

**BILIOUSNESS**

Who has not suffered this misery—caused by bile in the stomach which an inactive or sluggish liver failed to carry off.

THE PREVENTION AND CURE IS



liquid or powder, which gives quick action to the liver and carries off the bile by a mild movement of the bowels. It is no purgative or griping medicine, but purely vegetable. Many people take pills—more take Simmons' Liver Regulator.

"I have been a victim of Biliousness for years, and after trying various remedies my only success was in the use of Simmons' Liver Regulator, which never failed to relieve me. I speak not of myself, alone, but my whole family."—J. M. FILLMAN, Selma, Ala.

EVERY PACKAGE

Has our Z Stamp in red on wrapper. J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

**MINOR WAREHOUSE!**

OXFORD, N. C.

For the Sale of Leaf Tobacco!

R. F. KNOTT & CO.,

PROPRIETORS.

We take pleasure in informing our many friends in Granville and adjoining counties, that we have purchased the Minor Warehouse and fitted it up in first-class order, and is now doing our best to pay farmers rafter prices, especially on all brights, as they are in demand.

We extend to you our thanks for your liberal patronage last year, and we faith fully promise you that our reputation for conducting every department of our business in the best manner possible, shall be fully sustained during this year and we will ever be on the alert to guard and protect the interest of our patrons, seeing that they get the very highest market prices for all grades.

We are pleased to call attention to the fact, that since the money stringency has somewhat abated, that all old and new brights are climbing higher in prices and are eagerly sought after by our buyers, as they need large quantities to fill pressing orders and are willing to pay the very HIGHEST MARKET PRICES for all grades. oct13 6m.

**NOTICE.**

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF THE POWER of sale conferred upon me in a deed of trust executed on the 25th day of August, 1892 by James M. Hegge & C. C. Hegge, and duly re-registered in mortgage book 3,7 page 122, in the office of the Register of deeds of Granville county, default having been made in payment of the debt secured thereby, I shall sell for cash, by public auction to the highest bidder, at the court house door in Oxford, Granville county, N. C., on the 6th day of November, 1893, the real described and conveyed in said deed of trust, to-wit: Two houses and lots at Stovall, N. C., one is on Williamsboro street and fronts 30 feet on said street and runs back 100 feet, store and lot No 3 formerly occupied by W. A. Patillo and the Granville Alliance Co., (2nd) the house and lot formerly occupied by Mrs. Ida J. Knott, which fronts 130 feet on Beckerville street and runs at right angles with said street back to the Oxford & Clarksville R. R. and contains a six room house. Time of sale 12 m. C. S. EASTON, Trustee. A. A. HICKS, Atty. Oct. 5th 1893.

**Administrator's Notice.**

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING BEEN DULY qualified as administrators of the estate of William B. Crews, deceased, hereby give notice to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment to us; and to those holding claims against said estate to present them to us for payment on or before the 15th day of October, 1894, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. JAMES A. CREWS, THOS. J. CREWS, Admsrs. of W. B. Crews, dec'd. Oct. 13th, 1893, oct.13-6w-pd.

**"AS DARBY SAYS TO JOAN."**

"Well, now, the sun's a power o' heat! The sap's a-running strong—I stopped in with the boys a bit There, as I come along; The cowslip swamp was budded thick With now and then one blown—I fetched a couple in my hat"—As Darby says to Joan.

"We'll have the cattle out to grass Come Pass-day, I'll be bound; Hear how the creepers stamp and low Soon as they smell the ground? It's time to rake the garden off And set a bonfire goin'; Plan out the beds to suit ye, wife"—As Darby says to Joan.

"It seems with while, a day like this, Jes' to ha' wintered thru; I feel the sun clear to my soul, Old as I be, I do, Mebbe it would look aw'ard-like To get to Heaven alone; I'd full as lives stay on a spell"—As Darby says to Joan.

"You ain't forgot the old side porch, Back whar the grapevine hung? They think folks didn't court and kiss When me and you was young! Jes' such another likely day 'The parson made us one'—As, hitching up his chair a bit, Darby says to Joan. —Dora Read Goodale, in N. Y. Independent.

**A WATERLOO VETERAN.**

He Was Proud of His Medal and His Son.

How fate drifted the old veteran into our little Canadian Lake Erie village I never knew. Drifted him? No; he ever marched as if under the orders of his commander. Tall, thin, white-haired, close-shaven and always in knee-breeches and long stockings, he was an antique and martial figure. "Fresh whitefish," was his cry, which he delivered as if calling all the village to fall in for drill.

So impressive was his demeanor that he dignified his occupation. For years after he disappeared, the peddling of whitefish by horse and cart was regarded in that district as highly respectable. It was a glorious trade when old John Locke held the steel-yards and served out the glittering fish with an air of distributing ammunition for a long day's combat.

I believe I noticed on the first day I saw him how he tapped his left breast with a proud gesture when he had done with a lot of customers and was about to march again at the head of his horse. That restored him from trade to his soldiership—he had saluted his Waterloo medal!

There, beneath his threadbare old blue coat, it lay, always felt by the heart of the hero.

"Why doesn't he wear it outside?" I once asked.

"He used to," said my father, "till Hiram Scudder, the druggist, asked him 'what he'd take for the bit of pewter.'"

"What did old John say, sir?" "Take for the bit of pewter!" said he, looking hard at Scudder with scorn; "I've took better men's lives nor ever yours was for to get it, and I'd sell my own for it as quick as ever I offered it before."

"More fool you," said Scudder. "You're nowt," said old John, very calm and cool, "you're nowt but walking dirt." From that day forth he would never sell Scudder a fish; he wouldn't touch his money.

It must have been late in 1854 or early in 1855 that I first saw the medal. Going home from school on a bright winter afternoon I met old John walking very erect, without his usual fish supply. A dull, round white spot was clasped on the left breast of his coat.

"Mr. Locke," said the small boy, staring with admiration, "is that your glorious Waterloo medal?"

"You're a good little lad!" He stooped to let me see the noble pewter.

"War's declared against Rooshia," went on the old man, "and now's right to show it. The old regiment's sailed, and my only son is with the colors."

Then he took me by the hand and led me into the village store, where the lawyer read aloud the news from the paper that the old veteran gave him. In those days there was no railway within fifty miles of us. It had chanced that some fisherman brought old John a later paper than any previously received in the village.

"Ay, but the duke is gone," said he, shaking his white head, "and it's curious to be fighting on the same side with another Boney."

All that winter and the next, all the long summer between, old John displayed his medal. When the report of Alma came his remarks on the French failure to get into the fight were severe. "What was they ever without Boney?" he would inquire.

But a letter from his son after Inkerman changed all that.

"Half of us was killed, and the rest of us clean tired with fighting," wrote Corporal Locke. "What with a bullet through the flesh of my right leg and the fatigue of using the bayonet so long, I was like to drop."

"The Russians were coming on again as if there was no end to them, when strange drums came sounding in the mist behind us. With that we closed up and faced half-round, thinking they had outflanked us and the day was gone, so there was nothing more to do but make out to die hard, like the sons of Waterloo men. You would have been pleased to see the looks of what was left of the old regiment, father."

"Then all of a sudden a French column came up the rise out of the mist, roaring 'Vive l'Empereur!' their drums beating the charge. We gave

them room, for we were too dead tired to go first. On they went like mad at the Russians, so that was the end of a hard morning's work. I was down, fainted with loss of blood, but I will soon be fit for duty again. When I came to myself there was a Frenchman pouring brandy down my throat and talking in his gibberish as kind as any Christian. Never a word will I say agin them red-legged French again."

"Show me the man that would," growled old John. "It was never in them French to act cowardly. Didn't they beat all the world, except us and the duke?"

With the ending of the Crimean war our village was illuminated. Rows of tallow candles in every window, fireworks in a vacant field and a torchlight procession! Old John marched at its head in full regimentals, straight as a ramrod, the hero of the night.

His son had been promoted sergeant for bravery on the field. We boys thought the old army of Wellington kept ghostly step with John Locke, while aerial drums pealed and beat with rejoicing at the new glory of English-speaking men.

After that the old man again wore his medal concealed. The Chinese war of 1857 was too contemptible to celebrate by displaying his badge of Waterloo.

Then came the dreadful tale of the Sepoy mutiny—Meerut, Delhi, Cawnpore! After the tale of Nana Sahib's massacre was read to old John he never smiled, I think. Week after week, month after month, as hideous tidings poured rapidly in, his face became more haggard, gray and dreadful. The feeling that he was too old for use seemed to shame him. He no longer carried his head high as of yore. That his son was not marching behind Havelock with the avenging army seemed to cut the veteran sorely. Sergt. Locke had sailed with the old regiment to join Outram in Persia before the Sepoys broke loose.

"I'm feared something's gone wrong with my heart."

Months went by before we learned that the troops for Persia had been stopped on their way and thrown into India against the mutineers. At that news old John marched into the village with a prouder air than he had worn for many days. His medal was again displayed on his breast.

It was but the next month, I think, that the village lawyer stood reading aloud the account of a great Sepoy fort. The veteran entered the post office and all made way for him. The reading went on:

"The blowing open of the eastern gate was the grandest personal exploit of the attack. It was performed by native sappers covered by the fire of the Sixtieth regiment and headed by Lieuts. Howe and Salkeld, Sergts. Smith, Carmichael, Burgess and Locke."

The lawyer paused. Every eye turned to the face of the old Waterloo soldier. He straightened up to keener attention, threw out his chest, tapped the glorious medal and so saluted the names of the brave.

"God be praised, my son was there!" he said. "Read on."

"Sergt. Carmichael, while laying the powder, was killed, and the native havildar wounded. The powder having been laid, the advance party slipped down into the ditch to allow the firing party, under Lieut. Salkeld, to do its duty."

"While trying to fire the charge he was shot through one leg and arm. He sank, but handed the match to Sergt. Burgess, who was at once shot dead. Sergt. Locke, already wounded severely in the shoulder, then seized the match and succeeded in firing the train. He fell at that moment, literally riddled with bullets."

"Read on," said old John, in a deeper voice. All forbore to look twice upon his face.

"Others of the party were falling when the mighty gate was blown to fragments, and the Oxford light infantry, under Col. Campbell, rushed into the breach."

There was a long silence in the post office till old John spoke once more.

"The Lord God be thanked for all His dealings with us. My son, Sergt. Locke, died well for England."

Nervously fingering the medal on his breast, the old soldier wheeled about and marched proudly straight down the middle of the village street to his lonely cabin.

The villagers never saw him in life again. Next day he did not appear. All refrained from intruding on his mourning. But in the evening, when the rector heard of his parishioner's loss, he walked to old John's home.

There, stretched upon his straw bed, he lay in his antique regimentals, stiffer than at attention, all his medals fastened below that of Waterloo above his quiet heart.

His right hand lay on an open Bible. His face wore an expression of looking forever and ever upon Sergt. Locke and the Great Commander who takes back unto Him the heroes He fashions to sweeten the world.—Toronto Mail.

When catarrh attacks a person of scrofulous diathesis, the disease is almost sure to become chronic. The only efficacious cure, therefore is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which expels scrofula from the system and the catarrh soon follows suit. Local treatment is only a waste of time.

H. Heineman, Milwaukee, writes: "One box Japanese Pile Cure has cured me of a case of 28 years standing, after being treated by New York's best physicians." Sold by J. G. Hall.

**FOR SUNDAY READING.**

**SHUT IN.**

Shut in, but not alone: Who closed the door, Himself is here, Speaking in words of Heavenly cheer, And calling me His own.

I see the clouds sail by, Like silent ships on silent seas; But winds and clouds their Sovereign please, Their path is marked on high.

God's will is in the rain, The seasons of the rounding year; It glistens in the falling tear; God's will is my pain.

So in that Will I rest; His loving hand makes all my bed, And on that hand I lay my head, Remembered, loved and blest.

The Sabbath comes and goes, Bringing its hush of peace, its silent calm, But not for me the temple psalm— Yet this my Father knows.

He giveth songs at night, And thro' the day sweet anthems roll Within the channel of the soul To Him who makes all bright.

I dare not then repine, But wait to do the Father's will, Bidding my doubts and fears be still; 'My times' are His, not mine. —Rev. Henry Burton, in Central Presbyterian.

**WEAKNESS MADE STRENGTH.**

The Light in Which We Should Consider the Limitations of Our Lives.

There is, for many people, a certain exhilaration in fighting against external obstacles. For a healthy nature, struggle, however arduous and painful, has always an element of inspiration, and the man who is dealing with a difficult external problem has the satisfaction of seeing, from day to day or from year to year, the evidence of his growing mastery of his material. This element of inspiration disappears, however, when one comes to deal with one's own limitations; those invisible boundaries which character or inheritance or Providence has set to individual activity and influence. Every thoughtful man or woman recognizes these limits, which it seems at times impossible to pass beyond; there are moments in the life of every such man and woman when a Chinese wall seems to be built about them, of such adamant structure that no door can be opened through it. That which gives life its interest is the presence of more or less distinctly discerned ideals of character and achievement, and that which brings with the recognition of limitations the profound sense of discouragement, and, at times, of despair, is the feeling that these ideals are impossible of realization. Many a man successfully, or at least courageously, sets himself against all the odds which external fortune could array against him, whose heart fails when he sees the limitation of his own ability. The eager desire to pass beyond the furthest point of power we have yet reached, the intense longing to work out of ourselves into a personality richer and more comprehensive, the passionate desire to detach ourselves from faults which we recognize, the recurring weaknesses which humiliate us, and the consciousness of limited faculty or gift constantly borne in upon us, bring with them, at times, a sense of intense discouragement. There are moments when it seems as if it were not worth while to go as far as we are able, because we are not able to go as far as we would. But there is a great fallacy in this view of ourselves. The limitations which we discover in our own characters and our own ability are not like the mountains which inclose the valleys, and which, being immovable, mark their lasting boundaries; they are constantly, although often unconsciously, pushed back by the steady expansion of our natures. For limitation yields in large measure to the power of growth. The halting speech often becomes the spur of a noble oratory. When limitations are recognized and accepted as part of the discipline of life, they become sources of strength and grace to us. It is the sublime truth about life that there is absolutely nothing in it which, rightly used, may not contribute to a man's growth; and many a human soul, recognizing that its limitations are divinely ordained, has drawn from that recognition a strength of patience, a sweetness of temper, and a beauty of spirit which have, after a time, dissolved the limitations themselves in that Divine atmosphere which knows no boundaries.—Christian Union.

**Elements of Popularity.** Thompson—Jones seems to be very popular. I wonder what's the reason? Johnson—It's all due to the way he greets a man. "Yes?" "Nine times out of ten he says let's have something."—Texas Siftings.

**What He Thought.** "I think it possible that marriage is the only state that is conducive to real happiness." "Are you married?" "Er—no; but I am engaged." "Yes; I thought so."—Chicago Record.

**Quite a Respite.** Crossgrain—This has been a delightful winter for me. Miss Warbler—I've had such a cold I couldn't sing a note. Crossgrain—All the girls I know have been in the same fix.—N. Y. Herald.

**An Error of Distinction.** "What does Tennyson mean about the after-dinner talk across the walnuts and the wine? We don't have walnuts in the after-dinner talk." "We have chestnuts, though."—

**TOBACCO :- WANTED**

—BY—

**Booth & Hunt**

—OF THE—

**Alliance Warehouse**

OXFORD, N. C.

**WE HAVE :**

- 1st.—A corps of successful buyers.
- 2nd.—A large and well lighted Warehouse, surpassed by none in the State.
- 3rd. Last, but not least, plenty of cash among our tobacco men to make every pile of tobacco bring full market price.

It hard work, HONEST WEIGHTS, fair dealing and the highest market price is what you want, then bring your tobacco on to

**Booth & Hunt,**

OXFORD, N. C.

oct13.

**FEW**

**SPECIAL**

**BARGAINS.**

1 Oak finish, Ladies Cart and harness, as good as new, at about half cost.

Two elegant new style Surries, reversible, 2 or 4 passenger, and two very strong Columbus Buggies at cost.

One Ross Feed Cutter, been used very little, at half price.

Remember, we carry everything in Hardware, Tinware, Crockery, Glassware, Wood and Willow-ware, Builders' Material, Doors, Windows, Blinds, Lime, Plaster, Cement, Cow Hair.

In fact, everything for the Farmer, everything for the House-keeper, everything for the Mechanic except dry goods and groceries.

Guns, Pistols, Loaded Shells, Caps, Dupont's Powder, Excelsior and New Lee Cook Stoves, Open Franklin Stoves. A handsome line of Grates.

Come to see us and if you owe us make arrangements to pay us at once. We need the money and must insist on settlements of amounts due us.

**EDWARDS & WINSTON.**

OXFORD, N. C.

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