

Spark of Public Opinion.

Some Nuts for Farmers to Crack.

How much do you suppose it costs you a year to repair your wagons and harness on account of bad roads? How much does it cost you a year for shoes and clothing that are ruined by your children wading through the mud to school? How much does it cost you a year for medicine to cure your children's colds contracted in wading through the mud to school and church? How much damage a year to you is the mud that prevents your children from attending school, or damage to them, rather, in the loss of an education? How much damage to you is our bad roads in preventing your reaching market with your produce? You are perfectly willing to spend plenty of money in the buying of reapers and mowers and other farm machinery. You are willing to purchase carriages and harness. At the price potatoes are today, one load would be the average farmer's tax for ten years for good roads. At the end of that time the roads would be good, and you could vote to rescind the law if you wanted to and you would have your good roads and no tax for thirty or forty years, the balance of your life.

Varying Ways of Settling.

Some fellows marry poor girls to settle down and others marry rich ones to settle up.

The Life that Lies Outside of the Dust and Din.

When the temptation grew too overpowering he left his office and went down into the country. It always did him good to go there. To be there was like a plunge in a cool, limpid pool. He had been so long in the turmoil and strife of the struggle for success—for wealth; had been so wholly surrounded by those who strove as he strove, striving and tramping and rending those who were in their way, that he had almost lost sight of the life that lay outside of the dust and din of that arena. He had almost forgotten that life held other rewards than riches. He had forgotten the calm and tranquil region that stretched beyond the mud and anguish of the strife for gain.

Human Nature's Pet Pleasure.

We laugh at women because now and then they have what they call "a good cry" and seem to enjoy it; but men do the same thing in a different way. They do not cry, being ashamed to cry, but they get drunk on stimulents or evolve dry deliriums of morbidness from within themselves and on their wives or other friends or on whomsoever they can catch and hold they bestow vast accumulations of bitterness and wrongs and troubles and sorrows. Human nature does not enjoy more keenly any pleasure than that of being thoroughly miserable, deeply impressed with the injustice and cruelty of the world and the hopelessness of life. If we did not have troubles or make them for ourselves some of us might be completely and permanently happy; and that, for good reasons and wise purposes, is forbidden.

A Tale of Two Cities, Aye, of Many Cities.

"Last year a blue-eyed girl, wearing a clean, white dress," left her home in Cleveland county and came here—alone. She knew not sin. But she was penniless, and in the darkened city there was welcome to her only from foul-mouthed hags who trade in human souls. And so the child stumbled on into the night, and her blue eyes became dulled and her white dress was besmirched. Suppose—but why suppose? You know the condition that exists. Continually there come to this town young girls who seek work. They are helpless, ignorant, unprotected. What salvation might come if they knew that when temptation is hardest

they can flee to a house of refuge that shames not! It is all right to drag the unfortunates from their painted misery, but is it not better to fight for the clear-eyed children who do not want to fall, yet must fall.

An Exhortation to the Youth of the South.

I have urged upon you material things as the foundation for all advancement. I have bid you work for material prosperity, for the up building of the factories and the fame of the South. I have sought to impress upon you the unlimited opportunities of this section of the country, and I trust that in these material affairs you may display such ability and energy as to give to this section the foremost position in industry and wealth. But think not that material upbuilding must be the sum of your activities; think not that success in life is to be measured only by your bank account. Never let it be said that in the struggle for industrial advancement the South has lost sight of the virtues, domestic and public, ought of the manliness and self-reliance, ought of the charms of her women and the honor of her men which hallow the memory of the Old South. Build your factories, open your mines, let the hum of contented industry be heard throughout this land, but while building your country, build your character. Build it for time and for eternity. Hold virtue and honor above all price. With the poet say unto your soul:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul! As the swift seraphim do; Leave thy low-vaulted past; Let each new temple taller than the last Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast, Till thou at length art free, Leaving this outer world to life's assault, and care."

Sad Survivor of the Paconet Flood.

J. D. Owen, one of the survivors of the Paconet flood, is here on his way to Haywood county. Mr. Owen, who was a photographer, goes to his home with a heavy heart, he having lost his wife and three children. Mr. Owen says everybody could have been saved had they taken warning in time, and that a singular fact is that all who lived in single-story houses are alive today. This, he says, was because those who lived in two-story houses simply sought refuge in the second story, while those who lived in the small houses were driven to the hills before the water got dangerously high. Mr. Owen, when the water came into his yard, went out by his rear, camera, etc., and, together with his family, went to the second floor of their house. The family floated off on the up stairs porch, and from this raft, they were thrown into the water. The mother and children were drowned and Mr. Owen almost lost his life by trying to climb into a tree with his wife. Mr. Owen occupied the house at the upper end of the row of houses at Clifton, and it was he who first warned his neighbors of their danger.

That Throbbing Headache.

Would quickly leave you if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. The thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for sick and nervous headaches. They make pure blood and build up your health. Only 25c, money back if not cured. Sold by English Drug Co.

Things Nice Girls Never Do.

The nice girl does not talk and laugh loudly when traveling or in any public place where she may attract attention. Nice girls do not either ask or answer impertinent questions. Do not turn their heads to look after impertinent men. Do not imagine that every man who is pleasant to them has fallen in love with them. Do not direct their conversation to one person when several visitors are present. Do not get into the habit of speaking familiarly to all the men who seek work. They are helpless, ignorant, unprotected. What salvation might come if they knew that when temptation is hardest

Work of a Holiness Rascal.

Mrs. Jennie Harrell of Henrietta was enticed away from her husband and children by a so-called holiness preacher named Byars and has just been found at Chattanooga, Tenn. When found she was working in a hosiery factory, and Byars was working in a box factory, both staying at the same boarding house. A few weeks ago Mr. Harrell, his wife and three children got ready to go to Henrietta to visit his parents. Just as they were ready to start Mrs. Harrell became suddenly ill—or pretended to be, but insisted on her husband's going and taking the children. Mr. Harrell consented, taking the two largest children. That night she disappeared from her parents' home, leaving her baby and a note to her mother on the pillow, saying that her husband had not treated her right, and she was going out into the world and make a living for herself. She took her trunk and \$25 of her husband's money with her. When Mr. Harrell was notified of her unfaithful act, he at once suspected Byars, as having persuaded her away, as he had boarded several months with them and was finally sent away from their home by Mr. Harrell, because of attentions to his wife.

Then a letter from Mrs. Harrell inquiring after her children, gave the husband a clue to her whereabouts. He went to Chattanooga and located her at a hotel there. At the sight of her husband the unfaithful wife fell upon his neck and sobbed bitterly, and begged him to forgive her. When Byars learned of Mr. Harrell's presence in the city, he left Chattanooga. Mrs. Harrell said she was led by Byars to believe that her husband did not treat her right, and that he was unfaithful to her. Byars used his Bible to prove that according to the scriptures she would be justifiable in forsaking her husband, and that according thereto, she was virtually divorced from him, because of his unfaithfulness, and was perfectly free to go off with him and marry at their will. He always used his Bible to press his case and prove his points. She said that when they reached Georgia, Byars inquired about a divorce for her, but was told that she could not get one there until two years. They then went to Tennessee and were confronted by the same difficulty. They heard that the law of Alabama was much more lenient, and they intended to go to that State in a few days, secure a divorce for her, and then marry. She claimed that on their road they occupied separate rooms and had not been criminally intimate. She fully repented of her unfaithfulness, and begged to be reinstated as wife and mother, and pleaded with him to let her return with him, but he would not.

He left her at Del Rio, Tenn., and followed Byars back to Spartanburg, S. C., and had him put in jail for carrying a pistol, and in default of a peace bond of \$100, Byars is a man of medium build, about 28 years of age and very neat in appearance. He is a cousin of Mrs. Harrell. He claimed that he is a licensed minister of the Wesleyan Methodist church.

Columbus County Thunders Captured.

H. B. Register and son, Jabel Register, both white, who are charged with murdering Jesse Sales and Jim Staley, robbing them of \$1,000 and burning the house down upon their bodies in Columbus county, a few months ago, in jail at Whiteville. H. B. Register was captured by E. H. Crook and Will Hall, near his home Thursday, and his son, Jabel, was taken into custody by the same persons Friday. A reward of \$200 for each of them was offered by the Governor and will be received by Cook and Hall. The crime with which the men are charged by confession of a third man who was captured soon after the affair, is one of the most revolting in the criminal annals of the county. Jesse Sales, white, and Jim Staley, colored, lived in a small house in an isolated part of the county. They were supposed to be engaged in moonshining and were thought to have had a large amount of money on the premises. The third defendant, who confessed in jail, said that he was persuaded by the Registers to go to the place on a Saturday afternoon and remain around the house until night; that they then approached stealthily and that one of the Registers shot the men through a window, afterwards robbing their persons and setting fire to the house. The Registers disappeared upon the confession of the man and evaded capture until this week, though the Governor offered rewards of \$200 each, and the county supplemented the same with equal amounts. Young Register was found at his father's house near Whiteville.

Driven to Desperation.

Living at an out of the way place, remote from civilization, a family is often driven to desperation in case of accident, resulting in burns, cuts, wounds, ulcers, etc. Lay in a supply of Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It's the best on earth. 25c, at English Drug Co.'s.

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TALKING WITH THE PEOPLE.

A Mother's Love Her Ruling Passion in Death—A Lady Tax Payer who wants a Park—Reveries of a Visitor at a Cemetery—Mr. Thompson's Feeling for a Country—Billie Goat—An Old Soldier Coming on the Fourth.

"Did you ever notice the effect that the prevalence of sickness has upon your own feelings?" said an observant woman yesterday. "There is no sickness in Monroe now, but if there were, those of us who are now feeling good would be uneasy and expecting to be sick if we were really not. Let there be a case or two of fever in town and at once we all begin to feel exactly as if we were 'threatened with fever.' It is another proof that none of us live to ourselves."

A traveling man who was at Gainesville, Ga., when a cyclone blew away the tenement houses and part of the mill of the Paconet Manufacturing Company, tells the story of a dead mother and her babe which did not get into the newspapers. The crushing, twisting, awful wind seized the woman in its cruel arms and dashed her before it like a straw. When it came she had her young baby in her arms, and it hurried and dashed and plunged and pounded her for more than five hundred yards. Her body was found broken, mangled, dead. In the lifeless arms, clasped tightly, lay the babe unharmed, without a bruise or a scar.

"The women and children of Monroe want a park," said a lady tax payer, "and we want to know how we can go about making the men folks give us one. I can promise a plan for starting off for two hundred dollars. Now, land is increasing in value rapidly every day and the town ought to buy enough for a park and begin working on it. It ought to be as convenient as possible, but should be large enough. If the town would buy the land now before values increase, it would be paying investment, the increase in value being more than enough to pay the interest if it became necessary to sell. This is one of the things that the town has got to have sooner or later, and we had better all keep talking it till the course is decided upon."

In a certain cemetery in this county the visitor's attention will be attracted by the inscription on the stones of two graves, side by side. The graves contain the dust of man and wife, and the inscriptions will set the thoughts running in the head of the onlooker. There's nothing whatever peculiar, only in the figures a reminder of how the hand of Death works. "Sacred to the memory of John ———— aged 77 years," reads one. "Sacred to the memory of Jane ———— wife of John ———— aged 21 years," reads the other, and the dates of death show that the ashes of the wife had for long, long years lain there before those of the husband had been brought to mingle with them.

And off goes one's train of thought: "The young couple happy, full of health and hope. A few months of blissful happiness as they work together to lay the foundations of their life's home, for then young couples literally carved their homes out of the forests; one child, perhaps two, and dreams of the happiness to be derived from the rearing of a family of sturdy sons and daughters—then death for the mother and desolation for the father, as he travelled alone the remaining sixty years of his life. Summer suns and winter snows beat upon him in their course as he grew from the young man of elastic step and radiant hope to mature middle life and then to bronzed old age, with the years doled out nearly to the bottom of a century glass. Those who lie long in the grave have no earthly existence except in the minds of the living. So in these two graves rest two persons—one young and fair as when she left him decades ago; the other grim and old and wrinkled as he grew to be in carrying on the battle alone for all those long years. 'I would seem to be sweeter were they alike, in either youth or age, if matters not which, but not so would Death have it, and Death knows."

When discovered, soon after, she was in a dangerous condition. Her skull was cut through in two places and her face and neck were cut very badly. It is not thought possible for her to live. No cause can be assigned for the act, as she was in her usual health and spirits the night before. It is supposed a sudden spirit of insanity possessed her.

Worst of All Experiences.

Can anything be worse than to feel that every minute will be your last? Such was the experience of Mrs. S. H. Newson, Deatur, Ala. "For three years," she writes, "I endured insufferable pain from indigestion, and stomach and bowel trouble. Death seemed inevitable when doctors and remedies failed. At length I was induced to try Electric Bitters and the result was miraculous. I improved at once and now I am completely recovered." For liver, kidney, stomach and bowel troubles Electric Bitters is the only medicine. Only 50c. It's guaranteed by English Drug Co.

Threw Herself Under the Train.

Passengers who came in on a train from Norfolk report what seems to have been a deliberate suicide by a negro woman about 35 years of age. She ran out of her house, which was very near the railroad track, and threw herself under a passenger train, which cut her body to pieces and rolled her head many yards. She was thus killed in plain view of a brother and her little son. It is said that sickness was the cause of the suicide.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by druggists, price 75c. bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Stole a Child to Use as a Wild Man.

The Gaskill Mundy Carnival Company, who were connected with the aggregation giving the late carnival in Raleigh, are coming in for a fair share of sensational advertising, as the following special of June 16, from St. Louis to the Washington Post will show: "Six year old Johnny Layton, who has been returned to his parents, Patrick Layton and wife, of East St. Louis, after a week's absence, told the police a story that convinces them that he was kidnaped by showmen for the purpose of being brought up as a wild boy. Sylvester Baker, a negro at the head of the Gaskill Mundy Carnival Company, is held in the Bellville jail on the charge of abducting the boy. The charge was not made public until he was removed from East St. Louis, as the police feared violence if the story became generally known. "The child told the police that during his captivity he was shut up in a cage of monkeys and other wild animals, his clothing taken away and his hair and skin dyed. The child showed evidence of having received the treatment described, his hands and face being discolored and hardly recognizable from deep scratches. "The show was about East St. Louis when the child was found and the negro arrested. Not until the terrified child was far from the tents and wagons would he tell of his treatment by showmen. "They'll put me back in the cage with the monkeys," the boy screamed when the police urged him to tell them of his experiences. "The monkeys and the big cats hurt when they scratched me," he told his father. "A big black man put me in the cage, slammed the door and made me go up and play with the animals. I ran back in the corner, but they came back after me and scratched me."

Negro Flees Before a Shot Gun.

An unknown negro made an unsuccessful attempt this morning to commit a criminal assault upon Miss Jennie Robertson, daughter of one of Salem's best citizens. Miss Robertson was walking from home when the negro called to her to stop. She ran and the negro followed her for a quarter of a mile, until he came in sight of a house. He then turned and ran into the woods. Miss Robertson went direct home and told her mother what had happened. Mrs. Robertson gathered her husband's shot gun and, accompanied by her daughter, went after the man. The woods in which he was last seen were searched, but in vain. Officers have been out with blood hounds all afternoon, but they have not been able to find any trace of the guilty party.

Tried to Chop Her Own Head Off.

Mrs. George Webb, who lives near here and who is supposed to have been insane for the moment, went in the yard at her home, at 2 o'clock this morning, placed her head on a log and lashed her face and head in a horrible manner with an axe.

Invited Two Men to Spend the Night with Him and as They Slept Chopped Them and His Wife to Pieces with an Axe.

The most horrible tragedy that has ever been enacted in the history of the oldest inhabitants of the county took place Sunday at the foot of Allegheny mountain range, just inside of this county. Crick Davis, with an axe, cut to pieces two men and his own wife. The story of the crime rameth thus: Davis, who lived at the foot of the mountain, was visited by two former friends and acquaintances, Alfred Barker and son, Levi, who lived near Challow, Va. They had stepped at his house on their way to see their relatives in this section. Davis seemed very clever and insisted on their spending the night with him. They consented and when bedtime came every one in the house retired. The two visitors occupied the same bed. Davis and his wife occupied another bed close by, possibly in the same room. Davis heard a noise, and on looking toward where the Barkers were sleeping, saw her husband with the axe, cutting out of the bed and tried to keep her husband from killing the old man, Alfred, and immediately Davis gave her two blows with the axe that sent her to the floor. Levi had been killed by the first blow, that had split his head half open as clean as one splits a hog's head in slaughtering. Alfred had been seated apparently by Mrs. Davis as he had time to crawl out of the bed and into a field of rye, close by. Nevertheless, he was bleeding like a hog and having his right arm cut off. Alfred says that as he lay in the field he heard the awful blows that followed on the body of Mrs. Davis, and heard her groans grow fainter and fainter. But the woman was not yet killed, and after the excitement had subsided Davis took his wife in the house, washed her wounds and washed himself. Davis' little girl, with the baby in her arms, was the one who gave the alarm, she escaping for her life at the outset. When people came in they found Davis sitting by his wife administering to her wants, but the woman seemed to be in such agony she paid little attention to what was going on. Davis said: "I guess I have killed them, but I didn't know it." A surgeon summoned from Mountain City, Tenn., gave it out that all would certainly die and the rumor is current on the streets that the woman is dead. "Furies just from the scene of the tragedy say that there is blood everywhere, that ten heaves would not have left as much blood scattered around a slaughter pen. No motive can be found for the heinous deed, though many theories have been advanced. One is that Davis was insane, that he had been out of his head only six months before. Another is that Levi Barker was once a sweetheart of his wife and that this visit stirred up jealousy. It is said that it is true the man has been wrong with his mind several times, but that he was really a very mean man and had once before tried to kill a man with an axe. The theory of jealousy is not believed owing to the fact that Mrs. Davis was a woman of fine christian character and had never given the slightest attention to Barker since her marriage. Davis is in jail here, having been held over to court.

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Greenboro Female College Closed.

The trustees and owners of the well known Greenboro Female College have decided to close the school on the ground that it has to be run at a loss. In 1883 the Methodist Conference decided that it could no longer run the school, and the property was purchased by a private company of Methodist laymen, who have since been running it at a loss. The principal stockholders were the Obolds.

Not a Candidate.

Mr. Cleveland Rice gives an interview in which he says that it is perfectly absurd to suppose for an instant that he has any desire to enter public life and that he has not remotely entertained the thought since he left Washington over six years ago. He says that he has not spoken to any one on the subject of a fourth candidacy.

Shot Himself 30 Years Ago.

Over 20 years ago A. T. Clark, then living in Columbus county, shot a gun, in order to shoot a bugle, but by an accident the gun was discharged and he himself was shot in the back while arranging it. He lived two years at Laurinburg, and came here several years ago. He died here today. He had never walked a step since he was shot.

Retort Courteous.

"I say, Jones, that's the third umbrella you've taken from our office. I wouldn't be an ass if I were you." "By jove, Smith, that's the first true thing I've heard you say in a long time."

Startling Evidence.

Fresh testimony in great quantity is constantly coming in, declaring Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs, and colds to be unequalled. A recent expression from T. J. McFarland, Bentonville, Va., serves as an example. He writes: "I had bronchitis for three years and doctored all the time without being benefited. Then I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery, and in a few bottles cured me." Equally effective in curing all lung and throat troubles, consumption, pneumonia and grip. Guaranteed by English Drug Co. Trial bottles free, regular sizes 50c. and \$1.

Still Owed Them.

"Who were the gentlemen that seemed so alarmed about Charlie when the yacht exploded?" "His tailors. They were afraid he would get lost before settling his bills."

Nice Meats Our Hobby!

Anything in the line of nice tender meats is our hobby. We lead the trade. H. Z. White. When in need of fresh meat—phone No. 91 J. D. Parker. Our Ice House is opposite J. J. Lockhart & Co.'s store. Phone us when you want Ice. No. 36. CADIEU & WALLACE. I want your country produce of all kinds. See me before you sell. S. R. Doster. Phone 166 when you want the best meats, tender and fat. We will do the rest. H. Z. White.

Gave His Life in Trying to Save His Cows.

It has been known that Van Bradley, a farmer on Island #2, was drowned several days ago while attempting to save his cows from the same fate. During the night the cows were in a stable near the creek bank. In the darkness he plunged into the high water to save the stable to remain afloat. He was never seen again alive. He had only gotten a few yards when he found the water was two or three feet deep. Searching for his body went on for several days. Finally, when the stream lowered, several days later, he was found in the creek not far from the stable. There were two cows in the stable. One was drowned, the other succeeded in getting her front end into a trough and held her head above the water until she was taken out.

Little Boy Kills His Brother.

Senator Ward of Plymouth, who is here, brings news of a terrible affair at the home of Mr. Whit Harrison, near that town. Two little boys went from the stable in the house and one of them looked for something to eat. He found it on top of a cupboard and taking a chair he got to the table in order to reach the food. As he sat in the chair his brother took a gun and told him if he did not get down he would shoot him, and in an instant fired, the wound proving fatal. The boy who was killed was aged 10. His slayer is 12 years old.

Trustee's Sale.

Monday, July 13th, A. D. 1903, will be held the following described tract of land in the County of Monroe, State of North Carolina, to-wit: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 50