The Tarborough Southerner.

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

VOL. 72. NO. 28. TARBORO', N. C. THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1894. PRICE FIVE CENTS

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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.
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The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world. It is the only preventive of pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes. It is so because it strikes at the cause of most complexional disfigurations, viz., THE CLOGGED, IRRITATED, INFLAMED, OVERWORKED, OR SLUGGISH PORE.

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A WOMAN'S WATCH.

One Inanimate Thing the Gloomiest Man Would Not Like to Be.

Vicissitudes in the Career of the Innocent Little Timepiece—How It Should Be Constructed to Withstand the Ravages of Its Existence.

Everybody has his or her moments of mental depression when the world seems to lose its brightness that is so happily apparent at other times. The optimist's skies are sometimes clouded just a little, and the songs of the birds, the murmur of the brooks, the croon of the bees fail to gladden him as they should.

The average man would be ashamed to confess it, but there are times when he almost wishes he were not an animate thing, possessing the living, intelectual endowments that enable him to vote, build the kitchen fires, calculate eclipses and hustle for three meals a day. But there is one inanimate thing he does not care to be, and that is a woman's watch.

A woman who is not engaged in business and who does not wear her watch regularly winds it up whenever she happens to think of it, if it be convenient to do so just at that time. If she forgets it to-day, tomorrow she will wind it up tight enough to make up for lost time. Any first-class jeweler who has made a study of the question will tell you that a woman's watch should have a three-ply boiler-iron case that cannot be gotten into under any circumstances, even with a can-opener or a full kit of burglar's tools. It should be wound up to go a hundred years when she gets it and should be so constructed that it may be used as a nut-cracker, a tack-hammer or for most any other all-around domestic purpose.

When the baby is not using the watch as a plaything, the timepiece usually lies open on the dresser where it is forced to make a collection of dust, hair, burnt matches and other bric-a-brac. The owner of the watch is always happy to open it at any and all times so that those interested may watch the wheels go round.

If the watch ever gets more than its capacity of trash, and can no longer assimilate among its mechanism the refuse crowded into it; then, if it dares to stop to catch its breath, it is pounded on the back and shaken till its works become loosened and make such a merry sound that the baby loves to use the timepiece for a rattle. Then if it doesn't go its owner pries about among its wheels and springs with a hairpin or a toothpick.

Finally she takes "the mean stubborn old thing" to the jeweler who cleaned and repaired it three years ago, and gives him a blowing up because he didn't know enough to fix the watch so it would run a little while without stopping.

We all have our dark days, but in the moments of our deepest gloom we should think of the unhappy fate of a woman's watch, and thanking our lucky stars that we are not so bad off as we might be, press joyfully on to the smiling future that awaits us.—Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal.

A Fighting Hen.

George Diefenback has a game hen from county Galway, Ireland, that is better than a rat terrier. The other morning a large rat tried to get at the hen's nest. Instantly the hen was all feathers. When the rat tried to run under her, she pecked at him viciously. The rat jumped at her and tried to catch her by the neck. Every time the rat came at the hen she dropped her wings and met him more than half way. Once the rat pulled out a little bunch of feathers, but his jump was short, and he failed to catch the hen's neck. This made the hen more angry. She went at the rat in earnest. The rat would snap its jaws and squeak in a great rage. The two fought for half an hour, and then the hen killed the rat. The rat weighed three pounds. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Novel Cloud Atlas.

A cloud atlas on a novel principle has appeared. Its object is to show how the weather can be foretold by the appearance of the sky and clouds over night, and it consists of a series of pictures of these under various conditions. By noting the appearance of the sky and comparing it with one or more of these pictures an idea of the coming weather can be obtained. For instance, fair weather will break up when the first clouds to appear are cirri high up. If rapidly changing to nimbus, rain follows. A long list of such changes is given, the color and contour of which appear in the pictures.

An Old Editor.

Herr von Blumencron, editor of the Vienna Fremdenblatt, has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday. He still actively works in the conduct of his paper, going to his office every day and working there several hours at hard journalistic labor.

The World's Death Rate.

It is computed that the death rate of the world is sixty-seven a minute, and the birth rate seventy a minute, and this percentage of gains is sufficient to give a net increase of population each year of almost one million two hundred thousand souls.

FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

Trainer Has an Exciting Experience at a Rehearsal.

Heinrich Mehrman, the animal trainer, had a fight for his life in the big iron cage in the winter circus building, and only his coolness saved him from being severely injured, says the Philadelphia Times. His antagonist was a big polar bear, one of the Hagenbeck group, and the fight took place during the rehearsal. In Mr. Mehrman's act there is one place where he forms a zoological pyramid. The polar bear, Muffel, is placed at the apex of the pyramid. During the act he has to mount a pedestal about twelve feet high and it was while attempting to get him to do this recently that the trouble arose.

When the time came for him to take his place he refused to budge. After working hard for half an hour Mr. Mehrman called for a block and tackle. This was fastened to the top of the cage, and then came the task of getting the rope around the bear. Just as his trainer was about to slip the rope in its place the bear, with a quick dash of his paw, tore half of Mehrman's coat off his back and cut a long gash in his arm. Then the battle began. Down came the whip and the bear used every means possible to get at his man.

In the cage with them were sixteen other animals, and they all looked on except the big lion Sultan. He got down cautiously from his perch, and made his way, creeping like a cat, toward Mehrman. Some of the keepers on the outside called to Mehrman, and the warning came none too soon. All was excitement. Men ran for iron rods, but none were needed. The grit of the trainer was roused, and the lash of his short whip flew faster and faster. First one and then the other felt the thong, and step by step the two angry beasts were forced back to their places.

The fight lasted nearly a quarter of an hour, and the trainer was dripping wet with perspiration when it ended. Once more the attempt was made to get the rope around the bear, and this time with success. The men on the outside of the cage caught hold of the other end, and up went the bear to his pedestal, growling and biting, but he could not get away. This operation was kept up until he learned that he was not master of the situation.

THE CZAR'S PHYSICIAN.

Eccentricities of the Famous Practitioner of Moscow.

Prof. Zakharin, of Moscow, who attended the czar during his recent serious illness, is almost as well known in Russia for his eccentricities as for his eminence as a physician. When he is called to attend to a patient, says the British Medical Journal, special arrangements must be made in the house; all dogs must be kept out of the way, all clocks must be stopped, all doors must be thrown wide open. The professor on entering begins a process of gradual undressing, leaving his furs in the hall, his overcoat in the next room, his goloshes in the third, etc. He insists on perfect silence on the part of the afflicted relatives, except in reply to his questions, when their speech must be literally "yea" and "nay." He has a theory which he expresses in the maxim: "Take a rest before you are tired," and, accordingly, he sits down every eight or ten steps. His demeanor towards doctors with whom he happens to be unacquainted makes him greatly feared by them, and some eight years ago a kind of public agitation was got up in opposition to him in which many hundreds of doctors took part. Resolutions were passed and addresses were presented, and echoes of the gathering storm made themselves heard in the press. These manifestations of feeling were speedily repressed in the way characteristic of Russia. The then general-governor of Moscow, Prince Dolgorukoff, sent for the editor of the medical journal in which the addresses were printed and told him that if he published a word more about Zakharin, he would have to leave Moscow in twenty-four hours' time. His eccentricities, however, cease at the bedside of his patient; there he is courteous and considerate, most painstaking and minute in his examination, and very thorough in his treatment. So successful has he been in his profession that he is believed to be worth some half-million sterling.

A SPARROW HANGED.

Sad Ending of a Little Feathered Life in New York City.

Half a dozen pugnacious and disputatious English sparrows have been nesting in the crevices at the top of a big iron pillar of a store at Nineteenth street and Sixth avenue.

One of the spry little fellows was busy the other morning fixing up his home. He had picked up a long string somewhere and was preparing to put it in his nest. There was a loop at one end of the string and when the other end caught in the top of the pillar the sparrow got angry. He tugged and tugged and then made a wild dash at the annoying thing.

Mr. Sparrow's head passed through the loop, the noose tightened the more the bird struggled, and soon the little fellow was hanging there helpless.

A crowd gathered in the street below and many efforts were made to rescue the unfortunate bird but all to no avail. The sparrow's companions gathered about and set up a great squawking. Soon the little sparrow's struggles became feeble and in a short time he was dead.

Less than two minutes after he died a gust of wind released the string from the projection on which it had been caught and the string and the body of the bird dropped to the flagging. A small boy picked up the corpse, smoothed the rumpled feathers and took it home.—N. Y. Evening World.

ENGLISH NOVELISTS.

Comparatively Few of Them Have Had a College Education.

School Days of the Great Writers of Fiction—Thackeray & Cambridge Male—Defoe Had Only the Rudiments—Dickens a Street Waif.

Neither Oxford nor Cambridge is strong in fiction, but Cambridge possesses two names of the first rank, Sterne and Thackeray. The majority of our great novelists graduated in the rougher school of the world, and probably acquired there a better equipment for their work than any university could give them.

Defoe (1661-1731) received the rudiments of education at an academy at Newington Green, and was successively rebel, merchant, manufacturer, satirist in verse, bankrupt, political secretary, pamphleteer, and journalist, before he wrote, at the age of sixty, the immortal "Robinson Crusoe." Fielding (1707-1754) was at Eton until eighteen, then traveled for a short time, and began his literary career as a writer for the stage, living a Bohemian sort of life; and was magistrate at Bow street, and a terror to evildoers, when he wrote "Tom Jones" and "Amelia."

Richardson (1689-1761) was the son of a joiner, whose means were inadequate to carry out his intention of educating his son for the church, who forthwith became a printer and died one. Smollett (1721-71) came of a good Scotch family, and, of course, received a sound education; went up to London at eighteen with a tragedy in his pocket which was to bring him fame and fortune, but, his hopes being blighted, became surgeon's mate on board a man-of-war during the Carthagena expedition in 1741, a post abandoned in disgust on his return, but one, nevertheless, which proved of inestimable service to him in his new career as author in providing material for those inimitable sketches of naval life and character with which his novels abound.

Scott (1771-1832) was brought up to the law, and during the long vacations went on those expeditions to Liddesdale and elsewhere, which, together with his legal experiences, were to be turned to account for the delight of thousands in the years to come. Dickens (1812-70) was sent to a school at Chatham kept by a Baptist minister, until the age of ten, when began that vagrant existence of which no reader of "David Copperfield" needs to be told, and during which, to use Dickens' own words, "but for the mercy of God he might easily have become, for any care that was taken of him, a little robber or a little vagabond."—Temple Bar.

THE SMALLEST NEWSBOY.

An Incident That Occurred On an Uptown Trolley Car.

I saw him one night as I was going down street on a trolley car. The car was full of people, tired and glad to get home, when just as we passed one of the big dry goods stores, there came into the car the littlest newsboy I have ever seen. He was not a baby, but he was not bigger than some babies I have seen. He had a lot of evening papers under his arm, and his ragged shoes hardly served to keep his toes warm. His cheeks were red, and he looked into the car in such a queer, surprised way that I felt he did not know what to do. Maybe he had to sell papers to help his poor mother. His dirty little coat told me he was poor, and, as he did not offer his papers, I reached out for one, and put some money in his hand, and it went into his pocket. He did not offer to give back any change, in fact he did not seem to know how to sell papers at all. Then a lady next to me gave him five cents, but would not take a paper, then a gentleman bought one, then another, until when the poor, puzzled little chap went to get off the car, and a policeman lifted him down, everybody in the car had an evening paper. What was his name? I don't know. He never said a word while he was in the car, only just bashfully walked along in the car and people took his papers and gave him the money. I called him "Ducky."—N. Y. Advertiser.

Well Posted.

The following clipping, taken from an English society paper, conveys some idea of the average Englishman's knowledge of American history: "Miss Calhoun, the charming young American actress, who is playing with such distinguished success in the new piece 'L'Argent d'Autrui,' at the Odeon, it is not generally known, is an officer in the United States army, having received her commission as captain of the City Gate regiment, of Georgia, when she revisited her native place. This compliment was in honor of her grandfather, Calhoun, who was president of the United States."

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

HALLOWELL.

How the Grand Old Hymn Came to Be Written.

The Author's Disappointment in An Early Love Affair—Goes Apart to "Grieve Alone"—The Famous Song First Put Upon Birch Bark.

When our grandsires and their dames were young, good old "Hallowell" used to be the most popular tune in the singing books. It was contemporary with "Portland," "Turner" and "Buckfield," and it was sung by choir and class, its inspiring air sinking deep into the hearts of the many. Very little has been said about the history of this grand old hymn and its melody, and it was Flora E. Berry, Boston's contralto, who told me the story of its origin, for it was written by an own uncle of her mother's and so grand-uncle of hers.

Mrs. Berry says she can remember when her mother used to rock her to sleep with the tune of "Hallowell." She liked the air, but it was because "Uncle Abram" wrote it that it possessed for her its great charm.

"Uncle Abram" Maxim was a man of marked ability. At an early age he manifested an ardent love for music, and for the day in which he lived he acquired a thorough knowledge of its principles.

When a young man "Uncle Abram" met with a serious disappointment in love. Tired of life, he one morning wandered into the deep forest between the Owl's Head and Streaked mountain. This picturesque spot, noted all about for its beautiful scenery and for its abundance and variety of rare minerals, is in Paris, Oxford county, Me., about fifty miles north by east of Portland. This locality likewise enjoys the distinction of having been the birthplace of the author of the tune of "Hallowell." Uncle Abram continued his way until he came to a deserted logging camp. On the old hovel sat a lone sparrow, uttering her lament at the disturbing of her nest by some ruthless marauder. He sat for some time listening to the plaintive song of the bereaved bird. Going to a birch tree he removed a piece of bark, and on it he wrote the following lines:

As on some lonely building top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I'll sit and grieve alone

He then commenced to write a plaintive melody of most exquisite sweetness, in the minor scale, justly befitting the language. When he had finished this, he became so interested in his work that he began to affix the other parts, as his whole mind and energies seemed wrapped up in the labor before him.

Evening had begun to cast its shadows over the valley ere his task was completed. When the whole was adjusted to his liking, his lively imagination, to his infinite delight, pictured the glorious harmony which must arise from his subject when performed by his competent choir. He hastened homeward, and became a very popular and useful man.

He was an eminent composer, and the author of many of the most popular melodies now known as continentals, which by long and continued use have become firmly established in the hearts of not only the people of "Uncle Abram's" own state, but throughout the union.—Boston Transcript.

Electric Teams.

A brilliant and novel use of electric lighting has been devised by a vaudeville theater. In the afternoon, as soon as Broadway is dark enough to show the lights, four coal-black horses, drawing one of those smart, highly polished box wagons, such as florists use for delivery, are driven slowly up and down that thoroughfare, horses and wagon ablaze with electric lights. The wagon is outlined with electric light lamps, and on each horse's head and back an electric lamp blazes steadily. The device is simple enough. In the wagon is an electric storage battery from which wires are led to the lamps, the horses being "wired" along the harness. The horses are evidently tremendously proud of the display they make.—N. Y. Sun.

Light Converted Into Sound.

A German electrical paper mentions a patent for an apparatus resembling the Bell radiophone, in which an intermittent beam of light focused on a glass vessel containing lampblack produces audible notes. Mercadier has attempted to use this apparatus for a multiple telegraph system.—Electrical World.

St. Helena's Income.

In the Island of St. Helena's total revenue for 1892 of £7,691 is included the odd item of "£139 received from dealers throughout the world for postage stamps." The population of the island is but about 4,000, and is steadily increasing.

Curious Society Fad in England.

One of the latest society crazes, says a London correspondent, is an unhealthy fancy which has developed among aristocratic girls for being photographed as undraped classic and pictorial celebrities. Numerous studios are in active work, and are conducted by both male and female operators. Pictures of Andromeda and Aspasia are the favorite subjects, and every girl who has a figure seems burning with a desire to see it presented as an original of these celebrated studies. The photographs get passed around among the girls, their brothers get hold of them, the servants steal them, and ultimately they find their way into a photographer's store, labeled the countess of so and so, or lady blank so and so. There have already been several scandals of this kind and some photographs have been bought for their weight in twenty dollar bills. The mania still goes on apace, however, and where no names are given a resultant new amusement is to spot the beauty.

A Great Spanish Poet.

"As long as there is anyone to speak and think Spanish Nunez de Arce will remain one of the greatest literary figures of the nineteenth century. Future generations will admire him; but posterity will not be able to love him as we love him." With these words Echegoray, the Spanish dramatist, closed his address on Don Gaspar Nunez de Arce at the festival given in honor of the poet at Madrid a few weeks ago. The festival was attended by many of the most famous men of Spain. Authors and artists presented to him wreaths of laurel and a large album containing drawings and sketches in prose and poetry. Nunez de Arce, who is known as the Spanish Tennyson, was born at Valladolid on August 6, 1834. He studied philosophy in Toledo. Among his famous poems are "Grietos del Combate (Battle Cries)" and "Ultima Lamentacion de Lord Byron." He is also the author of a number of dramas. He published some time ago the series of lectures which he delivered before the Spanish academy in 1876.—Chicago Post.

Facts About Stamps.

Postage stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards are now all made by contract, none of the work being done in Washington. At each factory inspectors are stationed, who must exercise strict oversight of the whole business, from the taking in of the blank paper to the sending out of the finished product upon requisitions from postmasters, all of which pass through the department at Washington. Every sheet of paper must be accounted for, and if a single stamp be imperfect or imperfectly printed the whole sheet containing the defective stamp must be sent to Washington for examination and destruction. From three to five millions of stamps are thus sent to Washington every week, where they are carefully counted, checked off and burned.—Blue and Gray.

A Bejeweled Herring.

Mrs. Harriet Condit, a colored woman of State street, bought some herrings the other day, and upon cleaning one of them she found imbedded parallel with the backbone a gold bar evidently belonging to a lady's pin. It is set with a moonstone about one-half inch long in the center, and at each end a large pearl about the size around of a lead pencil. It was valued by a local jeweler at about forty dollars.—Hartford Post.

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 relief 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. PARKAM, Delphia, Ala.

SEVERY PACKAGE (Stamp in red on wrapper) J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.