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

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50 Cash.

VOL. XVI.

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1896.

Is never done, and it is especially wearing and wearisome to those whose blood is impure and unfit properly to tone, sustain, and renew the wasting of nerve. muscle and tissue. It is me because of this condition of the blo anat women

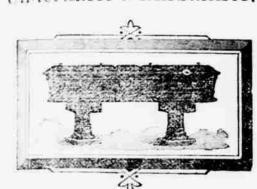
Tired, Weak, Nervous,

Than because of the work itself. Every physician says so, and that the only remedy is in building up by taking a good nerve tonic, blood purifier and vitalizer like Hood's Sarsaparilla. For the troubles Peruliar to Women at change of season, climate or life, or resulting from hard work, nervousness, and impure blood, thousands have found relief and cure in

Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. \$1 per bottle. Preparedonly by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills with Hood's Sursaparilla.

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Burial Suits and Shoes For Men. Women and Children.

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PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL



For Barb Wire Cuts, Scratches, rand Collar Galls, Cracked Heel .. old Sores, Cuts, Boils, Bruises, and all kinds of inflammation on and or beast. Cures Itch and Mange.

prepared for access artic teeping it in your condition aguarantee.

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BABY BURNED. ABSY BURNED.

Jamp leaved to speak a word for Porter's pile Healing Oil. My bully was burned a few months and after trying all other romedies I applied your "Oil" as first applied your the last on my stock and find that has best romedy for this purpose that I have ever used. Yours.

The Lamanese 15-14. Paris, Tenn., January 25, 1804

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Ring out to all your summons clear! Message of hope, despair to quell, Is borne upon your silvery swell. Ring, bells of cheer, acress the snow Till with courage faint hearts glow!

Saddest of all, bath death snatched one Whose presence was to thee life's sun? Yet look not back. The darkest cloud But serves an azure sky to shroud.

Thy friend his fealty yet may prove, Love that could change was never love, And folly 'twere lost wealth to mourn, While fickle fortune's wheel doth turn.

Grim death, though conqueror of clay, Bows to a mightier conqueror's sway. Thy loved one hath but crossed time's sea To its fair shores-eternity.

-Mary F. Safford.

ABARBUDANEW YEAR HUNTING WILD GUINEA FOWL AND DEER.

Raid on a Nobleman's Game Preserves. The Parson and the Planter - A Beautiful Insular Domain In the West In- to me: "My sermon is written, and I need



find Barbuda on the map, even if

tains more game than all the other islands | enough, and to the parson I was indebted of the West Indies put together. Small as | for him; so, of course, I willingly agreed it is, however, and hot and thirsty as it is, | with him that it would be wanton waste lying right in the midst of the northern | to shoot another. The sun was only about tropic, I hold it in affectionate remem- to set as we took the homeward trail brance as the one spot in the world where | through the bush, which was animated I had the best shooting of my life.

we were wondering how we could fittingly | center, out of that lone tree flew a bunch celebrate with the temperature at 95 in of guinea birds, going like the wind and the shade and no air stirring, when along screeching like mad things. It was then came an invitation to visit Barbuda from after dask, the moon was risen, and all the hospitable proprietors. I was then the guinea fowl had gone to roost. While stopping at Antigua, which is a few miles I was telling the parson, as we halted a to the south. About 200 years ago the moment under the tree, how easy it would former island belonged to a certain Lord have been to bowl over two or three of Codrington, a gentleman of the English | those birds had I but known they were aristocracy, who built a castellated resi- there, out burst another bevy from the dence and inclosed a few hundred acres limbs right over our heads. The parson with high stone walls. The Codringtons then asked me why I didn't bowl over a lived there for jertups 150 years, and about | few and said there were probably some the best thing they ever did, in my opinion, more in the same spot, as that was the was to stock the island with choice sheep only tree in the field. Recovering from and cattle from the old country and with my astonishment, I unslung my gun, and fallow deer from their English preserves. as I did so another gust shook the branches buda some 60 years ago, many of the the air. These did not get away unsheep, the reats, the horses and cattle, all scathed, and as we continued homeward their don. estic fowls, and even their former a pair of them hung at my saddle bow. slaves, ran perfectly wild and reverted to the savagery of their ancient and respectmeans the sum total of Barbuda's allure-

fowl and wild men-what more could a plover, snipe, ducks and teal, all the Barbuda, it was in possession on lease of search for a winter home. As for those two English gentlemen, who divided the great birds that hover on the debatable The Same Out or Barn will never maiter after the cil labor and shared the profits of this vast borders of sport—the pelicans, frigate estate with its 700 or 860 tenants. One birds, herons, flamingoes and tropic birds, was a practical farmer, who attended to they cometimes swarmed here unmolested the purely material working of the estate; and not afraid. the other was a clergyman of the Anglican | But the bird that gives the best shooting church, who combined in one person the here is the beautiful white headed pigeon, overseer of spiritual and corporeal matters. | which baunts the sea grape thickets along He had a next little church and a congre- the shore. The number that I might have gation of 200 or 200, mostly females, and shot was only Lounded by my ambition, C. B. IRVINE, Livery and Feed Stable. all of them black or colored. There were no other whites on the island than the farmer and the parson. Their sway was despotic, their rule unquestioned, but humane. Like the dumb animals, the black combat the inherent savageism in them. He labored, as it were, with the sword in his labors were not alterether unproductive. This by the way; for I did not go to Carbuda as a "fisher of men," but as a hunter of deer and wild guinea birds.

beings showed a tendency to atavism, and it required all the energy of the parson to one hand and the cross in the other; but However, the parson and I had a compact. He was to have me shown all the likely places for the game and I was to regularly attend services on Sunday-a compact both of us faithfully kept. A sable guide named William Jack was

my first electrone, and he came for me at 4 o'clock in the morning, when all was cool and quiet, and the birds were singing their notes preparatory to the full chorus at daylight. If William Jack had come unattended, he would have been all right, but he brought along his faithful mongrel, Doctah, who caused no end of mischief, though apparently with the best of intentions, for, as William Jack had his "dawg" hitched by a string, and, furthermore, as said William was long of stride and Doctah was short, there was much difficulty in the matter of locomotion. Finally William yanked the Doctah so forcibly that the string parted and the dog bied himself to a neighboring field, where some cattle were grazing, and where the wretch not only worried the beasts, to his great delight, but also frightened away two noble bucks which were quietly feeding in their company. The recreant came back eventually, tail between legs, and William DE. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MANUAL Jack gave him a basting that did my heart Going still farther, we had the pleasure of seeing two does walk leisurely across a wood path just beyond range, and still later of jumping three deer in a field where at least twoscore women were working. These deer were feeding within gunshot of the women, but without any apparent fear, and it was only when their enemy, man, appeared that they gave leg bail and sought the seclusion of the woods. We walked home in the heat of the day, having secured no deer, but having gained a "heap of sperience," as William Jack said. Experience, however, was not what

I was after, as I most forcibly impressed upon my sable friend when I came to pay him for his assistance in gaining that commodity, giving him a shilling less than he would have got if a deer or a doe had been our companion on the return journey. It was the next and the third day that I ventured forth to hunt the wildest and waryest of Barbuda's denizens, the guinea fowl. A little negro boy was my guide and companion, one who said he knew the feeding places of all the fowl on the island. We tramped over several miles of field, but only succeeded in seeing many flocks at a the Romans. Ovid tells how people gendistance, without getting within shooting | erally refrained from litigation and strife distance of any one of these wild African at that time, and there were special rebirds. Finally, as we were coming up be- ligious functions in the temples. Later hind a high stone wall, my little guide cau- writers say that among the special observtioned me to be on my guard. Peering ances of New Year's day were exchanges over the wall, I saw a group of half a dozen of visits, the giving and receiving of presfowl busily scratching in the corn, and at ents and masquerading and feasting. At once concluded they were all my "meat" | first the church frowned on any observance as I drew up my gun carefully and sighted. of this holiday, as well as of the popular But I was not prepared for the hurricane saturnalia festival which preceded it, and of feathers and gust of screeching furies, Tertullian inveighed against it with his

MESSAGE OF THE BELLS. sent a shot after them, but more from habit than calculation, and had the pleas-Ring out, blithe bells of the New Year! ure of seeing one of them fall to the ground, where it spun round and round on its head till my black boy retrieved it. We put up two other flocks after that, out of which I got one each, and spent the rest of the forenoon in rambling about aimlessly, Hath friend seemed faithless, love grown upon guinea fowl intent, but without suc-Hast lost that wand of magic, gold? cess. "Dey is so roam," said my guide,

> The three we had "saved," however, save my boy all he wanted to carry, as they dressed nearly four pounds apiece, and he groaned loudly over their weight as he bravely toted them back to the house in the broiling sun of a tropic midday. They were served that night at dinner,

meaning that they were mighty uncertain

shout their habitat and wandered all over

and it behaves mate remark that I never ate tenderer or more delicious flesh, either of biped or quadruped. But, then, of course, they were of my own shooting, which lestows an added zest. They were served with the sauce of hunger, and after a provocative sherry and bitters, all of which must be taken into consideration. To be strictly first class and traditionally tender, a guinen must be, first, of the feminine gender and young-in fact, a pullet. It must be cooked the same day it is shot and watched over by a sooty cook of the same sex as the bird. On Saturday afternoon the parson said

a rest. Come with me to Two Foot bay, and we will have a try for deer." We rode ! ce er a disused road to Highland House, not be likely to and thence to a cow pen, where a huge tamarind tree cast a broad shade and was alive with glittering humming birds. you took a great | My friend led the way through thick

deal of trouble to | scrub to a noted deer walk, and there we look for it, I will took our stand just as the shadows were venture to say. It | lengthening along the fields. Soon a fine is only about a black buck came stepping daintily out of dozen miles long the copse and offered a shot that not even by three or four in a bungler could have missed. He was a width. A trouble- splendid animal, and my gan was loaded some aggregation for just such as he, and the short way to of coral reefs in | tell the story is to say that he went home the path of navi- with us behind our negro attendant, shar gation, but it con- ing with him the horse he rode. One was with varieties of birds As we were cross-New Year's week was close upon us, and | ing an old field, with a single tree in its When the family finally abandoned Bar- above, and a smaller boyy bolted through

Guinea fowl, doves and deer were by no ments for the hunter, for in the fall and Wild deer, wild turkeys, wild guinea early winter come along great flocks of winged migrants that coast the shores of At the time of my New Year's visit to the United States in their southward



CUINEAS IN THE BUSH. for they were there by hundreds; but, as usual, I was gooded by moderation and took only enough for use at our table and for museum specimens.

In an immense cave at the north end of the island, which local tradition states was once the hiding place of Bluebeard when he cruised these sens, were hundreds of | darling, I have come to claim you. great bats, and one I shot measured 26 inches across its outstretched wings. In the old castle, also, they swarmed in the | since March. vaulted chambers, creating by the flapping of their wings a sound like the roaring of the haunts as well of large lizards, with now and then tarantulas and scorpions, for, being within the tropics, this bit of paradise had the annoyances as well as the delights of regions near to the equator. On Sunday, the day after the parson and I had shot the deer and guinea fowl, I attended servers at the little church. The sermon was erful, the preacher eloquent and carness, but perhaps neither of us gave a thought to the brace of fat birds and the haunch of venison to be served at early dinners

Full many a time and oft have I thrust my feet beneath West Indian mahogany in good, but it did not avail to recover the islands, but never with greater satisfaction lost hour of morning, nor the lost deer. than that first Sunday of the new year at the hospitable board of my friends, the

parson and the planter. One should kill his own game and work hard for it to fully appreciate its flavor; should wash it down with good wines and have good company to share it. All these concomitants were mine that day, and many days, until the killing of the game became finally a secondary considerationthe daily gatherings at table the real and pleasurable events of the waking hours.

I have often come near to envying my good friends their peaceful, patriarchal life in their beautiful insular domain, and I recall with gratitude the pleasures they made mine in the rides and walks, the guinea fowl hunts by moonlight, the deer stalking in woods and old fields, and finally the home seeking after hours of toil in the leat, the cool evening air, fragrant with the delicious odors of frangipani and acacia FRED A. OBER. blossom.

Ancient Rome's New Year. After Julius Cæsar reformed the calendar Jan. 1 was observed as a holiday by propelled with the seeming rapidity of accustomed severity. Chrysostom also light, which tore into the air and away be- preached against it, and numerous provinfore I could collect my astonished wita. I cial councils passed canons against it



The exchanging of gifts, which in England is falling into innocuous desuctude, is kept up in Paris. Parents make gifts of portions to the children, brothers give to sisters, and husbands settle sums of money on their wives. Callers are expected, when not ladies, to make presents at every house they call at, and it is an interesting sight to see carriages loaded with bonbons, candies and sweet meats in the most fantastic shapes and brightest colors, the strangest receptacles for the sweets thus distributed. Le Jour l'An is certain of one day when the home side of the French comes out and Paris is less herself then than at any other time.

Visiting In Persia. In Persia, among the aristocracy, the visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling and gives a day's notice if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him, according to relative rank. The left and not the right is considered the position of



He-Mabel, last February you promised to give me your answer on New Year's day. Since then I have generously refrained from seeking your company, and now, my She-Alas! I fear it is too late. You know I've been engaged to Charlie Smith

He-Oh, that's all right. He's a friend of mine, and I asked him to become ena storm vexed sea. The castle walls were gaged to you as a favor, to keep the other the haunts as well of large lizards, with fellows of. She-Yes, but we were married last

UNDER A SHADOW.

[Copyright, 1896.]

tune he had left the world to win. Sim Belden was a tall, handsome giant of 30, who had come from no one knew where. The few who knew him thought



'OF COURSE, PEDRO, YOU WASN'T EVER IN he was unsocial, and those with whom he traded at Garland believed that he had hit upon a rich find under the snow line, and that he would make it hot for the man who tried to be his neighbor.

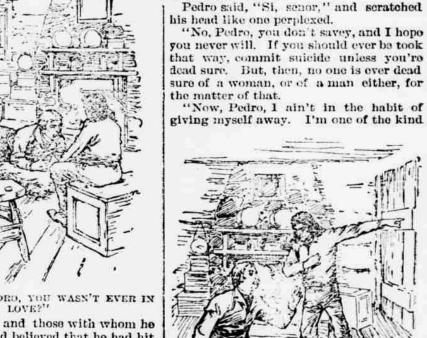
Sim had just come up from Garland burdened with a great pack of eatables



WATCHING THE OLD YEAR OUT.

A NEW YEAR STORY OF MINING LIFE BY FRED COLLINS.

The people in St. Luis park that New Year's eve looking to the east saw under the towering white crests of the Sierra Blanca a high smoke pillar rising with the sky, and it brought joy to their hearts, for it assured them now, as it did after every great storm, that Sim Belden was still alive, still able to grub under the foot of the ever threatening avalanche for the for-



Sim Belden had been mining alone in the Sierra Blanca, but during the past 12

menths he had a companion, a young Ute lad named Pedro, whom he had found dying and abandoned over on the headwaters of the Del Norte. When Sim Belden, without any process of law, became Pedro's guardian, that

youth's knowledge of English was confined to the one word "damn." His acquaintance with Spanish was a little more extensive. He knew that buenos dias meant 'good day;" sabe, "understand;" si, senor, 'yes, sir," and dinero, "money." But there is a language of signs which all understand.



believe that both were essential to a popu-

forgetting or ignoring that Pedro's com-

ing for no comment on what he said.

prehension of English was limited, he rat-

"It's been no end of a fine day, Pedro-

just like the New Year eves we used to

have back in the Alleghanies when I was

a boy like you. But tonight we'll pay for

it, and I'm much afraid tomorrow will be

Seeing that the white man hesitated.

Pedro looked wonderingly up and said,"Si,

a regular old, howling New Year's day."

lar observance of the season.

wasn't ever in love?"

that keeps his trouble to himself, but there's something 'bout New Year's that makes one confidential like."

"Si, senor," said Pedro as he extended his lithe form toward the warming fire. Sim Belden turned over on his breast, and, resting his bearded chin on his upturned palms, looked at the dancing flames and continued:

"There was never a man loved his brother as I loved my brother Jack. Two years younger'n me and handsome as a picture -no wonder Alice Thorpe shook me for him. But it wasn't fair. That's why I kicked. When our raft went to pieces on the Susquehanna years and years ago, it was Jack that, not caring for himself, dove under the logs and fished me out. But often and often, as I've sot by this fire as I'm doing now, I wished he'd have let me curse it, and that's what he did.

ther died and left all the property to me ex- + eager to possess them. They at once becept \$5 for him, I put my arm about him | came the most popular and acceptable New and said: 'Never mind, Jack. I'll divy Year's gift for ladies, but it soon grew fair. So long as I've got a dollar 50 cents customary to give, instead of the pins of it's yours.' Then he kissed me like | themselves, the money with which to purwhen we were boys, and there were tears | chase them, and this was called "pin monon my cheek that did not come from my ey," a term which gradually came to be

while he was clearing his throat Pedro gave utterance to his first English word, "Damn!" "Yes, Pedro, that's just how I often feel. You see I can't blame him for falling in love with her, for heaven never made a

prettier to look at: but it was the deceit on

both sides. You understand?"

"Si. senor."

"Curious enough, it was just three years ago this very New Year's eve when I discovered them in the hall of her house talking in loving whispers and with his arm about her. My God! I felt like striking the two dead, but I bit my lip till the blood came; then I galleped back home, where my annt was the housekeeper, for mother was dead. I said nothing to her, unmanly thing to do. Her frightened. but I wrote two notes-one to Jack, leav- startled look pained him. He stammered ing him all the property, and the other to out a miserable excuse. Her great eyes Alice Thorpe, telling I'd discovered she filled with tears, and she gave a little was false and asking her to marry my brother. Theu I started for the west, and

"At first I felt like changing my name; world." but, as I'd never brought disgrace on it, I And she-after he was gone-she

"Si, senor," said Pedro, without the there for?"

and shook the earth as if the mountain was

slightest comprehension of the secret that had been confided to him.

Sim Belden was about to speak again,

but he was changed from his purpose by a rush, a roar and a crash that filled the air tumbling into St. Luis park. "A snowslide! Thank God there's no one on the trail between here and Garland tonight!" Sim Belden sat up and looked

at the Indian boy, whose lean face and black eyes were filled with an expression of intent anxiety.
"What is it, Pedro? What do you hear, man? Speak out!" For reply Pedro bounded to his feet, and

pointing in the direction of the trail he "White man! White man!" In an instant Sim had the door open The whirling snow clouds limited his vision to the path of light before the open

door, but above the roaring of the storm

he heard the cry: "Help! For God's sake, help!" "Stay here and keep the door open!" That is what Sim Belden shouted as he buttoned up his fur coat and leaped down

the snow piled trail. Pedro had no conception of the ordinary measure of time, but it seemed to him that at least a day had passed since the white man had disappeared. At length his heart was gladdened as he saw him breasting

through the snow and bearing another white man in his arms. Sim Belden staggered into the cabin and laid his burden on the fur covered floor,



"A HAPPY NEW YEAR, DEAR SIM!" conscious man he dropped on his knees This evening in the cabin, after supper, took the head in his arms and cried out as Sim Belden was unusually talkative, and, he kissed the face so like his own. "Jack! Jack! O God, it's Jack! Do you hear me? Look up! Here's Sim! tled on like one thinking aloud and wish-

Here's Sim, asking you on his knees to forgive him!" Sim and Pedro stripped off the wet clothes, rubbed the white form till the glow of life came back, and then placed him in a bunk and wrapped him in furs. By the time a steaming punch was ready Jack Belden rubbed his eyes and looked about him. Then from the bund, two white arms were extended, and he salled:

"After years of seeking I've found you Sim Belden lit his pipe and throwing himself on a cinnamon bearskin before There is nothing more sacred than the the fire looked at Pedro for a few minutes tears of honest, strong men. and then went on, "Of course, Pedro, you Pedro looked on in wood r, and, though he could not understand want was said, he realized that one had come who was nearer to his guardian's least than himself, but

he felt no pang of jeniou v. After a time Jack 15 den feit strong enough to sit up. He book that his watch, and, seeing that it was after midnight, he reached out his hand to his brother and

"A happy New Year, dear Sim!" And still holding his brother's hand, Jack told the story of his three years march, and how only that afternoon he had learned at Garland of Sim's hiding place. But there was more to tell. When Sim discovered him with Alice Thorpe, just three years before this, he was telling the girl that he had become engaged to her cousin Ethel and was begging her to plead

betrothed. "Since the day you left, Sim, I've been a changed man, and a drop of liquor hasn't passed my lips. But it is not of myself, but of Allco, I would speak. She was ever true to you, and, though she thinks you dead, she is still true to your memory, and tonight by the fire in the old home, where she gave you her love, she is weeping for a dead one who thought her false."

his case with the father and mother of his

The storm continued the next day, but in all that wild land no cabin held two happier hearts than those of the brothers reunited under the caves of the avalanche far up the Sierra Blanca. Shortly after this Sim Belden sold out

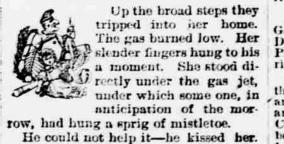
his claim and accompanied his brother to the east. They took Podro with them and sent him to the Indian school at Carlisle, where he became a teacher. Every New Year he visits his old guard-

ian and his wife, and the children of both brothers love him. His knowledge of English is perfect, and he fully comprehends the story told him by Sim Belden in the mountain shack that New Year's eve.

Pin Money. All ladies know what pin money is, but

it may be interesting to them to learn the origin of the expression, and also to know that it is directly connected with New Year's day. Until the beginning of the sixteenth century the only pins used by the poorer classes were made of wood. In fact, they were no pins at all, but skewers, which, for the use of the wealthy, were of drown. It's no favor to save a life and | boxwood, bone and silver. At the period "Jack was always wild, and when fa- were invented, and people of fashion were once. Try it. Sold and guaranteed by applied to all money given to ladies for The giant's voice became hoarse, and dress and personal adornment.

After the Christmas Eve Ball.



She looked so pretty, so innocent, under

that sprig of mistletoe. Yes, it was an ungentlemanly and

choking sob when he apologized. the life before me was gloomy as the canyon "I would not have hurt her for the

let it stan I. What matters a name to a dropped into a great chair and sobbed. man who's left the world is hi si forever? | "Like him? I love him. And to think "There's the stery, P ... That's why that he should kiss me at last and then "There's the stery, ?"

That's why I'm here, and you're the less and the last human being that'll ever hear of it from my lips. Savey?"

What does he think I put the mistlete last had then to say he didn't mean anything by it! State interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., there for?"

That's why I hat he should kiss me at last and then to say he didn't mean anything by it! State interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., Box 592, and one will be sent you free.



diseased patient, how they recovered health, heerful spirits and good ppetite; they will tell on by taking SIMMONE LIVER RECULATOR.

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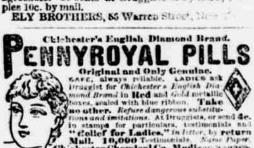
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PURELY YEGETABLE, containing those Seathern Roots and Forbs which at all-wise Providence has placed in countries when Liver Diseases most prevail. It will cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver and them. Ifver and Bowels.
The SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaint are a bitter The SYMITIOMS of Liver Complaint are a bitter or bad taste in the month. Fain in the Back, Sides or Jaines, often mistaken for Khonmatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite Powels alternately costive and lax, Headache, Loss of Memory, with a painful sensar on of having tailed to do something which aught to bave been done. Debility; Low Spirits; a thick, yellow appearance of the Shin and Loss. Eyes; a dry Cough, often massker for Consumption. Sometimes many of these symposius attend the disease, at others very few; but the Laven, the largest organ in the body, is generally the sear of the disease, and if not Regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and DEATH will cause.

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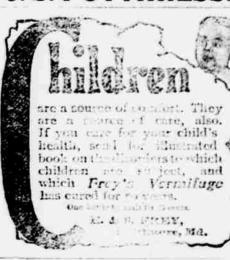




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any one else by 10 to 25 cts. per ton. J. S. POYTHRESS.



THE APOSTLES.

Aaron and St. Paul, used goose grease in their practice for all aches and pairs. It cared then and it will care now. For Rheumatism, Neucalgia, Headache, Toota ache and all aches and pains there is nothing that equals Rice's Goose Greave above named the metal pins now in use Limiment. It cures Croup and Colds at W. W. PARKEER.

> Henderson, N. C. Notice.

Wholesale and Retail Druggist.

NORTH CAROLINA, / Superior Court, VANCE COUNTY. Sefore the Clerk. O. Beaman Harris and Cyrus P. Harris' and Mattie Love Harris, by their next friend K. W. Coghill, and J. R. Harris: Against J. H. Upperman and wife Bettie A. Geo B. Le Boyteaux, and wife Missouri

D., B. F. Harris, W. J. Harris, Cora G.

Phelps, Clyde P. Harris and C. H. Har-It appearing to the court by affidavit that the defendents Geo B. LeBoyteaux and wife Missouri D., and W. J. Harris are non-residents of the State of North Carolina and cannot after due diligence be found in said State, and that the subject of the proceeding is real estate situate in Vauce county, in which said defen-

dants have an interest: Said defendants will take notice that the above entitled proceeding has been insti-stuted before the Clerk of Vance Superior court to sell the lands of Harvill Harris, deceased, allotted as dower to his widow. J. R. Harris, sold for partition, among the widow and heirs at law of said Harvil Harris, deceased; and said defendents are requested to appear and answer or demuc to the complaint on December 31st 188?

D. H. Jill.

Cl'k of the Superior Court Vance Co. Thomas M. Pittman att'y for Pla intiff