Infants and Children. MOTHERS

Do You Know that Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine? Do You Know that opium and mor-Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poison?

Do You Know that Castoria is a purely regetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle? Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher? that it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined? Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well and that you may have unbroken rest? Well These Things are worth know-

They are facts.

Children Cry FOR PITCHER'S

CASTORIA DESTROYS WORMS, ALLAYS PEVERISHNESS, CURES DIARRHEA AND WIND COLIC, RELIEVES TEETHING TROUBLES AND CURES CONSTIPATION AND FLATULENCY.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

having Castoria, and see that the fac-simile signature of the ison the wrap per. We shall have the think protect our

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray St., N. Y.

A LADY'S TOILET Is not complete POWDER.

POZZONI'S Combines every element of beauty and purity. It is beauti-fying, soothing, healing, healthful, and harmless, and when rightly used is invisible. A most delicate and desirable protection to the face in this climate.

Insist upon having the genuine. IT IS FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

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BEAST

Mexican Mustang

the same	CURES	
Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheamatism. Riurns, Scalds, Stings, Bitos, Bruises, dunions, Corns,	Scratches, Sprains, Strains, Stitches, Stiff Joints, Backacho, Galls, Sores, Spavin Cracks.	Contracte Muscl Eruption Hoof Ail, Screw Worn Swinney, Saddle Ga Piles.

THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claime for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Limment is found in its universal applicability. Everybody needs such a medicine.
The Lumberman needs it in case of accident.
The Housewife needs it for general family use. The Canaler needs it for his teams and his men. The Mechanic needs it always on his work

The Miner needs it in case of emergency. The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it. The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard.

he

The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply affect and ashere.

The Herse-functor needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance.

The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him

thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.

The Railroad man needs it and will need it so long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers.

The Backwoodsman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life limb and comfort which surround the ploneer.

The Merchant needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will harmon, and when his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once.

Keep a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of Keep a Bottle in the Factory. Its immediate ise in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages. Keep a Bettle Always in the Stable for

The Morning Star.

Yes, I am guilty. I confess my crime, And yet it passes all belief That I should stand before you and confess That I am what I am—a thief.

It was premeditated too.

By day and night I plotted long and deep
And planned how best I might secure
The precious thing I longed to gain and keep. And my temptation was so great! In you I saw my dream of perfect blish. You were so lovely, so divinely fair, What wonder is it that I stole—a kiss!

But I confess, and I am penitent, I would not cause a single moment's pain; if you insist, the tresure I'll restore— I will return it o'er and o'er again.

On bended knee your mercy I implore. Oh, do not banish me for life, But in your inmost heart imprison me And be yourself my jailer and-my wife.
-Henry W. Stocker in St. Louis Republic.

SAVED BY A SQUAW.

It was so hot that the blue gum leaves fairly sizzled, so hot as Pete Oberlin looked across the road from his shanty the outlines of the Oasis saloon and those of the combined postoffice and grocery seemed to waver and dance in the furnace current rising to the glaring, brazen sky. Hot as it was outdoors, it was still more like an oven in Pete's little one room hut, for the fire was blazing, and Pete, coatless and vestless, was overseeing a frying pan of of cronies with highly colored tales bacon and a mess of boiling potatoes. | of the secret dances, the weapons The appetizing odor floated out of the doorway and spread over the

neighborhood. It was distinctly noticeable as far off as the row of lopped eucalypti beyond the saloon. At the foot of one of these trees lay what at first sight seemed only a bundle of rags, but a closer inspection revealed a shock of black hair and glimpses of a brown parchment skin that indicated a human being. Gradually as the welcome aroma penetrated the creature's befogged brain the heap of rags stirred and tossed, and finally uplifting bodily resolved itself into a very dirty and torn blanket surmounted by a hideous, blear eyed countenance. The old hag, for it was a woman, sniffed at the wandering fragrance, trying to catch its direction, and then staggered unsteadily across the road to Pete's cabin.

"Hello, there, Wawaga! Gettin over yer spree?" greeted that gentleman easily. "Umph! No drunk. Injun hun-

gry," remarked the visitor.

bite pretty quick now. The old woman squatted on her heels by the stove and greedily eyed the preparations for the feast, while Pete kept his own optics steadily on his cooking to forestall any possible burning. The squaw's gaze roved the shelf behind the stove, upon which stood a cheap alarm clock and a big black bottle. Here it remained fixed until Pete looked at her once more, whereupon she announced in her quavering croak:

"Ole Injun heap thirsty." Peto laughed again. "Go along out ter ther pump then," he said. But Wawaga's eye was still glued to the interesting object before her. Soon Pete himself went out to the pump, pail in hand. Immediately the bundle of rags by the wall stretched up a lean arm with the quick and stealthy motion of a pouncing cat, and seizing the bottle poured the fiery contents down through the

brown parchment throat. Such an unearthly howling and velling as followed this successful thievery! Pete dropped his pail and came running in, to find his guest doubled up in agony and rolling around on the floor screeching like mad.

"What in thunder's struck her?" he cried, but just then eatching sight of the black bottle still clutched in the Indian's skinny claw his blank look turned to a wide grin. He dropped on the nearest box, slapping his thigh and chuckling, "My eye, ef the old fool ain't drunk that ther quart o' kerosene!" The terror stricken screaming redoubled; while the man watched the poor wretch's antics in eestasy. "Guess it'll teach her ter quit meddlin," he muttered gleefully, but as the moments passed he began to realize that the matter was serious, for the creature's contortions grow awful and her anguish

too great for aninsoment. Pete's grin faded insensibly. He scratched his head thoughtfully. grumbling: "Don't know as I want the old gal kickin the bucket right. here and now, but what in tarnal creation's a feller goin ter do fer her? Oh, gosh! I know." He bolted across the road, sending up a choking cloud of powdery soil, and burst into the store. "Say, Ike, you got any mustard?" he demanded. "Old Wawaga's done drunk all my coal oil, and I guess it's goin ter kill her. Don't yer hear that screechin?" Ike Dempsey, roused from his midday nap, rubbed his eyes and stretched himself, then rising deliberately from the cracker barrel and thrusting his quid into one cheek drawled lazily: "Waal, now, where's the hurt ef the ole sot do gin us the shake? Oh, doan't be in er rush, naow. I guess ther's a can er mus-

tard around somewher's." Reaching a long lazy arm under the counter, he clattered among his possessions and brought up a fistful of yellow brown dust. "This here nuff? Never Peto Oberlin laid violent hands on the rolling heap of agony in his cabin and sternly commanded, "Drink this here." She drank it. Then the frontiersman dragged her bodily outside the shanty and left her alone

with her misery. After some time Pete returned to his patient, bearing a tin plate with a generous share of his dinner. He presented this with a flourish and grinned sympathetically as the morsels of food disappeared.

When the shadows of the blue gums stretched long and gaunt to the eastward and a mellow pink flushed the tops of the grand, distant mountains, a tipsy and squalid old squaw in tattered blanket trailed slowly up the dusty road through the foothills, and for six months neither Ike Dempsey nor Pete nor eyen Pat Grogan at the saloon saw

any more of Wawaga. When Pete Oberlin reached up to the shelf behind the stove that night and after feeling vainly around in the darkness struck a match and ex. | black locks. Just as he stooped to

amined the surface, he let forth volley of oaths that would have shocked the ears of a mule driver, finishing up wrathfully with, "Wish I'd let the old thief die and bed-d to her afore ever she got away with my hand carved brier wood pipe."

Week after week Pete Oberlin, in his capacity of mail carrier, jogged over the dusty plain, wound in and out through the foothills, with a stop here and there at the ranches and climbed over the ridge to the fort on the reservation, always the destination of the biggest part of his budget.

After the early rains had carpeted the bare brown hills with green and given a glossier tinge to the mournful bark stripped cucalyptus he began to hear ugly rumors on his trips from farmhouse to farmhouse. There had not been an Indian outbreak for 20 years in that section, but some disquieting influence was hard at work on the redskins. Some said the Indian messiah was coming, others that one of Geronimo's lieutenants had been sowing this excitement among them. Be that as it may. there was watchful anxiety at the fort and a growing feeling of danger in the breasts of the neighboring ranchmen. Every bit of this came, of course, to the ears of the mail carrier, and in the snug barroom of the Oasis he would regale a little knot and war preparations to be seen in wild nooks in the hills if a white man knew where to look for them. Yet for all these notes of warning no one dreamed of an actual danger

ous uprising. One soft winter's night when the damp laden rain wind blew heavily from the south and the low hung cloud blanket shut out every wee ray of starlight dark mounted figures met in a sheltered hill basin-10. 20, 50, they gathered. Then in single file, with muffled hoofs, they wound away from their prison. Several hours later as the mischievous band stealthily made its way out on the plain a stunted figure in a ragged blanket shrunk silently into the bushes to let the cavalcade pass and then emerged once more from her cover and struck into a swinging trot in the rear of the swift moving

riders. A faint angry flush of dawn peeped over the somber mountains as the redskin braves surrounded the few scattered buildings composing Rush Pete, laughing good naturedly, re- Station. A dog barked in the rear plied: "You wait. I'll give you a of the saloon, and in response a sharp report sent a shudder through the chill morning air. With a howl of anguish the poor beast rolled over in the dust. At the crack of the pistol the half dozen men in the shanties came tumbling out from different doorways. Not one was more around the room, finally pausing at | than half dressed, but each one had snatched up his rifle. What odds are six men against 50? As the hastily wakened settlers stumbled out from their cabins a leaden hail rattled around them. Two of their number

fell, struck off at once by the raiders. "Injuns, by the tarnal heavens!" cried Ike Dempsey, and the four remaining defenders, now very thoroughly aroused, drew quickly back into the store and blazed away from this cover at their murderous assailants. They had ammunition in plenty and spare guns. Ike's wife put her two little sobbing children into a big box in the center of the building, as the point that was farthest from danger, and herself filled the hot, smoking rifles. The fusillade was thick and fast, and bullets flew in through the openings. Pat Grogan's right arm was shattered, but he rested his gun on the window and fired away vindictively. Poor Smith was shot through the lungs and fell in a dying condition. Mrs. Dempsey took his place, handling her rifle deftly. Time and again some sharp

howl of anguish told of a well directed shot at the half concealed, sinister foemen. Morning was advancing. Perhaps ly this time the flight from the reservation was discovered, and soldiers were coming to help them-if only they could keep the red devils at bay awhile longer. Vain hope. Black Wing, chief of the raiders, had also thought of the soldiers. He concluded it was time to make short work of these sharp sighted marksmen who were picking off his companions. There came a sudden, fearful yelling, a swift rush and retreat of moccasined feet, then the pungent smell of smoke and the ominous crackling of the fire licking up the dry boards. The heat became intolerable. To remain was sure death

from the destroying element. "We must run for it, boys!" cried Pete Oberlin. "The door of my shanty stands open, and ther ain't no In-

juns inside it." The shot riddled portal was flung wide. With the two little lads in the middle the forlorn hope sought a new refuge, their guns speaking death in the passage. Ike Dempsey fell in his own doorway, shot through the brain. Pat Grogan fell in the roadway, and at the same moment the brave who had shot him reeled and toppled down from his saddle. With a horrible sense of sickness Pete saw a savage horseman bury his tomahawk in the woman's head and then snatch up one of the children and dash his skull on the doorstone. The other little fellow slipped from the hand that grasped at him and stumbled over the cabin threshmind payin." In two minutes more old, barely escaping a bullet. - A sharp whistle cut the air. Pete felt a stinging pain in his shoulder and fell to the ground unconscious.

With an exultant shout at the destruction of this last enemy the say age band swarmed from their places of attack and hastily entered the buildings, stowing away whatever was easily portable and making sad havoe in Grogan's stock of liquors. but they were not yet far enough from the reservation to allow themselves a long stop. The store was burning flercely. To force his unruly following to hurry Black Wing fired the saloon with his own hand, the wooden frame blazing like tinder. One by one the sheds and shacks were ignited. Three or four

wretches, with fresh, gory scalps dangling at their belts, rushed over to apply the torch to the only remaining building-Pete Oberlin's shanty. A young brave stumbled over the inanimate form in the pathway, and with a whoop of delight waved his keen blade over the thick

his victim an odd, long drawn cry arrested his arm in its motion. A wild and dust covered figure sprang into the blood crazed circle, pouring out a torrent of guttural abuse and lamentation that somehow commanded attention.

The old woman-for it was Wawaga-bent above the prostrate man, waving off the armed braves, and felt for the faintest of heart beats. Then raising herself to her full height, shaking back her snaky hair and with a rude, powerful majesty she commanded in her own tongue: "Go while yet you have time. Before the morning has ended the soldiers will be on you. The man still liyes. He is mine. Do not touch him. You have the scalps of the

others. Wawaga was one of the mothers of the tribe, and her words had weight with the warriors. Black Wing mounted his pony, and all of his raiders did likewise. In the light of the gray, cloudy morning a wild procession scurried over the plain and away once more to the mountains, where they could find secret hiding and for months elude their pursuers while they kept the whole country in terror with their thieving, burning and killing. When Pete Oberlin, lying in his

own bunk, opened his eyes on the dim scene, lighted by the flickering fire, he thought he had gone through a horrible dream. Kicking off the covers, he sat up with a vigorous jerk, but the sharp pain in his shoulder made him grind his teeth in agony. At the same moment he became aware of a dark figure crouched in one corner holding a bundle of white. His sudden motion and muttered exclamation stirred the quiet watcher. Stumbling to her feet, she bore her burden to the pallet and deposited it beside him. "Him live, lil boy," she announced gravely. Pete sank back beside the sleeping child with a choking sensation, half thankfulness for their escape and half horror at the suddenly conjured picture of the boy's murdered mother and brother. He remembered how he was wounded. How had they, too, escaped scalping? How came Wawaga there? Were the redskins still at the station? If so, he must use the greatest caution. Perhaps they had kept him for torture. The woman anticipated his queries. "Injuns gone. You go now 'fore come back." Pete started again upright, maintaining his position in spite of the

shooting pain and dreadful dizziness. "Which way shall I go and how?" he asked eagerly. "I must take little Jim. Did them raskils git all

"White man keep still. Wawaga get pony," and the old woman drew the tattered blanket around her and slipped noiselessly from the room, leaving Pete to his own busy thoughts. She was gone but a few seconds before she glided in again, muttering: "Him ready. You go fort. No find Injuns."

Pete felt sick and faint. 'He wondered how he could keep himself and the drowsy child on the animal's back over the many miles of rough road that lay between them and safety. It was impossible to remain in their defenseless position, so he must make the effort. He could not imagine how the squaw had dismissed his assailants, and he expected their return with darkness to finish their programme of vengeance.

Wawaga herself carried out the boy. "No touch, arm hurt," she said, motioning away the wounded man. Very gently she lifted the tiny figure, stilling its fretful wail and coaxing him to wake up and ride on the pony. She led the way, and Pete followed. As he stepped out into the dusk his heart swelled at the utter desolation. Only the scorched row of gum trees marked the site of Rush Station beside his forlorn little cabin.

With a good deal of wrenching and pain Pete clambered into the saddle. The squaw lifted the boy before him. The man gathered the bridle into his useful hand, encircling the child with the same arm. Before he put spurs to his horse and set out on his perilous journey he leaned down toward the stunted and squalid hag at the horse's head, saying hoarsely: "You're a good un, Wawaga! I'll do as much fer you if ever I git ther

"Ugh!" grunted the old woman. "Squaw no good. Heap good white man no let ole Injun die. All even now. Here-ole squaw take um. No good, b'long white man." She thrust a black something into his hand, and turning stolidly around re-entered the desolate cabin.

Pete Oberlin buried his spurs in his animal's flank, and the beast sprang forward past the heaps of smoldering cinders and the blasted row of gum trees and headed straight for the mountains. In his unwounded hand with the bridle Pete held his long lost brier wood pipe. -Gertrude B. Millard in Argonaut.

His First Visit to Church, It was his first visit to church, and his big brown eyes watched everything. He saw the newcomers drop their heads on the pew rails in front of them as they entered and in a moment raise them again. "Why do they put their heads down?" he whispered to his older sister, who was with him. "They say a little prayer," she

whispered back. "But they don't talk," argued brown eyes, not convinced. "No, they think," explained the sister, and "Shall I think a little prayer?" was the next question. "If you like," was the reply, and the big brown eyes were shut, the small hands folded and an earnest

little face dropped against the rail. In a moment or two the head was raised, and the little fellow crept back on the cushions. "I tried to think 'Now I lay me," he whispered, "but I had to talk it, 'cause the words wouldn't stay down

in my stummick. Will God care?' he finished anxiously. No, brown eyes, God will not care. Of all who bowed heads in his sanctuary that morning was there one whose soul was so honestly trying to pray as yours?—New York Times.

The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops, but the kind of men that the country turns out.—Emerson.

The Wax Chandlers' company of London was incorporated in 1483. Hats were first made in England by Flemings about 1510.

ACTRESS AND JEWELER.

the Former Paid the Latter For Snubbing Her Portrait. A young actress who has been "star ring" in the small towns of the west-it will just about kill her when she finds I

baven't mentioned her name—had this little experience one day last winter.

It was told me by her advance agent, and though it seems to me I have read it somewhere—or something like it—I give it to you because it is rather amusing. It appears that the agent had some very nice framed photographs of his "star," which he carried a week ahead of the company and placed in prominent windows.

One day he started out with them, and when he had distributed all but one he saw a most fascinating jewelry shop, with a large plate glass window that faced three

"Why, that one window will advertise the whole town," he said to himself. He entered the shop, and the proprieto ambled forward with a pleasant smile which changed to a scowl when he heard the agent's errand.
"No, sir," he said savagely. "I haven'

got any use for play actresses. They are no good, and their pictures don't get in my window, tickets or no tickets!" So the agent withdrew, boiling with indignation, after telling the merchant what he thought of him. A week later he came back and met the

Then the agent told of the jeweler's re marks.

skin, entered the shop alone, and said to the jeweler, who was all smiles: "Let me see some solitaire diamone

rings, please."

The merchant showed her a glittering tray, and she selected a fine stone.
"How much is this?"

some bracelets. The jeweler became simply servile (?) asked him to lay aside a \$75 bracelet and

and then the actress asked: "What is the total?"

"Two hundred and sixty-five dollars." The lady drew out her purse, and this was the signal, for the agent, who had

been peeping in at the corner of the window, entered and asked in simulated sur "Why, Miss --! What are you doing here?

goods, but looked rather nervous. The actress responded: "Why, I want to buy a few Christma presents, and this seems to be a nice stock. "No, no," said the agent impressively

You mustn't buy them here." "And why not?" "Because that man not only refused to place your picture in his window, but in sulted actresses grossly."

"In that case I shall not need the articles, sir," she remarked in her most tragic manner, and then the two conspirators left the shop with haughty tread. It's a good story, and I make it a present to some press agent who wants to boom his "attraction."—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

Suffers From Isolation. From what I have seen of Ireland I should say that, industrially and commercially, the country suffers much from its isolation. The Irish may not be as frugal as the Scotch, nor as energetic as the Eng lish, but they are quicker witted than ei-ther, and not behind either in business aptitude. But they do not travel in order to learn. They leave their country in shoals, and often prosper elsewhere, but they do not go back, like the Scotch and the Germans, to put into practice at home the ideas which they have picked up in other countries. In the matter of hotel management I suspect that they are at a disadvantage from knowing little or nothing of up to date hotel arrangements in other countries and the consequent requirements of English and foreign travelers.—

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CHEESE-Switzer, Roquefort Neufchetel, Framage de Bric, Edam, Pineapple, English Dairy and American Cream. All fresh and of finest quality. Plum Pudding and Mince Meat.

seen to be appreciated. specialties. Our assortment is complete and we invite all to call and examine before purchasing else-

With four wagons we can deliver promptly.

WILMINGTON N. C.

Not Condensed Not Revised.

company in that identical town. Among other things, his "star" said:
"There's a fine jewelry shop at the corner, and as I want to buy some Christmas presents I might as well buy them there."

That afternoon the pretty "star," at-tired in her most fetching hat and seal-

"One hundred and sixty dollars." "Just lay it aside, please, and show me his delighted attentions, and when she had

show her some gentlemen's chains he had to pinch himself to make sure he was A chain was selected and "laid aside,"

The merchant totaled up the figures and

The merchant was busy doing up the

The lady turned an icy glance upon the

English Exchange. Sore Throat Lameness Sore Eyes Soreness Catal Female Complaints

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brought down to date. Of all the works of reference now in the market, the Encyclopædia Britannica is not only the most comprehensive, but by far the cheapest,

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that the Association has sustained no

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W. B. HARKER, Secretary.

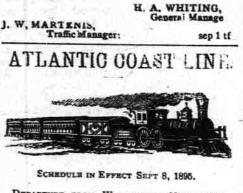
On AND AFTER JULY 28TH, THE TRAINS on the Wilmington Seacoast Failroad will run as follows:
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Trains leave Ocean View at 7.30 a. m., 11.00 a. m.,
4.00; 6.00 and 9.30 p. m.
Sunday trains leave Princess Street Station at 10 a.
m. and 3 p. m. Leave Ocean View at 12 m and 6.30 p. m.
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Acting Superintendent

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Steamers on New River leave Marine's daily except Sunday, at 6.30 a m; arrive Jacksonville at 9.30 a m; returning leave Jacksonville 3.00 p m, arriving



DEPARTURE FROM WILMINGTON-NORTHBOUND. DAILY No. 48-Passenger-Due Magnelia 10.56 0.20 A M a m, Warsaw 11.10 a m, Goldsboro 12.05 a m, Wilson 1.00 p m, Rocky Mount 2.33

p m, Tarboro 2.48 p m, Weldon 3.39 p m, Petersburg 5.43 p m, Richmond 6.45 p m, Norfolk 6.05 p m, Washington 11.10 p m Baltimore 12,48 a m, Philadelphia 3,45 a m, New York 6.53 a m, Boston 3.00 p m. No. 40-Passenger-Due Magnolia 8.31 p m, Warsaw 8,45 p m, Goldsboro 9,40 p m, Wilson 10,27 p m, +Tarboro 6.58 a m, Rocky Mount 12.07 p m, Weldon 12.55 a m, † Norfolk 10.25 a m, Petersburg 2.37 m, Richmond 3.40 a m, Washington 7.0 a m, Baltimore 8,20 a m, Philadelphia 10.46 a m, New York 1,23 p m, Boston

8.30 p m. SOUTHBOUND: DAILY No. 55-Passenger-Due Lake Wacca maw 4.45 pm, Chadbeurn 5.17 pm, Ma rion 6.24 p m, Florence 7.05 p m, Atkin 8.11 p m, Sumter 8.38 p m, Columbia 10.00 p m, Denmark 6.11 a m, Augusta 8.00 a m, Macon 11.00 a m, Atlanta 12.15 p m. Charleston 10.55 p m, Savannah 1.19 a m. Jacksonville 7.00 a m. St. Augustine 12.00 noon, Tampa 5.20 p m. ARRIVALS AT WILMINGTON-FROM THE

m, New York 9.00 p m, Philadeldhi 12,08 a m, Baltimore 2.50 a m, Washing ton 4,80 a m, Richmond 9.05 a m, Peter burg 10.00 a m, Norfolk 8.40 a m. Welde 11.53 a m, Tarboro 12.20 p m, Rock Mount 1.05 p m, Wilson 2.13 p m, Golds boro 3,10 pm, Warsaw 4.02 pm, Magnolis 4.16 pm. DAILY No. 41-Passenger-Leave Boston 11,00 m, New York 9.00 a m. Philadelph 11.38 a m, Baltimore 2.13 p m, Washing ton 3.30 p m, Richmond 7.13 p m, Peters burg 7.54 p m, +Norfolk 2.10 p m, Wel-

don 9.27 p m, +Tarboro 5.50 p m, Rocky

Mount 10,20 pm, arrive Wilson 11.03

NORTH.

DAIL) No. 47-Passenger-Lcave Boston 1.00 r

m, leave Wilson 6.35 a m, Goldsboro 7.20 a m, Warsaw 8,16 a m, Magnolia 8,29 FROM THE SOUTH. DAILY No. 56—Passenger—Leave Tampa 9.30 a 11 50 a m m, Sanford 1.50 p m, Jacksonville 6,20 p m Savannah 12.00 night, Charleston 4.13 a m, Columbia 5 20 a m, Atlanta 7.15 a m, Macon 9.00 a m, Augusta 2,25 pm, Denmark 4.17 pm, Sumter 6.43 am, Atkins 7.14 s m, Florence 8,25 a m, Marion 9.06 a m, Chadbourn 10.10 a m, Lake Waccamaw

†Daily except Sunday. Trains on Scotland Ness Branch Road leave Weldon 3,45 pm, Halisax 4.05 pm, arrive Scotland Neck 4.55 p m, Greenville 6.37 p m, Kinston 7 25 p m. Rsturning, leaves Kinston 7 20 a m, Greenville 8,22 a m, Arriving Halifax at 11 00a m, Weldon 11,20 a m, daily except Sunday. Trains on Washington Branch leave Washington

7.00 a. m., arrive Parmeie 8.40 a. m., Tarboro 9 50; am returning leaves Tarboro 4 40 p m; Parmele 6.10 p. m. arrives Washington 7.85 p. m. Daily except Sunday. Connects at Parmele with trains on Scotland Neck Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., daily except Sunday, at 4,50 p m; Sunday 3.00 p m.; arrive Plymouth 9 00 p m, 5 25 p m. Returning, leave Plymouth daily except Sunday 6.00 a m, Sunday 9 30 a m; Arrive Tarboro

C., daily except Sunday, 6 05 a m; arrive Smithfield pm. Returning leaves Spring Hope 8 a m. Nash-ville 8 85 a m; arrive Rocky Mount 9 05 a m. daily

except Sunday. Train on Clinton Branch leave Warsaw for Clinton Daily except Sunday at 4.10 p m; returning leave Clinton at 7.20 a m. Trainson South and North Carolina Railroad leave

ville 7 00 a m; arrive Elliott 7 38 a m. Daily except Sunday.

Florence Railroad leave Pee Dee 8 40 a m, arrive Latta 9.01 a m, Dillon 9 12 a m, Rowland 9 31 a m., returning leaves Rowland 6 00 p m, arrives Dillon 6.18 p m, Latta 6.31 p m, Pee Dee 6.53 p m, daily. Latta Branch trains leave Latta 6 40 p m, arrive Clo 8 08 p m, returning leave Chio 6 10 a m, arrive Latta 7 50 a m. Daily except Sunday.

Wilmington and Couway Railroad, leave Hub at 8.15 a m, Chadbourn 10.20 a m, arrive Couway 12.35 p m, leave Conway 2 30 p m, Chadbourn 5.35 p m, arrive Hub 6.20 p m, Daily except Bunday.

Cheraw and Darlington Railroad leave Florence 7.30 a m, 8.15 a m, 7.25 p m, arrive Darlington 8.05 a m, 8.55 a m, 7.50 p m, Hartsville 8.45 p m, Bennettsville 8 54 p m, Gibson 9 20 p m, Cheraw, S. C., 11.15 a m, Wadesboro 1.10 p m, leave Wadesboro 2.00 p m, Cheraw 3.45 p m, Gibson 6 15 a m, Bennettsville 7 11 a m, Hartsville 4.30 a m, Darlington 6.05 p m, 4.30 p m. 5.25 a m, arrive Florence 6.45 p m, 5 p m, 6 a m, Daily except Sunday.

Central of South Carolina Railroad leave Sumter 5.50 p m, Manning 6.31 p m, arrive Lanes 9.30 a m, 7.10 p m, arrive Georgetown 12 m, 8.30 p m, leave Lanes 8.38 a m, Manning 9.15 a m, arrive Sumter 9.44 a m. Daily.

Georgetown and Western Railroad leave Lanes 9.30 a m, 7.10 p m, arrive Selma 2.53 p m, Smithfield 3.03 p m, Duna 3.44 p m, Fayetteville 4.30 p m, 12.53 a m, Rowland 6.00 p m, returning leave Wilson 2.08 p m, 11.03 p m, arrive Selma 12.32 p m, Dunn 11.44 a m, Smithfield 12.25 p m, Selma 12.32 p m, arrive Wilson 1.90 p m, 11.38 p m.

Manchester & Augusta Railroad train leaves Darlington 16 11 a m, arrives Denmark 6 11 a m. Returning leaves Deamark 4 17 p m, arrive Sumter 605 p m, Leaves Sumter 4 19 a m, arrives Denmark 6 11 a m. Returning leaves Deamark 6 15 p m, arrives Sumter 6 15 p m, the sumter 6 15 p m, the sumter 6 15 p m, arrives Sumter 6 10 p m, Leaves Sumter 6 15 p m, arrives Darlington 17 45 p m, +Daily except Sunday.

H. M. EMERSON, Ass't Gen'l Passencer Agent

H. M. EMERSON. Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agent. J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager. T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager. my 12 tf

The Times (PHILADELPHIA) THIS MORNING?

THE TIMES—Is the most extensively circulated and widely read newspapers published in Pennsaivania. Its discussion of public men and public measures is in the interest of public integrity, honest government and the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry, and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public issues. In the broadest and best sense a family and general newspaper.

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IS KENTUCKY A DOUBTFUL STATE The peculiar political conditions that exist in Ken-

CAMDRASED SCHEDCLE. IN EFFECT JUNE 23, 1895 No. 4. No. 8

IOHN GILL, Receiver.

Daily except Sunday No 12 SOUTH BOUND

At fayetteville with the Atlantic Coast Line to alpoints North and East, at Sanford with the Scaboaro
Air Line, at Greensboro with the Southern Railway
Company at Waintt Cove with the Nortest a West
ern R. k. 101 Winston Salem. SOUTH-BOUND CONNECTIONS

At Walant Cov. with the Norfolk & Western Ksilroad for Roanoke and points North and West, at Greens boro with the Southern Railway Company for baleigh, Richmond and all points North and i ast, at Payette-ville with the Atlantic Coast Line for all points So th, at Maxton with the Seaboard Air Line to: Charlotte Atlanta and all points South and Southwe-t, at Wilmington with the Wilmington Seacoast Railroad for Wrightsville and Ocean View.

Trairs No. 1 and 2 dinner at Fayetteville.

W. E. KYIJ. Gen'l Passerge: A.

W. FRY. Gen'l Manager my 18 t SLABUARD ARE LINE

Carelina Central L

CONDENSED SCHELOLIC WESTBOUND TRAINS

| Wilmington, N. C. | No. 41 | Daily | No. 25 | Daily | Ex. | Daily | Ex 4 40 8 08 5 50 8 49 6 30 9 55 ... 7 45 10 43 ... 10 43 ... 12 05 ... P. M. ... 1 50 ... Leave Wadesboro
Arrive Monroe
Leave Monroe
Arrive Charlotte
Leave Charlotte
Leave Lincolnton

EASTBOUND TRAINS. A. M. P M. P. M

Arrive Wilmington P. M. 12 30 8 05 Schedule Between Wilmington and Raleigh.

Sleepers on 25 and 26 between Wilmington and Connections made at Lincolnton for Western N. C. points,
Junction Points—At Maxton with C F & Y V; at Wadesboro with Cheraw & Salisbury R R; at Hamlet with R & A, C S & N, and Palmetto Railway, at Monroe with G C & N; at Charlotte with R & D system; at Lincolnton with C & L Narrowgage, and at Sholby and Rutherfordton with the Three C's.

For information as to rates, schedules, &c, apply to THOS, D, MEARES, Agent S A L, Wilmington, N C
T. J: ANDERSON, Gen'l Pass, Agt.

E. St., JOHN, Vice-President,
JNO, H. WINDER, Gen'l Mrg. jan 20 to



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The Clyde Steamship Co

New York, Wilmington, N. C.



Saturday, Sept. 14 Saturday, Sept. 21 Saturday, Sept. 1 Saturday, Sept. 21 Wilmington for Georgetown, S. C. Tuesday, Fept, 10 Tuesday, Sept. 17 Through Bills Lading and Lowest Through Rates guananteed to and from points in North and South Carolina. For freight or passage apply to

Georgetown, S. C., Lines.

tucky have led many people to believe that the State is a doubtful one and that the Republicans have a chance to carry it this fall. For this reason there is great interest, both at home and abroad, in accurate and reliable political news from all parts of the State. The Weekly Courier-Journal is now covering this field perfectly, and it is publishing the news without blas or prejudice. A close reader of the Weekly Courier-Journal should be able to forecast in advance what will be the outcome of the State election next November. In addition to giving all the political news and all the news of every kind, the Weekly Courier Journal is fiering to its subscribers \$6,000 in cash presents for greate as to the exact vote and closest to the exact of the will be received by the Democratic, Republic and Populist candidates for Governor of Ke 1 thy The price of the paper is only one dollar a year. Sample copies containing full details of the cash present plan will be sent free to any address. Write to COURIER-JOURNAL COMPANY, Louisville, Ky.

New York for Wilmington.

ONEIDA, CROATAN, Saturday, Septon CROATAN, ONEIDA, Saturday, Septon Population of the State CROATAN.

ONEIDA, CROATAN, Tuesday, Septon Population of Georgetown, S.

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CROATAN, ONEIDA, Tu

sep 25 tf

Schedule between Wilmington

and Atlanta.



To Take Effect on Sept. 23, 1894