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The Tarborough Southerner.

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

VOL. 72. NO. 40.

TARBORO', N. C. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1894.

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so that I can arrest the falling out of the hair within 12 to 15 days, and this you will readily see if you will give it a trial. Hair also thickens from its use. It has no unpleasant odor and leaves no danger contracting neuralgia, cold, &c. Mustaches easily thickened up by its use. Young men will please make a note of this. Nothing asked to show the truthfulness of the above except a fair trial of CULLEY'S BALD HEAD PREPARATION. Good references given to show that the hair is thick if not thicker than ever.

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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.

J. L. Bridgers & Son, Att'ys. 6t

A SUFFERING CHILD

Head and Scalp Raw with Places Size of Silver Dollar. Various Remedies only caused Fresh Eruptions. Applied CUTICURA. Change in Twenty-four Hours. Perfect Cure in Two Weeks.

My little son, aged three, was very much troubled with a breaking out on his scalp and behind his ear. The places affected 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. I washed the affected 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, 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. 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.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.

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TASTELESS CHILL TONIC

IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS. WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts.

GALATIA, ILLS., Nov. 16, 1893.

Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:—We sold last year, 600 bottles of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC and have bought three gross already this year. In all our experience of 14 years, in the drug business, have never sold an article that gave such universal satisfaction as your Tonic. Yours truly,

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Monuments, and Gravestones,

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March 31-1

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POSTAL CARDS.

Something About These Bits of Government Pasteboard.

Firms That Have Supplied Us with the Cards—How the Demand Has Grown—The International Series Wasn't Popular.

Since the introduction of postal cards as a means of communication in this country six postal card contracts have been made, says the Paper Trade Journal. The first was let to the Morgan Envelope company, Springfield, Mass.; the second to the American Photo-Type company, which had also the contract for printing the stamps on checks for the internal revenue service. The manager of this company, James Duthie, was an artist of unusual ability and skill. This postal card contract was sublet to Woolworth & Graham whose connection with the contractors came through supplying paper. The third contract was let to Woolworth & Graham, of New York; the fourth to Woolworth & Graham, the fifth to Al Daggett, the sixth to Woolworth & Graham.

The first contract price was $1.40 per 1,000, the second 60 cents, the third, 56 cents, the fourth 47 cents, the fifth 85 cents and the sixth 33 cents. The estimated required quantity for the first year was 150,000,000. The present required quantity per year is 500,000,000.

Until the Daggett contract was let the postal cards had all been made of one size. Postmaster General Wanamaker changed it to three sizes. The small "Dude" card of purplish tint was designed specially for ladies' use, and of which it was estimated that 100,000,000 per year would be required, but for which the demand has been less than 30,000,000. The next size, "medium," with estimated demand for 200,000,000; the third size, "large," 100,000,000 per year. It took just two years to make the contractor supply the large card. This was natural, because it cost him more. When the latter was offered for sale, every woman asking for a postal card, and having three different sizes to choose from at the same price each, to the general disappointment of the contractor and astonishment of the postmaster general, invariably took the largest card for the money. The sale of the latter card steadily increased, until it reached more than 80 per cent. of the entire issue.

Postmaster General Bissell did not like the generous variety of style and taste of his merchant predecessor, and confined his specifications to a single size, measuring 3¼x5½ inches, and now this new card is on sale at the various post offices of the country.

It is interesting incidental reading to note that about fourteen years ago, when the government issued an international postal card selling at two cents and mailable to all postal union countries, the public did not "catch on." George Tyner, who was the postal card agent, urged the government to have the contractor make 15,000,000; but 7,000,000 only were ordered, 1,000,000 of which were sent to the New York post office; more than one-half of the entire issue of 7,000,000 is still on hand and unsold after fourteen years' sale.

During the operations of the Daggett contract a "reply" card was issued. Great things were expected of this, but out of an issue of 12,000,000 very few have been sold.

It looks as if the present card will be popular. The design is very handsome and it is printed on a fine quality of paper.

A WHALEBACK YACHT.

New Departure in Sailing Races Which Promises High Speed.

What is considered as a radical departure from all precedents in yacht building has been received in this city, and is now in Sargent's warehoue. This new craft is expected to take part in the yacht races that will occur here next June and July.

She was built in Fort Worth, and may be classed as a whaleback yacht. She is such a pronounced departure from marine architecture that her performance will be eagerly watched by all those who take an interest in yachting matters.

She is a queer shaped object, too, being about thirty-two feet in length by about six feet beam. She has no straight lines and is the shape of a large cigar, pointed at the forward end, and has a whaleback extending from the forward part to about fifteen feet aft, and she is claimed to be in all respects absolutely unsubmergible.

She has air chambers fitted inside and her forward bulkheads are air-tight; she has a centerboard which is very heavy, being made of iron, heavily weighted with lead, and her rudder is as massively constructed. She draws only two feet amidships and will have but little resisting power, compared with other yachts, when being propelled through the water. She is lugger-rigged, and it is understood that but one man will be required to sail her.—Galveston News.

A Stack of Them.

"I never saw such a fellow as Banx," remarked a man about town. "He is always challenging some one to play poker."

"Yes. He goes about, so to speak, with a stack of chips on his shoulder."—Washington Star.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

BY J. L. BURBOUR.

The cares and burdens of manhood, the money-getting, the struggling for the unattainable, the striving for place and position, the vexations and sorrows of life—all these things may have made you forgetful of many things that contributed to your happiness when you were a boy, but it is safe to say that you have not forgotten the little old schoolhouse up on the hill or down in the valley, or out on the plain. It often stands out before your vision with startling distinctness, and you can see it best with closed eyes. You can see the walk of cinders and ashes leading from the door out to the road. You can see the very desk at which you used to sit—a clumsy wooden affair of rough pine boards, perhaps. Or there may not have been any desks at all—only long settees or benches, while your books were put on the floor beneath or on the window-sill. But you were never any happier in your life than you were in those days when you took your little tin dinner pail, with its pie and doughnut and sausage contents; and trudged away a mile or more in all kinds of weather to that little old schoolhouse.

You were not so very happy, perhaps, the first term or two, when you had to sit all day on one of the high settees with your feet dangling five or six inches from the floor. And twice a day you and a half a dozen other little towheads of your tender years gathered around the teacher's knee to acquire knowledge after this fashion:

"The-cat-is-on-the-mat."

"O-see-the-cat."

"Do-you-see-the-cat?"

"I-do-see-the-cat."

A little later on you read in your first reader how "the lark was up to meet the sun," and how dogs did "delight to bark and fight," but how the hands of little boys and girls were not made "to scratch each other's eyes."

Do you remember the pictures in those old readers? The girls were usually named Jane or Ann or Ruth, and they always had on pantalets and little shoulder capes and severely plain skirts, while their hats and bonnets were even a little more hideous than those worn in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-four. The little boys always appeared in round-abouts reaching just to the band of their baggy trousers. Knickerbockers were never seen in those old readers. Jane's mamma always appeared in a dress with three flounces and a black silk mantilla.

You remember the "literary exercises" on Friday afternoons. It was not uncommon for that old-time classic, "Mary has a little lamb," to be spoken six times on a single Friday afternoon. "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" and the story of the little dog that wagged his tail whenever he was fed were also very popular. There were little dialogues in which you desired to be a bird or a butterfly, but in the end you realized the folly of such wishes and desired to be an angel. When you were older you recited "Bingen on the Rhine," "Rienzi to the Romans," and "The Seminole's Reply."

You remember how they used to "pass the water" at school, and how you and one of the other boys used to beg permission to go and get a pail of water during school hours. You never had any desire to get it at recess time or during the noon hour. There may have been wells nearer but you usually went to some farmhouse about a mile away for the water. You generally carried it back to the schoolhouse on a stick thrust under the bail and with each boy grasping an end of the stick. Sometimes the water would be mysteriously spilled at the very door of the schoolhouse and you would, of course, have to go back for another pail. Accidents of this kind were very apt to occur on days when it was pleasanter to be out of the house than in.

Having finally got the pail of water into the schoolhouse some one would at once beg the privilege of passing the water. With the pail in one hand and a dipper or gourd in the other that would hold two or three pints, some one would go up and down the aisle. Very few wanted to pour back into the pail what was left. It was regarded as a great breach of etiquette to fail to offer a dipper of water to any visitor who might be present before offering it to the pupils. Failing to do this the teacher was apt to inquire where your "manners" were.

The noon hour was a dear delight. You remember how you used to draw the benches up around the big, rusty old box stove and eat your lunches amid unceasing bantering and laughing and joking. The red-cheeked apples, the crisp, brown "twister" doughnuts, the turn-overs that came from those tin dinner pails! Your wife ought not to feel hurt or offended because you still remember how good mother's cooking was. It is a great pleasure to mother to have you remember it after all these years. Sometimes you traded your piece of pie for Sally's doughnut, or, if you were a boy and you were over fond of Sally, you gave her your pie without asking for the doughnut in return. And there was pretty sure to be a Sally or a Jane or Eliza Ellen of whom you were particularly fond at a very early age and to whom you addressed such rhymes as:

"The rose is red, the violet blue,
Sugar's sweet, and so are you."

These rhymes were written on your slate and surreptitiously handed to Sally during school hours. Sometimes she blushed, sometimes she giggled, and sometimes your slate came back with "Shame on you!" written under your couplet. Dimes were rare with you, but if you had one it was usually applied to the purchase of peppermint candy hearts, and you were a great favorite while they lasted. Sometimes the whole dime was spent for a single big sugar heart that found its way into Sally's pocket and that she may have kept until this day.

The visit of the committeeman was always an event of consequence, particularly to the teacher, who always wanted you to appear at your best, being aware of which some of the pupils often appeared at their worst, and all of you "showed off" either to the teacher's delight or dismay.

The committeeman never failed to have a proper appreciation of his own importance. Sometimes he affected to know a good many things that he did not know, his own early education having been even more defective than your own. But it was not the nature nor the duty of the committeeman to admit that there was anything he did not know. Special recitations were conducted for his benefit and he was invariably asked to address the school, and he invariably did so after the pupils had put away their books and folded their arms.

He never failed to tell the boys that the presidency of the United States was within the scope of their future attainments, while the girls were bade to keep in mind the fact that the distinction of being the wives of future presidents might come to them.

Sometimes the school sang "On Linden when the sun was low" or "Lightly Row" for the pleasure of the committeeman, and the brag speakers of the school thrilled him with recitations of "Spartacus to the Gladiators" and the "Polish Boy." Overpowering and awesome as the presence of the committeeman was it yet happened that he sometimes left the schoolroom with a rag or a handkerchief pinned to his coat tail. Woe to the boy who pinned it there if the teacher found him out.

If the teacher happened to be young some of the large boys aspired to the distinction of beauing her home from the singing and spelling school held in the old schoolhouse. If she happened to be unwise enough to accept such an escort he became an object of much ridicule to the other pupils as the "teacher's beau."

The playground was a scene of much merriment in fine weather. The boys played "shinny," "bull-in-the-pen," "ante-over" and two, three or even four "old cat." The girls and smaller boys played "black man," "London bridge," "ring-around-a-rosey," "Sally Waters" and "King William was King James' Son." The larger boys could often be induced to engage in the last game because, after they had "looked to the east and looked to the west to choose the one that you love best" there was part of the game in which they and the object of their choice were told that

"Down on this carpet you must kneel
As sure as the grass grows in the fields.
Salute your bride and kiss her sweet
And rise and stand upon your feet."

Punishment was often inflicted on refractory pupils, but these punishments were not always cruel or severe. The girls were sometimes made to sit with the boys, which usually resulted in tearful shame on the part of the culprit, and great pleasure on the part of the rest of the school. The boys were sometimes made to stand before the school with a clothes-pin fastened to their noses.

The teaching was of a kind that would no doubt call forth the scorn and contempt of the teachers of to-day. It was, it must be admitted, unscientific and entirely out of harmony with our modern methods. Indeed, it was so far removed from these methods that such things as "grade" and "courses" and "curriculums" were utterly unknown. We learned to read and spell and cipher after a fashion the instructors of to-day would call woefully crude and insufficient. There were no examinations, no class promotions, and no overstudy, but the fact remains that many of the men and women who count for most in the America of to-day and who have attained the highest degree of success in life knew no education but that of the little country schoolhouse.—Detroit Free Press.

Marlborough's Gifts.

It was characteristic of Marlborough that from apparently small indications he possessed the power of divining the enemies' plans, and was thus enabled to forestall them. From the experience of the recent past he foresaw with admirable clearness the immediate future, and was able, as it were, to map out coming events from a study of the position at the moment. He could balance future probabilities with strange accuracy, and could fill in with living figures the sketchy outline furnished by the spy.

Without this peculiar gift—one of the instincts that mark the born general—no campaign can be directed with success. To realize what is going on beyond a range of hills, or any other natural barrier to human vision and out of the reach of reconnoitering parties, is one of the problems which perpetually confront the military commander. On the correct solution of that problem depends greatly the success of all military operations.—The Life of Marlborough—Gen. Wolseley.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HYSTERICAL BLINDNESS.

Sight Cut Off by a Quick Flash of Electricity.

A Sudden Recovery—Dr. Raub's Theory—Parallel Instances—Another Possible Explanation of the Phenomenon—A Question in Psychology.

"As though by a miracle," is the head under which the New York Sun tells of the sudden recovery of sight experienced by James H. Caulfield after three days of total blindness. Caulfield is the Brooklyn reporter who was made blind by seeing the quick flash of a trolley wire.

Dr. Joseph M. Raub, under whose guidance the young man regained his power of vision, said that it was simply a case of hysterical blindness and nothing more. This is unique, if true. There are sure to be, however, many who will combat the theory.

At the Narragansett Electric Lighting company's works in this city, it is said that apparently similar, if not identical, cases have occurred. There are two men at the works who, during the last few years, have been temporarily blinded when throwing a switch. Superintendent Thomas says that this happens in every big electric lighting station in the country. When a switch is thrown the circuit is broken. When properly done, another connection is made simultaneously. The intense flash lasts until another connection is made. One of the men at the Narragansett company's was so nearly blinded that he was at home three days at one time. He was not, however, as is said to have been the case with Caulfield, unable to see anything at all. He was able to grope about, but could see nothing distinctly. Both the men who have been affected at the electric lighting company's works are remarkably strong specimens of manhood, and could not be called hysterical by the widest stretch of the imagination.

In Caulfield's case, with the single exception of drooping eyelids, which might have been caused from lack of sleep, his eyes seemed to be perfect. The feature of drooping eyelids tallies exactly with the local cases cited. In fact, that seemed to be one very good reason why they couldn't see. In view of this it seems quite possible that the difficulty, in their cases at least, might be called physical rather than hypnotic, which is a term applied to the Brooklyn case by Dr. Raub.

A further argument which would be advanced by those inclined to believe the theory of hysterical blindness a fanciful one is that the flash, when a switch is thrown, is far more intense than any that could come from the trolley. The switchboard at the Narragansett company's station is now so arranged that in case of a flash there is a marble slab an inch and a half thick between the man's eyes and the exact location of the most intense light. Yet Superintendent Thomas states that not later than two weeks ago he had to turn his back to the slab so powerfully dazzling was the light. If left long enough the marble slab would burn like paper.

It is believed here that the cases mentioned as having occurred at the electric lighting company's are cases of physical inability solely. There has not been the slightest indication of hysteria. If so sudden and intense a shock as must be resisted on the nervous system of these men produces no hysteria, will the theory that a trolley flash could hypnotize a person into total blindness for three days find credence?

Mr. Caulfield says that he "don't believe in hysterical blindness." There are many others who do not. But it is hard telling where physiology ends and psychology begins. It probably won't be told this century, to put it mildly; and Dr. Raub may be perfectly right.

LOU PARKS' SCALP.

A Thrilling Story of Early Days in the West.

How a Pioneer Was Scalped While Alive and Then Killed the Indian—Grafted Back in Place as Good as New.

A tall old man, with hair rapidly changing from gray to white, sauntered into the Arlington, says the Washington Star. A peculiar feature about his head attracted the attention of an observer. Shining through his thin locks, and forming a semi-circle on the back of the scalp, was a bright red irregular line. The card that he twirled nervously in his fingers bore the name of Lewis Parks, and an old gentleman in the lobby greeted him affectionately as "Lou." When he went out his friend talked about him to a circle of interested loungers. "That was old Lou Parks," he remarked, with an inflection of admiration. "He was one of us when we went up into the Bitter Root country, away back in 1853. Did you notice that red ring on his head. Well, gentlemen, the jagged end of a Blackfoot's knife made that scar, and all the skin and hair inside of it were torn from the skull by a red scoundrel's muscular arm. The event occurred just about where Pocatello Idaho, now is.

"Lou Parks and three other white men had gone over in the neighborhood to search for something or other, I forget what, and one day Lou went out from camp to kill some meat. The other fellows heard him shoot once, and after awhile wondered why he didn't bring his game into camp or shoot again, as the country just swarmed with game. Then they concluded to go out and find out what was the matter.

"About half or three-quarters of a mile away they saw a man lying in some bushes and rode up to find Lou. He was unconscious and his head was covered with blood pouring from a hole about as big as a tin cup. It was easy to see he had been scalped. No Indians had been seen in the neighborhood, and the boys couldn't understand where they had gone, because Lou's gun and knife were still with him. They looked around for signs, and deeper in the chaparal, about twenty yards away, found the dead body of a Blackfoot Indian. He was shot in the spine, and in his clinched hand was a bunch of hair. It was Lou's scalp.

"The boys loosened the nigger's grasp and released the thing, and one of them suggested the bright idea of sticking it back on Lou's head. They washed it in water from one fellow's leather bottle and washed their partner's head. Then they fitted the scalp back in place, and tied it on with strips of horse blanket. When Lou came to his senses he said that he was kneeling down waiting for an elk, which he thought he heard below him, to come along, when he suddenly felt something grab his hair from behind and then pull the whole top of his head off. He said that before he went off he saw something black go in front of him and pulled his rifle trigger as he himself fell forward on his face.

"For month's he lingered between life and death, but finally recovered. When the blanket strip bandage was taken off some time after the attack by an army surgeon at a post four or five hundred miles away, where Lou was taken, it was found that the scalp had begun to grow on again, and after several years' treatment it became as you see it now. Lou would give a cow any time to find out what that Indian was doing out there alone and why he took the chances on scalping him alive when he had a dead cinch on getting his hair by sticking the knife in his neck first. Lou is here from Missouri, where he is now living, but he ain't after any post office, you can bet."

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