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The Tarborough Southerner.

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

VOL. 72. NO. 46. TARBORO', N. C. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1894. PRICE FIVE CENTS

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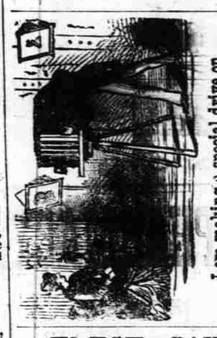
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Administrator's Notice.

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

CONSTIPATION
Is called the "Father of Diseases." It is caused by a Torpid Liver, and is generally accompanied with
LOSS OF APPETITE,
SICK HEADACHE,
BAD BREATH, Etc.
To treat constipation successfully
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CHILL
TONIC
IS JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS.
WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts.
GALATIA, ILLS., Nov. 15, 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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Quickly to the Very
Seat of Pain and
Ousts it in a Jiffy.
Rub in Vigorously.
Mustang Liniment conquers Pain,
Makes Man or Beast well again.

BATTLE WITH A BOA.

Its Tightening Fold Wrapped About His Windpipe.

An Incident of the Hunt in Venezuela—Prof. O'Reilly's Clever Rescue of His Native Servant from the Embrace of a Giant Serpent.

During my snake-hunting progress eastward through the Venezuelan forest, writes G. R. O'Reilly, of the Ireland Royal Zoological society, whenever for any length of time I made my headquarters in any village or settlement, I almost invariably had one or two young fellows trained under my own eye, to capture alive without fear the largest and most deadly kinds that the primeval wilderness could produce.

Pedro Vargas, a swarthy-skinned stripling of seventeen, clad only in shirt and trousers, with a palm leaf hat upon his head, barefoot and barelegged to the knee, was the quickest and bravest of all my daring serpent chasers.

One morning at sunrise Pedro and I started off for the forest in search of huge boa constrictor reported to have been seen by some hunters on the previous evening. We had each a cutlass with which to sever the entangling vines in our route, a long stick to use in dealing with rattlesnakes or bushmasters, a wallet of provisions for the day and some stout bags to confine our expected captive in, but none of extraordinary capacity, judging the size of the reported boa to be, as usual, exaggerated.

Before we had proceeded far the sounds of gunshots in the distance attracted our attention. We soon came up with the shooters, and were delighted to find that they were the very hunters who had yesterday encountered the boa we were in quest of.

Over the forest-clad hills for some two miles we with difficulty made our way, continually slashing a road with our cutlasses, to where there was a deep ravine.

It was among the rocks on the precipitous side of this ravine that they had seen the boa on the evening before. About half way down, or, perhaps, fifty feet from the gravelly bottom, they showed us the spot where he had lain, and the hole in the rock into which they said he had glided at their approach.

As he was not now in his hiding place we set diligently to work to search every rock and bush in the vicinity. Pedro, meanwhile, left us, and, going down to the dried up river bed, began to seek him beneath the bushes overhanging the sandy margin. He was very soon successful.

"Santa Madre," he shouted. "Que grande cabena!"

On hearing this we all stood still, anxiously gazing down at him, wondering what it was he had discovered. As he uttered the words we saw him in the act of ascending a huge bowlder, overshadowed by a spreading fan-palm's spacious leaves. For a moment he was lost to view.

The palm leaves swayed and rustled violently, and before we had time to move a step there was Pedro rolling off the bowlder down to the sand below, with the enormous snake coiled with its many folds around him. As he fell he yelled out wildly for assistance. I shouted to him to hold him fast and not let go on any account, and while we hurried down the rough incline he could be heard swearing justly as he struggled to free himself from the tightening embraces of his prisoner. There he lay on his back holding the great boa, with one hand clutched about its throat. There was coil upon coil of the monster's length wound around his neck and arms and body. His legs only were free, and with these he tried vigorously to get on his feet; but in vain, for the weight around his neck and shoulders, as well as the pinioning of his arms, completely prevented any such action. He could only lie there helplessly on his back and kick. When we reached him he could speak no more and his face was fast growing livid, though otherwise he was conscious enough; but the pressure round his throat was too much for him. The swollen veins stood out upon his forehead and his eyes appeared bulging—evidently the snake was strangling him, while he still kept it clutched by the throat, for though a boa constrictor cannot crush one's ribs, he can easily squeeze a neck quite enough to choke. Now, the best way to unloose a coiled boa is to commence at the tail, so for that I jumped at once and found it stoutly entwined around the stems of the bushes. I proceeded to untie it, but as fast as I could get it off from one place it instantly twisted afresh around another.

As it was clear that this delay might have serious consequences, I at once prepared for other tactics. I knew that if I threatened the excited reptile while Pedro remained perfectly still and quietly let go his hold on its throat, the beast would at once attack me by biting, but not by winding around me, for this last they never do, except with animals they intend to swallow or when held prisoner, as Pedro was now holding this one. Preparing myself, therefore, for the onset by taking the bags we had with us and wrapping them around my hands to protect them against its teeth, I stood of a little by the reptile's head and shouted to Pedro to let go, which he had till now been afraid to do. The other hunters, meanwhile, paralyzed by fear, stood around, not knowing at the moment what course to pursue. They never uttered a word. In pugilistic attitude, I took my position before the hissing snake, and, with both hands protected by the bags, as with boxing gloves, feigned a blow at him the moment Pedro loosened his grasp. The enraged animal, seeing me thus menacingly moving in front of him, gave vent to a most terrifying hiss, and bit toward me with widely gaping jaws. He struck right toward my face, but fell short of his mark, for he was too much entwined around the boy to reach out far enough to catch me. His folds now began to loosen on Pedro, all his rage being directed to me. This was just what I desired, to draw him from his relaxing embrace of my assistant, and so allow the latter to come to my aid in effecting his capture. For several minutes I kept the angry snake thus biting at me, and as after each attack he would unwind another twist of his body Pedro, whom I repeatedly warned to stay quiet, was soon almost entirely free, while I sparred vigorously with my hissing antagonist, without, of course, ever allowing him to catch me.

Alternately he would dash madly at me and then gather himself anew for another spring. Slowly he was following me, while I retreated. At every attack his powerful tail would swish through the loose gravel, sending the dry dust in yellowish clouds about himself. Now that he was far enough away, I gave the word to Pedro to jump up and cut a good-sized pole in the thicket. With this we both managed to press down his neck, pinning him firmly to the ground, upon which he tried vainly to turn and bite the offending wood, and twisted himself around it right up to our very hands. Quickly at my call the other hunters came to our assistance and while they held on, some to the pole and some to the snake, I caught him firmly, just as Pedro had done before, around the neck with both hands. Now that I had him by the head, Pedro by the tail and some others by the middle, we soon got him loose from the pole and in triumph bore him off homewards, through the forests, for none of the bags we had with us was anything like large enough to stow him in.

We stopped to rest in an open spot where there lay a remnant of a prostrate tree about twenty feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, with its interior entirely hollowed out by the combined work of natural decay and wood-boring insects. It was suggested that, if one end of the cavity was stopped up, we could allow our captive to glide into it, and then, having closed up the other end also, carry him home on our shoulders, for the whole fragment was as dry as tinder and not heavier than so much cork. Accordingly, having plugged up one end with bundles of vines and weeds tightly wadded in, we got the snake to enter readily by releasing his head in the mouth of the open end and scratching him vigorously about the tail, because he thought he was escaping into the darkness of the interior. As we were stopping up the second end in a similar manner to the first, and so securing the hissing prisoner within, we noticed some small ants making their appearance through the interstices, but being so taken with the success of our expedient didn't pay much attention to them at the time. As soon, however, as we took the burden on our shoulders the efforts of the imprisoned serpent became frantic for escape, with the result that his writhings disturbed a whole colony of the terrible "fire ants" in the interior, which, swarming in millions through every crack and crevice, covered our necks and shoulders, getting down between our clothing and our skins, stinging and biting us with such fury that simultaneously we dropped our load and began to tear off our clothing as fast as possible to rid ourselves of our tormentors. This was not the worst, either, for the frail receptacle in which we carried our prisoner smashed to pieces with the fall and liberated the tortured occupant on the open ground in the midst of us, scattering the ants about for yards on every side. Off he scurried through the woods with all the energy he could muster.—Cleveland World.

Power Without Shafting.

A power building designed for the occupancy of sixty-four different small manufacturing concerns is under construction at Pittsburgh, Pa., in which no belting, shafting or pulleys will be used. A complete system of electric motors will be installed on each floor, the power for which will be supplied by a two hundred and fifty horse-power steam-driven electric generator located in the basement.

When a Girl Is in Love.

When a girl looks fresh and blooming and good looking it is a sign she is in love.

A girl who doesn't know how to make plum preserves has no right to allow a young man to call on her a second time.

When a girl is in love she doesn't stay very long when she goes out of town on a visit. She has to come home to keep an eye on her property.—Atchison Globe.

A DETECTIVE STORY.

Exploits of Government Sleuths Told in a Public Document.

An Interesting Account of the Robbery of a Chicago Post Office Stamp Clerk as Supplied to Congress.

The government publishes a great variety of matter in the course of a year, from presidential messages to a history of diseases of the gadfly, and the variety of reading matter has been increased within the past few days by the publication of a real detective story, with diagrams according to Gaborian.

This is the history of the sandbagging and robbery of a stamp clerk in the Chicago post office one dark night last winter, when the wind was whistling round the corner and the sleet dashing against the windows. The story of the crime and the vain search of two government sleuths for the criminal are given at great length and in the minutest detail. All of this is contained in a pamphlet of eleven pages, accompanying a claim of the late postmaster for the amount of the robbery, which he was compelled to make good. There are a number of diagrams to illustrate the story. One of them shows "where the body of the clerk was found," "the door where Miss Jones came in," "the window where the robber escaped," "the door where the robber entered," and other minute details. Another diagram shows the postal clerk as he stood at his desk, but fails to represent the robber and the sandbag, although everything else, even to Miss Jones' desk, is portrayed vividly.

Many pages of closely printed type are filled with the history of the efforts of the government sleuths.

"There were two theories to work upon," writes one of them: "First, that Robinson had robbed himself and inflicted upon himself the injuries to cover up his crime, or that some one familiar with the office and with the habits of Mr. Robinson had planned and successfully put into execution the robbery. I called to my assistance the superintendent of the Pinkerton agency of this city, who rendered me every assistance in his power, without cost, to get some clew to the perpetrators of this bold robbery. We have worked upon every plausible theory, but have failed to get any clew to lead us on a successful trail."

The outcome of the work on these two theories is reported as follows:

"The result of the investigation in this case has convinced me of two things: First, that it was a bona fide robbery; second, that it was conceived and planned, if not perpetrated, by some one perfectly familiar with the workings of that branch of the postal department in this city; but the plan was so well executed that up to the present moment we have been unable to get a single clew that would fasten the guilty party."

So the robbery remains a mystery, and the thrilling story of the two government sleuths goes on file in the annals of congress.—Washington Star.

A Baseball Dog.

There is a little water spaniel, owned by a Philadelphian summering at Atlantic City, that can give some of the Philadelphia league club points on catching flies. Every day the dog appears on the board walk, and is put through a half hour's practice by his master. The dog wears a baseball cap and a very human expression. He sits down and patiently waits until his master cries: "Play ball!" Then he jumps up, barks and wags his tail expectantly. The ball is tossed into the air, probably forty feet from the canine fielder. The latter runs after the sphere, and with wonderful judgment catches it in his mouth, a foot or so above the ground, on the dead run. It doesn't matter where the ball is thrown the dog is there, and he never makes an error. Hot liners are simply pie to him, and a back-running catch is equally easy. The dog's owner is thinking of exhibiting the animal.—Philadelphia Record.

Up to Date.

Great Publisher—Mr. Quill, your novel is a very good one.

Mr. Quill—Then you are going to publish it?

Great Publisher—Yes, if you will only make a few slight changes. Just change the marriage of your heroine to her death on the eve of the bridal; kill your hero in a railroad accident; and close the book with the funny man standing between two graves in the twilight, and it's a go.—Boston Transcript.

Salisbury's Daughter Writing a Novel

Lord Salisbury's daughter, Lady Gwendolen Cecil, is engaged, it is said, on a political novel. She has already proved herself a clever and capable penwoman in several Primrose league leaflets she has written. Studies of more than one well-known politician will be included in the forthcoming book, if the gossips may be believed.

An Ex-Governor Now Chief of Police.

Ex-Gov. Sprague, of Rhode Island, is living in a small cottage near the beach at Narragansett Pier. He discharges the duties of chief of police at the pier.

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

PHOTOGRAPHING NEBULÆ.

Discoveries Made by the Camera in Recent Years.

Interesting Revelations in the Heavens—The Camera and the Development of the Science of Astronomy.

Great surprise was expressed nine years ago when the Henry brothers, of Paris, discovered by photography a strange nebulous spiral apparently attached to the star Maia, one of the Pleiades. The nebula seemed to start from the star, and bending round through a quarter of a circle, in a sweep of hundreds of millions of miles, finally became forked at the end like the tail of a comet.

Issuing out of one side of this great spiral sprang a nondescript mass, part of which swept backward parallel with the original spiral in such a way as to give to the whole object the appearance of eddying round the star.

Two or three years later the same astronomers made a photograph which showed that the entire group of the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, is mingled with fantastic nebulous shapes. In this photograph several stars appear strung, like beads, upon a nebulous line or ribbon that must be many thousands of miles in length. The conclusion was irresistible that an intimate connection existed between the stars and the nebulæ which together constitute the Pleiades.

Since then a similar condition of things has been shown to prevail in other quarters of the heavens. One of the latest discoveries of this kind was made by Prof. Barnard at the Lick observatory last autumn.

Upon photographing what appears to the naked eye as a hazy speck near the wonderful red variable star Mu in the constellation Cepheus, he obtained a picture showing a huge nebula surrounding an irregular group of bright stars, and "distantly surrounded by vast multitudes of small stars." The nebula, according to the description of its discoverer, "seems to mingle indefinitely with masses of smaller stars and become part of them."

Photographs have also shown that the double star Lambda, in Orion, is involved in nebulous matter, and that a nebula is attached to the brilliant Betelgeuze, the leader of the same constellation.

These facts become very interesting when one considers that the nebulæ are probably composed of matter in an unformed or unorganized condition, and that the sun, the stars and the earth itself were once in that state.

When we see a star, or a group of stars, closely associated with nebulous spirals and streamers, it looks as though the stars were consuming, or feeding upon, the nebulæ, or, in other words, as if the process of sun-making were, in such cases, not yet completed.

Yet it is possible that our own solar orb, which, for our purposes at least, seems to be a completed sun, would, if photographed from a far point in space, appear as a nebulous star. From such a point of view, if they were visible at all, the Zodiacal light, the Gegenschein, and other glowing appearances that are apparently connected with the sun, would perhaps be blended into a great system of luminous rings of spirals as wonderful in form as those attached to the Pleiades, though far less imposing in extent.—Youth's Companion.

"High Life" in London.

People who bewail the follies of fashionable life in America may thank their stars that it has not yet become so bad as "swell life" in England. The latest revelation seems to establish that "ladies" in London are addicted to cigarette smoking, at least such was the evidence brought out in a London police court the other day, where two waiters in a fashionable restaurant were charged with stealing a diamond-studded cigarette case belonging to the young countess of Roslyn, and which had been presented to her by no less a personage than the princess of Wales. During the course of the proceedings it came out that this fair and dainty young peeress had been smoking without concealment in this ultra-fashionable and very public restaurant. It appeared, too, that beautifully-jeweled cigarette cases are frequently presented to brides in England nowadays, though no mention is made of them in the prepared lists of wedding gifts, of course.—Womankind.

—Guest—"Will you not give me a kiss, beauteous creature?" Waiter Girl—"Not much do I give you a kiss." Guest (resignedly)—"Well, then, you might as well bring me a portion of Schweitzer cheese and a glass of bock beer."—German Joke.

HE DID NOT RAISE THE RENT.

A Woman Who Was Too Smart For Her Landlord.

They met in a street car and the woman with the golf cape remarked:

"I see you still have the same house."

"Yes, and at the same rent," remarked the woman with the ostrich boa.

"But I thought your landlord had decided to raise it?"

"He did; but somehow I didn't expect to move, though Tom gave up the house at once. You see, I really can't afford to have any more bric-a-brac smashed in moving wagons. I've lost enough already to stock a department store."

"So you decided not to move?"

"Not quite, dear. You see, I told the landlord that I was sorry to move, but we really couldn't afford a higher rent and that I myself would gladly show the house to intending tenants. Then I set every room in order and waited."

"Well?"

"Well, I really thought that the first woman who came would take it. I praised the closets and told her what swell neighbors we had, and—"

"But I thought you didn't want to—"

"No, dear. But just as she was leaving I casually mentioned the fact that two persons had died of typhoid fever in the next house above and one two doors below. She seemed somewhat agitated, and when I called the landlord's address after her she didn't seem much interested."

"But, Maggie, you know that was—"

"Some time ago? Yes, but I never could remember dates, and the people did die."

"Well, did she—"

"Never went near. The bedrooms were too small for the next people, and the next ones were delighted, but thought the rent rather dear. Then I remarked that immediately after lunch I intended to run around and engage that lovely little house in the next square at a lower rent. They carelessly asked which house, and I noticed that they turned that corner."

"How could you?"

"Well, you know, it was cheaper, and if they had taken our house I should have been obliged to rent that, for it was near enough to have my bric-a-brac carried."

"Your landlord told me that the Swellstyles intended to take it."

"They did; but after Mrs. Swellstyle and I had gone all over it I said: 'Your children all look so healthy that I think the house will just suit you, but mine you know are rather delicate, and the least hint of sewer gas alarms us.' She turned pale, and I knew at once that not even the parlor mantel would induce her to take it."

"And the landlord?"

"Oh! He came around that evening and said that as we were such good tenants he had decided not to raise the rent. Tom was so surprised."

"No wonder!" gasped her friend; "this is our stopping place; come and have a cream soda—I feel faint!"—Chicago Tribune.

His Meaning Illustrated.

A lawyer was cross-questioning a negro witness in one of the justice courts the other day and was getting along fairly well until he asked the witness what his occupation was.

"I se a carpenter, sah."

"What kind of a carpenter?"

"They calls me a jack-leg carpenter, sah."

"What is a jack-leg carpenter?"

"He is a carpenter who is not a first-class carpenter, sah."

"Well, explain fully what you understand a jack-leg carpenter to be," insisted the lawyer.

"Boss, I declar I dunno how ter splain any mo' 'cept to say hit am jes de same diffunce twixt you an' yer fust-class lawyer."—Mason Telegraph.

Mostly a Native.

"Are you a native of this parish?" asked a Scotch sheriff of a witness who was summoned to testify in a case of illicit distilling.

"Maistly, yer honor," was the reply.

"I mean were you born in the parish?"

"Na. I wasna born in this parish, but I'm maist a native for a' that."

"You came here when you were a child, I suppose you mean," said the sheriff.

"No, sir; I'm here about sax year noo."

"Then how do you come to be nearly a native of this parish?"

"Weel, ye see, when I came here sax year sin' I jist weighed eight stane, an' I'm seventeen stane noo; sae ye see that about nine stane o' me belongs to this parish, an' the ither eight comes from Camlockie."—Glasgow Herald.