, sure of his innocence. I wished to do something for him—but what could I do. He was a stranger here—so was I.

I went up into the court room and pushed my way through the crowd till I reached a place from which I could see the prisoner. He had an anxious, care worn face; but I saw no signs of murder there. He caught sight of me. His countenance brightened. He evidently remembered me.

Just then the jury came in with their verdict. It was "guilty." The poor man fell back in his chair and swooned. A physician was called who soon restored the man to consciousness.

The Judge pronounced sentence and appointed a day three months hence for the execution.

I went back to the hotel and that afternoon I obtained permission to visit the prisoner. He seized my hand with eagerness. His countenance lighted up. He spoke with rapid utterance:

"I saw you this morning in the court room. Your face showed belief in my innocence. I think I have seen you before somewhere. Was it in Columbia, S. C. where I showed two months after leaving here—just before I was arrested?" "No," said I, "it was here at your performance, the night of Broome's death."

"Ah," he sighed. "Then may be, you can yet say a good word for me."

"But," said I, "have you any objection to telling me what you did and where you went that night, after the performance?"

"I have nothing more to tell," he answered, "than I have already told to my lawyer, except this one thing—I believe that the handkerchief which was found near Broome's body was mine. I bought it in Paris. I do not believe there is another one like it in the United States. The only one I told in the whole matter was about that handkerchief. I lost it that night of the performance. Some one picked it up—some one who murdered Broome."

"Turning suddenly to me and looking me squarely in the eye, he said: 'Do you really believe that I am innocent?' My answer was prompt: 'I sincerely do.' 'Then,' said he, 'you can save an innocent man from death—time will produce the real murderer.' 'How?' I said. 'Listen,' said he: 'Promise me to be here on the day set for execution and I shall feel easy. I have a card here with my hidden carefully under your overcoat, an old large jacket and an old fur cap. Keep close to the carriage in which I shall be conveyed and when you hear an uproar in the crowd mingled with oaths and cries of murder 'I push up to the carriage and hand me the jacket and cap. That is all I want—promise me on the honor of a gentleman, and I shall feel easy.' I readily gave him the promise, and soon after left him, in a quiet and gentle frame of mind."

"Blood Poison After Approach of Death, New Life by Taking Hood's."

"For four years I was in intense suffering with an abscess on my thigh. It discharged freely and several times."

"Pieces of Bone Came Out. Last February I had to have my bed for four weeks and then I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I soon got up and was very weak and went to the Maryland University hospital, where they said my trouble was chronic blood poisoning and that I must have six bottles and continued taking Hood's. I have used six bottles and the abscess has entirely disappeared, and I have been in fine health ever since."

"I know it had not been for Hood's Sarsaparilla I should be in my grave. I have gained in weight from 127 a year ago to 170 pounds to-day."

"Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures All the Blood Poisons. Hood's Pills Cure Liver Ills, Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Indigestion."

also that the policeman who had Broome in charge released him by order of the Mayor, on condition that he would go straight home. This he did about half past eleven o'clock, riding horseback. He was nearly sober at that time and fully capable of managing his horse, which was notably a gentle one.

"My night porter swears that he let Stouder in that night, at one o'clock. It is so well known as to need no proof that Broome had no enemies and, when sober, was notoriously good natured."

"Now the only person who had shown any ill will to Broome was Stouder. He is a passionate man, as proved by two gentlemen who took lessons in magic from him that night. He had high words with them at their room, the other hotel, and also here in his room about half past eleven that same night."

"Stouder says he knows nothing of the murder—that he was walking out at 12 o'clock that night was on account of headache—that the cool air of the river soothed him, and after walking about an hour he returned to the hotel."

"But the strongest evidence against his hand is the finding of a blue silk handkerchief with a red square in the centre, much torn and twisted, near the body of Broome. Spectators at the performance say that they noticed specially this queer handkerchief; for he used it in the performance of several tricks. Stouder said it was like his but was not his. When asked to produce his, he said that he had mislaid it and did not know where it was."

"The trial will be concluded to-day by 12 o'clock and I have no doubt but that the verdict will be 'guilty.'"

Painful thoughts came in my mind at hearing this recital. Somehow I did not believe that Stouder was guilty. I was, in fact, sure of his innocence. I wished to do something for him—but what could I do. He was a stranger here—so was I.

I went up into the court room and pushed my way through the crowd till I reached a place from which I could see the prisoner. He had an anxious, care worn face; but I saw no signs of murder there. He caught sight of me. His countenance brightened. He evidently remembered me.

Just then the jury came in with their verdict. It was "guilty." The poor man fell back in his chair and swooned. A physician was called who soon restored the man to consciousness.

The Judge pronounced sentence and appointed a day three months hence for the execution.

I went back to the hotel and that afternoon I obtained permission to visit the prisoner. He seized my hand with eagerness. His countenance lighted up. He spoke with rapid utterance:

"I saw you this morning in the court room. Your face showed belief in my innocence. I think I have seen you before somewhere. Was it in Columbia, S. C. where I showed two months after leaving here—just before I was arrested?" "No," said I, "it was here at your performance, the night of Broome's death."

"Ah," he sighed. "Then may be, you can yet say a good word for me."

"But," said I, "have you any objection to telling me what you did and where you went that night, after the performance?"

"I have nothing more to tell," he answered, "than I have already told to my lawyer, except this one thing—I believe that the handkerchief which was found near Broome's body was mine. I bought it in Paris. I do not believe there is another one like it in the United States. The only one I told in the whole matter was about that handkerchief. I lost it that night of the performance. Some one picked it up—some one who murdered Broome."

"Turning suddenly to me and looking me squarely in the eye, he said: 'Do you really believe that I am innocent?' My answer was prompt: 'I sincerely do.' 'Then,' said he, 'you can save an innocent man from death—time will produce the real murderer.' 'How?' I said. 'Listen,' said he: 'Promise me to be here on the day set for execution and I shall feel easy. I have a card here with my hidden carefully under your overcoat, an old large jacket and an old fur cap. Keep close to the carriage in which I shall be conveyed and when you hear an uproar in the crowd mingled with oaths and cries of murder 'I push up to the carriage and hand me the jacket and cap. That is all I want—promise me on the honor of a gentleman, and I shall feel easy.' I readily gave him the promise, and soon after left him, in a quiet and gentle frame of mind."

"Blood Poison After Approach of Death, New Life by Taking Hood's."

"For four years I was in intense suffering with an abscess on my thigh. It discharged freely and several times."

"Pieces of Bone Came Out. Last February I had to have my bed for four weeks and then I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I soon got up and was very weak and went to the Maryland University hospital, where they said my trouble was chronic blood poisoning and that I must have six bottles and continued taking Hood's. I have used six bottles and the abscess has entirely disappeared, and I have been in fine health ever since."

"I know it had not been for Hood's Sarsaparilla I should be in my grave. I have gained in weight from 127 a year ago to 170 pounds to-day."

"Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures All the Blood Poisons. Hood's Pills Cure Liver Ills, Constipation, Biliousness, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Indigestion."

Again in Tarboro. Three months have passed. The town is thronged with people of all ages, colors, sexes. As the time for the execution draws near the great mass of humanity moves slowly towards the old field on the outskirts of the town where the gallows had been erected. I did not follow them; but lingered near the jail. About three hundred people had waited there. This number was more than doubled as soon as the prison doors were opened and the condemned man was led forth. He was placed in a small, low, one-horse wagon, with his coffin for a seat. By him sat the Sheriff and four or five guards. A each side of twenty men walked, ten on each side, near the wagon.

The cortege passed slowly down the street into Main street. There many more joined the funeral procession, so that now there seemed to be nearly a thousand people. They pushed and struggled and hustled one another, to get sight of the victim. They became very obstreperous and unruly. The Sheriff could do nothing in the way of quieting them, and he finally gave it up.

Thus passing along we came to a turn in the street, the last turn, for the gallows was now in sight. The prisoner sat bowed down with his face in his hands and elbows on knees. He was not shocked. This, I afterwards learned, was at his earnest and urgent request—he begging to have his limbs free just one moment before he left the world.

As I was looking at him, he raised his head. His eyes fell upon me. I was close to the wagon with overcoat unbuttoned but arms folded over it. While I was gazing I heard behind me a deep, muttered curse, and the sound of a blow. Oaths broke forth at once and a shouting and yelling of "murder!" "murder!" The wagon was halted. The Sheriff jumped down. The twenty guards all looked back. Like a flash of lightning, Stouder leaped from the wagon upon me, tearing open my overcoat and grasping the jacket and cap disappeared in the crowd. I arose from the ground feeling somewhat ruffled at the rude conduct. But a moment's reflection showed me that this was a ruse to divert suspicion from me.

The cries and oaths had ceased very suddenly; but now the Sheriff's voice is heard: "Where is the prisoner?" Immediate search through the crowd was made. The people seemed as anxious to catch the man as the officers were. They were going to be deprived of their murderer. As I was walking about through the crowd I came upon the Sheriff who was asking questions of a bent-over man.

"No," said the old man, in a thin, piping voice, indicating great feebleness. "I have seen nobody pass—I don't know no prisoner." And on he went with head bent low and legs trembling from extreme old age. I glanced at the old man carefully. He wore a large old jacket and fur cap. The trick had succeeded—and the magician was now on the stage, performing! I passed him a few feet and turned my head back. He noticed my stopping, and, raising his head slightly, motioned with one arm for me to go on. I saw the point and walked on. A few minutes afterwards, on turning again, I could not see him. I looked for him but saw him no more.

The next day I was busy in my regular line of work, and the day following I went to Rocky Mount. There I took the cars for Baltimore. Going into the smoking car, I saw to my astonishment, the little old man in the fur cap and jacket all bent up on his seat, smoking a short pipe. I took a seat on the opposite side in front of him and looked back at him. He was muttering to himself, as old people will, and I caught these words:

"We old oman sez I've got no sense—sez I allers tell everything I know; but Sally don't know 'bout me. I kin keep my mouth shut and I want my friends to keep their shet too." I took the hint and did not notice him any more.

As I passed him when I was getting off the train there, I threw my card into his lap. He placed his hand over it immediately but did not look up.

The next day about nine o'clock in the morning while I was at the store a card was handed me with the address "Jacob Roorbach, Berlin." I went into the office to see my visitor. A handsomely dressed man with black moustache and side whiskers bowed as I entered. "Mr. Archabal, I suppose," he said. I bowed. "Roorbach, at present," he added touching himself on the breast. His accent was German—evidently a native.

He stood looking fixedly at me—so long, in fact, that I was forced to ask: "Can I do anything for you, Mr. Roorbach?"

"Great heavens! man," he exclaimed "could you do any more than you have done? Remember Stouder, the magician." The tones of his voice, when speaking these words, recalled the escaped prisoner. I grasped his hand and cordially congratulated him.

The next day he sailed for Europe. Before he went, he left his European [CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE.]

CASTORIA for Infants and Children. Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kicks, Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

HOWARD & CO., Hardware! Water Coolers, Refrigerators, Fly Fans and Traps, Ice Cream Freezers, Screen Doors and Windows, &c., &c.

McILHENNY'S - PHARMACY, UNDER HOTEL FARRAR. HEADQUARTERS FOR Drugs and Medicines. A full stock of everything on hand, or will order anything wanted by customers.

The Morris Company. Something New Every Day in the Year! Our business is always booming and our stores crowded all the time. Why? Because the Ladies say our Dress Goods Department just entitles us with brightness. Not a yard of goods in our immense variety but is entirely new, prices so low that keep the tide of trade rushing strongly all the time.

RAWLS & MARTIN, Watchmakers - and - Opticians, TARBORO, N. C. Rawls & Martin, successors to Chamberlain & Rawls, have moved their jewelry store next to the post office, where they will keep a full stock of goods in their line.

NO MORE ROUND SHOULDERS. THE IMPROVED KNICKERBOCKER :: SHOULDER :: BRACE! No Harness—Simple—Unlike all others. Promotes Free Respiration of the Lungs. Prevents Children becoming Stopped or Round Shouldered.

Heals Running Sores. Cures the Serpent's Sting. CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

STATON & ZOELLER, Druggists.