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NEW SERIES—VOL. III.—NO. 38. WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1890. WHOLE NUMBER, 489.

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—O—

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—O—

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—FOR—

1890.

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STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, Anson County—In the Superior Court.

James M. Allen, et al.
vs
S. H. McLendon and wife.

NOTICE OF SALE.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Anson county, made at May Term 1887 thereof, and also an order made at the November Term, 1889, of said Court, in the cause entitled as above, the undersigned, as Commissioner, will sell by public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, at the court house door, in the town of Wadesboro, on Monday, the 6th day of January, 1890, it being Monday, of the January Term, 1890, of said Court, the following real estate, situate in the village of Ansonville, in said county, to wit: All the real estate conveyed to Lucinda James M. Allen as trustee by the said S. H. McLendon and wife, by a deed of Mortgage, dated Sept. 29th, 1880, and registered in the Register's Office of said County in Trust Book No. 19, pages 379 &c., consisting of three tracts or lots of land. 1st. A lot of 15 acres on which are situated the Ansonville Female College buildings, presidents house, and out-buildings, together with all buildings and improvements thereon, saving and excepting the Methodist church lot of one acre, the Baptist church of one half acre, and one acre heretofore conveyed to said James M. Allen by said defendants. 2nd. A lot of 4 acres adjoining the lot of Mrs. Susan Carter and others. 3rd. Lots of 10½ acres adjoining the lands of G. W. Gilbert and others, together with all buildings and improvements thereon. For a description of said lots reference is hereby made to the registry of said mortgage.

JOHN C. McLAURCHLIN,
Commissioner.

A DAUGHTER OF CAIN.

BY S. J. JESSAMINE DICKSON AND MRS. M. F. DAVIS.

CHAPTER LVI.

SUNLIGHT.

Forgive and forget!—why the world would be lonely,
The garden a wilderness left to deform,
If the flowers but remembered the chilling winds only,
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm. —*Swain.*

Oh, sweet are the tones of affection sincere,
When they come from the depth of the heart;
And sweet are the words that banish each care
And bid sorrow forever depart! —*Bulwer.*

It was a wild tempestuous December evening. Night was just closing in, and the piercing winds howled and moaned like human voices, while the chilling rain descended in torrents, completely drenching the *petite* form of a young girl as she hurried, or endeavored to hurry, for the wind impeded her progress, along the narrow, neglected streets of an old fashioned Alabama village. Her head was securely hooded, and around her slender form, a shawl was closely folded, but it afforded her little protection from the chilling rain. [illegible] were soaked with wa[illegible] it was with the greatest difficulty that she could walk at all. Now and then as the wind screamed past her almost wrenching the shawl from her grasp, she would glance wildly about her, while a moan of distress escaped her white lips. Some distance behind her a man was coming rapidly down the street. He held an umbrella, and was apparently endeavoring to overtake the girl, whose steps grew slower and slower. At length her strenght was entirely exhausted, and with the one pleading cry:

'Father, have mercy—Christ receive me!' she sank like a wounded dove on the viage street. The wind shrieked above her, and the rain splashed pitilessly on her white, upturned face. As she fell, the man behind quickened his steps, and a few moments later was bending over her.

'Poor child!' he exclaimed, 'what shall I do with her.' Then suddenly glancing down the street toward a low, old fashioned structure, from which a broad band of light was streaming, he added:

'I will take her to the inn, until she revives.'

As he spoke he lowered his umbrella, and stoping gathered up the slight form in his arms, and strode off through the increasing storm. Reaching the inn, he was met at the door by the landlord, who with much surprise exclaimed:

'Great power! whom have you there, Mr. St. Orme?'

As he spoke the rays of light from an outer room fell on the tall graceful form and high bred face of the stranger in whom we recognize none other than our St. Orme. He had greatly changed, for on the handsome face was almost stern look of settled gloom while the grand, deep set eyes looked forth with a cold, hopeless expression. To the landlord's question, he merely replied:

'It is a young lady who has fainted. Can I carry her in the parlor until she revives?'

'Certainly, certainly sir!' And the land lord led into the poorly furnished lite parlor, wheeled a faded sofa up in front of the fire, then hurried out saying he would send in some of his family folks.'

Laying his burden on the sofa, St. Orme proceed to remove the wet shawl from out the girl, and the hood from her head. He had not seen her face until now, and as he slipped the covering from her head, a great mass of tawny golden curls released from their confinement, fell over the cushions of the sofa, like rippling waves of sunshine, and he gazed upon the beautiful, unconscious face of Violet Marvin.

'Great heaven! has the dead returned to life?' he cried, starting back with pallid face and shaking limbs.

Just then she quivered from the lips, a faint tint of color dyed the white cheek, and the great, dusky eyes opened and looked in his face.

'Violet! Violet!' leaped wildly from his lips.

As the familiar voice broke on her ear, she arised up stretched out her arms, and

'Orme! Orme!' answered his call. Then a sadly pallor flew to her cheek, a convulsive shudder shook her frame and she sank back like one dead.

'Violet! Violet! have you come, but to leave again?'

Full of anguish was the voice that rang and broke the stillness of the little room, as Orme St. Orme, madly dreaming that the grave had given its dead, cast himself upon his knees, and gathered the unconscious one to his wildly beating heart.

'My darling, my darling, unless those beautiful eyes and say that this is no peitful dream,—tell me that the cold grave has indeed released you!'

The passionate pleading of his voice awoken dulled senses, and as if in answer to his call her eyes again opened. A smile of perfect peace covered the small, sensitive mouth, and words,

'It has been a long and horrible dream, Orme, but it has ended at last,' fluttered from her lips.

'Violet! Violet! You are not dreaming. Tell me, dearest, are you shade or substance?'

His voice fully aroused. In an instant the past and present flashed upon her, and springing up she broke from his arms like a startled fawn. When he would have clasped her to his bosom again, she fled before him exclaiming:

'Orme St. Orme, why have you come to mock my agony? Accused of dark and dreadful things, disowned by my father, believed guilty of incoustancy by you, I left my once happy home that I might indeed be dead to those who had broken my heart. I sent home to my father the remains of one who bore my name, and had met with a terrible death. Yet, it seems I have not suffered enough, since you have discovered my poor, weak deception, and come to taunt and mock my anguish. I have told you all—go now—seek me not again, and if you ever loved me, do not let my father know that his poor, disowned, broken-hearted Violet lives!'

There was unutterable agony in her voice, and her eyes grew dark with pain.

As she spoke, light dawned upon Orme St. Orme's darkened mind, and when she had finished, he reached her side with two steps and despite her struggles, clasped her again in his arms, saying:

'Listen to me one moment, my much sinned against darling. Do not struggle to be free, for you *shall* hear. I *will* tell you of the great change at Sunnyside—that death has entered there—'

'My father!' she interrupted, her face growing pale as monumental marble. Clasping her closer he replied:

'Your father yet lives, thank God! But, Violet, two whom he loved and trusted have passed away. Your stepmother and sister are no more, and your father is today alone and desolate, mourning because of the great injustice he did his innocent daughter, whom he believes is sleeping by her mother.'

She had ceased struggling and was listening to him with a strange, bewildered expression resting upon her beautiful features, and when he paused she murmured in a scarcely audible whisper:

'Can this all be a dream?'

'It is reality, my darling,' was the low, tender reply.

She gave a violent start, then clasped her hands, exclaiming:

'My father! Oh, tell me does he believe—' she paused, and a flood of tears rushed to her eyes.

'He knows you are innocent, for your stepmother's death-bed confession revealed much.'

Just then a woman entered the room, but waving his hand for her to retire, St. Orme draw Violet to the fire, and there in her dripping garments, with his arms still clasped about her, he related word for word Mrs. Marvin's horrible story. When he had finished a low, shuddering cry fell from her lips, then forgetful of all she had suffered, she exclaimed:

'Oh, my poor father! If I could only comfort him, for he too has been sinned against.'

'My darling, have you no word for me? Is the love you once cherished quite dead? Say not so, my Violet, but forgive the past and give me back the precious heart I once possessed!'

She spoke no word, but the meek eyes raised to his were elegant with meaning, and he knew that all was well. After some tenderly breathed words of endearment, he said:

'Now, tell me, Violet, of yourself.'

With her head resting against his heart, she began and related all that had transpired from the night that she had fled from her home up to the present time. Only this much will we repeat, as the reader is well acquainted with the rest.

About two weeks previous, while returning with Dr. Judson from Camiola Lindley's cottage home, she met Jasper Palmer face to face on the street, and she felt sure, that despite her supposed death, he had recognized her. To confirm this suspicion he met Dr. Judson the next day, and inquired the name of the lady with whom he was driving the evening before. When informed that her name was Vivian, he said that she resembled a lady whom he once knew and insinuated that he would like to form her acquaintance, whereupon, Dr. Judson invited him to call the next evening. When informed of this, Violet was wild with fear lest the deception which she had practiced in an hour of agony should be discovered, and her father informed of the same. Thus almost crazed she had flown from her kind friends that night without any word of explanation, and took the train scarcely knowing whither she was going. Reaching this village she was fortunate enough to secure a situation as governess in the family of a gentleman, residing some two miles in the country.

'How came you to be out in this terribl storm?' asked St. Orme, as she paused for a moment.

'I came to the village to purchase some articles I was needing, for I left my entire wardrobe at Mrs. Thurston's, and as Mr. Welbourn was absent from home, and no one to drive, I concluded to walk. I did very well as I came, but before I was ready to return the storm came up. I waited some time for it to abate, but it only increased, and knowing I must reach home by night or lose my situation, I concluded to leave my purchases at the store to be sent to me again, and brave the storm, but the wind and rain were too much for me and my strength gave way.'

'My poor, tired darling! There shall be no more suffering for you, but from henceforth love and untiring devotion shall surround you!

She raised her eyes to his face, while a smile irradiated her beautiful features, as she murmured:

'Orme, the storm has spent its fury. The fire through which we have passed has purified our love, and now, with God's blessing we will go through life, hand in hand, praising and glorifying Him for the peace that has come to us.'

'Amen!' fervently responded St. Orme, as he bowed his head and imprinted a kiss of love on the lips of the beautiful speaker.

* * * * * * *

'My Father in heaven, is this really true? Am I again to behold my darling, or is it only a delusive dream? Am I to hold to my heart once more the pure, sweet Violet whom I thought I had seen laid to rest at her angel mother's side? My God, I thank thee for this unmerited happiness! It is almost too much for me after the deep waters through which I have passed—the deep waters of sorrow.'

An open letter bearing St. Orme's signature dropped from Mr. Marvin's hand as he bowed his head and wept like a child—wept the tears of unspeakable joy and rapture.

The evening shadows fell thick about him as he sat and wept softly to himself, while the beautiful portrait of the first mistress of Sunnyside, above the marble mantel, looked down upon him with loving eyes.

Mr. Marvin was greatly changed. His brow was deeply lined and his once brown locks were heavily sprinkled with white. One knew at the first glance that he had grown old before his time.

'Oh, lagging hours fly fast!' he cried, rising to his feet and beginning to pace the floor. 'Fly, fly, and hasten that supreme moment of ecstacy when I shall again fold my flower to my heart.'

Even as he spoke the sound of voices reached his ear, and he heard St. Orme saying:

'Good night, my darling. I will see you early tomorrow.'

He tried to move toward the door, but for the life of him he could not stir and pale as a marble statue he remained where he stood as if frozen to the floor.

Light footsteps come swiftly across the hall toward the parlor, a dark-robed form flitted through the door with a low, sweet cry of unspeakable joy and the next instant Violet Marvin was weeping upon her father's bosom.

For full twenty minutes no sound save Violet's low sobs broke the silence of the chamber, then Randall Marvin lifted his streaming eyes upward and in the fullness of his heart exclaimed:

'Father, I thank thee for the restoration of my child who was lost and is found—my child who was dead and is alive!'

'Christ, I thank thee for this hour of supreme felicity, this moment of unbounded ecstacy!'

It was the sweet voice of Violet that mingled with her father's, as she clasped her hands and lifted her fair face upward, while the strong man cried:

'Oh, my *Violet's* Violet! have you come to forgive your cruel father the wicked wrong he did you? Oh! my precious, suffering child, can you forget—can you forgive?'

'Dear, dear papa, you too have been sinned against. Only fold your poor weary Violet to your heart papa, as you did in days gone by, and she will ask no sweeter joy—no greater happiness,' came lovingly from the smiling lips.

'Aye, I truly will, my precious sun beam! I clouded your innocent life, Violet, by my rash and hasty marriage, but if my darling can forgive and forget the sin of her poor, weak father, in the future he will atone for the woes of the past.'

'Papa, dear papa, let the dead past bury its dead, and we will so live and love that it will be as a sealed book, and the present and future as a garden of bloom.'

Two hours later as father and daughter sat clasped in each others arms, Violet said:

'Papa was it not very odd indeed that the young girl whose remains I sent home should resemble me so closely? She bore my full name, too—Violet Marvin.'

He started violently.

'What about her name, my daughter?'

'I say it was Violet Marvin, and, papa, her father was a native of this State, but she was an orphan and was teaching to earn her support.'

Randall Marvin rose and walked rapidly up and down the floor a time or two, then again taking his daughter in his arms, he exclaimed:

'Thank God, Violet! she sleeps with her kindred. Years ago I had a brother, selfwilled and wayward, and this brother one day in a fit of passion fled from his home and friends. I also had a sister Violet, who died in her childhood. She was the idol of this brother's heart, and is it not natural that he should have called a daughter of his own for this beloved sister? Darling, my heart tells me that the Violet Marvin who sleeps at your mother's side is none other than the child of my long lost brother.'

While father and daughter sat conversing the face of a man peered in at the window, and in the dim rays of light one might have recognized the sinister features of Jasper Palmer.

For half an hour he remained there gazing upon the unconscious ones even as a lost spirit doomed to eternal death might look upon the bliss of angels. At last he turned away with a muttered curse and strode off through the darkness. The next morning Jasper Palmer with his blacks, was on his way to Texas.

* * * * * * *

It was a lovely moonlight night in the royal month of June, and Sunny side was again brilliantly illuminated, this time for the marriage of Violet Marvin and and Orme St. Orme,

Among the gay guests assembled in the grand old parlor was our old Alabama friend, Dr. Earl, his genial face beaming with heart-felt delight. Then, there was Mrs. Thurston, radiant with happiness. At her side stood Dr. Judson with a fair queenly looking girl leaning upon his arm. We knew her first as Camiola Linley—we introduce her now as the tenderly loved wife of Dr. Judson. Of course there were many other guests but we have neither time nor space to mention them separately.

There was a subdued murmur in the room, but everything was reduced to the most perfect quiet as through the open door came the venerable Bishop and a moment later St. Orme with Violet leaning upon his arm. Immediately after them came Mr. Marvin and the white robed bridemades accompanied by the groomsmen, and last in the train Una Layne, now a lovely woman, leaning upon the arm of her handsome husband.

The happy blacks were stationed at the windows, looking on with eager eyes, and as the bridal party entered, Violet's maid, the faithful and overjoyed Bera, turned to Aunt Dinah, saying:

'Don't dey make a han'some couple, an' our Miss Vi'let, don't she look like an angel wid her white wings folded?'

'Course she do,' returned the negress, setting herself in a comfortable position.

As the two paused before the man of God Max Judson turned his eyes upon the flower like face of the bride with an expression of yearning and mingled pain. Was the old love revived in his heart? If so, it was but the last bright spark ere the fire expires, for the next instant his gaze was bent upon his own fair wife with a look of almost worshipful love.

"Whom therefore God hath joined together let not man put asunder!"

Clear and distinct fell the solemn words from the Bishop's lips, and a moment more St. Orme and Violet Marvin were man and wife.

Among those who pressed forward to offer their congratulations, our good old friend, Dr. Earl, was foremost.

'Receive an old man's blessing as well as his congratulations, Fairy,' he said, and laying his hands upon the bride's head, he continued:

'May the Lord bless and keep you ever, my child—may He strew your pathway through life with thornless roses, and at the last may no sprig of rue be found in your basket. Once more my child, God bless and guide you!'

Violet raised her sweet eyes all sparkling in tears, kissed her old friend's hand, who immediately fell back, and the next instant Dr. Judson stood smiling before her.

'Accept my congratulations and allow me this privilege,' he laughed, touching his lips to her blushing cheek.

Mrs. Thurston embraced her tenderly, Camiola wept and laughed by turns, and a few moments later mirth and gaiety filled the room.

When enjoyment was at its height St. Orme drew Violet from the crowd out upon the piazza and seating her in the shadow of the starry jessamines, he knelt at her feet, saying fondly:

'Sitting here, my own, one lovely eve, now so long ago, you first taught me the sweet lesson of love, and here under the fragrant jessamines I would have you sit again on this our bridal night. Oh! my darling, my darling, God has indeed been good to us!'

Glancing down on his tender, passionate face, her dusky eyes grew dim with the dews of love, and, with her bridal robes in snowy billows about her, fluttered like a white dove in his outstretched arms.

Thus with the moon and the stars gazing upon their bliss they sat clasped in each others arms, while

'Spirits of love about them ministered,
And God approving blessed their holy joy.'

[THE END.]

ANNUAL STATEMENT

Of Receipts and Disbursements for County purposes From Nov. 30th, 1888, to Dec. 1st, 1889.

Co. order no. 289 to J M Smith, special allowance for support	3 50
Co. order no. 290 to W R Heugh for repairing bridge over Cedar creek	1 50
Co. order no. 291 to J W Hutchinson for repairing bridge over Little Brown creek	5 00
Co. order no. 292 to Drs. Moore and Huntley for amputating Robt Lewis' leg and necessary attention	50 00
Co. order no. 293 to W A Redfearn for 2 days court crier April term '89	6 00
Co. order no. 294 to J S Bivens for repairing bridge across Black creek	2 25
Co. order no. 295 to David Owen, error in his tax for '87	2 00
Co. order no. 296 to J R Guildedge for one witness ticket on file	1 55
Co. order no. 297 to H R Teal for building bridge over Jones creek, known as the Gatewood bridge	60 00
Co. order no. 298 to N McCormac for making 3 coffins for county paupers and work on poor house	8 25
Co. order no. 299 to W H Price for supplies for poor house	2 40
Co. order no. 300 to E D Brower for conveying Lucy Ratliff to poor house	1 00
Co. order no. 301 to G W Rogers for board of prisoners for April '89	54 65
Co. order no. 302 to G W Rogers for 2 days court officer April term '89	4 00
Co. order no. 303 to Jim Ingram for 1 month support	1 00
Co. order no. 304 to Thomas Profit for 1 month support	1 00
Co. order no. 305 to W A Pratt for superintending building bridge over Jones creek	3 00
Co. order no. 306 to J P Billingsley for one day letting out bridge, &c	1 00
Co. order no. 307 to J L Pratt for error in his tax for '87	2 57
Co. order no. 308 to Hardison & Allen for supplies furnished poor house	59 25
Co. order no. 309 to E D Gaddy for one day letting out Jones creek bridge	1 00
Co. order no. 310 to J W McGregor for cleaning out court room	1 45
Co. order no. 311 to J M Billingsley for burial of two inmates of poor house, mileage, &c	2 20
Co. order no. 312 to T J Ingram for 45 pounds beef for poor house	2 50
Co. order no. 313 to McLendon & Parsons for medicine, &c., for poor house	2 55
Co. order no. 314 to J A Atkinson for 2 days court officer April term '89	4 00
Co. order no. 315 to W D Webb for books and stationrey furn'ed by Walker, Evans & Cogswell Co., for Clerk and Register's office	30 38
Co. order no. 316 to W G Carpenter for error in taxes on 120 acres land	2 40
Co. order no. 317 to J A Crowder for uncollectable poll tax of Meles Robinson for '86 and '87	4 50
Co. order no. 318 to J A Crowder for error in Gaston's tax for '88	1 50
Co. order no. 319 to J A Crowder for error in Sherwood Cox's tax for the years '87 and '88	2 21
Co. order no. 320 to J A Jeak, Jr., for error in tax on 27 1-2 acres land	95
Co. order no. 321 to J M Little for error in Frank Ratliffs tax for '86	2 50
Orders issued May '89	328 07
Am't brought forward	3817 29
Total orders issued	$4145 36
Co. order no. 322 to J M Smith for support from 1st May to 1st July '89	7 00
Co. order no. 323 to N McCormac for 2 coffins for county paupers, viz: Bob Leak and Ned Riley	4 50
Co. order no. 324 to J T Porter for inquest over the body of Ben Layton, expense of jury, &c.	11 30
Co. order no. 325 to G W Rogers for board of prisoners for May '89	78 10
Co. order no. 326 to J W McGregor, expense in carrying Marshal Tyson and Phebe Watkins to W I Asylum	51 30
Co. order no. 327 to J A Crowder for amount paid for indigent pupil in Deaf and Dumb Asylum	15 40
Co. order no. 328 to W D Webb for large tax book for Anson county	1 75
Co. order no. 329 to L J Huntley for supplies furnished poor house	1 65
Co. order no. 330 to J W McGregor for serving notices on judges of the election for local option	2 40
Co. order no. 331 to E F Ashe & Son for medicine and attention to inmates of poor house	22 50
Co. order no. 332 to W D Webb for listing purchase tax and issuing notices by order of Board as per statement on file	20 67
Co. order no. 333 to Bennett Bros. for supplies for poor house	48 23
Co. order no. 334 to Rev J K Fant for relief of Wm Jeans and family	10 00
Co. order no. 335 to W H Price for building stables at poor house	8 00
Co. order no. 336 to W H Price for burial of Ned Riley and milk for poor house	1 48
Co. order no. 337 to Jim Ingram for support for month of June	1 00
Co. order no. 338 to J M Little for registering 259 names for election of Local Option	7 77
Co. order no. 339 to J L Teal for conveying Ben Buchanan and B Dunlap to Wadesboro jail	2 00
Co. order no. 340 to Wiley Bowers, 1 witness ticket, State vs Haly Johnson, Spring term '84	2 75
Co. order no. 341 to Rosanna Sykes, special allowance for support	3 00
Co. order no. 342 to Sarah and Eliza Hancock for support for quarter ending July 1st '89	9 00
Co. order no. 343 to Mary Whitley for support for quarter ending July 1st '89	4 50
Orders issued June '89	314 30
Am't brought forward	4145 36
Total amount orders issued to July '89	$4459 66
Co. order no. 344 to Melvina Allen for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order. no. 345 to Elsy Allen for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 346 to Mary Arnett for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 347 to James Brower for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	12 00
Co. order no. 348 to Patsy Bullard for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	6 00
Co. order no. 349 to Phillis Bennett for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 350 to Creasy Broadaway for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 351 to Dick Crump for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 352 to Crook Crump for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 353 to Celia Curtis for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	6 00
Co. order no. 354 to Nancy Carter for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	6 00
Co. order no. 355 to Charles Dunlap for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 356 to Anderson Edwards for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	5 50
Co. order no. 357 to Mike Edwards for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 358 to Nancy Fort for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 359 to Thomas Gaddy for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	6 00
Co. order no. 360 to Matilda Griffin for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 361 to Wilson Hough for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 362 to Laura Harris for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 363 to Lydia Hubbard for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 364 to Peter Hubbard for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 365 to Hager Horn for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 366 to Sylvia Ingram for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 367 to Sarah Key for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	6 00
Co. order no. 368 to Joe Kirby for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 369 to G D Liles for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 370 to Arthur Lee for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 371 to Polly Little for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	9 00
Co. order no. 372 to Ann Lassiter for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 373 to Mariah Ledbetter for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 374 to Alice Little for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 375 to Sandy Love for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 376 to Martha A Lee for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 377 to Ben McRae for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 378 to Frazer Mitchum for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 379 to Alex Melton for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	6 00
Co. order no. 380 to Sylvia Myers for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 381 to Dovey Mills for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 382 to Mrs Wm Morris for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	6 00
Co. order no. 383 to Charlotte McCormac for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 384 to Lucinda Marshall for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 385 to William Newton for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 386 to Geo and Sarah Pope for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 387 to Hannah Phillips for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	6 00
Co. order no. 388 to Ab Ratliff for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 389 to Annis Ramsay for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	6 00
Co. order no. 390 to Lila Ricketts for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 391 to Mariah Ratliff for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 392 to Samalia Seago for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 393 to Eliza Smith for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 394 to Mary Streater for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	6 00
Co. order no. 395 to Sallie Tillman for support quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 396 to Mary Teal for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 397 to Henry Turner for support for quarter July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 398 to Lucy Turner for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 399 to Jane West for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 400 to Rosa and Biddy Wilson for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	12 00
Co. order no. 401 to Susan West for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 402 to Nancy Gathings for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 403 to Patsy Jones for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 404 to Hanna Ingram for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 405 to Lucy Crawford for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 406 to Romeo Tillman for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	6 00
Co. order no. 407 to Rosanna Hasty for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 408 to Nicy Bennett for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 409 to Polly McLendon for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 410 to Aaron Tillman for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 00
Co. order no. 411 to Eloy Hooks for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	3 00
Co. order no. 412 to Sophia caudle for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 00
Co. order no. 413 to Jennie Lockhart for month of June	1 50
Co. order no. 414 to Wesley McNair for month of June	1 00
Co. order no. 415 to Harriet Hammond (Lucinda) for month of June	4 00
Co. order no. 416 to Rosa Snow for support for quarter ending July 1, '89	4 50
Co. order no. 417 to N McCormac for coffin for Anderson Ratliff, pauper	2 25
Co. order no. 418 to Abram Hammond for support 20 days to his death	1 00
Co. order no. 419 to Betsy Jones for support for quarter	3 00
Co. order no. 420 to F High and wife for support for quarter	6 00
Co. order no. 421 to M M Bowers for coffin for Freeman High	2 25
Co. order no. 422 to W H Price, salary for quarter ending July 1, '89	31 25
Co. order no. 423 to W H Price for burial of Anderson Ratliff, inmate of poor house	1 00
Co. order no. 424 to W P Davis for taking tax list Burnsville township, '89	25 00
Co. order no. 425 to V Allen for taking tax list, Lanesboro township, '89	25 00
Co. order no. 426 to S T Flake for taking tax list, Gulledges township, '89	25 00
Co. order no. 427 to G W Rogers for board of prisoners for month of June '89	96 45
Co. order no. 428 to Z T Redfearn for taking tax list in White Store township, '89	25 00
Co. order no. 429 to J B Lindsay for taking tax list in Lilesville township, '89	30 00
Co. order no. 430 to S H Gaddy for taking tax list in Ansonville township, '89	25 00
Co. order no. 431 to A A Martin for conveying Robert Reed to Wadesboro jail	1 00
Co. order no. 432 to D M Johnson for taking tax list in Morven township, '89	30 00
Co. order no. 433 to J F Burch for repairing bridge over Dead Fall creek	7 50
Co. order no. 434 to E J Lilly for 5 days and milage as member of Board commissioners	13 00
Co. order no. 435 to J P Billingsley for 5 days and mileage as member of Board commissioners	13 50
Co. order no. 436 to E D Gaddy for 5 days as member of Board of commissioners	10 00
Co. order no. 437 to W S Little for 5 days and mileage, member of Board com'rs	15 00
Co. order no. 438 to W A Pratt for 5 days and mileage, member of Board of commissioners	17 00
Co. order no. 439 to E J Lilly for 2 days on auditing committee	4 00
Co. order no. 440 to W S Little for 2 days on auditing committee	4 00
Co. order no. 441 to E D Gaddy for 2 days on auditing committee	4 00
Co. order no. 442 to E J Lilly, expense to Wilmington as one of the assessors of the C C R R, and per diem	17 60
Co. order no. 443 to Esther Little, county pauper, for support	2 50
Co. order no. 444 to E D Gaddy for coffin for Esther Little	2 25
Co. order no. 445 to Wm Ingram for support as pauper	1 00
Co. order no. 446 to Alice Ramsay, special allowance for support	2 00
Co. order no. 447 to D L Saylor for the purchase of repairs of standard weights	46 12
Co. order no. 448 to W D Webb for 2 days clerk of Board and entering minutes and issuing 160 county orders as per statement on file	34 00
Co. order no. 449 to Craig Bros for supplies furnished poor house	55 93
Co. order no. 450 to J A Little & Co for supplies furnished poor house	75
Co. order no. 451 to Jno Lowe for marriage license and election blanks	
Co. order no. 452 to Mary Whitley, special allowance for support	
Co. order no. 453 to Lockhart, co[illegible]	

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