CLINTON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1889.

No. 7

Will it pay you to adventise in THE CAUCASIAN?

ATTENTION.

Look at our advertising columns, and you will see how many are profiting by it.

Listex-800 subscribers in 1888; 1,630 to-day.

VOL. VIII.

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

HOW THINGS LOOK FROM OUR STAND POINT.

The Opinion of The Caucasian and the Opinion of others which we Can Endorse on the Various Topics of the Day.

Continue in prayer and watch in the same with thanksgiving .- Paul, in Colossians iv chap., 42 verse.

1 will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify him with thanksgiving. David, in Psalm Lxix

For all things are for your sakes, that the abundant grace might through the thanks siving of many A THANKSOIVING STORY, BY ANNIE L. redound to the glory of God .- II Corinthians iv chap, 15th verse.

The centennial of one of the greatest events in North Carolina history has just been celebrated at Fayetteville. We hope it has done much to arouse a becoming, dutiful and patriotic State pride of our justly proud history. Jeff. Davis' letter and Dr. Kingsbury's corrections and comments should be read, studied, memorized and preserved in every school and at every fireside in the State. We will give them both in full in a future issue.

David A. Wells in his able book, "Recent Economic Changes," just published, presents the great economic problem now so difficult of solution, in the following paragraph:

"To the producer the question of importance is, how can competition be restricted to an extent sufficient to prevent its injuri ous excesses? To the consumer, how can combination be restricted so as to secure it advantages and at the same time curbe

The former has already solved his question, but greatly to the detriment of the latter. It is time the consumer was aroused, or else he will himself be consumed.

In the death of Hon. W.T. Dortch, which sad event occurred at his residence in Go'dsboro, on the 21st instant, North Carolina lost one of her very best, ablest and purest men. He was born in Nash county in 1824 and was therefore in his 65th year. He represented North Carolina in the Senate of the Southern Confederacy during the war. From 1878 to 1852 he was the leader of the State Senate, and was made chairman of the Commissior that revised our present code. As a lawyer he was probably the peer of any North Carolinian. One by one our great men fall. Will as she had on hand. She killed the big the rising generation furnish fitting successors?

The National Democrat says that the way to kill crusts is to have their plans and business operations in spected like banks and made public:

"If the secrecy with which the combinations known as 'trusts' are able to surround their conduct were taken away from them there would probably no 'trusts.' "Why, then, do not the people compel

these combination to reveal their operations?
"All the political doctors are engaged in studying these new scourges on the body politic. But they do not seem to hit upon the simple remedy which would very quickly scatter these odious consultations against the simple remedy which would very quickly scatter these odious conspiracies against the rights of the people."

The Farmers' Alliance is now demanding the very thing that the Democrat suggests.

THE TURKEY'S LAST GOBBLE.

Pime, 9 o'clock a. m. A travesty on animated organism; A weird, bewildering Entanglement of bones And gravy;
A hollow mockery;
With every wad of stuffing
Eternally knocked out of it A ghost, Clothed in the lony relics of its living entity ! A ruined destiny Carved out To appetite! A gobbler with his gobble Cone to those Who gobbled in another key! But hold, This is Thanksgiving day!

THE LOST FOUND.



bright November morning, two days before Thanksgiving, for which great occasion he was going to town, twenty miles away, to "do some

He told the children, Bob and Elsie, that he would come back with lots of things-peanuts and raisins, and perhaps some oranges, besides other catables necessary for the Thanksgiving feast. How the little ones shouted at the mention of oranges, for you must know that such dainties seldom fell to their share. Hard work, early and late, on the little farm, only sufficed to keep the

family plainly clothed and fed, and they had very few luxuries. As the sleigh jogged along the man fell to thinking of the dear ones who would watch for his return on the mor-

"Îll give 'em a good Thanksgivin' 'f 1 can," he thought. "There ain't no fam ily that deserves it more. Wisht l could sell everything I've got with me. Wouldn't I make their eyes open, though Mebbe I could buy 'em some figs. The children's never seen any. An' I'd gi Mirandy an egg beater. She ain't never had none."

The miles to town grew less as the horse went on, and the influence of the brilliant winter day made Mr. Wilkins harpy, not so much because he was sus ceptible to nature's beauty, but because he thought: "If this here weather'll only hold out, I'll be back early ter-morrer." Mrs. Wilkins spent the day in getting ready for the feast, with such materia Bob looking on delightedly at the opera tion. Tender hearted Elsie ran into the house and put her fingers in her ears, a that she "could not hear the poor chickis cry," she said. Then there was rye bread to make, and a kind of "platr sweet cake," the best they ever had There were also dried apples and pump kin pies to bake, the house to set in or der and the chickens to feed. Nine year-old Bob and 6-year-old Elsie were eager to "help mother," and while the

former fed old Red Top, the rooster, and his family, the little girl trotted around

So the day wore on, and when the early winter evening closed in upon looked out of the one pane of glass so

As Mrs. Wilkins sat sewing, she heard the wind rising, and went to the window to look out. The moon was partly covered by threatening clouds. While she watched they obscured the silver light

"It looks mighty threatenin'," she said to herself. "I should feel real bad if pa couldn't git back for Thanksgivin', for the children has set so much store by what he's goin' to bring 'em. I wouldn't feel right good myself. We've eat our Thanksgivin' dinner together on that day this ten year, an' I've allers been thankful for my man an' children. There ain't many sech.'

Thus her homely thoughts ran on until the light began to grow dim for the filled return on the morrow.

Quiet brooded over the house and its they lived and over the tavern where the made themselves heard fitfully, now cided that it wasn't worth while to get grew furious. They reveled in the open farm, which stood on the edge of the village, and chased each other across meadows whose crusted snow gleamed when the clouds were blown for a moment from the face of the moon. Soon more flakes began to fall, and, what with horse with the sleigh robe and striking the wind and the smooth surface of the out for the house. It was a struggle snow already fallen, were blown and even for the hardy farmer. As he neared whirled violently about until they threat-

ened to hide some landmarks completely. white and square. Like many houses in rural New England, its rear door opened into a shed, behind which were the barn and outhouses, so that in case of storms the live stock could be easily reached. The snow played very queer pranks with the house that night. It left the roof almost bare, while it piled a drift in front which hid all but one corner of the window. It drifted against the barn door and hid the shed completely. Fortunately the well was under the shed roof and the chicken house could be reached with-

out going out. When Mrs. Wilkins awoke, her first thought was of the night before and her forebodings of a storm. She tried to look out, but the snow covered everything. Much frightened, she climbed to the loft of the one story house. Looking from the window, she perceived that not a person could be seen. The roads were piled with great white drifts, and the only house in sight, also a low one, was partially covered. Over all the sun was shining brightly. She saw at a glance that a sleigh could not get through the roads on that day and possibly not on the next. Then she went down and awoke the children.

"What's the matter, mother?" said "Matter enough," replied Mrs. Wil-

kins. "We are snowed in, and father can't get home today." At this little Elsie showed signs of crying, and her mother hastened to say, "But we'll have a Thanksgivin' when he does come, Elsie. P'r'aps he'll come to-

She got up, took the child to the window where the world was visible from one of the upper panes, and held her up. "The sun's shinin' as nice as can' be, That'll melt all the snow soon, and then we'll see father an' old Bess comin' down

the road with lots o' good things." This diverted Elsie, and she chattered gayly while her mother dressed her. Bob meantime climbed up and looked out of the small peep hole left by the snow. "There ain't any people passing by mother," he announced.

"No, nor won't be," she replied, "not till the snow's melted pretty consider-"What will we have to eat, mother?"

he inquired. "There's plenty o' things in the house," she said. "We sha'n't starve. Don't ye be afraid o' that, Bob."

After their breakfast of fried pork and johnny cake she went to feed the chickens. The children followed her, for it seemed "kind o' lonesome," as Bob said. No one passed all day. The sun shone out warm and bright, and, though they could not perceive it, was doing slowly but surely its good work for them. Bob them, they had their simple supper of long that he was tired. And it was no bread, mush and milk, and soon the lit- wonder, for he had to stand on tiptoe on the window sill to see out at all.

So the day wore on. When the con- took her in her arms. dren fretted their good mother talked "Name, Nellie," said she, and, sure about what father would bring, and how sure she was that he would come on the next day—the day of their great feast man," were all she could say plainly itself. She wasn't at all sure when she about where she had been. Perhaps no first said so, but this was her way of one could understand her sweet prattle keeping her own hopes up, and she succeeded so well that she almost believed sorrowing woman, Mrs. Wilkins said they would see old Bess and the sleigh Thanksgiving morning.

Wednesday had passed slowly to Mr. Wilkins in the dingy little hotel where he was staying. When he started for home early on the following morning the hangers on about the door forboded all sorts of evil results to his "foolhardy notion" of trying to get through such a snow, but he persisted in going.

"Seems es if I must," he told them. It was hard work—harder than he had expected, but old Bess was a strong horse, and he himself used to rough

Twelve miles were traveled without incident or accident. The rest of the way was lonely enough, some of it skirting woods and leading through glens. It was a wild, beautiful drive in summer, but desolate in winter. As Mr. Wilkins drove on, thoughts of am event of which he had heard in town recurred to his mind: "Judge Carter's little girl was lost; missing since Tuesday; servant took her to walk; neither of them seen since; a thousand dollars reward!" These had made little impression on the busy man at the time, but now, in the quiet of that lonely drive, they came back in fragments. He thought of his own little ones and of the awful weather day he had left home.

He was startled from his reverie by the sharp barking of a dog. It seemed to come from an old building off from story.

enjoyed it with them, would be a long tions and that for a time our government has been conducted with selfish and unthe road, which, situated near a pond, had once been used as an ice house. He listened. Yes, that was the place from which the noise came, and the barking sounded as if something unusual had



with drifts, which lay thick bescarcity of oil in the lamp. Then she | tween it and the road. He couldn't get prepared for rest, first thanking God for through easily. It would hinder him in point of view, Mr. Wilkins was not glad her blessings and asking protection for his journey, too. Perhaps he wouldn't he had fought his way through the her husband on his journey and a speedy see home that night, he said to himself. So he drove on.

What made him connect that dog's inmates, over the little village near which barking with the story of the lost child? He couldn't seem to get rid of that. He father lay, twenty miles away. But not stopped, and again measured the disfor long. The rising winds, which had tance and the height of the drifts, dethrough them "jist fur a dog," as he stretch of country around the Wilkins tried to make himself believe, and again started

thought stung him. "Well, here goes!" he said, and suited the action to the word by covering his

door on the side toward him was almost Mr. Wilkins' little house came in for covered, so he made for the rear. That Mr. Wilkins little house came in for a share of the drifts. It was low and white and source. Like many houses in there. As he opened it a handsome Newfoundland dog rushed out, jumping on him and whining for joy. Mr. Wilkins' eyes, dazzled by the snow, could at first see nothing, but the dog pulled him toward the most sheltered corner of the place, where a four-year-old girl lay, white and motionless.

Mr. Wilkins dropped down beside her and felt her hands, head, and finally her heart. The little one was not dead, as he first thought, and his chief care was to revive her. Being utterly exhausted, all he could do at first was to fold her in his arms under his overcoat. Presently be started for the sleigh, followed by the faithful dog whose devotion had perhaps saved the child's life. He was anxious to reach the sleigh, for he had bethought himself of a bottle of milk which his host had put up with a lunch for him. That and the air seemed to revive the child. She clung to him, crying, until the dog poked his nose into her hand as he sat beside them on the sleigh seat. Then she smiled and tried to pat him, calling him "Nelo," her word for "Nero," which was the name on his collar. As soon as she had recovered sufficiently to stt up, Mr. Wilkins drove on towards home, planning to send word by the next person that passed his house bound townward, for he felt sure this was Judge Carter's lost daugh-

His work was not over when he reached home, and saw the little group waiting in the window for him. It was necessary to shovel his way in. His wife threw a rope to him from the loft window, attaching a shovel on the other end so that he could haul it out. When the way was clear he brought the now sleeping child in, and told how he had found her and

the story he had heard. Then what a talking and running to and fro commenced! The baby must be petted and fed and put to sleep, and the handsome dog must receive some atten-



said Mrs. Wilkins to the child, as she lime.—Texas Siftings.

with tears in her eves:

"O Samuel, I'm just grieved thinkin' about this baby's mother. When can we send word?" "Likes not some one Il be goin' to town

in the mornin', Mirandy," he replied. After drinking a cup of tea which his wife had prepared while he worked, Mr. Wilkins started out to get his horse and sleigh under cover. This done, he prepared for a pleasant evening with his family. After the children had asked themselves.

"We haven't had any Thanksgiving, father," said Elsie, as she sat on his knee. prayer of David as given in the Psalm "I think we have, child," said Mrs. contained two ideas: first the duty of

than all the dinners we could eat." "Never mind, Elsie; we'll keep Thanks that as a result God would bless us and givin' to-morrer," said her father. "I the earth would yield her increase. don't know 's it makes much difference | Next Thursday is a great National Ho!when we keep it es long es we're thank- iday-a day of thanksgiving for the Naful enough."
"An' have lots to eat," put in Bob.

"What did you bring us, father?" "You jest wait till morning an' see, Bob," said Mrs. Wilkins.

oranges and raisins and all the good that had prevailed since Tuesday, the things, even to the figs, and to tell of

est neighbor in the lost child, and, as he had kept Thanksgiving on the right day, dog, a little distance up the road, she had said. They had not returned, but power, but despite these occasional abhis being recognized. Nothing definite throbs out its true impulses it stamps on ectured that she, wanting to be rid of of our dependence upon the great Ruler of the child and dog without going home, nations and shows that the foundation had left them in the old ice house, supposing that the dog's barking would at- great book of books. ract attention from passers-by. The grateful parents insisted on doub-

much Mr. Wilkins had done to find little Nellie. The sum seemed like a fortune to the poor farmer. He bought more land with it, and very good land it proved to be, so good that it made life less hard for the Wilkins family. Little laxuries, hitherto unknown, became possible, and there never was a time when, from a pecuniary as well as a moral drifts into the icehouse at the call of the log and so saved the little one that was

A Natural Presumption.



"Great heavens!" said the barnyard rooster, as he watched the feeble flutter- lies watching each other in the same ing of a poor turkey, after the ax came significant and dogged manner. To the down, "I wonder what the matter is north of us is a part of the dominion of with his nibs, the gobbler?"

say that he had lost his head." Thanksgiving Thoughts. Be thankful that no speculator has the turkey product of the land. Rejoice that the spirit of progress that

not yet been able to affect the mince pie of our mothers.-Harper's Bazar. Had Been Fired. Said the turkey in the oven, As the heat began to burn: "Yes, I've severed my connection

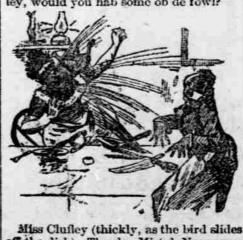
With the head of my concern."

An Old Fashioned Thanksgiving Dinner Potentia.
Bother.
Beef, Tomato Sauce.
Boiled Petatoes.

Turkey, Cranberry Sauce. Lettuce Salad. Old Fashioned Bread Pudding, Mixed Fruit. Thanksgiving at a Colored pleaseling House



Mr. Newsome (the carver)-Miss Cluflev, would you hab some ob de fow!?



off the dish)-Thanks, Mistah Newsome, "Will you tell us your name, dear?" but I's would radder hab er little at er

A Thanksgiving Sermon.

TIAN STAND-POINT.

Dr. Marable Sees Much Cause for Thankfulness.

THREE GREAT REASONS.

As had been announced, Dr. B. F. Marable preached a Thanksgiving sermon in the Presbyterian church on last questions to their heart's content about Sabbath. The opening prayer was beauhis adventure, the talk drifted around to tifully appropriate and impressive. Text: Lxvii Psalm. The Doctor said that the Wilkins. "Isn't it Thanksgivin' enough to see father back safe? That's better with praise and thanksgiving; second that as a result God would bless us and tion, therefore we will speak of our cause tertain the opinion that as a Nation we When morning came they found the have nothing to do with God and that God takes no cognizance of us as a Nawhat a feast they had, and how jolly tion. It is true that some of our worst they were, and how the little stranger men have been selected to fill high sta-It was not hard to interest their near- holy aims and ambitions, that laws have been placed upon our statute books that he volunteered to go at once to town. oppressed weak and suffering humanity. It was found that a servant had gone to outraged common justice and seemed to happened. The ice house was deeply walk with little Nellie and Nero, the disregard all dependence upon a higher

> ling the reward when they learned how giving and every other official document domini-year of our Lord. Thus officially bearing testimony every day to the trust"; and this the coveted measure of value goes terth to the world as an evanty holds in His hands and disposes of the Tuition, per month, \$2.75. No extra charge for use of instrument. destiny of nations sooner or later ac-

But to come to our subject-our causes for thanksgiving-leaving all our local conditions and causes, we will notice only to \$7.00 per month. three of the great reasons for national joy and thanksgiving: First, we, as a nation are at peace with the other NATIONS OF THE EARTH.

Do we fully realize how much that means? Look at the dangerous and terribly unsettled condition of Europe to-day. Despotic Russia and landworshipping England, with gigantic strong armies, standing like tremendous bull-dogs, watching and growling at each other, ready at the least provocation for a tremendous and direful conflict. Look at restless France and stubborn Germany with their respective friends and althat same grasping and territory-loving "Well, judging from his actions," re- John Bull; to south of us is the unstable plied a facetious little bantam, "I should and mongrel population of Mexico, composed of six distinct nationalities, and the wavering South American countries in one of which has just occurred a significant and mighty revolution, while just thought to corner the cranberry crop or at the gates of our great river and guif commerce lies the West Inuies, the very hot bed of revolution, and yet surroundsneers at the doings of our fathers has ed as we are on all sides by these dangerous elements of international discord and imminent strife, we are resting in peace, harmony and quiet. Secondly

PEACE WITH OURSELVE. Here we have a great conglomerate I pojulation, some of which, especially in the North West, is composed of the most undesirable and dangerous clements from every national ty on the globe, the Anarchists from Germany, the Nihilists from Russia, the tramps, vile politician, as corrupt as Cataline, as 7th, 1889, at the following rates: base as Clodius, and as treacherous as Goldsboro, Arnold, plays reckiessly to suit his own Pikeville. unworthy and selfish objects and ends, and yet despite all these elements of dan ger, we have internal peace and harmony. Thirdly, we are the only civilized nation on the face of the globe where the citizens all enjoy undisturbed enjoyment REL GIOUS PREEDOM.

tinue to bless us! [The above is but a very imperfect ou'-

line of the able and impressive sermon delivered by the learned Dator, and you must let your imagination of the this skeleton with at ong and beautiful language, punctuated with many apt and foreible illustrations to do the great sermon simple justice.—Editor.]

Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a specify and permanent cure, whether the patienties appears and the person taking it, effecting a specify and permanent cure, whether the patienties appears and the person taking it, effecting a specify and permanent cure, whether the patients appears are drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address is confidence, Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a specify and permanent cure, whether the patients appears are drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today believe they quit drinking of their coffee without their knowledge.

Second of the person taking it, effecting a specific value of drunkards have been cured who have taken the golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today believe they quit drinking of their coffee without their knowledge, and today believe they quit drinking of their coffee without their knowledge, and today believe they quit drinking of their coffee without their knowledge, and today believe they quit drinking of their coffee without their knowledge of the person taking it, effecting appears to the person taking it, effecti

A BROAD AND STATESMAN-LIKE Kenansville Male & Female Academy.

for thankfulness as a Nation as well as Fall Term Opens Monday, Sept. 2, '89.

aug8-tf

the girl was last seen riding with a normal and deplorable conditions, when stranger whose slouched hat prevented the great national heart is aroused and was ever found out, but it was con- the face of our national life the evidences

> rock of our government is placed on the The proclamation that sets apart next Thursday as a day of prayer and thanksis cated 1889 (or some other year) anno divinity and supremacy of Christ of the God head Trinity. Take the American dollar, on it is stamped, in addition to the many devices, the words "In God we gelist of truth and a preacher of the Christian Faith of the founders and rulers of our more perfect Union of this assemblage of free and independent Christian commonwealths; and so on we made known on application. might go multiplying the evidences of the Faith that is in us that God Almigh-

cording to their merits.

Here every man has the unquestioned Entield,

and unquestionable right or making terms | Halifax. with his God after the dictates of his own | Weldon, conscience. This right is a part of our very national exi-tence, our fundamental law, and inalienable right guaranteed by our constitution. During the last twenty-five years every principle of the Con- (which act should be established by cer- on the Lisbon road at or near Deof statesmanship solve the mystery?
No answer comes. Then what is the 'nplanation? Answer: "The Lord reigneth." His strong and all-powerful hand
is equiding our destiny. Then had is guiding our destiny. Then let us praise and magnify I'im with joy and thanksgiving that the earth may bring fourth its increase and that He may con-

SCHOOL ADVERTISEMENTS.

[ANNOUNCEMENT.]

KENANSVILLE, N. C. Fali Session Begins September 9th, 1889. Boys prepared for College. Girls Prepared for higher classes in our best Institutes. Special inducements offered to those desiring to prepare to teach or for business. Music by experienced teachers. Social and religious advantages unsurpassed. Free from malaria, Board in

private families \$8.00 to \$10.00 per month. I take pleasure in announcing that Prof. J. A. McArthur, of Davidson College, will as-ist me next session. He has furnished me with satisfactory testimonials from the President and Faculty of that Institution, where he served as Tutor in Greek last year. He is a young man of most

excellent character and decided literary tastes. He is a native of Cumberland county, N. C. For further particulars apply immediately to

W. M. SHAW, Principal, Or PROF. J. A. McARTHUR, Ass't Principal.

Clinton School AND GIRLS.

REV. J. W. TURNER, A. M., Principal. MRS. J. W. TURNER, Assistant.

Primary Branches, per month, -Advanced Primary, " Intermediate,

Latin, Greek and French are taught without extra charge. No contingent fee is charged. Where expedient, Country Produce will be received in settlement of bills.

This School recently closed its first year with an enrollment amounting to 66 pupils during the year. For further information address,

Salem High School.

-: ESTABLISHED IN 1874.:-

REV. J. W. TURNER, Clinton, N. C.

MARION BUTIER A. B., Supt. A FIRST-CLASS BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOTH SEXES. Fall session opens on the 1st Monday in August, and continues for term of Twenty Weeks. The School is divided into FIVE DEPARTMENTS

Viz: Primary, Intermediate, Academic and Preparatory. TUITION RATES. Rates in Tuition have been considerably reduced to correspond with the

PRIMARY, INTERMEDIATE. [1st Grade, -2nd Grade. per aonth \$1 874 ACADEMIC, 2nd Grade, PREPARATORY COLLEGIATE is to prepare boys and girls for col-

lege, rates in tuition, which will depend on the studies taken, will be MUSIC DEPARTMENT, Will be in charge of a first-class teacher of experience and reputation.

BOARD: Good Board, including washing, room turnished, lights, wood, &c., can be obtained in private families, convenient to the school, for from \$6.00

The School will be run on a firm, systematic basis and receive the teachers' entire attention. For particulars, in full, address,

G. E. BUTLER, (U. N. C.) Principal, Huntley, N. C.

Excursion Rates to Clinton, Executor's Notice. N. C., over the

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WILMINGTON & WELDON RAILROAD.

21ST ANNUAL FAIR! ---OF THE---Sampson County Agricul-

tural and Mechanical Association,

6th, 1889.

vagaboads, thieves, and refugees admission to the Fan) will be on sale situated in Sumpson county on the from everywhere-and on these December 2nd to oth, good returning to West side of Black River and bounddangerously combustible elements the Selling Station on or before December ed as follows: \$1.45t Dadiey. 1.60 Paison's. Fremont. Black Creek. 1.70 Bowent's L86 Warsaw. Wilson.

2.00 Elliott's Tarboro, 2.70 Magno in, 2.30 Panels vs. Battleboro. Rocky Mount. Whitakers, 2.40 Winards, 2.50 Bargaw. 2.90 Rocky | oint, 1.60 2,'4 Wilmington, 1.90 Articles intended for exhibition will courses to the beginning containing

ty-five years every principle of the Constitution has probably been violated save this of religious freedom, and this alone stands uninfringed, as fixed and left by the great founders. Is there any explanation for all this? Can legal acumen ation for all this? Can legal acumen furnish the answer? Can the philosophy made by the owner to have the freight with said line South 80 West to the

Gen'l Pas-enger Agent. H. WALTERS, Gen'l Manager,

A. M. LEE,
Executors. This 21st day of Nov., 1889. -4t NORTH CAROLINA, SAMP-

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE UNDERSIGN HAVING

last will and testament of W. II.

Moore, deceased, hereby give notice

to all persons holding claims against

the estate of the said W. H. Moore,

to present them within 12 months

from this date, duly authenticated, or this notice will be plead in bar of

their recovery.
All persons indebted to said estate

are requested to make immediate

qualified as executor to the

SON CO. -SUPERIOR COURT. Y VIRTUE OF A DECREE of the Superior Court of December 4th, 5th & Sampson County in the case of Edward S. Williams against James S. Boon, the undersigned will sell by public sale for cash at the Courthouse door in Clinton on the 10th day of Round Trip Ticket (including one December, 1889, the following lands

1st tract beginning at a white oak \$1,35 Newkirk's and Parker's corner on - 1,56 Mount Olive. 1,50 the river bank near the Casey land-1.10 ing, running th ree South 82 West 95 to the Fork of the ditch at the head 85 of Lee's mill pond, thence with Lee's 70 ditch to where Bigley's line crosses 1.05 said ditch, thence with Bigley's line to a small pine at the head of the 2,20 Duplin Goals, 1.35 branch thence North 8 West 128 1.35 poles to a stake in Devane's line, thence with said line North 60 East 156 poles to a white oak on the rivebank, thence down the river as it

nov 7-It

FOR FINE SHOES

Good Cheap Shoes!

CHESTNUTT & BARENTINE, 30 Front Street, Wilmington, N. C.