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THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

An Exquisite Pen Picture of the World's Garden of Wonders and Beauties.
Nashville Christian Advocate.

It burst suddenly upon us as we gained the summit of "Inspiration Point," and lay two thousand feet below us, quietly nestling in the bosom of the mountains. For several weary hours in the heat of the afternoon we had been slowly toiling up the steep mountain side, and now, just as the delining sun was casting his long shadows across the valley below, the summit was gained, and this vision, commingling a soft and quiet beauty with an awful grandeur, suddenly burst upon us, filling us with an emotion that at once sealed our lips in reverential silence, as we paused a moment to gaze upon the matchless picture. None needed to ask why this had been named "Inspiration Point"; our own emotions told us why. And there lay the far famed Yosemite Valley in all its length and breadth, hemmed in on all sides by precipitous walls of solid granite towering aloft three thousand feet. How lovely the quiet valley! How grand, how terrible the granite walls! Did quiet beauty and awful grandeur ever meet in such close contact before? Surely, it must be a veritable "garden of the gods," or nature would not have built such gigantic walls as these to guard it from intruding man. No gateway into this garden; one must climb its dizzy walls if entrance is to be gained. But now that we have mounted the wall how are we to get down in the valley below? I see not.

But let us pause a moment to take in the picture from this high point of vision before we begin the steep decent. The valley, at one end of which we stand, is scarcely ten miles long and two miles wide. It is quite level, and is covered, but not densely, with shrubbery and trees that make it appear beautifully green, as we look down upon it from our dizzy height above. A few spots are under cultivation. In the midst of it runs the beautiful Merced River, the course of which we can easily trace with the eye as it meanders among the verdant trees. It is supplied by a half dozen streams that come plunging headlong in mad fury over the granite walls, descending with terrible din and roar, amid white clouds of floating spray, to the valley beneath. It then cuts its awful way out of this granite-wall garden through wild gorges and deep fissures in the rocks. About midway in the valley we can see two hotels, half hid amid the trees, and beyond them a third new one under process of construction. The valley is four thousand feet above the sea, and all around it are immense domes of solid rock, that rise like great towers far above the surrounding wall. Immediately to our right rises Sentinel Rock, and over against it stands El Captain (the Captain) guarding the entrance of the valley. Then come, in regular succession the Three Brothers, North Dome, Cloud's Rest, Half Dome, Cap of Liberty, Glacier Point, and Cathedral Rock, between which points come in the various waterfalls which unite to make the river. At the upper and further end of the valley is the beautiful little Mirror Lake, whose limpid, placid bosom reflects with faultless accuracy the objects around it and the heavens above it.

We now begin the steep and rapid descent. Across the valley on the opposite mountain side is a faint, zigzag, tortuous line descending toward the river. It is the stage road, the dim speck moving upon it is a stage coach drawn by six horses. It is a rival line, and they are trying to make the hotel before we do. They shall not do it, says our driver, as he straightens himself in his seat, adjusts his brakes, and pops his long whip with a sharp crack that fairly echoes in the mountain recess. Traveler, hold your seat—and your breath. All depends upon the brake now. If they give out we go hurling over the awful precipice, within two or three feet of which we are now rapidly trotting, turning sharp and sudden curves without in the least checking our speed. "Hold up, driver, not quite so fast!" cries a timid one from the rear seat. But what cares a California stage-driver for risk and danger? Has he not been driving the stage for thirty years? What would a California stage ride over the mountains be unless we should dash around sharp curves within one foot of the precipice? Why, that is one thing we came out here for. So go it, driver, and go it he does. Down, down, down, and around he dashes, nor slackens his rapid speed for timid man—or nervous woman. Let them hold their breath and keep quiet, and afterward it will be pleasant to have descended the mountain after this fashion.

"Hurrah!" cries one as we turn a sharp angle, and the beautiful Bridal Veil Fall is in full view before us, its white waters breaking into floating clouds of spray long before they have reached the bottom, eight hundred feet below. And behind these clouds of spray and mist the setting sun is painting upon the granite wall most gorgeous rainbows that move about with the ascending and shifting spray. The most delicate and costly handiwork of man never fashioned for fairest bride a veil half so beautiful as this one woven out of the white spray and pinned to the rock by the jeweled rainbow. And now we are at the foot of the falls in the midst of the valley. Look up. How awful are these great granite walls that tower aloft above our heads; and as we drive up the valley it is everywhere the same—one continued, precipitous granite wall, with debris at the bottom, and broken here and there by deep ravines and rude, wild gorges, down which tumble in mad confusion, white foaming cascades.

We next pause at the foot of the Yosemite Falls, the noblest of the half dozen that plunge in mighty volumes into the valley. This fall is two thousand and five hundred feet. This water comes from the melting of the snow. A stream fifty feet wide at its mouth, it first falls precipitously over fifteen hundred feet—nearly ten times that of Niagara—being nothing but spray when it reaches the bottom; and then gathering itself together again, it descends in a mad leaping cascade over five hundred feet, and then another final precipitous plunge of five hundred feet, and it quietly joins the brimming river. The hidden nook and corner of the valley, where the Vernal and Nevada Falls come in, is the rudest, wildest, most picturesque mountain fastness that I ever saw. I can not conceive how nature can surpass it in a world where space has only three dimensions. Towering crags of rock rent by fissures, immense domes of granite boulders piled on boulders, deep ravines bursting into wild gorges, lofty trees, tangled undergrowth, leaping cascades, plunging torrents—and everything else that nature can do that is terrible—all thrown together in wild confusion. O, it is grand, it is awful!

One day was devoted to climbing Glacier Point, which towers immediately above our hotel three thousand feet high. This we do on horseback. Being mounted, we ask how we are to get up there. The Indian guide points to the all but precipitous wall of granite, and says, "Up that wall." I cannot see how. But we begin to follow in his lead as he takes the Indian trail. The trail is only about three feet wide, and goes zigzag and circuitously up the mountain, often times being cut in the solid rock. Twenty-four horsemen and two guides are soon strung out along the ascending trail. The foremost one is frequently shouting down to the hindmost one two hundred feet below him. We leave the horses to guide themselves. They cannot turn around in the narrow trail, and there is but one to take. It is true one misstep would send horse and rider over the precipice into the jaws of death, but the horse understands his business, and we leave him to take care of himself and us, while we give ourselves up to taking in the scenery above and below us. Higher and higher we ascend; smaller and smaller grows the valley, and the houses and trees in it. Men look like little children. In about four hours we have gained the summit, and are on a level with all the great peaks around save Cloud's Rest, across the valley, whose summit, covered with snow, is nearly 3,000 feet above us. Here it was the Indians fancied the rain-god lived, and here it was the clouds went home to rest when they had done his bidding. We go to the very edge of the awful precipice and look straight down 3,000 feet. That little speck beneath us is our hotel that we left four hours before. That little silver thread is the Merced River, and yonder tiny dew drop, half hid in the trees, is Mirror Lake. We look at the solid granite wall immediately beneath our feet, and the great boulders that seem ready to tumble. O, it is appalling—it is terrible. We turn and run away for fear of losing self-control and leaping over the mad precipice. From a safer point we stand and study the wondrous picture. We would linger here. But a little cloud is seen to float off over the valley from the summit of Cloud's Rest—it grows larger and darker. Soon another sets sail out on the airy ocean and joins it. We must hurry down—it is going to rain—a rare thing in the Yosemite at this season. The heavens grow black. Peak after peak is hid. A thunderbolt is hurled from behind Cloud's Rest. It mutters terribly amid the mountains. We shudder. It begins to rain. A storm is coming. It is already upon us. The cloud-mist, black and thick, envelops us. We can hardly see the horsemen next ahead. It pours down. We wish we were somewhere else. Another heavy thunderbolt seems to start from our very side. We shudder and quake. We are glad we are not alone. We hurry down, but not too fast, for a stumble means death. We know the precipice is beneath us and towering crag above us, but we can see nothing for the mist and rain. We hear the roar of the waterfall beneath our feet, but we cannot see it. We are wet and cold. Visions of bad colds, neuralgia, and rheumatism come up before us. We wish we hadn't come up here. Another flash, followed by a sharp and sudden clap. The rain ceases, the clouds break; in fifteen minutes they are gone and the sun is shining warm and bright. How lovely is the sight! A rainbow spans the valley, one end resting on Mirror Lake and the other at the foot of Vernal Falls. The rain-drops on the leaves below are converted into pearls by the dancing sunbeams. The valleys look glorious. The squirrels run out on the limbs and bark at us. The birds are flying and singing. A moment ago enveloped in clouds and darkness, it is now a new heaven and a new earth, full of light and gladness. I shall not soon forget that storm in the Yosemite and how suddenly the gloomiest of pictures changed to one of rarest brightness and beauty.

What a pity that the beautiful Indian names have not been retained to designate all these places and objects in nature! They are so poetic, appropriate, expressive, picturesque. Beside them our American names are rough and commonplace. Only one has been retained—the name of the valley—Yosemite, which means the "big grizzly bear." The beautiful "Tu-lu-la-wi-ak" (Rushing Water) the white man has robbed of all its poetry and beauty by calling it "South Fork." "Pi-wa-ack" (Cataract of Diamonds) is changed to "Vernal Falls." "Ti-sa ack" (Goddess of the Valley) becomes "Half Dome" in the literal and prosaic tongue of the white man. "To-coy-ae" (Shade to Indian Baby Basket) is marred and robbed of its significance and beauty by being named "North Dome." And "Ta-tock-a-nu-la" (Great Chief of the Valley) is changed to the unpoetic name of "The Captain." And all over our land similar irreparable loss has been suffered wherever Anglo-Saxon nomenclature has supplanted that of the Red man. Compare Swannanoa (Indian for beautiful), in Western North Carolina, with the white man's "French Broad" which supplanted the beautiful Indian "Agiqua" (Racing Waters).

Swannanoa, well they named thee
In the mellow Indian tongue—
Beautiful thou art most truly,
And right worthy to be sung.

Of the other stream Mary Bayard Clarke has feelingly sung:

The Agiqua—Racing Waters—
Was thy sonorous Indian name,
But as "French Broad" thou art written
On the white man's roll of fame.

Perish this! but live that other!
For on every dancing wave
Evermore is shown the beauty
Of the name the red man gave.

Washington Irving, the father of our American literature, proposed and earnestly advocated that Congress should restore by law those beautiful Indian names to the streams, valleys, and mountains of America.

O, how wild, how picturesque, how transcendently beautiful in this sequestered vale away over here in the heart of the peaked Sierras. I doubt if nature has repeated anywhere upon the face of the earth a picture combining so many wonders and beauties in so small a space. It is verily the workshop of an Almighty Architect, the studio of the very God of Nature, where, with these inexhaustible granite hills for a quarry, and these white foaming waters to cleanse and polish the work of his hands, he has been for countless geologic ages carving these his monuments in the solid rock, and painting on the granite canvass and the green clad earth these his pictures that put to shame the noblest work of our human art. Had Mary Bayard Clarke written of the valley she could hardly have described it more accurately:

Here are towering rugged mountains
Granite rocks all scarred and gray.
Nature's altar whence her increase,
Floats in wreaths of mist away.

At their feet the murmuring waters
Now are singing songs of praise,
Or in sonorous notes triumphant,
Their majestic pæans raise.

Down the canyon's rocky gorges
Now they wildly, madly sweep,
As, with laughing shout triumphant,
O'er the rock they joyfully leap.

Then, in calm and limpid beauty,
Still and deep they silent flow,
With the verdant banks o'erhanging,
Mirrowed in the depths below.

Pulsing from the heart of nature,
Here glad fountains genial gush,
Then, like streams from Alpine glacier
Down the gorge they madly rush.

Lovely valley, can I paint thee,
With thy scenery wild and grand?
No, 'twould take a magic pencil,
And divine must be the hand.

It is hard to tear ourself away from the Yosemite. It is a place where you would delight to linger long and commune with nature and worship the Creator.

Weak must be his faith who can ascend to these lofty habitations of the earth where the divine glory dwelleth, and not become forever thereafter a devouter worshipper of the God of nature and of grace.

WILBUR F. TILLETT.

The Commercial Spirits in Politics.

The following editorial taken from the New York Star is full of good solid common sense. Commerce is the digestive system of the country, and it must be gotten in a healthy state before the other systems can perform their functions. We need commerce in politics; we need practical and common sense politics and not so much theory and wire working.

"The most stupid of the attacks recently made on the administration is the accusation that the President and his advisers administer the government "in a mere commercial spirit." That is to say that the Colonel Yells of Yellville are not popular in the Democratic party, which is bent upon giving to the country a cheap and efficient federal government.

It was this "commercial spirit" that elected Grover Cleveland President. The merchants of the country, and especially those of the great seaport cities, were determined to rid themselves of the exactions and impositions which they suffered under Republican misrule. They rose in their might to secure a fair trial of Democratic methods. The result has satisfied them. They find economy, honesty and fair play in all the purposes of the Democratic administration. They realize how strongly fortified in public offices were the elements of dishonesty, extravagance and partiality, and they are determined to give Democratic control of federal affairs a sufficient lease of power to complete the work of salutary revolution.

Naturally enough the "politicians for revenue" look with disgust upon this patriotic commercial spirit which has interfered with their system of public plunder. But the country knows that it is not a mean spirit, but a noble one; that it brings prosperity and contentment to the business community, and through it to all good citizens, producers and consumers.

The people believe that further legislation is essential to steady progress in the path that wise executive administration has pointed out, and they have determined that this great and direct issue of principle between Republicanism and Democracy shall be fought out until their purpose is accomplished."

Riddles.

A lady asked a gentleman his age. He replied, "What you do in everything?" X. L. So does Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein excel all other medicines for coughs, croup and consumption.

Mother.

If the little darling is spending such sleepless nights slowly and painfully wasting away by the drainage upon its system from the effect of teething, give Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial and a cure will result.

Sell Your Wool!

A. P. Fleming will pay you the highest market price. He wants 10,000 pounds at once.

CALIFORNIA SNAKE STORY

A Yarn Told to a Tenderfoot by an Old Stage Driver.
San Francisco Chronicle.

This eastern boom—I mean the boom made by eastern people with money—has started up some of the old dead industries of California. With the easy progress of civilization the good old industry of lying had almost died out. It got discouraged, and so many wonderful things had happened elsewhere that it was hard for the imagination to meet the necessities. It was easier to give up lying to strangers altogether, for even the most untraveled easterner could ring the bell on the California guide or stage driver. These gentry are now awakening from their lethargy and beginning to make the Yosemite and other trips lively. A friend of mine from the East has just come back from the Yosemite and relates his experience. The stage driver found out that he was seriously afraid of snakes, and immediately proceed to make his hair stand on end.

"Venomous reptiles? You bet. I don't know what reptiles is, but them snakes you can just bet your life is venemous. Why, one day I was a comin' down here drivin' a wagon when I catches sight of a snake in the brush, all ready for a spring. My horses starts an' I whips 'em up fast to clear the snake, don't you see, afore he could spring. He makes one clear spring, the snake does, an' he misses the horses."

"That was lucky—but you—you——"

"Lucky! You bet your life it was lucky. He missed the horses, the snake did, but he stuck his fangs clean through the wagon."

"You don't say!"

"I do say, and mebbe you won't believe it, but it's a fact he stuck his fangs clean through that wagon, an' that wagon it swelled all up so bad that we had to leave it by the wayside an' take the horses home."

Don't Pasture Your Clover.

Progressive Farmer.

When you get a good set of clover on a piece of land you may make that piece rich by judicious management, with verry little additional expense. But if, as soon as it is large enough for a calf to bite it, you turn stock upon it, and keep it closely grazed all summer, instead of improving your lot, you have impovished it, and at the same time you have not realized one-half the benefit from it you would have done had you kept the stock off, and had mowed one good crop and fed to them, leaving the second crop to plow under for crop food. When continually grazed upon, the tender plants being daily nipped by the cattle, and bruised by their hoofs, spend much of their force trying to heal the wounds thus so frequently made.

Much damage is also done the land by being trampled closely when very wet, rendering the surface quite compact and incapable of absorbing much valuable material from the air. My experience is that one acre of clover cut and carried to the stable, will keep two cows in better condition than it will one cow grazing upon it. Besides the quantity of valuable manure that can be accumulated from two cows, well fed, and carefully attended to, with an abundance of bedding, is worth the feed of one cow, which is largely lost by grazing. So I really get three cows' feed by cutting and feeding at the stable where I would get but one by grazing. Try it, and you will not graze much clover afterward.

Lazy Firebugs.

Home and Farm.

I used to get mad and cuss like a trooper when the Yankees said that southern people were lazy. But I have had to acknowledge the fact. 'Tis true it is not real pleasant to think so, but facts are stubborn things toget around. And for twenty years stubborn facts have been accumulating that from beyond a doubt that we, as a people, are lazy and thoughtless.

Now here are somd of the facts. Since 1865 the people of the cotton states have sent to the north for meat, bread, vegetables, horses, and mules—$300,000,000 for just such things that, had they been as energetic as people should be, would have been raised at home. The State of Georgia alone has sent $100,000,000 to pay for meat which, could easily have been raised at home.

Now, if every farmer in the cotton States had raised all he needed, and then enough to sell the people in the cities, all this money would have been kept at home, and what cotton we had would have brought double the money. Had this been done my brothers, do you think that there would have been a cry all over the land about the merchant?

I have said that every man who farms can raise all his family consumes. For the renter, who moves from place to place, this may be difficult, but for the man who owns his land there is no earthly excuse for not having plenty of sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes, peas, beans, carrots, parsnips, salsify, turnips, and dried fruits; and during summer he can and should have as many vegetables as his family can consume besides enough to feed one pig for each member in his family, and then raise plenty of corn to feed all his stock.

A Mistake About the Birthplace of Andrew Johnson.

A Raleigh special to the New York Times says:

A recent number of Harper's Weekly contained a picture of the house in which Andrew Johnson was born in Raleigh. No doubt the Harpers were honest in their belief that it was the veritable house in which Johnson first saw the light, but their information was incorrect. He was borne in a house which has long since been demolished, and which stood on the lot now occupied by a dry goods store, on Fayetteville street. After Johnson became President the Federal officers and men stationed in Raleigh in 1865 naturally took considerable interest in his early history, and one day two officers called on old Mrs. Susan Stewart and asked her to tell them what she knew of the early life of the President, saying that they had been directed to her as one who had known him in his youth. The old lady replied that she had known Andrew and his parents, and that she had named him. She said that at the time of his birth his parents lived on the back part of her mother's lot, which was on Fayetteville street, about where the store now stands, as stated before, that she, Mrs. Stewart, was a gay young woman, and one night when dressing for a ball received a message from Polly Johnson asking her to come out and look at her new baby. She went and found Polly the mother of a fine boy. After admiring the future President she asked his mother what she had named him. Polly replied: "Miss Susan, as you made all his little clothes for him I want you to name him." Miss Susan said: "Well, Polly, I will name him Andrew McDonald"—after the hero of a novel she was then reading. Jake Johnson, Polly's husband, was sitting by the fire and said: "Miss Susan, don't give him such a long name; I will never recollect it. Call him plain Andrew." And that is the way he got his name, according to the venerable lady. Mrs. Stewart further said to the two curious officers: "Gentleman, you are in the army of that same Andrew Johnson: I wish you would tell him that the old women who gave him the first rag that ever covered his nakedness, and who nursed him, is now tottering on the brink of the grave, and that she would like to see her grandson, George Whiting, who is a Confederate prisoner of war, once more before she dies." The above facts were related to your correspondent by that same George Whiting after his release from prison on Johnston's Island.

The late Chief Justice Ruffin's authority for saying that Chief-Justice Leonard Henderson was the father of Andrew Johnson, and not United States Senator William H. Haywood, as was generally believed. Judge Ruffin said that this information was imparted to him by Judge Henderson and then by Polly Johnson. At all events that question which is said to tax the powers of the wisest child greatly vexed President Johnson, because when he came out to Raleigh to be present at the erection of a monument over Jacob Johnson, a mother's husband, in his speech he said that he had come to the place of his birth to do honor to the man who "is said to be my father." The antiquarians of the town were greatly divided as to the exact location of the grave, and Col. James Fontleroy Taylor among others contended that the monument was erected in the wrong place.

I Use It Myself.

Jno. E. Jones, Fort Valley, Ga., one of the leading druggists there states that he commends Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial because he uses it himself, and knows of what value it is for bowel troubles.

A beautiful line of dress goods casimers, tricots albatrosses &c., at cost. M. F. Hart.

BRITANNIA SPOONS AND FORKS.

Ten Million's Worth of Domestic Plate for England's Monarch.
London World.

The royal plate is usually kept in two strong rooms at Windsor Castle, and is valued at $10,000,000. The gold service, which was purchased by George IV, dines 130 persons, and the silver wine cooler, which he bought about the same time, holds two men, who could sit in it comfortably. It is enclosed with plate glass, and the splendid chasing occupied two years. There are some quaint old pieces in the royal collection which belonged to Queen Elizabeth, having been taken from the Spanish Armada, and others were brought from India, Burmah and China, and there is one cup which belonged to Charles XII of Sweden.

There is a peacock of precious stones valued at $200,000. The body and tail are composed of solid gold, profusely studded with pearls, diamonds, rubies and emeralds. The tiger's head, known as Tippoo's foot stool, is formed for silver gilt, with eyes of rock crystal and a tongue of solid gold. These two trophies of oriental extravagance were taken at Seringapatam. There are an immense number of gold shields, some of which are richly ornamented. One of these was formed of snuff-boxes under the direction of George IV, and is valued at $50,000. There are thirty dozen of plates, which were bought by that sovereign at a cost of $55,000.

A Phase of Southern Development.

New York Star.

The South is not only progressing rapidly in its manufactures, but is developing its home talent to direct them, and the mistaken idea that honest employment is degrading has been exploded. Four years ago capitalists erected a $400,000 cotton factory in Anderson county, S. C., which was in every way complete except in operatives. As the surrounding country was fairly populated, little trouble was expected in collecting the 400 men, women and children necessary to run the mill. Just here the enterprise halted. Although the company offered cottages rent free, school and church privileges, and other advantages not previously possessed since the war, the white people held back, preferring poverty to the danger of losing social standing by accepting employment. Finally thirty-five girls were brought from a Baltimore cotton mill, and the native rising generation soon saw the workers spending more money on dress and luxuries than they were able to, and naturally importuned their parents to allow them equal opportunities. The children of a leading family started in, and the ice was broken. Then the supply became overabundant. Some of the young men who then began as common operatives are now superintendents and overseers, and others, by this training fitted themselves for responsible positions with other corporations.

This practical training is not confined to the poorer classes, but the young men of the highest social standing are quick to embrace these opportunities to escape from the idleness of the past, and to day direct descendants of a family who for three generations have been most prominent as governors and statesmen in South Carolina can be found occupying responsible positions (after advancing from the lowest rounds) in an Atlanta mill, which is honored by the personal superintendence of one of the most popular Governors Georgia ever had.

This phase of development is particularly important at the present time, when the South has so many openings for her trained and intelligent workers in carrying on to success the innumerable new enterprise of the past two years.

Give Them a Chance!

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them. When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, are all bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Boschee's German Syrup, which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you you may depend upon this for certain.

AYER'S Sugar-Coated Cathartic PILLS.
If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightsey, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would kill a doctor, if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Ewing, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

LAND SALE.

By virtue of a mortgage executed to me by William Baker and wife, dated Feb'y 1st, 1883, and recorded in book 31, page 537 in the Register of Deeds office in Oxford, I will on Monday, the 25th of July 1887, sell to the highest bidder for cash, at the court house door in Oxford, N. C., the tract of land situated in Oak Hill township, Granville county, N. C., bounded by the lands of [illegible] and by the lands of [illegible], containing 220 acres more or less.

WALTER CLARK, Trustee.
Oxford, N. C., June 25, 1887. [je28]

Sale of Town Lot.

On Saturday, the 3rd day of August, I shall sell at public auction, at the courthouse, in the town of Oxford, at 12 o'clock, m., one half of unimproved town lot on Lee street, adjoining Nona Landis from lewis G. Smith, said nuisance and dog will be sold as the property of Noah Landis, to satisfy an execution in favor of Mrs. Sarah Pass, vs. Noah Landis, to secure the payment thereof, registered in the office of the register of Deeds, book Feb. 23, Page 1, Feb. 1st, 1887.

S. G. PROFFITT, Mortgagee.
June 14th, 1887.

Notice.

SALE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
Granville County.

By virtue of an execution to me directed from the Superior court of Granville county, wherein J. M. McSeelee is plaintiff and William T. Sandford is defendant, I shall, on Monday, the 1st day of August, 1887, sell at the courthouse door in the town of Oxford, all the right, title and interest of said defendant, William T. Sandford which he held on the 28th January, 1887, in a tract of land situated in the county of Granville adjoining the lands of Joseph Baxter, Joseph Knight, Benj. Hester, and others to satisfy said execution and cost.

L. H. BULLOCK,
Sheriff of Granville county.
June 9th, 1888.

Notice.

By virtue of a mortgage executed to me by William Baker, dated October 24, 1884, as will appear by reference to book 20, page 160 Register of Deeds office, Oxford, N. C., I will on Saturday, July 16, 1887, sell to the highest bidder, for cash, at the courthouse in Oxford, N. C., all the mineral right of said William Baker in the property known as the Royster Copper Mine, situated in Oak Hill Township near Blue Wing, in Granville county, N. C. This Mine is on the land adjoining the lands of C. A. Tuck and others, and contains two hundred and thirty acres, more or less.

WALTER CLARK, Trustee.
Oxford, N. C.,
June 9th, 1887.

SALE OF STORE-HOUSE AND LOT IN OXFORD.

By virtue of the powers vested in us by the last will and testament of Robert L. Hunt, deceased, we shall, on Monday, the 1st day of August next, offer for sale to the highest bidder, at public auction, at the courthouse door, in Oxford, the one half interest owned by said Robert L. Hunt, at the time of his death in the store-house and lot situated in the town of Oxford, at the North end of Main Street, adjoining the store of Banky Gee, and the Kingsbury residence, being the place now occupied by Williams & Furman as a drug store, about 55 feet front by 90 feet back, from street. At the same time and place and on the same terms will be offered for sale in the manner, the other half interest in said property, owned by D. A. Hunt. Terms one third cash, the balance in twelve months, to be secured by bond and to bear interest, at eight per cent. per annum, from the time of delivery of possession.

MRS. M. J. HUNT,
D. C. WHITE, } Executors.
D. A. HUNT,
June 27th, 1887. [je28]

Dissolution Notice.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm name of Edwards & Rogers, is dissolved by mutual consent, and J. F. Edwards will continue the business, collect all accounts, and pay all debts of the firm. All parties owing the firm will please make settlement at once, as the accounts must be closed. If not promptly arranged they will be placed in course of collection by law.

J. F. EDWARDS,
W. F. ROGERS.

I have this day disposed of my interest in the firm of Edwards & Rogers to Mr. J. F. Edwards, who will continue the general business as heretofore, and I ask my friends to continue their patronage with him.

W. F. ROGERS.
Oxford, N. C., June 10th, 1887.

NOTICE.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Oxford and Henderson Railroad Company will be held at the office of the company in Henderson, N. C., July 12th, 1887, at 12 m.

J. A. W[illegible]