The Tarborough Southerner.

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

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As His Promised Wife

BY O. P.

"How provoking!"

Bell Brown looked out from behind the handsome lace curtains at a stylish phaeton, drawn by a pair of beautiful ponies, just passing, and then turned impatiently toward a group of girls at the opposite window.

"If anyone else but Dr. Lester had purchased such an elegant new phaeton we might have been excused for entertaining hopes of enjoying an airing in it; but that confirmed old bachelor would rather take his grandmother out any day than one of us. And I have just made up my mind to have the first ride in that phaeton."

"Easier said than done!" observed saucy Linda Gray. "You know you are speaking of an impossibility now. We will make you a present of your wedding dress if you succeed."

"And if I fail, I will give you each a pair of white kids to wear to my wedding." Bell answered, gayly; and Lawyer Brown's parlors were soon vacated by the merry party that had been spending the afternoon with his only daughter.

"How could I have been so foolish?" thought impulsive Bell, as she stood in the door, looking down the quiet street. "He cares nothing for me now, and will think me more childish than ever when he hears of this."

But she thought how he had passed that afternoon without even glancing up at the window where she had stood, hoping at least to receive a bow. And then he raised his hat a moment afterward to old Mrs. Lee.

She was quite angry now, as she thought of his indifference, and as the new phaeton came slowly down the street again she went quickly down the marble steps, and Dr. Lester, gazing more earnestly than he knew at the dark blue dress and brown curls fluttering in the wind, drew up before the door.

"Doctor," she said, looking up in the grave, handsome face, "are you going over the river tonight?"

The gentleman bowed and looked calmly down on the sweet face that flushed so brightly as she proffered her request.

"There is a lady at Uncle Will's that I want to come over to-night. Will you stop and bring her with you?"

"Certainly! Is your cold any better? You must keep out of the night air, or I would not answer for the consequences."

Bell tried to look indifferent, but the brown eyes filled with tears and her cheeks burned hotly, as she thought that he would have asked the same question of all the old women in the town. She closed the door with a little more force than was necessary, and, donning her cloak and a large hood, was soon walking briskly in the direction of the uncle's where she had requested Dr. Lester to call for her friend.

It was quite dark when the doctor arrived and gave the bell an impatient pull, and after what seemed an age a middle aged lady answered it.

"Is Miss Brown's friend here?" he asked, taking the hand that was quickly extended.

The lady's face flushed, but she answered quietly in the affirmative.

A slight figure soon appeared muffled in cloak and hood, and in a hoarse voice bade the gentleman good evening.

Horace bowed in return and looked curiously down at the little figure.

"Are you Miss Brown's friend?" he asked, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes, the best friend she ever had," came hoarsely from under the hood.

"You seem to have a cold," said Horace, still standing in the door playing with a whip, while his eyes rested on a long brown curl that had escaped from the hideous hood. "I would advise you to be careful and keep out of the night air as much as possible."

"Keep out of the night air, indeed."

Bell's lip curled scornfully as she received the advice given to the stranger, as it had been given to her, a few hours before.

Dr. Lester assisted her down the steps, and Belle, with a triumphant smile, was assisted into the carriage. But the smile died away, and she could have cried with anger and mortification as she found herself in an old buggy that Horace had used until lately, and his father had used before him.

As they rode along the doctor's thoughts were wandering from his quiet companion to the brown-haired girl who had looked up so shyly when she asked a favor that afternoon.

He had quite forgotten the lady by his side, when a small hand was placed on his arm and a sweet voice said:

"Dr. Lester, I am so sorry that I have deceived you."

He only looked down on the bright, young face and soft brown eyes, but did not answer.

Won't you forgive me? she said, pleadingly. "The girls thought I would not get a ride in the phaeton we admired so much, and I was so silly, and promised them white kids if I did no succeed."

Tears were filling the soft eyes, and Dr. Lester took the trembling hand in a firm clasp, and dsai earnestly:

"Bell, if I call for you to-morrow afternoon will you ride with me in the new phaeton as the owner's promised wife?"

The answer must have been satisfactory, for the next day the ponies stood before Lawyer Brown's door, and Bell's lady friends are thinking seriously of preparing the wedding dress she had won.

His Life Was Saved.

MR. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, MO., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with typhoid fever that ran into pneumonia, and my lungs became hardened. I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it and am now well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvelous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all throat and lung trouble. Regular sizes 50c and 1.00. Trial bottles free at Staton & Zoeller's drug store; all guaranteed.

Soil Parasites.

Many of our farmers have observed in the past few years that crops which they formerly cultivated with success could no longer be grown. They tilled and fertilized their fields with their usual care, but the plants withered and died from no apparent cause. A careful investigation of the evil by the Department of Agriculture has shown that the soil in many regions of the United States, devoted to the cultivation of special crops, is infected with several most deadly varieties of parasitic fungi. The experiments and researches of the department have been exhaustively described by Dr. Erwin Smith in a paper which he read before the Botanical Section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Dr. Smith's investigations show that soil fungi have ravaged the fields of the watermelon region, the cotton section, the cabbage district of New York State, and the tomato lands of Florida. To such an extent has the melon fungus infected the soil of our Southern States that watermelon growing has been sometimes rendered impossible, and in certain parts of South Carolina, Virginia, and Mississippi the industry has been almost given up. In one of the finest cotton-producing districts in the world (the "Sea Island" belt, extending from South Carolina to Georgia) many growers have been compelled to abondon their devastated fields. The cabbage growers of New York and the tomato farmers of Flordia have suffered similarly.

That the evil is primarily due to soil parasites or fungi is fully proved by Dr. Smith's experiments. Merely by burying the fungus in the earth the characteristic signs of contamination are obtained in the plant. Microscopic examinations show that the parasite completely fills the water-ducts of the stem. The leaves wither; and, if the weather be dry, the plant never recovers. Even if the weather be moist, the plants soon droop under the heat of the sun. A plant may be contaminated at any stage of its development, from the seedling just shooting from the ground, with no leaves except cotyledons, to the full-grown vine with ripening fruit and dense foliage. From external indications alone the disease can not be diagnosed. Only by a microscopic examination of of cross-sections of the plant stem is it possible to ascertain the true cause of the wilting of the foliage, for the white, cotton-like stuffing which fills the passages is an unmistakable sign of soil-fungus infection. As the plant dies the fungus comes to the surface, and in fruiting changes its form entirely. In his attempts to cross-inoculate the varieties of fungi Dr. Smith has been unsuccessful. Morphologically the parasites are apparently similar; physiologically they seem altogether different from one another.

The farmer naturally asks: What is the remedy for this soil-infection? Unfortunately no answer can be given. The malady is of such recent discovery, and so little is known of the fungi, that, for the time being, only precautionary measures can be recommended. The usual methods of curing vegetable diseases are utterly infective. A field once attacked by a particular parasite can henceforth produce no healthy plants subject to contamination by that parasite. Perhaps, as Dr. Smith suggests, the disease may be due to a disregard of one of Nature's first requirements—the rotation of crops. Year after year, the grower of espscial crops will plant his ground with the same vegetables, until at last the soil, besides becoming "sick," accumulates a mass of decaying tissue which constitutes an excellent culture-bed for parasites The moral is plain enough. The crops grown in soil still untainted should be carefully changed every two or three years. Contamination can be prevented only by burning diseased plants and by exercising the utmost care in separating the infected vines from the hay and other crops stored away during the winter; for so tenaciously do these fungi cling to life that, if not destroyed, they will attack the soil in the following spring with the same deadly effect as in the previous year.—Scientific American.

No Right To Ugliness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, skin eruptions, blotches and a wretched complexion. Electric bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good-looking, charming woman of a run-down invalid. Only 50c at Staton & Zoeller's drug store.

Campaigning in North Luzon.

All our military operations in Luzon, until the past few days, have been confined to the low-lying plains that converge upon Manila from north and south where the irrigated rice fields spread away between areas of high and dense jungle. These plains have been almost impassable in the rainy season now ending and the campaign against Aguinaldo was therefore practically suspended for six months. Under the best condition the march and camp in these steaming lowlands are trying to men unaccustomed to a tropical climate.

Last month the monsoon changed. The southern winds that for six months had brought a continuous downpour veered to the north and the season of the polar monsoon set in. This period of change is the dreaded time of typhoons and some weeks elapse before the season of cooler and comparatively clear weather begins. In these last days of the rainy season our troops, under Generals Lawton, MacArthur, Young and Wheaton have been pushing on over the plains of Luzon, making steady progress in spite of mud and rain, beginning the campaign thus early in order to catch Aguinaldo if possible in his northern haunts or at least to prevent him from returning south.

This northern movement has brought our forces to the north edge of the rice plains bounded by high hills and a part of the cavalry has already crossed the hill ranges and descended into the valley of the Cagayan, the largest river of Luzon. Thus our advance guard has left the region of rice and entered the best tobacco-growing area of the Philippines. They have fought, hitherto, in one of the most populous parts of the archipelago, where the density of population is as high as 200 to the square mile. They have now entered a valley which, for a hundred miles north of their present position, has not more than fifty inhabitants to the square mile. They have reached a river that is navigated in light draught boats for two hundred miles to its mouth at the north end of the island. In other words, they have attained a part of the island, extending about two hundred miles north and south, where an all water route is the means of communication with Manila. All the settlement along the Cagayan are shipping points for the tobacco that is collected at the port of Aparri and transferred to coastwise vessels that take it to Manila. If we were entering upon a long campaign in north Luzon, which seems improbable, the Cagayan would be a great importance for the transportation of military supplies, a difficult matter thus far at all points away from the railroad.

It remains to be seen whether Aguinaldo can elude our troops by skulking in the mountains that border the Cagayan Valley on the east and west. It does not seem likely that he could maintain any considerable force among these mountains, for they are almost destitute of population and food resources. Very few of the valley people have taken any part in his war and coming among them as a fugitive he can scarcely expect to rally them to his support. Entering this valley, he has left behind the region and people that have supplied him with fighters and food.—Ney York Sun.

Bismarck's Iron Nerve.

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Longchump: Did she give any reason for refusing you? Hardit: Reason? No, that's the woman of it. Simply said she didn't love me.

SILVER TONGUE.

BY S. T.

He did not talk loudly in the synagogue, nor frequent the caucus for elocutionary purposes. But where two or three eastern men were gathered together there was he also, and though a man of few personal adornens and with a wart on the side of his nose he got there just the same. His success lay in the zither-like softness of his skillful, silver tongue. but the wart on his nose was a guarantee of good faith by itself. If you have a doubt about the rugged integrity of the man one glance at the wart was enough to convince you. It was such a simple, honest, kindly looking wart!

He introduced himself to me as Mr. Hornbeck, and invited me to take a little ride about town with him. He said I reminded him of a son of his who had died not long ago; and as he told me this, he turned aside his head to hide a tear.

As we rode along Mr. Hornbeck talked but little, and that in a quiet, musing sort of way. At length he said:

"You want to steer clear of them real estate fellers, my boy. They'll talk you blind, deaf and lame—tell you anything to make a sale."

I expressed my horror at such conduct.

"Sleek lookin' fellows," mused Mr. Hornbeck, "sleek: ping hats, mostly; di'monds, good clothes. Say, they all of 'em'll just do anything to make a deal. Pshaw! It just disgusts me."

I was delighted to find how free my friend was from all "boom talk" and how kindly he was in his advice to me. We rode on further out and at last paused at the edge of a large and fertile field, some miles out from the town.

"Well, it's funny about this country," said Mr. Hornbeck, as he sat in his buggy and looked about us at the pleasant rural landscape.

I asked him to explain.

"Why," said he, smiling, "this whole country here covers mines of countless wealth."

"Of what?" I asked.

"Why, of salt, for one thing. There's a vein of solid salt right under where we're standing, 653 feet thick, only about 450 feet down. That's the derrick to the well, right over here. But pshaw! salt don't make a city, my boy. Some go wild over it. I don't.

"Yes," said Mr. Hornbeck, "there's the foundations of three new packing houses right over there. Here's the artesian well, off to the left. They're just going to pump the brine right out among the pork barrels, you see. Right here the smoke of factories will resound to the busy hum of whirring wheels."

(The silver tongue was beginning to show itself a little. But I didn't suspect that.)

"But—but, —has—no advantage been taken of all this? Is there no——"

"Oh, bless you my boy, yes," said Silver-tongue (for so let us now call him, as the novels say.) "Bless you, yes. This is all an addition to the city. This is all laid out in lots, here, all over—25 by 140. There's a street railway will run out here—didn't you see that grade as we came across? Oh, yes. You see, it's been kept kind o' quiet; but a few of our clearheaded, farsighted, conservative business men have seen what possibilities there were in this combination of salt, coal, gas, and oil——"

"My God! man!" I cried in nervous excitement, "you don't mean to tell me that you've got all those things out here!"

"Well," said Silver-tongue, kindly, "I don't mean to tell you anything, but that's what they tell me. Just below the salt they struck eight inches paraffine; a hundred feet below that they passed through four feet of nut coal, and seventy-five feet below that they struck natural gas in a tremendous deposit, which rushed up and blew the machinery all out of the shaft. Lately, mingled with the natural gas, there has been oil in great profusion and said to be of very high proof. But the gas and oil's mixed, mighty badly mixed, I guess. I'm afraid there's goin' to be trouble about that. Still, that New York pipe line syndicate thinks——"

"My dear friend," I interrupted, with trembling tones, which ill-concealed my anxiety, for pity's sake tell me—; But no," I concluded in despair, "don't tell me. It's no use. It's just my luck. I suppose all those lots are sold long ago!"

"Why as to that," began Silver-tongue. There was hope in his voice. I caught at it. I laid a trembling hand on his arm, and with tears in my eyes besought him to find one chance, just one chance, for me to get in on the ground floor.

"Consider," said I, "I am young. I am just starting in life. I desire wealth. I wish to help my family. I wish to—oh, Lord!" And I broke down under the sickening dread that I was too late.

"Say," said Silver-tongue, "look here." Then we walked out into the cornfield a little way and talked in low tones, though there wasn't anybody within 14 miles of us—unless it was in some other town.

"I'll see what can be done to fix you out," whispered Silver-tongue to me looking around him carefully over the cornfield.

"I've took a sort of notion to you, somehow, and now I'll tell you. There is just one block of lots left on the plot; too. It's been kind o' smuggled, don't you see—held back for a favored party. It ain't but one square from the street railway, and the moter line'll be just back of it a little ways. It's about the best——"

"How are the terms?" I asked.

"Oh, third down and balance in six and nine."

I sat down and crushed my head between my hands bitterly. I was thinking how likely it was that this chance would be taken up before we could get back to town and draw up the papers. At that a bright thought struck me.

"You are authorized to sell this property?" I said, and Silver-tongue said he was.

"Can you take a deposit on this trade? I asked.

"Why certainly," said he.

"But I mean now, right here, right now!" I said, insistently.

"Well, you are the keenest set young fellow ever I did see," laughed Silver-tongue; "but still, to accommodate you, why, I'll strain business relations a little and fix you solid right here at once."

And then he went back to the buggy and drew from under the seat a case of real estate instruments and "fixed me solid," right there. I should say he did!

When we got back to town that evening we completed the remaining preliminaries. And then I wrote home to my parents and told them that my long struggles with fortune were at last practically at an end; that I had proved the faculty of all their fears for me, and had acquired wealth.

I left the town soon after this. The last man I saw was Silver-tongue, and he shook me warmly by the hand, promised to sell my lots for me when they reached $75 a foot. I departed feeling in my heart for him that warm gratitude which it is so pleasing to know in these degenerate days.

I would rather not write much further, as this is not a personal memoir for myself, but for the only original, genuine Silver-tongue himself. Besides, there are some things too sad to monkey with. I sometimes, with mournful satisfaction, take my friends out to hunt jack-rabbits on my block of lots. We are never troubled by the sound of the whirring wheels of commerce.

A Tale of Flowers.

A unique entertainment, says the Baltimore Sun, was given recently at Eutaw Place Baptist church. It was called a "Floral Wedding," and cards were distributed on which were questions to be answered by the name of a flower. Following is a list of the questions and the successful answers:

Her name and the color of her eyes.—Black-eyed Susan.

Her nationality and appearance.—American Beauty.

Her fathers name and the pen he used.—John Quill.

How did her lovers surround her?—In Phlox.

What did they think she was?—A Daisy.

What was her small brother's name?—Johnny Jump-up.

With what kind of candy did her lovers bribe her brother?—Mint.

What did her brother throw at her lovers?—Snow-balls.

The name and disposition of the unfortunate ones?—Sweet Williams.

To whom did she refer him?—Poppy.

What did he do when he proposed?—Aster.

What was her object in matrimony?—Marigold.

What did he think would no longer trouble him?—Bachelor's Buttons.

At what time was the wedding?—Four O'Clock.

Who performed the ceremony?—Jack-in-the-Pulpit.

Who was best man?—Marechal Neil.

What did the bride wear on her head?—Bridal Wreath.

What music was played during the ceremony?—Narcissus.

How did he salute her after the ceremony?—Tulips.

What did she say as she left home?—Forget-me-not.

What did they leave behind?—Bleeding Hearts.

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"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 on some other place. Finally it spread so far that I was ashamed of it affecting my sight. People said I had Cancer, and I was miserable. About that time a friend came home, from the State, cured similarly afflicted, and gave 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.
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