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KINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1881.

NO. 48.

Not Dead.

H. S. NUNN, Proprietor.

VOL. III.

Here, at the sweetest hour of this sweet day-Here, in the calmest woodland haunt I know, Benignant thoughts around thy memory play, And in my heart do pleasant fancies blow, Like flowers turned toward thee, radiant and

Flushed by the light of times forever fled. Whose tender glory pales, but is not dead.

The warm south wind is like thy generous Laden with gentle words of cordial cheer, And every whispering leaf above me saith:

"She whom thou dream'st so distant hovers Her love it is which thrills the sunset air With mystic motions from a time that's fled-

Long past and gone, in sooth; but oh, not The silvery murmur of cool brooks below,

The soft, still clouds that seem to muse on

Love notes of hidden birds that come and go. Making a sentient rapture of the sky-All the rare season's peaceful ecstasy, Hints of pure joys of ours forever fled, Joys past, indeed, and yet they are not dead.

Far from the motley throng of sordid men. From fashion far, mean strife and frenzied gain-

In those dear days through many a mountain By mountain streams and fields of rippling

We roamed, untouched by passion's feverish But quaffing friendship's quiet draughts in

stead-Its waters calm, whose sweetness is not dead. Above that nook of fond remembrance stands A dove-eyed faith that falters not, nor sleeps No flowers of Lethe droop in her white hands-

And if the watch that steadfast angel keeps They are but tears a soft regret may shed O'er twilight joys which fade, but are not dead.

Not dead! not dead! but glorified and fair, Like yonder marvelous cloudland floating Between the quivering sunset's amber air,

And the mild luster of eve's earliest star; Oh, such! so pure, so bright these memories

them spread-They pass, they wane, but, sweet, they are not

"DANDY LYON."

Yet in the long years liker must they grow The man be more of woman, she of man."

- The Princess. "What is she like?" drawled Dandy Lyon, aroused for once from his eternal affectation of indifference. whole month I have heard you men talk of nothing but this Minerva St. John. She must be a wonderful woman, Who s she ?"

"She is a most fascinating person whom everybody admires," was the answer, "and she lives, in that picturesque bijou of a house over yonder among those magnificent fir trees. You can see her any day galloping down by the seaside, gracefully guiding a superb black horse as fleet as Pegasus. Occasionally one sees her in the Parkway road in an elegant open carriage, driving a pair of wild Kentuckian bays. She is always alone—an independent sort of person, I should conclude, who has plenty of money and a firm determina-

tion to spend it in her own way." "I despise these mannish women," growled Dandy Lyon. "But you have not described her. Is she handsome How does she dress? Is she educated Are her manners refined? What is her

pedigree? "She cannot be considered handsome," was the slow reply "but she is certainly not agly. She has a Junoesque form, but for symmetry I fancy that no sculptor would particularly care to immortalize her features. She has great, shining masses of reddish hair that are never smooth, a complexion that pales and flushes with every feeling, big bluish gray eyes, and a rather large but most seductive mouth. Her dress is never quite a la mode, perhaps, but it always seems part of her odd individuality; and to manifest one's character by one's costume, is the perfection of dressing, is it not? I should judge she has a fine substantial education, and no superficial accomplishments. Her manners are those of a frank, sympathetic, self-reliant woman. She has a charming way of saving honest things, and the sweetest voice one ever heard; and she never spoils her atterances by any cant phrases. I know nothing about her pedigree; but I am

sure the pride of a proud race has made her what she is." "Is she really such a paragon?"

queried Dandy Lyon, cynically. "I did not say she is a paragon," turned the other, rather irritably. aid I thought her one of the most enchanting and irresistible ladies whom I ever had the happiness to meet. If you will come to the archery party this afternoon, I will introduce you to Miss

Bt. John." Dandy Lyon yawned, as if he was insufferably bored.

"I will come," he promised, indolently.

select and pleasant affair. But the least bit, for he fancies that every finical Mr. Lyon was too affectedly in- woman, perforce, must admire him, and dolent to manipulate arrows and bows. that when he condescends to woo a con-He preferred to sit as a spectator in a quest is inevitable. And yet he has pretty rustic arbor shut in by the odor- much goodness and nobility that, how uity.

ous shadows of spicy yellow honeysuckles and musky pink roses.

Presently, looking idly across the wide lawn before him, he saw a tall. majestic girl dressed in a unique costume of silver and green. The proud poise of the superb head, the rarely graceful motion of the imperial form, he mobile countenance, interested him instantly.

While he watched her, his friend came to him. "You must vacate this fragrant and isolated nook," declared the friend

"Come. I wish to introduce you to Miss St John." "I do not especially desire the acquaintance of that young person,

drawled Dandy Lyon. "I should like to see her, of course-just as I should like to behold any other curiosity. But I have no predilection for women who have masculine proclivities. These modern goddesses of wisdom sometimes startle one by their superabundance of intellect and wit. But if you can make me acquainted with that interesting divinity in green and silver, I shall be gratefully obliged."

The friend smiled a singular smile of suppressed amusement and compassionating indulgence, as the two sauntered toward the old oak tree beneath which stood the stately girl whom Dandy Lyon so much admired.

He was decidedly norplussed by the introduction he had solicited, for the superb girl who had attracted him was Minerva St. John, whom he had bee disposed to imagine so utterly disagreeable to his fastidious tastes.

But nevertheless that introductor surprise was the beginning of an event ful and exciting acquaintance. It would seem that the young lady

had absolutely enchanted the indolent and affected devotee of the finical. They were together often-reading,

promenading, sailing, driving and lunch-"You admire Mr. Lyon very much tentatively observed their common

friend to her one day. "You are mistaken if you really think that," she replied, quickly, regarding him half indignantly with her large. calm eyes. "I do not admire him at all. I could never admire"-decisively emphasizing the verb-"any man who mars the manliness of his nature by as suming such absurd foppishness. What admire in man is a masterful, moral strength and firmness, and honest puroses. I despise the morbid weakness of one who affects a thetic exaggerations. I like to talk with Mr. Lyon, for he is unique in his own way, and exceedingly amusing. I have an intense fondness for solving psychological puz

zles," she concluded, frankly. But notwithstanding that naive con fession, she averted her fair face with perplexing abruptness, and her beauti fully long, dark lashes dropped sud

denly over her fearless eyes. Just then the fresh and odorous wind swept through the open windows and tossed aside the drapery that concealed a picture on an easel before which she had been sitting.

She uttered a faint ejaculation of dismay, and then stood quite still-mute, defiant, but evidently confused.

But had her companion been less courteous, he would have laughed heartily, for the picture was a most remarkable picture of the gentleman of whom they had been speaking.

There, on canvas, he was skillfully depicted with the familiar aspect of ultra fashionable habiliments, ultra finical attitude, and ultra affected smile of disdainful and languid unconcern. His tawny hair, preposterously lengthy, lay in womanish crinkles over the purple velvet collar of his dainty black coat, upon the lapel of which was fastened a yellow dandelion ridiculously exaggerated in size and color. Underneath the picture was written, in large and handsome chirography, the original rhymes :

" Dandelion, in its place, Has its own peculiar grace; But as a flower of decoration It is a silly affectation. From whom wears yellow, poets say.

The angel Love has winged away." Miss St. John, instantly detecting the geen and quick observance of her visior, looked embarrassed and distressed,

and vet a faint suggestion of a reguish smile dimpled her reddening cheeks. "I did not propose to exhibit this ridiculous production," she said, trying to speak carelessly as she hurriedly

again adjusted the concealing curtain. Her companion did not respond, but regarded her with the quiszing expression that frequently irritates a frank nature to make innecessary acknowledgments areas Today bas

"I did not, indeed," she iterated simply; "although I have hoped some time that Mr. Lyon could see it so he would comprehend just how grotesque his faults appear to me. It might lessen The archery party was an exceedingly his silly vanity and egotism just the

ever, I really believe, no person but myself ever discovered." When her guest finally left her he was

mentally moralizing. "These two have met," he cogitated. "only to prove the infallibility of a mysterious law of nature, that may correctly be called the attraction of the opposite. She thoroughly detests the finical in man, and he abhors any aggressive mental ability in woman. And yet I am sure she loves him passionately, and I am absolutely certain that he adores her. Perhaps her affection for him will make him more manly, and his passion for her will make her more womanly. If they marry their temperaments may happily assimilate She may become one of the most obedient of wives, and he one of the most manful of husbands. She will very

it," he mentally concluded. The supposition was not wrong. . At that moment Minerva St. John wa standing before the caricature, holding the implements of destruction in hand that still hesitated to ruin what was really an artistic work.

likely destroy that clever picture of our

esthetic Dandy, now that I have seen

"Possibly I can alter it," she w sighing, when Dandy Lyon stepped daintily across the threshold, suddenly and unheard.

He yet wore the regulation uniform o the æsthetics, that he had worshiped ac cording to his lights, The girlish waves of this tawny, perfumed hair just touched the purple velvet collar of his spruce coat, on the lapel of which gleamed a rather large cluster of pale yellow blossoms. His dress, his movement, his manner, all were transcend-

ently immsculate and irreproachable. He instantly saw the uncovered caricature, and flushed crimson from the tip of his beardless chin to the becurled top of his intellectual forehead.

For a moment he curled the fastidiously-waxed ends of his pretty yellow mustache, with a motion expressive of vexation and resentment. But the nobler nature that Miss St. John had discerned and aroused conquered more

gnoble emotions. He went toward her with a humility hat did not disparage his manhood. And she, in her confusion, blushed and blanched, very charmingly, although she was trembling with an almost hysterical alarm and shame.

"Since I first knew you," he began, with a serene voice that was most assuring, "I have often quoted:

Oh, for the power the giftle gie us, To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

see myself now as you have seen me and I am more grateful than annoyed love you so well that I had rather you would despise me than utterly ignore

"I do not despise you," she protested, her sweet eyes full of tears.

He regarded her for a silent second with an intense and masterful earnestness. She was very alluring, and her shy, disturbe t countenance did not re-

pel him and sold met out t l'achiet "Minnie, darling," he proceeded, eagerly, "be my wife. You can make of me a husband worthy of your trust, I am sure. Your compani, nship has already made me a better and more manful man. Be mine, and thus complish thou my manbood,' dear."

Her answer was not nay. And all that now remains of Dandy Lyon's esthetics is his beautiful and touching solicitude for his pleasant home, his fascinating wife and bonny children.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

It takes a bold man to roll his ow idea into the world. The history of your fortunes is firs

written in your life. Never present a gift, saying that it of no use to yourself.

Better bend the neck promptly than to bruise the forehead. No man is more mise

that hath no adversity. Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity. When respiration ceases, our educa-

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life, are crossed by standing in our own light.

tion is finished, and not a moment

The grand old book of God still stands, and this old earth, the more its leaves are turned over and pondered, the more it will sustain and illustrate the sacred word .- Professor Dana.

No man can go into bad company without suffering for it. The homely old proverb has it very tersely: "A man can't bite the bottom out of a frying pan without smutting his nose." Every increase of knowledge may possibly render depravity more depraved

s well as it may increase the strength of virtue. It is in itself only power, and its value depends on its applica I et a man take time enough for the most trivial deeds, though it be but the paring of his nails. The buds swell imperceptibly without hurry or confusion; as if the short spring days were an eter-

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Over \$20,000,000 is now lying in the United States treasury waiting for the holders of past due and called bonds to ask for it. Of this amount about \$10. 000,000 is for matured bonds, on which interest ceased at various dates before January 1, 1837, or July 1, 1881. The other \$10,000,000 is for called bonds on which interest will cease October 21. but which, with interest to October 21, will be paid now on presentation.

Who would suppose that in the State of New York 757 persons could have been found with sufficient faith to file claims for 597 veins said to contain gold and silver? Yet such is the fact as yet, and the saloons, gambling dens as shown by the records in the office of and dance-houses are plenty. But all the secretary of state in Albany. The this human soum will float away as the disparity between the number of claim- track is pushed on, and the substantial, ants and the number of veins claimed by them is explained by the fact that in life what it is at Fargo or Jamestown many cases men who own the lands or Bismarck, peaceful and agreeable. have taken out claims to protect them- Last December the first shanty was selves and their farms from the claims built here, of logs, and not until June of others. Although the law declares that locators before they can work their into Glendive. Give it time. mines shall procure from the owners of the lands a written permission to do so, it also provides that if this permission Several years ago a land agent, in adbe refused the miners may procure from the supreme court an order permitting in which he had some "town sites" to them to enter upon and break up the lands in question. In order, therefore, to avoid tedious litigation and annoying suits, the farmers have in many cases made things secure by filing claims themselves.

Prosecutions for "insulting the maesty" of Emperor William has been so requent in Germany as to have given rise to great abuses. It has been found so easy to accuse an enemy of having in private conversation used some disrespectful phrase concerning the emperor, that such charges have repeatedly been made without any foundation whatever, and in a number of flagrant cases the perjury of the complaining witnesses has been proved so clearly that they have been convicted of it in the courts, "the end of the track." There are and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. One of the latest cases of this kind has been that of an artisan of Pforzheim, named Theodore Schneider, who accused an officer in the army Investigation "majesty insulting." showed, however, that the accusation was untrue, and that, instead, it was Schneider himself who had used the unlawful language. When this was established a guard was sent to arrest the man; but he forestalled it by blowing out his brains.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of a Paris paper reports that a man, whose name and purpose are unknown, was put to death a short time ago by an infuriated mob for trying to approach the czar's carriage. According to this story, the czar, who was staying at Peterhoff, drove to Strelna to attend a state dinner given by the Grand Duchess Constantine. The emperor returned at 9:15 in an open carriage drawn by three horses, and the whole length of the road from Streins to Peterhoff was brilliantly lighted with electric lamps and "Bengal fires." Both sides of the road were lined with soldiers, and large crowds had collected to see the exar pass and to cheer him. Just as the carriage was nearing the palace gates, however, a man broke through the ranks of guards and ran toward the carriage. He was pushed back by the officer, and the mob threw him to the ground and literally backed him to pieces with knives. By the time the police could interfere the man's body was mangled past recognition. There was nothing to show that his intention were murderous, and it is quite possible that he only intended to throw a petition into the imperial carriage. The coar was not informed of the matter until the next day, and the French correspondent says that the Russian papers were forbidden to report it.

An international exposition in the field of public hygiene and life saving is arranged to take place in Berlin next year, to continue from June 1 to October 1. It will cover exhibits relating to soil and air, streets, roads and public parks; sewage and drainage, public water supplies and illumination, food supplies in large cities, public washing and laundry establishments, free baths, school buildings, dwellings, tenements of the poor, factories and other buildings in which large numbers of persons labor, inns, restaurants and coffeehouses; chemical, powder and other manufacturing establishments of a sim ilar character, rural dwellings for the poor, country places for residence, nutriments, travel by railway, steamboat electricity, and with horses; elothing. contagious diseases, institutions for the sick and disabled, funerals, cometeries and morgues, and veterinary medicin and surgery. The department of life saving will embrace exhibits of an acter, including fire escapes and appaing from burning buildings; protection by the entire transaction,-Twento against lightning, floods, explosions,

and navigation disasters machine, mill and steam engine socidente; temporary expedients in the respectation and restoration of persons injured by drowning or other disaster and of the sick and wounded in war and ambulances, hospitals, barracks and hospital ships,

A Hard Town.

A correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean having reached the terminus of the Northern Pacific railroad thut describes the new town of Glendive and its peculiarities

Of course Glendive is a hard town. There are no school-houses or churches or sewing societies or Sunday-schools respectable citizens will remain to make was a dressed piece of timber brought

The cemetery of a new town has fascination that is almost irresistible. vertising the attractions of the region sell, called attention to the surpassing healthfulness of the locality by the unique and somewhat startling an nouncement in large letters: "We had to hang a man to start a

graveyard here." The burial places of new towns are often authentic indexes to the character of their population. Glendive is now about four months old, and in the cemetery over yonder there are nine mounds -all new. At the head of each there is a pine board, but only two or three bear inscriptions. The nine graves represent the necrology of the place. Five contain men who " died with their boots on "-murdered in brawls; two are filled with suicides-both women, Magdalens of the lowest class, who follow dozens of such in this community women who have followed "the end of the track" from Bismarck here, and will go along with it, with the rough men who shovel the grades, lay the ties and spike the rails. Two of them found "the end of the track" at Glendive, and lie in unmarked, soon forgotten

The Career of Dan Rice. Dan Rice, who was the best known showman in the country twenty-five

wretched than their past.

graves, with a hereafter not more

rears ago, has experienced strange vicissitudes during the last ten years, and has varied his professional career with occasional experiments in the line of religious exhortation and temperance crusading. Wednesday the court of Erie county granted his wife a divorce on the ground of desertion, and thus terminated what was in its earlier days a romantic union. In 1845 the showman was exhibiting in Girard Erie county, and his attention was attracted by a remarkably beautiful child in her nurse's arms. He saked her name, and on subsequently fixing his residence in Girard, he kept up a lively interest in the girl, who was the daughter of a leading citizen, descon in the Presbyterian church and president of the local bank. At that time Dan rolled in wealth and spent his money lavishly, not only in the erection of a magnificent house, but in adorn-

ing the town. He was married to an estima woman, who had been on the stage, and about fifteen years after his arrival in Girard she sued for and obtained a divorce. Shortly afterward Dan carried off his yeathful inamorata, much against the wishes of the paternal descon, who disinherited his daughter, but when Dan failed in 1873 was reconciled and ook them to his house. The show man's extensive property was marificed piecemeal in unprofitable ventures, and his life grew irregular. His professions of temperance and religion were looked upon as advertising schemes, and his wife grev cold and finally declined to see him. It is mid he refused to oppose the divorce. Rice began his career as a jockey boy for Henry Clay on his Lexington farm, and at one time was considered worth half a million, owning among other property an opera house in New Orleans .- Philsdelphia Times.

Indian Woolng. A stalwart Indian appeared the other day at Aylmer, Quebec, with a dusky companion by his side whom he wis to wed. Both parties seemed to be re- Cretzer in the year 1801. Here ofcing at the prospect as they repaired | hearing are good, and her me to the church, but suddenly the maiden changed her mind and positively retold her to go home and bring him back all the presents he had made her, and equally varied and comprehensive char- woman, gave her the costume intended to her at the carriage, and t for the one that had discarded him and ratus for extinguishing fires and rescu- married her. Only two hours were lost

our county, Morth Co. What Time Is It ! What time is HT Time to do well:

Time to live better; Give up that gradge; at kind word to sweeten a screw; Do that good deed you would leave

> In that new alteation point al Time to build upon A solid founds.

Farmers, take marning! Flow in the springtime, Sow in the morning; Soring rain is coming, nephyra are blowing Heaven will attend to the quickening and grown

enziele who have been parring-beiten Time to count cost; Lauren expenses annth good lie Time to look well of he a married To the gates and the fences; Making and mending, as good workers she Shutting out ovil and keeping the good. What time is it?

Laying up treasure. Time to be thoughtful, Choosing true pleasure; Loving stern justice; of trath being fond; Making your word just as good as your bond,

Leaving the rest-- Liverpool Mail.

PUNGENT PARAURAPES.

A Texas man indorses a fiver pad as saving his life. It stopped a bullet. When a law becomes a dead letter, why don't they send it to the dead letter office?

"One's two," is the contradictor

statement a man often makes in an oys-""Excuse the liberty I take," as the convict remarked when he escaped from

the State prison, and to show and "What range do you prefer ?" mked me rifleman of another. "The kitchen range," was the reply. A hangman who did not wish to dis-

close his vocation, said that he was raveling for a suspender company. " An' that's the pillar of Hercules ?" she said, adjusting her silver spectacles. "The land sakes! What's the rest of

his bedelothes like, I wonder?" The train had just relied into the station, and little Charley stood Hatening a moment to the sound of the couspins steam. Then, turning to his father, he said: "Pa, the engine's all out of

breath, ain't it?" how a to enclosed stand Comforting : "Mr. Boutman," said a timid woman to the ferryman who was rowing her scross a river, "are per ever lost in this river?" ms'am," he replied, "we always find em again within a day or so."

Smith : "I once possessed a spin

dog, which could always distinbetween a vagabond and a resp person." Jones : "Well, what been of him ? Smith : "Oh, I was obl to give him away. He bit me." "What is the meaning of the word antalizing? saked the teacher, "Please marm," spoke up little Johner Hol-

comb. "It means a circus pro-

passing the school-house and scholars not allowed to look out." In the hardware store: "Billy, de you know I can always tell when there has been an advance in pails?" "No how is it?" "Why, there is always an advance in pails whenever old Swain

beimer and his wife have a fight." Storekeeper: "I beg your parties. sir, but one of them half dollars is eo terfeit." Onstomer: "I know B. all Got it here last week." Beeing a smile on the storekeeper's face, he says: " see you doubt my word, sir." Ste keeper: " Not at all, sir. I was me thinking how remarkable it was the you should have got this money here Customer murmum something abo eneming he made a mistake in the store and hurriedly hands out another half.

The Oldest Pensioner. Maryland can probably claim the aldest pensioner in the United States in the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Cretare who resides in the Ninth district Baltimore county, upon the York road She was 103 years old in last Deher, and is the widow of John Cos of Captain Parry's company of Marylar militia, who served in the year of 181 Not withstanding her advanced age she can walk about the house and al ties are in an exce ation. On a recent Tuesday she w for quite a talk. She is believed to be the oldest pensioner, if not the oldest

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