

SPRING FEVER.
At this season of the year trade becomes dull—the circulating medium is weak and business languishes. The whole system is out of order and needs toning up. Some invigorating tonic must be resorted to. The intelligent business man should know what to do in such cases.
Use Printers' Ink.

THAD R. MANNING, Publisher.

VOL. X.

"CAROLINA, CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER."

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1891.

THIS PAPER
Is read every week in the best homes in this section. An advertisement in its column will bring you returns. Bear this fact in mind if you wish to advertise anything at any time. Success inevitably comes to those who persistently and intelligently practice the art of **Judicious Advertising.**

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 Cash.

NO. 25.

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**RADAM'S
MICROBE KILLER!**

The greatest discovery of the age. Old in theory, but the remedy only recently discovered. The MICROBE KILLER is prepared on scientific principles. It starts at the root of the disease and cures by removing the cause of the disease.
Do you suffer with Catarrh?
Do you have any Inflammation?
Do you have any Kidney Disease?
Are you afflicted with Rheumatism?
Are you troubled with Asthma?
Have you any disease that causes you anxiety or inconvenience?
Have you any ailment at your doctor has pronounced incurable?

Give the Microbe Killer a Trial.

It is no experiment nor an untried remedy. Hundreds of persons in this city have used or are now using this medicine, and the cures effected in many cases are miraculous.
It has cured thousands who have been pronounced INCURABLE. Sold in one gallon jugs. Price three (\$3.00) dollars. A small investment, when life and health can be obtained.
It has cured fraudulent imitations. They are usually cheaper, as you use that method of imposing on the public. One of them held their price at \$2.50 per gallon for nearly two years. Not being able to get their medicine in at that price, they have reduced it to \$1.50, which is evidence enough that it has not met with success. A good medicine sustains itself in all countries. A cheap medicine is the last thing on earth a suffering man wants.
The genuine sold only by

M. DORSEY, Druggist,
HENDERSON, N. C.,
Sole Agent for Vance County.

**THE
EQUITABLE
LIFE ASSURANCE
SOCIETY**

OF THE UNITED STATES.
January 1, 1891.

ASSETS.	\$119,243,744
Liabilities, 4 per ct.	95,503,297
SURPLUS.	\$23,740,447
INCOME.	\$35,036,683
New Business written in 1890.	203,826,107
Assurance in force.	720,662,473

The EQUITABLE SOCIETY holds A LARGER SURPLUS. writes a larger ANNUAL BUSINESS. and has A LARGER AMOUNT of ASSURANCE IN FORCE than any other company IN THE WORLD.

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For further particulars, call on or address
J. R. YOUNG, Agent,
HENDERSON, N. C.

Merchant Tailoring.

It is with pleasure that I announce my readiness and ability to serve my customers in a prompter and more satisfactory manner than ever before. Have just fitted up my new and comfortable apartments in the Watkins building, over Daniel & Co.'s hardware store, and have had a large line of samples for
Spring and Summer Wear.
Do not place your order for a suit until you see my goods and get prices. I can give as good bargains and do as good work as any responsible party anywhere. A call will convince you that you can do as well in your home market as you can by sending away. In point of style, cut, fit and make-up I guarantee my work to be equal to that done elsewhere. My clothes speak for themselves. This is the testimony of my customers, among whom I desire to count you. Very respectfully,
W. E. SMITH, Merchant Tailor,
HENDERSON, N. C.

COVER THEM OVER.

OVER them overt
"North the west"
lover
War scarred battalions are melting away;
No longer in strife are the blue and the gray;
Time is the foe man who conquers to
As the lesson we receive.
Lilies and roses
Valer poppies
Under the hillocks
Straw an over
with flowers;
Heroes who fought
for their country
and ours,
Peacefully sleep
beneath the May
bedecked bow-ers.
Over them lay laurels
For the heroes who bore them so well;
Crowns for the martyrs who fought and who fell;
Long in the land may their memory dwell.
HARRY J. SHELLMAN.

The Empty Sleeve.
You may talk about the pathos
In the hardships of the war,
You may talk about the glory
Of the cause that you fought for,
But there's nothing so pathetic
As the useless empty sleeve.
From the quiet, idle flapping
Of the useless empty sleeve.
You may talk about the marches,
The sentinels and "hard tack,"
Of "the last drop in the canteen"
And "the empty haversack,"
And the impressions that you leave
As the mute and speechless record
Of the useless empty sleeve.
You may speak of southern prisons,
But their horrors don't last,
Of the roar and din of battle,
And the heroes who have passed,
But we see a grim reminder
Every morn and noon and eve
In the living, speaking presence
Of the useless empty sleeve.
Soldiers deck the graves of comrades
With the laurel that they won,
And of deeds of great renown,
But there's naught in poets' anthems
Or the chaplets that they wear
That can beat the touching story
Of the useless empty sleeve.
—Florence Earle in Home and Country.



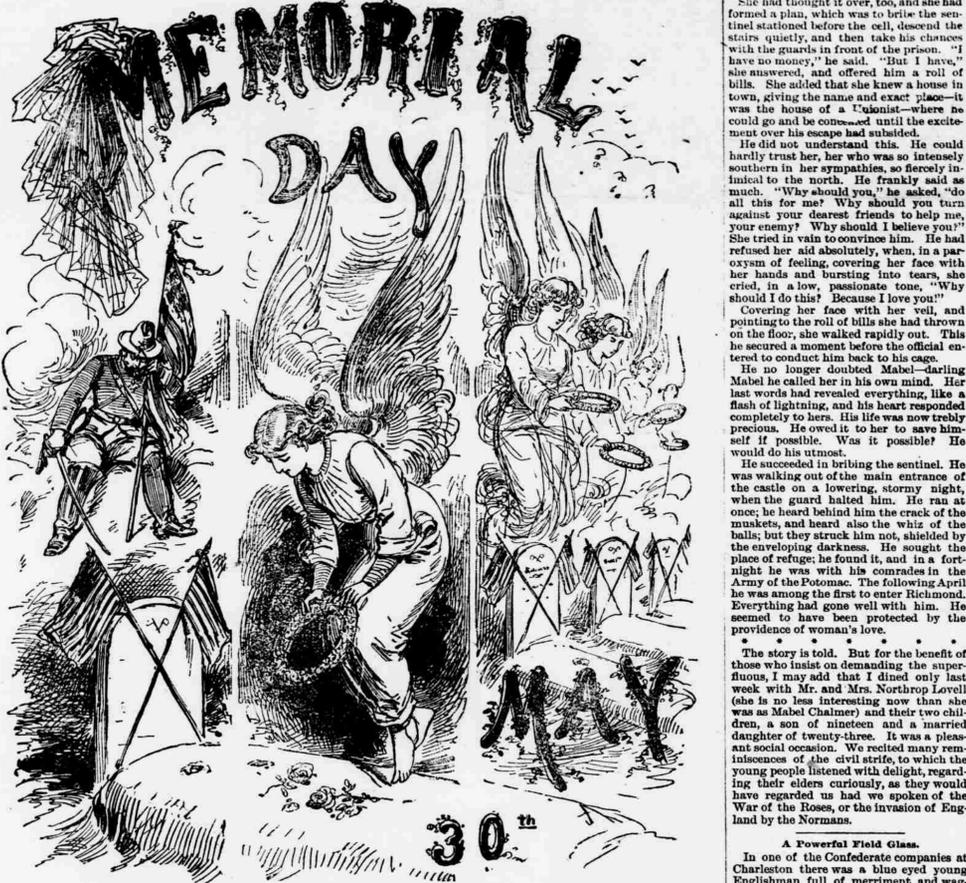
Took Him at His Word.

A lieutenant was promenadeing in full uniform one day, and approached a volunteer on sentry, who challenged him with, "Halt! Who comes there?" The lieutenant, with contempt in every lineament of his face, excepting his eyes, which were indignantly, "Ass!" The sentry's reply, apt and quick, came, "Advance, ass, and give the countersign!"—Moore's Collection.

One at a Time, Please.
One dark and rainy winter's night the writer was ordered to carry food to the men in the trenches. A team was hitched up, and with a loaded wagon and driver we started out. Every challenge was made with the least noise, as the enemy was only a few rods in front. "Halt! Dismount, and give the countersign!" came at every thirty paces. It was rough on my teamster, who was rheumatic and cold. However, we made the trip, and halted at a cavalry post. Major— a very valiant for courage and strength, had rolled into my blanket for a snooze; he had driven the enemy with slaughter that day. My Jehu began to re-echo his annoyance. "Guss the damned infantry; they made me halt, dismount, and give the countersign till I was weary and carry with my foolishness." A roar followed from the countersign. At this moment a trin staff officer of a general, who had lost an arm, put in his say.
"I say, hold that noise; the general wants rest. Don't let me hear any more of it!"
Staff had hardly gone into darkness before Jehu began his old story. It was folly to try to keep back the laugh. A second outburst, and a second entry of staff.
"Hang it, didn't I tell you to stop that noise? Who is it? I'll have him arrested!"
Just then, by some strange accident, a donkey put his demure snout in at our fire, and flaming his ears began his unmistakable bray. Jehu jumped to his feet, and shaking his fist at the donkey, said: "One at a time, if you please."
Major— rolled over and over with my blanket, trying to restrain his hearty ha, ha, ha—Historical Society papers.



Blue and Gray.
"Mong blossoms of spring, that you gather and bring
For graves that, though lowly, are royal,
Let the blue flower prevail, though modest and pale,
Since it speaks of the hue that is loyal.
But tie each bouquet with a ribbon of gray,
And lay it in memory's altar;
For the dead who fought for the cause they thought
Was right, and who did not falter."
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
Shriner's Indian Vermifuge is a strictly vegetable compound, formulated particularly for destroying and expelling worms. Try it.



HIS DEAREST ENEMY.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR. BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWN.

(Copyright, 1891, by American Press Association.)

THE gray of a cloudy, cold morning of March, 1864, about the time that General Grant had assumed command of the Union armies, a detachment of cavalry was marching cautiously toward the northern defenses of Richmond. It was in advance of much larger bodies of troops, whose main object was to liberate the Union prisoners, and to destroy the public defenses of the Confederacy. The detachment was composed of a few hundred men, and was led by a young officer of the name of Lovell. He was a man of high hopes of a brilliant achievement, and was proud to be in the van of the expedition. The great results were anticipated. He was felicitating himself on the fresh laurels he might gather—an experienced soldier seldom things of defeat—when a volley of musketry from behind a knoll at the side of the road threw his men into confusion. The enemy was not visible. The flash of the guns seemed to come out of the earth. Although sharply on the lookout the little body was taken wholly by surprise. It was evident that the hostile raid had been learned and reported by some spy. The cavalry had fallen into an ambush, and in a few seconds two field pieces from a concealed position opened on the wavering line and did considerable havoc.

The colonel saw several men, one of them a captain, reel in their saddles, and that the confusion approaching, he began his retreat, and shaking his fist at the donkey, said: "One at a time, if you please."
Major— rolled over and over with my blanket, trying to restrain his hearty ha, ha, ha—Historical Society papers.

How long he remained unconscious he could not tell. But as soon as he recovered his feet he found his poor beast dead—he had been shot in a vital part, and that a bullet had pierced the lower portion of his own leg. Albeit but a flesh wound it felt very sore, and prevented him from walking. There were no signs of the fight being over. Lovell, who had been with the number of horses and men described in the dim distance. He heard, too, at intervals, some dropping shots, and fearing that he might be captured—he had a horror of capture, having read such distressing accounts of Union prisoners at Richmond and elsewhere—he dragged himself to the clump of trees to await the protection of the night before determining on further action.

WHO THE HEROES WERE.

You never saw in battle? Here, O comrades, don't make a break like that. The man don't live who was free from fear. What they stood in the front and felt no fear. And the cannon belched from their iron throats.

Who the heroes were.
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THE HOLL BOOK.

In the heat of his keeping a curious war relic in the shape of a roll book of company D, Twenty-seventh regiment, New York volunteers. The book was in the left breast pocket of Lieutenant J. B. Bully when he was shot through the heart on the picket line near West Point, Va., May 6, 1862, and the bullet that killed him passed through the book, the wound staining the pages with Bully's blood. Bully was shot by a Confederate scout, and the scout's companion was shot by Bully's companion, Corporal Crocker. Singularly enough, the name of Corporal Crocker was entirely obliterated on the roll by the rest of the bullet and the blood stains. The accompanying illustration is from the regimental history of the Twenty-seventh regiment.

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THE MAMMOTH BRIGADE.

One day a gentleman, not connected with the army, was riding to overtake Lewis' Kentucky brigade, then serving as mounted infantry, and operating between Augusta and Savannah, Ga., after Sherman's march.

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THE BLOOD STAINED RELIC.

Sergeant C. J. Durfee, of Binghamton, N. Y., has in his keeping a curious war relic in the shape of a roll book of company D, Twenty-seventh regiment, New York volunteers. The book was in the left breast pocket of Lieutenant J. B. Bully when he was shot through the heart on the picket line near West Point, Va., May 6, 1862, and the bullet that killed him passed through the book, the wound staining the pages with Bully's blood. Bully was shot by a Confederate scout, and the scout's companion was shot by Bully's companion, Corporal Crocker. Singularly enough, the name of Corporal Crocker was entirely obliterated on the roll by the rest of the bullet and the blood stains. The accompanying illustration is from the regimental history of the Twenty-seventh regiment.

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ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.
Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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EDWARDS & WORTHAM,
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Offer their services to the people of Vance County, N. C., and will come to Henderson at any and all times when their assistance may be needed by their partner.

DR. C. S. BOYD,
Dental Surgeon,
HENDERSON, N. C.

Satisfaction guaranteed as to work and price. Office over Parker & Cross' store, Main street, Henderson, N. C.

WM. H. S. BURGWIN, J. H. VOSE
President. Vice President.
A. B. DAINOFFER, Cashier.

The Bank of Henderson.

ESTABLISHED IN 1882.
—GENERAL—
BANKING, EXCHANGE
AND
COLLECTION BUSINESS.

SAY!

If you have any old Spoons, Knives, Forks, etc., or jewelry of any kind, that needs plating with Gold or Silver, bring them to me at the post office and let me re-plate them for you. We show for it self. Charges reasonable.
Very Respectfully,
B. R. TAYLOR,
At Post Office, Henderson, N. C.,
mch 19

MONEY can be secured at our NEW method, easily and honestly by those of our countrymen who are in need of it. We have a large amount of money on hand, and will loan it to you on any security. We have a large amount of money on hand, and will loan it to you on any security. We have a large amount of money on hand, and will loan it to you on any security.

THE INTELLIGENT COMPOSITOR is sometimes wiser than he knows, and that was the case when recently in setting up a list of persons whose claims against the city had been allowed by the board of supervisors he substituted a k for an l and prefaced the list with the statement that "the following bills were ordered paid." Good bless the intelligent compositor! He has a bad heart, but his hand is true.—San Francisco Examiner.