

# The Tarboroan Southerner.

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

VOL. 88. NO 49

TARBORO, N. C. THURSDAY DECEMBER 8, 1910.

ESTABLISHED 1822

## Tutt's Pills

After eating persons of a bilious habit will derive great benefit by taking one of these pills. If you have been DRINKING TOO MUCH, SICK HEADACHE, indigestion which follows, restore the appetite and remove gloomy feelings. Elegantly sugar coated. Take No Substitute.

**NATHAN WILLIAMS,**  
Notarial Artist and Hired Clerk,  
Tarboro, N. C.  
Two doors from Bank of Tarboro

**J. FRANK LILES,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
Practices in State and Federal Courts

**MEMBERS OF THE PEOPLE'S MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.**  
Will take notice that I can be found at my office. This is the cheapest insurance in the country and absolutely reliable.

**F. H. PENDER**

**JEFF D. JENKINS,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Tarboro, N. C. Phone No. 111

**DR. A. WHITEHEAD,**  
Surgeon Dentist,  
Tarboro, N. C.  
Hours 9 to 1 and 2 to 5

**DR. DON WILLIAMS,**  
Surgeon Dentist,  
Tarboro, N. C.

**Sitrous Oxide and Oxygen Gas**  
administered in the extraction of teeth. Tarboro

**CIVIL ENGINEER**  
**JOHN J. WELLS**  
Rocky Mount, N. C.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Having this day qualified as administrator with the will of the estate of George R. Gammon, deceased, late of the County of Edgecombe, notice is hereby given all persons holding claim against said estate to present them to me properly verified for payment on or before the 3rd day of November 1911 or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to me or my attorneys. This 27 day of October 1910.

**C. L. FOUNTAIN, adm'r** of  
Gerge R. Gammon  
Fountain & Fountain attorneys,  
Rocky Mount, N. C.

### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

E. L. Roberson administrator of the estate of J. R. Satterthwaite, late of Edgecombe county, having died and the undersigned having qualified as administrator de bonis non, notice is hereby given to all that all claims against the estate must be presented to me as required by law for such cases made and provided and that a failure to do so will be plead in bar of recovery.

Those indebted to the estate will also as per same notice be held to immediate settlement.

**J. C. Little, adm. d. b. n.**  
**W. O. Howard, atty.**

### Office Days.

I will be at my office in the courthouse on Mondays and Saturdays of each week.

**W. H. Pittman, county Sup. Education.**

### Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that David Lawrence, late of the County of Edgecombe is dead, and that I, George Lawrence of said County of Edgecombe and State of North Carolina, have duly and legally qualified as administrator on the estate of said David Lawrence. All creditors of said estate will present their claims to me on or before November 24th, 1911, or else this notice will be plead in bar of recovery. Notice is also hereby given to those who are indebted to said estate to settle with me a once for their said indebtedness.

This 24th day of November, 1910

**GEORGE LAWRENCE, adm'r**

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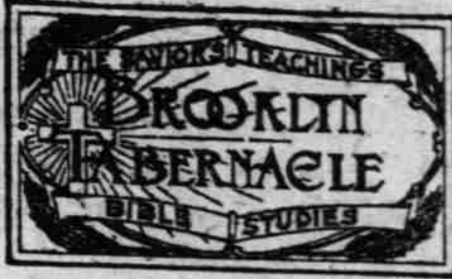
Having qualified as administrator of William E. DeBrale late of Edgecombe county, notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against my intestate to present them duly proven on or before Sept. 24, 1911 or this notice will be plead in bar of recovery.

All indebted to the estate must make immediate settlement.

**G. W. Wells, adm.**

## CHICHESTER'S PILLS

**DIAMOND BRAND**  
Refuse all Substitutes.  
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S PILLS IN RED AND GOLD WRAP. These pills are made with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy 4 for 25 cents and get CHICHESTER'S PILLS IN RED AND GOLD WRAP. Sold by ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE TESTED



### THE PRINCE OF LIFE CRUCIFIED

Matthew 27:33-50—December 11

"He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities."—Isa. 53:5.

THE trial of Jesus really took place shortly after his arrest, but on account of the Law requiring a death sentence to be passed in daylight, a morning meeting of the Sanhedrin was appointed, which, in a perfunctory manner, confirmed the high priest's decision of the night before, that Jesus had blasphemed the Creator when he claimed that he had come into the world in accord with the Creator's long-promised plan that he should redeem Israel and the world from the death sentence, that in God's Kingdom for the blessing of Israel and all the families of the earth. The matter was rushed through lest the gathered multitude, who had shouted, "Hosanna to the Son of David," when Jesus rode upon the ass five days before, should undertake again to proclaim him King. No execution could take place during the Passover week. And if Jesus were held a prisoner they knew not what might happen to him or to them. They had, therefore, but a few hours in which to carry out the plan which they believed would rid their country of a



Jesus, before Herod, stripped in the gorgeous robe and being led to the way of the Jews.

man whom they considered a deceiver and one likely to get them into trouble with the Government at Rome.

The Sanhedrin had authority to judge the people along the lines of their law, but was prohibited from executing the death penalty. Hence it was necessary, after the condemnation of the Sanhedrin, to take the case before Pilate, the Roman Governor. Realizing that Pilate would not recognize blasphemy as a cause for death, the charge against Jesus, before Pilate, was a totally different one, namely, that Jesus was a seditious and raiser of disturbance; that he claimed to be a king and that his freedom was inimical to the interests of the Roman Empire. The foolishness and the hypocrisy of such a charge were too apparent to need any further explanation. Pilate perceived that for envy they were delivering him—because he and his teachings were having more influence with the common people than could be exercised by the chief priests and scribes. Pilate relieved himself of responsibility by declaring that he was a Roman and that he was in Galilee, King Herod, the Governor of Galilee, should have the jurisdiction of the case, which he was glad to get rid of.

### Jesus Before King Herod

This was an unexpected difficulty, but Herod's palace was not far distant. He was glad of the opportunity to see Jesus, of whose miracles he had heard much. As he looked at the Master's noble features and beheld in him purity and gentle dignity, it must have seemed ridiculous that such a person should be arraigned as a seditious and a man dangerous to the interests of the peace of the country. After a few taunting words and jests, Pilate guards took a hand with the one whom their master treated flippantly. They put upon him a purple robe and a crown of thorns and mocked at his unkingly appearance. Then Herod declared to act in the case and sent the prisoner back to Pilate, perhaps feeling that he had had a sufficiency of trouble in connection with the blasphemy of John the Baptist a year or so before. The matter was a joke between Herod and Pilate—dealing with the case of a man claimed to be so dangerous that he must die, when he manifestly was so pure and innocent that the weakest would be safe with him.

### Pilate's Perplexity Increased

Pilate was disappointed when Jesus was brought back to his court. The case was an unpleasant one to settle. The prisoner manifestly was innocent of any crime, yet his accusers were the most prominent men in the nation and city over which he had charge. Their good will must be preserved, if possible, and they were evidently bent on the murder of their innocent captive under the form of legality. What a pity it is that religion has been so often misrepresented by her votaries in every age of the world! A lesson which we should never forget is to search the motives and intentions of our own hearts, that we be not led into the

Cleanness is the first law of health, inside as well as outside. Lot Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea be your intestinal cleanser; then your organs will be pure and clean. Start your health good, your system right. It's tonight. Edgecombe Drug Co.

Pork sausage received daily. Hub Grocery Co.

### A WEDDING TOMBSTONE

The Day's Story.

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So you never heard tell of Melinda Barbour's wedding tombstone? said grandma in a tone of surprise.

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My grandmother would not be persuaded to leave the home that had been hers for 50 years and which now showed some signs of decay. She sat knitting vigorously by the firelight for although she had all the modern conveniences of heating and light, her big fireplace cast its ruddy glow out into the room through all the long winter evenings. I was an singular schoolgirl of 15 then with a great love of the romantic and was on a four weeks' visit at the old homestead. It seemed never to occur to grandma that having been raised in a different part of the country the happenings of Ragged Corner (where she lived) would naturally be unknown to me. She always expressed fresh surprise at my ignorance on these subjects. After knitting a few minutes in silence she began:

"You've seen the old stone house down on the bank of the river, all shut in with pines and evergreens? It's a high a hundred years old. When I was born it had been built ten years. When I was a young married woman the Barbours came to live there and they were proud, high-falootin' people that nobody could get acquainted with. That's what made 'em take it so dread full when—but here I am, way ahead of my story. You see Mr. Barbour embezzled or did something of that kind and went to prison. After he had been there a year he up and hung himself and that was the last of him so far as my story goes."

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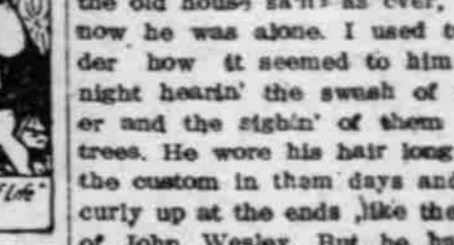
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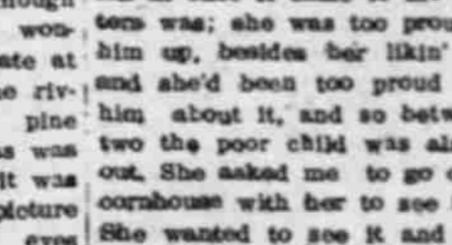
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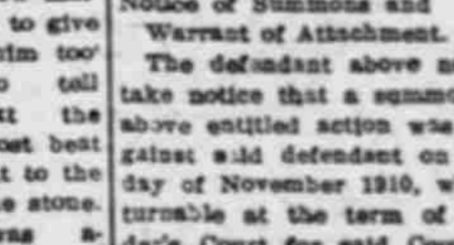
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I confessed the most abject ignorance and immediately drew up to the fire. This was partly to gain information and partly because although the fireplace was wide and deep and the big logs were blazing in it, there were biting draughts of stinging November air coming in at the loosely fitting door.

My grandmother would not be persuaded to leave the home that had been hers for 50 years and which now showed some signs of decay. She sat knitting vigorously by the firelight for although she had all the modern conveniences of heating and light, her big fireplace cast its ruddy glow out into the room through all the long winter evenings. I was an singular schoolgirl of 15 then with a great love of the romantic and was on a four weeks' visit at the old homestead. It seemed never to occur to grandma that having been raised in a different part of the country the happenings of Ragged Corner (where she lived) would naturally be unknown to me. She always expressed fresh surprise at my ignorance on these subjects. After knitting a few minutes in silence she began:

"You've seen the old stone house down on the bank of the river, all shut in with pines and evergreens? It's a high a hundred years old. When I was born it had been built ten years. When I was a young married woman the Barbours came to live there and they were proud, high-falootin' people that nobody could get acquainted with. That's what made 'em take it so dread full when—but here I am, way ahead of my story. You see Mr. Barbour embezzled or did something of that kind and went to prison. After he had been there a year he up and hung himself and that was the last of him so far as my story goes."

"Then his wife and little boy shut themselves up in the stone house and never went outside the gate hardly. She'd had a good deal of schooling, his mother had and she taught him herself as long as she could and then he bought books and studied by himself. He tried going to school when he was a small boy, but one of the scholars threw it at him about his father, and after that his mother kept him at home. And she was such a proud woman, was Mrs. Barbour and lofty and severe in her ways. She wouldn't let nobody sympathize with her while everybody wanted to, as there's got little every body in a place like Ragged Corner. Mrs. Barbour was real selfish with her grief, so she got herself disliked, besides folks being suspicious after the way her husband turned out. What did they live on? Oh, the boy farmed it, and later on they do say he wrote books and what they call natural history, though to my mind it was the most unuseful stuff I ever heard of—all about beetles and bugs with three hundred muscles in their heads and as could carry twelve hundred times their own weight on their own backs which everybody knows he must have got up as he went along. They were dreadfully taken up with each other, he and his mother and she believed everything he said was so, even about the bugs and beetles. But she was his own born mother, and that explains it."

"When she died, Mortimer liked to vent crazy. He planted her grave with vio