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VOL. IX.

CLINTON, N. C. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1890.

No. 5.

PROFESSIONAL COLUMN.

W. R. ALLEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Goldsboro, N. C. Will practice in Sampson county. 66-27-11

A. M. DEE, 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 entrusted 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. Also in Supreme Court. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt and careful attention. Je 7-1yr

L. A. WALKER, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office on Wall Street. Will practice in Sampson and adjoining 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. Will practice in Sampson and adjoining counties. Everything done in the best style. Satisfaction guaranteed. My terms are strictly cash. Don't ask me to vary from this rule.

The New Discovery. You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have not tried it, you should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial bottles free at Dr. R. H. Holliday, Clinton, N. C., and John R. Smith, druggist, Mt. Olive, N. C.

Rapid Work-Assistant Editor: Do you know, Spencer was telling me that he wrote that big batch of jokes he brought in yesterday in less than two hours.

Editor--That's nothing. I rejected them all inside of ten minutes--Crp.

The First Step. Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what all this is. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nervous Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this Nervous Tonic and Alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50 cents, at Dr. R. H. Holliday's Drugstore, Clinton, N. C., and John R. Smith, druggist, Mount Olive, N. C.

Humorist--My output of jokes is now a hundred a week. Editor--And what of the returns? Humorist--About ninety. Editor--Dollars? Humorist--No; jokes--Harper's Bazaar.

Bucklen's Arnea Salve. The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Scalds, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dr. R. H. Holliday, Clinton, N. C., and J. R. Smith, Druggist, Mount Olive, N. C.

"Will you say grace?" said the old man. As the minister took his seat; And the latter cried, as the food he spied: "Lord, give us something to eat!" --Atlanta Constitution.

You are in a Bad Fix. But we will cure you if you will pay us. Our messages to the weak, nervous and debilitated, who, by early evil habits, or later indiscretions, have trifled away their vigor of body, mind and marhhood, and suffer all those effects which lead to premature decay, consumption or insanity. If this means you, send for and read our BOOK OF LIFE, written by the greatest Specialist of the day, and sent (sealed) for 6 cents in stamps. Address Dr. Parker's Medical and Surgical Institute, 151 North Spruce St., Nashville, Tenn.

LADIES. Needing a tonic, or children that would build up, read "HOW TO LIVE." It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, etc. Sent, free, on application. All orders here, 10.

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

HOW THINGS LOOK FROM OUR STAND POINT.

The Opinion of The Editor and the Opinion of Others which we Can Endorse on the Various Topics of the Day.

The New York Legislature is Democratic and it looks as if Gov. Hill will succeed "Everts" in the Senate.

The vulgar Cannon of Illinois has been spiked. He will not fire off his billings-gate in the next House and cause the ladies to fly from the galleries insulted and disgusted.

In Indiana, President Harrison's own State, half the townships in the State in their returns show an average Democratic gain of 20 to the township. This will make the State Democratic by about 20,000. The Democrat elect 11 out of 13 Congressmen. The Legislature will be Democratic on joint ballot by 68.

The country can not indorse Harrison's administration of favoritism and class legislation. The people have spoken their condemnation of such unfair law making, at the polls, and from ocean to ocean their voice has been heard.

The present House, at the adjournment of the first session, was composed of 175 Republicans, 151 Democrats and 1 Independent, there being several vacancies caused by death. Of the members gained by the Democrats 30 are from States north of Mason and Dixon's line. It now looks as if the next House of Representatives would stand--Democrats, 236; Republicans, 90. This will give the Democrats more than two thirds of the House.

When the present Congress passed the McKinley bill and showed its favor for the Force Bill it fired the magazine which blew the Republican party into a hopeless, helpless minority.

The country has repudiated the Force Bill and the McKinley tariff Bill at the polls. McKinley has been defeated and the Democratic majority in the next Congress will be more than one hundred. Heavy Democratic gains were made in the North and Northwest. In Kansas the Farmers' Alliance holds the balance of power and it appears that Senator Ingalls will not be returned to the Senate. Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Kansas, Michigan, Nebraska and Wisconsin have all gone Democratic. There has been a great tidal wave in these states--a condemnation of the last Congress which for disgraceful conduct and unjust laws stands without a parallel.

The great tidal wave of democratic success that swept over the country Tuesday brought more real rejoicing to the country than anything which has occurred since the election of Cleveland and Hendricks in 1884. Democratic faces are over-spattered with smiles, and who has a better right to smile, while the republicans, who are frightened clean out of their boots, go around with "wo-begone faces and make no attempt to explain the condemnation which the voters of the country have placed upon the administration and upon the republican majority in Congress for its action in giving the people a batch of the most unpopular laws ever turned out at a single session of Congress, topped off with the worst of all, the McKinley tariff law, the weight of which has been felt by everybody, although it is only a month since it became a law.

The Progressive Farmer is making a mistake, a mistake that puts members of the Alliance all over the State to some extent in a false light; but it is a mistake that will damage no one as much as the paper itself. The paper has done a great deal of good in North Carolina, it waked up the people and put them to thinking, but that is all any paper can do, for the people think for themselves. The people, and Alliance people as that, have thought the Vance matter over, and have rendered their verdict, a verdict decided by Alliance votes. That verdict is, that there is not a man in North Carolina who is better able or who will defend the people's rights and advocate their cause more zealously and honestly in the Senate of the United States than Z. B. Vance. In the Democratic caucus of the next Legislature he will be nominated on the first ballot if not by acclamation. If he should fail to do this, then the people will condemn him with the same strength with which they have loved and trusted him.

TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION

And Jollification at Harrell's Store--Rosin Burned and Speeches Made.

(Special Correspondence.) The old settlers in this section say that nothing like the jubilee of last Saturday night was ever seen in these parts before. The street for a long distance was lighted on either side with blazing barrels of resin. The people had gathered in from the surrounding country in full force and each one was vying with the others to show that he was the gladdest over the people's victory.

Mr. Marion Butler, the Senator-elect from this district, who had been invited to speak on the occasion, arrived. Amid enthusiasm he was escorted to the rostrum. He said, you see a three cheers for Butler, but that is not what you mean. You mean three cheers for the people's victory in Sampson; three cheers for the people's victory in Kansas; three cheers for the people's victory in Michigan, Minnesota, South Carolina and Pennsylvania; three cheers that the people have beaten McKinley and Ingalls, and in so doing have triumphed over corporate greed and the tyranny of money. Three cheers for the triumph of truth and right everywhere.

What does your victory mean? Here the speaker went on to give the elements that entered into the contest, and showed why the people arose in their might and elected men who they thought would see that simple justice was done to all classes.

In this county we have been divided among ourselves, yet both sides to-night rejoice over the great national victory that has put the popular branch of Congress in the hands of the people by over a hundred majority.

The speaker then went on to show that the fight in Kansas, South Carolina and other States which gave such astonishing results was on the same line and for the same principles as the fight in this county. Then what have we been doing here in Sampson? We have been playing the fool. We have been fighting one another instead of joining together to fight the common enemy, or to a certain extent both sides have been to blame. There is no fight between the farmers and the merchants or professors, and the member of the Alliance, who by his words or conduct, leaves that impression, slanders the noble order, of which he is an unworthy member. The Alliance is fighting for great principles, and this great victory means the triumph of these principles, and the triumph of these principles means the prosperity of every man who is making or trying to make an honest living. It means an honest government--a government that will not put a few into pampered luxury at the expense of the many. It means that every farming and laboring man of Sampson (as well as elsewhere) will get a just compensation for his labor and the products of his labor, and that the merchant and lawyer will prosper as he prospers. Then let us all come and reason together and fight a common fight for the common good.

There were present a number who had been opposed to the Alliance. As Mr. Butler spoke they drew nearer and listened, and when he closed they all joined in the applause and cheers. The ladies presented the speaker with a large and handsome bouquet, which he accepted in a graceful and appreciative terms.

The crowd then called upon a half dozen or more gentlemen who were present, and in their short talks many happy hits were made. The crowd spied Mr. Frank Colwell. They rushed to him, picked him up, carried him to the stand and called for a speech. He did speak and to good effect. There was no speech that did more good. He said that there had been trouble between him and the Alliance. That he had spent many sleepless nights as to what his duty was and how he should vote. But he said that he voted for Butler and that after hearing his speech, that he now thanked God that he had done so. Everything passed off successfully and in the best of humor.

The meeting was conciliated matters and done an untold amount of good. Neighbors will feel better toward each other and Alliance and non-Alliance men now understand each other and will hereafter work in perfect harmony for the common good of a common country. H.

The democrats are fortunate in having so much good material at hand to select the next speaker of the House from. Among the names already mentioned are Messrs. Mills, Crisp, McMillan, Breckenridge, (E. Y.) Bynum and Springer. The idea seems general that the speakership will go to the South. In that event it is almost certain that it will be one of the first four gentlemen above mentioned.

HIS FLEETING IDEAL.

The Great Composite Novel.

The Joint Work of P. T. BARNUM, JOHN L. SULLIVAN, BILL NYE, ELIA WHEELER WILCOX, MAJ. ALFRED G. CALHOUN, HOWE & HUMMEL, INSPECTOR BYRNES, FREDERICK HALL, MISS ESTELLE, W. H. BALLOU, NELL NELSON AND ALAN DALE.

L--FOUND AT LAST. By W. H. BALLOU. Illustrated by FERNANDO MIRANDA.

XI--LENA MAKES A DISCOVERY. By P. T. BARNUM. Illustrated by H. G. COULTAERS.

XII--CONCLUSION. By BILL NYE. Illustrated by W. H. SPRAGUE.

So felt Edna Crawford, sitting with bowed head and shaken nerves, on the train that is bearing her onward to the bedside of her dying father. She bitterly regrets ever having left him, and tortures herself with wild pictures of the suffering he may have endured at the unscrupulous hands of Dr. Watson.

Across the peaceful bosom of the great plains no sound disturbed the night save now and then when at long intervals the shadows of the trees, and the few stars which leaved its allah shores in the eternal solitudes, and bleached still whiter, as the years went by, the snowy bones of those who once had sought to invade this great undertaking establishment of nature--this petrified hush of centuries. But what sound is this that gently beats upon the tense drum of the listener's ear?

The distant far and gentle palpitations of a coming train from the west! For the first time her feet touch the yellow tangle of a headlight when another muffled roar from the east and a little crawling light growing rapidly out of the dusk and distance swallow the intervening miles, and in a flash the few screaming, moaning, panting monsters have met like mail clad giants in a mighty tournament.

She stepped into the car with a gasp, and found herself in the presence of a young man who she had never seen before. He was dressed in an elaborate light silk gown, totally inappropriate for traveling, and over a dainty little theatre bonnet was pinned a heavy dark veil that completely covered her face.

Beneath the veil the tear stained countenance of Lena Henshall, who had been aroused by the tragic expression of Edna Crawford's face into thinking there was perhaps some one else as unhappy as herself.

Two hours before, when Henry Henshall left his young wife for the pursuit of his fascinating ideal, Lena had wandered aimlessly up and down her little parlor, a prey to bitter meditations. Sick with grief, and with the thought of her father's neglect and the thoughts of a lonely and loveless future, she called Mrs. Smith and announced her intention of passing the evening at the theatre.

When Mrs. Smith left she was whirling away en route for Chicago. She trusted a few articles into a valise, and leaving a brief message for Mrs. Smith to the effect "that she had decided to go out alone and not to wait up for her," she stepped into a cab and was soon at the Union depot. She purchased her ticket, securing the only remaining section on the train, and before she had time to realize the importance of the step she Mrs. Smith was whirling away en route for Chicago.

Lena was suddenly brought back to the consciousness of her position by the porter, who was collecting the compartment tickets preparatory to making up the berths for the night.

Edna, who in the haste of her departure had neglected to secure any sleeping section, now found that everything had been previously engaged and that the only alternative to sitting up all night was an uninviting looking lounge at the end of the car. Mrs. Henshall, who had been attracted by the girl's despairing face, stepped forward and offered her the other berth in her own compartment.

Edna accepted gratefully and warmly thanked her unknown companion for her courtesy.

As she moved from the seat her foot touched a small, dark object lying on the floor close to her chair. It was a leather card case, stamped with initials "H. R. H."

With a view to discovering the owner Edna opened it, and extracting one of the bits of pasted read aloud, "Mr. Henry Rowland Henshall, New York city."

"Why, this must have been dropped by the gentleman who spoke to me just as the train was leaving San Francisco," she said, leaving soundly pale. "The gentleman who spoke to you?" she questioned faintly.

"Yes," replied Edna hesitatingly, "a tall, blond man, who has followed me on several previous occasions. This evening he said to me and I repeated

to my father present at the time came to my mind a sudden disturbance that followed this card case was probably lost."

Lena Henshall remained silent. Crushed and humiliated by this proof of her husband's duplicity she had not the courage to further question her companion.

Her love for her husband was the first great emotion of her life, and the discovery she had just made filled her with a mad, wild jealousy. When she finally retired for the night it was with the pleasing knowledge that in the berth above her, by her own invitation, lay the girl who was the cause of her husband's indifference and probably the possessor of her husband's love.

How long she tossed about in her narrow berth, wakeful and miserable, Lena never knew.

Just as merciful sleep was closing her weary eyelids there came a sudden jar, then a loud crash, a shriek that rent the air, a blow upon her head that made a hideous glare of light, and then darkness absolute and blessed unconsciousness.

The papers of the following day were filled with the ghastly details of the awful railway accident near B--

The names of the surviving passengers, together with a list of the killed and wounded, were published, but the name of Edna Crawford, alias Louise Neville, did not appear in any of these reports. A diligent search and a more diligent inquiry throw any light on the complete and mysterious disappearance of this young woman.

Across the peaceful bosom of the great plains no sound disturbed the night save now and then when at long intervals the shadows of the trees, and the few stars which leaved its allah shores in the eternal solitudes, and bleached still whiter, as the years went by, the snowy bones of those who once had sought to invade this great undertaking establishment of nature--this petrified hush of centuries. But what sound is this that gently beats upon the tense drum of the listener's ear?

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MR. CRAWFORD. The old man had already had himself vaccinated, and so he was safe.

There was nothing for the doctor to do but to follow the procession, for Crawford had evidently heard that his daughter was in California, and had resolved to go to her.

For some time the doctor argued with the old man, but without avail. He then tried to hypnotize the ticket office into giving him a lower berth, but the agent had been exposed when he was young, and so wasn't afraid of getting it now.

Therefore Dr. Watson had to jump hurriedly on the rear platform as the train pulled out and sleep in the smoking car with his front teeth resting heavily on his knees all the long night.

In the drawing room of a pleasant and airy sleeping car supplied with electric bells and a thermometer was a buffet, the sandwiches in which smelled like liver and kidney, and a corned beef sandwich, and here sat Mr. Crawford and Miss Brown. Below is given a picture of Miss Brown. Her name was Celia Brown, but her friends called her Celi and Brown with an air of badinage which brought a rosy flush and sweet bright smiles to her fair face.

The artist has happily caught this smile with his little catch-as-catch-can camera.

The picture was originally a full length figure, but owing to the pressure on our advertising space and a note just received from the chief of police we have decided to condense the portrait as much as possible.

Briefly but truthfully and tearfully Miss Brown made a clean breast of her sorrowful slavery to Dr. Watson, the hypnotist, and on her knees she promised the old man that never again would she give him an opportunity to wield his ghoulish and disagreeable influence over her.

As the fair head of the beautiful girl rested on his knee, and with trembling fingers he stroked up her forehead, a yellow tangle of a headlight when another muffled roar from the east and a little crawling light growing rapidly out of the dusk and distance swallow the intervening miles, and in a flash the few screaming, moaning, panting monsters have met like mail clad giants in a mighty tournament.

"I also have a confession to make, dear one," he said. "Prepare for a piece of information which you can hardly credit, it save that I, who am, or is, or are, as the case may be, the criminal, tell it to you myself."

"Would you believe that I, who am your comrade on this journey, whose face is so refined, so spirituelle, could have taken the life of Dr. Cronin?"

"Could you believe that I, a professor of religion and a worthy inside guard for two terms in the Little Bethel Independent Order of Good Templars, No. 38,702, could have gone under the cover of darkness and with a bright new clasp knife cut into the nice warm vitals of a neighbor, and then, with his hot blood spurting up my sleeve, hacked the dying man to pieces, put him in a sawdust bag and carried him away to a sewer trap and concealed his dishevelled remains so that the police could not get on to my spot?"

"And yet for months this terrible secret has been lying upon my soul. Yesterday while Dr. Watson was out of town it occurred to me that possibly I did not kill Cronin, and so, picking up a paper, I read that another man did it. Following up this germ of thought, I soon also discovered that I was abroad all the year of the Cronin murder. I am now wondering if Dr. Watson has not been wielding an unholy influence over me which the delightful climate of California and some light stimulant like eye whiskey and opium may overcome."

A quick sob came from the bowed form before him. "Oh, Ephraim, thank God, you may be able to prove your innocence after all," she said. She had never called him Ephraim before.

He stooped and kissed her forehead. A few low, passionate words in her ear. HENRY HENSHELL. Her head bent lower and a quick flash of shrimplike bathed face, neck and shoulders.

It was not the work of a moment for Ephraim to call up a sleepy but clerical looking man in upper five, also in pajamas, who quietly slid down into the drawing room and in the presence of the sleeping car conductor and porter made the two man and wife.

with him. He had painted several portraits of Beatrice Cronin which had been accepted by the family and paid for, yet after all he needed something that would almost kill him, but not quite. This would, the doctor thought, knock the talismen out of him, and give him an ambition to do as he agreed and pay his debts.

Such an episode was in store for him. For, by a strange fatality, this train he rode upon a few nights later (although Mr. Barnum, by a slight oversight, which is perfectly pardonable in a man

On that fatal night Edna placed her violin in her berth, where it could not get overheated by the steam pipes, and then, letting down her angelic hair till it fell about her slight figure like a halo of molasses candy, she looked so sweet that the porter thoughtlessly swallowed a pillow which he was holding in his teeth as he watched her skin up the steep ladder and plunge into her couch with a glad cry.

She soon struck her head down into Mrs. Henshall's berth, however, and said tenderly:

"My dear friend, I do not know why, but I think I am going to die," and she thoughtlessly quoted some lines from the dead book in which Little Eva gently glides up the flume at \$8 a week in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company.

"I have saved quite a little fortune from my myopic appearances before the public, and I wish you would give it to my father if I die."

A quick sob came from the lower berth; occupied by Mrs. Henshall.

It was hers. She made it herself. "Say, my dear," she said, "if either die, let it be I--or me, if that sounds better. Oh, let me die, like a person who does not feel well."

"Yes, dear lady," said Edna, handing her a crocheted purse containing \$8. "This will fit the mortgage on the old farm and relieve our personal indebtedness of my father. I am a poor, persecuted girl, followed at all times by either a

spitz whiskered artist who barely earns enough by hallowing to follow me about like a mutt headed Nessieus all the while I shall the content, dear lady. Good night."

I cannot go on to any great length to describe that horrible night. It was a wonder that one human being came forth

alive from the terrible wreck--and awful hell. It was going to be.

Henry Henshall was struck on the head by a fresh train fig, and for a time lay unconscious, but the smell of his burning trousers aroused him, and he got up and went out of the car.

Strange as it all the blow had cleared his intellect and knocked the luscious pus out of his mind, as it were, and "Lena" was the first word on his lips. The awful picture seemed to bevider him a moment, and then he set to work. From the window of a burning car a white and beautiful arm extended through the broken window. On the hand, though spatted with burnt soot and splashes, he recognized his wife's velvet ringling.

With a cry of agony he dashed into the crushed and burning wreck, and just as the flames were beginning to creep upon her he jumped from the mangled mass with his fainting but happy wife in his arms. Again and again he blessed the happy blow on his head which had cleared his vision and made him see how near he came to losing a good, true and desirable wife.

Lena's hair turned snow white, and is so yet, but she makes a beautiful matron, a kind mother and a good wife to the cashier of her father's bank, Mr. Henry Henshall, who has a signature worth north of \$250,000 in his own individual right.

Edna was never fully recovered. Aside from the hinges of her violin case, her remains were never found. I tried to write this, but it ran into my head so mentally, I must be truthful. Her money was used, or a portion of it at least, to relieve her father's indebtedness, and with the balance was founded a conspiracy of music in Boston.

Dr. Watson was pleased to the wreck by the car and slowly reached to death. Edna, he died, he said he was sorry for what he had done, but yet with his life

They were very, very happy indeed. Mrs. Dr. Watson went on the stage and did well. She received good wages, and also got \$3,000 insurance on her husband, whose life she had insured the year before. With this money she bought two beautiful dresses, which she now wears on the stage and which make a great hit.

Mr. and Mrs. Henshall are real happy all the time. Henry is a good provider and Lena can construct a cake which will make one's hair curl. They have a good deal of company come to see them, and almost without exception each one says on going away, "We have had a real good time."

Bill Nye

The End

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BY VIRTUE OF POWER contained in a mortgage deed, executed to me by G. W. Marsh, August 22nd, 1882, and duly registered in book 55, pages 329 and 331, in the Register's office of Sampson county, I will, on Saturday, the 6th day of December, 1890, at the courthouse door in Clinton, N. C., sell for cash, by public auction, to the highest bidder, the houses and lands (about 55 acres) lying on the Clinton and Warsaw public roads, about seven miles from Clinton. Said lands are fully bounded and described in said deed.

A. M. LEE, Ex'r of T. M. Lee, dec'd. Clinton, N. C., Oct. 9, 1890--16-4t

Notice of Sale! BY VIRTUE OF AN ORDER of the Superior Court of Sampson county, in case of Haggwood Peterson vs. J. J. Bronson, et al, the undersigned will, on Nov. 22nd, 1890, at Clinton, N. C., by public auction, for cash, sell the following lands, adjoining lands of J. D. Carter and others, in Liberty township, being same described in a mortgage deed from said Bronson to said Peterson, recorded in book 65, pages 299 and 300, containing 125 acres, more or less.

HENRY E. FAISON, Com. October 29th, 1890.--14t

ARE YOU AN HEIR? More than half a billion of dollars in unclaimed estates are awaiting the rightful heirs in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. Most of these heirs are in the United States, and have been advertised for in English papers. Thousands of heirs have never seen these advertisements. If you are one of these heirs, your father's or mother's side came from any of the above named countries do not fail to write to E. Ross, European Claims Agency, 227 Grand St., New York, and ascertain if you are an heir. If you are, your father's rights are yours by British law. We have information of every estate and deceased person whose heirs have been advertised for in 125 years. Send postal note for 50 cents to insure information. If you are an heir we will never forget to state for you. No recovery no fee. Jy2-14t

NEW BARBER SHOP. When you wish an easy shave, As good as a barber ever gave, Just walk in at our saloon At an ordinary, even or none on your face. We cut and dress the hair with grace, To suit the contour of the face. Our room is neat and towels clean, Scissors sharp and razors keen. Any shaving you think you'll find; It's just the way that pleasure finds, And all our art and skill ends, In our cut and we'll do for you. SHEPARD & NIXON, The Clinton Barbers.

For 24 Years J. T. GREGORY has occupied his name

TAILOR ESTABLISHMENT on Talbot Street. The great and original leader in low prices for men's clothes. Economy in cloth and money will force you to give him a call. Latest Fashion plates always on hand. June 7th, 19t.

DRUGGERS--LEGION HALL. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without any special preparation, whether the patient is a child or an adult. It is a most valuable remedy for all kinds of fevers, and is especially adapted to the treatment of typhoid fever, cholera, and all other febrile affections. It is a most valuable remedy for all kinds of fevers, and is especially adapted to the treatment of typhoid fever, cholera, and all other febrile affections.

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