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By MARION BUTLER,
Editor and Proprietor.

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sep5—tf G. T. RAWLS.

NOTICE.

HAVING QUALIFIED AS administrator of C. T. A., upon the estate of the late J. W. Smith, deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons holding claims against said estate to present the same to me for payment, on or before January 30th, 1892, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.
All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment of the same.
J. E. JERNIGAN.
Adm'r of C. T. A.
F. P. JONES, Attorney.
Jan. 27th, 1891.—feb5-4t

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J. T. GREGORY
Has removed his Tailoring Establishment from his old stand to the office over Dr. A. Holmes' Medical Office, opposite the Murphy House, (next door to D. A. Culbreth, up stairs.)
The great and orignal 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. 1yr.

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STATE CAPITAL.

NO PREFERENCE IN ASSIGNMENTS—A SOLDIER'S HOME ESTABLISHED—SOLICITORS TO BE ELECTED BY THE WHOLE STATE.

Railroad Commission Bill Discussed. A Strong Effort to Crippie the Measure--Peg-Leg Williams Must Go or Pay $1,000.

(Condensed from State Chronicle.)

THE SENATE.

24TH DAY, THURSDAY, FEB. 3.

Mr. Freeman, to prevent the spreading of contageous diseases in schools.

Mr. Turner, of Iredell, offered a resolution to open a conscience drawer for the use of all ex-State Printers who feel that they have wronged the State.

Bill to prevent emigrant agents from plying their vocations in this State without a license. The license fee is $1,000 for each county where such business is carried on. It fixes the fine for violating this act at not less than $500 nor more than $5,000.

Mr. Paine offered to amend by not applying to counties west of the line for reception of inmates into the Western N. C. Hospital.

Mr. Bellamy said he had recently received letters from his section of the State, stating that labor was not leaving that section at such a rate as to hinder the planting of the present crop. He hoped that the Legislature would give the East this relief.

Mr. Ardry insisted that Mecklenburg should have the benefit of the bill. It is wrong to carry these ignorant negroes to unhealthy places, and the men who do it ought to be punished. If any one wants to go, let him go, but do not allow him to be deceived.

Mr. Butler said he was willing for the colored people to go anywhere if they could better their condition. He made no objection to labor agents coming here when there were no contracts to violate. It has been a hardship to the farmers to take their labor from them in the mid-t of a busy season. A few make some money by leaving, but the great majority are ruined. He had not long since contributed money from his own pocket to help some negroes get back to Sampson, who had been enticed away and were suffering.

Mr. Aycock said that the agents worked on the religious feelings of the negroes, and when you get one to think he has a spiritual visitation he cannot be turned. We ought to protect the negro and the people.

The bill, as amended, passed its several readings.

Bill to secure to creditors an equal division of the assignments, except that clerks and laborers shall be preferred.

Mr. Bellamy said that our present law was a most fertile source of fraud. A majority of the assignments made in this State are fraudulent. Dishonest men use this law to defraud the merchant, the manufacturer and the farmer alike. This is not right. This bill appeals to our sense of right and justice. Thirty-one States have laws similar to the bill now before the Senate.

Mr. King thought the main object of the bill would fail. He thought the law could be evaded by giving mortgages.

Mr. Durham thought the present law good enough.

Mr. Aycock said the present law was an outrage. Men continually assign expressly to make money. This bill may not meet every case, but it seems to be the best that can be done. This is a bill for justice—not to favor any one.

The Senate adjourned at 2 o'clock and the bill went over.

25TH DAY, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 4TH.

Mr. Rose, from citizens of Johnston county, asking for the repeal of the merchants' purchase tax.

Mr. Wilcox, to incorporate the Tyson & Jones Buggy Company.

Mr. Butler, to amend sections 3682 and 3685 of the Code.

Mr. Aycock, to incorporate the Mt. Olive Railway and Lumber company.

Mr. Turner, to establish a Geological Survey of the State.

Mr. Allen, of Bladen, to regulate the pay of teachers in Public Schools.

Mr. Walser, a resolution instructing our members in Congress to use their efforts in obtaining a constitutional amendment requiring U. S. Senators to be elected by the people.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

The bill to secure to creditors an equal division of the assets of debtors came up as unfinished business.

Mr. Aycock offered to amend by fixing the maximum bond of assignees at $50,000.

Mr. King did not think the bill ought to pass.

Mr. Twitty was opposed to the bill. We can't pass a law to hedge in a rascal, and we might injure honest men.

Mr. Bellamy said if this bill was to give one creditor an advantage over another he should oppose it.

The special order having arrived the bill went over.

The Soldiers' Home bill was the special order for this hour and was taken up.

Mr. Aycock moved to amend by taking the appropriation from the pension fund instead of the general fund.

Mr. Turner favored the amendment, because he did not wish to increase the rate of taxation.

Mr. Ardrey said he would rather go back home with a record for high taxes than to go back with a record against the poor Confederate soldiers. He wanted this Home to be a State institution. The small amount asked for will not support the home, but the home, but the noble women of the State will go out and gather in funds to support it. There are many of those noble soldiers who never had a home—homeless and friendless—waiting for the passage of this bill. These will find a home here and a burial at the hands of the State, and flowers from fair hands shall bedeck their graves.

Mr. Turner said he just took a business view of the matter and not a sentimental one. He should support the bill whether the amendment was adopted or not.

Mr. Williams said North Carolina was very poor but not so poor that she would refuse to take care of her old soldiers.

Mr. Butler was opposed to the amendment and thought the money should come from the general fund. This is not for poor old soldiers, but for our heroes who fought from '61 to '65.

Mr. Aycock's amendment was lost.

The question recurred on the passage of the bill on its final reading. The bill passed without a dissenting vote. The bill appropriates $3,000 a year and old Camp Russell to the Home.

Adjourned.

26TH DAY, THURSDAY, FEB. 5TH.

Mr. Aycock, to amend the Code in reference to Eastern Insane Asylum.

Mr. Avery, to amend the Constitution relative to the jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace.

Mr. Butler, for joint committee on Railroad Commission, reported favorably the bill which has been under consideration. Mr. Grigsby gave notice that a minority report would be filed. Mr. Walser said he should sign the minority report if amendments are not adopted to certain provisions.

The Assignment bill came up as unfinished business.

Mr. McLarity said he felt the necessity of such a law as this bill proposed. It does not matter whom a man may owe, he ought to pay all alike. He spoke of the numbers of cases that had been before him as Probate Judge, in which great injustice had been done. This bill ought to pass to remove a blot from the fair name of our State.

Mr. King said he opposed this bill from principle. If he considered self first he would favor it. He repeated that the bill would not prevent fraud. There are numbers of ways in which this can be done. The friends of the bill presume that it will remedy this evil, but he did not think so.

Mr. Bellamy made a strong argument for the bill.

Bill passed second reading. It was then put on third reading and passed.

Bill to amend the constitution of the State. The amendment provides that State Solicitors be elected in the same manner as Superior Court Judges are elected.

Mr. Bull said that this was evidently aimed at his district (the 2d). He said the present Solicitor (White, colored) was a good man and they loved him.

Mr. Turner said the bill proposed to elect Solicitors as Judges are elected, because if it is right as to Judges it is right as to Solicitors. It will enable us to arrange districts so as to equalize the work of Solicitors and Judges. He said he did not share in the opinion of the gentleman from Craven.

He thought the law was just to all political parties.

Mr. Aycock said the bill was to elevate the office of Solicitor, and place it above the possibility of petty personal prejudices.

Bill passed its several readings by a strict party vote.

Bill to apportion the public school funds of the State. Bill provides that the school funds shall be equally divided among all the children of the State. Made special order for Friday at the expiration of the morning hour.

[Continued on Second Page.]

DUNRAVEN RANCH

A Story of American Frontier Life.

By Capt. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.,
Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "From the Ranks," "The Deserter," Etc.

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CHAPTER XII.

O USE the expression of Mr. Dana, "Ned Perry seemed off his feed" for a day or two. The hunt had been pronounced a big success, despite the fact of Perry's defection—he had not even joined them at luncheon—and it was agreed that it should be repeated the first bright day after muster. That ceremony came off on Monday with due pomp and formality and much rigidity of inspection on the part of the post commander. It was watched with interest by the ladies, and Mrs. Belknap even proposed that when the barracks and kitchens were being visited they should go along. Dana had been her devotee ever since the day of the hunt, and announced his willingness to carry her suggestion to the colonel, but Belknap declined. She wanted a few words with Perry, and did not know how to effect her purpose. When he stopped and spoke to her after parade on Saturday evening and would have made peace, she thought to complete her apparent conquest by a show of womanly displeasure at his conduct, and an assurance that, thanks to Mr. Dana, the day had been delightful and his failure to accompany her had been of no consequence at all. The utterly unexpected way in which he took it was simply a "stunner" to the little lady.

So far from being piqued and jealous and huffy, as she expected, Mr. Perry justified the oft expressed opinion of her sisterhood to the effect that "men were simply past all comprehension" by brightening up instantly and expressing such relief at her information that for a moment she was too dazed to speak. By that time he had pleasantly said good night and vanished; nor had he been near her since, except to bow and look pleased when she walked by with Dana. She never thought of him as an actor before, but this, said Mrs. Belknap to herself, looks like consummate acting. Had she known of or even suspected the existence of a woman who had interposed and cast her into the shade the explanation would have occurred to her at once; but that there was a goddess in the shape of Gladys Maitland within a day's ride of Rossiter she never dreamed for an instant. Believing that no other woman could have unseated her, Mrs. Belknap simply could not account for such utter, such unutterable, complacency on the part of her lately favored admirer in his virtual dismissal. All Sunday and Monday she looked for signs of sulking or surrender, but looked in vain.

Perry seemed unusually grave and silent, was Parke's report of the situation; but whatever comfort she might have derived from that knowledge was utterly destroyed by the way he brightened up and looked pleased whenever they chanced to meet. Monday evening he stopped to speak with her on the walk, holding out his hand and fairly beaming upon her; she icily received these demonstrations, but failed to chill them or him. Then she essayed to make him suffer the pangs of the jilted by clinging to Dana's arm and smiling up in Dana's face, and then she suddenly started: "Oh, Mr. Dana! How could I have been so thoughtless—and this is your wounded side!" Dana protested that her slight weight was soothing balm, not additional pain, and Perry promptly asseverated that if he were Dana he would beg her not to quit his arm, and her eyes looked scorn at him as she said, "How can you know anything about it, Mr. Perry? You've never been in action or got a scratch, while Mr. Dana"—and now the dark eyes spoke volumes as they looked up into those of her escort—"Mr. Dana is one of the heroes of the fighting days of the regiment." Even that failed to crush him, while it had the effect of making Dana feel mawkish and absurd. Perry frankly responded that he only wondered the women ever could find time to show any civility whatever to fellows like him, when there were so many who "had records." She was completely at a loss to fathom him, and when tattoo came on Monday night, and they were all discussing the project of a run with the hounds for the coming morrow—a May day celebration on new principles—Mrs. Belknap resolved upon a change of tactics.

Dana was officer of the guard and over at the guard house, but nearly all the other officers were chatting about the veranda and the gate of the colonel's quarters. Thither had Capt. Belknap escorted his pretty wife, and she was, as usual, the center of an interested group. Perry came strolling along after reporting the result of tattoo roll call to the adjutant, and Capt. Stryker called to him and asked some question about the men on stable guard. The orders of the colonel with regard to watching the movements of the men after the night roll call were being closely observed, and when the trumpets sounded "taps," a few moments later, several of the troop commanders walked away together, and this left a smaller party. It was just at this juncture that Mrs. Belknap's sweet voice was heard addressing the commanding officer:

"Oh, colonel! Ever since Thursday I have been telling Capt. Belknap about those lovely albums of yours; and he is so anxious to see them. Could he have a look at them to-night?"

"Why, certainly," exclaimed the colonel, all heartiness and pleasure. "Come again, Belknap, come in—any of you—all of you—where it's good and light." And he hospitably held open the screen door. Perry had seen the albums a dozen times, but he was for going in with the others, when he felt a little hand pressure on his arm, and Mrs. Belknap's great dark eyes were gazing up into his with mournful, incredulous appeal.

"Don't you know I want to see you?" she murmured so that only he could hear. "Wait!"

And, much bewildered, Mr. Perry waited.

She stood where she could look through the screen door in the parlor beyond, watching furtively until the party were grouped under the hanging lamps and absorbed in looking over one another's shoulders at the famous albums; then, beckoning to him to follow, she flitted, like some eerie sprite, on tiptoe to the southern end of the veranda, where clustering vines hid her from view from the walk along the parade. Perry began to feel queer, as he afterwards expressed it, but he stalked along after her, declining to modulate the thunder of his heavy heels upon the resounding gallery. She put her finger to her lips, and, after a nervous glance around, looked at him warningly, beseechingly.

"What on earth's the matter?" was all the perplexed and callow youth could find to say, and in a tone so utterly devoid of romance, sentiment, tenderness—anything she wanted to hear—that in all her experience—and she had had not a little—pretty, bewitching little Mrs. Belknap could recall nothing so humiliating.

"How can you be so unkind to me?" at last she whispered, in the tragic tremolo she well knew to be effective; it had done execution over and again. But big, handsome Ned Perry looked only like one in a maze; then he bent over her in genuine concern:

"Why, Mrs. Belknap! What has happened? What has gone wrong? What do you mean by unkindness?"

She faced him, indignantly now: "Is it possible you profess not to know?"

"By all that's holy, Mrs. Belknap, I haven't an idea of what you mean to charge me with. Tell me, and I'll make every amend I know how."

He was bending over her in genuine distress and trouble; he had no thought but to assure her of his innocence of any conscious wrong. She was leaning upon the balcony rail, and he rested one strong hand upon the post at the shaded corner, above her head, as he bowed his own to catch her reply.

For a moment she turned her face away, her bosom heaving, her little hands clasping nervously, the picture of wronged and sorrowing womanhood. His blunt, ragged honesty was something she had never yet had to deal with. This indeed was "game worth the candle," but something of a higher order than the threadbare flirtations she had found so palatable heretofore. She had expected him to be revealed by this time as the admirer who had only been playing a part in his apparent acceptance of the situation of the last two days; she expected to be accused of coquetting with Dana, of neglect, coldness, insult towards himself; and this she would have welcomed; it would have shown him still a victim in her toils, a mouse she might toy and play with indefinitely before bestowing the final coup de grace. But instead of it, or anything like it, here stood the tall, handsome young fellow, utterly ignoring the possibility of her having wronged him, and only begging to be told how he had affronted her, that he might make immediate amends. It was simply exasperating. She turned suddenly upon him, hiding her face in her hands, almost sobbing:

"And I thought we were such—such friends!"

Even that suggestive tentative did not lay him prostrate. Fancy the utter inadequacy of his response:

"Why, so did I!" This was too much. Down came the hands, and were laid in frantic appeal upon his breast. He did not bar the way; she could have slipped from the corner without difficulty, but the other method was more dramatic.

"Let me go, Mr. Perry," she pleaded. "I—I might have known; I might have known." The accents were stifled, heart rending.

"Don't go yet, Mrs. Belknap; don't go without telling me what—what I've done." And poor Ned imploringly seized the little hands in both his and held them tight. "Please tell me," he pleaded.

"No, no! You would not understand; you do not see what I have to bear. Let me go, I beg, please; I cannot stay." And her great dark eyes, swimming in tears, were raised to his face, while with faint—very faint—struggles she strove to pull her hands away, relenting in her purpose to go the moment she felt that he was relaxing the hold in which they were clasped, but suddenly wrenching them from his breast and darting from his side, leaving Perry in much bewilderment to face about and confront the doctor.

A little opening had been left in the railing at the south end of the veranda—the same through which the post surgeon had passed the night Mrs. Lawrence had shown to Perry the answering signal light; it was the doctor's "short cut" between the colonel's quarters and his own side door, and soft, unbetraying turf lay there between. Absorbed in her melodrama, Mrs. Belknap had failed to note the coming of the intruder; absorbed in his own stupefaction and his fair partner's apparent depth of woe, Ned Perry heard nothing but her soft words and softer sighs, until a deep voice at his shoulder—a voice whose accent betrayed no apology—gave utterance to this uncompromising sentiment:

"Mrs. Belknap, this is the thirtieth—not the first—of April."

"And what has that to do with your sudden appearance, Dr. Quin?" answered the lady, with smiling lips but flashing eyes. She rallied from the shock of sudden volley like the veteran she was, and took the brunt of the fight on her own white, gleaming shoulders, needing no aid from the young fellow who stood there, flushed, annoyed, yet too perturbed to say a word even had there been a chance to get in one edgewise. Blunt as he was, he could not but realize the awkwardness of the situation. And to be so misjudged by such a man as Dr. Quin! All this was flashing through his mind as the doctor answered:

"Nothing with my appearance, Mrs. Belknap; it was yours I remarked upon. You seemed to think it All Fools' day."

"Far from it, doctor, when I thought you miles away."

"Well, well, Mrs. Belknap," said Quin, shrugging his broad shoulders and laughing at her undaunted pluck, "I've known you fifteen years, and never have found you at a loss for a sharp retort."

"In all the years you have known me, doctor, as child, as maid, as woman, you are the only man in the army who ever put me on the defensive. I see clearly that you would taunt me because of this interview with Mr. Perry. Honi soit qui mal y pense, Dr. Quin! You are the last man in this garrison—cavalry and all—who can afford to throw stones."

"Whew-w-w!" whistled the doctor. "What a little spitfire you always were, to be sure! Mr. Perry," said he, turning suddenly on the young officer, "let me at once apologize for a very misleading observation. When I spoke of having known Mrs. Belknap fifteen years she instantly thought I meant to make her out very much older than she is; and hence these recriminations. She always objected to me because I used to tease her when she was in her first long dresses—the prettiest girl at Fort Leavenworth—and she's never gotten over it. But her father and I were good friends, and I should like to be an honest one to his daughter. Good night to you both."

"One moment, Dr. Quin," said Perry, springing forward. "You have seen fit to make comments and insinuations that have annoyed Mrs. Belknap at a time when she was under my escort"——

"Oh, Mr. Perry, no! no!" exclaimed Mrs. Belknap, laying her hand on his arm. "Not a word of that kind, I implore! Hush! here comes my husband."

"Ah, Belknap," said the doctor blandly, as the big captain came hurriedly forth with searching glance along the dark gallery, "here you find me, as usual, trying to be devoted to Mrs. B. whenever I can get you out of the way. Why the jeuce can't you stay?"

"Oh, it's you, is it, doctor?" answered the captain in tones of evident relief. "It is far too chilly for this young woman to be sitting here without a wrap, is it not? Come inside, Dolly. Come, doctor. Halloo! what's that?"

A cavalry trumpeter came springing through the gate and up on the veranda.

"Is Capt. Stryker here?" he panted.

"No. What's the matter?" demanded Perry.

"Trouble at the stables, sir. Sergt. Gwynne's assaulted again."

Perry sprang from the veranda and went tearing across the dark level of the parade as fast as active legs could carry him, leaving the doctor far behind. As he passed the company quarters he noted that several men were leaping from their broad galleries, some just pulling on a blouse, others in their shirt sleeves, but all hastening towards the stables, where dim lights could be seen flitting about like will-o'-the-wisps. One of these troopers came bounding to his side and would have passed him in the race. He recognized the athletic form even in the darkness and hailed him:

"That you, Sergt. Leary? What's gone wrong?"

"It's thim blackguards from below, sir. Who else could it be?"

"Those people at the ranch?"

"The very ones, sir. No one else would harm Sergt. Gwynne. Sure we ought to have wound 'em up the one night we had a chance, sir."

Breathless, almost, they reached the stables. The horses were all snorting and plunging about in their stalls, showing every indication of excitement and alarm. From the stables of the adjoining companies other men had come with lanterns, and a group of perhaps half a dozen troopers was gathered about the form of a cavalry sergeant who was seated, limp and exhausted, at the western doorway. One soldier was bathing his face with a sponge; the first sergeant of the troop was bending over and trying to feel the pulse.

"Stand back, you men!" he said, authoritatively, as he caught sight of the lieutenant's shoulder straps. "Leave a lantern here. Now, Gwynne, here's Lieut. Perry. Can you tell him who it was?"

Gwynne feebly strove to rise, but Perry checked him.

"Sit down! The docter is coming; don't attempt to move," panted the young officer. "Tell me what you know about it, Sergt. Hosmer."

"Nothing but this, sir. I was in the office when Trumpeter Petersen ran in and said they were killing Sergt. Gwynne. I sent him for the captain and grabbed my revolver and ran here as hard as I could. He was lying just outside the door when I got here, and not another soul in sight. Sergt. Ross, of F troop, and Sergt. Fagan, of B, came with their lanterns from the stables next door; but they had not even heard the trouble."

"Where was the stable guard?"

"Inside, sir, and he's there now. He heard the scuffle, he says, and ran to give the alarm and to protect the sergeant, but the men scattered when he came, and he saw none of them."

"Tell him to come here. Let some of these men go in and quiet the horses. The captain will be here in a minute, and he will want to see that stableman. Who is it?"

"Kelly, sir."

By this time Dr. Quin came lumbering heavily up the slope to the stable door. His manner was very quiet and very grave as he bent over the injured man and carefully studied his face by the light of the sergeant's lamp. The doctor spoke gently:

"You know me, sergeant?—Dr. Quin. Can you tell me what struck you? Are you hurt elsewhere than in the head?"

Gwynne made no reply for a moment, then faintly answered:

"Stunned, mainly, and one or two kicks after I was knocked down."

Then came a deeper voice, quiet but authoritative, and the group that had begun to close in again about the doctor and his patient fell back as Capt. Stryker strode into their midst.

"Sergt. Hosmer, send all these men of the troop back to their quarters at once, and permit no more to come out. Is he much hurt, doctor?"

"Somewhat stunned, he says. I've made no examination yet."

The captain looked about him. Except one sergeant holding a lantern, the other troopers, obedient to his order, were slowly fading back into the darkness on their way to the barracks. Only the doctor, Mr. Perry, and the sergeant remained by the side of the injured man. Then came the question:

"Who did this, Gwynne?"

No answer. A deeper shade of pain and trouble seemed to pass over the sergeant's face. He made an effort to speak, hesitated, and at last replied:

"I cannot say, sir."

"You know, do you not?"

Again pained silence and embarrassment. At last the sergeant leaned slowly forward and spoke:

"Captain, the men were masked, the voices disguised. I could not see the dress in the darkness. I was struck on the head almost the instant I got outside the door, and it would be impossible for me to identify one of them."

"Do you think it was the same gang you had the trouble with at Dunraven?"

"I—could not say, sir."

"Do you suspect any of our own men?"

"I—would not say that, sir."

"Where is the stable guard?" asked Stryker. "Send him here."

And presently Trooper Kelly—a wiry little Irishman, with a twinkling eye and an expression of mingled devilment and imperturbability in his face—came forth from the stable door and stood attention.

"Where were you when this assault took place, Kelly?"

"At the far end of the stables, sir," replied Kelly, with prompt and confident tone.

"Then of course you saw and know nothing of it."

"Not a wor-rad, sir."

"Why did you let a gang from that English ranch come here and beat your sergeant before your very eyes?"

Kelly reddened at the very idea.

"I'd ha' died first, sir! Sure they'd niver dared"— And then Kelly stopped short. His Celtic pride had been touched to the quick, and had it not proved too much for even Irish wit?

"How did they get the sergeant out of the stable at this hour of the night?"

"Sure they called him out, sir."

"And the sergeant happened to be down there by the door at the time?"

"No, sir; he was in his room beyant—up there by the forage."

"That's a long distance from this door, Kelly; and if he could hear it in his room you could hear it farther away."

"I wasn't farther away thin, sir; I was down here when they axed for him."

"Then why didn't you open the door and see who was making such a racket, shouting for Sergt. Gwynne after taps?"

"Sure they didn't shout at all at all, sir; they axed for him quiet and respectable like, an' I wint and told him."

"Ah, yes, I see. And then, having told him, you went away to the far end of the stable."

"Yis, sir, just so, sir; an' the moment I heard the scrimmidge, sir, I ran as hard as I could."

"Of course you considered it was none of your business what people might want with the stable sergeant at night."

"No, sir. If he wanted me he had a right to tell me to come."

"We differ on that point, Kelly. Relieve him, Sergt. Hosmer."

On the following morning Col. Brainard was surprised to note in Capt. Stryker's column of remarks explanatory of the alterations from the status of the previous day:

"Sergt. Gwynne from daily duty as stable sergeant to sick in hospital; Sergt. Leary from duty to arrest, and Private Kelly from duty to confinement."

[Continued next week.]

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada F. Hurd, of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles; it has cured me and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottles free at Dr. R. H. Holliday's drugstore, Clinton, N. C., and John R. Smith, druggist, Mt. Olive, N. C.

A FINE CHILD.—
Caller And this is the new baby?
Fond Mother—Isn't he splendid?
Caller—Yes, indeed!
Fond Mother—And so bright! See how intelligently he breathes!

You are in a Bad Fix

But we will cure you if you will pay us. Our message is to the sick, nervous and debilitated, who, by early evil habits, or later indiscretions, have trifled away their vigor of body, mind and manhood, 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.

A New York editor who wrote an obituary notice of a man of some celebrity said, "He began life as a legal practitioner, but was diverted from it by a love of letters." He did not see the printer's proof, and was confronted the next morning with this: "He began life as a legal politician, but he was diverted from it by a love of bitters."—Demarara Argus.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, 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, and J. R. SMITH, Druggist, Mount Olive, N. C.

A USEFUL MAN.—Editor Great Daily: I want a good, strong editorial on the tariff for to-morrow. I think you can write it. New Man—(promptly)—Yes, sir. Which side?—Life.

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.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

VARIOUS ITEMS OF INTEREST GATHERED, AND BRIEFLY STATED SINCE OUR LAST ISSUE.

Evangelist Fife has purchased a handsome residence in Fayetteville and will make that place his home.

During last year 350 medicines were patented in this country and yet the population continues to increase.

Mr. D. F. St. Clair has severed his connection with the Sanford Express to accept a position on the editorial staff of the Charlotte Chronicle.

The Pension bill passed the Senate. The amount required is $173,173,085. Such is Radicalism, a burden and a curse to the country.

The N. Y. Star has changed hands and will hereafter bear the name of The Daily Continent. It makes a good start, but has not yet announced its politics.

According to the census of the Indians in this country they have decreased in the last decade about 25,000. In 1886 they numbered 256,124, in 1890 248,273.

The Republican party is now the minority party. Like goods under the auctioneer's hammer, it is "going, going," and will soon be "gone."—New berne Journal.

Cleveland and Hill met at a banquet recently and said pleasant things of each other in after dinner speeches. This may mean that Hill will not antagonize Cleveland for President in 1892.

The farmers of the South and West were not more successful the last year than usual in growing cotton, corn and wheat, but they certainly were more successful in raising "cane."

There is a new question coming—the election of United States Senators by the people. A more important one perhaps is a direct vote for the Presidency.—Wilmington Messenger.

It really begins to look like North Carolina has never known such an exposition as the New Berne Fair is going to be. It opens on the 22d of this month and will continue for one week.

Tax the excessive incomes of the over-rich, reduce all excessive official salaries—National, State, County and Municipal. This is the demand of the people at this time. Don't you hear it?—Goldsboro Argus.

So far as we can judge, the Legislature is doing well. A great many bills have been introduced that will be lost in the committee room, but we trust that we shall witness "the the survival of the fitness."—New Berne Journal.

Congressman Phelan, of Tennessee, who has been ill for a long time, and who went to the Bahamas for his health before the beginning of the winter, died at Nassau on January 30th, and his body arrived in New York Sunday morning.

Whatever the Legislature does or does not do, there is one thing it must do, to meet the demands of the people, pass a just and wise Railroad Commission bill. And before another Sunday morning the bill now pending will be a law of the State.—State Chronicle.

As we look down on the Republican party, stretching from Maine to California, we discover that it is perturbed and unhappy. The old time bouancy has departed and it seems to be suffering from a severe attack of nervous prostration.—N. Y. Herald, Ind.

Money, like every other representative of value, has its price, which fluctuates in different markets, and even in the same market; for one man may find it profitable to pay 10, 15 or 20 per cent, for the use of money, while his next door neighbor, with entirely different business opportunities, could not use borrowed money to advantage at 5 per cent.—Fayetteville Observer.

The Wilmington Messenger says: "Huckleberry bushes in Sampson county are in bloom, and storekeepers are already making advances on next season's crop."

We did not know the above fact until informed by our contemporary, and we hope that the Messenger has been misinformed about the matter, as so early a bloom and merchantile advances on the Huckleberry crop may not prove beneficial.

Now that Ingalls is beaten lots of Republican papers are ready to say that it isn't any great loss anyway. The Syracuse Journal, edited by the postmaster, says: "The retirement of John J. Ingalls from the United States Senate would be more deeply regretted had he not, in the presence of a temporary political reaction in his State, lowered the standard of Republicanism, and showed himself a vote seeker rather than the high-toned statesman which he before had been reputed to be." Reputed by whom?

A company is talking about utilizing the immense water power of Lake Superior. We have no Lake Superior, but we have advantages and inducements superior to those of any other State in the Union. Every section has the "power" best adapted to its development. North Carolina has brain power, muscular power, and whatever else is inherent in a brave, virtuous and patriotic people. We have but to use the means that God has placed in our power, to become as prosperous as any people on the globe.