State Library

THE FRANKLIN TIMES.

J. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor. | With Malice toward none; With Charity for all. | $1.50 PER ANNUM, In Advance.

VOL. XX. | LOUISBURG, N. C., JANUARY 22, 1892 | NO. 50.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

NOTICE.

State of North Carolina } In the Superior
Franklin County } Court.

A. J. P. Harris, Adm'r C. T. A. of John Richards, dec'd., plaintiff
vs.
Jno. F. Richards, Burwell Richards, Sidney Richards, George Richards, and the other devisees and heirs of John Richards and the Trustees of Wake Forest College, defendants.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that George Richards, cannot after due diligence be found and that this action is of the following nature, to-wit: A. J. P. Harris is the administrator with the will annexed of Jno. Richards, dec'd; that the said testator in his life time executed a mortgage on his lands to the Trustees of Wake Forest College; that the said George Richards is one of the devisees and heirs-at-law, and the said administrator alleges that the personal estate, which has been duly applied in the course of his administration, is totally inadequate to pay the debts of his testator, and the sale of some if not all of his real estate will be necessary to pay his debts, and this action by the administrator against the heirs-at-law and the Trustees of Wake Forest College is for the purpose of ascertaining and fixing the amount of the charge on the real estate in favor of the Trustees of Wake Forest College, and adjusting the same if it can be done, on the several parcels of land as among the said several devisees, and for a sale thereof and the payment first of the debt to the said Trustees of Wake Forest College, and next through the said administrator of the payment of the other debts due by said estate. The said George Richards is a necessary party to said action. All of said land is situated in Franklin county. It is now ordered and adjudged that publication of the notice of this said action to the said George Richards be made for six weeks in the FRANKLIN TIMES notifying him to appear at the next term of the Superior Court of Franklin county on the sixth Monday before the first Monday in March 1892, and answer the complaint which will be filed by the plaintiff during the first three days of the said term, and that if he shall fail so to do, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

This 15th December 1891.

B. B. MASSENBURG,
Clerk Superior Court.

NOTICE.

By virtue of a mortgage deed made January 8, 1890, between T. N. Wester and wife Matilda Wester, and Egerton & Ford, we will sell at public auction at the Court House door in Louisburg, N. C., on Monday, Feb. 15, 1892, the following: A certain tract of land, the William Earls tract, adjoining the lands of W. D. Earl, Sally Wood and J. J. Murphy, and known as the place whereon the said T. N. Wester now lives, containing 37 acres. Also a second tract of land adjoining the lands of J. T. Wood, Benj. Wester and Ed Wood, and known as the tract of land drawn by Matilda wester in the division of the Locky wester tract, containing 20 acres.

Also the following personal property: 1 piled Ox, about 10 years old, 1 Ox cart, 1 red cow, 2 hogs, all farming tools, all shop tools, 3 feather beds, 1 mattress, 3 bedsteads, 1 clock, all covering for 3 beds and all other household and kitchen furniture of every description. Terms of sale cash.

Jan. 12, '92. EGERTON & FORD.

NOTICE.

By virtue of a judgment of the Superior Court of Franklin county in the case of F. N. Egerton vs. Ida S. Pearce, the undersigned Commissioner will on Monday Dec. 7, 1891, offer for sale at the Court house door in Louisburg to the highest bidder for cash (unless sooner sold privately) the tract of land on which the late J. J. Pearce resided, bounded by the Louisburg and Nashville road and the lands of J. T. Gill, J. J. Cooke, Ben. Griffin, Wm. Coppedge ane others, containing about 257 acres, after cutting off tracts sold West and Stallings. Parties wishing to see said land will be shown over it by Mr. R. M. Pearce, and if they prefer can buy privately of him, in such size tracts as may be agreed upon.

THOS. B. WILDER.
Nov. 1, 1891. Commissioner.

The above sale was postponed to January 25th, 1892.

NOTICE OF MORTGAGE SALE.

By virtue of power of sale contained in a certain deed of mortgage executed by James W Wellons, on the first day of April, 1885, and duly recorded in the office of Register of Deeds for Franklin county, in Book 66, page 458, I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the Court House door, in Louisburg, on January 26, 1892, at 12 o'clock, M., the land and premises described in said mortgage deed, being improved by dwelling house, office barn and several small tenament houses, and situated in Franklinton, on Louisburg road and wellon's avenue, containing two and a half acres, more or less.

FLORINE A. HINES,
Mortgagee.

NOTICE.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Franklin county made at Fall term 1891, in the case of R. Y. Harboro, Admr., of W. T. Collins and others against P. O. Day and others I shall sell at the Court House door in Louisburg, on Wednesday, January 27, 1892, two tracts of land in Franklin county, one lying on Deer's branch, adjoining the lands of Jno. Colbert and others, containing 63¾ acres, the other lying on Davis' branch, adjoining the lands of Leonard and others, containing 32 acres. The sale will be at public auction to the highest bidder and for cash. Dec. 29, 1891.

R. Y. HARBORO,
Commissioner.

NOTICE.

By direction of the will of the late Louis Bartholomew, the undersigned will on Monday January 25, 1892, offer for sale to the highest bidder, for cash, a portion of the land of said Bartholomew, containing 64 acres, adjoining the lands of Sherrod Sledge, W. T. Wilder and the Warrenton road. A plat thereof can be seen by calling on Thos. B. Wilder.

S. P. GREEN, Ex'r of
Dec. 18, '91. L. Bartholomew.

NOTICE.

Having this day qualified as administratrix of Abel Strickland, this is to give notice to all persons having claims against said estate to present them before January 18th, 1893.

CAROLINE STRICKLAND.
W. M. Person, Att'y.

THE NEW YEAR

IS ALREADY UPON US, BUT

Thomas & Aycocke

ARE STILL IN

LOUISBURG

And have the usual line of goods generally carried in a first-class

DRUG STORE,

Such as Drugs, Medicines, Patent and Proprietary goods, Fancy and Toilet articles, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Stationary, Fine Cutlery, Razors, Blank Books, Lamps and Lamp goods, Garden Seeds, Inks, Dyes, Fine Perfumeries, Tobacco and Medicinal Liquors. The finest line of

CIGARS

in town, from 2 for 5 to 15 cents each. Flavoring Extracts, Fine Soaps, Brushes, Combs, Toilet Powder, Hair Dressing, Blacking and Blacking Brushes, Spices, Kerosene Oil, Lanterns, and various other goods which you can get by calling for them.

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIPTIONS

accurately filled by a REGISTERED PHARMACIST, at any hour day or night, and we guarantee the ingredients to be as

PURE

as can be had anywhere. Any goods not kept in stock will be ordered, for responsible parties.

Please examine our stock and you will find it efficient both in QUANTITY AND QUALITY, to meet the demands of our patrons. We GUARANTEE PRICES to be as low as any house using the same CLASS OF GOODS.

Give us a call and we will give you every advantage possible.

Yours, &c.,
THOMAS & AYCOCKE.

Don't Forget

TO CALL TO SEE

KING & MACON,

While in town. They keep constantly on hand almost everything that is kept in a first class general merchandise store, such as Dry goods, Shoes, Hats, Caps, a nice line Ready made Pants &c., Heavy and fancy groceries, such as Meal, Meat, Flour, Sugar, Coffee, Molasses, all kind of Flavorings and Extracts, Pearl Hominy, Gelatine, Mace, Baking Powder, Sauce, all kinds of canned goods, and lots of other things that are too numerous to mention.

FIRST-CLASS

RESTAURANT.

Having opened a first-class Restaurant in Louisburg, I am prepared to serve meals at all hours. Can furnish a few persons lodging at night. My table is served with chicken, mutton, beef and everything the market affords. Always call in when you are hungry, and you shall have satisfaction.

Respectfully,
BONEY HAWKINS.

FRANKLINTON HOTEL

W. M. McGHEE, Proprietor.

Good accommodations. polite servnts, and the best fare the market affords.

Circumstantial Evidence

By MARY E. STICKNEY.

[Copyright, 1891, by American Press Association.]

"Don't be idiotic," he roughly retorted. "Be satisfied with what you have already done to disgrace yourself and me. Don't imagine that you are going on to have me pointed at as a deserted husband; to have the history of your shame hawked through all the papers in the land. If you hankered for the excitement of an elopement you should have embraced the opportunity when you had it; rest assured you will not get another."

"No?" with an insolent smile. "Will Mrs. Rogers never take you away again?"

He opened his lips, but then, as if fearing to trust himself to speak, turned and rushed from the room. Anita buried her head in the sofa pillow and lay still, making no moan, although every nerve was a-quiver under the stinging humiliation of Donald's tone and her own impotent anger. A moment later she lifted her white face, dully staring. Donald had come back.

"I want to take it all back Nita," he said humbly, even pleadingly, "all the hateful things I have been saying. I have tormented myself into a temper over this thing, and I have said more than I meant—a good deal more than I ought. It does look queer, and you won't explain it. And the oneerest thing about it is your reticence. All the same I believe you could explain it if you chose, so as to put an altogether different aspect upon the matter; and I think you are keeping your lips closed in some foolish whi n of shielding your cousin some way. I know that he is at the bottom of the whole business; that—why, great heavens, Nita, if an angel came to tell me any evil about you I could not really believe it!" moving a little toward her. "I believe nothing—nothing, Nita, except what I saw; and someway, somehow, I believe in you in spite of that."

Anita had buried her face again in the sofa pillow for shame of the tears that were welling from her eyes, so unused to the weakness of tears.

"If you would only be frank with me, Nita!" he murmured, wistfully regarding her, but moving no nearer.

Anita said nothing. Womanlike, even in her weeping she had her wits well about her, and, seeing Donald ready for reconciliation, she was full of obstinate resolve to move no step toward meeting him half way. His had been the first wrongdoing; legitimately his was the humiliation of confession and pleading. Seeing her in tears for his harshness, she subtly planned, he, already disposed to tenderness, must be moved to take her in his arms with comforting and caressing; and when he had come to that she knew he would be completely at her mercy. She would not yield to him at once: his punishment must be prolonged while the last remnant of her coldheartedness could endure; an l her tardy forgiveness must impress him once for all with the fact that her feelings were not to be lightly disregarded.

"Won't you tell me, dear?" more tenderly still. Anita's head was shaken with sudden sobbing. He took it for a gesture of refusal, and without another word turned and left her.

After a moment, surprised at the silence, she looked up, chagrined to find him gone, and, forgetting her resolve of cold quiescence, ran eagerly after him to the hall door; but he was already far down the street, hurrying on with a quick, nervous stride, already beyond reach of her voice if she called.

But there was a rare light of happiness on her face as she came back, sitting down in the chair where he had been, softly caressing with her cheek the cushion against which his head had rested. After all, he still loved her in his large, passionless, unselfish way, that would think no evil even though his own eyes had seen her in the arms of another, guilty kisses showered upon her face. Even after that, if an angel came to tell him evil of her he would not believe—eagerly repeating his words. And she,—her face grew graver as she reverted to her own feelings, conscious that all his magnanimity had been powerless to kill that pain of jealous distrust. Full of longing to meet his tender confidence with a trust no less perfect than his own, it seemed still impossible that her heart should soar beyond her understanding. Convicted of evil in her mind, she could not, through blind love, force herself to believe him guiltless; but she could be even more generous than he—the glory of transcendent love lighting her wet eyes—for with even a doubt of his truth still shadowing her heart she could take him back to her love, overlooking, condoning everything.

She could not wait through all the slow dragging hours of the afternoon for the happiness she felt so near her lips; she would follow him to the office—hurrying to make a fresh toilet. It was a chill day for the embroidered white lawn, but Donald liked that best, and so it must go on, smiling a little at the small vanity while, with the finical care of a school girl, she lingered over the tying of the soft silk sash and the arrangement of the great bunch of yellow chrysanthemums she pinned at her belt.

She fancied herself stealing unannounced into his private office, as she had often done before, of quietly going up behind him as he sat at his desk, surprising him with the light touch of her hand upon his shoulder. She could see his swift flush of surprise and pleasure as he read her errand in her eyes before she spoke, his joy and thankfulness ineffable to see the end of this time of wretchedness—their first real quarrel and, please heaven, their last.

CHAPTER XIII.

It seemed an especial exhibition of the total depravity of inanimate things that as Anita stepped out of doors she should find the wind rioting in the street, the air clouded with rushing whirlwinds of dust tossed up by the lively little "Colorado zephyr" that at certain seasons seems especially aimed to try the souls of good housewives. She stood still for a moment, disappointedly hesitating, but still she could not bring herself to renounce the cherished plan. It was but a short walk to the office at most, and she felt strong enough in her eagerness to combat any obstacle.

But never did those three blocks seem so long a journey. She was obliged to face a driving column of yellow dust mottled with crumpled papers and rags, dead leaves and twigs, the unsightly litter of ill kept back yards, in which a nucleus in the form of a small boy seemed presently evolved, his hat just scarce touching the ground as he chased his hat, which was ever bowled away just beyond reach of the clutching fingers.

Here and there in the quiet street, under the cottonwoods upon which the yellow leaves were already stealing, as pathetic in their beauty as gray hairs on the head of youth, in groups of two or three, cows were sorrily bunched together, their backs to the wind, and a little girl with a basket, apparently profiting by the example of the kine, was cautiously shuffling along backward, curiously blinking through the yellow haze at the lady who, but for this unnatural reversal of gait, would have been just behind her. Anita, holding on to her hat with both hands, the wind wrapping her skirts about her limbs until each step was a new difficulty, found herself curiously embarrassed by the gaze of those childish eyes, small and black and bright as a couple of shoe buttons sewed in the little dust grimed face. It seemed a confession of mental weakness to be seen on the street in a dust-storm like that by anybody, to say nothing of appearing blown and disheveled, stripped of all the graceful dignity which Mrs. Bartels regarded as her indispensable adjunct.

Her impulsive spleen was quickly lost, however, in kindly concern as the heedless little experimenter came to grief on the uneven pavement. Anita stooped to help the child upon her feet again and restore the scattered contents to the basket, while, as if it had been mischievously watching for the opportunity, the wind at this moment seized upon her own hat and sent it spinning away through the dust. The child, not to be outdone in kindness, darted after it and presently returned triumphant, but not until the wind had made havoc with the arrangement of Anita's hair, while the story of its adventure was grimly marked upon the hat. Again Anita hesitated as she shook the dusty plumes, glancing uncertainly back; but now it was farther to go home than to press on to her first goal; and, after all, hurrying on, what would it matter to Donald in what guise she came to him?

Alone in the long hall outside the office she stopped, with swift feminine touches striving to improve her disheveled appearance; and when she had brushed her hat and with sundry little pats helpless to improve had assured herself how far her hair was awry, when she had shaken her skirts and smoothed up the long wrists of her gloves still she lingered, her heart tumultuously beating. She would not go in through the large outer office, but went on to the door more seldom used opening into Donald's private room, halting with the door knob in her hand, swallowing a lump that had risen in her throat, while in incoherent thought she tried to frame what she first would say; but in the chaos of her mind only rose the vision of Donald as he would look, the glowing love that would be in his eyes as he rose to clasp her in his arms.

Softly she turned the knob, a tender smile curving her lips, her eyes luminous with anticipation, softly pushed open the door and entered the room.

Donald was sitting at his desk, as she had anticipated, but there the picture of her fancy ended. She did not cross the room to lay her hand upon his shoulder, because in the way, very close to Donald, and pushing back her chair with a little start of confusion, as if she had been still closer, sat Mrs. Rogers.

"Well, upon my word!" she laughingly exclaimed, first to recover her voice in the surprise of the renconter, "did you blow down?"

"I should suppose it would seem sufficiently evident," with a faint, sardonic smile, angrily conscious of her battered hat and the dusty untidiness of her dress, while her glance took in the exquisite neatness of the other's toilet, the smooth hair and the dainty, dustless gown. Evidently Mrs. Rogers had come in before the storm began, Anita shrewdly inferred, measuring the time in her mind, at the same time noting that the door to the outer office was closed.

Donald had hurried forward, flushing a little with surprise or embarrassment, to give her a chair. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," he said, with that little mockery of his old manner he had come to assume before others. "It is pleasant that you let yourself be blown this way; but I must say I approve your taste rather more than your judgment. I should hardly have supposed you would care to venture out such a day as this."

"Oh, I am sure you could not have expected me," a little sneer in her tone his trained ear could not miss.

"I believe most women like to go beating their way through a storm," chimed in Mrs. Rogers in her vivacious way. "It seems somehow to satisfy that craving for antagonism that seems to be inherent in the female heart."

"Do you think so?" returned Donald, with a smile of careless courtesy, a tiny frown furrowed between his eyes. "And do you enjoy this peculiar craving?"

"Oh, yes; we all do. And most of us wear our lives out beating against the wind—that is, contriving imaginary troubles to fight; don't you think so, Mrs. Bartels?"

"We are not always driven to taxing our imaginations, I think; Providence spares us the effort," sharply glancing from under her long lashed, insolently drooping eyelids. She had become persuaded that Mrs. Rogers held something in her hand which she was concealing in a fold of her gown.

"Providence! ah!" with a shrug of her shoulders. "Better call it the devil and spell it as it should always be spelled, without the d. It is the evil in people's own minds that leads them to look for trouble and find it, nine times out of ten, Mrs. Bartels. If women never hated until there was reason for hate, if they were never jealous until they had cause, if they never went mad in any of the thousand and one phases of feminine madness there would be lots less trouble, Mrs. Bartels, and," with a careless inconsequential little smile, "Orodelphia would be a good deal pleasanter."

"Do you think so?" indifferently, her eyes fixed with the sharp scrutiny of a cat watching a mouse. She was bound to see what was in that hand. All the time it had been creeping upward with a scarce perceptible movement, crumpling something more closely in its grasp, until, as Mrs. Rogers rose with her last word, with a swift movement she pushed something under the edge of her basque, but not so dexterously but that the keen eyes watching had caught a glimpse, a mere corner betrayed, of a little roll of bank notes.

"But I must not stay here arguing moral questions while my poor boy lies hazarding his immortal soul with profanity," she exclaimed, with her childish laugh. "The doctor is laid up with rheumatism, you know," she explained to Anita, as if it were the most cheerful bit of news possible, "and his remarks sometimes seem fairly to impart a sulphurous odor to the room. It is considered good for rheumatism—sulphur—and I don't know but the doctor has some scheme of his own for fighting the disorder with the fumes of his diabolical exclamations, at least it seems to ease his mind wonderfully."

Donald joined in her laugh, but with a perfunctory air. "You should hire a Chinaman to help him swear," he carelessly suggested.

"I hoped you would volunteer," with a laughing pout. "I came around, you know, to see if Mr. Bartels and you," innocently turning to Anita, as if ingenuously impelled to explain her presence there, "out of kind charity, to revive my drooping spirits, would not come around late this afternoon for a little game of tennis; but the wind seemed to answer for you before I had fairly gotten the invitation out of my mouth."

"I should not have supposed you could consider it necessary to wait for even the wind to answer such an invitation as that," with an insolent smile, after a brief stare of incredulity. "You know that I do not play tennis, Mrs. Rogers."

"No," slightly discomfited; "but if you would only learn, you would enjoy it so much."

"But you are not going out in the dust?" interposed Donald hastily, his protest, however, somewhat lukewarm in tone. "Won't you wait until the storm is over, Mrs. Rogers?"

"Oh, no; the doctor is waiting for me, and," gayly nodding herself out of the door, "two's a company, while three—ah, you know. Good afternoon, both of you."

Donald closed the door after her with a relieved expression, turning to Anita expectantly.

"It was so delicate of her to remind me, was it not?" looking up at him with an ugly sneer; "but it was quite unnecessary. Nobody could have been more regretfully conscious than I of making up the proverbial crowd."

"Nonsense!" impatiently. "Why will you always impute ideas to that poor woman that never enter her head? referred to herself, of course."

"Of course nothing on earth could have induced me to come in had I dreamt how painfully superfluous I was to be," she went on as if he had not spoken. "And even worse than that, to interrupt your tete-a-tete—to drive your guest away!" with a smile of bitter irony. "I cannot sufficiently express my regret."

"Nonsense!" cried Donald again, reddening angrily. "There was no reason on earth why you should not have come in, as you know perfectly well. And as for driving her away: she had finished her business before you came in and would have been gone long ago had she not stopped to speak to you."

"Her business?—that invitation to play tennis, of course you meant to say," with a hard, mirthless laugh.

Donald gave himself a little restless shake, as if he would throw off the cloud that had gathered on his face. "Oh, never mind the woman!" he irritably exclaimed. "You came to see me about something, did you not, Nita? Let's change the subject to that," looking at her anxiously.

"Why, yes, I did come to see you about something," a bitter smile curling her lips. "I came because," steadily regarding him, "I would like a little money."

"Why, certainly; but," seeming somewhat embarrassed, "how much do you want?"

"Oh, twenty-five or thirty dollars will do with what I have, I think. I want it," explaining with an air of painful punctiliousness, "to buy material for a new tea gown and perhaps to get lace to make a jabot up the front."

"Don't, Nita," with a sort of hurt gentleness. "I don't want to know how you propose to use it. And you must have a larger allowance after this that the want may not occur again," looking up at her pleasantly. He was always generous in money matters, and was, in fact, well pleased that she had come to ask this little favor now. "I will make this fifty; you see I must give you a check—my purse is as bare as Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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 1890, AND ENDING ON THE FIRST MONDAY IN DECEMBER 1891.

899	Sept. 8, '91	Matilda Edwards one month outside pauper	1 00
900		Sarah Hayes do do do	1 50
901		Ella Dickerson do do do	1 00
902		Wm H Tharrington do do do	1 00
903		Nancy Bell do do do	1 00
904		John Catlett do do do	1 00
905		M S Vaughan do do do	1 00
906		Helen Rogers one month outside pauper	1 00
907		Nick Goswick do do do	2 00
908		Ursulie Upchurch do do pauper	1 00
909		Mrs Joshua Nunn do do do	1 00
910		Turner Medlin do support Priesie Young	8 00
911		Wm Perry and wife do month outside pauper	2 00
912		Chas Harris do do do	1 50
913		Rebecca Perry do do do	1 00
914		Geneva Faulkner do do do	1 00
915		Barbara Henley do do do	1 00
916		Henderson Harris do do do	2 00
917		Isabella Williams do do do	1 00
918		Mary Alley do do do	1 00
919		Ellen Alley do do do	1 00
920		Berry Wester do do do	1 00
921		J M Terrell and child do do do	3 00
922		Nancy Davis do do do	1 50
923		Ben Faulkner and wife do do do	2 00
924		Lovie Furgurson do do do	1 00
925		Francis Hines do do do	1 00
926		Sol Perry do do do	1 00
927		Anthony Jones do do do	1 00
928		H B Alford do do do	2 00
929		Nancy Chavis do do do	1 00
930		Priscilla Dorsey do do do	1 00
931		Shelly Medlin do do do	1 00
932		Caleb Dancy do do do	1 00
933		Miss Mary Furman do do do	1 00
934		Naden Bryant do do do	1 00
935		Mary Jane Moye do do do	2 00
936		Nick Arrington do do do	1 00
937		Martha Dunston do do do	1 00
938		Nettie Faulkner and child do do do	2 00
939		Ben Perry do do do	1 00
940		Anna Webb do do do	2 00
941		Penny Evans do do do	1 00
942		Mrs Ann Perry do do do	2 00
943		Mary Champion do do do	1 00
944		George Southerland do do do	1 00
945	Oct. 5, '91	T H Whitaker amount of account for lumber	10 85
945½		W J Johnson conveying Allen and Chas Foster to jail	5 00
946		B B Massenburg, C S C amount of account rendered	4 75
947		B D Pinnell amount of account rendered	76 80
948		Cancelled	
949		Judia Thomas amount of account rendered	3 00
950		E M Gupton " " " "	2 50
951		J W Swanson amt of account rendered for repairing gate and fence	2 50
952		W B Cooke one day juror at coroner's inquest over Ned Allen	1 50
953		L D Faulkner " " " " " " " " & mileage	1 65
954		Chas Macon " " " " " " " " " "	1 60
955		Robt Dunston " " " " " " " " " "	1 60
956		R E Foster " " " " " " " " " "	1 50
957		R S Foster " " " " " " " " " "	1 65
958		Dr P S Foster amt of account at coroner's inquest over Ned Allen	10 00
959		G W Brown amt of acct as coroner, Ned Allen	10 60
960		Joseph Moye amt of acct for damage by breaking through bridge	5 50
961		W K Martin, jr amount of account rendered	14 40
962		R M Fuller amount of account rendered	68 40
963		R S Foster amount of account rendered	5 00
964		King, Clifton & Co amount of account for paints	8 70
965		W H Joyner bal due for listing taxes in Franklinton township	5 00
966		W H Fuller " " " " " Louisburg "	9 67
967		Geo S Baker " " " " " " "	9 67
968		W H Yarboro " " " " " " "	9 67
969		Wesley Burnett amount of account for lumber	18 57
970		Eaton Bowen painting court house roof	7 00
971		House Hazlewood fixing steps and laying floor in jail	5 00
972		W K Martin, jr making out tax for road in Franklinton township	21 87
973		L T Horton 213 feet lumber for jail	2 13
974		John Green conveying Sallie Malone to poor house	1 00
975		E Dorsey one month outside pauper	1 00
976		Britton Medlin do do do	2 00
977		Willis Mitchell do do do	1 00
978		Elizabeth Bolton do do lunatic	5 00
979		S A Hamlet do do pauper	1 50
980		Mrs E Gupton do do do	3 00
981		Mrs H Falkner do do do	1 00
982		J E Gupton do do do	1 00
983		Matilda Edwards do do do	1 00
984		Sarah Hayes do do do	1 50
985		Ella Dickerson do do do	1 00
986		Wm H Tharrington do do do	1 00
987		Nancy Bell do do do	1 00
988		John Catlett do do do	1 00
989		M S Vaughan do do do	1 00
990		Helen Rogers do do do	1 00
991		Nick Goswick do do do	2 00
992		Ursulie Upchurch do do do	1 00
993		Mrs Joshua Nunn do do do	1 00
994		Turner Medlin do support Priesie Young	3 00
995		Wm H Perry and wife do month outside pauper	2 00
996		Chas Harris do do do	1 50
997		Rebecca Perry do do do	1 00
998		Geneva Falkner do do do	1 00
999		Barbara Henley do do do	1 00
1000		Isabella Williams do do do	1 00
1001		Mary Alley do do do	1 00
1002		Ellen Alley do do do	1 00
1003		Berry Wester do do do	1 00
1004		J M Terrell and child do do do	3 00
1005		Nancy Davis do do do	1 50
1006		Ben Faulkner and wife do do do	2 00
1007		Lovie Furgurson do do do	1 00
1008		Francis Hines do do do	1 00
1009		Sol Perry do do do	1 00
1010		Anthony Jones do do do	1 00
1011		H B Alford do do do	2 00
1012		Nancy Chavis do do do	1 00
1013		Mrs Priscilla Dorsey do do do	1 00
1014		Shelly Medlin do do do	1 00
1015		Caleb Dancy do do do	1 00
1016		Miss Mary Furman do do do	1 00
1017		Naden Bryant do do do	1 00
1018		Mary Jane Moye do do do	2 00
1019		Nick Arrington do do do	1 00
1020		Martha Dunston do do do	1 00
1021		Nettie Faulkner and child do do do	2 00
1022		Ben Perry do do do	1 00
1023		Anna Webb do do lunatic	2 00
1024		Penny Evans do do pauper	1 00
1025		Mrs Ann Perry do do do	2 00
1026		Mary Champion do do do	1 00
1027		George Southerland do do do	1 00
1028	Nov. 2,	A J Morton repairing bridge, timber and labor	16 00
1029		A H Moore keeping rafts from Simms bridge 3d quarter	2 50
1030		W D Spruill conveying Alice Catlett to Asylum	6 25
1031		Henderson Hazlewood one day work on jail	1 50
1032		R D Pinnell board of prisoners, &c	110 25
1033		Sandy Littlejohn board of jurors, Nov. 1891	6 00
1034		J C Stallings keeping rafts from Ferrell's bridge	2 50
1035		G W Brown examining Alice Catlett, lunatic	2 00
1036		W G Winn serving six road notices	1 80
1037		John Dickens two bedsteads for Home for the Aged and Infirm	3 50
1038		Joe Swanson part of $30 Ford Boatman Branch	20 00
1039		J A Burt 2 days committee with Sheriff and Treasurer	4 00
1040		T S Collie 2 days committee with Sheriff and Treasurer and on Court House and jail	6 00
1041		Levy Mills conveying Wm Battle to jail	3 00
1042		J C Baker six days officer to Grand Jury	12 00
1043		Henderson Hazlewood 6 days servant to court and cleaning up court room	8 50
1044		J J Bobbitt repairing bridge at Cypress creek	20 10
1045		R M Fuller board of inmates at the Home for the Aged and Infirm	69 17
1046		R M Fuller burial expenses of three paupers	8 40
1047		R M Fuller repairing and whitewashing at poor house	12 00
1048		S E Pearce expenses in trial of Handy Timberlake	12 05
1049		W K Martin, jr amount of account	19 80
1050		B B Massenburg, C S C amt of acct for keeping minutes and making out dockets October 1891	98 00
1051		R S Foster arrest and commitment of Arch Williams, including cost of officer	1 60
1052		D F Cooke amt of acct for clothing for aged and infirm	76 28
2053		J A Thomas amt of acct for books, blanks, &c., for court	32 25
1054		J H Alford keeping rafts from Anderson's bridge, 3d quarter	2 50
1055		G B H Stallings repairing bridge Buffalo creek	12 00
1056		E Dorsey one month outside pauper	1 00
1057		Britton Medlin do do do	2 00
1058		Willis Mitchell do do do	1 00
1059		S A Hamlet do do pauper	1 50
1060		Mrs E Gupton do do do	3 00
1061		Mrs H Falkner do do do	1 00
1062		J E Gupton do do do	1 00
1063		Matilda Edwards do do do	1 00
1064		Sarah Hayes do do do	1 50
1065		Ella Dickerson do do do	1 00
1066		W H Tharrington do do do	1 00
1067		Nancy Bell do do do	1 00
1068		John Catlett do do do	1 00
1069		M. S. Vaughan do do do	1 00
1070		Helen Rogers do do do	1 00
1071		Nick Goswick do do do	1 00
1072		Ursulie Upchurch do do do	1 00

[CONCLUDED ON SECOND PAGE]