The Farmer's Wife.

A most touching and beautiful tribute has been paid to farmers' wives by Larry Gant, of Athens, in a speech before the Bethlehem Alliance. Mr. Gant's speech was famous for many good things, but there was nothing in it truer, or more just, than that said of our noble country women. The following is his tribute to the farmer's wife:

But I will not waste all my sympathy on the farmer. There is one class even more deserving of pity and relief than you, my alliance friends. I refer to the farmer's wife. There is not a burden that you bear but the little woman, who is the light of your home, shares it with you. Your trials and cares pierce her tender and sympathetic heart as a dagger. She bears equally with you your every load; but, I say with pain and regret, that she is alas! too often deprived of a share of your pleasures. Did ye horny-handed lords of creation ever consider that while you are working in the field, your wife was at the house toiling just as hard as yourself; and that while you had but one task before you, she has a host of duties to perform, each pressing upon her at once and the same time? When you return to your noonday meal, and find a welcoming smile and everything ready to your hand—as if the confusion of the morning had been touched by a fairy's wand and order produced from chaos—do you ever consider the vast amount of work that these pleasant surroundings have cost the poor wife?

At night, when taking your ease, does it occur to you to look around and see if your wife is having her season of rest? You will find the old couplet verified in her case which says:

"Man works from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

We men are all too selfish and self-conceited—and I am no exception to the rule. We imagine that because we are the bread winners of the family, the woman's work is mere child's play.

Never was there a graver error. There is not a farmer beneath the sound of my voice but who, if he were made to exchange places with his wife, would be begging her to rue back in less that twenty-four hours.

At night when you are locked in the arms of Morpheus, and your weary frame is drinking in the rest that nature demands, the wife at your side is trying to quiet a fretful child lest it disturb "poor, tired papa." The dear, unselfish creature! She never thinks of her own weary frame and aching brow.

By the dawn of day that poor wife is on her feet, preparing the best repast the larder will afford. You return to your work in the field, while the wife resumes the old tread-mill existence, that is rarely broken by a ray of pleasure.

You men can go to town, and there meet and mingle with friends and discuss the news of the day. How many times during the year does the poor wife cross the threshold of her home, except to attend divine worship on Sunday? And even then you expect her to look after and prepare a dinner for your friends.

I do not believe there is a man living who appreciates his wife as he should. He loves and cherishes her; but he should do even more than this. We should resolve never to take a pleasure but the wife equally enjoys it with us. She bears her full part of our toils and trials, and it is only just and right that she should also reap the fruits of our prosperity.

It should be the duty of a good alliance man, when he has lifted the mortgage from his home, to look to the comfort of his wife. Before you add another acre of land to your possessions; before you build a new barn; before you purchase an implement to expediate your work, or before you improve your stock, look through your home—go into the kitchen, the wash room and the dairy, and see if there is not some utensil or invention that you can buy to lessen your poor wife's labor. Lift a part of the burden from her shoulders, that she has so long and uncomplainingly borne, and see that her remaining days are made as happy and as comfortable as your affairs will warrant.

The Arizonia Kicker.

Last week we had a friendly criticism of Jim Taylor, who keeps the whisky ranch at the other end of the bridge. We stated that his den was probably the nearest imitation of Hades to be found on earth, and that the people of this section were not doing their duty in allowing Jim to consume so much oxygen and hydrogen. It was a intended as a pleasant little caution to Jim to set his shanty on fire and go hence, but he didn't take it that way. On Wednesday of this week he came over to take our scalp. He didn't drop a hint as to his intentions, but when we caught sight of him a block off we knew by the jerk of his eye-brows that he meant us.

If Mr. Taylor expects to make a success in life he must carefully observe two or three things. Don't pull your gun too quick. Don't shoot before you get ready. Don't yell when you shoot, as it only rattles your own nerve. He opened on us at a distance of 200 feet, which was 180 feet too much. He was in too great a hurry to take aim, and his bullets were wasted. His yells took away his breath. When he had fired six bullets at us we closed in, put him on his back, and made him holler in about sixty seconds. The look of surprise and astonishment on his face as he found himself licked was a laughable sight. The boys put him in an empty barrell and rolled him around until he was thoroughly weary, and yesterday he was chased out of his dive and departed for the mountains.

HE EXILED HIMSELF.

Travelers in Texas Entertained by a Mysterious Host.

A Singular Foreign Character Known as the Hermit of the Plains—According to a Traveler He Is a Powerful Count in Disguise.

Early in the spring of the present year a certain gentleman, whom I shall call Herr L——, was sent to Texas from Berlin by a syndicate of German noblemen who were desirous of investing in land for the purpose of establishing an extensive ranch. Herr L—— stopped in Fort Worth for a few days, says a correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat writing from that place, and, hearing favorable accounts of the country lying northwest of this city, became impressed with the idea that he would find there a suitable location for the proposed ranch. He wished to visit the section he thought of purchasing, and your correspondent, as an agent for the Houston & Texas Central, which owned the lands, was appointed to accompany him. We left the railroad at Vernon and went by private conveyance to the tract in question, which lay some eighteen miles out from that town. As we left the hotel at Vernon we asked the landlord if there was any house on the road where we could put up for the night should it happen that we would not be able to make the return trip that day.

"No house at all, sir," said mine host, "except that of the hermit."

"The hermit!" we both exclaimed.

"Yes, the hermit of the plains. He's a singular foreign character, who lives some fifteen miles from here, all alone, in a little shanty about half a mile off the road. He's so mighty unsociable he's got himself the name of the hermit of the plains. He might take you in, Mr. ——, but it's one of his peculiarities that he can't bear a German" (with a glance at my companion), "and he wouldn't accommodate me to save his life."

"A rabid Frenchman, in all probability," said Herr L——, as we drove off. In an incredibly short time darkness was on us and the entire heavens black with the coming tempest. The ponies became unmanageable at the first peal of thunder and forsook the road, which I vainly endeavored to find again; but the vivid flashes of lightning, instead of serving me, only added to my confusion. Herr L—— called my attention to a dim but steady spark of light burning close to the horizon at no great distance from us. Taking it to be at some house, we drove the now subdued ponies straight to it, and found ourselves before a low shanty, through whose unshuttered window that welcome light was shining. We knocked, and a voice in English, though with a slight foreign accent, called out to know who we were. We replied that we were two belated lost travelers, who sought the shelter of a roof for the night. After some delay the door was opened and we stepped in. A man of average height, but of a commanding, elegant bearing, stood holding in his hand a candle, whose light falling on his face revealed it most distinctly. Herr L—— looked at him and at once exclaimed in amazement:

"God in Heaven, it is the Count Von ——!"

But the name was unuttered, for the man dropped the candle instantly, and sprung like a wild beast at L——'s throat, crying in German:

"Speak that name and I kill you like a dog!"

L—— gasped out that he would not and his assailant took his hands from his throat and relighted the candle. The room was furnished rudely, but was scrupulously clean. The hermit provided us with a supper of boiled ham and crackers, and then, turning to L——, said that if he would pledge himself not to reveal to any one his name and whereabouts we would be welcome to such shelter as he could offer. L—— promised and we remained all night. There was only one room, and we all slept in blankets on the floor. Our mysterious host had little or nothing to say. His manner, while reserved and cold, was the perfection of quiet dignity, and he presided over the frugal breakfast next morning with an air that would have graced a banquet. After bidding us good-bye he watched us drive away, and I fancied that his eyes followed Herr L—— a little wistfully. My curiosity, which had been nearly consuming me, broke out as soon as we were beyond hearing.

"I don't ask you who that man is, after your having given your word to him, Herr L——," I said, "but what is he, or rather what has he been?"

"I will tell you only this," answered my companion. "That lone hermit is the head of one of the most powerful families in Germany. He is supposed to have died, however, some years ago. At any rate, a coffin was buried with every possible honor, and, up to last night, I am sure, it never occurred to any one to doubt his body lay in it. He occupied one of the most important positions at court, and I am at a loss to understand his exile to these Texas plains, for he left a charming young wife, an exalted rank and a princely income for that hovel."

"You will never tell of your discovery?" I queried.

Herr L—— quietly answered the question, of which I became a little ashamed: "Sir, I am a gentleman."

Last month I again had occasion to visit the vicinity of Vernon, and on inquiring for the hermit of the plains, was informed that he had disappeared from that neighborhood, leaving no trace behind.

Two Enterprising Girls.

Two waiter girls in a Rapid City (S. D.) hotel took up claims near that city some time ago, and have built houses, fenced their claims, raised stock and crops, and at the same time waited on the hungry boarders at the hotel.

Nothing Green About Her.

There is nothing green about the grass widow. She makes hay while the sun shines.

What is cold in the head? Medical authority say it is due to uneven clothing of the body, rapid cooling when in a perspiration, &c. The important point is, that a cold in the head is an inflamation of the lining membrane of the nose, which is certain to produce a catarrhal condition—for catarrh is essentially a "cold" which nature is no longer able to "resolve" or throw off. Ely's Cream Balm has proved its superiority, and sufferers should resort to it before that common ailment becomes seated and leads in obstinate catarrh.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MYSTERY.

An English Artist's Strange Experience in a Dead Room.

A well-known English photographer will vouch for the following facts: He was called in one day to take a photograph of a young girl of about twenty, who had died a few days before. The corpse was laid out upon a bed with the hands clasped over the breast. Death had come very gently to her, and, except for the stillness, she lay there as if in sleep. Some flowers had been strewn over the body, and on the floor by the side of the bed and standing out in black relief against it was the coffin. The photographer silently adjusted his lens and took the photograph. During the ten minutes needed for the exposure the photographer paced up and down in the long corridor outside the room where the dead girl lay. When he returned he saw that on the lid of the coffin was a flower, which was not so before. How did that flower come there? No one had entered the room, the windows were closed and there was not a breath of air stirring. Why was the flower now lying on the coffin, when a few minutes before it was on the bed between the hands of the corpse? The photographer listened, but he could hear no sound except the beating of his own heart. In a few moments, however, he determined to dismiss the question from his mind, and busied himself with packing up his instruments. Then he paused—possibly the falling flower had left a trace on the negative, or, as the day was gloomy, the photograph might not be quite successful. He would try again. A second photograph was taken and the artist returned home. That night, sitting up late in his studio, he developed the two negatives. The position of the corpse was not the same in the two negatives. The photographer strained his eyes, half disbelieving the evidence of his own senses, but there were the two negatives before him, telling him in their silent, unmistakable truthfulness that between the taking of the two photographs the arm of the dead girl had distinctly moved. The mystery of the flower on the coffin was solved, but it was succeeded by a mystery more terrible still.

VICTOR HUGO'S FAITH.

The Great French Writer's Ideas Concerning Immortality.

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilies, the violets and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which unite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others: "I have finished my day's work," but I can not say "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn.

I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.

HOUSEHOLD WORK.

It Is the Fault of Men That Much of It Is So Wearing.

The San Francisco Call suggests a society for lightening the burdens of women who have houses to keep in order, and says:

Does the shoemaker try to lighten woman's work by sewing the buttons on honestly or "tipping" the footwear with honest leather? Does the tailor who makes the pants with his broad acres of "double knees" ever put them on the right place or large enough? Does the carpenter ever put the nails and hooks where a medium-sized woman, let alone a child, can reach them?

Is there ever but the lowest possible shelves that a woman can reach without standing on a chair at the risk of breaking her back?

It is a very little thing to have no water-back to a stove—so a man thinks; but to a wife-of-all-work it is—well there is no word strong enough to express the trouble it causes. A sink on a level, with cold water, is not an easy thing to keep clean. Why not make a little decline? Also bring the zinc over the edges somewhat. The continual setting of grease in the fine cracks or interstices is very trying to a delicate-stomached woman.

The barren drawers that never open or shut without a trial of temper, why can not they be made to run smoothly?

It should be declared a punishable offense to make a window that can not be brought in to clean.

Men invented all these awkward and inconvenient things and men made them, and they are responsible for the broken-down, haggard-looking women we see on the streets, or rather in the houses.

Preserving Fruit in Sand.

The Italians have a method of preserving fruit in sand, alternate layers in fruit and sand being put down. Oranges are frequently kept for months by this process. The fruit is cut, not torn, from the tree. A similar method has been adopted by a grower of oranges in South Africa, and the fruit comes out of the "silo" in fine condition at a time when oranges are scarce and yield good prices. Sweet potatoes may be preserved in the same manner.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR
IS A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL PROFUSE SCANTY SUPPRESSED AND IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION
OR MONTHLY SICKNESS
IF TAKEN DURING CHANGE OF LIFE GREAT DANGER TO SUFFERING WILL BE AVOIDED
BOOK TO WOMAN MAILED FREE
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

He Beat the Boys.

Mr. D. J. Winchester, of this township, went out to the harvest field Monday, where the boys were cutting wheat. Some of them began boasting of how much wheat they could cut, which arose the ambition of Mr. Winchester, who is in his 63d year, and he decided that he would beat the young men. The race commenced, and in 9 minutes by the watch Mr. Winchester had cut four dozen large bundles. The young men acknowledged themselves beaten, and Mr. Winchester still holds the championship.—*Monroe Register.*

A 260 pound Turtle.

Mr. Lewis Brauhofen, the baker at the Island Beach Hotel, caught a fine turtle Sunday night in front of the hotel. He weighed 260 pounds, measured four feet six inches in length, and two feet four inches in width. A half bushel of well developed eggs were taken from this turtle, besides a large number of a smaller size. Of course there will be turtle soup at the Island Beach Hotel.—*Wilmington Messenger.*

Mississippi Improvements.

WASHINGTON.—The Senate Committee on Commerce has practically completed the river and harbor bill. The bill will carry a total of about $2,000,000 in excess of the House bill for improvement of the Mississippi an Missouri rivers.

Miss Waugh, the woman lawyer of Rockford, Ill., has just been married to a Chicago man. She celebrates the event by going on a tour into South Dakota, stumping for woman suffrage, leaving her Chicago man at home to take care of the shop in her absence.

Unseating a Democratic member of of the House elected by over 14,000 majority goes to show that the Republican party no longer will tolerate elections by the people where the people do not vote as the Republican party intend they shall.

She Suffered for Twenty Years.

My wife has suffered for fifteen years from congestion and painful menstruation. After using three bottles of Bradfield's Female Regulator she is now able to do her house work and go where she pleases. J. W. Davis, Moravian Falls, N. C.

Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by druggists.

What this country wants is six or seven feet taken off the protective tariff wall, free raw materials and free coinage. Then she will get up and hustle and make things hum.—*Wilmington Star.*

Tutt's Pills
This popular remedy never fails to effectually cure
Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness
And all diseases arising from a Torpid Liver and Bad Digestion.
The natural result is good appetite and solid flesh. Done small, elegantly sugar coated and easy to swallow.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

A GOLD WATCH FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR
Per Week, by our Improved Club System. The Cases in our Watches are fully Warranted for 20 years. The movements are Elgin and Waltham, reliable and well known. The Watches are Hunting case or open face, Ladies' or Gents' Size—Stem Winders and Setters, and are fully equal in durability, service and appearance to any $50 Watch. We sell one of these Watches for $25 cash, and send to any address by Express, with privilege of examination; or by our Club System at $1 per week. One good reliable AGENT WANTED in each place. Write for particulars.
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RUNS EASY. GINS FAST.
Cleans SEED PERFECTLY.
Makes FINE SAMPLE.
NEVER CHOKES or BREAKS THE ROLL.
THE CELEBRATED COTTON BLOOM GIN
Has All LATEST IMPROVEMENTS including Balance Wheel on Brush which insures even speed. This feature is peculiar to this make of Gin and is used on no other. Are FULLY GUARANTEED and Are Delivered FREE OF FREIGHT at any R. R. Station or the landing of any Regular Steamboat Line in the South. If we have no Agent near you, address the General Southern Agent.
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Freight paid, fully warranted. Other sizes proportionately low. Engines, Boilers and Feed Grinding Mills. H. W. HUBBARD, Gen'l South'n Agent, Atlanta, Ga., or Dallas, Tex.

NOTICE to PENSIONERS!

Copies of the law for the relief of certain soldiers, etc., with Rules and Regulations adopted by the State Board of Pensions, and blank forms on which to make application, have been received by me, for the use of such soldiers and widows of soldiers who lost their lives during the late war between the States.

Such soldiers and widows of soldiers as are entitled to pensions under said law are hereby notified that their application must be filed with the County Commissioners, on or before the first Monday of July in each year.

17th March, 1890.

HORATIO N. WOODSON,
Register of Deeds.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.
TRY THE CURE.
CATARRH

HAY-FEVER
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cts. at Druggists; by mail registered 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York

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ALLAN'S PINE LEAF CIGARS & CIGARETTES.
Use the Pine Needle Cigars for a delightful smoke and speedy relief for INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA and ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES. Combining the full aroma of the Yara tobacco, imparting to the taste and breath a pleasant effect, and by the introduction of *pine needles* the nicotine or poisonous properties of tobacco are destroyed, not only rendering their use free from injury, but with positive benefit to the consumer.
For sale by the following dealers in Salisbury: G. W. Smith, C. J. Kestler, W. L. Young, D. Hanline, L. Ed. Heilig, J. H. Enniss, E. C. Miller, C. H. Swink, J. W. Harris, J. R. Smith, also at St. James hotel.
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Greensboro, N. C.

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SALISBURY, N. C.
Feb. 3rd, 1881

Richmond and Danville Railroad.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE. IN EFFECT FEB. 16, 1890.

TRAINS RUN BY 75° MERIDIAN TIME

SOUTHBOUND	No. 50. DAILY		No. 52. DAILY	
Lv. Richmond	*3 00	"	*2 [illegible]	"
" Burkesville	5 00	"	4 29	"
" Keysville	5 41	"	5 08	"
" Danville	8 40	"	8 05	"
Ar. Greensboro	10 37	"	9 42	"
Lv. Goldsboro	*2 20	"	†5 00	P M
Ar. Raleigh	4 40	"	9 00	P M
Lv. Raleigh	*4 45	"	*1 00	A M
" Durham	5 48	"	2 55	"
Ar. Greenboro	8 20	"	7 30	"
Lv. Winston-Salem	*5 30	"	*6 15	"
" Greensboro	*10 37	"	*9 50	"
Ar. Salisbury	12 26	A M	11 18	"
" Statesville	*1 42	"	*12 09	P M
" Asheville	7 22	"	4 27	"
" Hot Springs	9 23	"	6 15	"
Lv. Salisbury	*12 32	"	*11 23	A M
Ar. Charlotte	2 05	"	12 40	P M
" Spartanburg	4 51	"	3 38	"
" Greenville	5 53	"	4 46	"
" Atlanta	11 00	"	9 40	"
Lv. Charlotte	*2 20	A M	*1 00	P M
Ar. Columbia	6 30	"	5 10	"
" Augusta	10 30	"	9 00	"

NORTHBOUND	No. 51. DAILY		No. 53. DAILY	
Lv. Augusta	*6 10	P M	*8 50	A M
" Columbia	10 35	"	12 50	P M
Ar. Charlotte	3 13	A M	5 15	"
Lv. Atlanta	*6 00	P M	*7 10	A M
Ar. Greenville	12 35	A M	1 48	P M
" Spartanburg	1 39	"	2 52	"
" Charlotte	4 25	"	5 30	"
" Salisbury	6 02	"	7 05	P M
Lv. Hot Springs	*11 10	P M	*12 55	P M
" Asheville	12 40	"	2 07	"
" Statesville	5 02	A M	6 06	"
Ar. Salisbury	5 23	"	6 50	"
Lv. Salisbury	*6 07	"	*7 12	"
Ar. Greensboro	7 45	"	8 40	"
" Winston-Salem	†11 40	"	†12 20	A M
Lv. Greensboro	*9 45	"	*11 00	P M
Ar. Durham	12 01	P M	5 00	A M
" Raleigh	1 05	"	7 45	"
Lv. Raleigh	†1 05	"	†9 00	A M
Ar. Goldsboro	3 00	"	12 50	P M
Lv. Greensboro	*7 50	A M	*8 50	P M
Ar. Danville	9 32	A M	10 20	P M
" Keysville	12 45	P M	1 50	A M
" Burkesville	1 35	"	2 45	"
" Richmond	3 45	"	5 15	"

BETWEEN
WEST POINT, RICHMOND and RALEIGH.
Via Keysville, Oxford, and Durham.

54 & 102		STATIONS		55 & 103
5 00am	Lv	West Point	Ar	6 10pm
9 20am	Ar	Richmond	Lv	11 45pm
*11 00am	Lv	Richmond	Ar	1 10pm
1 00am		Burkeville		2 45pm
2 05am		Keysville		3 00pm
2 25am		Fort Mitchell		12 58pm
2 32am		Finneywood		12 17pm
2 45am		Chase court		12 3 0pm
3 06am		Five Forks		12 10pm
3 30am		Clarksville		11 50am
3 35am		Sneden		11 45am
3 50am		Bullock's		11 34am
3 58am		Skipwith's		11 15am
4 22am	Ar	Oxford	Lv	*10 45am
4 00am	Lv	Oxford	Ar	10 00am
5 15am	Ar	Dabney	Lv	9 2 0am
5 17am		Henderson		8 55am
1 22pm	Lv	Oxford	Ar	10 40am
1 17pm		Stem's	Lv	10 15am
1 55pm		Loun's		10 0 0am
5 14pm		Lyon's Way		9 40am
5 55pm		Durham		9 2 0am
6 50pm		Carey		8 5 0am
7 05pm		Raleigh		8 1 0am
*Daily		Except Sunday.		†Except Monday.

An additional train leaves West Point daily except Sunday 11 a. m., arrives Richmond 12 05 p. m., returning leaves Richmond 2 45 p. m. daily except Sunday, arrives Oxford 4 15 p. m.

No 50 leaving Goldsboro 2.20 p. m. and Raleigh 4 45 p. m. daily, makes connection at Durham with No 39, leaving at 5 p. m. daily except Sunday for Oxford, Henderson, and all points on O. X. N., O. & C. and F. R. & A. R. roads.

Passenger coaches run through between West Point and Raleigh, via Keysville, on Nos 51 and 102 and 55 and 103.

Nos. 51 and 52 connect at Richmond from and to West Point and Baltimore daily except Sunday.

No. 50 and 51 connect at Goldsboro with trains to and from Morehead City and Washington. And at Selma to and from Fayetteville.

No 52 connects at Greensboro for Fayetteville.

No. 52 connects at Selma for Wilson, N. C.

Nos. 50 and 51 make close connection at University Station with trains to and from Chapel Hill, except Sundays.

SLEEPING-CAR SERVICE.

On train no 50 and 51, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Atlanta and New York, Danville and Augusta, and Greensboro via Asheville to Morristown, Tenn.

On trains 52 and 53, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Washington and New Orleans via Montgomery; and between Washington and Birmingham, Birmingham and Greensboro, Raleigh and Greensboro, and between Washington and Augusta, and Pullman Buffet Sleepers between Washington and Asheville and Hot Springs.

Through tickets on sale at principal stations, to all points.

For rates and information, apply to any agent of the Company, or to

SOLON ALEXANDER, Traffic Manager. JAS. L. TAYLOR, Gen. Pass. Agent.
W. A. TURK, Gen. Pass. Agent, RALEIGH, N. C.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Richmond and Danville Railroad Co.

W. N. C. Division

Passenger Train Schedule.
Effective May 18th, 1888.

Train No. 52. West bound.				Train No. 53. East bound.
Lv 9 00	a. m.	Boston		10 30
4 30	p. m.	New York		3 20
6 57		Philadelphia		12 35 noon
9 42		Baltimore		10 13 a. m.
11 00		Washington		8 10
5 05	a. m.	Lynchburg		2 10
8 05		Danville		11 20 p. m
2 30	a. m.	Richmond		6 15 a. m.
9 38		Keidsville		10 44 p. m.
8 10	p. m.	Goldsboro		11 45 a. m.
1 45	a. m.	Raleigh		6 55
3 12		Durham		4 30
3 12	a. m.	Greensboro		9 50 p. m.
11 25	a. m.	Salisbury		7 20
Ar 12 12	noon	Statesville		6 27
12 36	p. m.	Catawba		5 58
12 55		Newton		5 37
1 14		Hickory		5 17
1 48		Connelly Springs		4 46
2 10		Morganton		4 20
2 20		Glen Alpine		4 15
2 49		Marion		3 44
3 13		Old Fort		3 13
3 27		Round Knob		2 35
4 00		Black Mountain		2 00
4 31		Asheville		1 25 Ar.
Lv 4 40		Asheville		1 15 Lv.
Ar. 5 09		Alexanders		12 36 p. m.
5 34		Marshall		12 10 noon
6 10		Hot Springs		11 40 a. m.
Lv. 5 40	p. m.	Hot Springs		10 55
Ar. 7 30		Morristown		8 55
8 50		Knoxville		7 15
11 40		Jellico		4 15 a. m.
7 30	a. m.	Louisville		7 30 p. m.
11 10	a. m.	Indianapolis		4 00 a. m.
6 32	p. m.	Chicago		8 50 p. m.
1 50		St. Paul		9 00 a. m.
6 10	p. m.	St. Louis		8 00 a. m.
7 10	a. m.	Kansas City		8 25 p. m.

Murphy Branch.
Daily except SUNDAY

TRAIN NO 18			TRAIN NO 17
8 00 a m	Leave	Asheville	Arr 1 00 p. m
9 25	Arr	Waynesville	2 30
12 26 p m		Charleston	10 15 a. m
5 05		Jarratts	Leave 5 30

A. & S. Road.
Daily except SUNDAY

TRAIN NO 12			TRAIN NO 11
3 50 p. m	Leave	Spartanburg	Arrive 9 10 p. m
7 15	Arrive	Hendersonville	5 35 a. m
		Asheville	Leave 4 10

75th meridian time used throughout.
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" " " Raleigh & Greensboro
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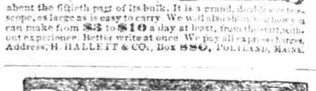
about the fifteenth page of its bulk. It is a grand, double-[illegible] scope, as large as is easy to carry. We will distribute [illegible] can make from $3 to $10 a day at home, from the outset, [illegible] our experience. Better write at once. We pay all expenses [illegible]. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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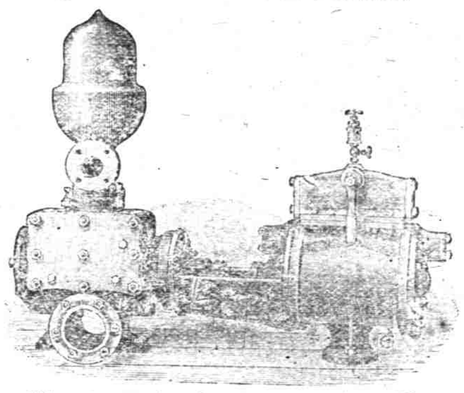
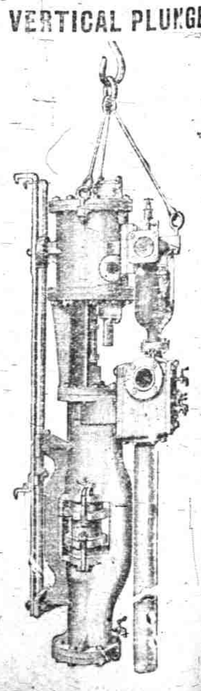

VERTICAL PLUNGE

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