The Tarboro' Southerner.

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

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Put Your Finger on Your Pulse

You feel the blood rushing along.

But what kind of blood? That is the question.

Is it pure blood or impure blood?

If the blood is impure then you are weak and languid; your appetite is poor and your digestion is weak. You cannot sleep well and the morning finds you unprepared for the work of the day. Your cheeks are pale and your complexion is sallow. You are troubled with pimples, boils, or some eruption of the skin. Why not purify your blood?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

will do it. Take it a few days and then put your finger on your pulse again. You can feel the difference. It is stronger and your circulation better. Send for our book on Impure Blood.

If you are bilious, take Ayer's Pills. They greatly aid the Sarsaparilla. They cure constipation also.

Write to our Doctors.

Write them freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.
Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

The Marriage Market In England.

Marriage has this year attained a popularity unknown to the institution in this country for upward of 20 years. Trade in wedding rings and trousseaux was brisker in the months of April, May and June than during any similar period since 1874. Warwickshire enjoys the distinction of having supplied the registrar general with more married couples than any other county in the kingdom, and Lincolnshire was only a decimal point behind her neighbor. London also did its duty bravely with a marriage rate considerably above the average for the whole country. Between the months of July and September the excess of births over deaths was upward of 100,000, and the population of the United Kingdom is now estimated to be very little short of 40,000,000.

The amount of rain measured during the same period at the Royal observatory, Greenwich, was no less than 19 per cent above the average of 81 corresponding quarters. In September it was equal to more than half the amount recorded in the previous eight months of the year—a fact that was brought painfully home to those whose holidays fell in that exceptionally wet season. There was 63 per cent less sunshine in August than usual and 37 per cent less in September.—London Telegraph.

The Original Grandfather's Clock.

The personal property of the late James Terry, at one time Terryville's leading citizen and president of the Eagle Lock company, was sold at public auction today by Richard Baldwin, administrator of the estate. Much of the property consisted of books and household goods left by Mr. Terry, besides a few articles belonging to the estate of Mr. Terry's grandfather, Eli Terry, the first clockmaker of America.

The greatest interest centered in the sale of the original "grandfather's clock," Eli Terry's first production, and therefore the first tall clock made by an American. It is a remarkably handsome timepiece, the ultimate ownership of which has been the cause of considerable controversy. The bidding was confined to James Terry of New Haven and E. Clinton Terry of Hartford, the late Mr. Terry's only sons, and the old clock was finally bought by E. C. Terry for $1,000. Oil portraits of Eli Terry and of Eli Terry's first shelf clock were also secured by E. C. Terry for $260.—Hartford Courant.

A Hirsch Monument.

Baron Hirsch has secured at least one monument "more lasting than one of bronze." With the avowed object of commemorating the great benefits which the late baron conferred on the settlers in his Argentine colonies, the heads of families have decided to give the name of Moses Hirsch to every male child born until the first anniversary of his death. There will be quite a colony of Hirsches before very long.

Embellishments.

She was glancing over the paper and remarked:

"I should like to see it."

"What do you mean?" asked her husband.

"The inauguration ball. Mrs. McKinley is to have a fichu of point d'alencon."

He was dazed for a moment, but he rallied and replied:

"That's nothing. They're going to have a lot of live Indians in the procession."—Washington Star.

Not Fatal.

The good lady scrutinized him closely.

"Didn't I give you a whole mince pie a day or two ago?" she inquired in tones which resembled an amateur cold wave for iciness.

"Yes, mum," replied the occupant of the oulest overcoat, "I'm the same party, but I've recovered, and if you'll make it plain bread and milk this time I'll be heartily obliged."—Baltimore News.

The Cat and the Gooseberries.

The secretary of an agricultural society recently received the following: "Sir—I partickly wish the satiety to be called to consider the case what follows, as I think it mite be maid Transaxtionable in the next Reports:

"My Wif had a Tombd Cat that dyd. Being a torture shell and a Grate favirit, we had Him berried in the Guardian, and for the sake of inrichment of the Mould I had the carks deposited under the roots of a Gosberry Bush.

"(The Frute being up till then of the smooth kind.) But the next Sesqn's Frute, after the Cat was berried, the Gosberries was al hairy—and, more Remarkable, the Catpilers of the same Bush was Al of the same hairy Discription. I am, sir, your humble servant, Thomas Frost."—New York Tribune.

Police Court.

—New York Journal.

One on the Conductor.

He had been dining out. His hat was very much over on one ear and, his neckwear looked sadly disarranged. Every time the conductor came near him he addressed him as "Shay, ole f'ller," much to that worthy official's disgust.

Pretty soon he broke out in boisterous laughter. He swayed to and fro. He doubled over till his head touched his knees. Then he tried to rise. At this moment the conductor came forward.

"Sit still," he said. "You're all right. I'll let you off when we get to your street."

"Th-that ain't th' point," said the inebriated one. "I don' wan' to git off. I'm jus' laughin at thunderin good joke on you. That's all."

And he roared again.

"What do you mean?" demanded the conductor.

"Mean good joke on you," said the late diner out. Then he pointed unsteadily at the car stove.

"See that stove?" he asked.

"Yes, I see the stove," replied the conductor. "What of it?"

"Zat's where joke comes in," hiccoughed the lusher.

"In what way?"

"Why, fire's gono out wizout payin its fare."

And he howled until the conductor hauled him by the collar from the collapsed heap into which he had fallen.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Her Word of Praise.

"Miss Cayenne complimented you very highly after you told that story at the dinner table," remarked one young man.

"She liked that story, did she?"

"No. But she thought it illustrated a very admirable trait in your character. It showed that you never go back on an old friend."—Washington Star.

Enforced Peace.

"Edgah, why didn't you take off your coat and thrash that fellow who called you a puppy?"

"My deah boy, I couldn't remove my coat."

"Why not?

"Didn't you see the constable there waiting to gwab it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Main Issue.

"Doesn't your husband dislike that pug?"

"I never thought to inquire. All I am interested in is knowing that my husband is not objectionable to the dog."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Will Take Them All.

Teacher—Let us pray for the day when in our country there will be no north, no south, no east, no west. Now, what is the great agency that will accomplish this end?

Class—Chicago.—Truth.

Baby's Coming

means pain, danger and possible death for some wives. For others it means practically no discomfort at all. There is no reason why childbirth should be a period of pain and dread. Several months before a woman becomes a mother she should prepare herself for the critical ordeal. There is a preparation made which is intended for this purpose alone.

The name of this wonderful preparation is

Mother's Friend.

It is a liniment to be applied externally. It relaxes the muscles and relieves the distension, gives elasticity to every organ concerned in childbirth, and takes away all danger and nearly all suffering. Best results follow if the remedy is used during the whole period of pregnancy. It is the only remedy of the kind in the world that is endorsed by physicians.

$1 per bottle at all drug stores, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

FREE BOOKS containing invaluable information for all women, will be sent to any address upon application to

The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

SELECTIONS

A LAKE'S AILMENT.

Facts About Volvox Globator and the Effect on the Bass Fishing.

"The lake is purging to beat the band," remarked Tom Garrison, the one eyed guide at Greenwood lake, on Wednesday to a couple of his patrons from this city who arrived on the first evening train after having telegraphed to him to meet them and be prepared for moonlight bass fishing.

When Tom said that the lake was purging he meant to prepare them for any disappointment they might meet, for it is a widely circulated theory that bass do not bite well when the lake is purging. Tom Garrison knows that there is no truth in it, because he has frequently done his best when the water was at its worst, but he thought it well to moderate the hopes of his two patrons and put them in a position where they would blame the condition of the water rather than their guide if they failed to catch any fish.

"It is in a fearful state," said the doctor as he looked at the water from the boat landing at Sterling Forest. "I never saw it worse but once, and that was in 1893."

"What is it?" asked the doctor's companion.

"It's just purge," said Tom. "Three or four times every year the lake gets sick and throws off that stuff. It's just like a man having the hives or the prickly heat. A good sharp rain would clear it up in no time. I've seen it all go away in a night."

Tom really believed what he said, but it only proved his lack of observation and his faith in the theories advanced by the natives with whom he was brought up. With the doctor it was different. He was quite young when his attention was first called to the purging at the lake. It was something entirely new to him. The water was almost as thick as gruel, with minute, greenish globules suspended in it, and the surface was covered with a yellowish green scum composed of the same little particles.

Those on the surface were apparently dead, but those which hung poised in the water were lively, and moved to and fro in a manner which led him to the instant conclusion that they were animal. He captured a lot of them in a mineral water bottle and took them home for microscopic examination. He did not for a moment think that he had made any new discovery, but was sure that the matter had been thoroughly studied and described. Seeking authorities he quickly found a lot of literature about the little organisms, and of this he remembered enough to set Tom right and at the same time instruct his friend.

"Each one of those little spheres," he said, "is an individual plant, with the peculiar faculty of propulsion. The name of the plant is Volvox globator, or rolling ball. It is one of the commonest forms of pond life, and has wonderful powers of reproduction. Each little ball consists of a network holding together a number of little green specks, and each has a number of little hairs which it keeps in motion, and their action upon the water rolls the ball over and propels it along in an irregular manner. Each of these specks, in time, will burst from the parent globe and become an independent volvox. When the last one escapes, the parent sphere rises to the surface and dies, to be wafted ashore by the wind.

"This little organism is never found in running water, but its presence in a pond, lake, or reservoir is not an indication that the water is stagnant. I have come to the conclusion, however, that agitation of the water kills the volvox. You may look in vain for them in the brook a quarter of a mile below the lake at a time when the lake is thick with them and when the water is rushing out in torrents. Tom is wrong about rain killing them. Rain alone will not do it, but a heavy windstorm will.

"My experience in relation to the effect upon the fish is that the volvox does not make much difference if other conditions are right, and the most important condition is the appetite of the bass. The volvox growth is never thick enough to prevent the fish from seeing the bait, and I have caught bass when the little organisms made a green scum on the surface, through which our boat left tracks. In these tracks were the only places where I could see the water at all, so thick was the scum of dead volvox."—New York Sun.

A Great Railway Warehouse.

The great railway warehouse in Liverpool of the Midland Railway company is pronounced one of the most notable structures of its kind in the United Kingdom. Massive girders, weighing about 10 tons each and resting on 96 columns, support the building, which is 5 stories high, 322 feet in length, 176 feet wide and 84 feet high. There were used in its construction 6,000,000 bricks, 1,800 tons of stone, 2,000 tons of cement, 16,000 tons of concrete, 700 tons of slate, 6,000 tons of ironwork, 44 tons of hoop iron, 1,000 tons of timber, 100 tons of lead, 32 tons of nails, 1¼ acres of glass and more than half an acre of zinc. There are 55 shoots connecting the different stories or floors.

Doesn't Get What He Wants.

"Man wants but little hear below," sighed Mr. Henpeck at the close of an unusually caustic curtain lecture.—New York Press.

"Tears, Idle Tears."

A little frown beclouds her brow,
Her thoughts seem far away.
I look in vain for dimples now
Where they were wont to play.

Why sits she thus, with downcast eyes
And lips so tightly pressed?
What cause is there for such deep sighs
From one so richly dressed?

Is some dear friend, you ask, laid low,
That she sits musing now?
Is love the cause of all the woe
That rests upon her brow?

Nay, 'tis not news from o'er the seas,
Nor love that is unfair.
She sits and mopes today, for she's
Just found her first gray hair.

—Cleveland Leader.

A SEAL BOUNTY.

Massachusetts Gives $3 a Head For the Fish Eating Hair Seals.

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. To the ordinary dweller in the inland districts the seal is an animal connected in a vague way with frozen climes and international arbitration. These are the fur seals, which provide such of the sealskin sacks as are not made in the plush factories, but the seals of the New England coasts are creatures of an entirely different stamp. Their skins are heavy and tough and are of no use for making sacks, unless they are mail sacks, 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 normal appetite will eat from 20 to 25 pounds 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 probable, 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 9,125,000 pounds of fish in the year, or enough to supply 175,000 persons with four fishballs every Sunday through the entire year. This only represents a small part of the fish which would be consumed by the Massachusetts seals 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 dog 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 20 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 as it was found that the seals were increasing in number it

A Flying Wedge.

Almost any bright day in spring, if you watch the sky closely, you will see faint V shaped objects going northward, high up in air. If you live in the country, where everything is still, perhaps you can also hear a distant "quack, quack." For the V shaped object is a flock of wild geese or ducks flying to their summer homes. The point of the V is always led by an experienced old gander. Sometimes one or two of the flock become separated from the rest when they alight, as they often do, on a mill pond or a stream. Then they become bewildered and fly around over the ground, making a great outcry. This is always looked on as a sign of a storm.

Usually these flocks follow up some river, and occasionally they drop down into a pond or stream to rest and feed. Here is where the sportsman watches for them.—Chicago Record.

Electric Sounding.

It is said by the engineers who conducted the laying of the Amazon river cable to Manoas that the difficulties of their enterprise would have been almost insuperable if the ordinary methods of sounding had had to be relied upon. There were no charts to go by, the river bottom was constantly shifting, and the softness of the soil, mostly alluvial clay, would allow the lead to sink into it for several feet. An electrical device, fitly named a submarine sentinel, was suspended from the cable ship and set at, say, five fathoms.

So long as there was no signal from the "sentinel" the engineer could steam ahead without fear, but the moment the ship got into water shallower than the guage fixed upon the sounder gave an alarm, and special soundings were taken. A somewhat simpler device, having the same end in view, has been invented, the idea being to have it used as a substitute for the hand lead as a vessel approaches a coast or shoal in darkness or fog, when the captain is doubtful of his bearings. The apparatus consists of a metallic cylinder, having a water tight chamber. Within the chamber works a piston, upon the outer edge of which is a heavy ball. When the apparatus is swinging clear in the water, the weight of this ball keeps open an electric circuit, but as soon as the sounder touches the bottom the circuit is closed, and the current, conveyed by wires running in the cable, by which the sounder is attached to the ship, rings a bell in any department of the ship. The cost of the device is quite moderate, and the inventor claims that its operation is simple and sure.—New York Journal.

Fulfillment of Nansen's Predictions.

Nearly everything Nansen predicted about his journey has come true. He said he expected to cross the unknown polar area, and he has done it. He foretold exactly the general direction in which his ship would drift while fast in the ice, but it is not certain that he correctly assigned the cause of this drift. * * * Nansen invented the model of the Fram, making her hull round and slippery like an eel, with no corners or sharp edges for the ice to seize upon. She is the strongest vessel ever used in arctic exploration. He said that pressure would simply lift her on the ice, and so her bottom, near the keel, was made almost flat, in order that she might not capsize while on the ice surface, and her screw and rudder were also ingeniously protected. The many experts who said her design would not save the Fram from instant destruction were mistaken, for she met these resistless ice pressures, and they merely lifted her out of her cradle, and she rested safely on the surface.

Nansen said that, owing to the probable predominance of water in the far north, he expected to find there higher temperatures than along the north coast of Asia. This remarkable prediction has been fulfilled. The lowest temperature observed on the Fram was 61½ degrees F., while farther south, in the Kara sea, 68 degrees, and at the mouth of the Lena river 94 degrees have been registered.—Cyrus C. Adams in McClure's.

A Thing to Be Remembered.

Tom—Are you going to visit that heiress tonight?

Jack—No, my boy, not with this terrible cold.

Tom—Why, what difference does that make?

Jack—Why, my boy, in these days an heiress isn't to be sneezed at.

Tom—Quite right. I never thought of that.—Lurks.

The Snob Rebuked.

A wealthy Londoner stumbled across an old friend in the British museum one day and soon learned that the man had not prospered in life, but was a poor author whose days were spent in study and literary drudgery.

"I can't very well ask you to call upon me," said the well dressed society man. "You would be uncomfortable in my house. You would not know how to get on with the men in my circle of acquaintance."

"I have more congenial company here," said the poor author proudly, glancing at the books on his reading table. "I associate with great minds and would indeed be lonely and depressed in an assembly of persons who pretend to a superiority they do not possess."—Youth's Companion.

They Would Do It Again.

What was Christ killed for and who killed him? He tramped all the way from Nazareth to Calvary. He was born in a borrowed barn. Respectable sinners he called "whited sepulchers." He walked into a temple he did not own and drove out some money changers he was unacquainted with, though he was neither sheriff nor undersheriff. Right down at the bottom Christ was killed for his sympathy with the poor and contempt for the rich and unjust. He was regarded by the respectable classes as an outlaw and a felon, and, if you please, an anarchist.—Rev. Myron B. Reed.

Doctors Can't Cure It!

Contagious blood poison is absolutely beyond the skill of the doctors. They may dose a patient for years on their mercurial and potash remedies, but he will never be rid of the disease; on the other hand, his condition will grow steadily worse. S. S. S. is the only cure for this terrible affliction, because it is the only remedy which goes direct to the cause of the disease and forces it from the system.

I was afflicted with Blood Poison, and the best doctors did me no good, though I took their treatment faithfully. In fact, I seemed to get worse all the while. I took almost every so-called blood remedy, but they did not seem to reach the disease, and had no effect whatever. I was disheartened, for it seemed that I would never be cured. At the advice of a friend I then took S. S. S., and began to improve. I continued the medicine, and it cured me completely, building up my health and increasing my appetite. Although this was ten years ago, I have never yet had a sign of the disease to return.

W. H. NEWMAN, Staunton, Va.

It is like self-destruction to continue to take potash and mercury; besides totally destroying the digestion, they dry up the marrow in the bones, producing a stiffness and swelling of the joints, causing the hair to fall out, and completely wrecking the system.

S.S.S. For The Blood

is guaranteed Purely Vegetable, and is the only blood remedy free from these dangerous minerals.

Book on self-treatment sent free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

TARBORO Female Academy.

The TARBORO FEMALE ACADEMY, formerly conducted by the late Prof. D. G. Gillespie, will open its Fall Term

September 5th, 1898.

H. D. BROWN,
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Principals.

Thorough instruction will be given in the English Branches, Languages, Music and Art. In charge of the Music Department will be the MISSES EWELL, OF NEW YORK CITY, whose excellent training and experience in the new methods will make quite an attractive feature of the school.

Terms very reasonable. Correspondence invited.

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WE make 500 bottles of our GRAYBEARD every week. No more—no less. If 300 bottles don't fill all orders, some customer must wait until the next week. We mention this as some do not understand the delay. We have earned a reputation for making a clean, fresh, sure remedy for Cancer—Eczema, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, and we cannot make GRAYBEARD faster, and it is good.

"A few years ago Cancer appeared on my face in form of a scab—not a sore, but a scab that dropped off, and soon reappeared, some worse. Finally it annoyed me to shave. Darting pains set in, affecting my sight. People said I had Cancer—I was miserable. About that time a plaster name Jordan, down the State, once similarly afflicted, sent me a bottle of GRAYBEARD advising me to take it. I did so and to my great joy got better. Skin cleared, appetite improved, I got stronger and Cancer left me. And it has not returned. GRAYBEARD saved my life.

Joseph Barnes, Taylor County, Ga."

$1 a bottle—6 for $5. If your druggist has'nt our GRAYBEARD, order direct, deducting 50c on $5 worth to help you pay freight.

Address, Z. D. Respess Drug Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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