

**Little Home Made Tales For Little Home Folks.**

**Jack Gay And His Foxes.**

Jack was beginning to get tired of riding behind and to wish that he was back home. When he heard old Sue give one short sharp yelp and then another dog bayed, long and loud, all the dogs ran to the woods and soon all began to yelp and yowl "They've struck a fox, struck on Jack" said uncle Howell as he gave his horse a cut and struck for the woods Jack was getting his blood up too, and whooped like a Comanche Indian. "Shut up Jack," said uncle Howell, "it's too soon in the game to holler yet." Just then the dogs all hushed, pretty soon old Sue howled again, and yelps could be heard all about in the woods, some of the dogs sounded just like they were crying, they would whine so funny. "That's the music," said uncle Howell, as first one dog and then another joined in a chorus of barks, running for dear life, and yelping in rhythm of sound, that sent the hot blood of sport in all the riders veins, that made Jack feel like he could fly, that made the horse prick up his ears and dance and snort with excitement "It's a hot trail, lies on boys, hold on Jack," shouted uncle Howell as he cleared a ditch and a ten rail fence, never stopping to see whether Jack held on or not. But Jack was right there every time. It was a long race they had, but Mr. Fox had fooled the dogs his last time. He tried running along the fence on top of the rails, so as to cut off the smell of his feet, but the dogs had been fooled that way before. He would cross his tracks and run back, but they knew all about that, they were gaining, gaining on him all the time. "Oh, he thought, if I only had strength to get to the river" Then with his little red tongue hanging out and his great big bushy tail dragging the ground, he slipped through the fence, out of the woods into Mr. Holland's field, no one had seen him yet. He glided down the ditch, lapping a little water once in a while, and hearing the dogs gaining on him closer, and closer, they came. Louder, and louder Mr. Howell's voice rang out in triumph as he urged the dogs on, and Little Jack sounded like a toad frog croaking, he was so hoarse.

Mr. Fox thought, "oh, the river, the river is in sight, can I hold out to reach it." On he went, but he had to cross the road to get to the river. There was a buggy in the road, near the church and school house, so he kept in Mr. Joyner's field until he got to the gin house, then the dogs were in sight, and Mr. Howell and Jack were at Mr. Holland's gate. Mr. Fox rested a moment, then across the road he sprang and Jackson Randolph saw him.

"Here's the fox, here: here! here." he shouted and waved his hat, and Mr. Howell and the dogs heard him, then there was music all around, down the road the horse came thundering, across the field, over the fence, into the ditch came the dogs, panting, foaming, hawling. Mr. Fox

went right over the ashes of Mr. Joyner's burned house, "If they had not seen me, I would crawl up one of those fire-ridden chimneys" he ruminated, but away he went, out by the stables, out by the grave yard, the dogs now coming so close, he could hear them fall over the fence. "If I can only get to the blue banks" he thought, I will jump in the river, it is almost here, and he made a great effort. The blue banks was a bluff one hundred feet high rising up from the water. Archie Joyner fell off there and it didn't hurt him, and Mr. Fox thought he could do so too. On came the dogs, on came Mr. Howell and the horse, hallooing, and panting, and foaming, the woods ringing with the fray. Old Sue was right at Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox was now right at the bluff, Mr. Howell thundered up crazy with excitement, and the dogs were wild, ker-bliff went Mr. Fox right over the bluff, and the dogs leaped after, but oh God! that horse, that horse and Mr. Howell and little Jack, can't they stop? too late! the frantic horse and rider unconscious of fear, unable to stop, plunge headlong over the cliff.

The fox and dogs whirled over and over as they fell, but Mr. Howell threw one arm backwards over Jack and sat straight in the saddle, as the horse flew downward, never turning over because a strong, brave, fearless rider held him steady, ker-splash, they struck the water, 30 feet deep, under they went to rise up in a moment above the surface. Uncle Howell was out of the saddle, holding Jack with one hand, he swam to the opposite shore. "Don't cry Jack, are you hurt son?" said tender hearted uncle Howell, as he reached the shore. "N-no I ain't hurt, but where is the fox, we ought'er caught him." "Look," he shouted, and pointed to a sand bar down the river, where the old grey fox, after as heroic a fight for life as ever Spartan made, lay blear-eyed and crouching, looking with savage contempt on old Sue as she floated dead down the current, and feeling that at last he had escaped. "Look," he heard it, knew he was seen. He knew it was his death knell. But death was not to come from man's inhumanity or dog's ferocious instinct. Uncle Howell was brave, and the bravest are the tenderest. He checked his first impulse to call the dogs and have the fight out. "That fox has earned his life Jack, let's give it to him" "All right," said Jack, "when our clothes get dry let's go find them little foxes." And as they rowed across the river in a little boat, they did not know that the old fox was dead from exhaustion and fright.

[Concluded next week.]

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**NOTICE!**

On Monday the 4th day of June A. D., 1894, I will sell at the Court House door in the town of Greenville to the highest bidder for cash two tracts of land in Pitt county containing about Ninety acres and bounded as follows: Situated in Belvoir township, beginning at a stake in the roadside the southeast corner of lot No. 6 running southwardly with the road 24 poles to another stake, then west to back line Thos. J. Stancill, Sr., land and with said back line northwardly to line of lot No. 6, then east with said line to the beginning, being lot No. 7 on plot of T. J. Stancill Sr. lands. Also his interest in tract on the east side of public road leading from Gum Swamp church to Bethel adjoining the lands of the late E. C. Yellowley, the Bridgers lands, E. D. Hathaway, G. A. Stancill and others containing (626) six hundred and twenty six acres, being R. W. Stancill's interest in his father's lands to satisfy an execution in my hands for collection against R. W. Stancill and which has been levied on said land as the property of said R. W. Stancill.  
This 4th day of May, 1894.  
R. W. KING, Sheriff.

Take notice that I deal largely in second-hand furniture, repairing and over-hauling. I also have furniture to sell for repairs below the cost of manufacturer's price even for repairs Shop on 5th street near Hickory Hill church.  
J. W. Williams.

**Atlantic Coast Line**

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CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

Train on Scotland Neck Branch Road leaves Weldon 3.40 p. m., Halifax 4.40 p. m., arrives Scotland Neck 4.40 p. m., Greenville 6.22 p. m., Kinston 7.08 p. m., returning leaves Kinston 7.20 a. m., Greenville 8.22 a. m., Arriving Halifax at 11 a. m., Weldon 11.20 a. m. daily except Sunday.

Trains on Washington Branch leaves Washington 7.00 a. m., arrives Farme 8.40 a. m., Tarboro 9.50; returning leaves Tarboro 4.40 p. m., Farme 6.00 a. m., daily except Sunday. Connects with trains on Scotland Neck Branch.

Trains leave Tarboro, N. C. via Albemarle and Raleigh R. R., daily except Sunday, 5.06 p. m., Sunday 3.00 p. m., arrive Plymouth 9.20 p. m., 5.20 p. m., returning leaves Plymouth daily except Sunday 5.30 a. m., Sunday 10.00 a. m., arrive Tarboro, N. C., 10.25 a. m., 12.20.

Trains on Southern Division, Wilson and Fayetteville Branch leave Fayetteville 7.30 a. m., arrive Rowland 12.15 p. m., returning leave Rowland 12.15 p. m., arrive Fayetteville 5 p. m., daily except Sunday.

Train on Midland N. C. Branch leaves Goldsboro daily except Sunday, 6.00 a. m., arrive Smithfield 7.30 p. m., returning leaves Smithfield 8.00 a. m., arrive Goldsboro 9.30 a. m.

Train on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 6.15 p. m., arrives at Nashville 6.56 p. m., Spring Hope 7.15 p. m., returning leaves Spring Hope 8 a. m., Nashville 8.35 a. m., arrive Rocky Mount 9.15 a. m., Daily except Sunday.

Trains on Latta Branch Florence Railroad leaves Latta 7.30 p. m., arrive Dunbar 8.40 p. m., returning leave Dunbar 7.00 a. m., arrive Latta 7.15 a. m. daily except Sunday.

Train on Clinton Branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton daily except Sunday, at 6.00 p. m. and 11.30 a. m., returning, leaves Clinton at 8.20 a. m. and 3.10 p. m., connecting at Warsaw with Nos. 41, 46, 23 and 78.

Train No. 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points North daily. All rail via Richmond, and daily except Sunday via Bay Line, also at Rocky Mount daily except Sunday, with Norfolk and Carolina Railroad for Norfolk and all points north via Norfolk.

JOHN F. DIVINE Gen'l Sup't.  
J. R. KENLY, Gen'l Manager.  
T. M. EMERSON, Traffic Manager.

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