CHAPTER II-CONTINUED.

"And this is the tale they told me-com pleted, of course, from what I learned afterward—and an odd one it is. It seems that my half brother married a Norfolk lady—a sweet young thing—and treated her like a He was a drunken rascal, was my half brother, and he beat his poor wife and shamefully neglected her, and even iil treated the two little girls, till at last the poor woman, weak as she was from suffering and ill health, could bear it no longer, and formed the wild idea of escaping to this country and throwing herself upon my protection. It will show how desperate she must have been. She scraped together and borrowed some money, gh to pay for three second class passages to Natul and a few pounds over, and one day, when her brute of a husband was away on the drink and gamble, she slipped on board a sailing ship in the London docks, and before he knew anything about it they were well out to sea. But it was her last effort, poor, dear soul, and the excitement of it fini-hed her. Before they had been ten days at sea she sank and died, and the two poor children were left alone. And what they must have suffered, or rather what poor Jess must have suffered, for she was old enough to feel, God only knows. But I can tell you this, she has never got-over the shock to this hour. It has left its mark ou her, ar: But, let people say what they will, there is a power that looks after the helpless, and that power took those poor, homeless, wandering children under its wing. The captain of the years befriended them, and when at last they got to Durban some of the passengers made a subscription and got an old Boer, who was coming up this way with his wife to the Transyaal, to take them under his charge. The Boer and his vrouw treated the children fairly well, but they did not do one thing more than they bargained for. At the turn from the Wakkerstrom road, that you came along to-day, tiey put the children down, for they had no liggage, and told them if they went along there they would come to Mein-heer Croft's house. That was in the middle of the afternoon, and they were until 8 o'clock getting here, poor little dears, for the track was fainter then than it is now, and they wandered off into the veldt and would have perished there in the wet and cold had they not chanced to see the lights of the house. And that was how my nieces came here, Capt. Niel. And here they have been ever since, except for a couple of years when sent them to the Cape for schooling, and a lonely man I wasawhen they were away."

"Hear of him, the villain!" almost shouted the old man, jumping up in wrath. "Ay, d-n him, I heard of him. What do you think? The two chicks had been with me some eighteen months, long enough for me to learn to love them with all my beart, when one fine morning, as I was seeing about the new kraal wall, I see a fellow come riding up on an old, raw boned, gray horse. Up he comes to me, and as he came I looked at him and said to myself, 'you are a drunkard, you are, and a rogne; it's written on your face, and, what's more, I know your face.' You see I did not guess it was a son of my own father's that I was looking at. How

And how about the father?" asked John

Niel, deeply interested. "Did you ever hear

'Is your name Croft!' he said.

"'Ay,' I answered.
"'So is mine,' he went on with a sort of a drunken leer. 'I'm your brother.'
"'Are you?' I said, beginning to get my back up, for I guessed what his game was, and what may you be after! I tell you at once, and to your face, that if you are my brother you are a blackguard, and I don't want to know you or have anything to do with you; and if you are not, I beg your pardon for coupling you with such a

"Oh, that's your tune, is it? said he, with a sneer. 'Well, now, my dear brother Silas, I want my children. They have got a little half brother at home-for I have married again, Silas-who is anxious to have them to play with, so if you will be so good as to hand em over, I'll take them away at once "'You'll take them away, will you! said I, all of a tremble with rage and fear.

"'Yes, Silas, I will. They are mine by law, and I am not going to breed children for you to have the comfort of their society. I've taken advice, Silas, and that's sound law, and he leered at me again.

"I stood and looked at the man, and thought of how he had treated those poor children and their young mother, and my blood boiled and I grew mad. Without another word I jumped over the half fluished wall and caught him by the leg (for I was a strong man ten years ago) and jerked him off the horse. As he came down he dropped the sjambock from his hand, and I caught hold of it and then and there gave him the soundest hiding a man ever had. Lord, how he did hallon! When I was tired I let him get up.

"'Now," I said, ' be off with you, and if you come back here I'll bid the Kaffirs hunt you back to Natal with their sticks. This is the South African Republic, and we don't care overmuch about law here.' Which we didn't

"'All right, Silas,' he said, 'all right, you shall pay for this. I'll have those children, and, for your sake, I'll make their life a hell -you mark my words-South African Republic or no South African Republic. I've got the law on my side.'

"Off he rode, cursing and swearing, and I flung his sjambock after him. And it was the first and last time I saw my brother." "What became of him?" asked John Niel.

"I'll tell you, just to show you again that there is a power that keeps just such men in its eye. He got back to Newcastle that night, and went about the canteen there abusing me and getting drunker and drunker, till at last the canteen keeper sent for his boys to turn out. Well, the boys were rough, as Kaffirs are apt to be with a drunken white man, and he struggled and fought, shd in the middle of it the blood began to run from his mouth, and he dropped down dead of a broken blood vessel, and there was an end of him That is the story of the two girls, Capt. Niel and now I'm off to bed. To-morrow I'll show you round the farm, and we will have a talk about business. Good night to you, Capt. Niel; good night!"

> CHAPTER III. MR. PRANK MULLER.

John Niel woke early next morning, feeling as sore and stiff as though he had been well beaten and then strapped up tight in horse girths. He made shift, however, to dress himself, and then, with the help of a stick, limped through the French windows that opened from his room on to the veranda and surveyed the scene before him. It was a de lightful spot. At the back of the house was the steep, bowlder strewn face of the flat topped hill that curved round on each side, embosoming a great slope of green, in the lap of which the house was placed. The house itself was solidly built of brown stone, and, with the exception of the wagon shed and other outhouses, which were roofed with gal-vanised iron that shone and glistened in the rays of the morning sun in a way that would have made an eagle blink, was covered with rich brown thatch. All along its front ran a wide veranda, up the trellis work of which green vines and blooming creepers trailed pleasantly, and beyond was the broad car-riage drive of red soil, bordered with bushy orange trees laden with odorous flowers and green and golden fruit. On the farther side of the orange trees were the gardens, fenced in with low walls of rough stone, and the orehard full of standard fruit trees, and beyond these again the ozen and ostrich kranis, the latter full of long-necked hirds To the right of the house grew thriving plantations of bine gum and black wattle,

from the great spring that gushed from the mountain side high above the house and gave its name of Mooifontein to the place.

All these and many more things John Niel

saw as he looked out from the veranda at Mosifontein, but, for the moment at any rate, they were lost in the wild and wonderful beauty of the panorama that rolled away for miles and miles at his feet, till it was ended by the mighty range of the Drakensberg to the left, tipped here and there with snow, and by the dim and vast horizon of the swelling Transvaal plains to the right and far in front of him. It was a beautiful sight, and one to make the blood run in a man's veins and his heart heat happily because he was alive to see it. Mile upon mile of grass clothed veldt beneath, bending and rippling like a corn field in the quick breath of the morning, space upon space of deep blue sky overhead with ne'er a cloud to dim it, and the swift rush of the wind between. Then to the left there, impressive to look on and conducive to solemu thoughts, the mountains rear their crests against the sky, and, crowned with the gathered snows of the centuries whose monuents they are, from son to son gaze majestically out over the wide plains and the ephemeral, ant like races that tread them, and while they endure think themselves the mas ters of their little world. And over allnountain, plain and flashing stream-the glorious light of the African sun and the spirit of life moving now as it once moved

upon the darkening waters. John stood and gazed at the untamed beauty of the scene, in his mind comparing it to many cultivated views that he had known, and coming to the conclusion that, however desirable the presence of civilized man might be in the world, it could not be said that his operations really added to its beauty. For the old line, "Nature unadorned adorned the mort," still remains true in more senses than Presently his reflections were interrupted by the step of Silas Croft, which, not-withstanding his age and bent frame, still rang firm enough—and he turned to greet

him.
"Well, Capt. Niel," said the old man, "up
already! It looks well if you mean to take to farming. Yes, it's a pretty view, and a pretty place, too. Well, I made it. Twentyfive years ago I rode up here and saw this spot. Look, you see that rock there behind the house, I slept under it and woke at sunrise and looked out at this beautiful view and at the great veldt (it was all alive with game then), and I said to myself, 'Silas, for five and twenty years have you wandered about this great country, and now you are getting tired of it; you've never seen a fairer spot than this or a healthier; now be a wise man and stop here.' And so I did. I bought 3,000 morgen (6,000 acres), more or less, for £10 down and a case of gin, and I set to work to make this place, and you see I have made it. Ay, it has grown under my hand, every stone and tree of it, and you know what that means in a new country. But one way and another I have done it, and now I have got too old to manag it, and that's how I came to give out that I wanted a partner, as old Snow told you down in Durban. You see, I told Snow it must be



BESS. gentleman; I don't care much about the had enough of Boers and their ways; the best day of my life was when old Shepstone ran up the Union Jack there in Pretoria and I could call myself an Englishman again. Lord! and to think that there are men who are subjects of the queen and want to be subects of a republic again! Mad! Capt. Niel, I tell you, quite mad! However, there's an end of it all now. You know what Sir Garnet Wolseley told them in the name of the queen up at the Vaal river, that this country would remain English till sun stood still in the heavens and the waters of the Vaal ran backward. That's good enough for me, for, as I tell these grumbling fellows who want the band back now that we have paid their debts and defeated their enemies, no English government goes back on its word, or breaks engagements olemnly entered into by its representatives. We leave that sort of thing to foreigners. No, no, Capt. Niel, I would not ask you to take a share in this place if I wasn't sure that it would remain under the British flag. But we will talk of all this another time, and now come in to breakfast."

After breakfast, as John was far too lame to go about the farm, the fair Bessie sug-gested that he should come and help her to wash a batch of ostrich feathers, and, accordingly, off he went. The locus operandi was in a space of grass in the rear of a little clump of "naatche" orange trees, of which the fruit is like that of the Maltese orange, only larger. Here were placed an ordinary washing tub half filled with warm water and a tin bath full of cold. The estrich feathers, many of which were completely coated with red dirt, were plunged first into the tub of warm water, where John Niel scrubbed then. with soap, and then transferred to the tin bath, where Bessie rinsed them and then laid them on a sheet in the sun to dry. The morning was very pleasant, and John soon came to the conclusion that there are many more disagreeable occupations in the world than the washing of ostrich feathers with a lovely girl to help you; for there was no doubt but that she was lovely, a vary type of happy, healthy womanhood, as she sat there opposite to him on the little stool, her sleeves rolled up almost to the houlder, showing a pair of arms that would of the house. not have disgraced a statue of Venus, and laughed and chatted away as she washed the feathers. Now, John Niel was not a susceptible man; he had gone through the fire years before and burned his fingers like many sanother confiding youngster; but, all the same, he did wonder as he sat there and watched this fair girl, who somehow reminded him of a rich rosebud bursting into bloom, how long it would be possible to live in the suns house with her without falling under

strange contrast the two were. the Lion Kloof, reading or sketching, I don't know which. You see, in this establishment lect," and she nodded her head prettily at him, and added, "There is a mistake some he was standing there in the sunshine

where; she got all the brains."

"Ah," said John, quietly, and looking up at her, "I don't think that you are entitled to ing Boer—a very spitome of impotent, overcomplain of the way that nature has treated you."

She blushed a little, more at the tone of his voice than the words, and went on hastily: "Jess is the dearest, best and deverest woman in the whole world—there, I believe that she has only one fault, and that is that she thinks too much about me. Uncle told me that he had told you how we came here first when I was 8 years old. Well, I remember that when we lost our way on the veldt that night, and it rained so and was so cold, Jess took off her own shawl and wrapped it round me over my own. Well, it has been just like that with her always. I am always to have To the right of the house grew thriving plantations of bine gum and black wattle, and to the left war a broad stretch of cultivated lands, lying so that they could be irrivated lands.

to frighten one. I don't know a great number of women, but somehow I don't think that there can be many in the world like Jess.

Bhe is too good for this wild place, she ought to go away to England, write books and better the can be many in the world like Jess.

Breat a work and sour veild. About once the can be seen as well as not him through the can be seen and sweet and sour veilds. About once the can be seen as well as not him through the can be seen and sweet and sour veilds. About once the can be seen as well as not him through the can be seen as well as not him through the can be seen as well as not him through the can be seen as well as not have a seen as well as not have a seen as well as not him through the can be seen as the can be s

splendid black horse, cantering leisurely toward the house.

"Who is that, Miss Croft?" he asked. "It is a man I don't like," she said, with a the stamp of her foot. "His name is Frank Mulier, and he is half a Boer and half an Englishman. He is very rich and very clever, and owns all the land round this place, so uncle has to be civil to him, though he does not like him either. I wonder what he

On came the horse, and John thought that its riler was going to pass without seeing them, when anddenly the movement of Bessie's dress between the "naatche" trees caught his eye, an I he pulled up and looked round. He was a large and exceedingly handsome man, apparently about 40 years old, with clear cut features, cold, light blue eyes and a remarkable golden beard that hung right down over his chest. For a Boer he was rather amartly dressed, in English made tweed clothes and tall riding boots.

"Ah, Miss Bessie," he called out in English

there you are with your pretty arms all bare. Pm in luck to come just in time to see them Shall I come and help you to wash the feathers? Only say the word, now"—



Just then he caught sight of John Niel and

"I have come to look for a black ox. branded with a heart and a 'W' inside of the heart. Do you know if your uncle has seen it on the place anywhere?"
"No, Meinbeer Muller," replied Bessie

coldly, "but he is down there," pointing at a kraal on the plain some half mile away, "if you want to, go and ask about it."

"Mr. Muller," said he, by way of correction, and with a curious contraction of the brow. 'Meinheer' is all very well for the Boers, but we are all Englishmen now. Well, the ox can wait. With your permission, I'll stop here till 'Oom' Croft (Uncle Croft) comes back," and, without further ado, he jumped off his horse and, slipping the reins over its head as an indication to it to stand still, advanced toward Bessie with outstretched hand, As he did so the young lady plunged both her arms up to the elbows in the bath, and it struck John, who was observing the whole scene, that she did this in order to avoid the necessity of shaking hands with her stalwart

"Sorry my hands are wet," she said, giving him a cold little nod. "Let me introduce you, Mr. (with emphasis) Frank Muller-Capt. Niel, who has come to help my uncle with

"Captainf" he said, interrogatively; "a ship aptain, I suppose?" "No," said John, "a captain of the English "Oh, a rooibaatje (red jacket). Well, I

don't wonder at your taking to farming after the Zulu war." "I don't quite understand you," said John;

rather coldly.
"Oh, no offense, captain, no offense. I mly meant that you rooibaatje did not come very well out of the war. I was there with Piet Uys, and it was a sight, I can tell you. A Zulu had only to show himself at night and one would see your regiments skreck (stampede) like a span of oxen when they wind a lion. And then they'd fire-ah, they did fire -anyhow, anywhere, but mostly at the clouds, there was no stopping them; and so, you see, I thought that you would like to turn your sword into a ploughshare, as the Bible ays—but no offense, I'm sure—no offense."

All this while John Niel, being English to

his backbone, and cherishing the reputation of his profession almost as dearly as his own honor, was boiling with inward wrath, which was all the fiercer because he knew that there was some truth in the Boer's insults. He had the sense, however, to keep his temper-out wardly, at any rate.
"I was not in the Zulu war, Mr. Muller,"

ne said, and just then old Silas Croft cam riding up, and the conversation dropped.

Mr. Frank Muller stopped to dinner and far on into the afternoon. His lost ox seemed to have entirely slipped his memory. There he sat close to the fair Bessie, smoking and drinking gin and water, and talking with great volubility in English, sprinkled with Boer Dutch terms that John Niel did not understand, and gazing at the young lady in a manner which John somehow found un-pleasant. Of course it was no affair of his, and he had no interest in the matter, but for all that he found the remarkable looking Dutchman exceedingly disagreeable. At last, ndeed, he could stand it no longer, and hobbled out for a little walk with Jess, who, in her abrupt way, offered to show him the

"You don't like that man?" she said to him as they slowly went down the slope in front

"I think," replied Jess, slowly and with much emphasis, "that he is the most odious nan that I ever saw, and the most curious. And then she relapsed into allence, only broken now and again by an occasional reoark about the flowers and trees. Half an hour afterward, when they arrived

again at the top of the slope, Mr. Muller was just riding off down the avenue of blue guma. By the veranda stood a Hottentot the spell of her charm and beauty. And named Jantje, who had been holding the then he began to think of Jess, and what a Dutchman's horse. He was a curious, winened amed Jantje, who had been holding the "The state of the between 25 and 60; it was impossible to form know which. You see, in this establishment an opinion on the point. Just now, however, i represent labor and Jess represents intel-

mastering passion.

"What is he doing!" asked John.

Jess laughed. "Jantje does not like Frank
Muller any more than I do, but I don't know
why. He will never tell me."

CHAPTER IV.

HESSIE IS ASKED IN MARRIAGE. In due course John Niel got over his sprained ankle and the other injuries inflicted sprained ankle and the other injuries inflicted on him by the infuriated cock catrich (it is, by the way, a humiliating thing to be knocked out of time by a feathered fewi), and set to work to learn the routine of farm life. He did not find this a disagreeable task, especially when he had so fair an instructress as Bessie, who knew all about it, to show him the way in which he should go. Naturally of

come a famous woman, only," she added, re-flectively, "I am afraid that Jess' books a regular examination as to his progress; also Just then Bessie stopped and suddenly changed color, the bunch of lank, wet feathers she held in her hand dropping from at mid profitable employment. Another thing was that he grew much attached to old the splash back into the bath. Following her glanco, John looked down the Silas Croft. The old gentleman, with his band avenue of blue gum trees and perceived a big man with a broad hat and mounted on a of experience and his targe and varied stock of experience, and his sturdy English character, made a great impression on his mind. He had never not a man quite like him before. Nor was the liking unreciprocated, for his bost took a wonderful fancy to John Niel. "You see, my dear," he explained to his niece Bessie, "he's quiet, and he doesn't know much about farming, but he's willing to learn, and he's such a gentleman. Now, where one has Kaffirs to deal with, as on a place like this, you must have a gentleman. Your mean white will never get anything out of a Kaffir; that's why the Boers kill them and flog them, because they can't get anything out of them without. But you see Capt. Niel gets on well nough with them. I think he'll do, my dear, I think he'H do," and Bessie quite agreed with him. And so it came to pass that after this six weeks' trial the bargain was finally struck, and John paid over his £1,000 and

took a third interest in Mooifontein.

Now it is not possible, in a general way, for a youngish man like John Niel to live in the same house with a young and lovely woman like Bessie Croft without running nore or less risk of entanglement. More es pecially is this so where the two people have ttle or no outside society or distraction to divert the attention from each other. Not that there was as yet, at any rate, the slightest hint of affection between them. Only they liked one another very much, and found it pleasant to be a good deal together. In short, they were walking along that easy, winding road that leads to the mountain paths of love. It is a very broad road, like another road that runs elsewhere, and, also like this last, it has a wide gate. Sometimes, too, it leads to destruction. But for all that it is a most agreeable one to follow hand in hand, winding as it does through the pleasant meadows of companionship. The view is rather limited, it is true, and homelike—full of familiar things. There stand the kine, knee deep in the grass; there runs the water; and there grows the corn. Also one can stop if one likes. By and by it grows different. By and by when the travelers trend the heights of passion, precipiess will yawn and torrents rush, lightning will fall and storms will blind; and who can know that they will attain at last to that far off peak, crowned with the glory of a perfect peace which men call happiness? There are those who say it never can be reached, and that the halo which rests upon its slopes is no earthly light, but rather, as it were, a promise of a beacon—a glow reflected whence we know not, and lying on this alien earth as the sun's light lies on the dead bosom of the moon. Some say, again, that they have climbed its topmost pinnacle and tasted of the fresh breath of heaven that sweeps around its heights-ay, and heard the quiring of immortal harps and the swanlike sigh of angels' wings; and then behold! a mist has fallen upon them, and they have wandered in it, and when it cleared they were on the mountain paths again, and the peak was far away. And a few there are who tell us that they live there always, listening to the voice of God; but these are old and worn with journeying-men and women who have out-lived passions and ambitions and the fire beats of love, and who now, girt about with semories stand face to face with the sphing

But John Niel was no chicken, nor very likely to fall in love with the first pretty face he met. He had once, years ago, gone through that melancholy stage, and there, he thought, was an end of it. Another thing was that if Bessie attracted him, so did Jess in a different way. Before he had been a week in the house he had come to the con-·lusion that Jess was the strangest woman he had ever mot, and in her own way one of the added to her charm; for who is there in this world who does not like to learn a secret? To him Jess was a riddle of which he did not know the key. That she was clever and well informed he soon discovered from her rare remarks; that she could sing like an angel he also knew; but what was the mainspring of her mind-round what axis did it revolvethat was what puzzled him. Clearly enough it was not like most women's, least of all like happy, healthy, plain sailing Bessie. So curl-ous did he become to fathom these mysteries tent he took every opportunity to associate with her, and would even, when he had time. go out with her on her sketching, or rather flower painting, expeditions. On these oc-casions she would sometimes begin to talk, but it was always about books, or England or some intellectual question. She never

spoke of herself. [CONTINUED NEXT BUNDAY,]

"The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll reach the conscience of
the king."

Plantal

and equally true is it that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets '(the original little Liver Pills) are the most effectual neans that can be used to reach the seat f disease, cleansing the bowels and sysem, and assisting nature in her recuper ative work. By druggists.

If there are any valid criticisms which the workingmen of North C rolina have against the Democratc party let them be heard; they are yet to be put toith. Certainly the organization of the Bureau of Statisics is not one of them. The appointment of Commissioner Jones is the most conspicuous recognition of the working people of the State in our opinion that could have been made. If any man deserves to represent the working people of the State he does. Every fair minded, honest workingman will say so.— Smithfield Herald.

The Real Estate Boom. The late advance in real estate is some thing marvelons. The success of Dr. Hart's Blood and Liver Pills is still more remarkable. No pill has ever given the universal satisfaction. For cleansing the blood and for all bilious complaints. headaches, constipation etc., we feel warranted in saying that Hart's Blood and Liver Pilla have no rival. Give

The new Insurance Law of this tate should be carefully examined State should be carefully examined by sheriffs and other law officers, so is to collect the taxes required and see that the law is properly enforced. No doubt there are many bogus companies doing business in the S ate, swindling the people out of many dollars and inducing men to pay for life insurance policies to the neglect of their own just individual debts.-Charlotte Democrat.

Any Small Boy, with a Stick, IO can kill a tiger,—if the tiger happens to be found when only a little cub. So consumption, that deadliest and most feared of diseases, in this country, can assuredly be employed ended the medical Discovery be employed early.

Peanuts at wholesale, at Moore and Robard's. The "Pinafore Steam" is one of the ways ovsters are served at Turner's.

He Killed His Man and Buried Him.

A Jacksonville (Fla.) special says: A handful of loose dirt has led to the detection of a brutal murder in the town of Seffner, in Hillsboro' county, this State. Last Monday Donald B. Hall, 23 years old, mysteriously disappeared from his place of business in that town, but no effort was made to find him until Wednesday, when Justice R. Greene heard that he had had a dispute with R. R. Gibson, an extensive banana planter living south of town. Gibson is a wealthy man, but he

bears a hard reputation, and he was arrested on suspicion. The search for young Hall was continued without success until late Saturday af ternoon, when a farmer's boy noticed a few traces of white sand mixed with the mould of Gibson's banara plantation. Further investigation showed there was a trail formed by the sand leading to the centre of the inclosure. These plantations are hoed over every day and the trail was very hard to follow, but it was finally traced to a spot where there was a considerable deposit of it.

The searchers began digging and uncovered the body of Hall after going down about four feet. The ground was tightly packed and the sand had been used to fill up the hole. Hall had been shot through the lungs. His skull was crushed by a blow from the butt of a rifle, and his head was nearly severed from his body by a knife-cut. A coroner's jury found a verdict of wilful murder against Gibson, and yesterday he had to be removed to he jail at Tampa, as a party bad been organized to lynch him. Hall oved Gibson thirty dollars, and the nurder was the result of a dispute over the terms of its payment.

The Arkansas House, by a vote of 48 to 39, passed a bill to prevent the mortgaging of unplanted crops

A crazy man, by name of Wetters ind, recently terrorized the Swedish town of Goteborg for more than a whole week. He had locked himself in the top story of a house, whence he commanded a wide sweep of street, and marked and fired at everybody who approached. After he had shot one man dead the firemen attempted to drown him out, but could not get near enough, as the man was a dead shot. They next made iron shields to protect them in their approach, but these proved too cumbersome. An attempt to dislodge the luna ic by throwing dumb bells charged with electricity had to be abandoned. A out, and was then seized by strategy too weak to defend himself. H had wounded a number of people serve their friends. from his perch during the singular campaign.

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The best accommodations for our customthe house by the police and regular ers. Messrs. J. Wiley Shook of Haywood. seige laid to it. The lunatic stood it for a week betore he was starved J. A Nichols of Madison, and Capt. Ben L Newland are with us and would be glad to

ASSURANCE THAT ASSURES!

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

Has Assets of \$75,000,000;

A Surplus or , 00,000; Outstanding Assuranc \$411,000,000.

Issued in 1886 \$111,000,000; The plainest and safest policy. Incontestable after two years. Losses payable on presentation of proofs without delay.

WEST.

No. 50,

Arr. L've.

A. M. A. M. 11 12 10 26 10 29 9 42 9 47

4 46

ULYSSES DOUBLEDAY, Agent, DR. WM. D. HILLIARD, Medical Examiner. mh 1-d6m

Atlantic & N. C. R. R.

TIME TABLE NO. 29. In effect 19 M., Sunday, January 17th, 1886, EAST. No. 51. STATIONS: Arr. L've. P. M. P. M. 5 07 5 51 6 54 1 32 6 52 8 47 11 18 11 28 11 40 Goldsboro LaGrange
Kinston
New Berne
Morehead City
Morehead Depot
Deily Except Sunday.

Train 50 connects with Wilmington & Welden train bound North, leaving Goldsboro 11:85 a.m., and with Richmond & Danville train West, leav-ing Goldsboro 12:35 b. m., and Wilmington

Arrive Leave Dinner at Fayetteville. TRAIN SOUTH.
Arrive. Leave.
120 pm 140 pm
150 pm 460 pm
730 pm
Dinner at Sanford.

Dinner at Sanford.

Freight and Passenger Trulk leaves Beimetts ville Tuesdays. Thursdays and Baturdays at 2 30 p m, arriving at Fayetteville at 8 p m.

Leaves Fayetteville on Tuesdays. Thursda, a and Saturdays at 6 30 a m, and arrives at Bennetisville at 12 m.

Freight and passenger Train North leaves Fayetteville on Mondays. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a m, connecting at Sanford with Freight with Passenger Trains to Haleigh), leaves Sanford at 11 30 a m, and arrives at Greensboro at 540 pm.

Leave Greensboro Tuesdays. Thursdays and Saturdays at 5 a m, leaves Sanford at 11 15 a m, and arrives at Fayetteville at 2 40 p m.

JNO. M. ROSE, Gen. Pass. Agent.

J. W. FRY, Gen. Superintendent

DXAMINE OUR STOCK OF FINESHOES in Bay State-Saller Lewen & Co.'s, and

BEARDEN, RANKIN & CO.

SUGGESTION TO FIE TOBALCO CHEWERS

I have in stock a full line of W.S. Gravelys "Extra Chew. "INDIAN CHIEF" AND "FINE 9 INCH"

Fine Fig Tobacco and Lucy Hunt, (a leading brand of fine 9 inch plug.) These good are all made of the best Henry County Leatherwood leaf, and manufactured by J. H. John son & Co., Danville, Va., and are guaranteed to be finest on the market. Frank Loughran.

Main St., 2rd door above Bank of Ashevill

CHAS. HOLTER'S PROSPECT BREWERY, PULLADELPHIA, PA.

W O. MULLER & CO., Agents, ASHEVILLE, N. C.

We herewith take great pleasure in introducing for export and family use

Extra Quality Lager Beer, Brewed of the best Barley and imported Bohemian Hops. It surpasses in fine taste, flavor, brilliancy and nutritious qualities any other Lager Beer, and is strictly pure and unadulterated. Physicians advise the use of this Beer, and we all your special attention to the following analysis:

"Budweis" Lager Beer, me nating from the Prospect Brewery, in Philadelphia, Pa.

Tl e undersigned, at the request of the Tecl nicel Society, has completed an analysis of the "Budweis" Beer, brewed at Chas Wolters' Prospect Brewery, Philadelphia, which analysis exhibits the following results:

Specific gravity, Alcohol, 1.0124 3,71智e Extract: Carbonie Acid, This signifies that the "Budweis" Been

n its essential qualities is almost the exact counterpart of the best Imported A further examination, seeking adul-terations, proves conclusively that it ontains naught of that nature DE. D. H. DANNEBAUM, Tacon: Chemical Works, Bridesburg. Pt ilad-lphia, Oct. 28, 188L.

For Hotels, Boarding Houses, Private Families and the Trade, the above Meer is pu up in patent-stopper Bottles (pints,) and in export bottles (pints,) well corked, wired, foiled and labeled.

We deliver the Beer free of charge to any part of the city, and call for the empty patent stopper bottles, which are never sold but must always be returned with the crates, Having erected a large refrigerator for

the storage of Beer, we are enabled to keep our Beer cool, fresh and in good order, and it will be furnished direct from our refrigerator to our customers.

Al. shipping orders will receive prompt ap. 3-def W. O. MULLER & CO.

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a lot of medium and fine BET-BLANKETT, BED-COMFORTS Heavy and Light Overcoats, prime cost. These goods are fresh BEARDEN, RANKIN & CO.