## A FAMILY AFFAIR.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

[CONTINUED.] "Will any sum of moneyrice rather timidly.

rice rather annualy.

10h, no, miss. Although Rawlings has neglected business dreadfully for the last two years, and his brother is grumbling, we are fairly well-to-do people with a tidy bit are fairly well-to-do people with a tidy bit as yed. Oh, no, my man is single-eyed. He saved. mly wanted his boy."
"How was your child lost?" asked Bea-

Mrs. Rawlings looked rather confused. Mrs. rawings looked rather confused.

all can't help believing, miss, that the poor
little fellow was drowned and never found.
But Rawlings he won't have it so. He says But Rawlings he won't have it so. He says he was stolen and we shall find him some day."

After this Miss Clauson thanked her hostess

After this Miss Clauson thanked her hostess with grave dignity. Then she dropped her will and attended by Mrs. Rawlings went back to the cab and Sylvanus. She had gained her end, but at a price only known to gained her life to that strange woman can seret of her life to that strange wo secret of her file to that strange woman can secretly be over estimated. Such was her feeling of degradation that she almost wished that her uncles had been in the room when yesterday she went with the cild in her yesterday she went what she had to-day told hand to tell them what she had to-day told Mrs. Rawlings. "And after all," she murmired with a bitter smile on her face, "it is but staving off the crash which must come goner or later." Here she sighed involuntarily. Mordle's quick ear caught the sound.
"Nothing unpleasant happened, I hope?" he

asked.
"My business was not of the pleasantest nature, but I accomplished it successfully, replied Beatrice.

He said no more. By her desire she was set down at one of the principal shops in Blacktown, an emporium of articles of feminine need into which Mordle could not venture to accompany her. She thanked him for his services, and he know that those thanks were a dismissal. He strode back to Oakbury looking very thoughtful; indeed it ras not until he was well into his own parish that he remembered the necessity of resumben charitable," he muttered. "But why the secrecy? Why the 'Cat and Com-

Saturday came. All that morning, the busiest of the week, Horace and Herbert for the hour fixed by Messrs. Blackett & Wiggens for the appearance of their client's arriage the brothers were glancing down the drive. Miss Clauson, however, appeared was at an end. About 2 o'clock Horace turned to her. "My dear," he said, "has Mrs. Miller made any preparation for the "None whatever. He will not be sent for.

It was but an idle threat." Horace and Herbert exchanged glances. They knew it was no idle threat, but they little knew how the fulfillment had been

Three o'clock came-four-five o'clock.

"Remarkably so," answered Herbert. But had Sylvanus Mordle, who spent the evening with them, committed a breach or faith and mentioned his excursion with Miss Clauson, the brothers might have suspected they had credited their niece with a quality to which she had no title.

#### CHAPTER XVIII. .

THE SWEETS OF LIBERTY. "O Liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright! Profuse of bliss and pregnant with delight." Every bard has sung the joys of Liberty; every writer has said his say upon her glories. Patriots have died for her, and statesmen-modern ones especially-have made her a convenient stalking horse. The subject being such a stock one, and apt quotations so plentiful, there is no need to dilate upon the frame of mind in which Mrs. Miller's acquaintance, Mr. Maurice Hervey, late No. 1080, found himself, when Portland prison at length discontinued its ungrudging and machine-like hospitality and restored him to the outer world, a free man save for the formality of once a month reporting himself to the police, and that general suspicious surveillance which is so irksome to the usually modest and retiring nature of a ticket-of-leave man.

The "goddess heavenly bright" showed her face, the first time for some years, to Maurice Hervey on the very day when Miss Clauson and Sylvanus Mordle went to Black-

Mrs. Miller, who had manifested so keen an interest in the felon's enlodgement, remained in complete ignorance of the happy event. This was due to no omission on her part. She had written twice to the governor of Portland, begging that the date of the convict's release might be made known to her. The letters were dated not from Oakbuy, but from some place in London. The first letter was duly acknowledged, and the information vouchsafed that the date could not be exactly fixed. To the second letter she received no reply. The reason for such Then without a shilling in his pocket he pparent discourtesy was this:

wished to be sent to London to meet her. moreover, a lot of leeway to make up. He cast down his eyes and in a respectful He spent the evening smoking the hotel way stated that he was sorry to say that he cigars and drinking the hotel whisky and attributed his present shameful position to water. Pleasant as these occupations were,

lotted to him. He was too clever to attempt the elbow-worn trick of interesting the elbow-worn trick of interesting the "Besides," he murmured, as he sank off there is no need for foolery of the elbow-worn trick of interesting the "there is no need for foolery of the elbow-worn trick of interesting the "there is no need for foolery of the elbow-worn trick of interesting the elbow-worn trick of elbow-worn tr time have grown wide awake. But he wore a contented, inoffensive look, spoke civilly to his jailers, complained of nothing, and gave he trouble. It was only in the seclusion of his circumscribed cell of corrugated iron that No. 1080 complaints are constant of the seclusion of the seclusion. In the morning, after breakfast, it occurred that kind. I am master of the section.

of vengeance. boit is that if upon his return to freedom sallied forth, trudy Hervey had given his experiences of the punishment of bread and these mouses be inquired for the punishment of bread and the punishment of bre

ng the air" would have had no first-hand

Before leaving Portland he was fold that the "Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society" would coubtless do something for him. He expressed his gratitude for the information, but added that unless from disuse his right hand had lost its cunning, he could earn an honest—he emphasized the word—livelihood without difficulty. He had been an artist, and could again pursue that craft under a new name. During his detention he had given his janitors proof of his graphic abili-ties by the graving of sundry slates with complicated and not inartistic designs. These orks of art are still shown to visitors to the

So, practically a free man, Maurice Hervey stood in the streets of London at 4 o'clock on the second day of the new year. There was little about him to attract attention. By a merciful and sensible dispensation, dur-ing the three months prior to his emancipa-tion a convict's hair is left to nature, so that in these days of military crops Mr. Hervey's head, which no longer resembled a Fitzroy stormdrum, was not a signal of danger. The suit of clothes which replaced the durable prison dress was rough and ill-fitting, but not such as to create remark. In London that night there must have been hundreds of thousands of respectable men who looked neither better nor worse than Maurice Her-

Free at last! Free to turn where he liked, and, within the limits of the law, do as he liked; in splendid health; in the prime of manhood. Free to redeem or cancel the past by honest work, or by dishonesty sink lower and lower in the future. In his pocket the sum of five pounds seventeen shillings and sixpence, the result of years of self-enforced good conduct and unavoidable hard labor. The fingering of this money gave him a new, or at least awoke a dormant sensation. It was more than four years since his hands had touched a coin of the realm. Think of

that and realize what penal servitude means! The first use he made of his liberty and money was characteristic, and I fear may awaken indulgent sympathy in the minds of the majority of man- (not woman-) kind. He went into a tobacconist's and bought a ninepenny eiger. He lit it, sat down upon that he remember to the sac down upon ing his usual cheerful air. "It must have a chair in the shop and for some minutes smoked in blissful, contented silence. The shopkeeper eved his customer narrowly. His general appearance, especially the look of his hands, did not seem compatible with what the tradesman called a "ninepenny smoke were fidgety and uncomfortable. Long begent." Hervey caught the man's eyes fixed on his hands. He himself glanced at them with a look of disgust and a muttered curse. Years of turf-carrying and digging and delving for Portland stone play havoc with a the drive. His character of the drive. Her woman's instinct gentleman's hands. Hervey's nails were told her that all danger from the claimants broken, blunted and stunted; his fingers were thickened and hardened. Altogether his hands were such as a person solicitous as to the refinement of his personal appearance would prefer to keep in his pockets.

There were other actions which showed the ticket-of-leave man to be possessed of a fastidious nature. The first enthralling solemnity of the refound enjoyment of good tobacco having passed off, he left the shop and went in search of a ready-made clothing establishment. Here he bought a shirt and but no carriage, no Rawlings, no Blackett. collar, a pair of shining boots, a hat, gloves, no Wiggens. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday and a cheap suit which for a few days would passed without any sign or manifestation of hestility. The falberts were then bound to confess that their niece had judged aright. "Beatrice appears to be remarkably clear having had a brown paper parcel made of the suit presented to him by a generous government he went his way, no doubt much relieved by the amelioration of his external condition.

After a few more purchases needed by a gentleman for his toilet, he found his money had dwindled down to very little. He had. however, enough left to buy a shiny black bag. Into this he tumbled his parcels, and hailing a harsom paid his last shilling to be conveyed to the door of a well-known hotel. A luxurious dog this convict!

He engaged a bedroom. He ordered a dinner of which even Horace and Herbert might have approved. He rang for hot water, and spent half an hour soaking his hardened and disfigured hands. He scowled as he realized the painful fact that hundreds of gallons of hot water and months of time must be expended before these badly-used members in any way resumed their original appearance. Then, without a shilling in his pocket, he went to his dinner, with which he



went to his dinner.

The day of the man's emancipation was drank a bottle of champagne. It is clear hwing very near, so he was told that his that Mr. Hervey, late 1080, had liberal views fiend had written, and he was asked if he as to the treatment due to himself. He had,

certain evil counsel which the writer had he retired to rest early. While he had been given him, and which he had followed. He soaking his hands he had cast longing eyes did wish to be sent to London, but would upon the beauties of the white-covered bed, upon the beauties of the white-covered bed, After this avoid this woman than seek her.

After this avowal Mrs. Miller's letter remained unanswered.

The destriction of the strip of sacking which had for so long been his resting-place. He was an educated villain, who had been Sweet, truly sweet, are the uses of adversity sentenced to five years' penal servitude for when they teach a man to enjoy the simple uttering forged bills. Like most such men, somforts of life as Maurice Hervey that night more sent into seclusion for the good of the community of the soft mattress. the community, Maurice Hervey was able to white sheets, he nestled on the soft mattress was needed to convince the Apostle Paul, that kicking against pricks is foolishness.

Habed best community, Maurice Hervey was able to white sheets, he nessed on the sort and yet softer pillows. The profusion of plankets filled his soul with a rapturous warmth. And as he fully realized the configuration of the innocent luxury he was gation and induce his creditor to accept a handsome composition. So he did to the best of his ability such work as was allotted to him. He had been did to the lotted to him. He had bee

chaplain by a pretended conversion. He so sleep, "there is no need for foolery of tagely reflected that chaplains must by this that kind. I am master of the situation. I

at No. 1080 scowled, grated his teeth and suched his hands. It was only there that his heart craved for personal freedom his lips noiselessly framed bitter curses and there was work to be done before he could there was work to be done before he could there was work to be done before he could there was work to be done before he could there was work to be done before he could there was work to be done before he could there was work to be done before he could there was work to be done before he could there was work to be done before he could the could be the could the could be the could

lormed, had left ever so long—left without giving an address. Hervey's heart grew mick. In his haste to once more taste the luxuries of life he had been too precipitate. He knew that unless he could find the person he wanted it would have been better for him to have kept his good conduct mener interest.

to have kept his good conduct money intact.
The worran of the house, who noticed his dismay, added that the shep at the corner might knew what had become of Miss Martin; so to the shop he went. He was in luck. He learned that his friend lived about a mile away; moreover, that she was now Mrs. Humphreys. As he heard this supplementary piece of news the man laughed so curiously that the shepwoman eyed him ask-

He walked to the new address, that of another little house in another quiet street. He knocked. A good-locking, respectable young woman, carrying a baby, and followed by a toddling child, opened the door. She gave a low cry, and staggered back against the wall. Hervey raised his hat with mock politeness, and without invitation entered the house. The woman called to some one,

who came and relieved her of her children. She then opened the door of a sitting-room, into which she followed her visitor. Hervey threw himself on a chair, and looked as she woman with a satirical smile. As yet not a word had passed between them. The man was the first to break silence.

"Well, Fanny," he said mockingly, "se you are married, and have forgotten me?" "No; I am trying to forget you." She spoke bitterly. "And you can't. That's a compliment.

considering the years of separation." The woman looked at him in the face. "Maurice," she said, "I am married. ] married a kind, true man, who loves me. and works for me and for our children. He knew a great deal, not all about my past, yet he took me and trusts me. You will sneer when I tell you I am trying to be a good woman and a good wife. You clways sneered at anything good. But, Maurice, for the sake of what we were once to each other. spare mo now. Let me live in peace, and see you no more.'

She spoke in solemn earnest, such earnest ness that the man's light laugh seemed discordant. "My dear girl," he soid, "I have no wish to tempt your feet from the paths of domestic virtue-no wish to harm you. 1 have finer fish to fry. But you may remember that when certain circumstances rendered it imperative—curse it! I can speak plainly to you-when I learned that the warrant was out, when I knew that the game was up, I placed a little packet in your fond hands to keep until better times. Where is

not enswer. Her prayer for mercy had beer round-backed chair near the fire and left the genuine; her wish to see him no more ar Lioness to attend to the bottle and jug d honest utterance; but years ago she had given this man all a woman has to givegiven it without consideration, without price. And now, so far as he was concerned the only memory of the past which linked them together was but of a certain thing left in her charge.

He saw the flush, he saw the hesitation. and, of course, attributed both to the wrons motive. His brow grew black. "By G-d! he cried; "if it is not forthcoming-"

She burst into tears. "Wait," she said. quitting the room abruptly, and leaving her visitor in dire suspense. In a few minuter she returned and handed him a small sealed packet

"There it is-just as you gave it to me that night," she said. "Many a time wher where to turn to for a shilling, I tried to in case of need. But I knew you too well, Maurice-I knew you too well!" Hervey paid no heed to her last words, the

scorn conveyed by which should have brought the blood to the cheek of any mar of decent feelings. He tore the parcel open. It contained a gold watch and chain, two valuable diamond rings and about a hundred sovereigns. He placed the watch in his fob, then tried to draw the rings on his fingers. Neither would pass over his calarged knuckles, so with a curse he shoveled them along with the gold, into his pocket. The woman watched him sadly.

"Thank you, my dear," he said airily "I knew I could trust you. By the by, perhaps you're hard up. Have some—I can get plenty more." He held out some gold to her. "Not a farthing. Your gold would burn

"Will you give me a kiss for the sake of old times? Fancy! it is more than four years gince my lips have touched a woman's." She made an emphatic gesture of dissent.

"It would be well for some women," she said. "if your lips had never touched theirs." He laughed an unpleasant laugh. "Well. good-bye then, if we are not to rake up old fires. Remember me to your respectable husband. Keep yourself unspotted from the world, and train up your children in the way

they should go. Farewell." Her swung out of the house whistling a merry tune in vogue when his incarceration began. "Now," he said, "that I have money enough to last a long time, I can make my own terms. Grim want won't push me into a corner. Now, you jade, I'll make you bend your proud knees!"

He grated his strong teeth and stamped his foot—the latter so violently and viciously that a timid old gentleman who was close by him started off at an accelerated pace in the direction of a distant policeman.

Hervey hung about London for a few days. He made considerable additions to his wardrobe, was an excellent customer of the hotel. he patronized several theatres, and generally enjoyed himself. He was not altogether idle, part of his time being taken up in making a series of inquirles which it took some trouble to get answered. At last he learned what he wanted to know. "So near!" he muttered. "I feared I should have to look out of England." Forthwith he paid his hotel bill, and, carrying with him the respect of the proprietor, left the house. Evening found him in comfortable quarters in the smoky old city rnown as Blacktown.

CHAPTER XIX.

"IT HAS COME."

At Blacktown Maurice Hervey did not favor a hotel with his custom. Perhaps he mistrusted the capabilities possessed by the Blacktown hotels for furnishing him with luxuries such as, after so protracted and en-forced an abstention, he felt to be rightly his due. Perhaps he sighed for the quietude and repose with which one usually associates a private house. After a short search he found a bedroom and a sitting-room, well furnished and commanding extensive views. They were in one of a row of substantial houses which by some freak of fortune had fallen from the high estate of fashionable residences to the lower level of respectable lodging houses. The landlady's quotation, which, after the manner of such quotations, had attached to it a string of extras like the tail to tached to it a string of extras like the tail to kite, having been accepted, Mr. Hervey requested that some dinner might be prepared for him. This of course meant chops—an extemporized lodging house dinner invariably means chops. Having particularly requested means chops. Having particularly requested that his chops should be broiled, not fried, Mr. Hervey, whilst the cooking was going in, went out, found a wine merchant's and ordered half-a-dozen of whisky sent in. The light of the bottles, the number of which ungured well for a long stay, gladdened the andlady's heart. By the aid of the whisky

lady, who thought him a nice, pleasant, free-spoken gentleman, gave him an oral list of the stock eights in the vicinity; but as soon as he was out of doors Mr. Hervey inquired the way to Oakbury, and learned that an easy walk of about two miles would take him to that highly favored spot. The weather. although fine, was cold, so he decided to walk to his destination. He soon left the rows of houses and shops behind him, struck along a dy, and it is the finest medicine I ever broad white road which cut its way through a level greensward, and in about threequarters of an hour found himself in front of the Red Lion Inn. Oakbury.

He entered the inn-men of his stamp, when in the country, make entering inns a point of honor. He called for hot brandy and water, and was supplied with a jorum of that deep brown liquor, dear to rustic palates on down, but had to be propped up in bed. account of its presumed strength. Hervey sipped it, lit a cigar and entered into a cheerful conversation with the Red Lion and



Lioness, who were pursuing their calling in what, after the fashion of country inns, was a combination of bar and parlor. The Red Lion, an affable, condescending animal, and, like all noble animals, willing to relinquish toil for more congenial pursuits, seeing that The woman flushed, and for a moment did his visitor was ready to talk, sat down in a Lioness to attend to the bottle and jug department, which, as the hour was just past uoon, was in full swing of activity. Hervey asked a variety of questions about

the neighborhood. He might really have teen a gentleman of fortune anxious to buy a place and so properly particular as to what society might be round about. He obtained much valuable and interesting information about the "families of position" as they appeared to the eyes of the Red Lion. He learned who lived in the big white house at the edge of the common, who in the house at the top of the hill, who in the house at the sound of carriage wheels was heard, and the Lion after glancing over the wire windowblind laid down his pipe and went to the Pve been hard pressed, and did not know door. Hervey also glanced out of window and saw two tall gentlemen, who occupied persuade myself that you meant me to use it the box-seats of a large wagenette. They were talking gravely and sadly to the Lion. who, whilst he listened with due respect. looked somewhat crestfallen and ill at ease. "What's the matter now, Joe?" asked the Lioness father anxiously, as her spouse re-

"Say the last cask o' beer ran out two days before its time, so couldn't have been full. They look after trifles, they do." "Oh, nonsense!" said the Lioness, tossing her head. "Some one must have got at it.

Their servants are no better than others." "Who are they?" asked Hervey. "The Mr. Talberts of Hazlewood House," replied the landlady, with that smile on her

face which seemed to come involuntarily on the faces of many people when they mentioned or heard the name of our gentle Horace and Herbert. Hervey went hastily to the window and

looked after the wagonette, which, however. was by now out of sight. "Rich men, I supposed" he said, reseating

"They're rich enough; but oh, that particular!" said the Lioness, with another toss of her head. The accusation of short measure rankled in her breast.

"Close-fisted?" asked Hervey. "Well, yes, they're close," said the Lion. "That is, they like to get a shilling's worth for a shilling."

"We all like that Let me have it now. Two brandies-one for you and one for me. The Lion laughed and filled the glasses. Hervey adroitly plied him with questions about the Talberts, and soon learnt almost as much as we know. He laughed with the landlord at their amiable peculiarities. It was well our friends did not hear the Red Lion, or Hazelwood House might have gone elsewhere for its beer.

"They are funny gents," said the Lion. "You'd never believe; but a day or two ago I was walking along the road. It was drizzling with rain. . The Mr. Talberts they passed me, driving. All of a sudden they pull up at the hedge round their paddock. Mr. Herbert he jumps down; he takes the whip and with the handle begins poking furiously in the hedge. I ran up thinking something was the matter. Law no! not it. He was a poking at a bit of white paper which had blown in there. Poke and poke he did till he got it out—and Mr. Horace the while holding the horses and sitting and looking on as if it meant life or death getting out that paper. Rum thing to be so particular, ain't it?"

Hervey professed himself much amused and continued his questions. He heard all about Miss Clauson, the niece who had been staying at Oakbury for so long. He even learned the name of every member of the Hazlewood House establishment, from that of the oldest retainer, Whittaker, to that of the latest arrival, Mrs. Miller the nurse. He heard, of course, the whole history, with additions, of the mysteriously-sent boy. And when he was told this, in spite of his self; control, a look of utter amazement spread over his face. He rose, and bade the Red Lion good day. The story he had heard must have engrossed his mind to an unprecedented extent, for he actually forgot to finish his brandy and water, a flattering tribute to the landlord's power of interesting a listener.

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After leaving the inn Hervey took the first turning out of the main road. It was a little by-way leading to nowhere in particular. Here, as no onlookers were about, he gave vent to delight by sundry actions common to most men as soon as they find themselves alone after having received the best possible news. He smacked his thigh; he rubbed his hands together; he seemed to hug himself in his joy. He laughed aloud, but there was a cruel ring in his laugh, and there was a cruel look on his laughing mouth. His After leaving the inn Hervey took the first was a cruel look on his laughing mouth. His eyes brightened with the blended lights of malice and anticipated triumph.

-:0:-RHEUMATISM AND TONIC.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Dec. 10, 1884.

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bottom. He was gradually leading up to the questions he wanted to ask, when the

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