

The Tarboro Journal

State Librarian

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

TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1900.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

Administrator's Notice

Having qualified as administrator of E.
N. Cotton, deceased, late of Edgecombe county,
this to notify all persons having claims
against the estate of said deceased to exhibit
them to the undersigned on or before the 15th
day of March 1900, or this notice will be plead
in bar of recovery.

All persons owing the estate will please
make immediate payment.
W. STAMPS HOWARD,
Attorney.

UNCLE EDWARD.

BY S. T.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent were at breakfast in a handsomely furnished room, where the June sunshine streamed in through lace curtains and table appointments of solid silver and rare china glittered in the morning light. Mrs. Vincent was a pretty woman of 25 or 26, with glossy black hair, dressed becomingly under a dainty breakfast cap and a morning wrapper of soft, rose-colored muslin, setting off her black eyes and olive complexion to perfection.

Mr. Vincent had some twenty years the start of his pretty wife in life, but was a handsome man yet, with blonde whiskers, a florid complexion and the unmistakable air of city life in his manners. Around the two was an air of comfort, more of luxury, and there were no children to break the perfect order pervading the apartment. Yet, most undeniably, Mrs. Vincent was pouting and Mr. Vincent was not amiably disposed.

"I never expected to be denied such a trifle," said the lady, in an injured tone.

"How many lace shawls do you own, Almira?" inquired the gentleman.

"That has nothing to do with it. I want this one. It has the new pattern and is real point lace. Do, Gilbert, let me order this."

"I don't think it is necessary expense."

"Oh, dear," and here the injured tone became a most dismal whine. "I wish I was a girl once more."

Little by little the habit of representing her home as an earthly paradise gained upon Mrs. Vincent till her tongue glistened easily into monstrous exaggerations. She really began to imagine that she was far more miserable over the refusal of some costly trinket or foolish whim than she had ever been in girlish tribulations, and she certainly took pains to impress such imaginings upon her husband. Her dear Uncle Edward was as a model of indulgence upon all occasions, and she certainly 'cot' nothing of the habit when encouraged by the wonderful success of her tactics.

It was not extraordinary that when all reasonable desires and many unreasonable ones were gratified, that there were occasional demands, when her indulgent husband demurred somewhat before complying, but an allusion to dear Uncle Edward generally subdued him, and the last freak was indulged as former ones had been.

Was it for the house, Uncle Edward had allowed her to furnish just as she pleased. Was it some article of dress, Uncle Edward had given her an unlimited wardrobe. Was it a pleasure, Uncle Edward had taken her wherever she wanted go. The constant refrain was:

"How foolish I was ever to leave my Uncle Edward."

About a week after the conversation above recorded, the possession of a particular pair of diamond earrings came under discussion between Almira and her husband. The fact that she had already a more than sufficient stock of jewelry weighed nothing with the pretty, spoiled wife, and she pointed and teased, bringing the inevitable Uncle Edward to the front in gallant style. But for once Gilbert Vincent was firm. He had selected that very pair of earrings for Almira's approaching birthday, and he would not be coaxed into giving them sooner.

Walking into his office after the stormy interview he was surprised to see a rough looking man, in a suit of homespun, sitting in his own chair and reading the morning newspaper. He rose as Mr. Vincent entered.

"Good morning," he said. "Be you Mr. Vincent?"

"I don't know about that," was the slow reply. "Of course, Miry's allers welcome, but she hated the farm desperate bad when she was there. It's a shabby, poor place, but it was a poor man an' it was the best I could give her. I reckon, though, she won't be in a hurry to leave her fine house here and go back again."

"Well, we will see. Come, put off your return for a few days and we will try to make you comfortable as our guest."

Mrs. Gilbert Vincent sat in her pretty boudoir, wondering what new argument would prove effective to obtain the coveted earrings. Her dress of fancy muslin suited well her bright, heavily-lashed eyes and coral ornaments contrasted becomingly with its pure whiteness. She was a very picture of indolent ease when her husband entered the room.

"Gilbert!" she cried, with amaze to see the busy man in business hours, "you have come to bring me my earrings?"

"No, my dear, I have come to gratify the strongest desire of our heart," he answered, gravely.

"The strongest desire of our heart?" Why, I have no longer desire than to wear those diamond drops."

"I am not referring to anything so trivial as jewelry, my dear, but to the wish that has been uppermost in your heart for years."

"What can you mean?" she asked, more and more puzzled.

"It is not possible you do not understand me. Every day for six years you have lamented in my presence, to me, your regret for the life of your girlhood."

"Gilbert! you don't want to divorce me!" cried Almira, with pale lips and all the bloom gone from her pretty face.

"No, my dear, we will avoid that scandal. But I have resolved to allow you to return to your old home. Of course, I shall allow you a handsome income, but your uncle will doubtless gratify every desire, as he did in your girlhood."

"Send me away? But Uncle Edward may not be willing to receive me."

"He is quite willing. In fact, he is waiting for you now in the drawing room."

"Uncle Edward?"

"All disguise was thrown aside in absolute terror. With white face, trembling lips and eyes full of fear Almira started to her feet."

"Oh, Gilbert, you will not let him take me. Oh, if you love me, save me from him. He starved me. He was so unkind, so cruel, that I ran away, a child of 17, Gilbert," she said, in a shivering whisper, "he beat me. I had welts as big as my finger when I ran away. Oh, Gilbert, you won't send me back again. I will be so good. I will never tease you again, Gilbert, nor be extravagant, or foolish, if only you will keep Uncle Edward away."

All this poured out with interruptions of choking sobs and tears streaming from the pretty dark eyes.

"But, Almira, you have yourself wished to return every day since we were married."

"Never. I was foolish and I thought it gave me an importance in your eyes to boast of my old home. But I am sorry, Gilbert. Only forgive me now. You have always been kind to me. I never was so happy in life as you have made me. Gilbert, and her soft arms encircled his neck, while a tear-stained cheek pressed against his own, "you will not send me away, your own little wife!"

"Not if you wish to stay," he said fondly; "only I can't quite understand yet."

"Yes, you do! I am as ashamed and sorry as you can desire, and never again will I mention Uncle Edward."

"I am afraid to make 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 by name '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 one should fail to try them. Only one, guaranteed at Saxon & Zoeller's drug store."

There is some talk of extending Main street beyond the upper depot to the river. This will save some distance and will open up some fine building lots for residences.

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 by name '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 one, guaranteed at Saxon & Zoeller's drug store."

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What Throbbing Headache.

religion. The motive influencing the religious people who are bringing pressure to bear on the Legislature of New York to modify the marriage law on religious grounds is unquestionably honest and sincere, but none the less it is unwarrantable under our system of government. What would these Protestants say if the Roman Catholic Church appeared in the lobby of legislation to urge, in conflict with them, the passage of a law forbidding divorce altogether, on the ground that marriage is a sacrament dissoluble only by death, and that it is false and an abominable heresy to assert, as does this Episcopalian committee, that "Our Lord Himself recognized" adultery as a ground of divorce? The divergence of State legislation as to the matter is not greater, as we have shown, than that between the laws of the Churches.—New York Sun.

England Called Upon to Repent.

The following circular has been issued, signed, it will be seen, by leading representatives of all phases of religious opinion:

"In the midst of all the trouble and anxiety around us many hear the call of the Lord to repentance. In our nation the prevalence of the sins of drunkenness, gambling, covetousness, pride, and disregard of His law bring dishonor to the Holy name of Christ we bear and are evidences that masses of our population are 'departing from the living God.' Worse still, in the Church of God itself, of which He said, 'Ye are the salt of the earth,' self-indulgence, worldliness, harsh judgment of others, dissensions, disobedience to our Lord and His Word have too often terribly marred the testimony which the Church was entrusted to give. The voice of the Lord, by the lonely saint in Patmos, seems to come down through the ages to us today: 'I know thy works.' 'As many as I love I rebuke and chasten: Be zealous, therefore, and repent.' 'Behold I stand at the door and knock: 'He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith to the Churches.' Many who desire to respond to our Lord's call have expressed their intention to observe Feb. 28 (Ash Wednesday) as a day on which they will humble themselves before Him, and seek His 'teaching and His grace to do His holy will. All servants of our Lord who are in sympathy with this proposal are invited to make it known, without delay, in their own neighborhood, and, as far as possible, to unite with their 'fellow-servants,' to seek of Him a right way for us' and our nation."

Among the signers are Earl Nelson, Viscount Halifax, the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon and clergymen representative of all shades of opinion in the Church of England as well as most non-conformist churches.—London Times.

Cotton From Two Viewpoints.

The favorable conditions now ruling in respect of cotton mill property in the South afford the greatest encouragement to investors. The dividends continue to be large—if all reports be true, almost fabulously so—and enormous sums of money are likely to find their way into this business in the South during the next few years. This is a natural and irresistible movement, which nobody can stop, for capital always seeks that form of investment in which the profits promise to be greatest. One thing does seem to be certain—that the New England spindles are turning gradually to a finer line of work, while the South is gaining pre-eminence in yards of the lower numbers and fabrics of the coarser grades. It is, perhaps, not safe to assume that Southern manufacturers will continue to confine themselves to this kind of product—having already turned their attention to finer weaves—but it is reasonable to suppose that for some years to come the bulk of their output will be made up of this class. The study of industrial conditions in the South is a very interesting one.—Philadelphia Manufacturer.

The Southern States are now enjoying a great measure. Starting up in the rapid development of coal-mining and iron making, and the increase and growing profit in cotton manufacturing, it has been greatly reinforced by the rapid advance in the price of cotton. All the time our cotton mills, and especially those of the South, are consuming an increasing proportion of the crop, and are growing in wealth and independence, while, at the same time, materially strengthening the planter. The South can figure on another year, at least, of foodlike level prosperity in iron, coal and cotton, three big cards to 'draw to, with more hog and hominy to fill in.—New York Daily Financial News.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer, and is guaranteed by him. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Age 35	Amount \$10,000	Paid-up Value	Premium \$347.40
2 years	\$ 310.00	1110 00	4 4
3 "	510 00	1660 00	5 6
4 "	720 00	2210 00	6 8
5 "	950 00	2760 00	8 0
6 "	1170 00	3290 00	10 2
7 "	1420 00	3820 00	11 11
8 "	1690 00	4340 00	13 4
9 "	1960 00	4860 00	15 4
10 "	2260 00	5380 00	16 2
11 "	2590 00	5890 00	17 11
12 "	2960 00	6390 00	18 1
13 "	3350 00	6890 00	18 7
14 "	3780 00	7410 00	19 1
15 "	4170 00	7910 00	19 7
16 "	4540 00	8420 00	20 1
17 "	4920 00	8940 00	20 8
18 "	5300 00	9460 00	20 8
19 "	5700 00	9980 00	20 8
20 "	6100 00	10,000 00	paid up