

When you see a cross on your paper it means your time is either out or about to expire. Renew on the paper will be discontinued at once. Our terms are cash.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Advertisements inserted in this column and under this head, at one cent per word each insertion.

FOR SALE. I have a pair of large Kentucky mules, 4 years old, well broken, work any where; for sale—cash or on time. J. D. MORTON.

PLEASE settle your accounts with us—we must close our books. TWITTY & THOMPSON.

FOR Teachers. Pupils' Monthly Reports—neatly printed on Bristol board, for sale at this office, at 50 cents per hundred, postpaid.

HARNESS SHOP.—Having employed an experienced workman, we can now furnish you with the best Harness, Bridles, Collars, Whips and everything kept in a first class Harness Store, at prices defying competition. We also do repairs work on Harness and Shoes. Shop upstairs over Hild & Carpenter's. J. B. HIGGINS & CO.

TWO GOOD HOMES FOR SALE.—I have two excellent homes for sale for cash or on time. Good paper. Apply to W. A. THOMPSON, Rutherfordton, N. C.

FOR SALE.—Brand new Counter Platform Scales, just from the factory. First class counter platform. The Democrat, Rutherfordton, N. C.

Death of Mrs. Neil.

As noted in our last issue, Prof. W. S. Neil received a telegram on Thursday last week, announcing that his mother was dying at her home near Yorkville, S. C. Prof. Neil left on the first train, but did not reach home until after her death.

Mrs. Neil was the wife of Mr. Jos. W. Neil, and was 49 years of age. The Yorkville Enquirer pays a beautiful tribute to her memory.

Prof. Neil has the profound sympathy of this entire community.

We Head the List.

We will venture the assertion that no "dry" town in the State can show more cases of jimjams during a year, than this. This assertion is not to be construed into a reflection upon the town in the matter of the amount of liquor consumed, for all "dry" towns have a marvellous record in that regard, but it is evidence of the bad quality of the liquor those important members of the community—our greatly esteemed and carefully protected blind tigers—deal out.

Sailed for Honolulu.

Mrs. C. L. Crawley and her little daughter, Margaret, sailed from San Francisco for Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, Wednesday, to join her husband, Prof. J. T. Crawley, who has been in Honolulu for the last year as chemist for the great Spreckels sugar refiner. Mrs. Crawley intended going to Honolulu last summer, but postponed the trip on account of the appearance there of cholera. We wish the voyagers a safe journey.

Sheriff Long Almost Well.

Ex-Sheriff G. W. Long, of Cliffdale, gave us a pleasant call Monday. We are glad to learn that his father, ex-Sheriff A. B. Long, is rapidly recovering from the consequences of his recent little misunderstanding with his "Tennessee" mule. His broken arm and ribs are pretty nearly well, and he is about ready to "swap" horses again.

Married in South Carolina.

Last week's issue of the Shelly Star gave an account of the brilliant wedding at Anderson, S. C., of Mr. D. P. McBrayer, of Shelly, to Miss Eugenia Benson, of Anderson.

Mr. McBrayer is a brother to our townsman, Mr. Matt McBrayer, and THE DEMOCRAT joins his many friends in congratulations and good wishes.

Accidentally shot himself.

Jonathan Pack, of Green River, accidentally shot himself the other day inflicting a serious wound. Pack was working with an old pistol which he thought unloaded, when it exploded. The ball entered his abdomen. At last accounts it was thought he would recover.

Surprise Parties.

Saturday night surprise parties are the latest caper hereabouts. Miss Virginia Grayson's friends surprised her on the 11th and Miss Annie Ida Justice's last Saturday night.

Rev. M. A. Henderson's friends also took a hand in the game last Saturday night and gave him a pounding.

A Big Hog.

Mr. A. D. Farnsworth, of Logan's Store killed a hog a few days ago that netted him 42 pounds of pork. Mr. Farnsworth is doing a lot to prove that as big hogs and as fine horses and mules can be raised in this section as anywhere in the United States.

The Best Way to Hendersonville.

Mr. M. O. Dickerson tells us that Mr. Tom W. Dixon left Monday for Hendersonville, going by way of Mills Springs, which route, he now contends, is just as short and direct as any other.

New Deputy Sheriff.

Mr. C. F. Williams has been appointed deputy sheriff for Chimney Rock township to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of James A. Logan.

CAPT. FAUCETTE DEAD.

Death of a Well-Known and Esteemed Citizen.

The many friends throughout this section of Capt. Thos. Faucette will be pained to hear of his death which occurred at Spartanburg, S. C., Saturday last.

Capt. Faucette had been in bad health for several weeks, and his friends, realizing that his end was near, sent him to his family at Spartanburg about two weeks ago.

Mr. S. Gallert who has known him long and well, says of him:

"Mr. Faucette was one of the very few 'forty-niners.' He was born in Virginia and for many years lived in that State. At the time of the gold fever in 1849, he went West and sought the gold fields of California and Oregon, where he spent several years. After the civil war he returned to his native State and married. His wife was arrested, during the war, as a Confederate spy and imprisoned in the old hotel at Chancelorville, Va., and was in that hotel when that memorable conflict of the war occurred which resulted in the destruction of the hotel. As a result of that marriage Mr. and Mrs. Faucette had three children, all of whom, with his widow, survive Mr. Faucette.

"The fascination of a miner's life never deserted our old friend, even after he left the 'Golden Gate,' and some twelve years ago he came to North Carolina in the interest of a Virginia company and operated the 'Carolina Queen' gold mine near Brindleton in Burke county. He stayed with the 'Queen' several years, and after leaving that mine he came to this county and purchased an interest in the 'Miller' mine, about three miles from Rutherfordton, which he developed and sold to the Monarch Gold Mining Co., and the property is now owned by the Alta Mining Co., of Knoxville, Tenn.

"After selling the 'Miller,' Capt. Faucette took hold of the 'Elwood,' a little nearer town, but he had never completed the development of this mine, when he was taken with the sickness which led to his death. For the past two years Capt. Faucette has been engaged in monazite mining and a little gold prospecting, his general health notwithstanding extensive operations.

"As a prospector Capt. Faucette did not have his equal in this section, and many good mines in this county owe their success to his skill in that branch of the miner's profession. Besides those mines mentioned in which his skill as a miner shows to great advantage, there are the Atkins mine, which caused a great sensation a few years ago when its richness was disclosed, the Biggestaff mine in Golden Valley, by all odds the richest placer mine ever developed or opened in this section of the State, and several other very rich mines, the development of which is due to Capt. Faucette.

"We knew Capt. Faucette well, and we learned to think very highly of the man. He was true to his friends and was kind to them to a fault. Capt. Faucette was not as kind nor as generous to himself as he was to his friends."

Mrs. Faucette and one son and two daughters survive him. They reside in Spartanburg, S. C. He was about 61 years of age.

A MAD DOG'S AID.

Four Persons and a Dog Bitten by a Raving Beast.

Isaac Coleman, an old farmer who lives near Fair Forest, in Spartanburg county, S. C., was bitten by a dog which he had named "Hobnob," and whose name was in the Democrat's office. The dog was walking along the road on Saturday evening when he was something tagging at his overcoat. Turning he saw a strange dog and he queried. He kicked it, but he was bitten at him, catching his leg with his mouth and biting through it. He ran off. The following afternoon the dog appeared in the yard of a Mr. Wm. Turner, a farmer, and bit named Florence Dillard, and a colored boy named Coffey Shelton, besides a number of dogs and their family dog.

To Confederate Veterans.

The Confederate Veterans of Rutherford county are requested to meet at the court house at 11 o'clock on Saturday, February 22, 1896, for the purpose of organizing a Camp of Confederate Veterans. Every veteran is earnestly invited to be present.

Wm T. Wilkins, Co E, 34 N C T,
K J Carpenter, Co I, 50th Reg,
J D Wood, Co G, 16th N C T,
J B Blanton, Co E, 12 N C T,
H L Clower, Co F, 3d Ga Reserves,
J B Eaves, Captain Co I, 50th N C Regiment,
Jas A Miller, Co K, 50th N C T,
G H Mills, Co G 16th N C T,
O Hicks, Surgeon Ex Board, 10th Congressional District,
V C Hicks, Co C, 15th Battalion,
M B McDaniel, Co I, 50th Reg,
J B Carpenter, Co G, 16th N C V,
Z A Edwards, Co B, 34th Reg,
T B Twitty, 34th N C R,
J M Toms, 12th N C V,
M H Justice, 62nd N C V,
Jno Y McEntire, Capt Co G, 16th Reg,
C L Harris, Col 49th C V,
C P Tanner, Co G, 16th N C T.

DROPPED DEAD.

The Sad Death at Thermal City of Mr. Reid.

This community was shocked to learn Monday morning that Mr. W. K. Reid, one of the county's most prominent and popular citizens, had dropped dead at his home at Thermal City Sunday night.

Mr. Reid was one of the county's best men. He was noted for his honesty, for his promptitude in business, his sobriety—it being his boast that never in all his life had he touched a drop of intoxicating liquor. He was a valuable man in the church, in politics and in business, and in his death the county has sustained an irreparable loss.

He leaves two sons—Dr. Geo. P. Reid, of Old Fort, and Mr. Chas. C. Reid, a prominent business man of this place—and four daughters—Mrs. R. H. Barnes, and Mrs. Thos. Young, of Thermal City; Mrs. F. I. Nanney, of Union Mills, and Mrs. John Koon, of Cleveland county. He was a brother to Mrs. Harrison Eskridge, of Shelby; Mrs. L. D. Deck, of Thermal City, and Mrs. G. B. Guffie, of Union Mills.

Rev. G. A. Hough has kindly furnished us the following particulars of his death and sketch of his life:

William K. Reid, died suddenly at his home near Thermal City at 10 o'clock on Sunday night January 19th of a heart failure. Mr. Reid was in his usual robust health to the moment he fell dead. He was at the services of the sanctuary at 11 A. M., where he never failed to be, it being the place of all others that he loved. The minister Rev. T. F. Bozzer and quite a number of young people stopped with him for dinner, and it was remarked, that he was more jovial and talkative than they had ever seen him.

The crowd dispersed, and the family gathered around the supper table all in good spirits. At 8 o'clock the scriptures were opened, as was his custom, and after reading a chapter from the New Testament, each one bowed before the Mercy-seat, and it was noticed by his wife and older children that it was the most earnest and beautiful prayer they had ever heard come from his lips. Glorious spectacle! a man bending at the throne of Grace, committing and commending himself and family to the watchful care, and protection of that God, into whose immediate and awful presence his soul was to stand in less than two hours!

At 9 o'clock he retired and after laying on the porch and returning, fell at the foot of his bed upon the floor. Not even the moving of a muscle was seen and he was evidently dead before he struck the floor. As soon as possible the neighbors were summoned, and his body prepared for the casket.

For some years Mr. Reid had in contemplation the erection of a new and comfortable house, having since his marriage occupied the old homestead, but not till last year did he undertake the work, and then he went at it with all speed, and never laid down his saw and hammer until the house was completed. A large, well-built and comfortable house is the result, into which he moved in October last. But only for a short time was this faithful man to enjoy this pleasant home. And while his family, so dear to his heart, are thus provided with this lovely home, he has gone to a better one, "to that home not made with hands, eternally in the heavens."

Mr. Reid, by his christian walk and conversation, the high moral, religious and social standard which he had carried from a boy, has made the world better by being in it, and his influence for good will be seriously missed in the community in which he lived. A character unsullied; an honesty unimpeached and unimpeachable; a christian, faithful and true; a neighbor kind and generous; a citizen law-abiding and patriotic; respected by all, hated by none. He had been ruling elder in the British church for a number of years, when a few years ago, he transferred his membership, in order to organize a congregation at Thermal City. The little church will greatly suffer.

Mr. Reid was born the 25th of March 1834. Was married to Miss Elizabeth A. Church, the 7th of June 1859, from which union there have been reared four sons and seven daughters, everyone of whom is held in the highest esteem wherever known. Among them are Dr. George P. Reid, of Old Fort, a rising and popular physician, and Chas. C. Reid, a merchant, respected by all in our town. Mr. Reid died January 19, 1896, aged 61 years, 9 months, and 14 days. An affectionate husband, a kind and indulgent father is thus gone to his reward. May the tender mercies of our covenant God, follow the survivors, the crushed widow and children and faithful sisters through the changing mazes of life, and at last reunite them, an unbroken family, in the heavenly home.

A large concourse were gathered at Britain on Tuesday to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed. The funeral services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. T. F. Bozzer, with a few remarks by the former pastor, Rev. G. A. Hough.

Mrs. David Gallert and daughters, Misses Fannie and Daisy Gallert, of Waterville, Maine, arrived here Monday and will remain some weeks at the Miller House. These ladies are the mother and sisters of our popular townsman, Mr. S. Gallert.

PROMINENT MINISTER DEAD.

Death at Weldon of Rev. G. W. Harman—Burial Here.

Rev. G. W. Harman died at his home at Weldon Sunday morning, of malarial fever, and his body arrived here Monday and on Tuesday morning was laid to rest in the cemetery beside his wife, who died in Weldon and was brought here and buried about two years ago. The funeral services were held in the Baptist church and were conducted by Rev. C. B. Justice.

Mr. Harman was at the time of his death pastor of the Baptist church at Weldon. He was one of the most prominent ministers of his denomination in this State and had held some of the most important pastorates, among them Wadesboro, Marion and Monroe.

He was married in to Miss M. A. Logan, daughter of the late Judge G. W. Logan. She died about two years ago. He was about 45 years of age and leaves three daughters who have the sympathy of friends throughout the State.

The funeral sermon by Rev. C. B. Justice was one of his finest efforts. The opening hymn was, "Servant of God, Well Done;" the text, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep." One who heard this beautiful and touching discourse gives us the following synopsis:

Adam was the first sleeper, and from that slumber sprang a woman, a helpmate and the mother of a world. Jacob slept when tired out by his flight from his persecutors, and although there was only a stone for his pillow, yet in his dreams he saw heaven, and angels descending and ascending the ladder, and the influence of that dream altered Jacob's career and changed the destiny of his people. Joseph slept and in his boyish dreams he saw himself and his brothers in the harvest field and his own sheep stood erect and all the others worshipped it. His jealous brothers cast him into a pit and then sold him away, but the influence of that dream was felt from the depths of that pit and the grief-stricken father's heart, through Egyptian prison cells to courts of kings and then in royal garb and jewels rare he came to the throne itself and in his God given wisdom he gathered from the plains and harvest fields of all that country the substance which should save Egypt and feed his own father and his household.

God gives us mighty slumber that we may awake at the dawning, refreshed and strengthened for the duties of another day. This all of temporal sleep, but there is a sleep that God calls sleep and rest but man calls death.

Our friends lie down on beds of pain and sickness and we watch the monster death tread out the last dim spark of life—the eye grows dim, the pulse feeble, the brow clammy, and with a quiver the last breath is breathed and we say that they are dead. God says "he is not dead but sleepeth."

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep, from which none ever wake to weep. A calm and undisturbed repose. Unbroken by the last of foes.

God giveth his beloved sleep, sometimes, because they can say: "Father I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do," and sometimes because they are weary and worn and the way has been rough and the desert thorny, and in his mercy God's voice is saying through the mists of despondency, the noise of persecution and the pains of affliction, "Child, your Father calls, come home."

The work is not always done, because the laborer sleeps. The machinist sleeps, but the engine he built goes through through the night, and the ship plows the ocean while the mechanic that built it lies asleep in the far off hills. Tired and dusty the gardener seeks his humble home at nightfall and soon is fast asleep, but the buds of the roses are bursting into bloom and the flowers he tended all day long are wide awake to meet the dew drop as it falls.

The husbandman tills all the day and when night comes he falls asleep to rest, but the seed he has sown will germinate while he sleeps and the stars will watch the plants grow and the flowers bloom and the fruit mature and ripen and the works of his hand will grow on while the workman slumbers. So is it with the sleep of death. More than eighteen hundred years ago Christ finished His work as a wayfarer on earth and God gave him sleep, yet down the ages, to the sons of men, come his promises, as faithful, as fresh and as precious today as when they fell from His sacred lips.

Paul slept when his head fell from the block by the city's gate, but oh! the tired spirits that turn to the epistles written by him, for strength—the bereft who build their hopes of meeting lost ones on his doctrine of the resurrection—the faint hearts that take courage when they remember the faith he loved and lived.

St. John sleeps with his fathers, yet creeds and doctrines, philosophy and learning fade away before that faith that he trusted like an infant trusts a mother's guiding hand.

We cannot know—perhaps the angel that brought the message will never know—why our brother, who lies so cold and still before us today was called from his field and his flock just when his work seemed prospering in his hands and the hearts of his people were drawn to him nearer and nearer, day after day. God knows. Perhaps brother Harman knows. May be the glorious light that pervades the city of the New Jerusalem will show him. May be, when he greets the wife of his bosom, who has gone before, beside the river of the water of life, they

will know why she has not been kept in waiting long, but to us it is all a mystery.

Man makes mistakes. God never does and now he has called our brother away and left his body to slumber in the cold, clay cradle of the grave until the earth and the sea give up their dead, may those who mourn be enabled to say in humble faith: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

BELL-DURHAM.

Happy Marriage in Charlotte Last Week of A Prominent Young Couple.

Mr. James O. Bell, chief bookkeeper and cashier of Henrietta Mills and member of the firm of C. M. Roberson & Co., Henrietta, was happily married in Charlotte last Thursday to Miss Lillie Durham. The Charlotte Observer has the following account of the happy event:

"Miss Lillie Durham and Mr. Joseph O. Bell, who have been sweethearts for a year or more, ended their courtship last night by plighting troth. The words which made them one were spoken by Rev. Dr. Pritchard, pastor of Tryon Street Baptist church, in Tryon Street Methodist church, the furnace in the Baptist church being out of order. The chancel had been brightened and beautified by the addition of exquisite callas, ferns and other flowers, the sight of which was pleasant to the eye after coming in from ice-covered pavements."

"The church was well filled by the time the clock struck the half hour—7:30—the time set for the ceremony. The march was played by Miss Addie Williams. There were no orators."

"The ushers were Dr. Albert Durham, brother of the bride; Mr. Tiddy, of Henrietta; Messrs. Julian Little, H. N. Pharr, D. E. Allen and T. G. Wilson. The bride and groom entered down the left aisle and were soon vowing to love and honor each other before Dr. Pritchard, and the large company of friends present. From the church they were driven to the Carolina Central depot, where they took the train for Tampa, Fla.

"The bride is the only daughter of Mr. F. R. Durham, and is a young woman of great strength of character. She is gifted with mental endowments as well as a kind heart and lovable disposition. A true woman in all the spheres of life she cannot fail to make a good wife."

"The groom was for a number of years a resident of Charlotte, being bookkeeper at T. L. Alexander, Son & Co's. store. He left here about a year ago to accept a similar position at Henrietta. Here as there he is popular and esteemed, and it is the general comment that Miss Durham has done a safe thing to entrust her life into his keeping."

"The popularity of this young couple was proved by the number of handsome presents they received. Mr. Lucien Durham, a brother of the bride, lives in Florida, and will be with Mr. and Mrs. Bell during their stay in the "Land of Flowers."

HEAVY LOSERS.

The Great Loss of the Masons by the Recent Fire.

The greatest sufferers by the recent fire here were the Masons. Their new lodge room which had just been nicely fitted up and into which they had just moved, and all its contents was burned. Not only did they lose their furniture and paraphernalia, but a number of invaluable papers of historic worth were destroyed—records and data that can never be replaced, and which were beyond all money value.

Their charter was also destroyed and it was necessary to procure another from the Grand Lodge.

Wanted, an Office in Town.

A strong petition has been sent up to the Western Union Telegraph Company asking for the establishment of an office in town. At present there are two offices—one at the Carolina Central, the other at the O. R. & C. depot—each of them a mile from town. An office in town would prove a great convenience and would greatly increase business.

Mr. Wm. S. Taylor, of Poplar Grove, called Monday to have THE DEMOCRAT sent to his friend, Mr. T. W. Cowart, Midlothian, Texas. Mr. Taylor expects to leave for Texas next Monday. THE DEMOCRAT gives such good young men permission to leave Rutherford reluctantly, and only in the hope that they will find that this is as good a place as can be found on earth, and come back again.

Mrs. D. W. Hicks and sons, Duke and Oliver, will leave for their home at Henrietta, N. C., today after spending two weeks with the family of Captain L. M. Grist—Yorkville Enquirer.

Clerk of the Court Smith has bought the handsome residence of Col. R. W. Logan in the southern part of town and moved into it this week.

Mr. Jno. C. Mills and family have moved into the Forney house on Main street, and Mrs. Burgin into the house vacated by Mr. Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Waterman, of Bangor, Maine, are at the Miller House and will remain for some weeks.

Prof. D. M. Stallings, of Sunshine Institute, gave us a pleasant call Saturday.

—Capt. A. J. Nettles announces the arrival of new goods in this issue.

DEATH AT CUBA.

Mrs. Polly Morgan, a "Mother in Israel" Dead.

CUBA, N. C., January 20.—Mrs. Polly Morgan, at noon last Friday, January 17th, quietly and peacefully passed over the river and entered into the rest prepared for the Lord's people. She was the widow of Elijah P. Morgan, who died during the war. She was born in McDowell county, June 8, 1829. For more than 40 years she lived a consistent member of the Baptist church. She left three sons and a daughter and a host of relatives and friends. Her remains were interred at Round Hill cemetery to await God's trumpet call to the glorious resurrection morn. Her grief-stricken children give her up with tears and aching hearts. She loved them devotedly. A well-lived christian life is worth more than anything else. We extend to the mourning children our sincere sympathy and commend them to the Supreme Deity. The Charlotte Observer has the following account of the happy event:

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Henri Pontet, a native of Switzerland,

and an electrician in the employ of the New York firm that installed the electric lighting plant at Biltmore House, met death Friday afternoon by suffocation in the chamber surrounding the gasoline tank at the Vaidorbilt mansion. The Asheville Citizen says he had been dead some time when found. Why he entered the chamber is not known, as there was no occasion for him to do so. His body was rescued with difficulty, two or more persons being overcome by the gas in the attempt.

Greenville Index, 17th: On Wednesday H. B. Barber, who lives a few miles from town, complained of a sudden severe pain in his leg. Soon he also had another severe pain in his temple. A messenger was sent here for a doctor. He had to wait a short while for the doctor to return from another call, and in the meantime some one else came to town after a coffin, saying that Barber had died in a short while after the departure of the first messenger.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life

is the truthful, starting title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotine nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes the weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by druggists everywhere under a guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago. For sale by J. W. HARRIS & SON, Rutherfordton, N. C.

CROSS TIES WANTED.

We want 5,000 cross ties along the Carolina Central Railroad at once. Come to see us. CARPENTER & MORROW, ja 24-1.

DO YOU WANT TO BUY

Farms
Mines
Waterpowers,
Timber Lands,
Town Lots?