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VOL. XIX.

NO. 11.

HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1900.

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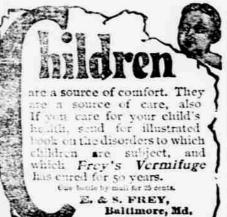
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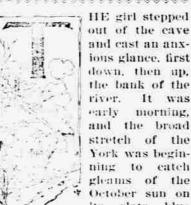




WASHINGTON. Against the background of the past A figure looms, Unneedful of encompast, Unheedful of iconoclasti Fixed as the Dooms. Though sculptors, painters, poets, strive, And statesmen plan, There is no art that can contrive A monument which will survive That simple man-2 Unmindful whether fickle Fame Might smile or frown. He touched his torch to Freedom's flame Let but the simple tale be told. And led, unheeding whose the name And far above That got renown-The reach of time's obscuring mold Led on where Justice waged her fight A grateful world will ever hold With Tyranny. The name we love: And in that bitter, dismal night Let Truth the purposes proclaim He set sweet Freedom's glorious light Of him, her son, For you and me. And man will bid his servant, Fame, To keep forever bright the name Of Washington That light was set? Shall greed of golden power consume The land he beckened from the gloom? Shall we forget To trim the lamp and set it high For those to come, And in rapacious hearts deny Our love e'en while our voices cry Eulogium? WILLIS B. HAWKINS

************** THE TORY MAID. A Tale of Washington and His

RY JOHN J. B'BECKET. Converight, 1990, bu J. J. a'Becket.



out of the cave and cast an anxious glance, first down, then up, the bank of the river. It was early morning, and the broad stretch of the York was beginning to eatch gleams of the 4 October sun on its slate blue ripples.

"Why does not Sambo come?" she Mildred Trent's face was somewhat pale, but her eyes flashed with dark luminousness and her slender form was erect with proud determination. She made no effort to disguise her Intense craving for news. The rattle of the siere gans, the noisy turbulence of the het contest, was stilled. But had Lord Cornwallis silenced the colonists, or

had this desperate attack of the Fed-

eralists wrested from him the town he

had fortified against them? The possibility of the latter brought Page Yorke to her fancy again, and she heaved once more, as she had done a thousand times before during this fearful siege, a sigh of complex emoand relieve this wearing tension? At the beginning of this armed revolt against the home government Page Yorke's father had shouldered his gun and gone forth under the command of his friend, General George Washingbecome the first fall, as he sank himself, killed by a bullet. Then this hot youth of 19 had taken his father's place, and for five years she had not seen him. She and Miss Aylward, her aunt, had led a forlorn life here in the little village of Yorktown, which had but now been the center of so fierce a contest. And she did not yet know whether the battle was to king or colonist; whether her playmate and boy lover was somewhere near, flushed

> think of that! If Cornwallis had won, it might mean the end. If the colonists had made their fight and lost, Page Yorke might with good grace fall into his place once more-a Virginia gentle-

for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in RED and Gold metalife boxes senied in RED and Slowly resemble to the care of the care. It was an opening in a mark bluff on the bank of the broad river. Some 12 feet wide by 18 or 20 in depth. The more retired part was in depth. With a parting glance in every didry, and a level ledge had offered the a-comin back to his own poor, gone to women a resting place at night. They had come there with Dinah when the

> who hit it with his fire. Miss Trent had not long rejoined her and made her way along the down his life, as the other would have and whooping cough and is pleasant and aunt, who, wrapped in a thick shawl river side. Scaling the slightly ele- willingly done, I believe, had he not safe to take. It prevents any tendency of against the child temperature of the cave, shivered more from nervous apprehension than the autumnal air when a little aloof from the long street.
>
> Sportsmen will find ammunition of all settlement.
>
> This 24th day of January, 1966.
>
> This 24th day of January, 1966.
>
> This 24th day of January, 1966.
>
> The Carrett, and Philadelphia, and when at Mount lot to soften our misfortune.—Napoagainst the chill temperature of the vated ground on which the straggling died before we struck our blow for a cold to result in pneumonia.

into view at the mouth of their retreat, his eyes rolling and his breathing showing evidence of great excitement.

"'Fore de Lawd, Miss Aylward an ish general hab got to march forth an lay his whole army at de triumphant feet ob General Massa George Wah'n'ton. Bress de Lawd, we am all saved!" "Saved!" exclaimed Miss Avlward, clasping her hands and flashing a look of indignation on the jubilant negro.

"We are left as prey to this rebel Virginian, who has been the backbone of a needless uprising against his king. My child," she added bitterly, turning toward her niece and using the very phrase with which Lord North later heard the news of Cornwallis' surren-

"Be just, at least, aunt," retorted her niece, with spirit. "From all I have heard General Washington is more likely to be conquered by ladies than to be their harsh oppressor. He hangs rebels to his own cause, but I do not fancy he will harm women simply because they have not cast off allegiance to their king. Besides, Page Yorke may be among these very troops who have won, and, after the unboundto the cause, he should have some in-

fluence with General Washington." "Mildred," said her aunt sadly, "It is not my fault if the child of my English brother speaks of rebels with a leniency that is more than justice." "I hate a traitor!" she flung back hotly. "I can admire that noble young tian majesty, left home, wife, wealth



and his own ambitions and interests with victory, or- But she would not to come here and use his sword against this wretched renegade. But don't let us talk about that now. Sambo, you must go out again and see if you can find out anything about Mr. Yorke. If he is among these besieging troops, he may like to hear that we man, subject to the king-and life are still alive. Tell him," she concludmove again on the old time, easy ed impulsively, "that victory does not prove a cause in the right, and that Miss Mildred Trent will be glad, for the sake of old times and ties, to wel-

come him to the home he has helped to make desolate."

manding the Virginia militia in the re- high spirit chafing intolerably under cealed the lines of the mouth. serve, or second line of the left wing the suspense, she vehemently declar- "Miss Trent," said the erect, strong of the besieging colonists, fearing his ed her inability to endure longer the featured general, his keen eyes and ag-

ment. At the other end of the village the rank and file of defeated Britishers were marching out, their colors cased and their drums beating with

Miss Mildred!" he panted. "Dat Brit- despairing venom the crushed pride their sullen faces still more revealed. As if under a charm, the girl followed at a distance the drooping lines of scarlet-followed them until she beheld the wrathful Britons ground their arms in a field half a mile from the village. Some of the soldiers hurled their weapons to the earth with a savage violence which broke them, and one officer bit his sword in impotent fury at surrendering it to a victorious colonial rebel. She remarked with some wonder the absence of Lord Cornwallis.

> Finding how little attention she excited, Miss Trent decided to push on and see what effect, if any, the fierce storm of shot and shell which the colonists had let loose on the Yorktown fortifications had had on the home of She had begun to move slowly along

when a small group of colonials discovered her. A tall, commanding figure in a not too smart uniform, who seemed to dominate the group, sent an officer to her. She halted, her head erect and ed devotion of his father and himself her eyes fixed steadily on him, though ber heart beat violently.

"His excellency General Washington has ordered me to inquire if he can be of any service to you, miss," he said, doffing his hat. . "Tell General Washington that he is

proffering his aid to Miss Mildred Trent, a woman who has not forsworn Frenchman who, subject of his Chris- her allegiance to the ruler of these colonies. Mr. Washington of Mount Vernon has partaken of the hospitality of my father's house, as he also has of that of our good neighbor, Mr. Guy Yorke, whose son, for all I know, may have been sacrificed, like his father, in this revolt. Thank him for a courtesy which still breathes of Virginia and tell him I hope I may go without molestation to see if his shells have left to my aunt and myself enough of our humble dwelling for us to find shel-

> "If you will remain here, I will deliver your message," replied the officer, a half smile on his lips at the flery grandiloquence of the fair Tory. It was not long before he was back

> with a request from General Washington that Miss Trent would do him the honor to come to him.

Her cheeks flamed. Was this a conqueror's pleasantry to a woman foe. She spoke rapidly, without as much heed of her words as of her pride and wounded feeling. "You may tell General Washington that he can, as a victor, command my presence, but if he has not forgotten the teachings of Virginia mothers to their sons he will recall that a gentleman does not bid a lady whom he would see come to him. but comes to her."

The officer hesitated slightly, then with an even more amused air departed on his new mission. Miss Trent If I were lying wrapt about in white, was not above watching keenly to see how her audacious words were receiv- And in my hands, and on my face the light ed. Apparently the messenger was That angels shed upon their dead at sent off on some other quest, for he "Oh, missy! Ah couldn' tell him ne posted away and soon returned with a If I were lying thus, and one should say such hash thing as that, an him young man of about 25. To her dis- With sternest anger you would drive away may Miss Trent saw General Washington and this youth start in her direction. Was she to be made prisoner | I'll not rebuke you, though my heart be He shuffled off. By 1 o'clock he for her saucy words? As they drew massively built house of Governor Nel- had not returned. To their other wor- nearer she noticed that the young felthey had imagined, was hit so often whether anything could have befallen There was a look about his clear, blue by the fearfully crashing shot and shell him. Then at half past 1 the sound eyes and resolute face which seemed And yet I ask you, humbly, tenderly, that it seemed to be a special target of drums beating a British march was familiar: the face resembled one of If I should answer nevermore your call, for the colonial gunners. As a matter borne to them faintly. It was too which she had not seen for five years. Would you not grieve of all most bitterly for the colonial gunners. As a matter | borne to them faintly. It was too | which she had not seen for five years. of fact, the patriotic governor, com- much for Miss Trent's eager ears. Her But that small, silky mustache con-

a negro with grizzled wool shambled Which was the artery of the settle- battle. This is the son of one of them, kinds, at

worthy of his sire. He has been ********************** wounded by your friends. But for that he would now be coursing as fast as horse could carry him to Philadelphia to apprise the congress that we have trimmed the spurs of the gamest cock in the pit. The colonies will soon see England admitting their entire inde-

pendence. "Corporal Yorke," he continued, turning to his youthful companion, "I, knowing you to be no less a gentleman than a patriot, consign this fair Tory into your custody. I need only recall to you," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, though he retained his severe emplary. As a boy he was awkward render with which General Cornwallis has complled were directed by us. the first honors of his country. It is Any aid I may supply you for bringing this beautiful foe to terms you can command. Miss Yorke, I know you, the daughter of one of my old friends, will suffer no harm from Corporal

Yorke, the worthy son of another." He bowed and extended his hand. Miss Trent, her cheeks ablaze, grasped it and in the excitement of the moment -he had certainly spoken with all a Virginian's deference and eleganceanswered its respectful pressure. He turned and was off, striding away with energetic but stately bearing. "Mildred! We have won!" exclaimed

Corporal Yorke, eagerly stretching out his hand to her.



With her old saucy air she hastened to say: "I am your prisoner, so I will now permit you to take me to our old handsome or distinguished looking, he look like. They may offer you only a smoky welcome."

She cast a quick rueful glance around shattered look of the small village.

It is the beginning of the end at least. one evening, accompanied by her maid, tling on his wan face.

pathetic appeal of her boy lover, now a burgesses against William Payne, att wounded gallant soldier, whose loyalty erward colonel she had heard praised by the com- of the Continenmander in chief of the colonial forces- tal army. On and it was loyalty that had made her one of the rare cleave to the mother country and king occasions when -the sense that one word would make | Washington's hot the dreary void of the past five years | temper got the give way to the solace of his encom- best of him fierce passing care and protection; last, not | words passed beleast, the sense that the noble fellow tween the two needed her, wounded not alone in body, in the market but in soul-oh, it was too much! There | square at Alexcould be but one resultant to these andria. Washcomplex emotions.

She turned toward him with smiling to the earth. The lips and humid eyes, put forth her rangers rushed hands in mock submission and said from their barwith hypocritical meekness: "I am racks and suryour prisoner. I must do whatever you rounded Payne, Washington WAS A say, Corporal Yorke."

ceiving Miss Trent's submission. Now the result of such an encounter would lay down your arms-i. e., kiss me, be. The next day Washington sent for it began to squabble and accuse each other in Milly, and then we will go to look at Payne and said with gentle courtesy, the old places, as we will face every- at the same time taking his hand with of delay were urged, what pitcous excuses were thing else hereafter together."

ANY WIFE TO ANY HUSBAND.

You could not be so cruel at the last

breast

Such bitter things as you have said to me,

I dare not chide. I, too, may be astray, sor, instead of proving the safe refuge ries they now had added the wonder low carried his right arm in a sling. Experience yet may teach -a buter school-Me what to do and what, perchance, to

> For words and deeds that are beyond -Pearson's Weekly.

WASHINGTON

Habits and Diversions of the Boy and Man.

Xxxxxxxxxxxxx According to tradition, George Washington's youth was not altogether excourtesy of air, "that the terms of sur- and shy and showed no promise of the lead and at in late life won him recounted that when he was about 14 years old his half brother, Lawrence, in common with the rest of the family, began to be troubled about the friend as well as foe, and held up to estway to cure leufuture of George. He seemed to show | ridicule British as well as allen idols, | comban, falling of

"Page! You are back! I am glad of that!" Her eyes grew suddenly moist.



more serious manner, "I could work to ried on, unconsciously profiting by the build them up and mend our fortunes gallantry of the officer who had chosen better, Mildred, with a lighter heart, if the password of the night. And this you were to share my labor, my lot, beauty refused the proposal of marwith me, though I have not much to riage made to her by George Washingoffer you now," he added, a cloud set- | ton. His simple words stirred a strange flood of emotions in the sensitive girl. Alexandria, supported Mr. Fairfax in

"Corporal Yorke is honored in re- dispersed them. No one knew what

"Oh, Page, look out for your arm!" human. I was in the wrong yesterday, It was in the fragrant gloom of the but if you have had sufficient satisfacpine wood, and no one saw the second tion let us be friends." To the day of with no shot at all at times and no powder and surrender of that memorable Friday, his death Payne retained for Washing-Oct. 19, 1781, when a wholesome Tory ton a devotion and unbroken regard. maid, unlike the scowling ranks of A marked trait about Washington's of war, I think it was only the American lea-Cornwallis' men, laid down her arms, character was his fastidiousness in the er's indomitable soul that remained entirely with a smile.

To-day, if I were dead and could not feel Your kisses or your tears upom my face, If all the world could give of woe or weal, You would not think of any bitter past,

That one and swear 'twere all base

Dorsey Drug Co. guarantees every bottle solid two story brick house might af- cruel suspense and declared that she gressive lines of countenance soften. of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will ford shelter to the British, had offered must sally out and learn what was ing a little under his gallant air, "you refund the money to anyone who is not a reward of 5 guineas to every gunner happening. Dinah was with her quer- have recalled to me two friends, thorulous aunt, and, despite protests, she ough Virginians, one of whom has laid world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup

A WIDE AWAKE

BY E. VON KAMANN.

and was given Washington, a woman of the type, these period. seemed unthrifty occupa-On the whole, he presented rather a

for his friends to selve. A fam-HUNTING. ily counsel was held to decide his future. With his military bent the royal navy seemed to be the only course open. But his mother would not hear of it. She had been struck with terror at the tidings of the death of Thomas Fairfax, who fell during an engagement with M. Bourdonaye, commander of a French squadron on the Indian coast. The naval this the sixth Lord Fairfex came from England. He, too, was devoted to hunting and fishing. George and he often met on day long excursions and soon became very close friends. It was by the aid of loans from Lord Fairfax that George Washington was able to continue his studies and prepare himself for civil engineering. When Washington was but a poor

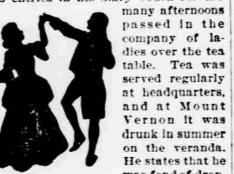
and unimportant surveyor, by no means homes. I am anxious to see what they found his way into the brilliant family circle of Colonel Wilson Carey, a gentleman of great wealth, who lived upon the lower James, and fell a prey to the on the horribly plowed up ground and | charms of Miss Sally, one of the daughters, then a belle. Sally Carev, afterthey are in ashes. I have sacrificed was the leading beauty and toast of more than that for the cause. We have ber day. It is related of her that, passwon the greatest victory of the war. ing into the town of Williamsburg late Ashes are a good fertilizer. I am too she was challenged by an imperious glad to be back, to see you again, to sentry. Confused and surprised, she think of anything else, although," he gave her own name. "Pass," said the went on, with a sudden change to a sentry instantly, and Miss Carey hur-

In the year 1754 Washington, then in command of the Virginia rangers at Their dear old childish intimacy, this an election contest for the house of

but Washington a hearty grasp: "Mr. Payne, to err is put forward that this flort arrived too late, that

choice of his clothes. There can be little question that he was early in life a good deal of a dandy and that his liking for fine feathers never quite left designating the kind and quality of spiracy. cloth, the number of buttons and their respective positions, the quantity of he wrote his nephew, "Do not conceive than fine feathers make fine birds."

afternoon teas and dancing. Numer- mense cares?" ous entries in his diary vouch for the To this George Warrington the Tory located for carriage factory many afternoons responded: "We talked but now



frontier, he sighed: "The hours at pres- Republican tariff bills. ent are melancholy dull. Neither the ident, he showed himself regularly at H. THOMASON'S. Vernon he frequently rode ten miles to I con Bonaparte.

Alexandria to attend dances. He still danced in 1796, when 64 years old, but when, in 1799, he was invited to the Alexandria assembly he wrote the man-

Mrs. Washington and myself have been honored Alexandria this winter and thank you for this mark of your attention. But, alas, our dancing days are no more! We wish, however, all those who have a relish for so agreeable and innocent an amosement all the pleasure the season will afford them, and I am, gentlemen, your most obedient and obliged humble servant.

THACKERAY'S TRIBUTE.

Words of Righ Praise From the Cyrleni Ei glish Novellat, To a wide circle of readers it must be a matter for surprise that Thackeray, the confirmed and ruthless evnic whose caustic pen was turned against no special talent | had the grace and tine discrimination to enlogize Washington in the noblest to passing his language which a lefty and admiring

time in bunting | mind could well conceive. The paraand fishing. To graphs here quoted are from Thack at the result, esthe Widow eray's famous novel "The Virginians." The first tribute is the author's digood, sensible rect utterance and is brought out in ing with other sothe course of a historical parrative Called remedies. old Virginia which introduces the Revolutionary

forest of Penisshania a sonne Virginia office | beauty thousands of to last for O years, which was to cover his own country and cose into Europe, to cost France her American colonies, to sever ours (England's) from the can do for you. difficult problem | us and create the great western republic, to rage | Sold in drug stores. over the old world when extinguished in the for \$1 a bottle.



with him who struck the first blow!" The author works out the details of "Mildred, for myself I do not care if ward Mrs. George William Fairfax, Washington's career in the course of the story and leaves it to two of his characters, George Warrington, an able, high minded Tory, and his brother Harry, a patriot close to Washlugten, to bear him out in the tribute which stands at the portal of the structure. Speaking of Washington when at the zenith, Warrington the

> "What a constancy, what a magnanimity, what more in conquest and never so sublime as when adminer and revere, a life without a stain, a fame without a flaw "Quando invenies parem?" (Where sive work which I have planned and partly writ-ten upon the subject of the great war I hope I have done justice to the character of its greatest leafer. And this from the sheer force of respect which his eminent virtues extorted. young Mr. Washington of my own days I had not the honor to enjoy much sympathy, though my brother, whose character is much more frank and affectionate than mine, was always his fast friend in early times, when they were equals, as in the inter days when the general, as I do own and third, was all mankind's superior. "His great and surprising triumphs," continus George Warrington's eulogy, "were not in doubt and darkness the danger and long tempes

steady." While Washington was being dis- Real Estate Broker and Auctioneer, cussed among a company of noted Virginians, Harry Warrington speke him. Year after year he planned every of his bearing in the crisis brought little detail for his tailor's directions, about by the infamous Conway con- | 8 room house, Burwell ave and Chestnut et

"And it was here," said he, "as I looked at the chief talking at night in the silence of the gold or silver lace, etc. And yet in 1783 camp and remembered how lonely he was, what 4 story Brick Factory -a splendid buildthat fine clothes make fine men more lay in front of him who might at any time over power him, that I thought: 'Sure, this is the lot and splendld shade and fruit trees. Washington was very fond of social greatest man now in the world. And what a Brick store house on Montgomery street. Washington was very fond of social wretch I am to think of my jealousies and annoying the big with I am to t

> company of la- man than Wolfe. To endure is greater gomery and Breckenridge street. dies over the tea than to dare. Who can say this is not table. Tea was greatness or show the other Englishserved regularly than to dare, who has cabled as property of the tea than to dare. Who can say this is not 400x500, Chavasse ave, 7 acres near college 3 lots near Fair Ground. served regularly man who has achieved so much?" It is pretty generally understood Terms Easy.

Vernon it was by this time that the trusts grease drunk in summer the wheels of Senator Hanna's Re-He states that he publican machine, and that if his HE WAS FOND OF DANC- was fond of drop- party is successful the trusts will ping in on his control Republican legislation on this the "kettle a-boiling be." When on the the "kettle a-boiling be." When on the Republican tariff bills.

The was room of backers in the past have dictated to five estate of John W. Garrett, Republican tariff bills.

tents. This is the best remedy in the flicts of A(ssembly) B(alls) is in my whole Bible for my staff, a whole for the 25th day of January, 1901, or this

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sideration should give way before it. Bradfield's Female Regulator is a medicine for probably if you have We are not asking conforty anument

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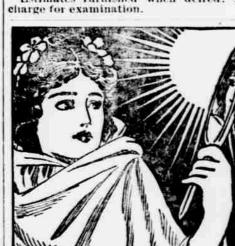
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If you want a good Farm see what I have before you purchase. Rents Collected.

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NOTICE.

Court of Vance county, this is to notify all A whole Christ for my salvation, a persons holding claims against the said estate to present the same to me on or benotice will be pleaded in bar of the rechoice." He atended balls and "routs" Church for my fellowship, and the covery of the same. All persons indebted to the said estate must make immediate

sett!ement