

# The Tarboro' Southern

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

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TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1902.

ESTABLISHED 18:2

## REMOVAL SALE

### Commencing Monday, December 1st, we Will Begin a REMOVAL SALE!

On January 1st, 1903, we will move into the New Store being erected next to Howard & Co., and we do not want to carry over a Dollar's worth of Present Stock.

### Prices Have Been Revised and Marked Down on all Goods. Nothing Reserved!

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A GRAND OPPORTUNITY TO SECURE GREAT BARGAINS IN Clothing for Men, Youths and Children, Overcoats, Underwear, Men's Shoes, Shirts, Hats, Trunks, Collars, Cuffs Ties, etc., Ladies' Wraps, Monte Carlo Cloaks, Children's Cloaks and Jackets, Fine Dress Goods and Silk, Embroideries, Ladies' and Children's Shoes, Ladies' and Children's Underwear, Gloves, Furs, Ladies' and Children's Hose, etc., etc.

### SALE • STRICTLY • CASH! NO • REBATE • CHECKS • GIVEN!

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100 Tablets. Each bottle contains 100 tablets. It is the only medicine that has been used for over 50 years and has never been found to do any harm. It is a safe and reliable medicine for all female ailments. It is sold in all drug stores.

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### BLIND LOVE; OR, The Worst of Husbands.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

THESE SECOND PERIOD.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.) The Doctor in Full Dress.

"Oh, don't talk of accomplishments! I learned my profession in Paris. For nigh on three years I lived among the French medical students. Noticing this book on the table, I thought I would try whether I had forgotten the language—in the time that has passed, you know, since those days. Well, my memory isn't a good one in most things, but, strange to say (I fear of habit, I suppose), some of my French sticks by me still. I hope I see you well, Miss Henley. Might I ask if you noticed the new address, when I sent up my card?"

"I only noticed your name."

The doctor produced his pocket-book and took out a second card. With pride he pointed to the address: "5 Redburn Road, Hampstead Heath." With pride he looked at his black clothes. "Strictly professional, isn't it?" he said. "I have bought a new practice; and I have become a new man. It isn't easy at first. No, by jingo—I beg your pardon—I was about to say my own respectability rather bothers me; I shall get used to it in time. If you will allow me, I'll take a liberty. No offense, I hope?"

He produced a handful of his cards and laid them out in a neat little semicircle on the table.

"A word of recommendation when you have the chance would be a friendly act on your part," he explained. "Capital air in Redburn Road, and a fine view of the Heath out of the garret windows—but it's rather an out-of-the-way situation. Not that I complain; beggars mustn't be choosers. I should have preferred a practice in a fashionable part of London; but our little windfall of money—"

He came to a full stop in the middle of a sentence. The sale of

the superb diamond pin, by means of which Lord Harry had repaid Mrs. Vimpany's services, was, of all domestic events, the last which it might be wise to mention in the presence of Miss Henley. He was awkwardly silent. Taking advantage of that first instance, Iris introduced the subject in which she felt interested.

"How is Mrs. Vimpany?" she asked.

"Oh, she's all right!"

"Does she like her new home?"

"The doctor made a range reply. 'I really can't tell you,' he said. 'Do you mean that Mrs. Vimpany declines to express an opinion?'"

He laughed. "In all my experience," he said, "I never met with a woman who did that! No, no; the fact is, my wife and I have parted company. There's no need to look so serious about it. Incompatibility of temper, as the saying is, has led us to a friendly separation. Equally a relief on both sides. She goes her way and I go mine."

His tone disgusted Iris—and she let him see it. "Is it of any use to ask you for Mrs. Vimpany's address?" she inquired.

His atrocious good humor kept its balance as steadily as ever: "Sorry to disappoint you. Mrs. Vimpany hasn't given me her address. Curious, isn't it? The fact is, she moped a good deal after you left us; talked of her duty, and the care of her soul; and that sort of thing. When I hear where she is I'll let you know with the greatest confidence."

"To the best of my belief, she's doing nurse's work somewhere."

"Nurse's work! What do you mean?"

"Oh, the right thing—all in the fashion. She belongs to what they call a sisterhood; goes about, you know, in a shabby black gown, with a white bonnet. At least, so Lord Harry told me the other day."

In spite of herself, Iris betrayed the agitation which these words instantly roused in her. "Lord Harry!" she exclaimed. "Where is he? In London?"

"Yes—at Parker's Hotel?"

"When did he return?"

"Oh, a few days ago; and—what do you think?—he's come back from the gold fields a lucky man. I was to keep the thing a secret from everybody, and from you in particular. He's got some surprise in store for you. Don't tell him what I've done! We had a little misunderstanding in London, and I don't want to lose his lordship's interest."

Iris promised to be silent. But to know that the wild lord was in England again, and to remain ignorant whether he had or had not returned with the stain of bloodshed on his forehead, was more than she could endure.

"There is one question I must ask you," she cried. "I have reason to fear that Lord Harry left this country with a purpose of revenge—"

Mr. Vimpany wanted no further explanation. "Yes, yes, I know. You may be easy about that. There's been no mischief done, either one way or the other. The man he was after, when he landed in South Africa (he told me so himself) escaped him."

With that reply the doctor got up in a hurry to bring his visit to an end. He proposed to take to flight, he remarked facetiously, before Mrs. Henley wheeled him into saying anything more.

After opening the door, however, he suddenly returned to Iris, and added a last word in his most confidential manner.

"If you won't forget to recommend me to your friends," he said, "I'll thank you with another secret. You will see his lordship in a day or two, when he returns from the mines, I believe."

paying a visit at Mr. Henley's house.

She wrote at once to Lord Harry, at the hotel which Mr. Vimpany had mentioned, entreating him not to think of calling on her. Being well aware that he would insist on a meeting, she engaged to write again and propose an appointment. In making this concession, Iris might have found it easier to persuade herself that she was yielding to sheer necessity; if she had not been guiltily conscious of a feeling of pleasure at the prospect of meeting Lord Harry again, returning to her an innocent man. There was some influence in this train of thought which led her mind back to Hugh. She regretted his absence—wondered whether he would have proposed throwing her letter to the Irish lord into the fire—sighed, closed the envelope, and sent the letter to the post.

On the next day she had arranged to drive to Maxwell Hill, and to pay the customary visit to Rhoda. Heavy rain obliged her to wait for a better opportunity. It was only on the third day that the sky cleared, and the weather was favorable again. On a sunshiny autumn morning, with a keen air blowing, she ordered the open carriage. Noticing while Fanny, Mare was helping her dress, that the girl looked even paler than usual, she said, with her customary kindness to persons dependent on her, "You look as if a drive in the fresh air would do you good—you shall go with me to the farm, and see Rhoda Besset."

[To be Continued.]

Never at Grave's Drink.

"I know I would long ago have been in my grave," writes Mrs. S. S. Dawson, of Decatur, Ala. "It had been for years for Electric Bitters. For 3 years I suffered untold agony from the worst form of indigestion, water-bomb, stomach and bowel dyspepsia. But this excellent medicine did me a world of good. Since using it I can eat heartily and have gained 35 pounds. For indigestion, loss of appetite, liver and kidney troubles Electric Bitters is a positive, guaranteed cure. 50¢ at Staton & Zoeller."

CHAPTER V. On Hampstead Heath.

Iris led only to remember the manner in which the wild Lord Harry had disappointed her father to perceive the serious necessity of preventing Montjoy's rival from

La Mont—I suppose men that go up in airships must have steady nerves. Don't guess they drink at all.

La Moyné—Well, they often take a drop too much.—Chicago Daily News.

Yes—I can't think of anything as pleasant for a man as to shut up his store in the evening and go home to his wife.

Crimson—Unless it is for a man to shut up his wife in the morning and go down to his bestory.—Youkers Statesman.

Full many a mortal, young and old, Has gone to his sarcophagus, a Torso' pouring water icy cold! Adown his warm osop'sagur.—New Orleans Times-Cemocrat

Another Blind Tiger.

A warrant was issued Friday for Henry Foreman, constable of Princeville, charging him with selling liquor with out license. A preliminary hearing was had today before Wm. Howard, J. P., who required him to give a bond of \$100 for his appearance at the next term of the Superior court.

There were two witnesses against him, both colored, one named Stewart and the other Charley Battle, who is in jail for failure to give bond to appear at the Federal court on the same charge.

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