

# The Tarboroan Southerner.

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

TARBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1898.

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### Don't buy Sickness

Which is better, to thoroughly cleanse and purify the blood just now, or make yourself liable to the many dangerous ailments which are so prevalent during summer? Impurities have been accumulating in the blood all winter, and right now is the time to get rid of them. A thorough course of Swift's Specific is needed to cleanse the blood and purify the system, toning up and strengthening it all over. Those who take this precaution now are comparatively safe all summer; but to neglect it is to invite some form of sickness which is so common during the trying hot season. It is now that a course of Swift's Specific

### S.S.S. For the Blood

will accomplish so much toward rendering the system capable of resisting the evil influences which are so liable to attack it during the summer when sickness is so abundant. It is the best tonic and system-builder on the market, because it is a real blood remedy, and it finds a way to search out and remove all impurities, and supply an abundance of pure, rich red blood. S. S. S. is made exclusively of roots and herbs, and is Nature's own remedy. It is purely vegetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no opium, mercury or other mineral. Be sure to get S. S. S. There is nothing half as good.

### Purify the Blood

Dickens and the X Rays.  
An amusing instance of anticipation of the penetrating character of the so-called X rays, according to an exchange, has been discovered in a most unlikely place. It will be remembered that in the miser Scrooge sees the ghost of his former partner, Marley, entering the room Marley's body appears to be transparent, so that Scrooge can see clear through him and discern the two buttons on the back of his coat. It may be presumed that Marley wore the old-time coat with brass buttons, and that fish and blood became transparent when metal buttons would not. It is now in order for the Society of Psychological Research to try the X rays for the detection of ghosts, but if they are successful they must give the credit to Dickens.—Electrical Review.

Anti-slavery Plea by John F. Hale.  
His latest speech was brief and seemed to be inspired by the immediate occasion which called them forth. In his defense of the rescuers of the slave Shadrach he said:  
"John Debre claims that he owns Shadrach. Ours is a man! Suppose gentlemen, John Debre should claim an exclusive right to the sunshine, the moon or the stars. Would you sanction the claim by your verdict? And yet, gentlemen, the stars shall fall from heaven, the moon shall grow dim, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, but the soul of the despised and hunted Shadrach shall live on with the life of God himself. I wonder if John Debre will claim that he owns him then."—George W. Julian in Century.

Love and Leaf Prints on Iron.  
It is a curious fact, which has often been proved by actual experiment, that a delicate fern or other leaf may be placed between two smooth blocks of iron and have a plain impression of every rib and fiber of itself left on the flat surface of the iron plates after they have been driven suddenly together by the explosion of a stick of dynamite. Another experiment in this line, and one equally curious, is made with a smooth block of iron or steel and a cake of compressed gunpowder. A delicate piece of lace is placed on the metal surface, and the disk of powder is laid on top of the fabric. When the powder is detonated, the lace will be utterly annihilated, but its impression will be clearly left on the metal.—St. Louis Republic.

A Mean Man.  
She—Well, dearie, I promised to make a memento for you, and now I have done so.  
He—Yes. Rather paradoxical. You kept your promise, but did not make it good.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Underdog.  
"Madam," shouted the attorney, "do you know what the punishment will be if you do not tell the truth, as you have sworn to do?"  
"Certainly I do. I will be cross-questioned again."—Chicago Journal.

Overworked.  
"I haven't seen you for some time," said the first cherub.  
"I have been busy," said the second cherub, "assisting the recording angel in taking down campaign lies."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Difference.  
She—See they have now a "Woman's Dictionary." Do you suppose that differs from any other?  
He—Probably has more words in it.—Puckey Statement.

### MINDING HIS OWN BUSINESS.

Jim McCord's Grievance Against an Interfering Train Robber.  
Jim McCord weighed about 110 pounds and had a goodly whisker, but for all that he was as "heavy" as any other gambler that ever lived and would cheerfully battle with his fists if need be to emphasize his rights, and as he was an expert boxer he seldom got much the worst of such an encounter.

Once, traveling from one county fair in Nebraska to another, Jim found himself so reduced in pocket as to make a double seat in the day coach preferable to a berth in the sleeper. He called up and was doing a fair job of work at sleeping when the train stopped with a jerk, seven shots rang out, and at the door of the coach appeared a rough looking young farmer, with a bandanna handkerchief covering his face and a pistol shaking nervously in his hand. It was a hold up all right, and every one in the car, with one exception, raised his hands heavenward. McCord didn't. He was asleep.

The man with the gun worked his way down the coach, gathering valuables as he progressed, until he came to McCord.  
"Here, wake up! What have you got?" the train robber demanded.  
"Go on away. Don't bother me," McCord growled.  
"Give me your money," the other insisted, presenting the gun.  
McCord was awake now.  
"My friend," he said, "you may be a good thief, but you're a blamed poor diagnostician. Do you suppose I'd be down here, crouched like a toad in a seat, if I had money enough to ride in a Pullman? Go away." And he dropped back to sleep again.  
The train robber was nonplussed.  
"Ray," he said, "I want what you've got. Shell out."  
"If you don't quit bothering me and waking me from an uneasy but valued sleep," said McCord, "you will regret it seriously. Go away, I tell you."

The farmer looked up and down the car for an inspiration as to what to do. None came, and he again gave attention to McCord, who had by this time returned to his dose.  
"I've got to have your money," he said.  
McCord roused himself. "Well," he said, "I see we are bound to come to it. Now, I have not interfered with your business in this car, and it is no more than right that you should refrain from mixing mine. My business is to get some sleep. But you introduce yourself, and we will have to settle the matter once for all."  
"It is his fist which made the last monosyllabic remark, and in a second it was raining bandanna handkerchiefs and revolvers and hats and old clothes, and the passengers were under the cushions. In a minute McCord had the farmer on the floor and was batting his head against the iron uprights of the seats. Several of the other passengers came forward and wanted to help to the fellow up and take him on to the next station.

"Thanks, gentlemen," said Jim, "but I think we won't do that. I never interfere in other people's affairs. If any of you had wished to arrest this man, the time to do it was when he was negotiating directly with you and not when he and I were trafficking. The only thing I have against him is his temporary derangement of my plans, which contemplated sleep. If you keep him on board, I shall naturally feel a sort of responsibility for him and will not be able to rest as calmly and peacefully as I wish. I am going to throw him off right here, and if any of you want to capture him then, why, that's your affair, in which I shall not mix." And conducting the culprit to the end of the car he evicted him into space.  
Then he went back and curled up and in a moment was blissfully asleep.—Chicago Record.

### No Oats, No Marriage.

A story of legal lore is told of Squire Robinson, the father of the late General Robinson of Allegheny City. The squire kept the ferry across the river in the latter year of the last century and did all the marrying for the loving couples far and near. One day a couple presented themselves before the judicial Charon, and the squire honestly confessed that he had not the necessary wedding fee in cash, but that he would deliver Squire Robinson a bushel of oats the coming fall in payment.  
The good natured squire consented and tied the nuptial knot, but as the groom rode off, with the blushing bride behind him on a pillion, the squire gave him the quaint parting shot, "Mind, John, no oats, no marriage."—Detroit Free Press.

### Long Fall West.

"Babcock seems to have all kinds of money nowadays. Where does he get it?"  
"Haven't you ever heard? He is the inventor of the chewing gum holder for typewriter desks."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### For Value Sought.

Tourist (in the morning)—Did the joy in the horse stealing case reach an agreement last night?  
Allan Ho—Hope; they are still arguing about it, I believe, but the mob agreed on the first ballot an lynched him with neatness and dispatch.  
"Good gracious! Then why does not some one inform me that there is no further use for them?"

### "Hah! Let 'em earn their fees."

Truth.  
He Agreed With Her.  
Mother—Tommy, what are you doing?  
Tommy—Nothing.  
Mother—Nothing. Don't you know that when always finds some work for idle hands to do. Go down and wash a bucket of water.—New York Herald.

### Combination among members of the same trade or profession being one of the most prominent features of the age, it is not surprising to learn that the notion of a medical union should be in the air. According to a medical correspondent of The Times, the scheme now under consideration proposes to combine the entire profession in a union pledged not to accept less than a fixed minimum fee from any patient who is not either a subscriber to a general professional fund or entitled to poor law medical relief.

The doctor is a hard worked member of a noble profession who deserves all he is paid—and, we may add, is not always paid all he deserves—will be conceded by every fair minded person to be beyond dispute. But, with regard to the question of a medical union on the lines proposed, two objections at once occur. In the first place, it would be extremely difficult, to unite all the members of a calling which includes thousands of persons in a union based upon a uniform rate of payment. Many struggling practitioners would be found who would always be glad to take what fees they could get, and they would do so. Secondly, any hard and fast rule of that kind would be impossible to enforce.

The relations between doctor and patient are so complex and patients' incomes are so infinitely varied that it would not be practicable to fix an irreducible minimum of payment.  
The practice of the profession is to charge patients according to the rent they pay for their houses or other indications of their financial position, and that is so eminently reasonable a system that no one does not either expect or desire to see it abandoned. A profession which deals with the issues of life and death cannot be treated by such an footing as an ordinary calling. When one is ill, one sends for the doctor, and when sent for, comes without consideration on either side as to the precise amount of the fee. That is human nature, of which we are happy to say, doctors have quite as much as other people. On the whole, we are not very sanguine as to the success of a doctors' trade union on the basis proposed.—London Times.

### Calculating Formosa.

The Japanese can never colonize Formosa, simply because their physique is too weak to bear the strain of acclimatization, and what they are doing now is to antagonize, if not destroy, the race material by which those islands are to be developed.  
For years to come the administration of the island will cost vast sums, which can ill be afforded by such an essential poor country as Japan, especially at a time when she is expending her treasure in expanding her army and navy. Her object is to rival European nations in the possession of colonies, apparently not to antagonize, if not destroy, the race material by which those islands are to be developed.  
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### Severed of Ancient Catacombs.

Of all the romance nations, perhaps the Italians treat their historic monuments with the greatest degree of familiarity—a familiarity that, archaeologists sometimes complain, borders upon sacrilege. However, they never destroy what is truly beautiful, although they may scotch the simply antique to make room for modern utility. The latest journal from Rome tells us that the historic catacombs of that city are soon to be utilized as sewers. Not for years, if ever, have the hygienic qualities of the Eternal City been what they should be, and the deadly fumes that arise from the Tiber at the close of a hot July day have sent many American tourists to their last abode in the small but famous Protestant burial ground. The Tribune shows how easily the sanitary sewers of the Porta Pia can be turned into the catacombs of that quarter, which communicate directly with those of Santa Agnes and Santa Priscilla. And thus do the ancient chapels of the early Christians become the receptacles for the offal of the modern city of the Philistines.—New York Tribune.

### Canals Easily Wrecked.

The canal which ship canals may be regarded as in time of war has always been brought forward as an argument against dependence being placed on these waterways for strategic purposes. An illustration to the point has happened in connection with the North Sea-Baltic canal, the German fleet which is to take part in the coming naval maneuvers being unable to pass through it, as ordered, on account of a Danish vessel which was sunk at the south end of the canal some time ago blocking up the entrance to the waterway. Traffic on the Suez canal has been stopped several days at a time from an ever slighter cause.

### A Fine of Glass.

While King George of Greece was staying at the Park hotel, in Wiesbaden, a few days ago, he noticed a window pane upon which his father, the King of Denmark, had cut his name with a diamond. King George took off his own diamond ring and engraved his name below his father's. A few hours afterward the car saw the window and immediately on his name. Then came the Kaiser, who added his name to those of the three royalties. A British diplomat and an American millionaire are now striving to outbid each other in order to get possession of the illuminated piece of glass.

### BANISHED FOR LIFE.

THE OUTCAST OF CHURCH ISLAND IN GREAT SALT LAKE.

He Was For Years Lived the Life of a Wild Man and Early Last Evening Being Branded For Robbing the Dead by Order of Governor Brigham Young.

In the center of the Great Salt Lake in Utah is a large body of land known as Church Island. This land consists of mountains and valleys, with trees and vegetation, and has always been used as a herding ground for cattle belonging to the Mormon church. Several years ago the water on the east side of the island was shallow and cattle could be driven across easily, but now the water is deep and everything must be conveyed to and from the land in boats. A disengage in business among the Mormons of the city, and upon the island was a Frenchman who came to the island to get to or from the island. On this famous spot, amid millions of pelicans, sea gulls and other fowls, wanders a lonely old man, without clothing and devoid of any language or any of the instincts of humanity. He has been on the island for years ago by the Mormon church on the charge of robbing the dead.

Jean Baptiste was a Frenchman who came to Salt Lake City a young man nearly 40 years ago. He grew up among the saints, and, after remaining in the made sexton of the small cemetery. His duties were light and his remuneration correspondingly small. He resided in a little cabin on the mountain side overlooking the city, and upon the island was a Frenchman who came to the island to get to or from the island. On this famous spot, amid millions of pelicans, sea gulls and other fowls, wanders a lonely old man, without clothing and devoid of any language or any of the instincts of humanity. He has been on the island for years ago by the Mormon church on the charge of robbing the dead.

The little Frenchman was an avowed animal connected in a vague way with the French coast, and the seals of the New England coast are creatures of an entirely different stamp. Their skins are heavy and tough and are of no use for making seals, unless they are mink seals, and they are such useless and unpleasant animals that no one would go to the trouble of killing them if it were not for the bounty which has been placed on their heads by the officials.

This bounty is \$3 a head, and it is paid because there are so many of the seals, and they have such an insatiable appetite for fish that if they were allowed to increase and multiply and train up their children to eat fish they would have a disastrous effect on the shore fisheries. It has been proved by experiments that a seal with a good sized appetite will eat a pound of fish a day, and it can be seen that at this rate it does not take a very large number of seals to produce a fish famine of no small proportions.

Last year the county commissioners of Essex county alone paid bounties aggregating \$450 for seals, which would mean that 150 were killed, as the bounty is \$3 a head. This, it is probably, does not represent more than half of those actually destroyed, as only about half are recovered, for the reason that, unless killed at once, they nearly always manage to reach the water when shot and sink to the bottom when they are dead. It is probable that there are along the coast of Essex county 1,000 seals at least, and these, figuring 25 pounds of fish a day for each seal, would use up 8,125,000 pounds of fish in the course of the year, as they are thick all along the south shore until the sand begins at the head of Cape Cod, for the seals are not found to any extent where the shore is sandy. They prefer the rocks.

These seals are what are known as log seals and are entirely different in outward appearance from the fur seals of the north. Their skin is smooth and leathery, a good deal like that of a porpoise, only tougher. In their general shape, however, they are a good deal like their northern congeners, having the same round head and large, soulful eyes, which make it a matter of considerable difficulty for a tender hearted person to shoot one, even for \$3. There is no regular method of killing the seals, and it is almost all done fortuitously, and by persons, usually sportsmen, who are out for some other reason than the deliberate slaughter of seals for mercenary purposes. Most of the killing is done in the spring, when the seals are rutting and come out on the rocks in large numbers. Even then, however, it is not at all an easy matter to kill them, as they are very shy, and unless killed at the first shot will wriggle off into the water and die there, sinking to the bottom. The only time at which there was any organized sealing expedition was several years ago, when about 30 seals got up into a river back of Plum Island, near Newburyport. A party of enterprising fishermen stretched a seine across the mouth of the river, and at low tide went and killed all the seals with clubs.

Outside of the bounty the seals are of little value. There is a good deal of oil in them, as on account of their unrestricted indulgence in fish, most of them are very fat, and their skin is worth something for leather. The bounty was originated in 1888, when it was placed at \$1 a head, but it was found that the seals were increasing in number it was raised to \$3, which is the sum at present paid.—Boston Transcript.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER  
Absolute Purity

### A SEAL BOUNTY.

Massachusetts Gives \$3 a Head For the Fish Eating Seal Seal.

To a good many persons who live inland and have nothing which brings them to the coast much it would be a surprise to learn that there are any seals along the coasts of Massachusetts, and especially that they are sufficiently numerous and destructive to have made it advisable to place a bounty on them in order that their number may be kept down. The ordinary dweller in the inland districts the seal is an animal connected in a vague way with the French coast, and the seals of the New England coast are creatures of an entirely different stamp. Their skins are heavy and tough and are of no use for making seals, unless they are mink seals, and they are such useless and unpleasant animals that no one would go to the trouble of killing them if it were not for the bounty which has been placed on their heads by the officials.

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Hubby—You are worth a million to me.  
Wifey—Can I get an advance of \$3 on that million for a new hat?—Up To Date.

Smart Boy.  
Teacher—What is "to be?"  
Johnny—"To be" is the imperfect form of "to fish."—Cleveland Fish Dealer.

### PEPPY'S WILL.

Provisions of a Document Believed Never to Have Been Published.

The will of Samuel Peppy, it is believed, has never been published. It is a document of good length, and G. A. Atken gives a summary of it in The Athenaeum.  
"The will is dated Aug. 3, 1701, when Peppy is described as in his sixty-ninth year, and of sound mind and memory. 'I do with all humility and thankfulness and with a satisfaction inexpressible,' says Peppy, 'reign the soul to its Creator, in sure reliance for a happy resurrection with the just to an everlasting state of rest and bliss in the world to come.' As to such worldly goods as he possessed after 24 years' public and painful services faithfully performed to the crown, he devised all lands, etc., in Brampton, Hunts and all other real property to his nephew, Samuel Jackson of Brampton, eldest son of his late sister, Paulina Jackson, for life, and then to his sons successively. In default of such issue the property was to go to his nephew, John Jackson of Westminster, youngest son of Paulina, and to his sons successively, and in default of such sons to his cousin, Charles Peppy, second son of his late uncle, Thomas Peppy. An annuity of £15 to his old servant, Jane Peppy, was to be paid during her life, and £500 legacy was left to the executor.

There was due to Peppy from the crown £28,007 2s. 11d. on a balance of two accounts—first, as clerk to the acts of the navy and secretary of the admiralty, and, second, as treasurer for Tangier to Charles II and James II. This money, when paid, was to be laid out in land for the benefit of his heirs. The residue of his estate was also to be invested in land and held in trust for his heirs. Peppy urged his nephews to join with me in not repining at any disappointment they may by the late public providences of almighty God meet with in what they might otherwise have reasonably hoped for from me at my death, but to receive with thankfulness from God's hands whatever it shall prove, remembering it to be more than what either myself or they were born to, and, therefore, endeavoring on their part by all humble and honest industry to improve the same.

"The sole executor was 'my most honored and most dear friend, William Hewer,' of Clapham. Peppy's will was proved on the 25th of June, and it can be seen that at this rate it does not take a very large number of seals to produce a fish famine of no small proportions.

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### MOTHER!

There is no word so full and about which such tender and holy recollections cluster as that of "MOTHER"—she who watched over our helpless infancy and guided our first tottering step. Yet the life of every Expectant Mother is beset with danger and all effort should be made to avoid it.

### Mother's Friend

so assists nature in the chagotaking place that the Expectant Mother is enabled to look forward without dread, suffering or gloomy forebodings, to the hour when she experiences the joy of Motherhood. Its use insures safety to the lives of both Mother and Child, and she is found stronger after than before confinement—in short, it "makes Childbirth natural and easy," as so many have said. Don't be persuaded to use anything but

Prices ranging from 2 1/2c. to \$1.00 per roll.

### HOWARD & CO.

For Spring cleaning use Howard & Co.'s Furniture Polish. Price 15c. per bottle.

## SALVATION OIL

The modern Pain Annihilator, will positively cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Sores, Earache, Backache and all other aches. SALVATION OIL is sold everywhere for 25 cents. Only the genuine will do the work!

Chas. LANGE'S FLUKE, The Great Tobacco Retailer, Sole Dealer for N.C., S.C., Ga., Fla., Md.

The Grounds.  
"Darling," he said, falling upon his knees before her and covering her little white hands with kisses, "darling, can't you see—can't you guess that I love you?"  
She drew herself up to her full height, looked at him for a moment and then said, "Well, I should like to think that this was just your natural way of behaving in company!"—Cleveland Leader.

Why News Was Scarce.  
The editor of the Ohio village paper thrust his head out of his sanctum window and looked up and down the street. Then he sat down at his table and wrote as follows:  
"Our city is very quiet. All our prominent citizens Sunday in Washington this week."—Chicago Tribune.

An Oversight.  
"It was careless," mused the advertising manager in a melancholy tone. "To what do you refer?"  
"The manner in which they put that fine doctor's endorsement of our cure on the cold on the same page with the announcement that she has a sore throat and cannot sing."—Washington Star.

The How Little Softened.  
"We will not discharge you," said the manager. "We shall allow you to tender your resignation."  
"Tendering it will not make it any less tough," said the young man who was getting laid off until better times.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Overseas and Revolver.  
The Adverser—It's wonderful, old man, what love will enable a fellow to see in a girl that he never saw before.  
The Onlooker—No doubt, but it's equally wonderful what it won't let him see that he'll see later.—Brooklyn Life.

Highly Progressive.  
"Is Strymer progressive?"  
"Progressive? Why, that fellow can tell when his wife is going to make mince pie. He always has the night mare the night before."—Chicago Record.

Where the Elk Falls.  
"Was the elopement carried out as it had been planned?"  
"No; it was postponed. You see, it rained and was so muddy walking was impossible."—Brooklyn Life.

## DON'T SLIP UP

By buying the WRONG WHEEL. The CLEVELAND is the Right one. Built for riders who appreciate honest value in bicycles.

### JOHN L. JENKINS.

## The Latest The Neatest The Best.

Those coffee pots, kettles, dippers, pitchers, nickel plated outside, silver lined inside, with a copper basis. Last a life time, never rust, easily cleaned and cheap.

### Glass Ware, Crockery,

Granite ware, Lamps, Stoves.  
House furnishing goods of all kinds. The ONLY house of the kind in Tarboro.

### L. C. Terrell.

## WALL PAPER.

We are showing the new est designs of WALL PAPER ever brought to this market.

Prices ranging from 2 1/2c. to \$1.00 per roll.

### HOWARD & CO.

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