

LOCAL AND OTHER NEWS.

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Mr. Theo. White is we learn very sick with pneumonia.

Jim Johnson's case will go before his honor to-day.

Mr. J. A. Keenan has moved his shoe shop to Grubb street.

Miss Alula Speight is still improving, we are glad to say.

This is the last week of March. Look out for the twelve borrow days.

The young men's meeting at the Baptist church is growing more and more interesting.

One reason why Christ ate with publicans and sinners was that they made him welcome.

The largest crowd we have ever seen in Hertford, was here on Monday, the first day of court.

Hunting's R. R. show will be in E. City to-morrow. There is to be special rates on the accomdation train, good for two days.

The visiting Attorney's at the bar of Hertford are Messrs. Bond Pruden, Ward, Albertson and Eure, with Solicitor Leary at his post.

The law allowing oyster dredging is for the months of February, March, and April. It provides that only residents of the State can dredge for oysters.

The Short saw mill, located at Washington, N. C., the one that was blown up some time ago, killing Mr. Short and five others, has commenced work again, and is now in full running order.

The press is represented here in the persons of Messrs. Creecy of the Economist Falcon, Berry of the E. City News, and Dr. John of the Carolinian. They are here in the interest of their papers.

The phonograph man is here dispensing sweet music. Two tunes for a nickle, and you won't regret it either. So, go right along and let him give you some of his fine selections of ballads and speeches.

The trial of Wilcox, at E. City for manslaughter came off last week. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the Judge sentenced him to fifteen years in the Penitentiary. It is reported that he will appeal to the Supreme Court.

Mr. Theophilus White, the Representative from Perquimans Co., was elected Chief Shell-fish Commissioner by the recent legislature. It is true he a Populist, but we learn he is a very good man. Our people are delighted to know that Parsons did not get the place.—Washington Progress.

Court is in session at this town, and his Honor Judge Boykin, presiding. The charge to the Grand Jury was clear and forcibly put. The jury is composed of very intelligent men, and from the charge his Honor gave them they will we believe do their duty as Jurors.

Rev. R. B. Johns, P. E. for this circuit filled the pulpit at the M. E. church, Hertford, last Sunday night. His subject was missions, and to say it was a grand sermon would feebly express it. The sum subscribed and collected was \$1,25. This money is for Home and Foreign missions.

Among the many loved ones that gathered here last Sunday to witness the last sad rite over the remains of Mrs. Hayes was: Dr. John Reed, of Norfolk, Va.; Dr. Oscar McMullan and wife, of E. City, N. C.; Dr Jack McMullan and daughter, Miss Pencie, of Edenton, N. C.; and Miss Edith Hayes, sister of the bereaved husband.

These men with Dr. attached to their name, flooding the country with quack medicines, are becoming very numerous, and to attract a crowd they have men, for the business, to paint themselves in the most heidous ways. A word to the wise just now we think will be prudent. Beware of such men and their physic. Those of them who sell standard medicines, and who come every year are the most reliable. For instance Dr. Nowitzky comes twice a year among our people and they are glad to see him, and his medicines are sold to nearly every family in this section. His medicines stand the test.

PERSONALS.

—Mrs. Koonce is expected back Friday.

—Mr. Ellis Norman spent Sunday last in Hertford.

—Miss Nellie P. Skinner is visiting friends in Hertford.

—Mrs. Thos. Jackson is visiting relatives in Chowan county.

—Mr. L. W. Norman spent a few days in Plymouth last week.

—Miss Maud Leigh was visiting friends in Hertford, Monday last.

—Mr. J. M. Whedbee, our P. M. visited relatives in E. City, last week.

—Our people are always glad to see and shake the hand of Mr. Joe Perry. He is in town for a few days.

—Misses Sallie Barrow and Fannie Kelly will go down to E. City, to-morrow to spend some time with relatives and friends.

—Mr. Harry Major is back again with us. He has cast his lot with us, and his family will come some time the first of the Fall.

IN MEMORIAM.

While we cannot understand why the one should be taken and the other left, we are confident that God knows best and we are His. Indeed 'The golden bowl has been broken and the silver cords unstrung;' that bowl overflowed with our love, those cords bound heart to heart. For God in his wisdom has taken from our midst a choicest flower, one He found more befitting for a heavenly home, and from the pains and toils of earth conveyed it to that 'sweet rest.'

On the 22nd of March at 5 P. M., in her home at Whalesville, Va., Mrs. Emily McMullan Hayes, wife of Mr. Jesse Hayes, died of pneumonia. Her remains were brought here Saturday and, after a touching burial service, were interred in her father's square in the cemetery, Sunday at 11:30 A. M. She was sick only a few day and no one knew the near end. Mrs. Hayes was born 1867, married 1889. She was the oldest child of Mr. L. W. McMullan, an alumna of Wesleyan Female College, a devote member of the M. E. church, a serving christian, a devoted daughter and wife, a loving sister and mother, a true friend. Her work in the church can only be repaid by the treasurer in heaven. Upon conquered temptations, she had built a character strong and noble; by deeds of kindness, she had filled a crown with stars of glory; by an honest unassuming christian life, she had won the friendship of all; with her intelligence and brightness, she had drawn within her circle numberless admirers; for, to know her, was to love her.

In the pureness of such a life man sees that God is love; in the calmness of such a death, he recognizes God as our Father, for when the end had come, and the cold, cold hand was upon her,

when the angel whispered and her soul was loosed from its snares, her face was radiant with the reflection of that angel's smile, and her lips half parted with the last chanting 'Sweet Rest.' The universal demonstration at the funeral was the most touching we have ever witnessed and stands an index to her universal friendship.

We sympathize much with the bereaved husband and family and shed an extra tear for little Mary, (her only child) who scarcely realizing the strength of a mother's love, said, 'My mama is in heaven.' Yes, dear little one, a bright star has gone out from our lives and left a dark cold space in the firmament of our hearts, but only gone out to shine brighter, in the infinite bosom of heaven, "beyond the stars where there is no night, no darkness, forever and forever.

A FRIEND.

LOST. Last Tuesday evening the undersigned lost one black hand satchel, between the float bridge and Mr. J. L. Skinner's, home. It contained the following article: Two pocket books, Six dollars in money and a few cents, one pair of gold rimmed spectacles, one prayer book, one hymnal, several packages of garden seed and several other valuable articles. Any one knowing the whereabouts of above named satchel and contents will be rewarded by leaving the same at this office or with the undersigned.

Miss P. C. Norcom.

We send out this week several sample copies of the COURIER, and we would like to hear from you and receive your subscription.

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