THE CAUCASIAN.

Entered according to Postal Laws at Clinton, N. C., as second class mail matter.

CLINTON, N. C.—JUNE 12, 1890.

The New York Herald thinks Chauncey M. Depew has made himself certain for the Presidency in the great West.

It is rumored in Washington that Secretary Noble will resign from the cabinet to take an attorneyship of a big railroad west. No doubt he is waiting for the *Benediction*.

There is one word which has been worked too hard by the State press for the past year; that word is "brainy." If we live to get to the meeting of the Press Association in July we shall move that it be voted six weeks vacation.—Statesville Landmark.

The '90 commencement exercises of Wake Forest College closes to day. Monday the 9th, was Class Day. On Tuesday the Alumni address, by Hon. J. J. Davis. On Wednesday the address before the Literary Societies, by the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., of New York. The Baccalaureate Sermon, by Rev. Dr. W. W. Landrum, of Va. To day closes the exercises with the orations by the graduating class.

The Democratic State Executive Committee met in Raleigh yesterday. The first business was the election of a chairman, and E. Chambers Smith, of Raleigh was unanimously elected to that place. Other prominent men were spoken of among whom were Jarvis and Skinner. Mr Smith, is a son of the late Chief Justice and is very popular, he was chairman of the Executive Committee of Wake Co., in the last campaign. The committee selected Raleigh as the place for the Convention, August 20th as the date.

Warsaw Items.

(Special Correspondence.)

Mrs. Martha Stokes, widow of the late James W. Stokes, while preparing beeswax last Friday morning had the misfortune to have her dress catch on fire. All her clothes were burned off before assistance arrived, and death relieved her in a few hours of her great suffering. The orphaned children and relatives have our sympathy in their sad bereavement.

The Warsaw Dramatic Club is at work on another entertainment for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church. We will give further notice in a few days.

Heretofore we have said nothing of politics, but we now come out and speak boldly and plainly for our countyman, B. F. Grady, for Congress. He is one of the brainiest men in the State, a farmer at this time and has had experience enough to render him fit for the responsible position. No farmer can object to him, as he is an Alliance man. No lawyer can object, as he is well able to give advice along that line, and others need not care for his profession. How any of his countymen can fail to support him in the premises is to us a mystery, and we say to one and all give him your hearty support and thus honor yourselves and the 3rd District.

Sickness is on the increase in and around town, and many have succumbed. We will hail with delight a good rain

Georgia has lost its charms for the average Duplin negro and many have come back, and others will as soon as the money can be made to defray expenses.

The negro agents have commenced to return and drum for hands, and, while we like to see law upheld, we think our citizens should take steps, and at once, to keep them away and thus protect the farms.

CORRESPONDENT.

"Tired All the Time."

Say many poor men and women, who seem overworked, or are debilitated by change of season, climate or life. If you could read the hundreds of letters praising Hood's Sarsaparilla which come from people whom it has restored to health, you would be convinced of its merits. As this is impossible, why not try Hood's Sarsaparilla yourself and thus realize its benefit? It will tone and build up your system, give you a good appetite, overcome that tired feeling and make you feel, as one woman expresses it, "like a new creature."

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl st., New York

Alliance Department.

ALLIANCE NOTES, DISCUSSIONS AND THE DOINGS OF THE VARIOUS LODGES.

CLUTE FOR BUSINESS AGENT.

Resolutions of Boykin's Alliance, No. 615.

The following resolutions were adopted June 7th, 1890:

Whereas, Brother G. A. Clute, Business Agent Sampson County Farmers' Alliance, has performed the duties of that office very successfully and satisfactorily, therefore be it

Resolved, That the delegates of this Alliance be instructed to cast the vote of this Alliance for Brother Clute's re election

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent to THE CAUCASIAN, the County Organ, with request to publish.

The above resolutions were unanimously adopted.

R. O. AUTRY, Sec'y.

Dismal, N. C., June 7th.

POPLAR GROVE ALLIANCE, 616.

Whereas our Heavenly Father, on the 16th of May 1890, in His wise providence, removed by the unsparing stroke of death our brother J. E. King, age 51 years, 6 months and 22 days.

WHEREAS, we feel keenly the loss of our brother and recognize the deepest and greatest afflictions which has befallen the sorrowing family of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That our heart-felt sympathies are extended to the bereaved family

Resolved, That we sincerely mourn his untimely death as a friend and worthy brother of Poplar Grove Church and Alliance, and will continue to cherish his memory though dead.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed on the minute book of this Alliance, a copy to the bereaved family and a copy to the CAUCASIAN for publication.

W. D. STEVENS
W. B. PENNINGTON } Committee,
J. E. JONES

L. M. LEWIS, Sec.

An Atlanta Lady's Sad Condition.

"About two years ago a sore came on my nose. I called in a physician who could arrest it only for a few days, when it would appear as bad as ever. Finally it became permanent, and despite the constant attention of several physicians it continued to grow worse, the discharge from the ulcer being exceedingly offensive. This was my condition when I commenced to take Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) about one month ago, but I am now happy to say that after taking four large bottles of your wonderful medicine my nose is entirely well, and my general health better than it has been in ten years."

MRS. LUCINDA RUSH, Atlanta, Ga.

Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) cured me of a blood taint that had troubled me for years. I consider it without an equal.

JAMES SHERWOOD, Nashville, Ill.

☞ Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Georgia.

The State Chronicle.

Everybody in North Carolina knows the character of the State Chronicle published at Raleigh. It has always been a progressive, independent newspaper since its establishment seven years ago by Mr. Walter H. Page. Afterwards, under the editorship of the lamented Capt. Randolph A Shotwell, it had no superior as a bold, fearless, honest Democratic weekly. For more than four years now it has been under the management of Mr. Josephus Daniels, who has gathered around it the best talent in the State. Its circulation has grown rapidly until it now has the largest circulation ever attained by any political paper in Raleigh. It has gained that circulation:

1. By plain truth telling.
2. By printing the news and all the news.
3. By having convictions and expressing them without fear or favor.
4. By an earnest and aggressive championship of Democratic principles.
5. By standing by the rights of the people against any powers or corporations.

Recently the paper has been improved and gives its subscribers more matter every week than ever before. In order to place it in every family in the State the subscription price has been reduced to $1.25 per year. The management of the paper expects to add 5,000 new subscribers during the present year.

Send for sample copy. Address,

THE STATE CHRONICLE, Raleigh, N. C.

The Standard.

"I regard Hood's Sarsaparilla as having passed above the grade of what are commonly called patent or proprietary medicines," said a well known physician recently. "It is fully entitled to be considered a standard medicine, and has won this position by its undoubted merit and by the many remarkable cures it has effected. For an alterative and tonic it has never been equalled."

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free For sale by R. H. HOLLIDAY, Druggist, Clinton, and W. P. KENNEDY, Warsaw, N. C.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the Remedy for you. For sale by R. H. HOLLIDAY, Druggist, Clinton, and W. P. KENNEDY, Warsaw, N. C.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE!

My House and Lot, situated on McKoy Street, Clinton, N. C., is for Sale.

Terms reasonable. Apply to

J. F. WOODARD, Warsaw, N. C.

my15—tf

AFFINITY.

In an old world temple two blocks of stone,
Where the sky of Athens turns holy blue,
Have been standing stately, and still, and lone,
Dreaming together the ages through.

There were two pearls hid in the self same shell
(Like sweet sea tears that for Venus weep);
They have whispered secrets that none may tell,
Side by side in the heart of the deep

When Boabdil ruled in the land of Spain,
Two roses grew in a garden rare;
They drank of the fountain's silver rain,
And mingled their scents in the drowsy air.

In Venice, to rest on a golden dome,
Two doves came floating on pinions white;
And they loved each other, and made their home
Under the stars on a still May night.

But the changeless laws that our lives involve
Are the laws of death and cold decay;
So the temple falls, and the pearls dissolve—
The birds and the roses must pass away.

Yet each, by a strange metamorphosis,
Is born anew in some fairer form;
So the rose may live in red lips that kiss—
The marble in limbs that are white and warm.

And in hearts of lovers once more may greet
Those doves who dwelt on the dome of gold;
And in mouths of velvet the pearls may meet
To gleam more white than those pearls of old.

For how otherwise grew the wondrous birth
Of the strange and sweet affinity,
That warms two souls in this desert of earth,
They must claim each other wherever they be!

They recall, in a new found ecstasy,
The dreams of their mystic long ago;
By the marble temple, or stormy sea,
Or Moorish garden where roses blow.

And they feel the flutter of snowy wings
On the golden dome of a stately fane;
And the faithful atoms the wild wind brings
Must find each other and love again!

So, my heart that within me burns and glows,
Would read your heart, and ask you whether
You were pearl, or marble, or dove, or rose,
In that fairer world, when we were together?

—After Gautier, by Florence Hennliker.

TIT FOR TAT.

"And because I am married my liberty is to be curtailed. I am never to speak to an old friend if she happens to be a woman. My wife is to tie me to her apron strings at a ball," said Mr. Drummond, sarcastically.

"I seldom wear aprons. Certainly never at a ball," said Mrs. Drummond.

"You know that is a figure of speech," said Mr. Drummond. "But now that we have spoken of the matter, Estelle, I will give you my view of the subject. If married people go out to sit in a corner with each other they might as well stay at home."

"You used to be very glad to sit in corners with me," sobbed Mrs. Drummond.

"Now," gasped Mr. Drummond despairingly, "now you are going to cry. Your eyes will be swollen, your nose red. For heaven's sake, Estelle, remember that you are at a ball."

Mrs. Drummond summoned up all her courage, swallowed her tears, drew her hand from her husband's arm, and began to fan herself furiously.

"Now you are in a temper, my dear," said her lordand master. "Go into the dressing room and powder yourself a little. Usually I object to it, but now you are flushed, and I will take you to that dear old Mrs Jackson, who has chaperoned her four granddaughters, and is quite alone in the corner. She is a most superior woman, I understand. Come, my love."

"I can do without the powder, thanks," said Mrs. Drummond; "and you may take me to Mrs. Jackson, while you, I presume, waltz with Miss Merle."

"Why, good heavens, Estelle, you would not have me break my engagement to dance with a lady, would you?" asked Mr. Drummond, in a tone of desperation.

"Oh, by no means!" said Mrs. Drummond; "fulfil your engagement."

The music began again. The handsome young couple stepped from the flower screened corner into which they had retired to have their unpleasant talk, and in a moment Mr. Drummond was whirling around the room with his arm about the pretty Miss Merle's waist, while Estelle sat on the sofa beside that superior old Mrs. Jackson, who, having aroused herself to receive Mrs. Drummond's introduction, had nodded off again, and was snoring behind her large black feather fan.

And this was Mrs. Drummond's first ball. The daughter of a clergyman, brought up, as people say, "very strictly," she had never in all her life taken a dancing lesson; she had never been in fashionable society, and retained her simple, countrified ideas of what married people owed to each other. At the parties at her mother's house Mrs. Smith and Mr. Smith, Mrs. Brown and Mr. Brown were scrupulously placed side by side. So at the lawn parties or excursions.

In this way she supposed they must pass through all the festive occasions of life, arm in arm, exchanging their opinions on things and people, viewing a startling panorama, themselves the only really important personages of the scene.

The awakening was sudden and startling. Her husband had complied with popular opinion while they still remained among her kinsfolk, and indeed he had no temptation to leave her, for she was the sweetest, prettiest and most charming person whom he ever met. Besides, the glamour of the honeymoon was still upon him. In those rural scenes the girl he had called his white rosebud seemed sweeter and purer than he could express in words. For three or four months his life was a sort of idyl, and so was hers.

Not until the last red leaves of autumn were upon the trees did he transplant his blossom to the city. There, in one of those tiny but elegant flats which young couples most affect, Estelle began her new life. Her husband was a fashionable man, free from what he spoke of as "the prejudices of the past."

For the first time in her life Estelle went to the opera, to the theatre. She was dressed by a French modiste, to whose dictum she bowed. She was called upon and pronounced "awfully sweet." She went to afternoon teas and to receptions; she had breakfasts given her by her husband's friends and connections—little parties where dancing was in order. She enjoyed it all, for at first the position of recent bride and bridegroom caused Mr. and Mrs. Drummond to be paired off together very much as they had been in the village society.

However, as time passed on newer brides appeared on the scene. Estelle was merely Mrs. Drummond. People took no special pains to bring her forward. It remained for her to do the best she could for herself. And now Arthur slipped away occasionally. She saw him talking to this one or to that one, and at first her beauty and sweetness attracted the men about her,

It was not long, however, before they discovered that she could talk of nothing but her Arthur's perfection, and the wisdom of the ancient clergyman, her father. She was shy of expressing her opinion on other topics, and she had never learned to flirt. Her idea of matronly dignity gave her manner some stiffness, and at the little dances they discovered that she not only could not dance, but that she felt that it would be wrong to do so.

"It would shock papa if he should hear of it," she would answer when some more than usually gallant youth besought her to "try," and declared that he would teach her the waltz in a few moments, and by degrees she became a fla[illegible]ized by elderly matrons and occasional grandfathers, while Arthur devoted himself to the ladies generally, and only appeared at her elbow at the end of the evening.

Then he would wrap her in her pretty cloaks, smile on her benignly, tell her how lovely she looked, and convey her home with all due devotion. It pleased him that his white rosebud should set herself apart for him, should choose "to blush unseen" when he did not look upon her. At first Estelle was content, less, however, as time passed on, and her blissful little air castles melted one by one, and at the ball the first protest came.

Arthur was a good dancer. He had refrained from waltzing simply because he hated to dance on the carpet in a crowded drawing room. But here in this elegant ball room, where all the youth and beauty of the city were assembled, his old delight in dancing returned. He had secured a partner for every dance of the evening. He was proud to point out that exquisitely lovely woman in the graceful and modest costume as his wife; he thought how unpleasant it would be to be the husband of the married flirt, Mrs. A——, and that the fellow who married Miss Merle would be very wretched. But, as you see, he devoted his evenings to them and others like them, looked into their eyes, clasped their waists a little closer than need be, was loverlike and sentimental with one, whispered merry words that might mean more than lay on the surface to another, and relegated his wife to the company of that superior but somnolent old lady, Mrs. Jackson.

"Shall I have a scene?" he asked himself as he went in search of Estelle, after his last dance with a debutante, who could not be prevailed upon by her chaperon to go home "until it was all over," but, to his surprise, his wife was merely a little chilly. He did not like the chilliness, but was too wise to reproach her with it. At breakfast she was a little distrait, but by no means cross. Arthur was delighted. After all, he was to be let off very easily, and when in bidding him adieu his wife handed him a letter which she desired him to post he was quite gallant in promising to execute the little duty. He glanced at the envelope as he walked along. The name upon it was quite new to him—"Mr. Louis Romaine, —— Hotel."

He had never heard his wife mention any Romaines, but the thought was only a passing one.

For a day or two business kept him out a great deal, but he found Estelle in good spirits on his return.

One day he opened the door to hear the hum of voices, the chink of spoons, and to find his wife presiding over quite an elegant little afternoon tea. Three or four very fashionable matrons and one heavy old gentleman occupied the foreground, but behind Estelle's chair stood a veritable modern Adonis—one of those men who somehow seem better dressed than other men in the same clothes.

An impromptu affair, certainly, Arthur thought, for Estelle had always impressed upon him the fact that "what made the assembly shine was Robin Adair;" in other words, that she did not care to have company if he were not present. Still, his wife's elaborate dress, the hot house flowers that adorned the room, spoke of preparation.

He said something about "an unexpected pleasure," shook hands with those he knew, and waited.

The exquisite who sat so close to Estelle had arisen, and looked politely from one to the other.

For a space Estelle did not seem to heed this, then she said, as if remembering a very unimportant duty:

"Oh, my husband, Mr. Romaine; I forgot you had not met. What a quantity of cold air you do bring into the room, Arthur."

"Sorry," said Arthur, barely nodding in return to Romaine's elegant bow, and shortly took himself out of the room.

The flat did not give him much space to pace about in, it is true, but he took advantage of what little there was, and walking into the passage that led to the kitchen he heard the waitress say to the cook:

"Oh, ain't that Mr. Romaine just lovely! I never see nobody so stylish before."

On this Arthur wandered back to his bedroom and looked into the mirror. The reflection he saw there seemed to him to be that of a rather commonplace young man. Certainly he had not the six feet of height, the broad shoulders and the splendid chin of that man behind his wife's chair Romaine! Who on earth was he? Where had he heard that name before? Ah! he remembered. It was upon the envelope directed to the —— hotel, which he had posted. Who was he? What was he? Why had his wife never spoken of him before? What hypocrites women were! He could have sworn that he knew the name of every mortal his wife had ever met. She had had a boy lover, but his name was Johnny Craft, and he was rolly poly and yellow haired. A rolly poly, yellow haired boy could never have become this startlingly large and showy exquisite. As he thought of this point, Arthur felt a curious tingling of the blood that he had never before experienced.

He seized his hat, dragged on his overcoat, stalked to the elevator, and, being lowered to the hall by the manager thereof, who stared curiously into his wrathful face the while, took his way to a restaurant, where he dined.

After this he spent his evening at the club, and returned to find his wife not sitting up for him, as was her wont, but quietly asleep in bed.

She opened her eyes, however, as he turned up the gas.

"Oh, dear, you have waked me out of the loveliest dream!" she said. "Do put the shade on that dreadful gas."

"I hope you had a pleasant tea party," the husband said, sarcastically.

"Oh, yes," Estelle replied, smiling. "The nicest little time."

"And who is this Romaine fellow?" Arthur asked.

"An old, old friend of mine, and just too delightful for anything," his wife replied.

"He looked like a puppy to me," said Arthur.

"Don't show temper," said Mrs. Drummond, coolly. "If you didn't like him you might have talked to old Mr. Bond. I am sure he is very intelligent. And how you looked when you marched out of the room! In good society one does not display one's feelings."

Certainly his country wife was improving.

Arthur was too much startled to say anything.

The round of gayety was at its height. Cards came to the young couple by the dozen. They went as usual to one or two places nearly every night, and everywhere the handsome Louis Romaine appeared.

"Every one seems to know the fellow," Arthur said, and Estelle answered:

"Oh, yes; I have asked every one to invite him for my sake."

For her sake! This was frightful! But there was something more terrible still. His lily, his white rose, his adoring wife, who thought only of him, who cared only for his admiration, was utterly devoted to the fellow. No longer did she sit beside old ladies in a corner—she was the gayest of the gay, and ever at her side hovered Louis Romaine. Sometimes coming home from business he would meet her driving with him, and she would nod gayly. He suspected his wife of no evil. She did not flirt, she only quietly preferred the company of young Romaine to his, and now it was he who stood silently apart in the haunts of society, watching his wife with eyes full of regret and jealousy, remembering what she had been to him and was no more.

"Ball tickets!" Mrs. Drummond cried one morning. "How delightful! Of course we will go."

Her husband hesitated.

"I sha'n't be so stupid as I was at my first ball," Estelle laughed. "And you know you love dancing. I sha'n't tie you to my apron strings this time."

"We will go," he answered.

And they went.

The decollete dress that Estelle wore set off her beauty, but her husband remembered the modest lace fichu that she wore at her first ball with a pang of regret, and when the young wife turned to him with a little petulant sigh and said:

"Of course it is a bore, but we must dance the first dance together," he started violently.

"But you do not dance," said he.

"Oh! I've been taking lessons," said Estelle, "and I do dance very well."

"I am proud of you," said he. "We shall dance the first waltz together, shall we not?"

"No," said she, "not another for you to night. Besides, it is promised to Louis."

"To whom?" cried Mr. Drummond.

"I should have said Mr. Romaine," said Estelle.

And now for the first time a furious jealousy took possession of Arthur's heart. He watched his wife as she glided over the floor with Romaine, with murder in his heart; he asked no one to dance.

"How well those two look together," said some near him. "And they seem so fond of each other."

The man did not seem to mind his presence or care if he heard.

"I will bear no more," the furious husband said. "To night shall end it."

Later, after supper, he missed his wife and Romaine, and followed them to a little room where those who were weary or overheated could rest awhile. They sat there laughing, enjoying some joke.

"You will get your wraps and come home, madame," he said, in a low but furious tone. "And as for you, sir"——

"We have carried it to far," said Romaine. "Introduce me, Estelle."

"Arthur," said Estelle, "don't you remember hearing me talk of brother Lou? This is he."—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

Self Possession of Women.

Women are more self possessed than men. On occasions of ceremony and display they appear happy and "at home." A well dressed woman is "in her element" at public entertainments, and she moves calmly and gracefully under the gaze of numerous eyes, while her male attendant is self conscious and flurried. Observe the placidity which characterizes a handsomely dressed woman as she takes her seat in a church or concert room, and the contrast presented by the nervousness and lack of repose in the motions of man. It has often been remarked that brides are generally collected and sedate during the marriage ceremony, while bridegrooms are bashful and awkward.—Bow Bells.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and we ask you to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. The peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation of the vegetable remedies used give to Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar curative powers. No other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures. If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other instead. It is a Peculiar Medicine, and is worthy your confidence.

Peculiar **To Itself**

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Notice of Sale!

BY VIRTUE OF A DECREE of the Superior Court to create assets to pay debts, the undersigned will on Saturday July 12th, 1890, at Clinton, N. C., by public auction, sell the lands belonging to the estate of S. O. Sutton, deceased in two tracts.

First tract of fifty acres, on west side of public road, adjoining the landi of W. H. Boyette and others.

Second tract of fifty-three acres, more or less, being the rest of the land described in the petition, adjoining lands of S. R. Daughtry, W. A. Boyette and others.

TERMS OF SALE—25 per cent cash and balance, with 8 per cent. interest, due November 1st, 1890, and title retained.

HENRY E. FAISON, Commissioner.

Clinton, N. C., June 11, 1890.—tds

PUBLIC LAND SALES!

JULY 26, 1890, at 2 p. m., on the premises.

The FOWLER LAND, 250 acres, on the C. F. & Y. V., ½ mile from Roseboro, 20 from Fayetteville, N. C.

I will have the land surveyed July 18th. On the 19th and 26th, at 8 a. m., will show lines to persons desiring to purchase. The land will be offered in lots and as a whole, and sold to the highest bidder or bidders at anything over $1,500.

TERMS:—¼ cash, ¼, 5 months; ¼, 17 months; balance 29 months. Interest at 8 per cent., or 2½ discount for all cash. Title reserved until final payment. C. W. CORRIHER, China Grove, N. C.

☞ If I do not sell, I willbe on the place a few days to lease, in lots or as a whole, for 3 or 5 years.

ap17—tds—eow.

LADIES

Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, should take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

A. S. COOK. JAS. T. WEBBER.

Established 1866.

A. S. COOK & Co.,

COMMISSION DEALERS IN FRUITS AND PRODUCE.

POULTRY AND GAME,

110 Warren Street, NEW YORK

Stencils or further information will be furnished by calling on Capt. W. L. Faison, Clinton, N. C. my22—1m

G. W. JUDD,

No. 145 West Street, NEW YORK, COMMISSION MERCHANT.

Shipments of Vegetables and Fruits solicited.

REFERENCE: North River Bank, New York.

For Stencils or further information apply to J. A. OATES, SR., Clinton, N. C.

my15—3m

SHIPPERS OF TRUCK

Will find it to their interest to make all shipments to

G. FURMAN & CO. NEW YORK.

Wm. A. Johnson will pay CASH for all checks WITHOUT exchange.

Don't be deceived by unknown parties.

Stencils Furnished on Application.

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T. H. PARTRICK & BRO., Representing R. TUTTLE & Co., Commission Merchants, 48 N. Market Street, BOSTON.

Shipment of Truck solicited. Call and get a Stencil.

my15—3m

W. L. FAISON, Representing STIMPSON & LITTLEFIELD, Commission Merchants, Boston, Mass.

Shipments of Fruits and Vegetables solicited.

Stencils furnished on application.

my15—3m

ATLANTI COAST LINE.

WILMIGTON & WELDON R. R. and Branches.

Condensed Schedule

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATED May 10, '90.	No. 23 Daily.	No. 27. Fast mail. Daily.	No. 41. Daily. ex. Sun.
Lv Weldon,	12 30 p m	5 43 pm	6 00 am
Ar Rock Mt.	1 46 "	.....	7 10 "
Ar Tboro,	*2 30 "	.....	
Lv Tarboro.	10 20 "	.....	
Ar Wilson,	2 20 "	7 00 pm	7 48am
Lv Wilson,	*2 30 "	.....	
Ar Selma,	3 40 "	.....	
Ar Fayettevil	6 00 "	.....	
Lv Goldsboro,	3 15 "	7 40 pm	8 35am
Lv Warsaw,	4 10 "	.....	9 34 "
Lv Magnolia,	4 24 "	8 40 "	9 49 "
Ar Wilmingt'n	5 50 "	9 55 "	11 20 "

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	No 14. Daily.	No. 78. Daily.	No. 40. Daily ex Sunday.
Lv Wilmingt'n	12 01 am	9 00 am	4 pm
Lv Magnolia,	1 21 "	10 34 "	5 36 "
Lv Warsaw		10 48 "	5 58 "
Ar Goldsboro,	2 23 "	11 45 "	6 53 "
Lv Fetteville		*8 40 "	
Ar Selma		11 00 "	
Ar Wilson		12 10 "	
Lv Wilson	3 03 "	12 37pm	7 47a.m
Ar Rocky Mt.		1 10 "	8 18 "
Ar Tarboro		*2 30 "	
Lv Tarboro		10 20 am	
Ar Weldon	4 30 "	2 45 pm	9 30 "

*Daily except Sunday.

Train on Scotland Neck Branch leaves Weldon 3 14 p. m., Halifax 3 37 p m; arrives Scotland Neck at 4 25 p. m., Greenville 6 10 p. m. Returning leaves Greenville 7 20 a. m., Halifax 10 10 a. m., Weldon 10 30 a m. daily except Sunday.

On Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Local Freight leaves Weldon 10 30 a. Halifax 11 30 a. m., Scotland Neck 2 00 p. m. Arriving Greenville 5 10 p. m. Returning leave Greenville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 9 30 a. m., Scotland Neck 1 00 p. m., Halifax 3 35 p. m. Arriving Weldon 4 00 p. m.

Train leaves Tarboro, N. C., via Albemarle & Raleigh railroad, daily except Sunday, 4 05 p. m., Sunday 3 00 p. m., arrive Williamston, N. C., 6 30 p. m., 4 20 p. m., Plymouth 7 5 0p. m., 5 20 p. m. Returning leaves leaves Plymouth, daily except Sunday, 6 00 a. m., Sunday 9 00 a. m. Williamston 7 10 a. m., 9 58 a. m., arrive Tarboro 9 30 a. m., 11 20 a. m.,

Train on Midland, N. C., branch leaves Goldsboro, daily except Sunday, 6 00 a. m. arrive Smithfield, 7 30 a m. Returning leaves Smithfield, 8 00 a. m., arrive Goldsboro, 9 30 a. m..

Train on Nashville branch leaves Rocky Mt. at 3 00 p. m., arrives Nashville 3 40 p. m., Spring Hope 4 15 p. m. Returning leaves Spring Hope 10 00 a. m., Nashville 10 35 a. m., Rocky Mount 11 15 a. m., daily, except Sunday.

Train on Clinton branch leaves Warsaw for clinton, daily, except Sunday, 6 00 p. m., and at 11 10 a m; Returning will leave clinton at 8 20 a m and 3 10 p m, connecting at Warsaw with Nos 41 and 40, 23 and 78

Southbound train on Wilson & Fayetteville Branch is No, 51, Northbound is No, 50, Daily except Sunday

Train No 27, South, will stop only at Wilson Goldsboro and Magnolia

Train No 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North, daily. All rail via Richmond, and daily, except Sunday via Bay Line

All trains run solid between Wilmington and Washington, and have Pulman Palace Sleeper attached

JOHN F DIVINE, Gen'l Supt.
J R KENLY, Sup't Trans,
T M EMERSON, Gen'l Pass Agent,

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

AN IMMENSE STOCK

Of New Goods for Spring and Summer!

BARGAINS ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE!

The latest designs in Black Silk Lace and Netting for dresses, Cashimers, Henriettas, Nun's Veiling, Albatrose, Serge, Brilianteens and Challies.

Sateens and Outing Cloths.

Ginghams at 6 cents and 8 cents per yard.

Figured Lawns at 5 cents per yard.

Full line of Dress Trimmings, plain and fancy Surah Silk, China Silks, Moire Silks. Velvets and Gimp in all shades to match dress goods.

Special attention is called to our White Goods.

Hamburg Embroideries 25 per cent lower than elsewhere.

These goods were bought at a Bargain and *we are giving our customers* the benefit of it.

Entirely new line of Parasols and Umbrellas, in Gold an Oxidized Silver handles, at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75.

Cashimers and Cottonades, for men and boys.

You know we are headquarters for New York Mills Cottonades.

The latest Styles in Men' Hats.

Boys, you should see our New Shape Straw Hat. It is the very latest out.

Our Gent's Furnishing Goods Department is more complete than ever, and we can fit you out from head to foot.

Fancy Flannel Shirts will be worn more than ever this season, and we have a beautiful line of them at prices to suit everybody—45 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents, $1.00, $1.35, $1 50, $1.75 and $2.00.

Boys don't miss seeing our 25 cent Scarfs. They are the handsomest you ever saw.

SHOES! SHOES!!

Ladies' Misses' and Children's Russett and Tan Oxford Ties at 75 cents, 90 cents, $1.00. These are the *Fashionable Slippers* of the season, and as every young lady will wear them we suggest that our store is the place to get them.

The Bijou is still the rage! Our sales on this shoe is simply wonderful, and we believe that it is the best $2.00 Shoe ever sold in Clinton.

Our stock of other shoes is large and varied, and you can always find what you want here.

Crockery, Glassware. Stand Lamps, Library and Wall Lamps.

Hammocks, Fishing Tackle, Trunks, Valises, Grip Bags and Straps.

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Straw Matting, Rugs, &c.

Window Curtains, Shades, Cornice poles and Window fixtures of all kinds.

Large and complete stock of Hardware, Sash Doors and Blinds.

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Glass and Putty.

GROCERIES.

Our stock of Groceries is at all times full and complete—fresh goods and *prices as low as the lowest.*

Try our Blended Tea for *Ice Tea.* It is excellent goods and we know you will like it. Packages ¼ to ½ pound and 1 pound

Come in, get our prices and save money!

An inspection of goods and prices does not incur any obligation to buy.

Respectfully,

A. F. JOHNSON & CO.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHAMPION FOOD

Cures Hog Cholera

FATTENS HORSES.

And cures diseases resulting from indigestion and overwork,

Increases the yield of milk from Cows and improves the quality.

We have hundreds of certificates from reliable persons, all over the country, to prove above.

IT IS SURE!

IT IS INEXPENSIVE!

IT IS NO HUMBUG!

IT IS INVALUABLE TO THE FARMER

If you have a sick beast buy a pound and try it.

We have three testimonials, and can furnish any number on application to any one of the agents.

SANFORD, N. C., August 3rd, 1890.

Messrs. J. C. Stevenson & Taylor, Wilmington, N. C.

DEAR SIRS:—we have been using "Champion Food" for twelve months and find that it does all that is claimed for it. It improves the general condition of stock and will cure Hog Cholera. we feed it to our stock regularly and would not do without it.

J. R. ALLSBROOK.

LAURINBURG, N. C., Sept. 17th, 1889.

Messrs. J. C. Stevenson & Taylor, Wilmington, N. C.:

DEAR SIRS:—After using the half barrel "Champion Food" purchased of you we can readily say that it has fulfilled every representation made for it so far as we have tried it. In no instance has it failed to benefit stock fed on it. we can particularly recommend it for milch cows, calves and colts we regard it as the best stock food on the market. Send us another half barrel.

Yours Truly,

ALEX. MCKINNON & CO.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Oct. 10th, 1889.

Messrs. J. C. Stevenson & Taylor:

GENTLEMEN:—The "Champion Food" you sold us has been given a fair trial, it is a success, and we are glad to add testimony to its worth. when fed to our horses we find it aids digestion, creates an appetite and the animal improves at once; it is a great conditioner, and a trial will prove its value. we have fed it to our cows and with them also it has proved a great digestive, both the flow and the quality of the milk has improved, the per centage of increase we cannot yet positively state. The food does all you claim in the line of tests we have made; we shall continue its use and advise all the owners of stock to give it a trial.

T. J. SOUTHERLAND.

W. A. JOHNSON, Agent, Clinton, N. C.

J. C. STEVENSON & TAYLOR, Agents for N. Carolina.

oct 24-tf

W. T. WILLIAMSON'S BUGGY AND CARRIAGE FACTORY, IN NEW QUARTERS ON FAYETTEVILLE ST.

☞ Round Shaves, Hacks and all Edge Tools made, and Repairing done on short notice.

I will keep on hand a large lot of Western Buggies (open and top) and Roads Carts. They will equal in quality and are sold as low as any like goods in Goldsboro, Fayetteville or Wilmington.

Respectfully,

mch28-tf W. T. WILLIAMSON.

DO YOU WANT A NEW PIANO

We unhesitatingly pronounce the

Ivers & Pond PIANO

the finest and most reliable in the world. Five newly patented inventions used in these pianos only.

Call at our store and examine the new Soft Stop which saves pianos from wear while practising and makes tone inaudible to all outside of room. A wonderful invention.

H. MILLER & CO.

Goldsboro, N. C.

CIDER.

HEADQUARTERS FOR BEST PEACH AND APPLE CIDER, (Corner of Elm and R. R. Street.)

SWEET AND HARD CIDER always on hand. In addition to this pleasant and healthy drink. I keep

Tobacco, Snuff, Flour, Potash, Candies, Soda, and Pea-Nuts

which are sold at lowest prices for cash.

600 Pipes, of all styles and sizes. Try one.

Respectfully,

THOS. GAUTIER.

je 21—1 yr.

SESSOM'S HOTEL, ROSEBORO, N. C.

Special accommodations for the traveling public.

Regular boarders will also be taken.

MRS. J. M. SESSOMS, Proprietress.

my8—tf

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles!

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumor. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents.

DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia.

feb21—6m

IF YOUR BACK ACHES Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing it is general debility. Try BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It will cure you, and give a good appetite. Sold by all dealers in medicine.