

THE WILSON ADVANCE.

By The Advance Publishing Company—

'LET AL' THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S.'

—Josephus Daniels Manager

WILSON, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 24, 1882.

VOL. 12.—NO. 9

The Wilson Advance.

WILSON, FRIDAY, March 24th, 1882.

POETRY.

GOIN' HOME TO-DAY.

BY WILL CARLTON.

My business on the jury's done—the
jubbin' all is through
I've watched the lawyers right and
left, and given my verdict true;
I look so long upon my chair, I
thought I would grow in;
And if I do not know myself,
they'll get me there again.
But now the courts adjourned for
good, and I have got my pay,
I'm losin' my best, and thank the
lord, I'm going home to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy, like, since
the first day I became down;
It is an awkward game to play the
gentleman in town;
And this "ere Sunday suit of mine" on
Sunday rightly sits;
But when I wear the stuff a week,
A somehow galls and frets,
I'd rather wear my homespun rig of
pepper, salt and gray—
I'll have to put on half a jiff when I
get home to-day.

The mornin' that I came away we
had a little bout;
I scolded took my hat and left be-
fore the show was out.
For what I said was naught wherast
she ought to take offence,
And she was always quick at words
and ready to commence;
But then she's first one to give up
when she has had her say,
And she will meet me with a kiss
when I go home to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out,
as well as any one—
As well as any woman could—to see
that things was done;
For though Melinda, when I'm there
won't let her foot out doors,
she's very careful when I'm gone
to tend to all the chores;
But nothing prospers half so well
when I go off to stay,
And I will put things into shape
when I get home to-day.

My little boy, I'll give him leave to
metch his eye, if you
He's fun to see him strut about, and
try to be a soldier;
The most, cheerful little chap you'll
ever want to see—
And then they laugh because I
think the child resembles me.
The little rascal goes for me like
robbers for their prey;
He'll turn my pockets inside out
when I get home to-day.

My little girl can't contrive how it
should happen that
That old fella pick that sweet
peppery and ding it down to us;
My wife, she says that had some face
will someday make a star;
And then I laugh, because she
thinks the child resembles her.
She'll meet me half way down the
hill, and kiss me any way;
And light my heart up with her
smiles when I go home to-day.

—Edw. B. Hall.

Saved by a Kiss

A very remarkable case of what
might be called bringing a child back
to life, says the Louisville Courier
Journal, occurred recently at the resi-
dence of Mr. Joseph Meyer, Mr. Meyer
has two children, one a boy about
ten years old and the other a little
girl about two months old. This baby,
which usually appeared healthy, was
taken suddenly ill one night with
something like convulsions, and came
very near dying before medical aid
could be secured. Dr. Henderson was
called in and gave the child some
medicines to relieve it, not thinking,
however, that it could possibly live.
He then left, but returned again the
following morning. When he reached
the house the child was barely breath-
ing, and in a few moments afterwards
it expired. The doctor then examined
the appearance of the child, and the
face assumed the hue of death, the
lips dropped, limbs relaxed, and the
eyes became glazed. The doctor ex-
amined the pulse and listened for the
beating of the heart but failing to find
any signs of life, pronounced the child
dead. It lay thus for ten minutes,
when the members of the family group-
ed around the bed lamenting, as is us-
ual in such cases. The little girl's
mother, who was just old enough to
understand the situation, and who
seemed to be greatly grieved, sudden-
ly stepped from the circle and ap-
proached the supposed corpse, leaned
over and imprinted a kiss upon the
pale lips. The baby's mouth was
slightly open, and in kissing her
the boy blew his breath down her
throat. The little girl suddenly moved
the child gave several sudden gasps,
and then commenced to breathe,
and very feebly at first, and
gradually stronger until respira-
tion became almost natural. Every
one around was terribly astonished at
this untold recovery. Back from the
bed, and did not seem to realize
the fact until the child had been breath-
ing half an hour. It is still alive and
rapidly improving.

How They Kiss.

The Maine girl, tall and ruddy, kisses
as though she were taking an im-
pression in the chewing-gum of her
native State. The Massachusetts girl
kisses in the Greek style, flavored
with brown bread. The New York
girl goes at it as if she were dabbling
in a Wall Street speculation. The
kiss of the New England girl is fiery
as a taste of applejack, but her
Jersey lightning. Little Delaware's
girlsmen, as soft as the peaches which
grow there. A Maryland kiss is rich
and juicy as a terrapin stew. In the
Old Dominion you are met with a gen-
uine hospitality; the girls kiss as if
though they wanted you to stay. The
Ohio girls described as possessing
the comprehensive qualities of the
Ohio meadow, which you can get
and get all the year around. A Louisiana
kiss is said to be like eating sugarcane,
while North Carolina girls kiss like
tar. —Atlanta Constitution. And taste
like honey, you should have said.

An Ex-Congressman's Story.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle:
A late United States Consul at one
of the English island ports, who is
now a private resident of New York,
relates the following interesting story.
He objects, for private reasons, to
having his name published, but au-
thorizes the writer to substantiate his
statement, and if necessary, to refer
to him, in his private capacity, any
person seeking such reference. In re-
ply to his wishes, I heroby present his
statement in almost the exact
language in which he gave it to me,
C. M. FARMER,
1020 Third Avenue, New York.

"On my last voyage home from
England, some three years ago, in one
of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one
morning, after a few days out of port,
a young man hobnobbing about on the
upper deck, supported by crutches and
screaming with extreme diffi-
culty and in little pain. He was well-
dressed and of exceedingly handsome
countenance, but his limbs were some-
what emaciated and his face very shal-
low and bore the traces of long suffer-
ing. As he seemed to have no attend-
ant or companion, he at once attracted
my sympathies, and I went up to
him as he lay on the floor, his back
against the railing of the deck, which
the steamer was making."
"Excuse me, my young friend," I
said, touching him gently on the
shoulder, "you appear to be an invalid
and hardly able or strong enough to
trust yourself unattended on an
ocean voyage; but if you require any
assistance I am a doctor and healthy
men I need not be glad to help you."
"You are very kind," he replied in
a weak voice, "but I require no present
aid beyond my crutches, which enable
me to pass from my stateroom up
here to get the benefit of the sun-
shine and the sea breeze."

"You have been a great sufferer, no
doubt," said I. "I judge that you have
been afflicted with that most trouble-
some disease, rheumatism, whose
prevalence and intensity seem to be
unusually increasing both in Eng-
land and America."
"You are right," he answered; "I
have been its victim for more than a
year, and after failing to find relief
from medical skill have lately tried
that I need not be glad to help you."

"You are right," he answered; "I
have been its victim for more than a
year, and after failing to find relief
from medical skill have lately tried
that I need not be glad to help you."

"There was a pathos in his speech,
which affected me profoundly, and
awakened in me a doctor's sympathy
that I had no words to
assuage him, and stood silently
beside him watching the snowy wake
of the ship. While thus standing my
thoughts reverted to a child a year
old, — a neighbor of mine residing
near my consulate residence, who had
been cured of a most obstinate case of
rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil,
and I remembered that the steward of
the ship had told me the day before
that he had cured himself of a very
severe attack of the gout in New York
just before his last voyage by using the
same remedy. I at once left my young
friend and went below to find the
steward. I not only found him but
discovered that he had a bottle of
St. Jacobs Oil in his locker, which he had
carried across the ocean in case of
another attack. He readily parted
with it on my representation, and
burying up again, I soon persuaded
the young man to allow me to take
him to his berth and apply the remedy;
after doing so I covered him up snugly
in bed and requested him not to get
up until I should see him again.
That evening I returned to my
stateroom and found him sleeping
peacefully and breathing gently. I
roused him and inquired how he felt.
"Like a new man," he answered with
a grateful smile. "I feel no pain and
am able to stretch my limbs without
difficulty. I think I'll get up. No, don't
get up tonight, I said, but let me rub
you again with the Oil, and in the
morning you will be able to go above."
"All right," he said, laughing. "I then
applied the Oil again, rubbing his
knees, ankles and arms thoroughly,
until he said he felt as if he had a
mashed potato all over his body.
I then left him at the steward's
when I went upon deck for a breezy
promenade, according to my custom,
I found my patient waiting for me
with a smiling face, and without his
crutches, although he limped in his
movements, but without pain. I
don't think I ever felt so happy in my
life. To make a long story short, I
returned home to-day during the rest
of the voyage—some four days—ap-
plying the oil every night, and guarding
him against too much exposure to the
fresh and damp breezes, and on land-
ing at New York, he was able, with-
out assistance, to mount the hotel
omnibus, and go to the Astor House.
I called on him two days later, and
found him actually engaged in pack-
ing his trunk, preparatory to starting
West for his home, that evening.
With a bright and grateful smile he
welcomed me, and pointing to a little

box carefully done up in thick brown
paper, which stood upon the table, he
said: "My good friend, can you guess
what that is?" I answered, "No," he
laughed—"that is a dozen bottles of
St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just pur-
chased from Hudson, the druggist,
across the way, and I am taking them
home to show my good mother what
has saved her son's life and restored
limb to her in health. And with it I
would like to carry you along also, to
show her the face of him, without
whom, I should probably never have
tried it. If you should ever visit the
little village of St. Louis, in Missouri,
Charlie Townsend and his mother
will welcome you to their little home,
with hearts full of gratitude, and they
will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs
Oil enshrined in a silver and gold
casket, which shall keep as a parlor
ornament as well as a memento of our
meeting on the Cunard steamer."
"We parted, after an hour's pleasant
chat with mutual good-will and best-
wishes, and a few weeks afterwards I received
a letter from him telling me he was
in perfect health and containing many
grateful expressions of his affectionate
regards." —Brooklyn Eagle.

Another Glimpse at Gaiter's.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—Through
the courtesy of Gen. Crocker, Warden
of the jail, a representative of the *Sun*
was admitted to Gaiter's cell on Satur-
day. The prisoner has improved in ap-
pearance remarkably since his
trial. His complexion is clear and
shows the glow of health and good
living without excess. While upon
close view there is a peculiarity in the
expression of Gaiter's eye, it is not
sufficiently noticeable to attract atten-
tion under ordinary circumstances. He
wears a new suit of dark clothing,
fresh linen, and a white-striped soft
hat, keeping the latter constantly up-
on his head, even in the presence of
lady visitors. Two cells are at his
disposal, one of which he uses as an
office and the other as a sleeping apart-
ment. The office is furnished with
several chairs, a desk and writing ma-
terials. The prisoner said he was
well treated by everybody. He had
numerous visitors, from whom he re-
alized \$25 to \$50 per day by the sale of
autographs and photographs. He ex-
hibited four pictures in different posi-
tions, recently taken, saying he pre-
ferred those in which the legal was
turned to the side. These give the
countenance an expression that is not
natural to it. The process of this
transformation he means of supply-
ing various comforts and the daily
newspaper. Judging by the testi-
mony on his trial, the prisoner has em-
ployed to get along in the past, he is
in no way better off now than he
has been a long while. He reads
pretty much all that is published
about himself, and is very fond of
fruit and buys a great deal of it. He
disapproves of Mrs. Sewell's letter to
Mrs. Garfield and President Arthur
and has notified her not to write any
more letters in his behalf. In refer-
ence to his prospects, Gaiter said
confidently: "We expect relief from
the court in June. I have retained
Gen. B. F. Butler and Judge Merrick,
of Maryland, as counsel, and will se-
cure a new trial." He hoped Mr.
Conkling would accept the seat on the
supreme bench for the good of the
country. Gaiter is anxious to have
a new book published, which will
contain a revision of his work on the
Bible, a sketch of his life and an
abstract of the trial. He is desirous that
a Baltimore house should publish it,
and says he is losing no day while
it remains unprinted. At parting
the prisoner said: "I will give you my
sentiment." And he scribbled a bill
of paper the words, "The Republic
party—wrecked by Garfield, saved by
Gaiter's inspiration and Arthur's
statesmanship. Tell the readers of the
Sun that I am well and happy,
and have no apprehensions of any
other condition either here or here-
after." His manner is cordially re-
fractory to anything that would indicate
that he did not feel as well as he
replies to all interrogations with
promptness and decision, and speaks
freely upon any topic introduced. When
visitors appear at the door of his
cell, he invites them to enter, en-
couraging the timid with the assu-
rance that he will not hurt them. He
displays the air of a wise man of af-
fairs, much earnest and entirely sane,
entertaining visitors as would become
a man in the position of a host per-
fectly at ease.

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fairs, much earnest and entirely sane,
entertaining visitors as would become
a man in the position of a host per-
fectly at ease.

A young lady having made the original
remark that "the goodie young"
a conceited and bald-headed old man
asked: "If that is so, how do you
account for me?" The looked at his
bald pate critically, and answered:
"Oh, I suppose that you dyed young
too!"

Sentor Sawyer is one of the wisest
men in Congress. Not long since
he called his daughters to him and
said: "My children, you know that
I am a rich man now, but you also
know that riches are apt to take you
to themselves and fly away, so I would
feel much happier about your future
if I felt certain that you could take
care of yourselves if I should lose my
money and be unable to provide for
you. Now, to please me, would you
learn to make your own clothes and
cook a good dinner?" Not long
afterwards they invited their parents
and a few friends to an elaborate din-
ner which they had cooked unaided,
and on that occasion they wore dresses
of their own making. The delighted
father gave each girl a check for \$5,000.

No patent required to catch the
rheumatism. A cold and inattention
to it, and you have it—the rheu-
matism. We cure ours with St.
Jacobs Oil. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A man is like a fog when he is an
extreme mist.
Cesar was just as bitter as the Gaul
he conquered.
Fritz has named his dog Non Se-
quitur, because it does not follow.
The "four of a kind" said the gam-
bler, softly, as he dealt himself all
the aces in the pack.

What is that mothe? It is the Leg
islature, my child. What does it do
mother? It repeals acts passed by the
former Legislature, my child.
The good that men do may be in-
terred with their bones, but when he
finds the second world printed rules
he talks like a burly pirate for five
minutes.

Some one who has been there re-
marks that a young author lives in an
attic because one is rarely able to live
on his first story.
An aesthetic poet writes: This mus-
sicles with lips of flame, but when he
found the second world printed rules
he talked like a burly pirate for five
minutes.

In the mountains—Arabella (whose
soul is wrapped in science: "Charles,
don't kiss me." Charles (who is
deeply interested in Arabella: "Nice!
It's delicious."
"Yes," said the farmer, "barbed
wire fence is expensive, but the hired
man doesn't stop and rest for five
minutes on the top of it every time he
has to climb it."

Mustapha Bey, the ruler of Tunis,
bought 100,000 umbrellas while in
Paris. He is bound to have one
around when wanted. Mustapha is
evidently preparing for a long reign.
The chap who went sea poon begin-
ning "When twilight down was
falling 'till upon the rose leaf," has
since married Rosa Lee, and now the
weekly date are falling fast upon
him.

At a recent school examination the
school teacher was asked how many
pounds there were in a ton.
He was sharp enough to reply, "May-
beyou think I'm going to give it away
and get licked when I go home?"

The Philadelphia magazine editor
who printed Edward Everett Hale's
"Man without a country," as a new
thing, profits that an editor can't be
expected to be familiar with every-
thing in English literature. That is
what the country editor who pub-
lished Longfellow's "Excelsior" is
the product of a gifted young poet said

—Old Aunt Sukey, who lives on
Austin Avenue, is known to be the
stingiest woman in the city. Old
Moore cut up a load of tough oak wood
for her a few days ago and she refused
to pay him more than a quarter, about
half the usual price. "Aunt Sukey,"
said Moore, "I wish you had been in
the Garden of Eden instead of here."
"What do you mean, Uncle Moose?"
"Nuffin," said the little one, proud-
ly displaying her knowledge.

—A Gentleman of Port Jervis, N. Y.
has a family of three or four little girls.
Now long since the children were talk-
ing about twins. One of them, an
elder one, turned to her father and
said: "Papa, what do they call it"
when three babies come at once?"
"A little one, who was much interest-
ed in the conversation, and who had
heard talk about smallpox, at once in-
terrupted and said with much amu-
sion: "I know, papa." "Well, what
do they call it?" said the father. "An
epidemic," said the little one, proud-
ly displaying her knowledge.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF THE
Superior Court of Nash County, ap-
pointed by Hon. J. A. White, and others,
containing one hundred and sixteen (116)
acres, more or less. Subject to the Power of
Sale, July 1, 1882, of the land of
John D. Wells, deceased, as follows:—
The lot of land in the town of Nashville,
North Carolina, containing one hundred
and sixteen (116) acres, more or less,
situated on the corner of North and
Murray streets, in the town of Nash-
ville, North Carolina, bounded on the
north by the lot of land of John D. Wells,
deceased, containing one hundred and
sixteen (116) acres, more or less, and
on the south by the lot of land of John
D. Wells, deceased, containing one hun-
dred and sixteen (116) acres, more or
less, and on the east by the lot of land
of John D. Wells, deceased, containing
one hundred and sixteen (116) acres,
more or less, and on the west by the
lot of land of John D. Wells, deceased,
containing one hundred and sixteen
(116) acres, more or less.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Sprains of the Chest, Gout,
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,
General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frost-bit Feet
and Ears, and all other Pains
and Aches.

NO PREPARATION on earth equals Dr. J. A. Vogel's
Remedy for Rheumatism. It is a simple, natural,
and safe remedy, and is the only one of its kind.
It is sold by all druggists and all other dealers
in medicine.

Prepared and Sold by Dr. J. A. VOGEL & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

J. E. OHARA.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
ENFIELD, N. C.

Practice in the Counties of Halifax, Edge-
combe and Warren, and in the Supreme and
Federal Courts of North Carolina. Mech

W A Anderson.

Atlantic Ferry,

235 Water Street, Norfolk, Va.

Manufacturer of Every Description of

Castings Iron and Brass.

At short Notice and Baltimore prices.

No Extra Charge for Patterns on

Hand of which I have given

An Extensive Variety.

Best Highest Cash Price paid for Metals.

March 10 1882.

To the Citizens of Wilson and

Adjacent Towns.

We, the undersigned, beg leave to call

your attention to

The Richmond Iron Rod Paint & Cement

Works, which we have recently

visited, and find them to be the best

of any we have ever seen. We will

warrant a light Rod in every instance,

and will send you the best Testimonials on

application, Respectfully,

March 10 1882

BURCH BROS.

Goldboro, N. C.

To the Justices of the Peace of Wilson

County:—

You are hereby notified to meet in the

Court House in the town of Wil-
son on the fourth Monday in May
1882, to determine whether the In-
ferior Court of Wilson County shall be
discontinued.

By order of the Board,

A. G. BROOKS,

Chairman of the Board of Justices of
the Peace of Wilson County.

NOTICE.

Having been appointed Receiver of
the late firm of Farmer & Wainwright,
all persons indebted to them are here-
by notified to come forward and make
payment, and those holding claims
against the same will present them a
properly authenticated for adjust-
ment.

J. A. TYNES.
Nov. 14th, 1881.—12

NOTICE.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE OF THE
Superior Court of Wilson County,
made on the 17th day of February
1882, and duly approved by the Hon.
John A. Gilmer, Judge, in a certain
petition pending in said Court, filed
by MARY K. CREW, her own
hebaftand BESSIE C. ANDERSON,
an infant, offering by her guardian,
said MARY K. CREW, I shall sell at
the Court House door in Wilson,
Monday the 23d day of April 1882 that
portion of the lot in the town of Wil-
son, on Barlow Street, adjoining N. A.
Morris, John D. Wells, Willie
Daniel and others, beginning at N. A.
Morris' corner on Barlow Street and
running with said street 18 feet, then
at right angle with said street 142 feet
to W. Daniel's line, then with said
line about 25 feet, then to John D.
Wells' corner, then with John D.
Wells' line 97 1/2 feet to N. A. Morris'
line, thence with Morris' line 10 feet,
cornering—thence with said Morris'
line 44 feet to the beginning, exclusive
of the building. Also that portion of
said lot lying immediately back of
the store owned by Moyer & Nardie,
being 10 feet wide by about 100 feet
deep. For more particular description
see the plot in file in the office of the
Clerk of the Superior Court. Terms:
\$2,000 cash balance on credit of nine
months interest from date at 5 per
cent. Title retained until purchase
paid.

H. G. CONNOR, Commissioner.
Feb. 27-11

G. A. Ainslie & Sons,

RICHMOND, VA.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Carriages of All Kinds

Buggies, Phaetons, Six-seat Carriages,
Jaggar, Wagons—Top and No Top, &c.
Send for circular.

PATRONIZE

HOME FOLKS

When They Can do as well For You

HUGH F. MURRAY

Represents the largest, cheapest, safest and
most reliable Life Insurance Company
doing business in Wilson. Give him your
business and he will spend his money here
among you.
Mar. 10-82

E. L. HUNTER, D. D. S.,
OFFICE AT
ENFIELD, N. C.
2-10-6m.

MANSION HOUSE—
NORFOLK, VA.
M. S. JAMES, Proprietress,
ENLARGED, Remodeled, Refur-
nished, Centrally Located, Good Ac-
commodations, Rates Reasonable. 2-24f

POWELL & ROBINSON,
FASHIONABLE BARBERS,
TARBORO ST., WILSON, N. C.
Having opened a first-class Barber-
shop solicits the patronage of those
who wish good work done. Satisfac-
tion guaranteed. July 15-ly

For Sale!
A Buggy Shop with a trade of from
four to six thousand dollars per year in
the town of Black Creek. A good
opening in a good locality. One doz-
en new buggies on hand which will be
sold cheap. Apply at once to
W. S. ANDERSON,
Black Creek, N. C.
Nov. 25, 11.

NOTICE.

In consequence of the death of Geo.
H. Griffin it becomes necessary to set-
tle the business of the firm of Griffin &
Murray. All persons indebted to said
firm will please call at their place of
business and settle at once.

WM. MURRAY,
Surviving partner of Griffin & Mur-
ray.
Dec. 9-11.

S W Seldner.

WHOLESALE

LIQUOR DEALER,

No. 21 Roanoke Square,
NORFOLK, VA.

Orders promptly attended to and

Mch 10-3 Satisfaction Guaranteed.

TAKEN UP ASTRAY.

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO ON MY
farm near Wilson, I took up astray
three heifers, each about two years
old; one of them was a white and
black spotted, and another a light red
heifer, both having the same mark—
a cross on the right ear in the shape of a
half-moon. There was no mark on
the left ear. The third was a
deep-red heifer, and was marked with
a split in the left ear, and a staple
fork in the