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VOLUME XV. OXFORD, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1887. NUMBER 5.

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Grandmother's Ball.

EVELYN KIMBALL JOHNSON.

Grandmother was gay and would dance all night,
In defiance of orthodox creeds;
And so I've a little story to write
Concerning one of her daring deeds.
Quite handsome was she—so the story goes—
With dimples that played hide and seek
'Mid the white and blush of lily and and rose,
And her eyes could look saucy or meek?

She'd accept as escort Thomas and Tim!
Though one was short and the other tall;
She cared not whether they were stout or slim,
If she could only get to the ball!
Now grandmother lived in old Plymouth town,
And so, kind reader 'tis plain to see,
That all the good people looked with frown
Upon every kind of worldly glee.

One eve there came to this quiet old place,
A foreigner recherche and gay;
And when he gazed upon grandmother's face,
He declared her the "belle of the day!"
Then he hied away to the old Town Hall,
Over which some young pilgrims held sway,
And planned to honor grandma with a ball,
Just because she was winsome and gay.

That night when her parents were fast asleep,
And the moon gleamed through the lindens tall,
From her chamber window she made a leap,
All dressed in white, and went to the ball.

Now this foreigner gay, with distingue name,
Claimed her hand for the mazy dance;
And she was well pleased waltz into fame,
With this tall gentleman late from France.

As the music louder and louder blew
(To quote one line from a ballad old)
And the revelers' feet more quickly flew,
Her white-haired father, fearless and bold,
Walked into their midst, and, seizing his girl,
Hurried her out through the open door,
And left the foreigner all in a whirl,
Minus of partner, upon the floor!

Next morn this story was spread around town,
And withered lips spoke grandmother's name
With shake of the head and ominous frown,
Pronouncing all such "conduct a shame!"

But when age had wrinkled dear grandma's face,
And her children's children sat beside
The blazing fire in the chimney place,
With its mouth of crimson gaping wide,
She related this little escapade,
And laughed till the crystal tears rolled down
Those cheeks that to mem'ry ne'er can fade—
Dear cheeks that ne'er were wrinkled by frown!

Edward Graham Haywood.

Wilmington Star, July 20.

Since George E. Badger and Judge Pearson died it is very doubtful if North Carolina has had as able, as thoroughly furnished, as scientific a lawyer as Col. Edward Graham Haywood whose death was announced in yesterday's Star. He died suddenly Monday night in Raleigh where he was born, and where he had lived all his life. He was probably in his 57th year. He was the son of the late Senator William H. Haywood, who was considered the best equity lawyer of his time. Col. Haywood was prepared for college by the late J. M. Lovejoy, of revered memory, and educated at an Episcopal College in Maryland, if we are not mistaken. He and the writer of this were classmates at Lovejoy's. The late David M. Carter, Gen. Junius Daniel, Louis E. Henry, a very bright and promising youth, and half dozen others, were of the class. As far as known to us, this writer alone survives. Mr. Lovejoy said to us more than once that it was the best class—the most intellectual he ever taught. Of the class Haywood was the finest in intellect unless Carter was abler. We rather e think Carter had the most logical mind as he had the greatest talents for the acquisition of languages. He was the ablest man in our class at the University and there were some sixty-four members.

Ed. Graham, as the boys called him, was an unusually handsome boy, and dressed with a fastidious neatness and costliness of attire that none rivalled. He was unusually precocious and gave decided promise of his subsequent distinction. He delivered an address at one of the Lovejoy commencements that the boys, with the boys' injustice and envy, said either his father wrote it or his friend Col. D. K. McRae. We have but little doubt that it was his own work for he was intellectually extremely clever, as we have said.

He married Miss Mag Henry, a most lovely and beautiful woman, and a daughter of the late Hon. Louis D. Henry. She was sister of Louis E. mentioned above. Mrs. Haywood was one of the most charming and superb women we have ever known or seen. She died a few years ago. By her Col. H. had several sons and daughters.

Col. Haywood in early life was a member of the Legislature His seat was once contested and he made a speech in behalf of himself He was then some twenty-eight years old. Judge Badger heard it and said it was the ablest effort of the mind for a man of his age to which he had listened. He was a Presidential Elector in 1860, and canvassed extensively. His speeches were not popular. That is to say, he did not indulge in anecdote or illustration. His speeches were philosophical elevated, eloquent and statesmanlike. They were too purely abstruse and intellectual and subtile for the universal mind to grasp. But as manifestations of ability they were the finest speeches delivered in the State in the memorable year of many Presidential tickets and impending war. Mr. Badger and Mr. Henry W. Miller were both Electors on the other tickets. Haywood's speeches were the most thoughtful and attractive to the cultivated. Mr. Badger's forte was not the stump. He was forty-five years old before he made a political speech. It was delivered in the Court House at Oxford in 1844. He said that was his first appearance as a political speaker. The Senate and the bar were his proper arenas. There he was unapproached by any man North Carolina ever had at the bar or ever sent to the Senate. Mr. Gaston might rival him in some particulars, but in eloquence, in the most exquisite English in the most luminous and perspicacious thinking, in clearness of statement, in lucidity of arrangement, in readiness of retort, in powers of memory, in wit, in humor, in sarcasm, in dramatic description, in superb acting he has never been equalled by any North Carolinian. Mr. Benton, so long in the U. S. Senate, from Missouri, was a very able man, almost of the first rank. He was able to hold his own in debate when the great debators and orators and philosophical statesmen of the country were in that august body.

But we have been betrayed into an unanticipated parenthesis. Col. Haywood, like Mr. Badger, was at his greatest at the bar. He was essentially a lawyer, although he was a man of excellent reading in some other departments and was familiar with some of the masters in literature. Those who were best qualified to estimate his legal acquisition powers had the highest opinion of him. He probably received larger fees than any lawyer ever identified with the North Carolina bar. He was strictly a scientific lawyer and his range of studies was wide and accurate. The only lawyer left who can fairly be said to be so scientific and learned as Marcellus V. Lanier, Esq., of Oxford, of whom Chief Justice Pearson remarked about 1875, that if there was any more learned lawyer in North Carolina than he was that he did not appear before the Supreme Court. Mr. Lanier is not only learned at law but he is familiar with five or six languages, can read German as English and reads his Greek Testament every day and possibly his Hebrew Old Testament. Col. Haywood was a man of large frame and grew stout with age. He was some five feet ten or eleven inches high, and had a big brain in a big head. He had a system of mnemotechy of his own, and once thought of publishing it. He could recall any date at will. He published some of his more elaborate arguments. The last production read from him was his excellent and original address upon the Life and Character of the late Bartholomew F. Moore, another great North Carolina lawyer. We believe that Col. Haywood's last appearance as a public speaker was at Wilson some few years ago on a Tenth of May celebration if we are not mistaken. He was a man of superior abilities, and he deserves to be numbered among the great lawyers of our State. He served in the Confederate army as Lieut. Colonel.

WANTED.—A first-class barber. Apply to H. T. Hughes, Oxford, N. C.

A Faithful Horse.

Youth's Companion.

One day last autum a miner, whose home is in an adjoining county, and who lives alone in a small cabin situated in the foothills several miles from his nearest neighbor, reached home about dusk from an extended prospecting tour almost worn out and sick. He removed the saddle and bridle from his horse and turned him loose to graze, and entering the cabin he threw himself down upon his cot and soon fell into a restless slumber, from which he awoke late in the night with a raging fever.

Almost delirious, he knew not what to do, being alone and without medicine It might happen that some neighbor would pass in the morning, but there was no certainty that any person would call for days or possibly weeks.

A realization of his helpless condition aggravated his disease, and the poor man grew worse. Morning came and he was unable to leave his bed. His horse, his one faithful friend and companion, could be heard near by, evidently waiting for his coming.

All day long the animal remained within hearing distance, and during the long tendious hours of the second night could be heard moving about with restless tread, as though conscious that some misfortune had befallen his master.

Daylight appeared at last, and the sick man made an effort to speak. The horse, hearing the welcome voice, went to the door of the cabin, and pushing it open thrust his head into the sick man's presence, at the same time giving a low whinny, as much as to say, "What is the matter?" to which kindly inquiry there was no response save a moan of distress.

For a moment or two the horse stared strangely about, seemingly bewildered, then quickly withdrew, and in a few moments galloped rapidly away. As the sound of the horse's feet died away the sick man felt as though his only friend and means of relief were now lost to him, and he shuddered at the thought that he might fall into that never-waking sleep before any person could know that he was ill.

The nearest neighbor of the sick man was a ranchman, whose home was located on the river about six miles distant. Once in a while this neighbor rode over to the miner's camp for a short visit, but these trips were made at irregular intervals, and there was no certainty when he would be there again.

The ranchman on the river had finished his breakfast and was just coming out of his house, when his attention was attracted to a riderless horse coming down the mountain road at a tremendous gallop.

The horse did not slacken his speed until he reached the corral or enclosure near the house. He was flecked with foam and short of breath showing that he had com from a distance and at unusual speed.

The ranchman, knowing the horse, spoke to him gently, which the animal acknowledged by a loud whinny, at the same time running restlessly up and down the road by the corral. The ranchman approached the horse, which, however, would not suffer itself to be captured, but galloped off toward its home, stopping at a short distance and looking back with evident anxiety.

The ranchman returned to the corral, when the horse again galloped down the road, and moving uneasily about, as if determined to attract attention, whinnying and occasionally giving a loud snort as though frightened.

Another attempt to capture the horse, which usually was a very gentle creature, succeeded no better than the first, the animal avoiding the man in a manner bitherto unknown. The horse ran up the road again and called to the man to follow—called to him by every dumb sign, almost as plainly as though he were possessed of the power of speech.

These unusual proceedings so impressed the ranchman that he felt that something was wrong. Could it be that Galena George—as the miner and the owner of the horse was called—had met with some mishap? Maybe he had been murdered in his lonely cabin by "rustlers;" or had accidently fallen into the shaft of his mine without the means of escape.

The strange conduct of the horse indicated that something unusal had happened, and that was enough to prompt the ranchman to speedy action. Calling one of his assistants, the men quickly saddled two of the best horses on the place, and securing their revolvers to guard against danger, and providing some medicine and stimulants to use in case of emergency, they rode rapidly away in the direction of Galena George's cabin.

George's horse observing this movement manifested great pleasure and started on a gallop toward his home. The horsemen followed at a lively pace, but the free horse kept well to the front, now and then looking back, as if to be sure that the chase had not been abondoned.

On they sped, and in about forty minutes from the time of starting the men reached the cabin of their friend, which seemed to be deserted.

The men dismounted, and entering the cabin found George upon his couch, wasted in form and apparently dead, and at the door stood the faithful horse, which, having tried to save his master, was patiently waiting for some sigh that he yet lived. The sad sight was so touching as to force tears to the eyes of the men who had been guided by the noble brute to the rescue.

A hasty examination disclosed the fact that life was not extinct, and while one of the men set about preparations for the relief of the sick man, the other mounted his horse and galloped away for a physician, the nearest of whom lived some twenty miles away.

Before sundown of that day the doctor reached the miner's cabin and found the sick man conscious, through the skillful ministrations of his kind neighbors. Within a fortnight he was able to walk about. When told of the remarkable conduct of his horse the man wept like a child. He said he had always known that his horse was unusually intelligent and affectionate, but he could scarcely believe the story of his wonderful sagacity.

George is in good health again, and the care and attention which he bestows upon his horse are like the care of a devoted mother for a favored son. Not long since a gentleman, having learned of the incident related above, expressed a desire to purchase the horse, but George informed him that no money could tempt him to part with the animal; that it was his intention to keep him as he lived upon the very best that land could produce, and when he died to bury him decently, and erect over his grave a monument with the inscription: "To My Best Friend."

The Greatest of Great Walls.

Says a correspondent of the Milling World, who has recently been traveling in China: "Of course we had to go to the great walls of China. This country abounds in great walls. Her mural defences were most extensive—walled country, walled cities, walled villages, walled palaces and temples—wall after wall and wall within wall. But the greatest of all is the great wall of China, which crests the mountain range and crosses the gorge from here some forty miles away. Squeezing through the last deep gorge and a deep rift in the solid rock cut out by ages of rolling wheels and tramping feet, we reach the great, frowning, double-bastioned gate of stone and hard brick—one archway tumbled in. This was the object of our mission, the great wall of China, built two hundred and thirteen years before our era, built of great slabs of well-hewn stone, laid in regular courses some twenty feet high and then topped out with large hard-burned bricks, filled in with earth and closely paved on top with more dark tawny brick—the ramparts high and thick and castellated for the use of arms. Right and left the great wall sprang far up the mountain side—now straight now curved, to meet the mountain ridge, turreted each three hundred feet—a frowning mass of masonry. No need to tell you of this wall; the book will tell you how it was built to keep the warlike Tartars out—twenty-five feet high by forty thick, twelve hundred miles long; with room on top for six horses to be driven abreast. Nor need I tell you that for fourteen hundred years it kept those hordes at bay, nor that, in the main, the material used upon it is just as good and firm and strong as when put in place. Twelve hundred miles of this gigantic work built on the rugged, craggy mountain tops vaulting over gorges, spanning wide streams, netting the river archways with huge hard bars of copper, with double gates, with swinging doors and bars set thick with iron armor—a wonder in the world before which the old time classic seven wonders, all gone now save the great pyramid, were toys. The great pyramid contains 85,000,000 cubic feet, the great wall 6,350,000,000 cubic feet. An engineer in Seward's party here some years ago gave it as his opinion that the cost of this wall, figuring labor at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States. The material it contains would build a wall six feet high and two feet thick right straight around the globe. Yet this was done in only twenty years without a trace of debt or bond.

An exchange in describing the working of the United States patent office says that "Until one goes through the twenty-nine examining divisions of the patent office, and takes at least a glace at its 185 classes of subjects, subdivided into over 3,000 sub-classes, but little conception can be had of the diversified subjects of invention to be seen there, or the immense amount of labor that must necessarily be bestowed upon their examination before a patent can be issued, as no part of a device can conflict with somebody else's device. The number of persons employed in these divisions, and the cost of examining and "keeping the run" of over 3,000 sub-classes of devices, in round numbers, are: Persons employed, 263; cost per annum of running the divisions, $479,160 It costs for photographing or otherwise producing plates of these devices for the Patent Office Official Gazette, for five years ending 1886, $183,686,58, and for producing copies of drawings of the weekly issues of patents, designs, trade marks and pending applications, and for the reproduction of exhausted copies, for the same period, $368,872.13.

Henderson News.

Henderson Gold Leaf.

Miss Nannie McNair of Tarboro is visiting her cousin Miss Bettie McNair in Henderson.

Mr. and Mrs. Lysander Moore, of Kansas City, Mo., who have been here on a visit to Mr. Geo. A. Harris' family, left for their home Saturday.

From the present outlook it is safe to predict there will be a considerable increase in the population of Henderson in the near future.

Farmers tell us there is little cause for complaint about tobacco worms just now. They are scarcer this season than has been known in years.

The Germantown Independent is of the opinion that there seems to be an oversight in a law against concealed deadly weapons that overlooks the pocket flask.

The heaviest rain we have had in this section in a long time fell Thursday afternoon. It washed the land badly and proved quite damaging to crops in some localities.

Messrs. Allen & Ginter, of Richmond, have bought a lot on Montgomery street, and contracted for a large four-story factory.

Messrs. Clary Brothers will also build on Garnett street on their lot, work having already been commenced. This firm handles large quantities of the "weed," much of which is shipped directly to England.

We have read a great lately about the New South. We know better now what it means than we did yesterday. We tried this morning to get a colored boy to carry a bundle weighing two and a half pounds and costing twenty-five cents from a store to our house, a few blocks off. He asked ten cents to do the errand. We declined his services and gave the job to a white boy who only asked five cents. This is the boasted "New South," and we only wish some of our learned theoretical writers upon the subject could have a little practical experice in the new order of things.

One Hundred and Twelve Years Old.

News-Observer.

A correspondent of the Concord Times has found a man in Stanly county one hundred and twelve years old. His name is Billy Whitley, The correspondent says of him: "He remembers distinctly seeing the soldiers coming home from the Revolutionary War. He married at 33 years old and lived with his wife seventy-three years, who died at the age of 101 in 1881. He has in possession a gun used at the fight of Yorktown by a gentleman who heard the conversation between Cornwallis and Washington at the surrender. With this gun uncle Billy has probably killed more deer than any other man in North Carolina. He has also a pocket book which belonged to his father and is possibly 125 or 150 years old. He has his third set of teeth—got from the dentist, but from God. He cut his last set at the youthful age of 109. To show the strength of his manhood yet, it is enough to state that last winter he cut wood, cut up and split into fine wood a large dead tree, and last year sprouted fourteen acres of ground. He has lived a member of the Old School Baptist church for more than sixty years. Never was known to tell a lie; never had a law suit; never took a dose of medicine, and never paid a doctor's bill. He fired off the old musket over the heads of the immense crowd, after which a tremendous shout of three cheers was given him.

"One felt like taking off his hat in the presence of this venerable man of four generations back."

A Letter From Somewhere.

SOMEWHERE, N. C., July 19, 1887.

MR. EDITOR: I, Tom Tull of Somewhere, am going to tell you something of what I feel and see happening around me. What I have to say will at least have this merit, that it comes fresh from the heart. My thoughts will be disconnected and often times in homely language, but they will be the sincere utterance of a human heart.

Things stranger than romance are happening Somwhere that you know not and dream not of But such is the world,

"For some must watch while some must sleep,
And some must laugh while some must weep.

The breezes of Fortune fan the surface of the great Ocean of Humanity, and it laughs and dances in the sunlight of Prosperity. The silvery light sparkles on the happy wave; h gentle billows rise and fall and softly murmer sweet anthems of rest and peace. But alas, all the Ocean is not surface. Below the shining wave is the charm and the abyss; and ah, who can look deep down into the Ocean of Humanity, and see the misery and crime and degredation there without having his soul stired to its very depths! Alas, those who float carelessly upon the surface of the Ocean seldom think of the shadow they cast upon the great mass of Humanity below them.

I am a toiler, a toiler in this great Human Sea, trying hard to swin, and at every stroke feeling some one pulling or pushing me down. It is so hard to keep up the struggle. To struggle and struggle and struggle and never get higher. At times I have thought, why not give up,—why not cease my puny struggling and sink,—sink down and down among the monsters of darkness that revel below me?

I know the dark side of life and I have had glimpses of the bright side. The iron fingers of Destiny have swept the strings of poor Tom's heart and they have vibrated as though they would break. Then wonder not that I should feel for the sufferers somewhere. Marriage bells are wringing Somewhere, and funeral dirges are tolling, and your hear them not; but I hear them.

This town Somewhere is one of the chief stalls in Vanity Fair and the programme, as you might guess, is varied enough. I hope to write to you occasionally, and I will tell you of what is happening Somewhere. Sometimes my letters will be filled with sadness and sometimes with gladness, but it will all be true.

Our hearts are harps, tuned by the hand of God and given us to gladden our journey through life. They are so strung that the rosy fingers of joy and the iron hand of sorrow may each touch their several notes. But the damp atmosphere of the world often rusts the strings and the Devil whenever he can will unscrew the keys and get it all out of tune; all the soft sweet notes of love and kindness are gone and we have left only harsh discourse of selfishness and lust.

The other day a rich merchant stopped in the street Somewhere and spoke to an old negro who sat on a doorstep. The negro was blind,—was ragged and cold and looked then as if he wanted bread. He had a basket on his arm with a dozen eggs in it. As I passed I heard the merchant say, I'll give you ten cents for your eggs." The old negro raised his sightless eyes and said "Give me leben cents, please sur," "No," said the merchant, "I won't give you but ten," and walked on.

I wondered to myself, as I saw that rich man walk off, what kind of a heart he had. I am sure it could not have been larger or better than the puny copper coin over which he was disputing. Such a heart was not given him by God; it was once in perfect tune and could respond to the touch of sorrow, but the heavy weight of gold had broken some of the strings. As I stood and watched these two extremes, I pitied both, but pitied him most who had so much, yet wanted that great gift of God—a heart well trained to the sufferings of humanity. TOM TULL.

Gentle Woman's Revenge.

Chicago Herald.

Husband and wife had a little tiff. He buried his nose in a morning paper, while she gazed out the car window with persistent intentness. Thus an hour and thirty mills passed. A lady entered the car. Husband dropped his paper and looked at her admiringly.

"Ah," said he, "that's a fine woman. And a widow, too. Don't you think she's handsome?"

"Yes, rather. You seem to like widows."

"Indeed I do. They're just charming."

Husband evidently thought this would pique his partner. But it didn't.

"Alfred," said she, tenderly, and placing her hand softly on on his arm. "Alfred, I guess I was in the wrong a little while ago, when I became angry at you, and I'm sorry, so sorry, so sorry. Will you forgive your little wife?"

"Certainly. Don't say another word about it."

"And will you grant a little request I have to make of you, hubby dear?"

"Of course. Anything that lies in my power."

"You say that you think widows are so charming?"

"Yes; I did say so, but——"

"Then make me one; that's a good husband, mine. Oh, I shall be so happy."

Protection or Free Trade.

Raleigh Signal.

There is no doubt that the South is rapidly becoming protectionized."—Baltimore American, Rep. Prot.

"This is not true. If it were true you could find Protection Democratic nominees in all or most of the districts, and you would see them elected. But this is not the case. We do not believe that a Protection Democrat would stand the ghost of a chance in any district in the State. Many daily papers are for Protection, but they have not been able to beguile the people." —Wilmington Star.

If the Star will influence the next Democratic State Convention to declare unequivocally for Free Trade as against Protection, and put the Democratic nominee on this platform there will be a square issue before the people. In this event not a single Democractic nominee will be elected in this State, The Republicans desire a fight on this issue. Shall we have it next year? We are certain the Democrats will try to dodge this issue.

A Bright Prospect for Virginia and North Carolina Tobacco.

Western Tobacco Journal.

It will be well to notice that the receipts of loose Tobacco in the largest markets of Virginia or North Carolina—Danville and Lynchburg, for the nine months beginning with October 1, 1886, and ending with June 30, 1887, were 17,542,000 pounds short of the receipts for the corresponding nine months of the previous year, the receipts in both markets being about equal. It is not expected that over 6,000,000 pounds will come to each market the remaining three months, which will make the combined receipts of the two markets about 54,000,000 pounds, or 25,000,000 pounds less than the preceding year. This very large amount, reinforced by shortage in most every loose Tobacco market in both the States, is proof positive that the 1886 crop of the States named was very meagre. What then can be said about the 1887 crops of these States, which is not expected by the most sanguine to be over 60 per cent. of the 1886 crop, even under the most favorable weather conditions? There certainly ought to be a bright future for all merchantable Tobacco in these States for at least a few years to come.

Golden Threads.

The chilling blasts of winter wither the flowers and they fall. So does it affect the human family, and if precautionary measures are not taken, being chilled is followed by evil results. Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein will cure coughs, colds and consumption.

An untimely death so often follows neglect of a slight cough or cold. If Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein is taken in time it will prevent any evil results. It cures coughs, colds and consumption.

Peculiar.

It is very peculiar that when you try Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial you will never suffer yourself to be without it again? It never fails to relieve all bowel affections and children teething.

For Toilet Use.
Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates Dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

AYER'S Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my head is now well covered with a new growth of hair. —Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.—Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

VIGOR, youth, and beauty, in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out freely. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff.—Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pain.—William L. Page, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

LAND SALE.

By virtue of a mortgage executed to me by William Raker and wife, dated Feb'y 1883, and recorded in book 21, page 511 in the Register of Deeds office at Oxford, I will on Monday, the 25th of July 1887, sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the house of Rufus Gill, the tract of land situate in Oak Hill township, Granville county, N. C., bounded by the road leading from Blue Wing to Buchanan and by the lands of C. A. Tuck and others, containing 220 acres more or less.

WALTER CLARK, Trustee.
Oxford, N. C., June 25, 1887. [je28]

Sale of Town Lot.

On Saturday, the 23rd day of July 1887, I shall sell at public auction, at the courthouse, in the town of Oxford, at 12 o'clock, m., one pair of mules and a town lot on Lee Street, bought by Noah Landis from Lewis G. Smith. Said mules and lot will be sold as the property of Noah Landis, to satisfy a mortgage on same, given by Noah Landis, to secure the payment thereof, registered in the office of the Register of Deeds, book No. 23, Page 11. Feb. 12th, 1887.

S. G. PROFFIT, Mortgagee.
June 14th, 1887.

Notice.

By virtue of a mortgage executed to me by William Raker, dated October 24, 1884, as will appear by reference to book 20, page 160 Register of Deeds office, Oxford, N. C., I will on Saturday, July 16, 1887, sell to the highest bidder, for cash, at the courthouse in Oxford, N. C., all the mineral right of said William Raker in the property known as the Royster Copper Mine situated in Oak Hill Township near Blue Wing, in Granvill county, N. C. This Mine is on the land adjoining the lands of C. A. Tuck and others, and contains two hundred and thirty acres, more or less.

WALTER CLARK, Trustee.
Oxford, N. C.,
June 9th, 1887.

SALE OF STORE-HOUSE AND LOT IN OXFORD.

By virtue of the powers vested in us by the last will and testament of Robert L. Hunt, deceased, we shall, on Monday, the 1st day of August next, offer for sale to the highest bidder at public auction, at the court house door, in Oxford, the one half interest owned by said Robert L Hunt, at the time of his death in the store-house and lot situated in the town of Oxford, at the North end of Main Street, adjoining the store of Banky Gee, and the Kingsbury residence, being the place now occupied by Williams & Furman as a drug store, about 55 feet front by 40 feet back from street. At the same time and place and on the same terms will be offered for sale in the manner, the other half interest in said property, owned by D. A. Hunt. Terms one third cash, the balance in twelve months to be secured by bond and to bear interest at eight per cent. per annum, from the time of delivery of possession.

MRS. R. L. HUNT,
D. C. WHITE, } Executors.
D. A. HUNT, }
June 8th, 1887. [je28]

Fire and Life Insurance.

We, the undersigned, have formed a co-partnership, under the firm name of

CANNADY & FEILD,

as general insurance agents. We respectfully announce to the public that we represent a number of the Largest, most Reliable and most Liberal companies doing business in the State, and we are prepared to write all kinds of insurance. We guarantee promptness and accuracy. We therefore ask that our friends and all persons wanting insurance give us a call at our office on first door in Bank Building.

Respectfully,
N. H. CANNADY,
ALEX. J. FEILD.
no 20 y

SALE OF VALUABLE LOT.

By virtues of the powers to me given in a deed in trust executed 6th July 1887 by Davis & Gregory. I will offer for sale at public auction at the Courthouse door in Oxford at 12 m. on Wednesday 10 August that valuable lot of land on Hillsboro street and Bullock Avenue recently owned by John Bullock and by him sold to Davis & Gregory 25 x 100 feet. For terms apply to either,

B. P. THORP, JR., Attorney.
R. W. WILSON, Trustee.
7-20-1887.

Notice.

The undersigned having qualified as administrator upon the estate of E. T. Jones, dec'd., notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and all holding claims against the estate will present them within twelve months from this date or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery of the same.

M. B. JONES, Adm'r.
April 29th, 1887.