THE CAUCASIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,
By MARION BUTLER,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Subscription Price $1.50 per Year, in Advance.

THE CAUCASIAN.

Pure Democracy and White Supremacy.

VOL. VIII. CLINTON, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1890. No. 20.

THINK !

JUDICIOUS ADVERTISING
CREATES many a new business,
ENLARGES many an old business,
REVIVES many a dull business,
RESCUES many a lost business,
SAVES many a failing business,
PRESERVES many a large business,
SECURES success in any business,
Therefore advertise in a popular paper, one the people are anxious to read.

LISTEN—800 subscribers in 1888; 1,684 to-day.

PROFESSIONAL COLUMN.

A. M. LEE, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND DENTIST, Office in Lee's Drug Store. je 7-1yr

J. A. STEVENS, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
(Office over Post Office.)
☞May be found at night at the residence of J. H. Stevens on College Street. je 7-1yr

H. E. FAISON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office on Main Street, will practice in courts of Sampson and adjoining counties. Also in Supreme Court. All business intrusted to his care will receive prompt and careful attention. je 7-1yr

W. S. THOMSON.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office over Post Office.
Will practice in Sampson and adjoining counties. Ever attentive and faithful to the interests of all clients. je 7-1yr

E. W. KERR.
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office on Wall Street.
Will practice in Sampson, Bladen, Pender, Harnett and Duplin Counties. Also in Supreme Court.
Prompt personal attention will be given to all legal business. je 7-1yr

FRANK BOYETTE, D.D.S.
DENTISTRY
Office on Main Street.
Offers his services to the people of Clinton and vicinity. Everything in the line of Dentistry done in the best style. Satisfaction guaranteed.
☞My terms are strictly cash. Don't ask me to vary from this rule.
je 7-1yr

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Long Felt Want At Last Supplied.

PATENT NON-FRICTION RING-RINGS
Save your Plow-lines
J. C. HOBBS

Read the following testimonials, which are a sample of the hundreds we have received:

February 1st, 1890.
Mr. J. C. HOBBS, Hobton, N. C.
Dear Sir:—I notice that my father, James Britt, Sr., is using your non-friction Ring for plow lines. His lines are good not fretted at all, while mine are frazzeled nearly in two. You will please send me two pair of your patent Rein Rings.
Very truly,
JAMES BRITT, JR.,
Business Agent, of Bluff Alliance.

CLINTON, N. C., May 21st, '88.
J. C. HOBBS, Hobton, N. C.
Dear Sir—I have thoroughly tested your patented attachment for holding Plow lines. I am well pleased with it. It adds ease to man and horse, and to last of lines. It affords me pleasure to recommend them favorably. Yours respectfully,
R. PAGE.

25 cents per pair. 30 cents if sent by mail. For sale by Messrs. A. F. Johnson & Co., Messrs A. Hobbs & Son, Clinton, N. C.; or
J. C. HOBBS,
dec5—tf Hobton, N. C.

For Truck Farmers!

TRUCK FARMERS SPECIAL
GUANO!
THE BEST FERTILIZER FOR POTATOES AND OTHER TRUCK CROPS EVER SOLD.

Introduced seven years ago and extensively used since by leading Truckers along the coast, from Norfolk, Va., to Tampa, Fla.
North Carolina Truckers will consult their interest by giving it a trial, at least.
Address for Catalogue, giving prices, certificates, &c.,
THE WILLCOX & GIBBS GUANO CO.,
jan16-1m CHARLESTON, S. C.

RAILROAD HOUSE,
NEAR THE DEPOT.
Sample-Rooms and Special Conveniences for Traveling Men.

The Fare is the best the market affords, which is always served in good wholesome style.

Board, per day, only	$ 1 50
" " week,	4 00
" " month,	12 00

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited.
W. E. BASS,
sep19—tf Proprietor

JEWELRY AND CLOCKS!
—:o:—
I have just received a large lot of Elegant Jewelry. This I will guarantee to the purchaser to be just as represented. I sell no cheap, "fire guilt" goods but carry a STANDARD LINE OF GOLD FRONT GOODS. The attention of the ladies is called to the latest styles of BREAST PINS—they are "things of beauty!"
The old reliable and standard SETH THOMAS CLOCKS always in stock, in various styles and sizes.
☞Repairing of Watches and Clocks and mending Jewelry is a specialty. All work I do is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.
Respectfully,
sep5—tf G. T. RAWLS.

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.

BILL ARP NO. 2 BIDS FAIR TO ECLIPSE GEORGIA'S FAMOUS BILL.

Old Sampson, that can beat the world on "big blues," that can get up the finest county fair of any county in the State, that can boast of as many pretty girls and fine looking men as any county in the State. Yes, old Sampson that never tires, that always "gets there," has produced a second Bill Arp, that bids fair to eclipse Georgia's famous Bill Arp. We write thus because we are proud of anything that North Carolina produces worthy of exciting our pride. Georgia's Bill Arp had better look well to his fame, lest this literary sun that has arisen in old Sampson should darken his sun.—Mount Olive Telegram.

Our readers of course know that the above refers to the author of the articles that have been appearing in THE CAUCASIAN under the head of "Sampson's Bill Arp."

Andrew Carngie, the steel king of Pennsylvania, who makes several millions of clear profit each year under cover of the swindling called protection, has presented his resident town, Alleghany, with a Free Library, costing a hundred or two thousand dollars. President Harrison, whose election is to no little degree due to the votes bought with Carnegie's money, went down and made the presentation speech. The papers are talking of the magnificent and generous gift. If I make $100 a year (and what little I do get is honestly made) and give 50 cents of it for a public library in Clinton, no President would make a speech nor would big newspapers nor little ones either glorify the act; yet I have done more than he. Does the Bible not say something about the mites given?

The farmer is the innocent with whom the Protectionists sport. He has been fooled with a mystical home market for nearly a hundred years, and now he is informed that there are further welcome surprises in store for him. He is to be blessed with a duty on barley, eggs, dressed poultry and nearly all other farm products. His horses are to be protected. Dear old farmer! How glad he will be to know that if any one is foolish enough to import farm products which are begging for a market at home the improvident man must pay a duty. And this welcome surprise is to make the farmer hilariously happy when he pays his taxes on his clothes, on his transportation over protected rails, on his dinner-can, on his agricultural implements, on his house and barns. A few more such welcome surprises will ruin the American agriculturist beyond redemption.—New York World.

Maj. McClammy is doing the right thing in trying to get a small appropriation of $3,000 from Congress to enclose and otherwise improve the ground upon which the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge was fought on 27th February, 1776. We wonder how many of the members of the present Congress ever heard of that battle, and it was far more important every way than Lexington, of which everybody has heard?—Wilmington Messenger.

There are 4,000 names, 1,200 soldiers and 2,800 widows, on the State pension list. The blanks for renewal under the pension law are now ready.

A COMING TOWN.

The Prosperity which has Befallen Autryville, on the C. F. & Y. V. Railway.

Capt. J. L. Autry, of the booming town of Autryville, on the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railway, was in the city on business yesterday. In a few minutes chat with him a Messenger reporter learned that Autryville's boom is in a very healthy state just now and that there is most flattering prospects for a live and prosperous town to grow up there. A few weeks ago there was only one store there but there will be five just as soon as the buildings now under construction can be completed. The town has been regularly laid out into streets and blocks. The main street will be called Gray street in honor of the distinguished president of the C. F. & Y. V., while another has been designated as Williams street in honor of Mr. A. B. Williams, a prominent and enterprising citizen of Fayetteville. There is also a street called Clinton, after the county site of Sampson, and there are Church street, Mill street, Western street and River street.

A hotel has already been built and opened for business, a pretty Baptist church will soon be under way and a handsome building is to be erected for a high school. Besides all these several residences have been built and others will shortly be commenced, so that the sylvan echoes will ere long be awakened by the music of the hammer and saw as they never have been before. The fact is the prospects about Autryville are such that even a newspaper is talked of.

We are informed that Capt. Autry sold twenty-two lots at $20.00 each last week and that among those who invested were Capt. A. B. Williams and Mr. F. R. Rose, of Fayetteville, Major T. D. Love, of Wilmington, Prof. G. I. Smith, of Clement Model School, of Autry, Mr. L. W. Strickland, of Cumberland, Mr. J. M. Starling, of Godwins, and Messrs. A. E. Royal, J. T. Williams, J. B. Autry and S. J. Faircloth, all young men of Sampson county. Those who have bought lots are now congratulating themselves as there has been a very rapid increase in values within the past few days. One of the parties who bought a lot a few days ago refused $155 for three-eights of the lot which he had purchased.—Wilmington Messenger.

ABOUT A MORTGAGE.

Mr. Wm. A. Faison hands us the following clipping, which we take pleasure in reproducing, hoping that its careful perusal will tend to sever the too intimate acquaintance which some of our people now have with the aforesaid mortgage:

"The editor of the Santa Anna Standard, having just succeeded in paying a mortgage on its ranch in Orangethrope, rejoices in the full ownership of '61 acres of as fine land as California boasts.' His experience with the 'dead pledge'—now so happily past—moves him to wise reflections, as follows: 'A mortgage is a queer institution. It makes a man restless and keeps him poor. It is a strong incentive to action and a wholesome reminder of the fleeting months and years. It is fully as symbolical in its meaning as the hour-glass and scythe, that represents death. A mortgage also represents industry, because it is never idle and never at rest. It is like a bosom friend, the greater the adversity the closer it sticks to a fellow. It is like a brave soldier—it never hesitates at charges nor fears to close in on the enemy. It is is like the sand-bag of the thug—silent in application, but deadly in effect. It is like the hand of providence—it spreads all over the creation, and its influence is everywhere visible. It is like the grasp of the devil-fish—the longer it holds the greater its strength. It will excise feeble energies and lend activity to a sluggish brain, but no matter how hard the debtors work, the mortgage works harder still. A mortgage is a good thing to have in the family—provided, always, it is somebody else's family. It is like a boil—always a good thing on some other fellow. It makes one sour, cross, selfish, unsociable and miserable, and rarely does him any good, only to exercise him. In that respect it is equal to Vigor of Life or the latest patent medicine. We've had our last one as far as we know ourself. We would rather have the ague than have a mortgage. Adieu, old death pall, a fond adieu."

WESTWARD HO!

THE EDITOR SPENDS A DAY AT CASTLE GARDEN.

How the Voyager is Received on the Shore of the New World.

[A few days since we were running through our office desk taking a waste basket inventory of the pigeon hole accumulations. In one of them we happened upon a reporter's notebook, which we immediately recognized as one bought in Washington City about a year ago, while on our way to New York to purchase our new printing press, etc. We were about to throw it to one side, when we remembered that it contained notes of several places visited by us while on the trip that, for some reason, we did not publish upon our return. We began turning the leaves. There were the notes on the "Bureau of Printing and Engraving" at Washington, which we published under the head of a "$5.00 Bank Note;" the notes on Congress, under "A Law Factory," "Brooklyn Bridge," "Statute of Liberty," etc. There were also the notes we took on the U. S. Fish Commission at Washington, Greenwood and Trinity Parish Cemeteries, Central Park and Castle Garden of New York. We give below our notes on the latter and will give the others in some future issue, when we have time to write them up.—ED.]

[Editorial Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 11, 1889.

This morning, as I went down from my room to breakfast at the Astor House, a newsboy called out, "World, Star, Times, Tribune," etc. I bought a World, as I had done each morning, though keeping it in my pocket till night to read after I had finished my sight seeing of the day. I had decided to-day to visit the "High Bridge," the city's Resovoir, River Side Park and take a stroll on the Hudson, while recalling the stories told by the delightful Washington Irving of the queer and quaint Dutch along the banks of the historic old river of more than a century since. At breakfast, the waiter, who by the way was a good looking and exquisitely dressed white man, (I did not see a negro waiter in the city) I called, among other things, for potatoes. He brought in the breakfast promptly, but I did not see any potatoes. I asked where were the potatoes. He gave me a Chesterfieldian bow and pointed to a dish with a lot of twisted crisp things in it that looked like long, thin strips of fried meat. I told him to take that stuff out and bring me a baked potatoe. He staid so long that I got restless. I suppose the whole hotel force was consulting a cook book to see how to bake a potatoe.

I remember my paper, so took it and began to kill time by reading. My eye happened to fall upon the ship arrivals. I saw that an immigrant vessel, with jaw-breaking name, was expected to arrive at Castle Garden that morning. I immediately changed my plans and decided to see the foreigners land. Presently in came the waiters with the baked potatoe, but such a potatoe! I was a red, dry, corky thing which our North Carolina hogs would not eat. If these yankees could once taste one of our old-fashion yams baked till the skin was bulging all over it with the honey running out, it would be a revelation to them. I finished my breakfast and paid for it, (for the hotel is on the European plan) and put out to find Castle Garden. I asked a policeman; he said "at the foot of Broadway, to the right." I lingered a moment. He said, "are you a stranger?" I bowed my head. "Going to meet somebody?" Not liking to be interrogated, and to appear green at the same time, I moved on toward the foot of Broadway. There I found a kind of park, with the broad ocean, or rather Long Island Sound, stretching out in front of me. Overhead rushed the poney locomotive of the elevated railway to the Brooklyn ferry, on the left. On the right I saw a low round stone structure that looked very much like a fort, and which I afterwards learned was once used for that purpose. There is a wooden fence around the enclosure, and by the way there are several other smaller buildings within. At the gate I was quizzed closely as to the object of my visit, but I soon succeeded in convincing the keeper that I was a reporter and that the objects of my visit were legitimate.

And now we pass through the doorway in the old stone wall of the fort, and we are in the big circular building known as Castle Garden. The first object that confronts us is a telegraph office, which we pass as we enter the rotunda. A few immigrants who arrived early in the morning are lingering here waiting for friends. A lunch counter is provided for them, where they may obtain food and drink. An exchange broker is present to change their foreign money for American cash. The various railroad companies have ticket offices here, and in the center of the rotunda a counter is built around a quadrangle, where are seated the interpreters, who register the names of the immigrants, and two inspectresses, who are here to look after the women and children.

On the wharf is the office of the Custom House inspectors, for the immigrant, as well as his richer brother, is sometimes given to smuggling. Upon each steamboat that goes up to a steamer to bring down the immigrants are one or more inspectors, who go through all the baggage, and if the duties amount to more than $2 they must be paid.

A small steamboat, crowded with passengers, comes in sight, the Castle Garden bell rings, and there is some bustle and activity on the wharf, for the boat brings the steerage passengers from a German steamer just arrived. It is a curious study to watch them as they pass up the gangway and enter the Garden. Some of them look deplorably poor, others are well-to-do, and carry nice looking baggage; many of the women carry children suspended from their shoulders in shawls, so that the infants are safe, while the mothers' arms are free to carry their baggage. There are more men than women, and some of the former are rather rough looking individuals. After they have entered the Garden we go in, enter the central enclosure, and I take up my stand by Major Charles Semsey, whose place it is to register the names of the immigrants as they pass before him. The people come to register, and he speaks to each in his or native tongue. Each immigrant gives his name, nationality, age business and address, and if these are satisfactory he is allowed to pass on, but if not he is detained. Two Hungarians, mother and daughter, are held because the address of their friends is imperfect, so they are sent inside the inclosure. They evidently wear their national costumes—short, full, calico gowns and dark blue aprons; full white sleeves, a pink vest, small scarlet shawl, black velvet belt, and bright colored handkerchiefs on their heads. Boots like a man's, of heavy leather, with small high heels, complete these picturesque costumes.

Many more pass by, an interesting procession, until they have all registered. Three other interpreters have been actively employed in registering names, while the contract labor inspectors have been doing their duty, and Peter Groden, the Castle

[Continued on Second Page.]

Our Farmers' Column.

SOMETHING INTERESTING TO THOSE WHO TILL THE SOIL.

"There is no material progress that is well based and permanent without agricultural progress."

Before You Buy.

Before you buy guano this year stop and think a minute. Suppose that the stuff you buy is absolutely pure—just what it is represented to be, can you afford to use it? Yes, if it is pure, you pay at least 100 per cent. interest on it. These companies in the first place pay a tax to peddle on the evil just as the whiskey dealer does. They calculate to lose at least one-third of what they sell, then they send agents around several times a year, paying railroad fare and hotel bills, then they wait with you till next fall. Now is it not common sense that they could not live and lay up more money for every dollar invested than any farmer in this county does if they did not charge an enormous per cent, at least 100 per cent on the stuff? Now no farmer can afford to pay 10 per cent much less 100 per cent. So it will make any farmer poor to use it even if it were absolute pure. But is it pure? No; you are doubly cheated when you buy it. Read the following report from the Experiment Station at Raleigh and see the adulterated stuff that has been put off on you for the last few years. You have bought:

1. Common salt, sold as Kainit.
2. Muriate potash, with only 37 per cent. of potash.
3. Nitrate soda, with 70 per cent. of common salt.
4. Sulphate ammonia, with 30 per cent. of common salt.
5. Nitrate soda, with 44 per cent. of common salt.
6. Nitrate soda, with 80 per cent. of common salt.
7. Fish guano, with 86 per cent. of water and sand.
8. Peruvian guano, consisting of one-third clay.
9. Kainit, with only 20 per cent. of Sulphate of potash.
10. Adulterated nitrogenous materials.
11. Kainit, with only 15 per cent. of Sulphate potash.
12. Marl, with 85 per cent. of sand.

House your stock, make your own manure, save money and make your land rich.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Something Interesting to Young Readers of The Caucasian.

A CORRECT ANSWER.
(By a Boy Fifteen Years Old.)

February 24th, 1890.

Mr. Editor—The following are the answers to Rev. Mr. Turner's problem which I saw in THE CAUCASIAN last week:

We find that there are 86,400 in 24 hours, and if it unwound at the rate of an inch per second each inch weighing a grain and costing a farthing, and the reel revolving at the rate of a degree a second, there would be 86,400 inches, 86,400 grains, and costing 86,400 farthings.

1. The wire weighed fifteen pounds Troy.
2. The wire cost 90 pounds sterling.
3. A mile of wire would be eleven-fifteenths of the whole.
4. A mile of wire would weigh eleven pounds.
5. A mile of wire cost sixty-six pounds sterling.
6. A pound Troy would cost six pounds sterling.
7. The reel would make 240 revolutions in 24 hours.
8. The reel would make 176 revolutions in one mile.
9. The reel would make sixteen revolutions in turning off one pound Troy.
10. The reel would make $2\frac{2}{3}$ revolutions in turning off wire to the value of one pound sterling.

Respectively,
TOMMIE J. PETERSON
Taylor's Bridge, N. C.

Don't Feel Well,
And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from so doing for fear you will alarm yourself and friends—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness. You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in cases like yours.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by Dr. R. H. HOLLIDAY, Druggist, Clinton, and W. P. KENNEDY, Warsaw, N. C.

SAMPSON'S BILL ARP.

(Special to THE CAUCASIAN.)

I finished my work the other day, fed up all the stock, saw they were all cared for and shut up for the night. I then put some corn in the basket and started down to feed a sow and pig I had down in the swamp back of the field. The reason I put this sow down there was because she was mischeivous about the house. Every time my wife had a hen to come off with a youngbrood of chickens, ducks or turkeys, or a quarrel with the neighbors, for I think she could hatch anything she wanted to with a setting hen, she would gobble up everything but the sow, and to that she would add fresh fury. Hepsie said she was not going to stand it any longer. Threatened to throw rat poison in the slops. She was a mighty good sow and I 'loud the most healthy place for her would be down beside the creek. Then she would get under the house and grunt and growl, whine, snore, wheeze and sneeze all night long. Besides she would scatter fleas about the house, and if there is anything in this world a woman does not like it is a flea. Hepsie said she did not mind their board bill, but their traveling expenses almost brought on a crisis. I was of her opinion. Every time one of these fleas started out on the the road she would make a flounce heavy enough to have hurdled a whole drove of night mares. Then she would get up and hammer that flea with the heel of her shoe and the firedog 'till she waked up the baby and set him to squalling, and some how I never could sleep mighty sound under such circumstances. I right then and there made up my mind that that sow should be sent off to herself.

Well, I was going on to say, I stood down there and called and all of them did not come, so I walked over to Jones' to see if any of them were in his field. I got to the gate and hollowed. Mr. Jones came to the door and told me to come in. I told him I thought it best to say something for fear his dog might bite. He said, don't mention that dog, he has had my family and plantation in an uproar for two days, hain't you heard. No! And I hain't seed the like in all my born days. I noticed all of them had cloths about their heads and some moved around with a difficulty. Well, be seated, and I'll tell you what has happened. I sat down. Says Jones, you see that boy over there, pointing to his youngest son all drawn up in the corner between the fire-place and his ma. I noticed two or three big bump knots on his forehead. He will be the ruin of me yet. He brought more calamity on this household than I ever witnessed in all my life. As I was plowing long side the ditch, Jim was shrubbing with the hoe at the other end. There was a big hornet's nest in a little sweet gum in the brier patch at the head of the ditch. The boys had trained the dogs to bring anything back to you when you would throw it out. Jim picked up a stick, threw it at that hornet's nest and hit it "kerdab." No sooner the dog made a spring for the stick. I think every hornet followed that stick to the ground. The dog grabbed the stick and the hornets grabbed the dog. They applied the business end pretty vigorously. the dog yelped and lit out for Jim and he saw what was up, so he bawled and struck out for the house. Pretty soon the dog passed Jim, left a few of his hornets to attend to him. Jim yelled, I thought the house was on fire, I put out for the house, I run my tongue out and I have not drawn a real long breath yet. Well, sir, that dog jumped over the back fence, ran in the back door, passed through the sitting room where the old lady was sewing, left a few of his hornets to attend to her. She liked to have stifled herself to death with the bottle of hartshorn, pouring it on every time one would pop her. That dog went on to the kitchin, run through old aunt Dinah's feet, left a few of his hornets to attend to her. She flounced, turned over the boiling kettle on the cat. He ripped, raved and snorted, and plunged himself through a window-pane out in the flower pit.

It got too hot for the old woman and aunt Dinah and they made for the yard. They met at the door. My wife said what is the matter? Dina was looking for hornets. My wife thought Dinah was crazy. But they did not wait to get each others answer. I was certain

[Continued on Second Page.]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

STATEMENT
OF
The Mutual Life Insurance Co.
OF NEW YORK.
RICHARD A. MCCURDY, PRESIDENT.
For the year ending Dec. 31st, 1889.

Assets,	$136,401,328 02
Increase in Assets,	$10,319,174 46
Surplus,	$9,847,248 44
Increase in Surplus,	$1,212,194 81
Receipts,	$31,119,619 62
Decrease during year,	$4,903,087 10
Paid Policy-Holders,	$15,200,608 28
Increase during year,	$478,058 16
Risks assumed,	$151,602,495 37
Increase during year,	$48,388,222 05
Risks in force,	$563,949,953 92
Increase during year,	$88,824,749 56
Policies in force,	182,810
Increase during year,	23,941
Policies written in 1889,	44,577
Increase over 1888,	11,971

THE ASSETS ARE INVESTED AS FOLLOWS:

Real Estate and Bond & Mortgage Loans,	$69,361,913 13
United States Bonds and other Securities,	$50,325,409 81
Loans on Collateral Securities,	$9,843,500 00
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest,	$2,988,632 79
Interest accrued, Premiums deferred and in transit, etc.	$3,881,812 29
	$136,401,328 02

Liabilities (including Reserve at 4%), $126,744,079 58

Year.	Risks Assumed.	Risks Outstanding.	Assets.	Surplus.
1884	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1885	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1886	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1887	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1888	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1889	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

ROBERT A. GRANNISS, Vice-President.
ISAAC F. LLOYD, 2d Vice-President.
WILLIAM J. EASTON, Secretary.
O. F. BRESEE & SONS,
General Agents, Baltimore, Md.
B. F. BRIGGS, Agent,
Wilson, N. C.

HOLLIDAY'S
DRUG STORE!

"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE!"

Don't wait to get sick, but when you begin to feel bad come and get a dose of medicine and prevent sickness. This is the proper use of medicine. If you will do this you will scarcely ever have a doctor's bill to pay or lose months of time, and put your friends and relatives to such a deal of trouble.

In addition to my complete line of pure and reliable Drugs, I carry Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, B. B. B., the S. S. S., Quinine in small and large quantities; Simmon's Liver Regulator, Famous Specific Orange Blossom, Cuticura Remedies, Dr. Pierces Favorite Prescription, the Golden Medical Discovery, Horse and Cattle Powder (1 pound packages prepared by the Herb Co. of W. Va, Quaker brand.)

Prescriptions carefully compounded. Local and office practice upon request. Respectfully,
aug1—tf DR. R. H. HOLLIDAY.

NOTICE.

HAVING QUALIFIED AS administrator of Enoch Wilson, deceased, the undersigned hereby notifies all persons holding claims against the deceased to present them on or before the 16th day of January, 1891, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to the deceased are requested to make prompt payment.

B. G. E. DAUGHTREY,
Administrator.
NICHOLSON & COOPER, Att'ys.
January 16th, 1890. 6t

SALE FOR PARTITION.

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE of the Superior Court of Sampson county, the undersigned, as commissioner of said court, will sell by public auction, at the court house door in Clinton, N. C., on Monday, the 3rd day of March, 1890, for the purpose of making partition among the heirs of Rebecca Tew, an undivided half interest in the following tract of land, situate in Dismal township, adjoining the lands of Young Tyndall, J. L. Tyndall, W. B. Honeycutt and others, containing about 155 acres.

TERMS OF SALE—20 per cent. cash, one half balance in nine months and one half in twelve months, with 8 per cent. interest from date of sale until paid. Title reserved until purchase money is paid in full.

F. K. COOPER, Com'r.
This Jan. 29th, 1890.—4t

NOTICE!

HAVING THIS DAY QUALIFIED as administrator upon the estate of Neil Watson, deceased, the undersigned hereby gives notice to all persons holding claims against the said estate to present them on or before the 1st day of February, 1891, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. And all persons indebted to the said estate will please make prompt payment.

D. B. NICHOLSON, Adm'r.
January 30th, 1890.—6t.

Goshen High School.

Will Open Spring Term Monday, January 6th, 1889.

The School will be run under the same management as before.

We feel grateful for past patronage and trust for a continuance of the same.

For further particulars address the principal,

J. D. EZZELL,
dec26—tf Hobton, N. C.