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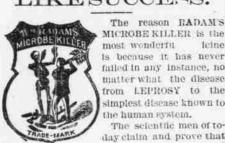
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They are the best plasters in every way for the quick relief of LAME BACK, PAIN IN THE CHEST, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA.

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Exterminates the Microbes and drives them out of the system, and when that is done you cannot have an ache or pain. No matter what the disease, whether a simple case of Malarie Fever or a combination of diseases, we cure them all at the same "time, as we treat all diseases constitutionally.

ney and Liver Disease, Chills and Fever, Female Troubles, in all its forms, and, in fact, every Disease known to the history he was bound. Human System.

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appears on each jug. Send for book "History of the Microbe Killer. given away by

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Fine Farm for Sale.

I offer for sale a farm of 130 acres, 9 miles from Morganton on Irish Creek. About 35 acres of good bottom, 20 or 30 acres of excellent cleared upland, balance fine timber lands. Good new two-story frame house, Price \$2000. Terms easy. S. T. PEARSON, Morganton, N. C.

Notice.

C. C. Gibson and wife

Wm. Winkler and others. Wm. Winkler and others.

An action entitled as above having been instituted in the Superior Court of Burke county, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court. upon the affidavit of M. S. Arney, that Leesy Erwin is a necessary and proper party defendant to said action (which has been brought for sale of land for partition.) and it further appearing that the said Leesy Erwin is a non-resident of the State, and after due diligence cannot be found therein. It is ordered by the Court that a notice be published in The Morganton, N. C., Once a week for six successive weeks, commanding the said Leesy Erwin that she be and appear before the undersigned Clerk of said Court at his office at the Court House in Morganton, N. C., within 20 days after the expiration of said notice and answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiffs which has been filed, otherwise the plaintiffs which has deen the court for the relief prayed therein.

Land Sale.

By virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Burke county, made by the Clerk thereof in the special proceeding entitled S. M. Roderick and others, against William Wakefield and wife, Mainda Wakefield, i will sell at public auction, at the Court House door, in the town of Morganton, on Monday, the 6th day of October, 1826, the following described lands, to-wil:

First Tract, being the lands lying on Kerlie's Mill Creek in Burke county, bought by the late Daniel Roderick of I. T. Avery, deceased, the same being divided into four different lots as by reference to petition in said proceeding will more fully appear, containing in all about four hundred acres.

Second Tract, Beginning on a black-oak in his own field the corner of his old survey and runs west with the line of his said survey lappears to a stake at the north-west corner of said survey; then south crossing the crack with taid survey; then south crossing the crack with taid survey; then south crossing the crack with taid survey; a spanish-oak and small pine on a ridge; then north 50 poles to a stake; then oast 240 poles to a stake; then south 49 poles to a post-oak corner of Marier's 160 acre survey; then west with his line of poles to a dog-wood his corner; then south 49 poles to a dog-wood his corner; then south 49 poles to the beginning.

Granted 12th day of December, 1834, to William of the caroling containing 160 acres, more of

Wakefield, being on both sides of Buck Creek a fork of Upper Creek in Burke county, State of North Carolina, containing 100 acres, more or Terms of sale: 20 per cent, cash, balance in six months, note bearing interest at s per cent. per annum from day of sale till paid with approved security to be required, this to be retained till purchase money is paid in full.

AVERY & ERVIN, S. M. RODERICK, This 25th day of Aug. 1890. Com'r.



A Romantic Mexican Story.

BY WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE PASSION OF DONA BEATRIZ DE RIVERA. "How worn and ill you look!" said Amy at once on greeting him. "Is it real, or only a part of your disguise?" "Some of it may be real—but let us not talk of that; time is too short; let us talk of yourself." He was looking at her with timidity and misgiving, aided by the effect of the poor peasant attire he wore, to see if perchance he might divine some results from the confession

he had made her. "Pobre!"-using the Spanish word of sympathy, caught up familiarly from her compagions-"no, we must talk of you. Oh, what a strange way to meet! Tell me at least that you have been successful, that all is going well."

"No, at present it in going very ill; the end seems put of to a very long time," he said, with the despair of failure in his heart. "It was for that I wanted to see you, to arrange for the future, to make some new little plan of

"But you speak of failure and of these millions you have gained in the same breath?" she said, repeating the figures he gave her and catching at this as something tangible. "The amount is one that makes u.y poor brain dizzy. It is already

a magnificent success.' "It is a mere drop in the bucket," he rejoined, bitterly, after his usual way of looking at it. "Surely the state of affairs day claim and prove that and the reasoning presented in my letter can have made but little impression upon

Thus the letter came to be spoken of, and its loss was discovered. Amyraised her small hand to her forehead in a gesture of consternation. As is a common experience, they could not at once verify the exact date and fix all the attending circumstances through which it might have been accounted for. With Walter there was one redeeming feature in it. He had felt a little involuntary resentment when she tried to comfort him by representing his defeat as victory, and Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, he was glad, after all, the confession had Bronchitis, Rheumatism, Kid- not reached her. He experienced a proud revulsion of feeling on the whole subject, and something more of his self esteem returned to him, now that she did not know who he was, and to what tragic

"Yes, as events have turned out, it will be best that nothing of it should ever be known till success is certain," he mentally decided.

Still, the letter had gone astray, and, though unsigned and in some respects enigmatic, there was no telling what new element of danger might not be involved

While they were still animatedly discussing the loss of the letter the Indian fruit seller came around the corner and sent Walter a shrill warning in the form of a snatch from a ballad.

"Time is passing, time up," she sang: they are ripe may regret them when they



"Where next-where next can we meet?" demanded Walter. "Is there no way? In another moment we may be | boldly: watched, interrupted."

"I can think of only one plan. I might come down to the church very early in the morning, even before the devotees, and pretend to be one of them. You could kneel near me, and we could talk in English without appearing to be communicating with each other."

"Then, quick! to-morrow, if you will. I shall be there even before daylight." And they parted.

His messenger followed him to claim her reward. Afterwards, she went and talked about him to an arriero, Perfecto Ponce, whom we have briefly seen as the friend and critic of Antonio Gassol in the first chapter. This man had come up among the bands of pilgrims.

"Is he one of the schoolmates? Does he know the time of day, since he does such peculiar things?" she asked, in mysterious praseology.

"I'm not quite sure that he is of the society," replied the other, equally obscure. "We must look him up; we must keep an eye on him."

Afterwards, who should come up to Walter but his old servant, the dismissed Pablo! This fellow, so stupid otherwise, had some animal like scent for identities. and began to peer at him in the same investigating way as before.

"You look like a better man," said he, suddenly, meaning, no doubt, to test him. "I wish I could say as much for you, my friend, though we are all made in God's image and likeness. You will find that in your catechism."

Walter thoroughly understood the ways and speech of the lower class, and could adapt himself to them at need in else but treasure?" he cried, as if this gift of mimicry, too, with which in gay her out of his own thoughts. "And you, moods he would amuse his friends, and he drew upon this in disguising his voice.

Pablo was apparently puzzled, but not convinced. But twilight was drawing on, and at this moment, from under the wide curtain draping the main door way of the church, issued forth the saint's procession, which was the main feature of the festival. A large female figure in black velvet gown, silver adorned, with joined hands and a tearful, pleading expression, was carried around the plaza on a platform amid a multitude of attendants with lighted candles. She tottered under the unsteady motion of the shoulders that bore her, and the countenance, looking down, had a very real and

human aspect. Amid such a melee, for they were near the front, it was not difficult to slip away, and for the morrow he made some further changes in his personal appear-

He was in the church at the very first she replied. "To whom, indeed, does it ed in a day, and the first stages

ent with them.] santing with haste, she finally appeared. "Luz, her mother and Beatriz were in the same room with me; some of them were awake, and I had to wait till they slept again. I doubt if Dona Beatriz had slept all night: and you saw yesterday how

quick she is to penetrate one's plans." "Could it be anything more than quickness?" queried Walter, and they returned to the subject of the letter gone

Amy repudiated the idea. They could discuss nothing thoroughly, but dashed from one topic to another. Walter repeated hurriedly the same account of events in the canyon which he had before written, and then spoke of the uncertain

"Do not look any more for the regular bubbling of the spring," said he. "I have told you of my present plan, and there is no saying henceforth where I shall be or what I shall do. Nor will it do to trust to letters again.'

"And I shall not hear from you? You will disappear utterly?"

"If my new attempt does not succeed, perhaps I shall soon reappear in my own person; concealment would be no longer of any use. But I will try to find some means of keeping you in mind of me. It may be possible to use a messenger. By those whom it is delightful to remember we do not wish to be forgotten."

Amy was burning to tell him feelingly of her sympathy and distress for him in his hardships, her warm belief in his final triumph, and her desire to be pa-tient and strong for his sake, but it was too late; people came and interrupted, and Walter went away with a little impression of coldness on her part. The horses were already stamping without, and he overheard Don Angel summon her with boyish impatience, saying: "Well, are you not ready? The sun is

half an hour high: we ride early here in the tropics, and we must be off."

The Arroyo ladies were among the other worshipers by this time, and it seemed to him he could not escape detection should those familiar eyes fall upon him. To avoid them, he went out by a small door through which the flaming eastern heavens could be seen above the vegetation of a courtyard. His investigations had already shown him there was an exit to a lane. Around the courtyard was an arcade of the usual sort, and on the top of one of the stuccoed walls, stained lees-of-wine color. was a small belvedere.

Dona Beatriz, who might just have come in or might have been obscured by a column, glided into the cloister after him, and, touching his arm, addressed him in a most agitated way. As before, he was disposed to deny his identity, but

"Do not be afraid of my betraying capable of endangering you? You have "those who do not buy my fruits when | trusted your secret to her; oh, I beseech you, let me-who would do so much he half suspected to be Don Walter. more for you, who would give my heart's blood for you-let me also have some share in serving you."

"This from you, Sister Beatriz?" "It cannot be wholly a surprise to you, for Amy has told you of my feelings." "She has; but I could not find it in my heart to believe it of Dona Beatriz, whom I have always looked upon as the

sweetest and most perfect of saints." "Call me saint and perfect no longer, unless it be saintly to worship an earthwell deserves it. I am changed; your words have sunk deeply into my mind: I believe nothing or everything just as you would have it. I belong no more to what can I do if you are not with me?"

"Tell me, Dona Beatriz," said her companion, gently, touched—as what man could fail to be by such an all pervading, uncalculating affection? - "how you knew I had confided my secret to Dona Amy?

She blushed with the ingenuousness of one little used to duplicity, yet replied "I found the letter at the cross of the

English governess. I did not know what or from whom it was at first, but I suspected. It was not till I heard you declare yourself Ignacio Gomez that it was all clear to me beyond a doubt."

"And you openly avow that you took a letter that was not yours and did not return it, even when you knew to whom it belonged?"

"There was one excellent reason why I did not return it," she persisted. "No: I could not. My heart bled for you on divining that confession. I could not bear that you should humiliate yourself too high and noble to be an object of large majority of the ills that hu-

by such as she.

"As for me," Dona Beatriz went on, "it brings you but the nearer to me. This painful secret needs no apology for me. To know you have suffered makes

you only the dearer." Surely here was a strong appeal; there was a great sense of rest to him in knowing his secret shared and yet no odium falling upon him on account of it; but more was to follow.

"You have suffered her to aid, and yet ten, dearest Don Walter; you are in want of very great resources; I now know the reason why. Well, I, even 1, might give them to you. If I could command a treasure sufficient for all your needs, would you share it with me?" "Does all the world think of nothing poor Sister Beatriz, what have you to do with such things?" He looked at her

commiseratingly, and began to doubt her "It is in my power, poor and weak as you think me. Nobody can hear us; I speak of the treasure of my convent, buried securely away against the greed of the selfish men who would have

robbed us of that as of everything else." She no doubt saw his face change, and went on hurriedly, ardently, as if she saw him yielding: "I trust you at once, though no one else knows it; I can have no fear of you. It is close by the spot you cleared for us in our old garden of Santa Rosa. It is buried in the foundation wall, and made a part of it, so that they might dig the whole place over and never find a trace of it."

"Is it yours to give, Dona Beatriz?" Again she flushed most deeply. "To use it for your mission would be right,"

of the state, but to reed individual rapacity. Then to what better end than the one you have in view is it ever likely to be devoted? Take me with you," she pleaded. "You have always been so good to me, I belong to you and not to

Walter was convinced that her statement was true; many small circumstances from the past wove themselves together to strengthen the conviction. It needed a strong motive, indeed, to resist so dazzling a temptation. Nor was it purely mercenary, for the charms of Dona Beatriz were great, and one could foresee how she would develop under freedom, which she would enjoy with the zest of an escaped bird, and but now he had thought Amy cold. But motive comewhere there was that gained the victory even over so many combined allurements. A crippled beggar, from the church door, here shufded up closer to them, asking for alms. Walter motioned him away, and they two moved somewhat farther on, in the cloister.

"I cannot share it with you; I cannot take it," he responded. "Give up these strange ideas, and be again the unworldly little Beatriz I have always

"You cannot take it! Oh, I felt it would be so. But tell me why, why?

she besought. A worse man would, perhaps, have been kinder on the surface, but Walter was master, even in such a case, of some of that Spartan firmness which fits one for great things.

"It is best, to say it plainly; to accept it, I ought to love you," he replied; "and, while I admire and esteem you most warmly-as no man could help doing-I do not love you."

She bent as if before a heavy blow covering her face a moment with both

"There are those who hate if they are not loved," she said, with a touching pathos, after commanding herself again. "I am not one of them. I can never wish to be revenged, nor think bitterly of you. Then take it without me. I can die. It shall never be said I imposed myself as a condition upon a means that

may secure your happiness." Walter advanced towards her to take her hands and speak some kinder, more reassuring words. But at this time, though the sky was blue and the sun bright, a strange, calamitous wind arose, The belvedere above the wall toppled into the court with a crash: the ground swayed and oscillated beneath their feet, and in some places was seen to open; one of the most severe earthquakes known in that district for years had ensued.

"It is a judgment," cried Beatriz, who seemed stricken by a mortal terror. "The voice of heaven has spoken against

Walter had to look on from a distance at the departure of Amy like the merest stranger. He saw that she had come to no harm. The company, recovering from their panic, more in haste to be off than ever, went away in a somewhat disorderly manner, many very anxious to see if any damage had been done at the haci-

In the shock several curious things had happened. The cripple in the corridor with Beatriz and Walter, for instance, had shown surprising activity. He made quite a normal use of his legs thereafter, and on returning to Cuernavaca reported to the Jefe Politico that Dona Beatriz you," she said. "I am prudent, I pass | had talked in a very animated way with my whole time here only in praying for a man who, though wearing peasant's your welfare and safety; could I then be dress, did not appear to be a peasant. Upon his heels came Pablo, who had identified this peasant as the same one

"Pooh! pooh! it is not probable," scoffed the Jefe Politico. "Nevertheless, we will keep an eye out for these birds, too."

And so it happened that if the first remote glance of scrutiny began to be cast towards Walter's own treasure it was because Beatriz had offered him hers.

He had got but a little way out of the place, in starting upon a renewal of his journey, when he heard ramors that the disturbance had been particularly violy hero and type of gallant boldness who lent over in the direction of the Barranca of Cimarron. One informant, just down from Huetongo, said he had seen a mighty column of smoke arise from there and mount a prodigous distance into the air. the religious life, and in the great world | All other anxieties were swallowed up in the thought that he had better turn back and look to the safety of the property left behind.

He therefore took again to his devious routes. But proceed cautiously as he would, he met a number of people prowling about in this district wont to be so

"Why is there such an unusual beating of the woods just now?" he asked, entering into confidential relations with

one of them near Huctongo. "The kidnapers are at their tricks again. Awhile ago they carried off Kaufmann, the foreman of the glass works, around at Lake Jornada, and a reward is offered. It is said he has been seen over this way lately."

"If Kaufmann has been carried off he keeps very cool about it," commented

(To be continued.)

INDIGESTION results from a partial paralysis of the stomach and before her. Dear Don Walter, you are is the primary cause of a very condescension to any one in the world." | manity is heir to. The most agree-Walter winced before this commenda- able and effective remedy is Dr. J. tion, this touching of the sore spot even H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pillets. 25 cents per vial.

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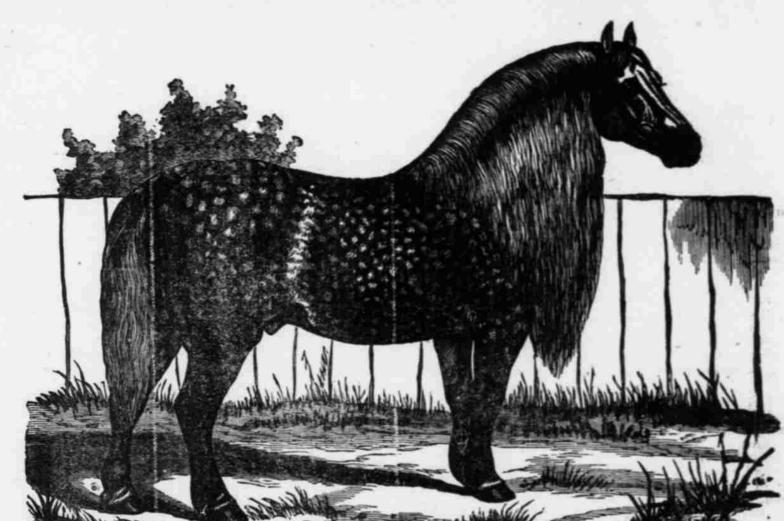
Are active, effective and pure. For sick headache, disordered stomach. loss of appetite, bad complexion and bilious ness, they have never been equaled, either in America or abroad. For sale humorous, rollicking fashion. He had a were only a kind of specter conjured by by C. S. Kingsmore, Druggist, Morgan-

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Beggs' Family Medicines. Beggs' Diarrhea Balsam will cure any case of diarrhea, colic or dysentery more quickly and effectually than any other medicine on the market. It is purely vegetable, and no one need fear giving it to the most delicate child, or the strongest of men. Try it. and you will not be disappointed. Sold by John

Do Not Suffer Any Longer. Knowing that a cough can be checkgray of morning. Amy did not come really belong? It can never again be consumption broken in a week, we down for a long time. He grew impatient, alarmed. The sky was pink in it was designed. The survivors of the Cough Remedy, and will refund the stead of gray, and their last opportunity | convent-who are very few-have no | money to all who buy, take it as per was passing.

"I could not get away before without arousing, suspicion." she said, when, it be seized it will not go to the service directions, and do not find our state if their inclinations did not forbid. If ment correct. For sale by C. S. Kingsmore, Druggist, Morganton, N. C.



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