


# The Tarboro' Southener.

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

VOL. 81, NO. 9.

TARBORO', N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1903.

ESTABLISHED 1822



### ALL WOMEN

Wine of Cardui is the guardian of a woman's health and happiness from youth to old age. It helps her safely into womanhood. It sustains her during the trials of pregnancy, childbirth and motherhood, making labor easy and preventing flooding and miscarriage. It gently leads her through the dangerous period known as the change of life.

### WINE OF CARDUI

cures leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, and menstrual irregularity in every form. It is valuable in every trying period of a woman's life. It reinforces the nervous system, acts directly on the genital organs and is the finest tonic for women known. Ask your druggist for a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui.

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For advertising information, address, giving name of the Tarboro' Southener, to the Tarboro' Southener, Tarboro', N. C.

### WEAK LUNGS

Weak lungs are mostly due to a neglected cough. Only a small part of the millions who have consumption inherit it. A slight cold, a tickling or hacking cough, at the beginning, and after it has reached a certain advanced stage, is a warning sign of the disease.

My chest has been sore for several weeks. I have been coughing and spitting phlegm. I have been losing weight and feeling very weak. I have been told that I have consumption. I am very nervous and I am afraid to go to bed. I have been told that I have consumption. I am very nervous and I am afraid to go to bed. I have been told that I have consumption. I am very nervous and I am afraid to go to bed.

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### ONE MINUTE COUGH CURE.

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### Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the elements and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It is equalled for the stomach. Children will eat stomachs thrive on it. It is the best and most necessary.

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Near A. C. L. Depot.

## BLIND LOVE; OR, THE WIFE OF HUSBANDS.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

THIRD PERIOD.

CHAPTER III. (Continued.)

The First Quarrel.

"Then I must tell you this, Iris: I don't approve of what you have just said. It sounds to my mind unpleasantly like suspicion of me and suspicion of my friend. I see your face confessing it my lady, at this moment."

"You are half right, Harry, and so more. What you see in my face is suspicion of your friend."

"Founded on what, if you please?"

Founded on what I have seen of him, and on what I know of him. He is the very worst friend you could have about you at any time—and especially at a time when your patience is tried by needy circumstances."

"One word, Iris. The more eloquent you are, the more I admire you. Only don't mention my needy circumstances again."

"She passed over the interruption as she had already passed over the remonstrance, without taking notice of it. "Dearest, you are always good to me," she continued, gently. "Am I wrong in thinking that love gives me some little influence over you still? Women are vain—are they not—and I am no better than the rest of you. Flatter your wife's vanity, Harry, by attaching some importance to her opinion. Is there time enough yet to telegraph to Mr. Vimpany? Quite out of the question, is it? Well, then, if he must come here, do—pray, pray do consider me. Don't let him stay in the house? I'll find a good excuse, and take a bedroom for him in the neighborhood. Anywhere else, so long as he is not here. He turns me cold when I think of him sleeping under the same roof with ourselves. Not with us! Oh, Harry, not with us!"

Her eyes earnestly searched her husband's face; she looked there for indulgence, she looked for conviction. Not he was still admiring her.

"On my word of honor!" he burst out, "you fascinate me. What an imagination you have got! One of these days, Iris, I shall be prouder of you than ever; I shall find you a famous literary character. I don't mean writing a novel, women who can't even hem a handkerchief can write a novel. It's poetry I'm thinking of. Irish melodies by Lady Harry that beat Tom Moore. What a gift! And there are fortunes made, as I have heard, by people who spoil fair white paper to some purpose. I wish I was one of them."

"Have you no more to say to me?" she asked.

"What more should there be? You wouldn't have me take you seriously in what you have just said of Vimpany?"

"Why not?"

"Oh, come, come, my darling! Just consider. With a bedroom empty and waiting, upstairs, is my old Vimpany to be sent to quarters for the night among strangers? I wouldn't speak harshly to you, Iris, for the whole world; and I don't deny that the convivial doctor may be sometimes a little too fond of his drop of grog. You will tell me, may be, that he hasn't got on nicely with his wife; and I grant it. There are not many people who set such a pretty example of matrimony as we do. Poor humanity—there's all that's to be said about it. But when you tell me that Vimpany is a bad man, and the worst friend I could possibly have, and so forth. What better can I do than set it down to your imagination? I've a pretty fancy myself; and I think I see my angel inventing poetical characters, up among congenial clouds. What's the matter? Surely, you haven't done breakfast yet?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to leave me?" "I am going to my room."

"You're in a mighty hurry to get away. I never meant to vex you, Iris. Ah, well, if you must leave the table, I'll have the honor of opening the door for you, at any rate. I wonder what you're going to do?"

"To cultivate my imagination," she answered, with the first outbreak of bitterness that had escaped her yet.

His face hardened. "There seems to be something like bearing malice in this," he said. "Are you treating me, for the first time, to an exhibition of enmity? What am I to call it if it's not that?"

"Call it disappointment," she suggested, quietly, and left him.

Lord Harry went back to his breakfast. His jealousy was up in arms again. "She's comparing me with her absent friends," he said to himself, "and wishing she had married the amiable Mountjoy instead of me."

So the first quarrel ended—and Mr. Vimpany had been the cause of it.

CHAPTER IV.

Ici on Parle Français.

The doctor arrived in good time for dinner, and shook hands with the Irish lord in excellent spirits. He looked round the room, and asked where my lady was. Lord Harry's reply suggested the presence of a cloud on the domestic horizon. He had been taking a long ride, and had only returned a few minutes since; Iris would (as he supposed) join them immediately.

The maid put the soup on the table and delivered a message. Her mistress was suffering from headache, and was not well enough to dine with the gentlemen.

As an old married man, Mr. Vimpany knew what this meant; he begged leave to send a comforting message to the suffering lady of the house. "With my respects to Lady Harry," he called after Fanny as she went out in dogged silence.

"I have begun by making myself agreeable to your wife," the doctor remarked, with a self-appraising grin. "Perhaps she will dine with us to-morrow. Pass the sherry."

The remembrance of what had happened at the breakfast-table, seemed to be dwelling disagreeably on Lord Harry's mind. He but little—and that little related to the subject on which he had already written, at full length, to his medical friend.

In the interval, when the service of the table required the attendance of Fanny in the kitchen, Mr. Vimpany took the opportunity of saying a few cheering words. He had come, he remarked, prepared with the right sort of remedy for an ailing state of mind, and he would explain himself at a fitter opportunity. Lord Harry impatiently asked why the explanation was deferred. If the presence of the maid was the obstacle which caused delay, it would be easy to tell her that she was not wanted to wait.

The wary doctor positively forbade this.

He had observed Fanny, during his previous visit, and discovered that she seemed to distrust him. The woman was sly and suspicious. Since they had sat down to dinner, it was easy to see that she was ingering in the room to listen to the conversation, on one pretense or another. If she was told not to wait, there could be no doubt of her next proceeding: she would listen outside the door. "Take my word for it," the doctor concluded, "there is all the material for a spy in Fanny Mere."

But Lord Harry was obstinate. Chafing under the sense of his helpless pecuniary position, he was determined to hear, at once, what remedy for it Vimpany had discovered.

"We can set that woman's curiosity at defiance," he said.

"How?"

"When you were learning your profession, you lived in Paris for some years, didn't you?"

"Allright!"

"Well, then, you can't have entirely forgotten your French?"

[To be Continued.]

The most hazardous section of the Manila telegraph cable is that completed between San Francisco and Honolulu, in which the seabed is precipitous, with valleys 31,000 feet deep. The next two sections, extending to Guam, will cross level plains of mud at a depth of about 18,000 feet, while the last section is over a series of mountains.

Who Got The Snuff? The annual report of the Secretary of the Senate contains the itemized statement of expenditures from the contingent fund, and as usual this document is a repository of curious and useful information. Its jumbled pages likewise enshrine some mysteries.

The most pathetic entry is this, in the statement of expended appropriations: Expenses of Senate committee, funeral of William McKinley.....\$00.01 One cent left!

The vast extent of the legislative operations of our government is reflected in these specified disbursements, which have an extraordinary range. While it appears that only twelve packs of playing cards and three packages of the game of dominoes were ordered during the fiscal year on the account of the Senators, they consumed not less than a dozen quarts of hair tonic, costing \$29.70 at wholesale; and the generally prevailing conditions of prosperity are indicated by their requisitions for not less than 162 pocket books and purses, varying in price from 45 cents up to \$28, besides eleven of the so-called mesh bags of gun metal or sterling silver which are hung at the waist, four "beaded bags" and three "wrist bags." Three Senators indulged in manicure sets, and one in a copy of Bowley's "Elements of Statistics."

Charged also to the contingent fund is the remarkable total of 9100 grains of quinine, purchased at different times on the sanitary account of the Senate.

But the staggering entry is this: April 28—5 pounds Copenhagen snuff—\$3.75.

For which Senatorial nose?—New York Sun.

Nearly Fatal to His Life. A runaway almost ending fatally, started a horrible ulcer on the leg of J. B. Greer, Franklin Grove, Ill. For four years it defied all doctors and all remedies. But Huxley's Arnica Salve had no trouble to cure him. Equally good for burns, bruises, skin eruptions and pils. 25c at Station & Zoeller's.

Flogging in England. All corporal punishments whatsoever, and upon whomsoever inflicted, are hateful, and an indignity to our common nature, which (with or without our consent) enshrined in the person of the sufferer. Degrading him, they degrade us.

No wonder that there is excitement in England over the revelation concerning flogging as a punishment for subalterns found guilty of social or military offenses. The flogging is administered on the bare back, "after the removal of all the clothing, and from six to forty blows with a cane are given with such severity that the lower number is sufficient to draw blood. All the officers present, even the most intimate friends of the victim, are compelled to administer their share of the blows."

The French and German caricaturists will not let this pass unnoticed, even though English officers of rank try to hush the scandal. But flogging was for years one of England's most cherished institutions, ranked with cricket and the Prayer Book.

How the English, a hardy race, delighted in the public flogging at the cart's tail, known popularly as "shoving the tumbler," or "erving carrots and turnips." Women were whipped publicly in London as late as 1817; and has whipping of men for a common law misdemeanor been formally abolished?

Think of the suffering endured by Titus Oakes, who received 2256 strokes with a whip of six things—13,536 strokes in all; and yet he lived to receive a pension. And there was Thomas Dangerfield, convicted of libeling the King when Duke of York, who was whipped from Aldgate to Newgate, and from Newgate to Tyburn. When it was over and he, half dead, was borne to prison in a coach, a jaunty barrister named Francis said to him, wickedly: "How now, friend? Have you had your heat this morning?" Dangerfield cursed him, and the genteel Francis, angered, thrust at the poor wretch with a small cane and joked out an eye, so that Danger-

field died in two hours, for which Mr. Francis, barrister of Gray's Inn, was properly and effectively hanged.—Washington Times.

Station Smiles. She—Don't you always shiver when you pass the cemetery? He—Not I, I'm going to be cremated.—Columbia Jester.

"Where did the new baby come from?" said the three-year-old maiden. "Why, she came from heaven and Dr. Irwin clipped her wings so she can't fly back. That's what!"—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

Because she decorated with vari-colored bunting the hack in which she was riding through Los Angeles, Cal., Carrie Nation was arrested and hauled to court. Her style of backing seems to be unpopular wherever she goes.—Newport News-Press.

Of course no beef trust plied its trade. In the old Roman state, Eise how had Caesar found the meat.

On which he grew so great?—Washington Star.

Rather (testing razor)—Do I hurt you, sir? Said—No; not so badly as the last man who had me in the chair.

Barber (highly gratified)—Who was that?

Barber—The dentist.—Tid-Bits.

Mrs. Hewitt—How did you manage to break your husband of the habit of walking in his sleep?

Mrs. Dawitt—Every time he got up to walk I put the baby in his arms.—Baltimore Sun.

At a small wayside station a woman gave up a ticket and a half for herself and a lubberly son. Said the collector, thoughtfully: "A bit big for half a ticket, ain't he?" "Maybe he is," said the woman, with prompt directness, "but he wasn't when he left home. Yours is a slow line."—London Globe.

London daily averages 475,000 telegrams. In Paris the daily average is 110,000.

The wives of the Turks enjoy certain prerogatives. Here is one of the rights of the proud beauties: Bath money forms an item in every marriage contract, the husband engaging to allow his wife a certain sum for bathing purposes. Should it be withheld, she has only to go before the cadl and turn her slipper upside down, and if the complaint be not then redressed it is a ground for divorce. The want of a bathtub as pretext for divorce would be laughed out of the courts of our most enlightened and advanced States.

Another Cloud in the East. Although the turmoil in the Balkan attracts high attention at the moment, the conflict of interests between Great Britain and Russia is developing in the Middle East and threatens to become acute before long. The ostensible cause of it arises out of a dispute between Persians and Afghans over the distribution of the water of the River Helmand in the Nushabad district of Seistan. The supply for the irrigation canals on the Persian side having run short, the Afghans have been accused of cutting it off, although the Afghans themselves are suffering equally from the drying up of the upper courses of the river.

To quiet the Persians a British commission left India at the end of last month with the intention of meeting a Persian Commissioner, and with him settling the difficulty as far as practicable. Some exception has been taken in Russia to this procedure of the British Indian Government, and the Novoe Vremya of St. Petersburg calls upon the Persian Government to free itself from the Treaty of Paris of 1857, made after the war between Great Britain and Persia over the attack by the latter on Afghanistan, under which the British Government contends its intervention in the present case is justified. The length of time that has elapsed since that treaty was concluded has, so the Novoe Vremya urges, so changed the political situation in Middle Asia that there really can no longer be any question of

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The Spokane Boundary Treaty. Contrary to all expectations, the Alaska boundary treaty easily ran the Senate blockade and now awaits only the appointment of three American and three British Commissioners. The first duty of this Commission is to interpret this section of the Anglo-Russian treaty of 1825, which described the boundary between Alaska and the British possessions. About the beginning of the line there is no dispute. It begins at the south tip of Prince of Wales Island and runs north along Portland Channel. What Portland Channel was in 1825 must be settled by the Commission. There is a choice between two straits. The Anglo-Russian negotiators of 1825 supposed their task to be accomplished when they had brought the boundary line to the mainland, for they imagined that a clearly defined coast range formed a natural boundary. As a matter of fact, there is no such range for three hundred miles or so, and the Commissioners must fall back upon a clause which the original negotiators framed prudentially, but hardly expected to use—the famous clause which, in default of a mountain crest, draws the line ten marine leagues from the coast and parallel to its sinuosities. The point at issue is, What is "the coast," in the sense of the Anglo-Russian treaty? It is certain that neither of the signatories of 1825 knew in any accurate sense. Their ignorance is the opportunity of the joint Commission.—New York Evening Post, Feb. 14.

its serious application. The Petersburg Journal concludes an aggressive article by saying: "At any rate, Great Britain should understand that the great importance for us of Seistan does not permit us to regard with indifference a display of aggressive aims on her part; and that we are bound to reply to every step she may take in Seistan by taking parallel action ourselves."

As Great Britain has always laid claim to a kind of protectorate over Seistan since a British commission defined its boundary in 1872, the contention of the Novoe Vremya appears something like a challenge.

In India the prospect is regarded as far from reassuring, and in order to be ready for eventualities, a completely equipped army corps with the necessary transport is held in readiness for active service at short notice. Its destination is said to be the Persian frontier, and its line of advance the same as that just taken by the British commission to settle the water dispute on the Perso-Afghan frontier. Lord Kitchener immediately after the conclusion of the coronation durbar at Delhi left there for a critical inspection of the fortified posts west of the Indus and on the roads leading into Afghanistan, whose ruler was said to be anxious for an interview with the Viceroy at some point near the frontier.—New York Sun.

Mysterious Circumstances. One was pale and sallow and the other fresh and rosy. Whence the difference? She who is blushing with health uses Dr. King's New Pills to maintain it. By gently arousing the lazy organs they compel good digestion and heal of constipation. Try them. Only 25c at Station & Zoeller's.

TENDENCY OF THE TIMES. The tendency of medical science is toward preventive measures. The best thought of the world is being put to the subject. It is easier and better to prevent than to cure. It has been fully demonstrated that pneumonia, one of the most dangerous diseases that medical men have to contend with, can be prevented by the use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Pneumonia always results from an attack of influenza (grip), and it has been observed that this remedy counteracts any tendency of these diseases toward pneumonia. This has been fully proven in many thousands of cases in which this remedy has been used during the great prevalence of colds and grip in recent years, and can be relied upon with implicit confidence. Pneumonia often results from a slight cold when no danger is apprehended until it is suddenly discovered that there is fever and difficult breathing and pain in the chest, then it is announced that a patient has pneumonia. Be on the safe side and take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the cold is contracted. It always cures. For sale by Station & Zoeller.

Notice. North Carolina, Is Superior Edgcombe Co. vs. Thomas Slavens, ) Service by publication. ) Notice. The defendant above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Edgcombe county, to obtain a dissolution of the bonds of matrimony existing between the plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of abandonment of plaintiff by defendant, and the said defendant will further take notice, that she is required to appear at the next term of the Superior Court, of said county, to be held on the 1st Monday in March, 1903, at the court house of said county, in Tarboro', N. C., and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for relief of said defendant in said complaint. This 2nd day of Jan'y, 1903. No. 1233. J. S. G. C.

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