The Tarboro'ugh Southerner.

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

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How Old She Looks

Poor clothes cannot make you look old. Even pale cheeks won't do it.

Your household cares may be heavy and disappointments may be deep, but they cannot make you look old.

One thing does it and never fails.

It is impossible to look young with the color of seventy years in your hair.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

permanently postpones the tell-tale signs of age. Used according to directions it gradually brings back the color of youth. At fifty your hair may look as it did at fifteen. It thickens the hair also; stops it from falling out; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff. Shall we send you our book on the Hair and its Diseases?

The Best Advice Free.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

STOLEN SMILES.

"I'm going to a fancy-dress ball and I want to conceal my age. What shall I wear?" "Wear a a mask, madam."

Gentleman, (entering): Do you work here, boy? Office boy: Only when the boss is looking.

Mrs. Proudfoot: Yes, Mrs Malaprop; that's an heirloom. It's been in Mr. Proudfoot's family over a hundred years. Mrs. Malapaop: Do tell! I've been naggin' at John Henry to get a heirloom ever since we moved to the city, but he can't find any except second-hand ones, and I won't have them.

"Give me one kiss," he pleaded, only one." Only one? she asked. "Only one," he repeated. She sighed. "Evidently," she said, "the modern young man doesn't know a good thing when he gets it.

Lobbyest: May I submit some figures in support of my connection? Senator: Well, there'll have to be at least four figures.

"I hear you have married Bobbett's divorced wife." "Yes," "How did you come to do that?" "Bobbett recommended her highly. Said his only trouble was she snored, and you know I'm deaf."

Papa: See the spider, my boy, spinning his web; is it not wonderful? Do you reflect, try as he may, no man could spin that web?

Johnny: What of it? See me spin this top? Do you reflect that, try as he may, no spider can spin this top.

White: I don't like to hear men refer to our business as channels of trade; it sounds altogether too suspicious. Black: What business are in? White: The milk business.

"We had a pleasant call last Monday," said the Spiketown Blizzard of a recent date, "from the Rev. Hathaway, who spent an hour or two in our sanctum. He made us a present of some of the finest strained honey, made last summer by his own bees, that we ever sampled. Girls, when you want to get married, give the Rev. Hathaway the job of tying the knot. He can do it as neatly as anybody in the county.

A Life and Death Fight.

Mr. W. A. Hines, of manchester, Ia., writing of his almost maraculous escape from death, says: "Exposure after measles induced serious lung trouble, which ended in Consumption. I had frequent hemorrhages and coughed night and day. All my doctors said I must soon die. Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which completely cured me. I would not be without it even if it cost $5.00 a bottle. Hundreds have used it on my recommendation and all say it never fails to cure throat, chest and lung troubles." Regular size 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Staton & Zoeller's drug store.

THE BOATMAN.

BY C. D.

"I don't like this sort of thing at all," said Fanny Russell, impatiently. "Here we are tucked into a little eight-by-ten hole under the roof of the house, with a feather bed to sleep on and a ceiling that bumps against our noses every time we turn over in bed. Mosquitoes all night long, pork and fritters for breakfast, and two-tined forks at the table. I don't believe the patient Griselda herself could have endured it. Lucille, I wish you would tell me what on earth you mean by this sort of thing."

Lucille Adams laughed. She was standing before the mirror, twisting up the glittering abundance of her red-gold hair—a tail, magnificiently prop'rtioned blonde with light blue eyes, a complexion all snow and roses and full, carmine lips—Juno in crinoline and frizzled locks.

"What a grumbler, you are, Fan," said she. "A regular little Sybarite, always thinking of the present, without even an idea of the future."

"I'd like to know what the future has to do with this," fretted Miss Russell, who was smaller plainer and in every way less attractive than her superb companion.

"Just this. Our time is an investment at present. Some of the girls have gone to Long Branch, some to Cape May, some to Lake George. I know better than that. The moment that old Major Waldgrave said his nephew was coming down to Bald Bock sketching my plans were complete."

"But Capt. Waldgrave isn't here."

"He will be, you goose; and I shall be all ready for him, playing the sweetly unconscious part. Do you suppose I was going to wait for him to get all settled here, and then bounce in upon hm, exactly as if I intended to take him by storm? That style of snare would frighten away the most idiotic bird."

"Lucille, what a schemer you are!"

"I pride myself upon my diplomacy, my dear," said Lucille Adams, with a laugh.

"But how do you know you will like him, when you see him?" persisted Fanny Russell.

"He is worth a quarter of a million dollars, my dear. That is enough."

"But if he should be old or crooked, or have but one eye?"

"It would make not the slight-est difference," said Lucille, calmly, "I look at him through the scintillations of golden atmosphere! I am an orphan, Fan, and dependant. I am tired of my uncle's exactions—my aunt's capricious whims. I intend to have a home of my own; and that with as little delay as possible! And," changing her voice to an accent of lightness, "you shall be my bridesmaid, Fan, when I become Mrs. Hermania Waldgrave. So just hand me that oxidized belt-buckle, please!"

"It will be awfully stupid until he does come," complained Fanny.

"Very possible. I am used to stupidity," said Miss Adams, with a yawn.

"And I don't see why we could not have gone to Bald Hotel, where there's a band of music in the evenings, and something going on," added Fanny, still in a fretful vein.

"For two very good reasons, m'amie. One is economy, the other expediency. I told you before that I did'nt want to look like a trap baited with a piece of toasted cheese. Now, where is my parasol? We may as well walk before the sun is hot enough to grill us both alive."

"I wish we could row somewhere," said Fanny, discontentedly, tying her bonnet strings. We haven't been on the water since we came, three whole days."

"It costs too much."

"It need not. Of course I don't mean the boats that belong to the hotel, with their chintz cushions and awnings, and uniformed boatmen; but there's a little boat chained to a willow stump just inside the Levison grounds, and farmer's wife says the gardener's assistant will row you anywhere you please for a quarter!"

"The very thing!" said Lucille. "Why in the name of all the Naiads and Waternymphs, did you not tell me this before? We'll go at once! Anything, rather than this hot hole of a place!"

And the two husband-hunting damsels hurried away, keeping as much as possible on the shady side of the road.

The Levison place, an old house of gray stone, which had not been inhabited for years in consequence of the sudden death of the late Mrs. Levison and her husband's voluntary exile in Europe, was only about a quarter of mile distant, but that quarter of a mile seemed to elongate itself into full twice the number of feet on that sultry July morning. But the sight of the little boat rocking idly on the inlet of the bay seemed to refresh and rejuvenate our heaoines, and Lucille called imperiously to the man who lay under trees, his hat over his eyes and an impromptu pillow formed by his two hands crossed baneath his head. He started up at the sound of a human voice, staring around as if just awakened from slumber.

"Who are you? What is it?" he cried.

"You stupid lout!" retorted Miss Adams, in tones rather shriller than the "society pitch," are you blind? Can't you see that we want to go out in the boat? Quick! We can't be kept waiting all day."

The man scrambled to his feet, but still seemed hardly to comprehend the exigencies of the moment, until Fanny Russell spoke in an explanatory fashion.

"Mrs. Hobbs directed us here. She told us you rowed people out, when the boat wasn't occupied, for a quarter or so. We want to sail down toward the Bald Hotel. We shall prove good customers if your boat is good and your terms reasonable. My dear," to Lucille, "I think he's a foreigner. He don't seem to understand half I say to him."

"I think he is a fool!" retorted Lucille. "But that makes little odds so long as he knows how to handle a pair of oars."

By this time the man, who seemed at last to comprehend what was required of him had unloosed the boat and now stood in a carelessly picturesque attitude holding the chain so that the boat lay close against the shore.

"Please step in. ladies," he said; and Fanny and Lucille at once seated themselves.

"How nice this is!" said the former, as, propelled by the strong strokes of the man in the centre, the little boat danced lightly over the water. "O, Lucille, let's go down to the hotel and see if Herman Waldgrave has come!"

"A likely idea, that!" retorted her companion, scornfully, with a downward glance at her gingham wrapper. "Do you suppose I mean him to see me in a drees like this?"

"You are well enough."

"For you, possibly, my dear, but not for Herman, the auriferous. I intend it shall be a case of love at first sight when he does behold me. I dare say he's half an idiot—these rich men mostly are; but he probably knows a pretty girl when he sees her."

"Lucille would you really marry an idiot?"

"My dear child, I'd marry a gorilla, if he had the requisite cash. Let me read my delicious French romance by the tune of this rippling water and the bird songs along the shore."

"But, Lucille—"

"Will you hold your tongue?"

"The radiant blonde both looked and spoke so shortly that Fannie Russell was awed into silence, and nothing more was said until they drew up opposite the pier which had been built up in front of the Bald Hotel.

"Here we are," said the man. "Ladies, do you wish to alight?"

"Yes, cried Fanny Russell. who wore a not unbecoming percale robe.

"No," sharply uttered Lucile, who was in gingham with a crumpled frill; but before the question could be definitely settled a party who were lounging against the shore in the daintiest of white costumes hurried up to see the new arrivals, and Lucille colored deeply with anger and mortification as she recognized Mrs. Belfield Ponsonby, a schoolmate of her own, newly married and equipped in diamonds, cashmere and thread-lace parasol.

"Why, my darling Lucille!" ejaculated Mrs. Ponsonby in a high soprano. "However came you here? And—I declare with Herman Waldgrave! So you have really got introduced to him after all?"

"What do you mean?" cried Lucille, petulantly. "Are you crazy? This fellow is only my boatman."

"Your boatman. indeed!" retorted Mrs. Ponsonboy, beginning in her turn to lose her temper. "No more than myself. Is it possible, Herman, that Lucille Adams don't know who you are?"

The so-called boatman raised.

"I am a boatman," said he, laughing; "but I never rowed a party of strangers before. They ordered me to take them out, and gallantly forbade a denial. Please introduce us formally, Mrs. Ponsonboy."

And thus, and under such circumstances, Miss Lucille Adams was conventionally made acquainted with the man she had meant to marry.

Had meant. The bright dream was over now. Lucille had let that rich man see her hand too plainly. She made no apolgy; she knew that there are some awkward manners best let alone; but her cheeks glowed like fire and her heart was sore within her bosom. Mr. Waldgrave chatted pleasantly all the way home, but Lucille knew that her hopes were blighted forever. Whence they had once more alighted under the green Levison willows Mr. Waldgrave lifted his hat again.

"The friends with whom I am staying, have rented this place for the season," said he. "I need not add that this boat is at your service whenever you may wish to make use of it."

Lucilel bowed and stammered the almost inaudible reply, as she hurried away, intently on getting out of ronge of Mr. Waldgrave's mischievious sparkling eyes. He looked after her as she disappeared in the green perspective of willow boughs, and said quietly to himself:

"She'd marry a gorilla, would she, if he had the required cash? Well let her go and find him. I, for one, respectfully decline to officiate in that capacity."

It was the last that Herman Waldgrave ever saw of his fair cargo. Miss Adams joined her aunt at Newport, much to that lady's dissatisfaction, and Fanny Russell returned to her friends in a twenty-third street boarding house without loss of time.

For the campaign had turned out a failure.

Judge For Yourself.

If Protestantssm means anything, it means freedom of investigation. The Romanist doctrine, which was so vigorously fought by the German, French and English reformers, is that on religious matters men should abdicate their right to think and allow the church, which means, according to the decree of the Vatican Council, the Pope, to define and decree the truth. "Rome has spoken," and controversy is, therefore, at an end. To indulge in further discussion is to become a schismatic and heroic, and to put in peril the salvation of one's soul. Such a position is perfectly intelligible. There is no difficulty whatever in understanding it. The notion that any one man, inside the church or outside of it, has a monopoly of the truth, is without foundation in reason of Scripture. Whoever chooses to swallow it may do so; but for ourself we decline to undertake so difficult a feat.—Christian Advocate.

Glorious News.

Comes from Dr. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured mrs. Brewer of Scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but her cure is complete and her health if excellent." This shows what have prov.d,—that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils, and running sores It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion, builds up the strength. Only 50c. Sold by Staton & Zoeller, druggists. Guaranteed.

All Stand by Silver.

According to a partial canvass of the national Democratic committee, made by the Chicago Times-Herald, the silver issue, which was so prominent in the national campaign of 1896, will be not less prominent in the campaign of next year. In answer to inquires sent out by that paper all the committeemen from whom replies were received, save only the representative from little rock ribbed Republican Maine, declared unequivocally for the re-affirmation of the Chicago platform of 1896. The States from which replies were received were Georgia, Kentucky, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia and New York, and of these only Campbell, of New York, was noncommittal. This result, which is no doubt representative of the overwhelming sentiment of Democrats throughout the country is a crushing blow to those "gold Democrats" who have been fondly hoping that the National Democratic Convention of next year would renounce the silver issue, and thereby give those who did not endorse the issue three years ago a chance to get back into the party gracefully. It means that if these gentlemen who bolted in 1896 come back into the party told at all they must come up at the silver gateway. They must come back tacitly acknowledging that they erred in 1896 in refusing to abide by the result of the National Convention of the party. For the party to take any other stand would be almost equivalent to conceding that the small minority were right and therefore wiser than the great party leaders and the great majority of the party.

Meat-Eating.

Mrs. Ernest Hart, who recently made a trip around the world, appears to come to the conclusion that meat-eating is bad for the temper. She says that in no country is home rendered so unhappy and life made so miserable by the ill-temper of those who are obliged to live together as in England. If we compare domestic life and manners in England with those of other countries where meat does form such an integral article of diet, a notable improvement will be remarked. In less meat-eating France urbanity is the rule of the home; in fish and rice eating Japan harsh words are unknown.

The Appetite of a Goat.

Is envied by all poor dyspeptics whose stomach and liver are out of order. All such should know that Dr. Ling's New Life Pills, the wonderful stomach and liver remedy, gives a splendid appetite, sound digestion and a regular bodily habit insures perfect health and great energy. Only 25c at Staton & Zoeller's drug store.

The difference between a cat and a comma is that one has the clause at the end of the paws, while the the other has the pause at the end of the clause.

"They had to handcuff the manager of the deaf and dumb ball club."

"Why?"

"So he couldn't sass the umpire—Cleveland Plain Dealer,

A Boy's Essay on Hornets.

A hornet is the smartest bug that flies anywhere. He comes when he pleases, and goes when he gets ready. One way a hornet shows his smartness is by attending, and making everybody who interferes with him wish the had done the same thing.

When a hornet stings a fellow it, and never stops talking about it as long as his friends will listen to him. One day a hornet stung my pa (my pa is a preacher) on the nose, and he did not do any pastorial visiting for a month without talking about that horet.

Another way a hornet shows his smartness is by not procrastinating. If he has any business with you he will attend to it at once and then leave you to think it over yourself. He don't do like the mosquito, who comes fooling around for half an hour singing, "Cousin, cousin," and then when he has bled you all he can, dash away yelling: "No kin." A hornet never bleeds you, but if he sticks you, you will go off on a swell.

I don't know anything more about hornets, only that Josh Billings says: "A hornet is an inflammible (Josh was a poor speller) buzzer, sudden in his impreshuns, and rather hasty in his conclusions, or end."—Epworth Herald.

Fine Figure

Many women lose their girlish forms after they become mothers. This is due to neglect. The figure can be preserved beyond question if the expectant mother will constantly use

Mother's Friend

during the whole period of pregnancy. The earlier its use is begun, the more perfectly will the shape be preserved.

Mother's Friend not only softens and relaxes the muscles during the great strain before birth, but helps the skin to contract naturally afterward. It keeps unsightly wrinkles away, and the muscles underneath retain their pliability.

Mother's Friend is that famous external liniment which banishes morning sickness and nervousness during pregnancy; shortens labor and makes it nearly painless; builds up the patient's constitutional strength, so that she emerges from the ordeal without danger. The little one, too, shows the effects of **Mother's Friend** by its robustness and vigor.

Sold at drug stores for $1 a bottle.

Send for our finely illustrated book for expectant mothers

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.

Jack: Why she's so homely her face would stop an eight-day clock. Charles: That's odd. Seems to me an ugly face would make it run.

He Fooled The Surgeons.

All doctors told Benick Hamilton, of West Jefferson O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucien's Arnica Salve, the surest Pile cure on earth, and the best Salve in the world. 25 cents a box. Sold by Staton & Zoeller, druggists.

ONLY ONE CURE FOR SCROFULA.

S. S. S. Is the Only Remedy Equal to this Obstinate Disease.

There are dozens of remedies recommended for Scrofula, some of them no doubt being able to afford temporary relief, but S. S. S. is absolutely the only remedy which completely cures it. Scrofula is one of the most obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases, and is beyond the reach of the many so-called purifiers and tonics because something more than a mere tonic is required. S. S. S. is equal to any blood trouble, and never fails to cure Scrofula, because it goes down to the seat of the disease, thus permanently eliminating every trace of the taint.

The serious consequences to which Scrofula surely leads should impress upon those afflicted with it the vital importance of wasting no time upon treatment which can not possibly effect a cure. In many cases where the wrong treatment has been relied upon, complicated glandular swellings have resulted, for which the doctors insist that a dangerous surgical operation is necessary.

Mr. H. E. Thompson, of Milledgeville, Ga., writes: "A bad case of Scrofula broke out on the glands of my neck, which had to be lanced and caused me much suffering. I was treated for a long while, but the physicians were unable to cure me, and my condition was as bad as when I began their treatment. Many blood remedies were used, but without effect. Some one recommended S. S. S., and I began to improve as soon as I had taken a few bottles. Continuing the remedy, I was soon cured permanently, and have never had a sign of the disease to return." Swift's Specific—

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

—is the only remedy which can promptly reach and cure obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases. By relying upon it, and not experimenting with the various so-called tonics, etc., all sufferers from blood troubles can be promptly cured, instead of enduring years of suffering which gradually but surely undermines the constitution. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable, and never fails to cure Scrofula, Eczema, Cancer, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, Boils, Tetter, Pimples, Sores, Ulcers, etc. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place.

Books on blood and skin diseases will be mailed free to any address by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

GRAYBEARD

WE make 100 bottles of our GRAYBEARD every week. No more—no less. If 100 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 succeeded in making a clean, fresh, sure remedy for Cancer, Eczema, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, and we cannot make GRAYBEARD faster, and make it good.

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

Joseph Burson, Taylor County, Ga."

$1 a bottle—6 for $5. If your druggist has not our GRAYBEARD, order direct, deducting the $1 or $5 worth to help you pay freight.

Address, T. D. Réopese Drug Co., Atlanta, Ga.

A good Investment.

We Do The Busines of the Town Because We treat Our customers So well They Come Again And bring Their Friends Also.

Is a satisfaction at all times, and if you desire contentment, peace and happiness you

Cannot fail

To obtain either, and will forever thank your lucky stars if you buy at once a

BUCK'S STEEL RANGE.

Locks, Bolts, Hinges, Screws.

Garden Tools,

a specialty. Get them now and be ready for your Spring Gardening.

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Canada's Profitable Neighbor.

Canada is one of our most valuable customers. In 1898 all Mexico, Central and South America West Indes, with a population of 54,000,000, bought from the United States products valued at $86-786,000, while Canada, with only 5,500,000 inhabitants, purchased $86,537,000 worth of our goods. We sold to the Canadians more than $86,000,000 worth of our products and bought from them $35,460,000 worth of their products. In spite of Canada's preferential dut es in favor of the mother country, British exports to Canada increased only about 10 per cent, in 1898 while our exports to Canada increased over 35 per cent., and during the same period we sent to Canada $35,000-000 worth of manufactures or $6-000,000 more than England sold there. We bought from the Canadians only about $5,000,000 worth of their farm products while we supplied them from our farms $15,000,000 worth. Canada bought $40,000,000 worth of our products, which were entered duty free, and of their products in the same terms, we took only $14-000,000 worth.

Not only is Canada an excellent customer, but it offers a field which is becoming better with rapid strides. The Canadians are progressive English speaking people, who are both prosperous and thrifty. They are consumers and buyers, and the Fillipinos, Latin Americans and such peoples are not to be compared with them as users and traders. These buy of us because it profits them to do so, and the petty, contentious spirit which some of their officials have exhibited on many occasions in the past, has operated to their own disadvantage, as well as to ours. He the other hand, we have not been guiltless. The rapacity of some of our petted protected interests exerted a powerful influence in rendering abortive the negotiations of the Joint High Commission in Washington. —Philadelpia Ledger.

The Coming of Baby

brings joy or pain. It's for the mother to decide. With good health and a strong womanly organism, motherhood but adds to a woman's attractiveness.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

takes away all terrors by strengthening the vital organs. It is a mother for baby's coming. By revitalizing the nerve centres it has brought chubby, crowing youngsters to thousands of weak women who feared they were barren. It purifies, heals, regulates and strengthens, and is good for all women at all times. No druggist would be without it. $1.00.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

MRS. LOUISA HALE, of Jefferson, Ga., says:—"When I first took Wine of Cardui we had been married three years, but could not have any children. Nine months later I had a fine girl baby."

MOTHERS

We have a book, prepared especially for you, which we mail free. It treats of the stomach disorders—worms, etc.—that every child is liable to, and for which

Frey's Vermifuge

has been successfully used for a half century.

One bottle by mail for 25c.

C. A. FREY, Baltimore, Md.