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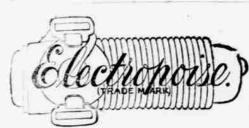
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NO. 18.

VOL. XI.

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1892.



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rest his folded hands. The old blade was rusty; the damp earth would not ring the entire period.

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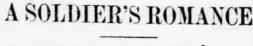
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SPECIFICS.



spread its green fronds between them blue coats, ragged, too, and sad faced,



pyright, 1892, by American Press Associa-

senses, was the breath of flowers, proclaiming life and its perennial resurrec-Flowers, flowers; gray moss and cy-

Life, life; death, death.

Eternity. Peace and prosperity smiled on the land; union and brotherhood. Up in the face of the blue sky an old oak flaunted his pennons of gray moss-

gray and blue. Out on the rim of Lake Pontchartrain a low cloud gathered and broke-blue and gray.

Down close to the grass woven sod of Metairie cemetery a woman's blue skirts fluttered across the knees of a gray uniform-blue and gray. The skirts were silken, lace edged and sweet with a faint scent that was not of southern flowers. They bothered the man. He was old; gray were his beard, his

eyes, his hair. But his figure was majestic. His black slouch hat drooped, uncreased, low crowned and round brimmed over his face. Only his mouth and chin were visible, and they were effect of the beard. This much the woman saw, and something in them er all premiums paid, made her long to see the rest of the face. But he continued to look upon the of interest on the pre- veterans, who were standing in somewhat broken file around a monument to miums which have been which they were then doing honor. He and stuck the point of it in the ground, years, in addition to the making an unsteady staff upon which to hurt it; its days of usefulness, like its

master's, were over. It was midafternoon and the ceremonies were in full blast. The cemetery was crowded to suffocation. The wind had risen, and the woman could not help her skirts blowing across his knees. "Clash!" went the presentation of

Boom! boom! roared the salute of three guns, and volleys of gray smoke rolled off on a blue sky. Then there were priestly tones praying: "Heavenly father-comrades - honor - memory of brothers who sleep-flowers and prayers

These were the drifts of the prayer as the old soldier heard it. The blanks AGE A return in cash of all premiums were filled in with the roulades of mocking birds; the chatter of children on the outskirts of the crowd, and the champing and stamping of horses at the gates. Then the procession began to move. It was long, and kept with difficulty its line of march through the pushing

> Fans and parasols fluttered and banners got entangled. In the midst of it, said a sweet young voice at the old soldier's elbow:

"Pardon me-my skirt, sir, is caught He started, lifted the old blade, looked, and removed his hat, murmuring words

"Felice!" he gasped and staggered "What is it, colonel?" some one asked. "The colonel is ill! Stand back-air!

Colonel Beaumont has fainted!" Strong arms were under him; the crowd fell back and the soft wind came ged cheeks. A woman sprinkled the water from a florist's wreath in his face, lingered between it and the hot sun. But he was slow to revive.

"Home-comrades-home," he said. They bore him to the entrance, where his carriage and servant waited. The bands played on, and their dirges

seemed to the stricken man dirges for the dying, not the dead; the dead were at peace. The sky was all gray to him, promptly furnished on applica- gray like his hair and his heart. Yet, the vision-that face-that voice! They were young, unchanged; that was twenty-seven years ago. Was it a dream-J. R. Young, Agent, the hallucination of an overheated or suddenly disordered brain? He lifted the sword weakly, as he lay back in his servant's arms and the carriage rolled along the smooth, white shell road with its shady copse on the right. There was a jagged bit of blue silk forced upward

The old pain came back in his heart and a mist before his eyes. Out of that mist came a woman's voice, saying, "Pardon me: my skirt is caught by

your sword." They were the casual words of today, but the voice and the face were of the

far off yesterday. The shutters were closed in his room at the St. Charles hotel and his physician sat by his bed. The house and streets

were very quiet. "He will sleep now," the physician said, after having given him a white But he did not sleep. His body may

have slept, but the mind leaped with a newborn vigor back to the past, and was living and loving and hating as it had not for many and many a year, Living the life of a young, impassioned southern boy; loving the love of a strong man's youth; looking into the brown eyes of a maiden, demanding and receiving her troth "till the war is over."

They were standing on the veranda of and Grant, scarcely less sorrowful. one of those old entre-sol houses down Conqueror and conquered were, after in Frenchtown. It was another April all, but man and man. day-a day like this-a day made for Long lines of ragged gray coats passlovers. Roses leaned down and brushed ing slowly in file, handing the hilts of his hair and shoulders, a great palm their swords to the victors; long lines of and the street, a mocking bird poured sorry for the boys in gray, who had out its soul on a trellis, but he heard— fought so valiantly in vain. Then The old servant admitted the girl. jan. 1-a. saw them not. He had eyes, ears, for marching back home to "Dixie," but a The room was dimly lit and the colonel ceive it.



curved with the rim of a huge stone jar had gone out. -blossoms not more fine grained black veiled women gliding along h and creamy than the arm. There were black draped streets. red roses on her breast, in her hair, on her cheeks and lips. "I veel be true to The little entre-sol was dark and silent. those low, liquid, creole tones, all vowels and wooing like a dove's cry. "Ve veel vait teel dez terrible var ez ofer. You the palm waved on. veel come back to me, dear one, and ve

weak woman would thrill and sustain them-the purple of mourning. him on the field of battle as no bugle's reveille or inflamed patriot's address ever could. His servant saw the sad face smile,

veel be so happee togezzer!"

frown and settle down into the old un-The servant was old too. He and his

master had been boys together. It seemed to him such a little while since that other April morning when he had buttoned his young master up in his fine new uniform and gone out with him into the old Place d'Armes, where the volunteers were mustering and the bands were playing "Dixie," and the old Pontalba buildings were gay with bunting and white dresses and ribbons and rose garlands.

When they marched down Chartres street he remembered his master's eyes wandered to the balconies as they passed. Over the ledge of one a maiden



leaned, tving her handkerchief and a rose from her breast on his bayonet. "To thy country!" she cried, waving her white arms; "the good God guard

After the rose crowned bayonet, then came long marches and hardships, battle the glare of camp fires and the gnawing of hunger; fighting all day, marching all night; sleeping on the frozen ground with a frozen moon o'erhead-one dreamglad black faces, one of a maiden on a rose balcony down in old Frenchtown. At rare intervals came letters, pink sun. sealed, travel stained-carried for weeks,

perhaps, in a brother soldier's pocket. Then tifere was no deed of daring too great for the young man.

Then no more letters came. The rumor came, somehow or other, to the camp that Felice Le Blanc was married to a Yankee officer. Then how the boy fought! Into the

foremost lines! into the cannon's mouth! over the writhing dead! up to the belching muzzles! Strike! shoot! kill! With this came promotion, stripe upon stripe, title upon title-up from a private in the infantry to a colonel at the head of his regiment.

Richmond, Second Marassas, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Vicksburg,



"FELICE!" HE GASPED. Lee, with his grand, sad, ashen face,

naught but the maiden. Her white arm | "Dixie" from whose tones all the heart still slept.

Up Chartres street they marched again. you, my Auguste!" she was saying in The old jar stood on the balcony, but the dead; the rose vine was torn away; only

On to the old Place d'Armes, where the white walks were grass grown and Those faltering words of the faith of a a string of purple violets ran around

Then on to their homes, such of them prepared for the troops in the public buildings. Among these latter were young Colo

nel Beaumont and his valet. That night when all was quiet the master arose from his pallet. Slowly he walked, as one might walk in sleep, toward the street, his servant following. On past the guards with

solemn uplifted hand he went. On to Chartres street and the little entre sol. Down on the wooden threshold he sank-face to earth, heart to earth. In the shadow of a neighboring courtway the servant waited and kept watch.

At daybreak the soldier crept back to the quarters and lay down on his pallet, covering his face with his old gray cape. He had kept the death watch of his love. Never more was her name mentioned.

Twilight came. The crowds poured back into the city. Life looked up and smiled. The corridors were full of tired, mer-

ry, chattering people. Servants dashed hither and thither with trays of jingling ice water. Out at Metairie, down at Chalmette, south and north had done honor to their dead. In speech and song each had eulogized the other. The flag of the Union covered all. They were brothers

now-the dead and the living. It was as it should be. It was the peace that he said. comes of time and common interestsnot of the sword. Still the old colonel slept in his dark-The dining room was a blaze of light, flowers, silver and glass, bright eyes and

ribbons. There were many northern tourists among the guests. At one table sat a middle aged woman and her daughsmoke and death groans, tired feet, ter. Their faces were the same-one of yesterday, the other of today. The girl was very beautiful. She had full red lips and round, creamy arms.

She had Croole eyes and hair and northing of a cabin's log fire and the cheer of ern skin-the eyes were her mother's, She wore 2 blue dress, and her cheeks and throat were pink from the wind and "Did you know, mamma," she was saying, "that the grand old man whose

sword cut my dress today in the cemetery fainted in the procession and was brought back to the city?" "Indeed!" the mother answered. Then, sadly: "No, I did not. I did not see

him; I did not see nor hear anything; I was back in my childhood"-She paused; her eyes filled with tears, and her hands trembled. The daughter changed the subject.

Then some men opposite them began talking. One said: "Have you heard from the colonel?" "Beaumont? Yes; he's resting all right.

The day was too much for him." They went on talking, the girl listening intently. She was interrupted by her mother touching her arm. She turned to-a face grown old in a moment. It was mute.

haggard. The girl sprang to her feet and leaned over her mother's chair. "What is it, dearest?" she asked tenderly. "You are ill. I have let you tire yourself to death

to please me." She held a glass of water to the blue lips, and the gentlemen sprang to her assistance in taking her mother to their

"It is Auguste, Alice," she said when they were alone; "Auguste Beaumont, who should have been my husband. Oh, the cruel necessities and contingencies of that awful war! Will he ever forgive me? Dare I go to him? You shall go, Alice. He will forgive your mother for vour sake." Eager eved and quick breathed the

loved her mother with a love bordering upon worship. She scarcely remembered her father. She knew that her mother had been forced into a marriage that there are more men in South Carowith him against her will.

girl sped to the sick man's rooms. She

"I am come to inquire about Colonel full of tall green spikes and creamy blos- At last, home. New Orleans with her Beaumont," she said. "My mother wishes to know how he is. They were Among the pictures that come troop New Orleans"—

green spikes and white blossoms were "Miss Felice Le Blanc!" he gasped, not The summer's campaign is ended; the hearing a word she had said. At the thunder of battle has ceased andhis eyes and looked steadily at his vis-

have been thinking it out since the drug wore off and my mind got clear. You as had homes left, the others to quarters are her child. God bless you." Down at his bedside the girl knelt. Her sweet in the far distance beyond the reach of lips fluttered an instant on his so tremu- the soldier's ax. Turnpikes are lost in ther, was ordered by General Magruder lous and sad.

"My mother has always loved you." loved you. My father died before I was old enough to love him. My mother six years old the first time and seven the drill. The old homestead yonder had were realized. next. Did you not get her letters?" The old soldier sighed, smoothing the

but I could not answer them. It seemed like digging up the bodies of my comrades from the battle plains. It was a mains. The old planter and "the boys," "Are you seriously wounded?" "Yes, part of the whole which was-dead. I had learned to endure." "But you will see her now-you will

forgive us?" He closed his eyes. It was the maiden down in French-

town. He felt her breath on his cheek; her arm touched his hand. She was more sweet than strong, but he loved her. Yes, he would forgive. That was what the day meant-forgive and forget -cover up the graves with flowers.

The remnant of his old life should not be given to vengeance and uncharitableness. This love which had lived through a lifetime of sorrow and separation deserved its reward. Its day had been a troubled one, but

the sunset promised fair. "Go and bring your mother, my child," BELLE HUNT. A Poem for the Day.

Among the sweetest poets of the south during the war, and one whose name will be long remembered in connection with its literature, was Henry Timrod, of South Carolina. The following beautiful lines not only exactly foretold the circumstances and hour of his own death, but they become doubly interesting from the fact that Governor Andrew, of · Massachusetts, a determined opponent of the south, was wont to repeat them almiringly and with emphasis before

os own decease: Somewhere on this earthly planet. In the dust of flowers to be, in the dewdrop, in ti Sleeps a solemn day for me.

At this wakeful hour of midnight, I behold it dawn in mist, And I hear a sound of sobbing Through the darkness-Hist! Oh, histi In a dim and murky chamber

I am breathing life away, Some one draws a curtain softly.

And I watch the broadening day. As it purples in the zenith, As it brightens on the lawn, There's a hush of death about me,

And a whisper-"He is gone."

The Queen of Portugal is accredited by fashion leaders with being the most dressy woman in Europe. Her pale complexion and auburn hair admit of great latitude in dress variety, and she indulges in every caprice of fashion.

It is claimed by southern women now lina willing to grant the suffrage to wommen than there are women willing to re-

MEMORIAL DAY THOUGHTS.

de Fontaine Writes of the Devotion of the Private Soldier. ticipated distinconly by the highest and noblest sentiments which can influence our he citizen soldiery of the south marched forth at

rumpet and drum to participate in the In their ranks were to be found men of culture, men of gentle training, men of deared to a domestic circle of refinement and elegance, men of wealth, men who gave tone and character to the society in

which they moved.

They come like ghosts from the grass shrouded And they follow our footsteps on life's wind-And they murmur around us as murmur the

waves
That sigh on the shore at the dying of day. There is not a heart but is haunted so-Though far we may stray from the scenes of

Its memories will follow wherever we go, And the days that were first sway the days that are last. old friends in their childhood here in ing by at this moment I see a broad, rolling expanse dotted all over with the The old negro was rubbing his eyes canvas homes of our soldiers. It is the and looking from her to his master. camp of the army of northern Virginia.

name the sick man started. He opened All's quiet along the Potomac, except here and there a stray picket

Is shot as he walks to and fro on his beat by a rifleman hid in the thicket. The winter winds are sighing and the smoke curls lazily upward from 10,000 clay built chimneys. The landscape, once teeming with a forest, is bare save become the headquarters of the com- Pale and exhausted with the loss of HENDERSON, Vance Co., N. C.



WHERE SAT THE MOTHER. jolly Christmas holidays, of love mak- of officers, soldiers and citizens, all of ing merry at the country wedding, of whom could do little else than sympagrief dropping her tears over the cold, thize with the bereaved father, who, DRUG: AND white faces of the dead, is now the office standing by the side of the upturned of him whose brain is the mainspring earth, said with a broken voice: "Surethat moves the mighty machinery of the ly this is a time when we may weep surrounding camp and field. The com- with those that weep. Allow one so Hair, Tooth and Perfumery, Soaps fortable room across the hall, where sorely tried in this, his sacrifice, to beonly a little while before sat the mother seech you to believe that while we deof the now broken household knitting fend our rights with strong arms and and dreaming in the cozy light of the bonest hearts, those we meet in battle great fireplace, has been turned into the also have hearts brave and honest as our workshop of the adjutant general and own. We have here buried two brave his assistants. Pistols and swords hang and honorable men. Peace to their TOILET AND upon the walls, and all that remains to ashes! Tread lightly on their graves.' remind one of the gentle dominion of Today the flowers are blooming above PIPIS AND peace is the stately clock in the corner them that tell how well they are rememthat has stood there, perhaps, for a hun- bered. dred years, but is beating time now as

if it were strangely out of place. A few handred yards distant begin are these? Let one of them answer in was sent to the United States for the the stirring verses he wrote the night purpose of inspecting the public works before the battle in which he was killed. of the country. He spent two years and They were found in his haversack visited nearly all parts of the Union. stained with the brave fellow's blood: In the dusk of a forest shade,

A ragged but rugged group reclined: A horseman galloped up the glade-"Where will I your leader find? "Tidings I bring of the morning's scout Which I've borne o'er mound and field an

"Well, sir, stay not hereabout, For here are only a few of the men "Here, no collar has star or bar, No rich lacing adorns a sleeve: Farther on our officers are. Let them your message receive. Higher up on the hill-up there-

There are their quarters—don't stop here, For we are only a few of the men. "But stay, courier! If you bear tidings that a fight is near.
Tell them we're ready, and that where they

wish us we'll soon appear. "Tell them only to let us know Where to form our ranks and when, And we'll show the coming foe That they've met a few of the men."

And these are the men who, living or dead, the people of the south delight to honor. The veteran, with his tattered suit of gray, and the spot where lies buried the loved one who "went down to his grave in a bloody shroud," are Housekeepers who are subject to ex- alike objects of affectionate solicitude. cessive strain on their energies require and as time moves on, the halo around midday rest. If they train themselves to them will continue to grow brighter it they can form a habit of dropping to sleep as soon as they lie dows.

and brighter, until at last their memo- around whose graves a grateful people assemble on Memorial Day and leave

mon country. F. G. DE FONTAINE. to be efficient in this most exacting work. a woman.

A STORY THAT FITS THE DAY.

Speaking about the graves that are overed with flowers on Decoration HEN one recalls Day, said Colonel A. G. Dickinson, who how, without was a member of the staff of General rank, without ti- Magruder and a part of the force that captured the United States revenue cutter Harriet Lane, near Galveston harbor, one of the most affecting incidents in my war experience was the meeting between Major Lea. of the Confederate army, and his eldest son, who held a commission as first lieutenant on the ill

Nearly two years prior to the struggle the father, then residing in Texas, had repeatedly written to his son, who the sound of was stationed on the coast of China, and asked him to determine the course he battles of their country, it is easy to un- would pursue if the differences between derstand why the memory of the dead the north and the south should result in among them is so precious to the living. a disruption of the Union. "Decide as you may," he wrote, "such is my confidence in your conscience that I shall not intellect, men of social position, men en- dictate and I shall continue to regard you with the respect of a gentleman and the affection of a father."

The premonition was strangely verified. The father had served nearly As we gather on Memorial Day to eighteen months east of the Mississippi strew their graves with flowers we long and on arriving at Houston, Tex., en for "the touch of the vanished hand and route for San Antonio, he incidentally the sound of the voice that is still." heard of an intended attack on the Har-There are memories of these dead to riet Lane, on board of which he knew which we turn, even from the charms of that his son was then an officer. It seemed as if an act of providence carried him to the spot, and he solicited permission to join the expedition. It was known in advance that it would



BESTOWED HIS LAST MOMENTS IN FARE-

WELLS. During the fight Major Lea, the faa labyrinth of footworn paths, and fields to keep a lookout from a housetop upon that once resounded with the music of all movements in the bay. When dayshe whispered. "She and I have always that once resounded with the music of all indvented him to see that the Harof the plowman are as hard as the bed riet Lane had been captured, his first of a billiard table, giving echo only to request was to be allowed to go aboard. wrote to you—twice she wrote—I was the jar of arms or the tramp of men on As he reached the deck his worst fears

mander in chief, but the fences are blood, there lay his son scarcely condark hair. "Yes, child, I got the letters, down; the granary is exhausted, the scious. "Edward, here's your father." garden is in weeds and ruin is written "I know you, father," the young man everywhere. Of the family, none re- faintly exclaimed, "but I can't move." EXCHANGE and COLLECTIONS but I hope not mortally." "Do you suffer pain?" "Cannot speak, father," was the reply in a whisper: "give my love

to all at home." In a little while he recovered sufficient strength to inquire, "How came you here, father?" and when told, a look of surprise and pleasure passed over his fine face. Then he bestowed his last moments in farewells to those who were near and dear to him-his comrades and his family. His father knelt by his side, holding him in his arms while life throbbed itself away, and listening for his last words heard this firstborn, who was so close to his heart, utter the dying message, "God is here; father is here; 1 have done my duty!"

the grave from the headquarters of General Magruder, together with that of his The big parlor that could tell of gen- captain, and they were buried with ap-

In 1834 M. Michael Chevalier, a dis-While in the south he wrote the following. What was true then is true of the men of 1861 and 1865:

hearty, open, cordial in his manners, noble in his sentiments, elevated in his notions. He is a worthy descendant of the English gentleman. Surrounded GROCERIES, from infancy by his slaves, who relieve him from all personal exertion, he is rather indisposed to activity and is even indolent. He is generous and profuse. "To him the practice of hospitality is at once a duty, a pleasure and a happi-

"He loves the institutions of his country, yet he shows with pride his family plate, the arms on which, half effaced by time, attest his descent from the first ables me to sell on VERY CLOSE MAR-colonist and prove that his appearance GIN and I will make it to your advantage colonist and prove that his ancestors

were of a good family in England. "Ardent and warm hearted, he is of the block from which great orators are made. He is better able to command men than to conquer nature and subdue and the public generally to give me a call. the soil. When he has a certain degree of the spirit of method-I will not say will, for he has enough of that-but of that active perseverance so common at the north, he has all the qualities needful to form a great statesman. Such were the soldiers of the south.

their tribute on flowers. The train dispatchers of two New Eng-land railroads are women. Both are said been elected a member of the Academy of Pure Oid 10 and Genuine North Caro-Madrid, an honor never before extended to lina Corn Whiskies a specialty.

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viduals, Firms and Corporations; and correspondence from other Banks. Promp! returns made on Collections have done my duty!"

His body was borne in procession to W. W. PARKER DRUGGIST

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