

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

With Notice toward none; With Charity for all.

150 PER ANNUM, In Advance.

VOL. XIX.

LOUISBURG, N. C., JANUARY 9, 1891.

NO. 49.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

His Daughter Suffered from Eczema.

My daughter suffered for five years with an attack of Chronic Eczema, that baffled the treatment of all the best practitioners. I then concluded to try a course of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) She began to improve from the first dose, and before she had completed the second bottle the irritation had disappeared, and she is now well and enjoying unexcelled health. These are plain and simple facts, and I will cheerfully answer all inquiries, either in person or by mail.

V. VAUGHAN, Druggist, Sandy Bottom, Va.

IT IS THE BEST. I have used Swift's Specific for cleansing the Blood of impurities, and find it to be the best in the market. It not only purifies the blood, but is a most excellent tonic, and builds up the general health promptly.

J. MUNDAY, Litchfield, Ill.

Treaties on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT'S SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Truth is a simple matter to be solved by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

A most dangerous thing is to allow catarrh to run on. Use at once Old Sand's Catarrh Cure and get well. Price only 25 cents.

The "baby's best friend" is Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, since it maintains the baby's health by keeping it free from colic, diarrhoea, etc.

All that does not touch the heart leaves the mind free.

Pleasant to the taste, surprisingly quick in effect and economical in price—no wonder that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the leading preparation of its kind.

"Oh! woman, in thy hours of ease, uncertain eys and hard to please." With children hurt, long hours she's spent. Do try Salvation Oil, the liniment.

There is no such thing as an easy chair for a discontented man.

A good conscience can bear very much.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, scaldings, corns, all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by J. B. Clifton.

REMARKABLE RESCUE.

Mrs. Michael Curtaip, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well as ever was.—Free trial bottle of this Great Discovery at J. B. Clifton's Drug Store, large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

Labor not needed for this good for play it.

Happy Doosters.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of India ville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicine combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Le lie, farmer and stockman, same place, says: "Fruit of Electric Bitters to be the best. Kidney and Liver medicine made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware in relation same town, says: "Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found a new strength, good appetite and felt like he had a new lease on life." Only 50 cents a bottle, at J. B. Clifton's Drug Store, Louisville, N. C.

If boys would be good men, they must be good boys.

DREXEL'S VIOLENE
Solely at 111 N. 2nd St. Philadelphia, Pa.
The Leading Toilet Soap
Price 25 Cts. Sold at Druggists.

LAXADOR
Cures Liver Complaint, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Toothache, Sores, Burns, Cuts, Scalds, Backache, Wounds, &c.
Price 25 Cts. Sold at Druggists.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP
CURES COUGHS & COLDS FOR 25 C.

SALVATION OIL
Price only 25 Cts. Sold by all druggists.
Will relieve Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Lumbago, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Sores, Burns, Cuts, Scalds, Backache, Wounds, &c.
Cure LAMOL - PLUCOR, The Great Tobacco and Cigarette - Price 75 Cts. At all druggists.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I desire to inform my friends and the public generally that I have opened a first class stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

In Louisburg, where I shall be glad to have you call when in town. My place of business is on Main street, opposite the post-office. To say that I will please you only half expresses it, as it has always been my rule to never allow any one to go away without believing that he or she had received their full money's worth. My stock will consist mainly in

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, SHOES, GROCERIES, &c., all of which will be sold at bottom prices. Give me a call.

Very Respectfully,
GEO. H. COOPER.

CLELIA'S FORTUNE.

A Tale of Romance and Adventure in Sunny Italy.

[Translated from the German of A. Keller.]

CHAPTER XVII.

We walked on side by side, and I began to take a closer survey of my companion. He appeared to be comparatively young yet, certainly not over forty years of age, although the deep furrows of his finely formed face plainly indicated that many of life's vicissitudes had ruthlessly ravaged his eyes still retained the sparkle of a man of the world and were entirely free from the expression of apathy, which I had frequently noticed and, in a sense, disliked in other monks. They bespoke kindness and affection but life, strength and energy likewise. "I see, Padre," said I, "that you also like this pleasant promenade."

"Certainly I do," he replied. "As often as I have permission given me to leave my cloister, I hasten hither to walk and watch the fishermen. Let us hurry on a little faster; if I am not mistaken, they will soon haul up their nets. I like to see it."

We accelerated our gait and I continued my scrutiny. A person that has travelled much and seen many people, is very apt, in spite of an excellent memory, to confound faces, or associate them with certain events in earlier life. I walked on in silence by the side of the monk, who would have been very much astonished, could he have guessed, what singular thoughts occupied my mind at that moment, to the exclusion of all other. I was busily trying to recall, whom of the many thousands with whom I had been in closer contact, this Dominican resembled! Where had I seen that keen glance, the straight and proud carriage and the aristocratic smile, which, unaccountably, played about his lips, even at the gravest words? Could it have been in Paris, London or Madrid?—in Damascus or in Valparaiso, in Scotland or in Morocco? I tried in vain. The replies I made the Padre, were vague and unaccountable: I wanted to remember, but could not. Suddenly my attention was arrested by two soldiers, who, evidently in wine, came straight towards us, loudly singing the well-known air "Frattelli d'Italia." They swayed from one side to the other, looked at us rather angrily, but passed by us without any further disturbance. I cast a glance at my companion and saw near making some joyful remarks about the two soldiers, but hesitated on seeing the peculiar expression of his face. He had drawn himself up to his full height and looked after the two with undesignated admiration depicted in his eye.

"Splendid fellows!" he exclaimed. "Brave boys those of the third Legion—the same that made the famous charge under General Soumy at Montebello! Ah to see them on horseback with their lances in the air, sweeping down upon the enemy with the war cry of their King: 'Savoyra, Savoyra!' It is a magnificent spectacle, and I—"

He stopped; his eyes rested upon the breviary he held in his hand, the fire of his eyes had become extinct as if by magic, and an indescribable expression of sadness and of grief appeared in his countenance. He seized the cross, suspended from his belt, and kissed it devoutly, his hands mechanically turned the rosary, and without seemingly minding me, in the least, he murmured a low prayer, which evidently rose from the innermost depths of his heart.

I was both astonished and deeply affected. Suddenly he turned to me again. His pale face looking even paler than before, and as suddenly, a long forgotten face flashed upon my memory, while a name, which for twelve long years had rarely, but during the last two months had almost daily occurred to me, rose to my lips. I fell back a pace or two and with hesitating voice, asked him:

"Marchese, Palla Cassotti—you—your here—a Dominican Monk?"

At the mention of his name my former second started, his brow contracted and his eye shot fire.

"Who are you, Signore?" he said with that short tone of voice and accent, betraying the officer and the native of Genoa alike—"what name was it you uttered?"

"Marchese! do you not recognize me, the opponent of Salvati at the duel in the olive-grove near your villa, on the road to Onegia?"

Again he started as if an electric shock had moved him; his face was ashy pale and with a bitter smile on his lips, he replied:

"Yes, yes! I remember now! You were a friend of the Major's, the young German, who fought so hotly and imprudently?"

"And will you not give me your hand Padre—that hand which the Marchese Pella Cassotti extended so generously then?"

He held out his emaciated hand and pressed mine.

"Signora, very singular," he muttered. "It was only yesterday, that I met a comrade with whom I roomed at the Academy and served for several years in the same regiment. He did not recognize me, while you, Padre, 'If it is unpleasant to you, Padre, I will forget it.'"

He was silent for some minutes.

"Did you know," he resumed, "that Prince Cibo fell in the battle of the Techer, two?"

"I did not know it."

"And now Addio, my son! I hope you may have a pleasant walk. I have to go back to my cell. Good day to you, Signore. Good day!"

"I saw he was sorry at being recognized by me. I held out my hand once more."

"Do not leave me thus, Padre," I said. "Our meeting cannot be an accidental one merely. Come and sit down on this bench with me and let me tell you what brought me to Turin. You may then judge if it be accidental alone, that caused me to meet him, who heard the last sigh of the dying Camillo Ginezzi; or if a higher hand has unexpectedly shown us the way we ought to follow in grateful humility. Listen to me."

He followed me to the bench apparently calm, but listened with visible excitement and nervous motions to what I told him, all of which he read or knows already. When I handed him Camillo's letter and his eyes ran over its contents, his hand trembled; and when after ending my tale, I looked up into his face, he appeared to me like a saint from heaven, sitting there with folded hands, with eyes turned upward and his pale face radiant with a celestial fire. I could not utter another word, but look at it as the former Marchese with profound emotion.

"And you have come from afar, you say, to protect the child of the man whom you have known but a single night?"

"I consider it my bounden duty."

"Alas!" he went on, while his face assumed an expression of profound discomfiture, "and I—I have not so much as thought of the child these nine years!"

"Did you know the child was alive?" He looked at me in amazement; my question appeared to be unintelligible to him.

"The Lord is good and merciful! This then is to be the reward for all my troubles and sufferings. The Lord be praised!"

I did not understand the meaning of his words; I thought even for a moment, that he did not know himself what he was saying, for, as I said before, his face beamed with a supernatural light.

"Come with me—come quickly!" he exclaimed, starting from his seat. "By all that is sacred, you shall see what a monk can do—come on! I must and will save the child of Camillo Ginezzi and Corinna Peretti. Will you hear me? I—I—I will vouchsafe this reward! Come on—you shall assist me, you, the messenger of the Lord, who have brought me the promise of His blessing from a foreign land!"

He seized my arm and urged me to follow him to town. I looked around me for help—I thought the monk had lost his senses.

CHAPTER XIX.

He grew calmer, when we neared the first bridge. He stood still, pondered a moment, then went on again and stopping a second time, asked me in a tone of command, which with him seemed the unmistakable sign of his having forgotten his holy profession:

"I have you any money with you?"

"I have."

"Have you much?"

"That depends on what you call much. I have letters of credit on Rothschild for a considerable sum."

"Draw all the money at once, this very day?"

"I will if you say so. But would you be kind enough to tell me—"

"How much money have you upon your person at this moment?"

"I hardly know—a couple of hundred lire."

"Not enough! Could you let me have a hundred Napoleons in an hour from now?"

"Certainly I can."

"That will do! In an hour and where? Wait a moment. Do you know the store of the German bookseller Lutschner?"

"I do."

"You shall find me there. Try to give me the money so that nobody sees you doing it. And now say another word to me—least of all at the shop. You are not to know me, you understand? At eleven o'clock to-morrow morning come to the cloister and ask for Fra Angiolo—we shall make the final arrangements there."

Without waiting for my reply, he walked hurriedly away, ascending the hill, which I knew led to the cloister. I looked after him as he went; surely he could not disguise his former profession. Some promenade, not far off, seemed to share my own thoughts on the subject; their eyes followed the Dominican, who marched on with a firm step, with head erect and beaming eye.

I need hardly tell the reader, that I remained behind in a far greater confusion than before. I had indeed found some clue for future action; but Heaven only know, what clue that might prove to be! The Marchese's demeanor was so very singular, that I did not know what to make of it. I hired a hack, drove to the banker's, and astonished the cashier not a little by my request to pay me five hundred Napoleons on account. The hour appointed by the Marchese not having arrived I drove next to the Cafe Nazionale under the arcades, this favorite restaurant being but a few paces distant from the bookseller's shop, where the rendez-vous was to take place. I ordered a sherbet and took a seat at a window, from which while deeply engaged in meditation, I could leisurely watch the passers-by.

After having indulged in this pleasant occupation for about a quarter of an hour, I might have been seen suddenly jumping up from my chair,

taking my hat and cane, throwing a piece of money to the waiter, and rushing from the cafe in a frenzied hurry.

What had happened? Why did I cast a searching glance along the arcades and push a crowd of grumbling Turinese citizens aside on my right and left, threading my way in the direction of the Piazza Madame in pursuit of an object, that claimed my whole and profoundest attention? More than that, why did I at that moment forget all about certain matters, which, a minute ago, occupied my mind exclusively—the monk—the Major—Salvati—the monk—the entire purpose of my journey?

Breathlessly I hastened forwards and only loved my pace on finding myself within five steps from a trio of ladies, who walked leisurely and frequently stopping at the windows of the stores, that lined the street. They were the identical three ladies whom I had seen from the window of the Cafe Nazionale, the sight of whom—I know not why—had caused my heart to cease throbbing and the blood to rush to my brain, and whom I pursued, scarcely conscious of what I was doing.

"Why? How did I know why? Perhaps on account of the sixty francs, which they owed me? For these was not the shadow of a doubt, but the oldest of them was the lady of St. Jean de Maurienne, and the two younger ones her former companions Paula and Clelia."

I could not help laughing aloud when after taking breath, I asked myself, why I ran after them, and found no better answer to question, than that it was in all probability the money alone, which made me. I took out my pocket-book—I wonder why I did it?—opened it without any plausible reason I was aware of at the moment, and felt as happy as a king on spying the immortal.

CHAPTER XX.

The ladies meanwhile walked on. I after them; they stood still, so did I. At last they turned to the left, evidently wishing to leave the arcades. I was on the point of doing the same, when I suddenly observed them entering a store. My mind was quickly made up to saunter up and down until they emerged from the shop; when, quite as evidently, my eyes fell upon the sign of the store and I greatly surprised, read on it the words:

"Librairie Ettrangere de L. Loeschner."

My fair unknown had actually lured me on to my place of destination! I looked at my watch—it still lacked five minutes of the appointed time. Without hesitating a moment, I entered the book-store and asked for a list of the latest publications.

The three ladies were standing in front of the counter, apparently unaware of my having entered and being near them. They were examining a collection of guides, voyageurs, and Miss Paula's sweet voice was heard to say: "I have you no guide, sir, referring more especially to the Riviera del Levante and the Gulf of Spezia?"

"I beg pardon, Madame," was the clerk's reply, "this guide of Central Italy contains all you desire."

Paula looked at the book he handed her, the old lady with her habitual sunny smile did the same.

Clelia's face alone—I could see her in the glass opposite—were the same grave expression I had seen before.

If I was not mistaken, she looked even greatly fatigued and exhausted; her beautiful face was pale, her eyes were sad, her whole appearance was one of weariness.

Why did my heart all at once painfully contract, when I noticed the expression of profound suffering, surrounding the young girl's head like a halo? I knew it to be anything but well-meant, to address strangers in a place of business—what cared I for that? I had rendered the young girl a service before and—who could tell!

Besides, I always have been treated as a debtor, who enjoys special advantages and privileges with his creditors. "I have the ladies had a pleasant journey."

General astonishment and turning round.

For a minute or two I was closely scanned from head to foot, whereupon they recognized me, and the old aunt took courage to say:

"Ah, ce Monsieur! Obligated for your kind inquiry, sir. We returned from Genoa an hour ago. Allow me to repeat my sincerest thanks for your great kindness at St. Jean de Maurienne."

"For the service you have rendered me?" I said with a smiling glance at Clelia. Oh how beautiful she looked! Her eyes had lost their former cold expression and were filled with tears; she looked smilingly at me, and I felt a blush suffusing my face, as if I were but sixteen or seventeen years old.

Suddenly Clelia's face assumed an expression of astonishment and confusion, of fright even; her eyes turned fixedly towards the entrance of the shop, my fellow followed—the Dominican monk—the Marchese—had approached the counter, took a place close by my side and dropped his handkerchief.

[To be continued.]

The tombs of George Sand and her son offer a spectacle of forgetfulness. The graves are ill kept and withered flowers lie on the slabs.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A STATEMENT.

ACCORDING TO LAW OF THE AMOUNT OF EACH ACCOUNT CLAIMED AND ALLOWED BY THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF FRANKLIN COUNTY, AND TO WHOM ALLOWED, BEGINNING ON THE FIRST MONDAY IN DECEMBER 1889, AND ENDING ON THE FIRST MONDAY IN DECEMBER 1890.

[CONTINUED.]	
471	McL. 10, Ben Perry one month outside pauper 1 00
472	Wm Ehrbridge do do do 1 00
473	Miss Ellen Alley do do do 1 00
474	Arthur Sandling do do do 1 00
475	Edw. Perry do do do 1 00
476	Mrs Geneva Faulkner do do do 2 00
477	Amy B Alford do do do 2 00
478	Barbara Hensley do do do 2 00
479	Henderson Harris do do do 2 00
480	Kitty Spivey do do do 2 00
481	Isabella Williams do do do 2 00
482	Mary Alley do do do 2 00
483	Henry Wilder do do do 2 00
484	Susan Wilder do do do 2 00
485	Burke Davis do do do 2 00
486	Joseph Bridges and dr. do do do 2 00
487	Alfred Danston do do do 2 00
488	James Evans do do do 2 00
489	Berry Wester do do do 2 00
490	William Toney and wife do do do 2 00
491	J M Terrell and child do do do 2 00
492	Nancy Davis do do do 2 00
493	Ben Faulkner and wife do do do 2 00
494	Toney Harris do do do 2 00
N D May	Board of prisoners, &c 2 50
496	W B Howerton work and repairs on stock law fence 2 50
497	W H Furman Amount of account, &c 9 95
498	J W Ham coffin and expenses of Mr. Wins for Patterson 8 90
499	W J King, C S C saving timber at Anderson's bridge 1 00
500	Wiggs & Cooley repairing stock law fence, Freeman township 2 22
501	J J Timberlake amount of account for books, blanks &c., for C S C 22 75
502	J Thomas making gates for stock law fence and registering voters 4 54
503	C C Jefferys keeping raft on Anderson's bridge from Oct. to Dec. 31st 1889 2 50
504	Wiley Flowers do do do 2 50
505	Crenshaw, Hicks & Allen amt of acct filed 24 42
506	Nathan May repairing stock law fence, Freeman township 110 00
507	T S Collins 7 days committee work as per acct filed 14 00
508	Nathan May putting up stock law fence 2 50
509	Herritt Bachelor work and rails on stock law fence 14 50
510	George Winston 2 days committee on stock law fence and one gate hinge 4 25
511	J W Young 4 days service on fence and treasurer, &c 8 00
512	G W Brown 4 days service to Board from Dec. 1889 to Mch '90 48 00
513	P A Davis amt of acct 48 00
514	Elizabeth Phelps One month outside pauper 1 00
515	Mrs Maggie Hayes do do do 1 00
516	Willie Mitchell do do do 1 00
517	Mrs Lucy Leonard do do do 1 00
518	Mrs E Dorsey do do do 1 00
519	Britton Medlin and wife do do do 2 00
520	Mrs Tony Harris do do do 1 00
521	Elizabeth Bolton do do do 1 00
522	Napoleon May do do do 1 00
523	S A Hamlet do do do 1 00
524	Mrs E Guyton do do do 1 00
525	Mrs H Falconer do do do 1 00
526	J E Guyton do do do 1 00
527	Matilda Edwards do do do 1 00
528	Geo Southernland do do do 1 00
529	Sarah Hayes do do do 1 00
530	Ellis DeKewson do do do 1 00
531	Wm H Tharrington do do do 1 00
532	Nancy Bell do do do 1 00
533	John Catlett do do do 2 00
534	Mrs M S Vaughan do do do 1 00
535	Helen Rogers do do do 1 00
536	Nick Gowick do do do 1 00
537	Ursula Upchurch do do do 1 00
538	John Harper do do do 1 00
539	Joshua Nunn and wife do do do 2 00
540	Lizzie Strickland do do do 1 00
541	Thomas Medlin do do do 1 00
542	Wm Perry and wife do do do 2 00
543	Charles Harris do do do 2 00
544	Ben Perry do do do 1 00
545	Wm Ehrbridge do do do 1 00
546	Ellen Alley do do do 1 00
547	Arthur Sandling do do do 1 00
548	Rebecca Perry do do do 1 00
549	Mrs Geneva Faulkner do do do 1 00
550	Amy B Alford do do do 2 00
551	Barbara Hensley do do do 2 00
552	Henderson Harris do do do 2 00
553	Kitty Spivey do do do 2 00
554	Isabella Williams do do do 2 00
555	Mary Alley do do do 2 00
556	Henry Wilder do do do 2 00
557	Susan Wilder do do do 2 00
558	Burke Davis do do do 2 00
559	Joseph Bridges & daughter do do do 2 00
560	Alfred Danston do do do 2 00
561	Berry Wester do do do 2 00
562	James Evans do do do 2 00
563	J M Terrell and child do do do 2 00
564	Nancy Davis do do do 2 00
565	Ben Faulkner and wife do do do 2 00
566	Toney Harris do do do 2 00
567	John Strother and wife do do do 2 00
568	Keptine Ballard do do do 2 00
569	B B Bland coffin for Henderson Harris' daughter 2 50
570	May 5, Stewart Parrish and children one month outside pauper, commencing in April 3 00
571	W D Pearce Balance for building bridge across Moonala creek 2 75
572	C F Bennett repairing stock law fence 2 00
573	John C Stallings keeping raft from Ferrer's bridge one quarter 3 00
574	E Rykes 2 days committee letting and receiving Anderson's bridge 6 00
575	W H Perry repairing stock law fence 2 00
576	W D Harris 5 days erect to Court, April term 10 00
577	J C Baker 4 days officer to Grand Jury, April term 2 00
578	Hammett Bridges repairing stock law fence 8 00
579	W D Seymour 5 days officer to April Court 10 00
580	H C Kearney, Sheriff amount of account filed 25 25
581	H Halsewood services to April Court 7 50
582	T C Warmouth coffin for Arthur Sandling 2 00
583	Wm J King, C S C amount of account for April Court 43 90
584	J A Bean, Chief of Police arrest of Chas Toney and expenses 4 70
585	S L Duke expenses and cost for bringing Chas Toney from Oxford to jail 17 90
586	A H Moore keeping raft from Simms bridge from 1st Feby to 1st May 2 50
587	W J Johnson covering Sam Stallings to jail 35 00
588	J H Uzie amount of account furnished papers 10 15
589	W P Neal & Co amount of account furnished papers for Mch and April 150 00
590	R M Fuller amt of acct for board of paupers for Mch and April 25 00
591	R M Fuller conveying Joseph Terrell to poor house 17 85
592	R M Fuller making clothes for paupers 17 85
593	N D May amount of account for board of prisoners 25 95
594	W Hal Mann part building Anderson's bridge 207 90
595	P Davis amount of account, 20 80
596	H C Kearney Bal. of cash due by Alfred Wood, convicted at Nov. term 1889. See minutes 17 00
597	W H Edwards covering houses at poor house 50 00
598	B F Bullock laying stationary &c for board 1887 and 1888 50 00
599	G W Harris part building bridge (Anderson) 30 00
600	Wm J King, C S C fee April Court 1890 55 44
601	D Worthington collector's fee April Court 1890 8 50
602	H C Kearney Sheriff fee 26 80
603	F P Peizer 1 00
604	W H Mitchell 25 00
605	J S Joyner 1 07
606	W T Dean 1 85
607	O L Eise 4 22
608	J L Warthon constable 1 60
609	W J Johnson witness 2 75
610	H Rodwell witness 2 10
611	Ed Scott 2 10
612	Julia Leonard 1 20
613	T W Stokes 1 00
614	Head O Green 1 75
615	Wm Thomas 3 20
616	S L Duke constable 2 00
617	Wm Smith witness 2 00
618	Nancy Smith 2 00
619	H E Kearney 2 85
620	Prisley Pearce 1 50
621	Sheriff Smith of Vance 1 40
622	Irvin King witness 1 20
623	Joe Gordon 1 20
624	C H Parrish 1 40
625	Geo Aiston 1 10
626	W A Parrish 1 45
627	D C Tharrington 1 45
628	Wiley Taylor 60 00
629	Charles Jackson 2 00
630	Duffin Perry 2 00
631	Elizabeth Phelps One month outside pauper 1 00
632	Mrs Maggie Hayes do do do 1 00
633	Willie Mitchell do do do 1 00
634	Mrs Lucy Leonard do do do 1 00
635	Mrs E Dorsey do do do 1 00
636	Britton Medlin and wife do do do 2 00
637	Mrs Tony Harris do do do 1 00
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639	Napoleon May do do do 1 00
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