The Tarboroug Southerner.

State Library

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

VOL. 87. N0. 12 TARBORO, N. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 25. 1909. ESTABLISHED 1822

A FACT ABOUT THE "BLUES"

What is known as the "Blues" is seldom occasioned by actual existing external conditions, but in the great majority of cases by a disordered LIVER.

THIS IS A FACT which may be demonstrated by trying a course of

Tutt's Pills

They control and regulate the LIVER. They bring hope and bouyancy to the mind. They bring health and elasticity to the body.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

—The linen industry of Ireland employs 70,000.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

—London has 543 public schools.

CASTORIA.

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

—There are only 55 female physicians in the German Empire.

CASTORIA.

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

—The British Postoffice Savings Bank has over 10,000,000 depositors.

—In Great Britain there are nearly 2,000,000 trade unionists.

—Although there have been 63,455 Chinese admitted into the Transvaal, three are only 17,000 there at present.

Notice to Creditors.

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of George S. Powell, late of Edgecombe county, notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against said estate to present them duly proven on or before February 18th, 1910, or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate must make immediate payment.

HARVEY G. POWELL, Administrator.

JNO. L. BRIDGERS & SON, Attys.

Administrator's Notice to Creditors.

Having qualified as administrator with the will annexed, of Hattie L. Barnhill, deceased, late of Edgecombe county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the said decedent to present them to the undersigned duly verified on or before the 25 day of February 1910 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of payment. All persons indebted to said decedent must make immediate settlement.

This February 18 1909.

R. G. ALLSBROOK, Admr. C. T. A

Notice.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Edgecombe county, in an action wherein J. M. Sherrod is plaintiff, and Lollie Fountain defendant, I will on Monday, 5th day of April, 1909, at the Court House door in Tarboro, about 12 o'clock m. sell to the highest bidder for cash, that certain tract or parcel of land in No. 6 township, about four miles from Whitakers, N. C., whereon the late Coffield Fountain resided at the time of his death, being the land allotted to said Coffield Fountain, in the division of his father's lands containing 28 acres more or less

This February 17th, 1909.

G. M. T. FOUNTAIN, Commissioner of Court

Notice of Tax Purchase.

North Carolina,
Edgecombe County,

To C. W. Battle.

Take Notice; That, at a tax sale made by B. F. Dawson, Sheriff of Edgecombe County, on the 6th, day of July, 1908, said sale being made to collect the taxes levied for the year 1907 for State and County, I purchased the following piece or parcel of land, to-wit: Near the town of Battleboro, and lying in said County, and bounded on the South by the County road, on the East by the lands of J. W. Mason, on the North by the lands of M. C. Braswell, and on the West by the lands of H. B. Marriott and M. C. Braswell, upon which Lee Young now resides; being a lot of about an acre bought bought by J. W. Mason at a sale of R. C. Pope's land, and by the said Mason conveyed to the said C. W. Battle; that said land was listed on the tax list of Edgecombe County for the year 1907 in the name of C. W. Battle and taxed in his name for said year;; and that the time of redemption will expire on the 6th day of July, 1909.

March 12, 1909.

H. B. MARRIOTT.

THE AVENGE

(By Alvah Milton Kerr.)

His was that soiled, sunburned exterior common to the genus tramp; the invisible wells of his spirit held nothing astonishing enough. As an amateur geologist, I have often noted that the most surprising crystals and interesting deposits usually lie under the least alluring surfaces. Indeed, I had not fallen heir to the matter of his chronicle but for this hobby of mine; for, otherwise, I should have no doubt remained at my desk, pumping grumblingly at the dry fountains of legal inspiration, instead of leaving the preparation of Kalvig's case to Gimlet, my partner, and playing truant with nature beyond the limits of the town.

As it was, I found my "hobo" as I was pecking at the rocks with hammer and picks, I loitered through a dingle among the hills. He lay stretched out by a little scrap of fire in a veritable "tramps' nest," dreamily watching a black coffee pot simmering on the coals. Scattered about were rusty tin cans, old pans, a battered wash boiler and castoff clothing; overhead spread a green roof of crabtree boughs, while a brook, slipping down through the clump of crabs from its wanderings among the joints of the hills, gave off a pleasant warble.

Unobserved, I stood still a little, watching the vagabond. Frankly, to me a ruin of any sort is always interesting; it means history, tragedy, performance played out to the final end, a completed thing ready at last for analysis and the verdict. A tramp is something like that—always respecting the warfare and mystery of life, a promising bit of "pay dirt."

This one presently sat up, poked at the fire with his dilapidated shoe, and looked around at the blackened cooking utensils, at the ground, worn hard and smooth by the bodies of many houseless sleepers, and at a piece of board nailed to the trunk of a crabtree. Following his eyes with my own, I read, scrawled upon the board with charcoal, the ironical legend: "God bless Our Home!"

The sarcasm and humor of the thing smote me hard, and I burst out laughing.

The man turned a pair of big startled eyes to my face for an instant, a smile ran wrinkling through the stubble of beard about his mouth, and "Good morning," he said with a gentility nice enough for a prince. He got to his feet as I returned the salutation, pulled his ragged coat straight, doffed his battered hat, and bowed like a Chesterfield.

"Will you come in, sir?" he said, with a singularly mellow and agreeable voice. With a respectful obeisance and stately "Thank you," I walked in among the crabtrees as one might through the door of a mansion.

"Honor me, by being seated," he suavely said, waving his hand toward the ground, and I sat down on the dirt floor of the "nest" and took off my hat. We looked at each other a moment, grinned broadly and were acquainted.

Craving my pardon, he stepped to the brook, washed two tomato cans clean, and came back and filled them with coffee from the pot. Opening a bundle which lay at the root of a tree, he drew out several packages from one of which he poured some sugar into the cans of coffee, and proffered me one with great courtesy. We drank and as he reclined upon his elbow, drawing down the steaming beverage with slight grateful sighs, I scanned him narrowly. He was a long man, gaunt, tanned, rusty, with strong features and large eyes and large head, while out of the whole of him was spoken an inexplicable story of tragedy, of sin, or sorrow, or disappointment, or subtle knavery. I could not determine which. He was probably not over thirty years of age; at a casual glance he looked forty.

"Frankly," I said, "you interest me. I would give a pretty penny to know your history."

"Would you indeed? A tramp' history ought to be entertaining, eh? Well I'm in sore need of the 'penny' I assure you. In the present juncture of my affairs no man could well appreciate that more than I. But the story, you solicit isn't a pretty one, and you wouldn't believe it should I tell it to you."

He had a glib facility of words that surprised me. The more coffee he drank, the better he talked. Fixing me at times with eyes that grew lustrous and swimming with a kind of fire, but in the main looking away, as it might be, at a scenic transaction in the air, he went on: "I might prove it to you, I think; besides I have held the story long enough in silence. You shall have it for what it is worth. You will understand why at the end. You are a lawyer, are you not? Yes? I thought so. Well, I was a lawyer once, or maybe a doctor, or an artist, or an actor, or—it matters nothing— I was anything you care to guess but what I seem now."

He fell silent for a moment, staring at the ground with a smouldering glimmer of something, fun or fear, in his eyes. "You will doubtless think me troubled with a bad imagination," he said, "but a true remembrance of some facts is sufficient, without calling in the wizard Fancy. I was thinking where I should commence, if at the natural beginning of my story, or at the unnatural end, or the prosaic middle. Anyway, the tale need not be long. It shall be sufficient to say, as a preliminary, that once I found myself in Florida, partly from purpose partly as a fish might instinctively follow warming currents to an easy feeding ground. It was low down in the State, south even of Punta Rassa, where the green land melts away into the blue gulf that I began haunting a certain hotel. It was a huge airy structure, with pillared front and broad double galleries, and I think had once been a plantation house. At any rate, it was delightful, not being modern. Few structural creations are so execrable, from an artistic standpoint, as the usual resort hotel, you know."

I nodded assent, wondering more and more at this phenomenal vagrant. "Were you a—a tramp at that time?" I ventured.

"In the most extreme acceptation of that term," he replied with a dry kind of smile. "I didn't dare be else You see, I was a murderer—at least certain people in a certain town in a certain State thought I was which effected much the same thing. By the way, have you smoking tobacco with you?" He drew a pipe from somewhere among his rags.

"I usually stick some cigars in my pocket when I start out on a ramble," I said. "Yes, here they are. Have one."

He thanked me urbanely, and presently began to smoke, "It's nice," he said quietly, then after a moment's silence: "Yes it was an interesting building. I saw it from many quarters of the compass, for I spent days in its vicinity. You see, a mulatto kitchen employee of the hotel, developed an odd sort of compassion for me, and through her I found food plentiful. The building stood waist-deep in tropic greenery on a soft knoll, looking out on a broad forest covered country. From the upper gallery, I fancied one could see the gulf wrinkling its silver blue face miles away, and now and then catch the glint of a sail blowing in and out of Charlotta bay.

Many beautiful carriage roads wound here and there through the forest, and the balm of pines was always in one' nostrils.A lazy river came down from the north and loitered southward a couple of miles, debouched its waters into a cypress swamp covering thousands of acres of land. In this bewildering web of waterways—my mulatto friend told me this with far more impressiveness and lingual resource than I am capable of—lay a sort of island, and on this tiny sunken continent, as one gone out of the human world, lived a creature, half man and half devil. A crime committed elsewhere, so it was whispered, had sent him there, and isolation, remorse, and a wild beast mode of life had bred insanity in the man, coupled with wolfish savagarey and monkey cunning.

"Naturally, to the black people of the region, as well as to some of lighter skin, the rumored presence of such person in the swamp was a kind of daily nightmare. For three years, so the story went, he had been seen to occasionally now upon the river at night sending his canoe flying through the shadows, or less frequently, in the daytime, stealing out through the bayous into the open, and shooting his little craft back into the maze of liquid lanes of a human face. The landlord, a hardheaded northerner, affected a lofty contempt for the 'yarn,' it seems and the guests, who were in great part weekly people wintering in this sunny latitude accepted it sparingly, as one might of food that had a certain pleasurable fillip, yet ended in a grin that sent an unpleasant chill along the nerves. To me the tale was peculiarly awakening, for in my life had occurred that which made a case of this sort supremely interesting.

"I began to haunt the edge of the swamp, and before a week had elapsed I saw the man. He had fearsome aspect, a tangle of black hair, hanging about a yellow, sharp-nosed face, a half-naked figure, topped with a cap that looked to be the feathered breast-skin of a flamingo, and eyes that looked out from under it, startled, furtive, glittering. I got but a glimpse of him, for at sight of me he shot his canoe under a drooping screen of vines and vanished. It was small wonder that people feared the man, I reflected, seeing how ill was his look, and that the death of a hunter, found strangely disemboweled and floating in a bayous, had been attributed to him.

"That evening I lay housed in shadow at the foot of a terrace near the big house on the knoll, munching my tramp's supper from a newspaper, and watching the dusk close blue and gray upon the landscape. I was ruminating, rather sadly, I guess, for I remember that the grave case of the man in the swamp and my own outlawed state, set so close against the loud enjoyment of life in and about the big hostelry, caused my supper to choke me disagreeably.

"Later a tremendous copper moon came heaving over the world's rim to the eastward, and music struck up in the house and dancing began. For years I had never willingly witnessed or lingered within earshot of a ball, so bitter a memory flowed out of it. Even the sound of such a performance was painful to me. And now, with the first soft shuffle of feet, I got up and hurried down to the river and along its marge, until the music of the dance was no more than a vague whisper behind me.

"Then I sat down upon a bank of sward, and obedient to a common perversity, was presently considering the mental picture I wished to escape A thousand times I had sworn that I would think of it no more, and would entirely give over the harsh purpose of revenge which had grown out of it; but now the man in the swamp and the music of the dance brought all back with fresh horror and clearness.

"As if it were a part of yesterday, I remembered the black transaction, and with what inexpressible devilitry he did it." The speaker fell into a little silence, pecking at the ground near his hand with a bit of dead twig, and dwelling on the small business with apparently unseeing eyes. "You see," he went on, suddenly, "the man got possessed of the notion that his wife loved me; that was why he killed her. And yet he was utterly mistaken. She cared not a straw for me before she married him or afterward. She told me that frankly more than once. But she did like the way I waltzed; that was undeniable. In that way we seemed prepared for each other by nature, like the tones of a special chord of harmony.

"Even at this distance it moves me oddly to remember the sense of rhythm and perfect unison of motion when we floated together through the dance. But he didn't like it; quite naturally, perhaps, but nevertheless his jealousy was execrable. Had I loved the woman? Yes; he and I had secretly fought over her when we were boys together. Of course, I should have kept away from her entirely after their marriage, but that was hardly possible since we moved in the same social set. Well, in the end he forbade her going to balls where I was known to have been invited. Had he wholly understood her, he might have cared as little as she really cared for me. But men do not understand women, or rarely. Comprehending themselves so little, how can they?

"Well once he started away on a long journey, but secretly returned and found his young wife gone with a lady friend, and that friend's husband, to a dancing party. It chanced that I was at the party, and once during the evneing the young wife and I stood by a window in the conservatory, or a room that passed as such, after the single dance she had given me. The rooms were hot and we had gone to the window to rest and enjoy the cool air. There were other couples in the conservatory, but when these had gone back to join the dancers we lingered a little, looking out into the fragrant darkness for the house stood in a bower of greenery and flowers.

"As we turned to reenter the apartment where the waltz was in full play, her husband suddenly entered the conservatory through a door which led out on a narrow balcony. His face was purple and distorted, and his eyes glittered like an angry snake's. It's odd how devilish jealous rage makes a man look! We three were alone, and the wife sprang to meet him with out-stretched hands and beaming face, but he caught her roughly and turned her half way round as if to spurn her. In that position she eagerly lifted her lips to kiss him, turning her head back with white throat bare; but even while she lifted her lips, like a loving cup, to his, he struck a knife across her throat, and caught her up and laid her in my arms. I was literally baptized with her blood!

"'She seems bound to have you, so I give her to you!' he rasped out through his teeth. 'I hope you may enjoy your conquest!' and he turned, and, leering back over his shoulder, stepped out into the night through the door.

"I staggered back an instant, gasping, inarticulate with horror. Across this bit of hell the music of the dance went rippling. With a cry I dropped the dying woman on a divan and leaped after the man. My blood roared up through all my veins and boomed inside my skull; I seemed running through flames, so wild a craving to kill the man possessed me.

"The house stood on the outskirts of the town, with open fields beyond. Across these open spaces I sped after him through the moonlight. Once I came close to him. He paused just beyond a fence with the red knife lifted. I was unarmed, but I leaped With a quick movement he swept the fence and plunged at his throat, my feet from under me, and in a breath's time was on my chest with uplifted knife. 'I could kill you as well as not,' he panted, 'but you will look prettier dangling from the gallows' beam! Go back and answer to the law for the murder! No one has seen me, and by this time they are no doubt looking for you!' Then he sprang up and darted into a wood.

"Well, I hunted for him like a madman until morning, was then arrested, escaped the following night, disguised myself as a tramp, and began a life of vagabondage, looking always for him. It was, rather odd don't you think? the innocent man hunting for the murderer, the law hunting for the innocent man, the murderer being compassionately searched for by his mystified friends, while the guilty man himself was a fugitive from his own conscience and me. Yes, when I think of it now it seems odd.

"As you may easily surmise, memory of all this was big and bitter in me that night as I sat on the river's marge in Florida, hearing the faint music of the dance now and then like a haunting whisper at my ear. A band of moonlight lay across the bank and cut athwart the water like a satin ribbon, and presently I saw a human shape come into it from the direction of the house. It was the man of the swamp! He passed not ten feet from me, with fingers stopping his ears and wild eyes turned back over his shoulders toward the glowing building on the knoll. He might have served for a picture of Cain flying from Eden. Suddenly he stopped and listened, then, to my utter amazement, in a sort of pantomine, he rehearsed the tragedy of the conservatory. To me it was as vivid and real as a scene revealed by a burst of lightning. All the motions of it he accompanied with frightful words, ending in a high, empty rattle of laughter.

"There stood the man who had injured me beyond all expression—a fiend debased and demented by the largeness of his sin. With a burning throb of horror and rage I sprang up and confronted him. For a moment he seemed to shrink to the stature of an ape, shrieking and skirling and dividing his breath into little gasps, then suddenly dashed me flat, bounded over me and down the bank with incredible fleetness, leaped into a canoe at the water's edge, and shot out into the stream. A pistol, for him, always lay in my pocket, and I scrambled up, drew it, fired twice. At the second report I heard a kind of snarling cry; then the canoe passed into the shadow of trees down the opposite shore and was lost to view.

"There was no sleep for me that night. Do you think it a little thing that I had been an outcast for four years? That this man had barred the door of Paradise for me by wedding the woman I loved, and half slain her, and pushed the crime upon me? Do you doubt that I cared to put the blame where it belonged, and be a man among men again? Fancy one dying of thirst in a desert and never once dreaming of a drink from the cool spring that used to bubble under the hill by his boyhood home, or one lying in hell indifferent that others trod free and painless heaven's field of asphodel!

"Well, before daybreak, I was in a canoe at the swamp's edge, and with the first gleam of light drove eagerly into the watery tangle. In a moment I was as one in an alien world, a buried realm of liquid lanes flanked with brown tree trunks, that bore aloft a roof of matted vines and interlacing boughs through which the actual sunshine never shone. On all sides were writhing heaps of knotted cypress roots, and vines that leaped aloft like huge brown ropes and hung along the dim ceiling webbed and festooned with veils of silver moss. The air was a bluish twilight, the water like amber oil.

"I sat kneeling upon my knees in the canoe as I paddled a revolver and knife by my side. As I glanced along the fantastic tunnel, snakes slipped through the cypress knees and far and near, echoing through the oozy aisles, came the splash and snoring exploration of alligators. I may have progressed a mile or more, driving for the swamp's center, when I entered a broad pool over which the matted roof arched lofty and thin. The light was a green crystal in this leafy cavern, and out of it a path burrowed eastward on to solid and slightly higher ground. A canoe swung under drooping ferns at the marge, spotted here and there with crimson, like that from human veins. 'Ah,' thought I, 'this is the island, and this way went my friend of long ago—wounded, too!'

"I landed and with cocked revolver in hand proceeded stealthily along the path. For a short distance it plowed through verdure neck high, then wavered through a broad sweep of sunless wood and presently came to an open marsh, where thousands of ducks and web-footed creatures of many kinds were feeding. Here and there I saw snares and odd-looking traps for taking the feathered creatures, and farther on, the path having led me into the wood and to higher ground again, I came to as fantastic a habitation as fancy ever conceived. It seemed a sort of huge bird cage, with walls woven of pale yellow cane, and set thick with birds' wings. Out of this odd structure, through an opening in the top, two big vines went upward to the matted treetops, these vines being formed into a rude ladder by twisting withes back and forth between them, and letting out through a hole in the leafy roof to the sunshine, and doubtless glimpses of the distant sea.

"You may well believe that my heart hammered fast as I crept warily round this lair of crime engendered insanity. A definite intention or clear scheme of action was not mine at the moment, more than that I hungered with an appetite sharpened by years of starving bitterness, to stamp utterly out of existence this man who had blasted my life; beyond that getting evidence with which to clear I nursed a vgaue notion of somehow my reputation. Noiselessly, I lifted myself when I had gained the wall of the strange structure, and peered in through a slit in the plaited cane. A pitiful and shocking spectacle met my view. A kind of hammock hung across a part of the room, and all the interior of the walls seemed covered with splendid, many colored wings. There were odd, rustic chairs, a rude table and other curious things that insanity might have contrived.

"But the man! He was kneeling before a chair with wild eyes and such a face! God spare me such another sight! His left arm was severed at the elbow; the severed portion lay upon the table, a crimsoned knife lay upon the floor. Obviously he had amputated the arm where my bullet had shattered it the night before; how he staunched the arterial flow I do not know. He was praying not to God, but to his wife, whose life he had taken. And his words! They were a surely the most appealing that were ever wrung out of a human heart. All my rage and hunger for revenge fell flat in me. Though man had not been able to pronounce punishment upon this violator of the universal law, Nature, with an unfailing equity had pushd him down from the human plane he had forfeited, and made him one with the beasts. His abasement was inexpressible. A sense of the suffering he must have passed through to reach this deplorable plight came upon me, and melting with sudden compassion, I sprang to the door and called his name.

"No language that I might summon, no train of clauses ever formulated, could wholly picture the scene that followed. He leaped up and drew back, quivering with terror. 'Dead man, go to your grave!' he shouted. 'I have suffered enough! Why need you hunt me down? Isn't it enough that she should follow me with that red gap in her neck? She is screaming through the wound that you cannot rest as the dead should with the green rows rope still choking you! Why didn't they remove the noose when they buried you? Then you both might sleep and let me be! Back! Go back!

"He stood against the wall, the spirit's bird wings above and about him, his frame writhing and crouching, his features working ghastly. I put out my hands toward him and tried to speak my compassion, when with a cry he bounded past me out the door and fled straight and blindly onward into the morass. I ran to the edge, and a great cloud of marsh birds flew upward with a roar their breasts gleaming white in the sunshine. Below them I saw the man go down into the water and ooze, his hand and maimed arm in the air, his wild face toward me. In a moment all that remained was the white birds circling to settle again, and bubbles blinking like dying eyes where the man went down. Nature had performed an execution, and strangely humbled by the sight, I stood alone in the waste."

The "hobo" got up and moved toward the bundle lying at the root of the crabtree. With a sigh I stared at the ground."It's a wild story," I said. "Pardon me if I say I find it hard to believe."

Without a word, he brought a round object and unrolled it from a covering of oilcloth and leadfoil before me. I sprang up in amazement. It was the severed forearm and hand of a man!

"That is what was left lying on the table in the swamp," he said. "Do you see what is tattoed on the arm? 'I killed my wife. J. W. B.' and here on the third finger of the hand is his seal ring, with his initials 'J. W. B.' cut in the stone! With this I expect to prove my innocence. Now, I have come to the object of all these words, the 'pretty penny' you mentioned. I need fifty dollars to get quickly to my destination, that justice at last may be done me. You see my pitiful case; do I appeal to you in vain?"

"Wrap up the terrible thing," I said with a shudder. "In what town was the original crime committed, and what is your name?"

"In Springfield, this State, February 11, 1892. My name is Paul Bethune," he answered, looking me squarely in the eyes.

I drew out my pocketbook and handed him twenty dollars, leaving myself but a bit of change. "Less than half of that will pay your way to Springfield," I said, nodding toward the bill in his fingers.

For answer he grasped my hand and wrung it, his lips working, his eyes glistening. Seemingly he dared not trust himself to speak lest he should burst out crying. Hurriedly rolling his traps together he drew the bundle under his arm and started down the path toward the highway. Suddenly, he turned. "Watch the newspapers of Springfield," he said. "When I arrive at home there will be a sensation. You may expect the return of your loan in a few days. Good-by."

He disappeared, but in a few minutes reappeared, turning eastward upon the highway, and as the sunlight fell full in his face I saw that he was either crying or grinning. I could not tell which. When he had gone out of sight I stood wondering. I am wondering still. Months have gone, and the press at Springfield has made no reference to the vindication of my "hobo." I have questioned myself, if I heard clearly what he said about the State, for it appears there are Springfields in other; what then? Did he weave the commonwealths. If I did hear correct story out of his fancy? As a mendicant was he simply a genius playing skillfully upon human sympathy? But there was the amputated arm! How did he come by that? Was the man a murderer. I cannot believe it. Possibly "hoboism" had become the fixed habit of his life, and when it came to the final pinch he preferred the freedom of vagabondage to the shackles of respectability and care. Who knows? Should this record fall under the eye of one who is able to add the final word to this story the chief object in committing it to paper shall have been attained.

The End.

The "Romance of Bored Young Men, will be commenced next week.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

The finest, most tasteful and wholesome biscuit, cake and pastry are made with Royal Baking Powder, and not otherwise.

Royal is the only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Died.

At Fountain Cotton Mills, this morning, Elisha Hales, of near Pinetops. He had been staying with his sister, Mrs. W. E. Felton, who had been nursing him while sick. He was 51 years old. Funeral will take place at the house tomorrow afternoon at 3:30, and interment at 4 o'clock in Greenwood cemetery.

For More Teachers and Better Schools.

Harmony Council, No. 46, Daughters of Liberty of this place, in session March 15th, 54 members present, unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

1st. We, regard the buildings now used for Public school purposes both insufficient and dangerous.

We also consider the present existing educational facilities very inadequate, and far short of what is needed.

And, as we regard the education of the youth of the county our first obligation and withal our highest privilges, we therfeore pledge ourselves to heartily support the measure now before the citizens of No. 1 township, Edgecombe county to issue bonds to create a fund to erect adequate buildings for said township, and supply a sufficient number of teachers for the children.

A committee was also appointed by said Council to work with a like committee to be appointed by the Jr. O. U. A. M., to strengthen the efforts of the citizens to secure the establishment of such schools. Respectfully submitted.

W. A. Ferrell,
F. A. Williams,
(Miss) Vanna Langley,
J. J. Lewis,
S. S. Johnson,
(Mrs.) George Lewis,
(Miss) Clara Morris.
Committee For Harmony Council.

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, a Certain relief for Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and destroy Worms. They break up Colds in 24 hours. They are so pleasant to the taste and harmless as milk. Children like them. Over 10,000 testimonials of cures. They never fail. Sold by all druggists. 25c. Ask today. Don't accept any substitute.

TWO THINGS MUCH DESIRED.

They Have an Intimate Connection Also.

Of decided and far-reaching importance to the community are two propositions that our people will decide the first week in April. The first and greatest, is to vote to improve the schools, for better buildings and more teachers. This means much to us now and most especially in the future.

Tarboro is not behind other towns in the excellence of its schools, but we have reached the point where buildings are inadequate as well as not sanitary, so that we must go forward and improve, or the children now growing up will suffer.

The other is the new series in the Edgecombe Homestead & Loan Association.

The better our school facilities, the more people will seek Tarboro for a home to give their children the advantage of educations.

The greater the number of people who come here to reside, the greater number of homes will be necessary so reader, you can see that our building and loan is complementary to the other.

It is a home builder. You may not want to build yourself, but others will, so it behooves you to take stock to help on this homebuilding. You are not urged to do this out of charity. Every dollar you pay into the Association, you will receive back with usury or if that word offends with good interest. You will have the consolation in becoming a stockholder, in knowing that you have aided others in building and owning homes, and at the same time have derived a pecuniary profit.

A quarter a week for six years and a quarter means $100 to you or any one who takes stock. The money paid in weekly is lent to persons who would have homes.

The two go together, you see. Better and enlarged schools will create a decided demand for houses. You see, and all of us owe it to our community to aid in supplying this need, and especially so when we can do it at a profit.

Leggett Locals.

Miss Vernon Fountain has returned to Raleigh to resume her studies, after a pleasant visit to home people.

C. L. Fountain is north purchasing his spring stock.

Miss M. D. House, of Scotland Neck spent the week-end with Miss Vernon Fountain.

J. Pittman spent Sunday with his brother, Roland at Epworth.

Mrs. E. B. Long and little son, of Speed are here spending sometime with her mother, Mrs. Jno. Mayo.

Albert Peacock spent a few days here this week with his wife and children, who are spending sometime with the latter's mother, Mrs. M. E. Fountain.

Mrs. T. F. Lawrence is on the sick list.

Mrs. Frank Savage spent Sunday here with relatives.

Miss Eula Johnston spent the week-end with her parents, near Whitakers

If the weather continues fair, people here will soon be ready to begin planting corn.

March 18th, 1909.

DOUBLE S.

Short Weight Flour.

A quantity of flour shipped from Virginia to Wake Forest has been seized in Raleigh by the United States marshall under orders from Inspector Wagner, of the Agricultural Department of the United States governmen the seizure being for short weight. This is the first seizure made in this action, the inspections having very recently started. It is expected that other seizures will follow, as short weight packages of flour and other supplies are said to be sold all over the State. The State Agricultural Department will begin a similar inspection July 1, under the provisions of an act of the recent Legislature, and Commissioner Graham says that he has knowledge of violation at a number of places. The most general violation as in the present case, is putting up of ten pound for twelve The seized stock is forfeited to the government.

Near Death in Big Pond.

It was a thrilling experience to Mrs. Ida Soper to face death. "For years a severe lung trouble gave me intense suffering," she writes, "and several times nearly caused my death All remedies failed and doctors said I was incurable. Then Dr. King's New Discovery brought quick relief and a cure so permanent that I have not been troubled in twelve years." Mrs. Soper lives in Big Pond, Pa., It works wonders in Coughs, Colds, Sore Lung Hemorrhages LaGrippe, Asthma Croup Whooping Cough and all Bronchial affections, 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by W. H. Macnair.

VARIETY STORE

Next to C. J. Austin's.

A Line of Umbrellas

37C

Special for Saturday.

A Special Line of 10 cent Goods.

See the Stock of Lace.

W. T. Deans.

M. P. MANNING, DENTIST.

In rear of Cook's Temple Pharmacy after January 24.

dw10w

—Select you a pair of Crossett Shoes. A complete line for Spring. Just received. Roberson Supply Co. 12tf.