

SMITHFIELD HERALD.

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DEVOTED DEVOTION.

One of the truest, purest, and noblest women, who ever spread the veil of enchantment around the brow of a husband, and sweetened his existence with her delicious smiles of an enraptured witchery, was forced to procure a divorce from her chosen one, and get release from his unholy embrace. But she true to the memories of the hallowed past, and her loyal heart nursed in all its pangs the precious melody of the dear old hymn, *Dear Old Days*, and she was beautiful and lovely, and the soft beams of her glorious charms fell upon another heart, and melted its frozen channel into a gushing stream of affectionate ardor and into a gushing stream of affectionate ardor and devotion. He showed her his heart, rich with unthought affection and a devotion given to God. He appreciated his offering, but could not reciprocate its passion and its intensity, and so she begged him for her sake, and the sake of that sweet by-gone, to allow her the successful privilege of walking to his side alone, "companionship in woe." Just before she had a good-bye, she pronounced these lines, rejecting his proposal in the flow of the most exquisite sentiment that ever south of a line soared human disappointment:

Thine eyes is eloquent,
Thy light bright back
The halloved past,
Where oft my memory goes
To gather from the wrecks of past
Of moments gone.
The one bright relic of a love
That still I mourn.
And her take his place,
No, no, it cannot be;
With what poor grace
I've borne the anguish two long years,
I'll bear the years to come
Nor let my flowing tears
One memory fond office
Of all that made his heart my home.
Ask not my love; 'tis a sad
The velvet oak that rustling lies,
Is not a mere bare beauty;
To seek a thing of life
And as thy head upon some breast
Whose pulse is not a duty;
Thou hast been sweet to me,
And I know I like thee,
A more than friendship like,
But from my heart the seal
Thine memories make
No hope can move, no promise break.
HIS REPLY.
If there be ought in glances
That can speak,
If there be eloquence in eyes,
Bright, here, or mock,
Then let mine speak of all
My heart can tell,
And sweetly utter
What it feels so well,
Warm'd by the love I give
Thy heart shall glow
With a new flame,
And from its new sealed fountain
There shall flow
As in that olden time,
The same sweet current of delight,
That once he knew,
And in thy bosom's night
Steal like the balmy breath of May,
Kissing the frosts and bloom
Of winter all away.
Say not thy love is dead
And bare of beauty;
Thine eyes still shed
A lustre not of dying,
And memories that now seal
The sacred fire within thy breast,
Soon, soon, will feel
The kindling flame and melt to rest.
So from the ashes of the past,
New life, new love shall rise
And plume its wings towards the skies
Its blessed home at last,
And round thee I will weave
Life's sweetest mystery,
And, if thou wilt believe,
Fill every fleeting hour
With a lover's true devotion,
As we go sailing o'er,
In fondest rapture hugg'd,
Life's sweet and blissful ocean.

THE GLENWOOD PARAGRAPHS.

The Glenwood Literary Society has bought two large chandeliers, holding two lamps each, for the society hall; and now the young men will have light upon the subjects which they may discuss.
Miss S. J. Carver, of Sherwood, N. C., sends us two books for the Library—one is especially valuable, a history of the use and progress of the Grange.
Most people are gloomy over the election returns; but nothing definite is yet known (4th) here, as to the result at large. Rumor has it that all the Independents are elected; we hope not—surely, such an excellent man as Mr. Harper, nominee for Treasurer, could not be defeated by any "Rad" that could be run in this county.
Many people are going to the Fayetteville Fair this week; hope all may enjoy it.
New pupils continue to come in to our school; Messrs. Basil and Robert Bowden, of Dudley, N. C., are with us; and we hear of many others who are coming soon. Welcome all!
A number of the younger girls of Glenwood school, accompanied by the Principal, enjoyed an afternoon, last Saturday, hunting hickory nuts and locusts; and at night, at the residence of Mr. H. N. Bazzell, they had an old style "candy pull" in linked suzerity, long drawn out, juvenile sweetness, without a doubt.
Next week, the order for the new book for Glenwood Library will be sent off, and as soon as our books arrive and are put in order, we want every body to come over and take a book. The museum will open at that time also.
Don't forget the lecture on the 25th instant—especially don't forget to bring your basket well filled with "Thanksgiving Fixings." There will be music and other exercises by the pupils of the school at the lecture, and a general good time.
Subscriptions to the *Monthly* come in almost every day, notwithstanding the delay in getting out the first issue. We shall try to be ahead next time. E.

Rain-Falling Three Hours From A Clear Sky.

Charlotte has a sensation of a most puzzling character, and one which will prove an interesting subject for study by scientists and the learned men of the land. It is a tree, or rather a pair of trees, in the vicinity of which regularly every day at 3 o'clock, a shower of rain falls. The phenomenon was yesterday witnessed by a crowd of at least 250 citizens, before whose gaze the rain fell for the space of two hours.

The locality of this strange occurrence is at the corner of Ninth and D streets. Three weeks ago it was reported that every day at 3 o'clock a shower of rain would fall at that spot, but most of our citizens thought it a subject for the ebullient bell. During the last few days, however, they have begun to look at the matter in a different light. There is no joke about it, but the rain really does fall, as indicated above, and it can be witnessed any day after 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

An *Observer* reporter, anxious to test the truthfulness of the report, yesterday visited the spot and found a crowd of at least 250 people already assembled, waiting for the rain to commence. The skies were perfectly clear, the sun was shining brightly, and everything in the vicinity was dry and dusty from prolonged drought. On reaching the place where the people was assembled, the reporter enquired for the spot on which it was said that the rainfall was to be seen, and was pointed to two scrubby oak trees growing in a yard at the corner of Ninth and D streets. There was nothing unusual about the appearance of the trees, save that they were not very well filled with leaves. At half past 3 o'clock, the expectant multitude was rewarded by the appearance of the rain. It began coming down between the two trees in a kind of mist which gradually increased until it was a gentle, but undoubtedly a genuine, rainfall. Though the rain was falling before the eyes of all present, no one could be seen coming down from a point above the tops of the trees, and continued falling until 5 o'clock, and that was all that could be realized. Every individual present could see it plainly. An umbrella held under the falling water was quickly made dripping wet. Handkerchiefs spread on the ground were also made wet. One lady placed a pinner at the foot of the tree, and when she took it up it contained a tabespoonful of water. The water is icy cold. Among those present yesterday and who can testify to the truthfulness of what is above recorded, were Mr. James A. Barry, sergeant in charge of the signal station in this city; Mr. D. P. Hutchinson, and a large number of the young lady pupils of the Charlotte Female Institute in charge of Mrs. Atkinson, in addition to a number of prominent citizens. Mr. Barry was so impressed with what he witnessed that he reported the occurrence to the Chief Signal Station at Washington. The plot of ground covered by the rainfall is about ten feet square. This wonderful occurrence has been going on daily for the past four weeks, as the residents of that vicinity can testify.

While the rain was falling Mr. Hutchinson climbed up one of the trees to make an investigation, but failed to unravel the mystery. The leaves and twigs were perfectly dry, and while he was in the top of the tree, he could see rain coming down from above him. These are the facts, and the wise man can now take the case.—Charlotte *Observer*.

To The Married.

Married life is not all made up of sunshine and a peace. Shadows will sometimes darken the domestic horizon; the sun will often hide behind a cloud which apparently has no silver lining. But do not fret over it. Make up your mind start snow. Begin a white new leaf in your book of experience, and try to forget the blots and erasures on the last one. Above all things, preserve sacredly the privacy of your house and married life. No good is gained by imparting to relative or friend the sorrow and disappointments you endure, and sooner or later you are sure to regret making such a confidence. There are few who can be trusted with the secrets of your daily life; there are few who will not whisper the story of your marital difficulties to some "dear confidential friend," and soon your private affairs are freely discussed by all your acquaintances, and commuted upon without stint, furnishing food for gossip over many a tea-table. Build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace.

Back on's Arnica.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by T. R. Hood & Co.

A Trip Over The Short Cut.

Ma Editor.—

With your consent I will give to the readers of your valuable paper a brief account of a trip on the Short Cut to Fayetteville. On the 10th of October as the sun was hiding its self behind the Western hill, I boarded the cars at Smithfield. Soon the iron horse gave the signal, and off we started. I found a seat by one of Johnston's brightest and cleverest young men who was on his way to Wade to take charge of the Railroad business there. We chatted away the time very pleasantly until we came to his destiny, where he alighted and left me to finish the trip. I was then in the bonnets of that most noted old county, Cumberland, which was founded in the year 1754, and a few years later or about 1760, built a little village called Campbelltown; afterwards its name was changed to Cross Creek, and still later in 1781, its name was changed to Fayetteville in honor of General Lafayette, who was a native of France, and who perilled his life and fortune in the cause of liberty. It retains that name to day and may it ever prosper under that name is my sinners wish. Well, back to my trip. I arrived at the Fay— depot, there a number of the young men and ladies, besides some older ones were gathered to welcome the shrill whistle on the new road. I remained a couple of days in the historical old town and took several strolls viewing its magnificent stores and beautiful residences. I will call the readers attention to a few of the stores I visited: First, the large and handsomely equipped store of Mr. F. W. Thornton, where I was shown over the whole establishment. One of the attractions that caught my eye was the elevated "Cash Road," that is very peculiarly arranged so that each salesman sends the cash of each side to the cashier, who is a pleasant looking lady seated upon a throne near the center of the store. The proprietor is so civil and pleasant and has in his employ some sixteen salesmen in all, who are polite and attentive. I then called at Messrs. Rose and Leek's, where I met with many attractions. There I found another "Cash Road" similar to the one I have already spoken of. One of the clever proprietors, Mr. Leek, took me on a trip over their handsomely arranged building. We went up to the third story on their elevator, and there my eye met with the most beautiful line of carpets I ever saw. From there I visited Mr. Nimmo's who deals very extensively in groceries, fruit, etc. He is one of Fayetteville's largest cotton buyers and quite a clever gentleman I think. Thence to Messrs. A. E. Rankin & Co's large and well furnished building, I spent a short time. I then dropped in at the *Observer* office, was warmly received by Mr. Myrover, who was very jolly and entertaining. I then went on my tour to Messrs. Pemberton & Prior's, who are engaged in the drug business, also it is headquarters for the best mineral waters, ice cold soda, etc., vendors. When you visit Fayetteville whether on business or pleasure be sure to drop in and try their refreshments. Then if you are not ready to leave the city and wish to buy a gold watch and chain for the least money, or an engagement ring for your betrothed, or even want to set your watch by the standard time, call on Bensley & Houston, and Mr. Frank will very politely fit you up. I will say if any of Johnston's good people go to Fayetteville and happen to such luck as to need a physician, want a leg or arm splinted, or a dose of physic, call on Dr. Ivy at Smith's drug store. As I strolled down the street from the Court House some ladies came meeting me; the sight of those ladies just at that place brought to my memory that noble and heroic Flora McDonald of the Revolution who (history tells us) lived on that street near the bridge; Fayetteville, Cross Creek, or whatever banner it has boomed under is undoubtedly one of the most historical towns in the State and until this day can boast of some of the inherited beauty and heroism. KEMP.

Five Rules for Boys.

1. However much you admire any one, never allow yourself to be influenced by that one to do what you know is wrong.
2. Never follow any one blindly; make sure what it is you are asked to do, and what purpose is to be served by doing it.
3. Always think of what the thing you are tempted to do would lead you to, and where it would land you at last.
4. Follow the leadership of no one who sneers at those whom you know to be good people.
5. Rather deny yourself pleasure that are lawful than expose yourself to temptation you are too weak to resist by becoming a close companion of an evil doer. Exchange.

The Largest Stock of Furniture and greatest variety ever in Smithfield just received W. L. Woodall & Co.

Mrs. Cleveland Applauded.

Mrs. President Cleveland not only gracefully but justly scolded the brazen-faced rebels of the South who would have her screaming with the daughter of that hell-born rebel, Jeff Davis. It was arranged that Mrs. Cleveland should receive calls with the daughter of Jeff Davis, the wife of ex-President Tyler and Mrs. Lee, the wife of the Governor of Richmond. There could be no reasonable objection on Mrs. Cleveland's part to associate with the two last named ladies because their husbands are repentants and have been forgiven, but it is universally known that old Jeff still flouts the rebel flag in the face of the nation and it was justly considered by the lady of the White House to be a piece of brazen-faced audacity to ask her to mix with his daughter.

Mrs. Cleveland is a whole-souled patriot—New York *City* writes.

Here is another infamous two legged dog in human shape, whose heart is as black as his "whiskers" as the heart of old satan himself and who ought to sory out fifty years in a dungeon, if his life should last so long, chained down between a pole cat and a hyena. Such fiends and body devils ought not to be tolerated in a civilized country. No place on God's foot-stool could produce such a hell-born demon but the Northern section of this Union, and we are thankful that such few spots in that section can get up such villainy and devilry as this scound would if he could.

Such cattle ought to be ignored and ostracized by all decent people everywhere. Jeff Davis towers above him and his like in trug nobility, greatness and marhool like the Rocky mountains above the surrounded pebbles. In patriotism, virtue and honor there is no comparison. This villain and all like him, and all who believe as he does, are unworthy to unlouse the latchet of Jeff Davis' shoes. They are unfit to lick the dust from his feet. Mrs. Cleveland never met and never will meet a purer, nobler specimen of woman-kind than Miss Wimple Davis. She is no better herself, if so good, and if we could so far forget our own method as to believe that, to avoid meeting Miss Davis, she stayed away from Richmond we should forever despise her and all like her. We hope all such villains as the author of the above will stay away from the South, and if Mrs. Cleveland or any one else is inspired or impregnate with any such hellish and diabolical thoughts and motives as this fiend seems to be, we hope and trust they will always remain North and never come South. To be forever flinging at Mr. Davis, and pouring out the accumulated vials of wrath on his defenceless head, is so mean and contemptible, that none but human dogs and hyenas will engage in it. Mr. Davis is further from being a traitor or guilty of treason than the scoundred who pened the above, and is as far from being a traitor under the laws and constitution of his country as the great General who led the Union armies to victory. In Lee and other Southern Generals are repentants, then they are to be condemned and despised of all men. If we had possessed the power during the war, we would have killed in battle the last Union man. Without that power, we did all we could to gain the result. We have not repented of it, and God forbid we ever should. If we had not done all in our power to make the last one bite the dust, we should despise ourself today. The war has ended, the Union has been reconstructed, and we have become, or ought to have become brothers and common countrymen. We say damn—thrice damn the villain who is forever stirring up the embers in search of live coals to rekindle the old fires.—Scotland Neck *De noscat*.

Republicans Not at Senator Dawes.

Senator Henry L. Dawes was one of the speakers at a Republican rally held recently in Boston. The manner in which he was received showed that he had lost his hold on the Republicans in this part of the State. No sooner had he begun his address than the entire audience began to yawn and scrape their feet. This was followed by the ringing of chestnut bells, hooting and cheering for John D. Long, the opponent of Mr. Dawes in the coming Senatorial contest. The meeting became so boisterous that Gov. Robinson was compelled to inform the audience that he was presiding over the meeting and that he was presiding at some other meeting. He was obliged to come to the rescue of the Senator no less than three times. The affair is town talk and ex-Gov. Long's friends refer to it as a very significant straw.—New York *World*.

Walter Gordon, of Atlanta, is said to have made three fortunes in six years. In Georgia Pacific he and his brother E. C. Gordon, drew out \$167,000 each in clear cash one-fourth of which Walter Gordon invested in plantations. In Sheffield they cleared \$100,000 each and hold large blocks of the stock, now six for one and rising. Just before leaving for New York they cleared \$120,000 by the sale of their Tennessee Railroad to the Louisville and Nashville system.

It is never wise to live in the past. There are uses to be made of our past which are helpful and which bring blessings. We should remember our past lost condition, to keep us humble and faithful. We should remember past failures and mistakes, that we may not repeat them. We should remember past mercies, that we may have confidence in new needs or trials in the future. We should remember past comforts that there may be stars in our sky when night comes again. But while there are these true uses of memory we should guard against living in the past. We should draw out our life's inspirations not from memory but from hope; not from what is gone, but from what is yet to come. Forgetting the things which are behind us, should reach forth unto those things which are before.

Take a single point at present: We should forget past sorrows. There are many people who live all the while in the shadows of their past griefs and losses. Yet nothing could be more unwholesome. What could we say of the man who should build a house for himself out of black stones and paint all the walls black curtains over the dark stained windows and put black carpets on every floor and festoon the chambers with funeral crepe and have sad pictures on the wall and sad books on the shelves and should have no plants growing and no flowers blooming anywhere about his home? Yet that is the way some people live. They build houses for their soul like that. Let all sweet and joyous things thorough and retain only the sad and bitter things. They forget every pleasant thing, but the painful events and occurrences they all ways remember. They can tell you troubles by the hour—troubles they had many years ago. They keep their old wounds unhealed in their hearts. They have photographs of all their sorrows and calamities, and all of their lost joys, but none of their glad things do they keep in mind. The result is that living in those perpetual glooms and shadows all the brightness passes out of their lives and they even lose the power of seeing joyous and love ly things.

The lesson is that we ought to let the dead past bury the dead, while we go on to new duties and seek new joys. We cannot get back what we have lost by weeping over the grave where it is buried. Besides, sadness does not give any blessing. It makes no heart softer; it brings out no feature of Christ-likeness; it only embitters our present joys and stunts the growth of all beautiful things in our souls. The graces of the heart are like flower plants; they will not bloom in the darkness, but must have sunshine.

We should forget what we have suffered. The joy set before us should shine upon our souls as the sun shines through the clouds. We should cherish sacredly and tenderly the memory of our Christian dead, but should think of them as in the home of the blessed, safely folded, waiting for us. Thus the bright hope of glory should fill us with tranquility and healthy gladness as we move over the waves of trial. We should remember that the blessings which have gone away are not all that God has for us. This summer's flowers will all fade by and-by, when winter's cold breath smites them. We shall not be able to find one of them in the fields and gardens during the long, dreary months. Yet we shall know all the while that God has other flowers preparing, just as fragrant and beautiful as those which have perished. Spring will come again and under its warm breath the earth will be covered once more with rich floral beauty as lovely as that which perished in the autumn. So the joys that have faded from our homes and hearts are not the only joys; God has others in store, just as rich and as fragrant as those we have lost, and in due time he will give us these. Then in heaven he will bestow unspeakable joys, which never shall be taken away. We should therefore forget the sorrow in things of the past and reach forth for the joys that wait on the earth, and to the eternal blessings that wait in heaven. In our darkest night we should look up and forget the darkness as we gaze upon the bright stars, which twinkle so brightly and so beautifully above us.

Pretty Miss Lamar.

Among the "cabinet roses" who will blossom out into society here this winter the most attractive by far is Miss Jennie Lamar, the eighteen-year-old daughter of the Secretary of the Interior. She is already known in society, since she has been for a year the chief social support of her widower father. She is a typical Southern beauty. Her form is somewhat tall, lithe and willowy, her movements particularly graceful, and her manner marked by the particular high culture observable in blue-blooded Southern ladies. She has an oval face, almost perfect in contour, olive complexion, a pretty rosebud mouth, and velvety brown eyes, which are wondrously expressive. For the first time since Mr. Lamar came to Washington he has taken a whole-house and proposes to entertain this winter on a scale only below that of Secretary Whitney.—Washington Letter to Philadelphia *Press*.

FRANK THORNTON

Takes pleasure in greeting the good people of Johnston county, and congratulates them upon their extended Railroad facilities. With particular pride we announce that we have the largest store, the largest stock and the most perfectly arranged establishment in the entire State. A single glance at the inside of our Mammoth Store will convince anyone that we carry the largest LINE OF GOODS contained under any one roof, south of Mason & Dixon's line. IN SILKS. We show perfect lines in elegant Black Gray Grain, Striped and Colored. IN SATINS. Our assortment is unsurpassed in beautiful black, colored, striped and marbled. IN VELVETS. An unusually handsome exhibit is a pile of Silk Velvets, striped, checked, Tuft Velvets and Brocaded Velvets. IN SILK PLUSHES are seen all colors in great variety. IN FINE DRESS GOODS. All the novelties are secured and exhibited, among which are Striped, Bunche, Assabet, all wool suitings, 40 Tuches wide, Ouleto, all wool suitings, 54 inches wide, Cashmere Diagonals, Check novel, 54 time long, all wool Tweeds, Brilliantines, Cashmere Peique, Travers, Fancies, Serges, Colored Falles, Colored Rhadames.

IN TRIMMINGS

We give a beautiful display of Felt Ball Edgings, Mohair Marabout Trimmings, Feathers Marabout Trimmings, Beaded Gimps, all colors, entirely new;icot Braids, facings Corals, Beaded Passamontie, and all the new designs, in Buttons in fancy designs. IN BLACK GOODS. In shoes our assortment is perfect in all grades. We are the sole controlling agent in the city for the celebrated Ziegler Bros' Fine shoes, and no one else can buy or sell them in this territory. There are no other Ziegler's make of shoes, but to get the genuine enquire and look for the brand "Ziegler Bros." Every pair is branded. We show these goods in every style and designs known to the artistic trade.

CLOAKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

In Carpets a very heavy and handsome stock is shown embracing every available Novelty in Chinese Carpeting in Plain and stripes, Ingrains—3 plying, Tapestry, Tapestry Brussels, Body Brussels, Broche, Velvet, Axminers, stair Carpet in Ingrain and Brussels, Hemp, &c. In shoes our assortment is perfect in all grades. We are the sole controlling agent in the city for the celebrated Ziegler Bros' Fine shoes, and no one else can buy or sell them in this territory. There are no other Ziegler's make of shoes, but to get the genuine enquire and look for the brand "Ziegler Bros." Every pair is branded. We show these goods in every style and designs known to the artistic trade.

We use Our Best Endeavors

In the arrangement and extent of our stock to save the Ladies trouble of going from one store to another in order complete their memorandums, and we factor ourselves that we can, without trouble, fill any memorandum in the Dry Goods Line, liberally abating to the purchaser much annoyance. FURTHER BENEFIT OF OUR LADY PATRONS we have connected with our establishment a handsomely furnished Parlor, and Toilet Room, a feature in the Dry Goods business not possessed by any other House in the city. MAIL ORDERS, and orders for samples solicited and promptly attended to.

FRANK THORNTON, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

IN OUR NEW STORE! THE BUILDING BOOM!

(OPPOSITE OLD STAND.)

With the Largest Stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries Provisions, Etc.,

Ever offered to the purchasing public of Johnston and surrounding counties. As an evidence of our increasing business, wide-awake buyers are being convinced that merchants who handle one line of goods only and buy in large lots can give bargains.

400 BARRELS FLOUR, Fresh ground out of New Wheat, just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S. Price from \$4 to \$5 per barrel.

2 Car Loads Salt, Coarse and fine ground Alum and Shown just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S.

10 Boxes C. R. Sides, Just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S.

50 Boxes Cakes and Crackers, At Factory Prices just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S.

25 Boxes Tobacco, From 25 cents per pound up, just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S.

Car Load Bagging and Ties, At reduced prices, just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S.

20 Boxes Tarbell's Cheese (The Finest on Earth) and other grades just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S.

25 CASES STAR LYE, Just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S.

25 CASES HORSEFORD'S BREAD PREPARATION just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S.

Crockery, Wood and Willow Ware, Glass Ware, Lamp Goods, Tin Ware and a thousand other things just received at Williamson & Blake's.

They have the goods and the lowest prices. Consult your interest by giving them a call before buying elsewhere.

Very respectfully, Williamson & Blake.

STOP AT THE CUMBERLAND HOUSE, Near the Depot, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

D. HBELL, Proprietor.

This is the largest house in the city, is located in a beautiful grove, has recent improvements and is in the business part of the town. Polite attention and good fare.

A. E. Rankin, S. C. Rankin, A. H. Slocumb.

A. E. Rankin & Co., Wholesale Grocers and DEALERS IN Fertilizers, Old Hickory WAGONS and CARTS. Post-Office Building, Person Street, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Baasley & Houston, Keep in stock a nice line of CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY. Repairing done in the best possible manner. South Side, Hay St., near Market Place, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

WELCOME To all Visiting Our TOWN,

We would extend a cordial WELCOME and invitation to call at our

DRUG HOUSS,

On Kyles Corner, Fayetteville, N. C.

Pemberton & Prior, Wholesale and Retail Druggists.

SMITHFIELD PRODUCE MARKET

Corrected Weekly by Williamson & Blake, Wholesale and Retail Grocers.

Western Sides,	8a8j
N. C. Hams,	12a15
" Sides,	10
" Shoulders,	10
Hog round,	11
Lard, N. C.,	10a12j
Lard, Northern,	9a10
Corp.,	7a80
Meal, per 100 lbs,	\$1.50a\$1.60
Oats,	50a55.
Flour,	\$4.00a\$5.00
Hay,	\$1.00a\$1.10
Hay, (crab grass)	40a50
Lime,	\$1.50
Eggs,	12a15
Chickens,	12a25
Berewas,	20a22j