The Tarboroug Southerner.

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

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FIFTY YEARS OLD

Why let your neighbors know it?

And why give them a chance to guess you are even five or ten years more?

Better give them good reasons for guessing the other way. It is very easy; for nothing tells of age so quickly as gray hair.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

is a youth-renewer.

It hides the age under a luxuriant growth of hair the color of youth.

It never fails to restore color to gray hair. It will stop the hair from coming out also.

It feeds the hair bulbs. Thin hair becomes thick hair, and short hair becomes long hair.

It cleanses the scalp; removes all dandruff, and prevents its formation.

We have a book on the Hair which we will gladly send you.

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.

Exhorter: Look on high, friend! Unregenerate: An' den yous'ell yell, "Rubberneck!" I guess nit!

Doctor: The patient is beset with the idea that the land, as far as he can see, belongs to him. Judge: I wouldn't call that insanity. It is merely incipient political ambition.

"Clementine, did you allow Mr. Archibald to propose to you during Lent?" "Well, Mame, he fell on his knees and that was all right."

"So you have no House of Lords in this country," said the visiting Englishman. "No we haven't," replied the American; this is a nation without a peer."

The female detective smiled craftily as she listened to the description of the latest crime. "It must have been either Sally Scott or Mary Dubbs" she mused. "Both of them wear such hideous bonnets that I believe they'd be guilty of anything."

Scribbles: My new book will be out soon. I hope you will lose no time in reading it. Miss Cutting: Indeed, I won't. I lost several hours in reading your other one.

Sothern, the comedian, was extremely sensitive to interruption of any sort. Seeing a man in the act of leaving his box during the delivery of one of the actor's best speeches, he shouted out: Hi, you, sir; do you know there is another act?" Oh, yes, thats why I'm going."

Mr. Blanque: Have you spoken with the Herr Professor yet, Miss Waldo? Miss Waldo: No; the German gutturals are so decolette that they offend my ears. Mr. Blanque: Er-decolette? Miss Waldo: Yes, so low in the neck, you know.

Miss Quickstep: What part of the town are we driving through, Mr. Fibbie? Fweddy: I haven't the least idea. Miss Quickstep: I was aware of that. Still, I thought it possible you might know what part of town we are driving through.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr John Oliver, of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. my skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters;' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks and am now a well man I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c, guaranteed at Staton & Zoeller's drug store.

THE STRANGE LADY.

BY O. P.

Arthur Sanger was head clerk in a dry goods store. He had come to Littlejohn two years before, poor and unknown; and had risen to his present position by his integrity and industry.

Clara Heartly worked in a tailor's shop. She had a pretty face, winning ways and a loving, trusting little heart; so, when after a few weeks' acquaintance, Arthur asked her to be his wife, she smiled and blushed charmingly, and soon after became Mrs. Sanger.

They had been married just three months, and foolishly imagined themselves the happiest of mortals. Alas, that time should dispel such harmless illusions!

The first bit of sorrow Clara experienced after her marriage was one morning when Arthur tenderly informed her that he should be obliged to go to New York on business for the firm, and would be absent three whole days.

It was a sad, gloomy time for poor Clara, but the three miserable days came to an end at last, and with a light heart she arrayed herself to go to the depot to meet her husband. He would not expect her, as it was the evening train, and she was naturally very timid, but love made her brave, and she smiled softly as she thought how pleased he would be.

The train came puffing in. Clara was a few steps from the edge of the platform, when she saw Arthur alight and hold out his hand to assist a beautiful, dark-eyed lady down the steps, and what was her dismay, as she pressed her way through the crowd to greet him, to see him draw the lady's hand through his arm and hear him say in a calm and very low voice:

"Pull down your veil, Alice," and walk deliberately through the depot.

For a moment objects swam before Clara's eyes, but she was too proud to make a scene there, and fortunately none of her acquaintances had yet seen her; so, lowering her own veil, she followed the couple out. They were some distance ahead of her, but she managed to keep them in sight until they entered the Sweeney Hotel.

Then, with a heart she thought was breaking, she goes home, how, she hardly knew. It was half an hour before Arthur came; and Clara had thought it all over, and resolved not to say one word about her being at the depot, and see if he would make any explanation. He returned her warm greeting in an affectionate but absent way, not even noticing her pale cheeks and eyes red with weeping.

The next morning after Arthur had eaten his breakfast, machanically kissed her abstractedly and gone to the store, Clara went up to her chamber, threw herself upon a lounge and wished, oh. so fervently, that she might die; for, if her husband was really untrue to her, she felt that life would be a burden and she wanted to die now before any harsh or unkind words had passed between them. In the midst of her sad thoughts the bell rang, and a moment after Biddy put her head in at the door, saying:

"A gintleman to se yez, mem."

"To see me? Didn't he say Mr. Sanger?" said Clara raising her head wearily.

"No, indade; he said Miss Sanger, as plain as the nose on my face."

"Very well; show him into the parlor. I will be down directly," Mrs. S. replied.

Wondering vaguely who it was, she bathed her eyes, smoothed her hair and went down. As she entered the parlor a manly form rose and held out his arms toward her. One glance of delighted surprise and she sprang into them, sobbing, "Charlie, my dear, dear brother!" Surely enough it was Charles Lansing, Clara's half brother, who ran away from his stepfather four years before and had not been heard from since.

After many eager questions and answers on both sides Charles took advantage of a slight pause and said:

"Sister, something troubles you; you had been weeping when you came down, and your face is pale and sad. Won't you tell me all about it?"

Clara hesitated a moment, then dropping her head on her brother's shoulder, she sobbed out the whole wretched story.

"Have you ever told him about me?" Charles asked musingly after she had finished.

"No," answered Clara. "I have believed you to be dead, and I could not bear to talk about you."

"Then I have an idea," said Charles. "You introduce me as Mr. Lansing, an old friend. I will secure a room at the Sweeny, so as to watch proceedings there; and we will have rides, walks and a good time generally, and get him jealous if we can."

Clara looked doubtful, and asked hesitatingly:

"Will it be right?"

"Right!" echoed her brother, "of course it will, and when he sees fit to explain you can. But mind you, I shall watch closely, and if I find he is really untrue to you, you shan't live with him another day."

Mr. Sanger was of rather a jealous disposition, so when Clara at dinner presented Mr. Lansing with such a bright, happy look in her blue eyes, he felt a pang go through his heart and he bowed quite coldly; and there was a freezing courtesy between the two gentlemen, until Mr. Sanger went back to the store.

Several days passed and Charles and Clara took particular pains to go by the store where Arthur worked whenever they were out together.

In the meantime Arthur grew sullen, ate his meals in savage silence, and several times went to the store without kissing his little wife.

Charles reported that Mr. Sanger called at the hotel every day and went up to room No. 10, but beyond No. 10 being occupied by a lady, booked as Mrs. Alice Austin, he could learn nothing.

We know not how matters may have terminated had not the fire department just then given a ball to be held in the hall of the Sweeney Hotel.

Arthur asked Clara, with something of his old tenderness, if she would like to go. She said yes, longing to throw herself into his arms and dispel the dark cloud from his brow, by telling him that Charles was her brother; but the remembrance of that dark, beautiful face in the dedot restrained her.

As they entered the hall Clara saw Charles waltzing with a lady, and as they came nearer the dark eyes and lovely face that had haunted her sleeping or waking for the past week looked up at her from her brother's shoulder.

Arthur, too, saw the dancers, and with a dark scrawl, he muttered:

"Imprudent!" and "the rascal!"

Clara saw a sign pass between her husband and the unknown fair one as soon as the dance was over, and the lady immediately went out on the piazza through a window, while Arthur excused himself and went out at the door.

She knew they were intending to meet on the piazza, and, heart sick, she staggered through; there they stood, but a few feet from her, in the shadow of a trailing vine.

"Alice," her husband way saying, "it was very imprudent for you to come down tonight."

"I know it," returned the woman with a sigh. After a pause she added: "How pretty your wife is, Arthur; I wonder you can spare a thought for poor me, when you have such a sweet blossom at home."

"I can love and care for you both," returned Arthur.

The lady burst into tears and leaned her head on Arthur's shoulder.

"You are the only friend I have got, dear Arthur," she sobbed.

A low, gasping cry burst from Clara's lips, and she sank back insensible into Charle's arm's, for for he had been standing just behind her.

"Good heavens, Clara, what is the matter darling?" exclaimed Arthur, springing toward his wife. "And you, villian," addressing Charles, "what right have you with her?"

"A much better right than you have, for you have forfeited all claim to her," returned Charles, indignantly, as he bore her to a piazza settee.

Clara soon opened her eyes and murmured: Please take me home, Charles."

"Clara, what does this mean?" said Arthur, bending over her, almost sternly.

"Oh, Arther, I know all," she moaned. "Please go away and let me die."

"I see their mistake, Arthur," said the strange lady. "Tell them dear, that I am your sister whom you discarded several years ago for marrying a dissolute fellow, but whom you have now taken pity on."

"Your sister! Is she your sister, Arthur?" gasped Clara.

"Yes, darling, returned Arthur, "I see now, I ought to have told you but I wanted to wait till I got her a divorce."

"O, my Heavenly Father, I thank Thee!" breathed Clara, raising her beautiful eyes upward. Then turning with a bright smile, she said: "And Charles is my brother, who I thought was dead."

Arthur understood without asking why she did not tell him so before.

The next day there was an account in the daily paper of the death of Ralph Austin in a drunken fight. So Alice was free without the aid of the law.

A year glides by and there is a quiet wedding at Arthur Sanger's.

Alice Austin is the bride and Charles Langsing the bridegroom.

Clara sits by looking happy and contented, and holding in her arms a plump four-month-old baby, who has great dark eyes like aunt Alice, after whom she is named.

Arthur and Clara have never had any more secrets from each other.

Admiral Schley's Tribute.

There was a good deal more than felicitous compliment of a sailor to the nomilitant sex in the worlds in which Admiral Schley spoke of the women of America, in his Chicago address. In one place, speaking of how this broad land had been converted from a wilderness into a paradise, he said that "in its beautiful women and strong men he could see why this country is great." But it was when he spoke of the high regard and honor the people of this country have for women that the Admiral really touched upon one of the potent secrets of American progress. "In proportion," said he, "as a nation holds its women in high regard and develops those virtues to the highest plane, in just that proportion is a nation great. It is because we place our women upon that high elevation of virtue that we have become great. Poison the source of a nation's origin and its dies."

There is far more in these words than lies on the surface. They touch the true source of America's chief on the world's admiration, envy and imitation. In this country, where every citizen is a sovereign, all our women our queens. Here only in the great world does the women walk abroad in the free majesty of man's honor and regard. No class or statiou in life monopolizes the distiction between the relation of the sexes. here and in European countries. Even in England the law and the customs of centuries force women into subordinate place.

One of the evident results of the greater respect paid to women in America than elsewhere is the gradual improvement of American women in personal appearance as well as mental attainment. The young women of this generation are, as a rule, taller and better developed physically than their mothers. The statistics of female colleges prove this. More attention is paid to their bodies, as well as to their minds. They are being fitted to be the mothers of Americans. When one is seeking for the springs of American push and progress there is no need to look beyond the women of America.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Frightful Blunder.

Will often cause a horrible burn, scald, cut, or bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures old sores, fever sores, ulcers, boils, felons, corns, all skin eruptions. Best pile cure on earth. Only 25c a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Staton & Zoeller, druggists.

Farm News and Views.

Many pastures are ruined in the beginning by turning stock on the grass before the plants are well established. Trampling of the pasture by the feet of cattle does more harm than the eating of the grass. The first year of the pasture should be devoted entirely to its growth. When the grass has reached a height that will permit of its being cut it is better to run the mower over it, cutting high. Fertilizers and manure should be used liberally, and should weeds make an appearance it will pay to pull them out, as under no circumstances should they be allowed to produce seed.

But few cattle reach the market that are as fat as they might be, and it is frequently the case that steers could be made to weigh a hundred or more pounds if properly prepared for market. A fat steer that can be made to take on a hundred more will not only have the additional value in weight, but will bring one or two cents more per pound, hence the additional 100 pounds may add from $15 to $20 to the value of the animal and at a small cost.

During extremely warm weather the use of corn for animals is injurious. It heats them, and with hogs it is an infliction if corn alone is used. The best food is hay or grass, and if grain must be allowed, ground oats should be preferred. The kind of food that is most serviceable in winter is not suitable for summer.

Manure ferments readily during the warm days, and much of its value is then lost unless the farmer gives his attention to the preservation of the manure. Keep it well heaped up and covered with a few inches of dry earth. The litter used in the stalls should be cut fine, so as to permit of the materials serving better as absorbents.

Although timothy hay is preferred for horses and clover for cows, yet clover hay that has been cut just as the heads were beginning to turn brown, and which has been well cured, is much more nutritious than timothy, and the horses will show a preference for it. Badly cured clover hay, however, is destasteful to horses more than to cows.

Fruits somtimes sell at low prices, and do not pay, but the same may be said of all crops. The farmer, however, is unusually not a fruit grower (except of apples), and strawberries, raspberries and black berries are never cultivated. Whether grown for market or not such fruits should be raised on every farm by way of variety and for home use. The luxuries can be produced more easily by farmers than can the regular crops of grain. It takes two or three acres of cotton to buy the produce that can be derived from a quarter of acre of small fruits and vegetables.

Should the melons be slow in growing, apply a small quantity of nitrate of soda around each hill and chop it in with the hoe. For beans use a mixture of one pint of nitrate of soda and two parts muriate of potash. One of the best modes of forcing cabbages to grow is to hoe them after each rain or cultivate so as to have the soil loose and the ground clears of weeds and grass.

Better results are obtained with fertilizers when rains are plentiful for the reason that the amount of water required to dissolve fertilizers is large when the applications are heavy. It may at times be noticed that small quantities of fertilizer were as beneficial as larger quantities on other plots and on the same kind of crop. This result is due to the fact that a portion of the fertilizer was not dissolved on those plots where heavy applications were made, but the proportion remaining in the soil will be of service the succeding season.

The effect of clearing away the forests is damaging to crops, not that the presence of forests causes rainfall, but because they regulate the flow of water. There is less evaportion near forests, and the water does not flow away so rapidly, nor cause streams to overflow at some periods, while dry at others. The trees serve as windbrakes, thus preventing the drying of the soil by warm winds during periods of drought.

HEADACHE

is only a symptom—not a disease. So are Backache, Nervousness, Dizziness and the Blues. They all come from an unhealthy state of the menstrual organs. If you suffer from any of these symptoms—if you feel tired and languid in the morning and wish you could lie in bed another hour or two—if there is a bad taste in the mouth, and no appetite—if there is pain in the side, back or abdomen—BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR will bring about a sure cure. The doctor may call your trouble some high-sounding Latin name, but never mind the name. The trouble is in the menstrual organs, and Bradfield's Female Regulator will restore you to health and regulate the menses like clockwork.

Sold by druggists for $1 a bottle. A few flaskfuls back will be sent to any address if requested to THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.

Fourth of July Toast a Century Ago.

A feature of the celebration of the fourth of July a century ago was the pronouncing of toasts in honor of George Washington, who then living. This was the toast of 1799. "George Washington; may his declining years be sweetened by domestic tranquillity in the peaceful shades of Mount Vernon." A few months later he passed away, and on July 4, 1800, this was the toast, "Washington, our great file leader: may we follow him in slow time to the permanent cantonment and be all found near his headquarters at the final roll call."

Boils and Pimples Give Warning

AN UNFAILING SIGN THAT NATURE IS APPEALING FOR HELP.

When Nature is overtaxed, she has her own way of giving notice that assistance is needed. She does not ask help until it is impossible to get along without it. Boils and pimples are an indication that the system is accumulating impurities which must be gotten rid of; they are an urgent appeal for assistance—a warning that can not safely be ignored.

To neglect to purify the blood at this time means more than the annoyance of painful boils and unsightly pimples. If these impurities are allowed to remain, the system succumbs to any ordinary illness, and is unable to withstand the many ailments which are so prevalent during spring and summer.

Mrs. L. Gentile, 2004 Second Avenue, Seattle, Wash., says: "I was afflicted for a long time with pimples, which were very annoying, as they disfigured my face fearfully. After using many other remedies in vain, S. S. S. promptly and thoroughly cleansed my blood, and now I rejoice in a good complexion, which I never had before."

Capt. W. H. Dunlap, of the A. G. S. R. R., Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "Several boils and carbuncles broke out upon me, came great pain and annoyance. My blood seemed to be a riotous condition, and nothing I took seemed to do any good. Six bottles of S. S. S. cured me completely and my blood has been perfectly pure ever since."

S. S. S. FOR THE BLOOD

is the best blood remedy, because it is purely vegetable and is the only one that is absolutely free from potash and mercury. It promptly purifies the blood and thoroughly cleanses the system, builds up the general health and strength. It cures Scrofula, Eczema, Cancer, Rheumatism, Tetter, Boils, Sores, etc., by going direct to the cause of the trouble and forcing out all impure blood.

Books free to any address by the Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

GRAYBEARD

WE make 500 bottles of our GRAYBEARD every week. No more—no less. If 500 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 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, and soon reappeared, same worse. Finally it annoyed me to shave. Having pulled out its roots, it began affecting my sight. People said I had Cancer—I was miserable. About that time a plunder name doctor, down the State, came similarly afflicted, sent me a bottle of GRAYBEARD advising me to take it. I did so and to my great joy got better. Hair cleared, appetite improved, I got sharper 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 not our GRAYBEARD, order direct, deducting the $5 worth to help you pay freight.

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

A good Investment.

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.

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

Locks, Bolts, Hinges, Screws.

Garden Tools,

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

BUCK'S HOWARD & CO.

Jacques Cerveau, 969.—Cigarette smoke is no more harmful than cigar or other forms of tobacco smoke. The dangers which result from cigarette smoke, and are almost peculiar to it, arise from the practice of inhaling the smoke. Few cigar or pipe smokers do this. When they do the effects are precisely similar to those of excessive cigarette smoking. A dry cough, sallow complexion, shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart, nervousness and throat tickling are the least important symptoms. Chronic nervous dyspepsia and insanity are not infrequent results.

A Thousand Tongues

could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard st., Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hackery cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this royal cure:—"It soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the universe." So will everyone who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble for the throat, chest or lungs. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Staton & Zoeller's drug store; every bottle guaranteed.

"More innovation," exclaimed the old Spanish resident of the Philippines. "What's the matter, now?" "These people want us to business with the Australian ballot instead of the Mauser bullet.—Washington Star.

That Throbbing Headache

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of persons have proved their matchless merit for sick and nervous headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents, money back if not cured. Sold by Staton & Zoeller, druggists.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Let the Eagle Scream.

Get the people all together—in school houses and in churches and in God's "first temples," the grove and parks. Let us hear the Declaration of Independence read once more. Let the orator speak never so eloquently. Let the boys recite patriotic pieces. Let everybody sing "America" and "Rally Round the Flag" and all the glorious old war songs, including "Dixie,"—which President Lincoln said we all have a right now—and the "Bonnie Blue Flag." Let the whistles shriek and cannon roar. Let the eagle scream!—Judge Tuthil.

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 fits a mother for baby's coming. By revitalizing the nerve centres it has brought cheerfulness, 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:—"Since I first took Wine of Cardui we have been married three years, but never had been married three years before, and I now have my children."