



WHAT IS IT?

Keep an Eye Out, and You'll See!

On First Page To-day.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.

Absolutely Pure. The powder never varies. A purely...

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 W. 11th Street, New York.

For sale by J. N. O. B. STABLOW.

DIRECTORY.

STATE AND GOVERNMENT. Governor, Daniel C. Fowle, of Wake...

WASH OF GAZETTE.

THE OLD NORTH STATE FOREVER.

WASHINGTON, BEAUFORT CO., N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1890.

NO. 32.



PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS CARD.

HOTEL MERRIAM. First class accommodations for Ladies... HOTEL ORTON. Best appointed Hotel in the State... SURGEON DENTIST. WASHINGTON, N. C.

QUATERMAIN'S WIFE.

By H. RIDDER HAGGARD. Author of 'Colonel Quaritch, V. C.', 'Mr. Meeson's Will', 'A Tale of Three Lions', 'The Fish Hawk', 'The Quatermain', 'She', 'Jess', etc.

CHAPTER I.

I MAY be remembered that in the last page of his diary, written just before he died, Allan Quatermain made allusion to his long dead wife, stating that he had written of her fully elsewhere...

caught fire, and the flame ran up her arm towards her throat. She stood quivering still. I suppose that she was paralyzed with fear...

father on my mother's death at any rate we traveled with the storage passengers, and the rough discomfort of the journey with the ways of our fellow emigrants, still remain upon my mind...

It was upon the morning of the 17th of July that I was wakened by a noise which I at once recognized as that of the rain drums...

was I inclined to leave the safety of the hillside where the lightning was never known to strike and venture down to the ironstone? Occasionally there still came flashes, but, search as we would, we could see no trace of either of the wizards...

On Christmas day twelve months ago, the poetic and eloquent Grady, whose death we announce above, wrote the following tender, touching and eloquent article upon the splendor and the beauty of the heavenly baptised day...

CHAPTER II.

I had had a bad dream last night, and when I awoke, I found the room in a state of commotion...

I had looked for old Indaba-zimbi, I said to myself. They mean to kill him. Then I thought no more of the matter for a while...

The silence deepened and deepened. The shadows grew blacker and blacker, then suddenly all nature began to moan beneath the breath of an icy wind...

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