The Tarborough Southerner.

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

VOL. 72. NO. 26. TARBORO', N. C. THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1894. PRICE FIVE CENTS

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Having opened the Bakery at the old stand, opposite the Bryan House, I am now prepared to furnish
Fresh Bread, Pies and Cakes
every day to all those who favor me with their patronage. Call on me for pies, cakes and bread, and your husband will have no excuse to complain of the baking.
H. C. HELD.
Tarboro, Mar. 29, 1894.

FOR FALLING HAIR,
—USE CULLEY'S—
Bald Head Preparation
I desire to say to the public and the ladies especially that I now have my
Hair Preparation
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For Fine Photographs & Crayon Portraits.
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GOOD WORK AND LOW PRICES.

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ALL KINDS.

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There are single retail shoe stores in our large cities which sell 2,000 pairs of shoes a day, making a net profit of $250,000 a year. We sell shoes low, but we sell a great many pairs, the clear profit on our ladies', misses' and childrens' shoes is at least ten cents a pair, and on our gents' and boys' shoes 15 cents a pair. We shall establish shoe stores in each of the fifty largest cities of the U. S., and if they sell only 300 pairs of shoes a day they would earn $525,000 a year. We should be able to pay a yearly dividend of $5.25 a share, or over 50 per cent. a year on the investment. We sell the stock at $10 a share. The price must inevitably be much more than $10 a share. No stock has ever been sold at less than this price, which is its par value. Stock non-assessable. Incorporated, Capital $1,000,000. We have over 1,000 stockholders, and the number is increasing daily. Some of the principal stockholders are: T. S. Walling, N. Y.; I. J. Potter, Boston; N. A. Reed, Jr., Chicago; J. B. Campbell, Chicago; W. M. Kavanaugh, Little Rock, Ark.; J. H. Rich, Chicago; J. P. Turner, Phila.; B. Harding, N. Y.; E. J. Payne, Battle Creek, Mich.; F. F. Hallette, Arcade, N. Y.
Write for a prospectus containing the names of our stockholders, etc., *or send an order for stock, enclosing cashier's check, cash or money order.* Orders taken for one or more shares. Price, $10 a share.
DEXTER SHOE CO., 142, 145 & 147 Federal St., BOSTON, MASS.
Agents Wanted.

Administrator's Notice.

Having qualified as administrator of Gracy C. Stallings, deceased, late of Edgecombe county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 12th day of April, 1895, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.
This 12th day of April, 1894.
HENRY JOHNSTON,
7t Adm'r of Gracy C. Stallings.

Administrator's Notice,

The undersigned having qualified as adm'r of T. B. Barlow, deceased, this is to notify all persons owing the said deceased, to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims against the said T. B. Barlow, to present them for payment within one year from date, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. This 3rd day of May, 1894.
W. L. BARLOW, Adm'r.
J. L. Bridgers & Son, Att'ys. 6t

About six months ago my little son, aged three, was very much troubled with a breaking out on his scalp and behind his ear. The places effected were about as large as a silver dollar, the flesh seemed raw and covered with little blisters. The child suffered considerably, and was naturally very fretful. I tried several remedies without obtaining any beneficial results, in fact the eruptions seemed to be spreading and new places breaking out. I concluded to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and bought a box of CUTICURA, a cake of CUTICURA SOAP, and a bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT. I washed the effected parts with the CUTICURA SOAP, taking care not to irritate the flesh, and applied CUTICURA. I noticed a change for the better in the appearance of the eruptions in twenty-four hours. I continued the treatment morning and night, and in two weeks the eruptions entirely disappeared, leaving the skin smooth and the scalp clean, in fact a perfect cure, as I have not seen any indications of any eruption or breaking out since. I gave the child only a few doses of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT. I consider your CUTICURA REMEDIES very valuable, and expect to keep a small supply constantly on hand. I believe CUTICURA would be excellent for applying to insect bites, which are very annoying in this country. C. A. ARMSTRONG,
Swift Island, N. C.

CUTICURA REMEDIES cleanse the system by external and internal medication of every eruption, impurity and disease, and constitute the most effective treatment of modern times.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Proprietors, Boston.
"How to Cure Skin Diseases," mailed free.

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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,
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I make the most superior Coffee Pot ever offered to the public. 13tf

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Only a few doors below Hotel Farrar,
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THE COUPER MARBLE WORKS,
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LARGE STOCK OF FINISHED
Monuments, and Gravestones,
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$525 Agents' profits per month. Will prove it or pay forfeit. New article just out. A $1.50 sample and terms free. Try us. Chidester & Son, 28 Bond St., N. Y.

A COSTLY DRESS.

Fifty Thousand Dollars Was the Figure Put Upon It.

A French Dressmaker's Dishonesty—Forty Feet of Train Requiring Sixteen Maids of Honor—Sold at Auction for Five Thousand Dollars.

In one of the rooms on the second floor of the Alaska Commercial company's building there is a woman's dress which was made to sell for two hundred and fifty thousand francs.

The robe is a magnificent creation of the dressmakers' art, being of lustrous white satin heavily embroidered with gold. The bodice is cut decollete without sleeves and filled in with rare point lace. The train is fully ten feet in length and is lined inside with point d' Alencon lace and bow knots of white satin. Around the edge of the skirt and train is a border of gold bullion, and the entire dress is embroidered at intervals with an imperial design wrought of gold.

The manteau de la cour is something magnificent. It is of pigeon-blood ruby velours de Lyon, and is nearly forty feet in length, being lined throughout with white ermine. It is confined to the neck by a huge brooch of diamonds. All around the border is an exceedingly heavy embroidery in gold, displaying a series of horns of plenty from which clusters of flowers issue. This embroidery is fully a foot wide and is a work of high art. Scattered over the body of the manteau are the same imperial designs in gold embroidery. There are eight straps of white satin at each side of the manteau for the convenience of the sixteen ladies of honor when holding the train.

Stretched upon a frame so as to show it well, the robe fills one side of a large room. Looking at it from the front, there is presented the striking contrast of color in the lustrous white satin, the bright gold and the ruby red overlying the ermine. The effect is remarkably fine indeed. No suspicion enters the mind of the genuineness of the material. "Embroidery" does not carry the idea of the gold trimming. It is nearly an inch high and wrought with great skill and delicacy.

The eight satin straps on each side may be useful, but are not altogether ornamental. They are for the convenience of those ladies of honor who hold up the train—for no woman, queen or peasant, could walk naturally with the heavy burden of gold trailing behind her.

This costly dress was made two years ago by Mme. Marie Apparuti, a Paris dressmaker, who was also directress of a fashion journal, Conseiller des Dames et des Demoiselles. She gave out the information that she had received an order from the empress of Russia for a court dress to cost two hundred and fifty thousand francs.

Upon the strength of having her imperial majesty as a customer Mme. Apparuti succeeded in borrowing considerable sums from trades people and professional men. She asked the loans as advances until the dress could be finished and sent to St. Petersburg. In this way she secured in cash something over three million francs.

Meanwhile she sat at work on the garment by "subcontract." Hundreds from the fashionable quarter, St. Germain, called to see the robe during its period of construction, and its fame extended to the bounds of the beau monde. They also contributed largely to the enterprising dressmakers' brilliant, but dishonest scheme. She actually contracted for and there was delivered for the robe labor and material to the amount of one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs. The embroidery cost fifty thousand francs and the ermine five thousand.

When it was finished Mme. Apparuti sent the dress to the czar's wife, naming a price of two hundred and fifty thousand francs. It was refused and returned, not on account of its quality and style, but because it was not ordered. She then disappeared suddenly, having made arrangements for the circulation of a report that she had been severely burned by the explosion of a petroleum lamp and gone to a hospital.

M. Tonny, judicial magistrate, seized the dress, her papers and correspondence, and in due time the robe went to the Hotel Druout, the government auction house, to be sold for the benefit of creditors. There was a large attendance of fashionable people and modistes.

A short time since it was bought by John Malowansky, of Kamschatka, the principal dealer in ermine and beaver in the world. He has close friendly and business relations with the Alaska Commercial company, and as a personal favor they allowed him to store his possession in their warehouse. Mr. Malowausky will ship the dress to Russia in a few weeks. What his intentions are has not developed.—San Francisco Call.

Johnny's Idea.

"I guess them folks next door must be regular 'ristocrats."

Tommy—Why?

"'Cause they never stoop to bringin' home anything they borrow."—Inter Ocean.

WEARY WASTE OF "TEAS"

One Society Woman Owns a Samovar with a Chimney.

"I have been to seven 'at homes' this afternoon," said a wild-eyed woman the other day, "and life seems to me nothing but a weary waste of wafers surrounded by steaming oceans of hot tea! If I had gone to seventy times seven of them I don't suppose I would have found any variety," quotes the New York Sun.

"I am always reading about some commodity being called 'king.' Cotton is king and iron is king and corn is king; it all depends on the locality. There seems to be a great difference of opinion on the matter. But I don't think any one will dispute me when I say that no matter what is king, tea is queen. And yet tea doesn't exactly harmonize with some notions about women. It is a ministering angel just as much in our hours of ease as it is when pain and anguish ring the brow. In fact, it seems to me that our hours of ease are signals for a perfect tidal wave of tea to gather and break over us.

"Have you read 'The Heavenly Twins?' If you have not, will you oblige me by reading the number of times tea is mentioned? Tea seems to be the life blood of English society and it is coursing through American veins at almost the same rate. Why cannot we get an occasional cup of coffee or chocolate or cocoa? But by the way," and the eyes of the disparager of tea suddenly shone with joy instead of despair, "since we must all submit ourselves to the rule of queen five o'clock tea, you should see the table I have prepared for her throne.

"A friend of mine, a newspaper woman by the way, was poking around among the east side tenements for some reason or other. I never do pretend to keep track of the motives for her extraordinary wanderings. But in the course of her investigations she visited a certain family of Russian Jews, living on the top floor of a rear tenement. As soon as my friend entered the room her eyes fell on a Russian mantelpiece. Oh, my dear, it is a beauty! Its shape is classic, its ornamentation artistic, its material solid brass. It is a gem! My friend realized it all at once and—well, in short, the samovar is now mine.

"It gives a charm to my tea table which isn't to be found at another New York five o'clock. But in a rash moment I confided the history of my treasure to numerous callers and now the indications are that I have started a fad, for to my certain knowledge several of my acquaintances are ransacking the tenements for old Russian samovars. But at any rate I have the glory of inaugurating the fashion," and she turned to go, probably to an eighth "at home." But at the door she paused and, with an air of supreme triumph, called back:

"Mine has a chimney."

Where Labor Is Wanted.

For some reason which is not apparent, in a country where distress is extreme and the number of unemployed enormous, the demand for labor in the coal mines of South Russia is greatly in excess of the supply. It is impossible to procure sufficient labor to work the mines for the supplying of the barest needs, and railways, factories, and many other industrial interests are suffering seriously for lack of coal. Indeed, the people of the Don district are greatly inconvenienced by lack of coal for domestic uses. The owners have orders on hand for great quantities of coal which they are entirely unable to supply. A conference under government auspices was held a few days ago, and it was decided to try and attract labor to the mines by making grants of public lands to the miners.

A Peculiar Plant.

There is a plant in Jamaica called the life plant, because it is almost impossible to kill it or any portion of it. When a leaf is cut off and hung up by a string it sends out white thread-like roots, gathers moisture from the air and begins to grow new leaves. Even when pressed and packed away in a botanist's herbarium it has been known to outgrow the leaves of the book in which it was placed. The only way to kill it is by the use of a hot iron or of boiling water.

Where Snow Is Red.

Snow is sometimes found in Polar and Alpine regions, where it lies unmelted from year to year, and the annual fall is small, colored red by the presence of innumerable small red plants.

In its native state the plant consists of brilliant red globules on a gelatinous mass.

Red snow was observed by the ancients, a passage in Aristotle referring to it, but it attracted little or no attention until 1760, when Sanssure observed it in the Alps, and concluded that it was due to the pollen of a plant.

It was also noticed by the arctic expedition under Capt. Ross on Baffin's bay shore on a range of cliffs, the red color penetrating to a depth of twelve feet.

Less frequent is a green growth on snow.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—English football players are debating changing the rules with a view to fewer killings.

MILITARY BALLOONS.

Handling of Air Machines in the Field Has Been Much Improved.

Balloon and wagon have formed a junction and are ready to start with the troops. Away goes the wagon, with the balloon hanging to its tail, while the attendant sappers on each side keep it steady. The train moves along at a good round pace, easily keeping up with or even passing the infantry, and makes for the particular spot at which it has been determined to commence ballooning operations, which is usually on the top of a good high hill.

An ascent is an easy enough matter and is soon accomplished. The balloon is securely fixed to the end of the wire rope, and the two men who are to ascend take their places. At the word of command the men who have been holding down the car let go, and up shoots the balloon, unwinding the rope as it rises, and allowed sometimes to ascend to a height of one thousand feet. And suppose the officer receives instructions to move the position of the balloon, is it necessary to haul it down? Not a bit of it. A man is placed at the end of the wagon who carefully guides the connecting rope so that it cannot get entangled or run the risk of being cut, and away goes the wagon, sometimes at a trot across fields, and up and down hill, until the balloon itself is a long distance from its original station. Next, suppose that it is necessary to lower the balloon, is it needful to wind in all the wire rope that has been paid out from the reels? No such thing. The balloon is brought to earth in a much more expeditious manner.

A long, stout pole, in the middle of which is a pulley wheel, is laid across the rope. Half a dozen men seize the pole and run it along the rope, and their weight soon brings the balloon down to the ground. Passengers can then be carried on, and then the men run the pole back, and up shoots the balloon again many hundreds of feet into the air, without having been away from its exalted position more than a few minutes.

But it is not necessary to lower the balloon in this or any other way whenever it is required that messages should be exchanged between those below and those above. There are various contrivances for doing this. Sometimes, for instance, a wire is attached, through which messages can be sent to a telephone. Another plan is to send messages down the wire cable. A little wire hook is fastened around the cable, and the letter or paper, weighted with a small sand bag, is sent fluttering down. The human voice, it may also be added, can be heard both from a considerable height and depth, so that verbal communication is not difficult if there is no wind.—N. Y. Times.

A NERVY COASTER.

Tobogganing Down the Steep Incline of Lookout Mountain.

A short, compactly built man with a heavy blonde mustache took a toboggan slide down Lookout mountain recently. He went via the incline and made the trip from the Point hotel to the engine house, a distance of forty-five hundred feet, in three and one-half minutes, which is just one-third the time it takes a car to descend. Fully one hundred people saw him make the lightning-like descent, and all were greatly excited. The nervy coaster, however, was as cool as the proverbial cucumber, and upon reaching the foot of the mountain walked away as coolly as though it had taken him an hour to descend. About four o'clock the coaster appeared at the Point hotel with what appeared to be a block of wood about eight inches square under his arm. On one side of the block was a steel horseshoe, in the curve of which was a small flanged wheel. The other side of the block was slightly concave. The block was put on the outside rail of the incline, the wheel fitting close, and the horns of the horseshoe were on either side. Then the man put a heavy glove on his right hand, and sitting down on the block started down the mountain without more ado. He held his feet crossed straight and before him and rested them on the iron rail. For a few feet the little one-wheeled car moved slowly, and then the speed increased until it and its human freight were going down the mountain at a rate that made the spectators hold their breaths. When a curve was reached the coaster slowed up slightly by pressing his heels against the rail and steadied himself by touching the cable with his gloved hand. Finally, when he reached the very heavy grade just above the engine house he took off all brakes and came down like a shot out of a gun. Arriving at the bottom he put on the "heel" brakes and gently came to a stop just in the depot. Coolly rising from his queer vehicle, he placed it under his arm and walked quietly away before any of the astonished spectators had a chance to recover their breath or ask any questions.—Chattanooga Times.

Worry.

Worry retards, rather than forwards work. It tries the mind before the work is begun. It makes one fretful, sours the temper and disturbs the peace of the household. One who worries is never free from care. There are certain evils which cannot be overcome. We should make the best of them, and not add the burden of worry.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A WHIMSICAL MISANTHROPE.

Dean Swift and the Unprofitable Asparagus Stalks.

Dean Swift was a whimsical misanthrope, who took a morbid delight in humiliating his social inferiors because he himself, when young, had been outrageously affronted by his superiors.

When Swift was a young man he acted as Sir William Temple's private secretary. Once, while Sir William was confined to his bed with gout, William III. visited him, and Swift officiated as his guide through the beautiful gardens of Moorpark. The king taught the secretary how to cut asparagus in the Dutch way, and Swift also saw him eat the vegetable.

Years after, when Swift was dean of St. Patrick's cathedral, Dublin, his publisher, Faulkner, called at the deanery on business connected with some proof-sheets. Having been detained until near dinner-time he was pressed by the dean to dine with him. Asparagus was one of the vegetables, and the guest asked for a second helping.

"Sir," said the host, pointing to the publisher's plate, "first finish what you have upon your plate."

"What, sir, eat my stalks?" asked the surprised guest.

"Aye, sir; eat your stalks, or you will have no more. King William always ate his stalks," replied the dean in his most imperious manner. Whereupon the publisher, yielding to the dean's will, ate his stalks submissively.

Shortly after the dean's death Faulkner told the incident as an illustration of Swift's insolence.

"And were you blockhead enough to obey him?" exclaimed Leland, the historian, who was listening.

"Yes," Faulkner replied, bridling up; "and doctor, if you had dined with Dean Swift you would have been obliged to eat your stalks, too!"

When grown in the old fashion, the slender green stalks eaten by King William were a little inferior in texture, but superior in flavor to the heads of the vegetable. But before Swift became dean of St. Patrick's the new horticulture had made asparagus stalks uneatable, and by forcing a plate of them down his obsequious publisher's throat the misanthrope had the satisfaction of goading him into self-humiliation.—Youth's Companion.

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

His Life Is Most Certainly a Pleasant One.

He has been traveling along the road all day among a company of good fellows, who have insisted on his turning in with them at every tavern by the wayside to taste their free-handed hospitality. In this way he comes to a village. It is a summer's evening. The quaint mediæval houses, with thatched roofs and overhanging gables, with old-fashioned windows abutting on and nearly overspreading the pavement below, are all gilded with the light of the setting sun.

The women are knitting at their doors, the men in little knots talking the street or lounging on rustic benches outside their houses after the labor of the day is over. Into the midst of this scene of simple and rural tranquility our friend with the peacock's feather and the gaudy clothes is suddenly precipitated. He scans the people narrowly as he passes and they as narrowly scan him. At last he makes a selection of a happy-looking family party near the end of the little village, and, without more ado, stops in front of them, slings his lute round, and, after tempering a string or two with his tuning key and a little warbling on the strings by way of prelude, he begins.

Amid the applause that greets the termination of his song he takes advantage of the opportunity to doff his hat and hand it round for maravedis. Perhaps he may receive enough to pay for his night's lodging at the hostelry; if not he is fully prepared to sleep under a haystack. Perhaps he may be still more fortunate and those particular cottagers whom he has chosen as his patrons may be kind enough to accommodate him with a shelter. From the light of their fire and the bustle that is going on within he can judge that supper is preparing; and thither is no long time he is invited.—Good Words.

Influenza Contagious.

The English government report of an investigation into the influenza epidemic of the last four years, regards the proof of the contagiousness of the disease from person to person as overwhelming, and denies that it is transported through the atmosphere; another warning of the folly of unnecessary contact with the sick, or contact without precautions; an eminent laryngologist attributes the contagiousness to the breath.

The Engagement Mended.

"Maud," he said, brokenly, "we have been engaged three years, and now you throw me over. Well, so be it. I would not wish for a wife who did not care for me. You have returned to me the ring; you have given me back the books and bracelets and pins and photographs I gave you, but—"

"Ah! Mr. Puddifoot," said the girl, with a sneer, "I know what you are going to say. You are going to tell me that you have spent $60 taking me to the opera, $25 on the theaters, $140 on afternoon drives, and $28 on flowers. In short, you want a check for these?"

"Miss Binkleton," he retorted, proudly, "you wrong me. I was amply repaid for all these by the pleasure I derived in witnessing your delight. No, Miss Binkleton, I desire no dross; but one thing ere we part you must return to me, and I must return to you."

Here he took a memorandum-book from his pocket.

"I find," he said, a quaver in his voice, "that in four years I have given you 14,677,621 kisses, and you have given me 12,466,823. These must be returned ere I leave you—mine to me, yours to you—as I shall need mine at least in an engagement I propose to initiate before a week has passed. Nay, I shall not take no for an answer. Are you prepared for a return of these?"

"Yes, George," she faltered.

And then, before the restoration was a quarter made, the broken engagement was mended, and all was as it should be.—Harper's Bazar.

The Courageous Flea.

Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear—not absence of fear. Except a creature be part coward it is not a compliment to say it is brave; it is merely a loose misapplication of the word. Consider the flea! incomparably the bravest of all the creatures of God, if ignorance of fear were courage. Whether you are asleep or awake he will attack you, caring nothing for the fact that in bulk and strength you are to him as are the massed armies of the earth to a sucking child: he lives both day and night and all days and nights in the very lap of peril and the immediate presence of death, and yet is no more afraid than is the man who walks the streets of a city that was threatened with an earthquake ten centuries before. When we speak of Clive, Nelson and Putnam as men who "didn't know what fear was," we ought always to add the flea—and put him at the head of the procession.—Mark Twain, in Century.

A Queer Jacket.

A jacket has just been made in Washington that weighs thirty-eight thousand pounds. This jacket was intended for a gun, and so, of course, was made of iron. It was heated for three days so that it would expand to a size that would allow it to be passed over the tube of the gun. A great crane lifted it into position over the gun, and when everything was in readiness it was dropped slowly around. If, in dropping the jacket around the body of the gun, it had not been kept perfectly straight it would have been ruined. It will take some time for this great jacket of thirty-eight thousand pounds to grow cool, and as it grows cool it will grow smaller, and when cold it will fit tightly and immovably over the tube or body of the gun. This was so important an operation that the cadets came up from Annapolis to Washington to see it, and the board of naval officers and others were present.—Outlook.

BILIOUSNESS
Who has not suffered this misery—caused by bile in the stomach which an inactive or sluggish liver failed to carry off.
THE PREVENTION AND CURE IS
SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR
liquid or powder, which gives quick action to the liver and carries off the bile by a mild movement of the bowels. It is no purgative or griping medicine, but purely vegetable. Many people take pills—more take Simmons Liver Regulator.
"I have been a victim to Biliousness for years, and after trying various remedies my only success was in the use of Simmons Liver Regulator, which never failed to relieve me. I speak not of myself alone, but my whole family."—J. M. PEDIGAN, Selma, Ala.
REMEMBER PACKAGE BY THE RED ZETA STAMP.