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UNCLE AARON.

Continued from last week.

"Yes," very slowly and very humbly, "but I am afraid. And besides, I am so tired, so very tired! I want some one—some one—" bursting out suddenly into great sobs, "some one like you to comfort me."

The light of love upon Uncle Aaron's face deepened. "There, there, child! I'll never leave ye again; ye shall have me to comfort ye. Ah me!" sighing with deep joy, "how happy I be!"

Rose raised her head up from the grass, whereon she had thrown herself in her abandonment, and looked at him. "Happy!" she cried.

"Yes," he answered, smiling down at her, "for I know that ye and my boy will be happy once more."

"But perhaps—" began Rose, with trembling lips.

"Come," said Uncle Aaron, picking up his hat and holding out his hand. "Come!" They walked along hand in hand for some distance, and through Rose's mind the words, "Our Father which art in Heaven. Our Father which art in Heaven," kept repeating themselves over continually. For a few dazed moments she felt as if it was He who had her by the hand. Then glancing up and seeing Uncle Aaron's great, but very human form, a trembling realization of what she had agreed to do came over her. "I'm afraid," she whispered.

Uncle Aaron grasped her hand still tighter and answered: "Ye need not be, child. Jacob has loved ye all this time."

Very humbly the beautiful head dropped again and a penitence that was complete filled her soul.

They finally came into the town, and Rose said, gently: "Will you come to the Mansion House and wait for me?"

"No," said Uncle Aaron; "I have to do something for Matthew, ye know. I'll 'tend to that first, and send him word that I am going to New York to see Jacob. He'd be a wonderin,' ye see, if I didn't come back."

This small but practical detail again made Rose realize what a change was coming to her life, and she trembled again. "I forget every thing but my own miserable self," she said, humbly. "I will see my manager and resign my position, get my things together, and whenever you are ready come to the hotel and you will find me."

"Very well," said Uncle Aaron. "I will come by noon for ye, child."

He went his way and she went hers. About twelve o'clock he called for her, and they took the small boat across the river to Rhinebeck, where the steamer awaited them. Here Uncle Aaron sent a telegram to Jacob: "Rose and I are coming to you; meet us in the city."

CHAPTER VII.

The clerk in the small office looked in wonder at the old man who asked him to pen the message for him, saying, simply: "I can not write, will ye send it to him?"

They had about two hours to wait before the boat would start, and this same clerk in about an hour's time came out of his office briskly hunting around with considerable excitement for Uncle Aaron. "Ah! here you are. Here's an answer," he said, handing it to him.

"Read it, Rose," said Uncle Aaron. "I can make out print, but not letter writing."

Rose took it, looking very white, but one glance, after she had unfolded it, was enough. She gave a low cry and burst into tears. This astonished the brisk clerk very much, who, knowing what was in the telegram, didn't see any thing in it to cry about. He stood wondering at her, until Uncle Aaron, taking the crumpled paper from her fingers, said to him: "Read it to me."

"It says," said the clerk, in a businesslike way: 'Thank God; will meet you without fail.' Shall I get the lady a glass of water, sir?"

"No, thank ye," answered Uncle Aaron, putting his arm into that of Rose, and

"MAN OVERBOARD!"

leading her down the slope towards the boat; "much obliged to ye."

"Queer old flick," mused the brisk clerk, looking after them. "I suppose she's his daughter. She'd be good looking if she didn't cry so." Then, being a practical young man, he dismissed them at once from his mind and went back to his work.

The sail down the Hudson river was accomplished in the usual time, and finally the New York wharf was reached. Rose and Uncle Aaron made part of the crowd that leaned over the railing nearest the dock. Eagerly Uncle Aaron glanced into the faces below him and finally caught sight of Jacob. "There he is, Rose—see him!" he exclaimed, pointing excitedly. No, Rose couldn't see him. A mist of tears hid the dock and all from her sight. But this passed, and eagerly Uncle Aaron pointed him out again. "That's him with the black beard, Rose—see!"

"Yes," answered Rose, faintly; "I should have known him."

It seemed a long time before the boat was made fast and the broad gang plank put down, and then how the crowd surged ashore! "Careful there!" called out one of the officials, "not so many at a time."

Uncle Aaron let Rose go first, and Jacob sprang up a foot or two along the plank to meet her. "My wife!" he exclaimed, as he took her in his arms, blind to every thing save the one stupendous fact that she had come back to him. Uncle Aaron, a few feet up the board, stopped still, gazing at them, his great heart beating with joy.

"Come, come, get along you, can't you!" said some one behind him, and then—perhaps it was because he was blinded by his happy tears or because the careless crowd jostled too roughly—but Uncle Aaron's foot slipped from the gang plank, he struggled, lost his balance, and fell into the water. Instantly a shout went up "man overboard," with a sting of fear in it that filled every heart. Rose, unclasped a second before by Jacob, had seen him fall. "Save him! Oh, for the love of God, save him!" she shrieked, springing to the edge. "Will no one save him?"

Jacob had thrown off his coat and was about to jump in, when strong arms held him back, saying: "That is folly; they are throwing him a rope—see!" "Let—me—go—" struggling and biting in his agony. He was a giant. He burst from his captors and leaped overboard. Rose, like a piece of marble, in strained torture, bent over looking at them. Jacob caught his father and tried to hold him up. Whether it was his great size and weight, or whether it was Uncle Aaron's unselfish impulse to help himself was not known—but he slipped and again sank. Jacob immediately dived. By this time a small boat had been let down. Jacob came up again, his father in his hold. He struggled, fought out towards the boat, reached it, held on to it with one hand and took a moment's breath. Two men in the boat eagerly hauled him in. And then such a shout as went up from human throats! Men roared, buzzed, shook hands with each other, strangers kissed each other—such is that blind, instinctive brotherhood of man over the saving of a life. But was he saved? The cheering ceased, the crowd grew still; first with doubt and then with awe-struck certainty made dumb. The boat was hauled up to the dock and the form of Uncle Aaron was slowly lifted out.

"Oh—h! not dead!" cried out a woman's voice with a lonely wail in it like the cold, shivering sigh of the wind on the winter's night—"not dead!"

The crowd trembled a moment in sympathy and then stared as a beautiful woman kneit down by the dripping form and wept and cried in agony: "Oh—h! Noblest and best! Noblest and best! If it were not for me you might yet have been alive! Oh! it is not right! It is not right!"

On the grand old face, now so white and still, lingered yet an expression of joy as if he would say, if they could but understand, that all was right with him. Jacob stood at his feet, faint with a tumult of feeling within him.

"Poor thing!" said a man in the crowd, wiping away a tear; "it was her father, I suppose."

"No," murmured Jacob, faintly; "he was mine."

CHAPTER VIII.

Just how one passes through the crisis of life, what one has said or done on such occasions, can not always be accurately recorded. Call back to mind in your own memory the most important and vital interests in your life and you will marvel at the fewness of the words said and the commonplaceness of the actions.

Just how Jacob and Rose got Uncle Aaron home—just how Jacob explained the homecoming of the new mistress and long-absent mother to his household and to Alice, he could not have told if he had been asked a month later.

And as for Rose, for days the only real thing in the world to her was a pictured memory of a few strange faces in a beautiful room, and a minister in white robes saying: "I am the resurrection and the life," and lying in calm and peaceful grandeur the form of Uncle Aaron. Always, always she saw only him, and on his face that glad and triumphant smile of exultant love!

In the confused days that followed she spoke and eat and slept, but did so as one in a dream or as one with a veil over the face shrouded.

There came at last a day when the dream was ended, and she awoke, when the veil was torn aside, and her eyes beheld. She was sitting in the front bed-room of her home, around her the many beautiful things that money and culture brings, when suddenly she saw, as for the first time, her daughter Alice. A fair haired girl, with her own features, but more lovely because of a curious likeness to Uncle Aaron in the pink and white face. She dropped the book she held in her hands and gazed at her child. Her child! Was this lovely girl hers? And the years that had passed to bring her to this state of loveliness—what did she know of them? What part had she in her child's life, in her girlish hopes and fears? And now, here she was, sweet and gentle, just trembling on the edge of womanhood—and what was she like? 'What do I know of her? Is she my child?" mused Rose. A strong, jealous feeling of true motherhood swept over her. "She is mine! And who are these people that have had the care of her till now?"

She half arose in her seat, and Alice, turning around, said, gently: "Is—is there any thing you want, mother?"

How the word thrilled her! Going to Alice, she put her arms about her and said, quickly: "Tell me of yourself, dear—tell me of yourself—all you can remember!"

Surprised and startled to see the strange and handsome lady whom she had been told was her mother, but for whom until now she had felt only a deep curiosity, Alice answered abruptly: "Tell you of myself! What a strange thing to ask, mother."

"Yes, yes," answered Rose, with a sob, "it is strange! I know that! Unnatural and wrong that I need to ask at all—that I do not know all about you from your first pair of shoes up to now. But I don't; and oh! I never, never can know!"—breaking down and sobbing convulsively—"I never can know! Oh, my baby! Oh, my little girlie! Oh, my Alice! Mine! mine! mine!" kissing the startled girl on cheeks and lips and hair, hungrily stroking even her dress; "you are mine!"

"There, there, mother," said Alice, trembingly, the tears in her eyes; "do not cry. I will tell you all I can. I will, mother dear."

But alas! the best that tender kindness can do can not bring back the past! As Alice went on, gently relating bit by bit parts of her innocent life the mother groaned aloud. She might know the facts, yes, down to the smallest detail, but that did not help her hunger, did not relieve the gnawing remorse that she felt, nor kill the jealous sense at her heart, that there would always be a part of her child's life in which she had no share. Still, this breaking down of the barriers brought them nearer together. Alice felt a warm glow of feeling towards her mother that was the first beginning of an earnest love.

That night Rose saw her husband Jacob with new eyes. Strong and grave and tender, the man that now she felt she had trusted in blindly through all her folly and wickedness, he was there, staunch and true, her husband still! A sense of awe, of reverence came over her, as of one spared beyond her deserts. "I never can atone to

"TELL ME OF YOURSELF, DEAR."

him," she cried in her heart; "but at least I will try."

Humbly and gently, earnestly and untiringly, she strove from day to day to fulfil her duties as a wife, to minister to his comfort and happiness in every way. In so doing she grew more and more to love the generous nature that never spoke a word of recrimination, and that always showed appreciation of her smallest effort. She grew to love her husband with a hungry and despairing love—for she saw no hope ahead. Although always gentle and kind, there was ever a gentle reserve and reticence that seemed to say: "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther."

And she could not blame him! She dared not. He was now giving her far beyond what she had any right to expect.

One evening, some months after Uncle Aaron's death, Rose and Jacob were together in the library—Jacob's favorite room. Rose, always beautiful, dressed in a dress of some soft and clinging silk, sat, dreamily looking off into space, thinking of herself, of Jacob and of Uncle Aaron.

It was one of her quiet times when she did not fret inwardly—only felt glad and thankful that she could be near him, humble and devoted.

And Jacob! So true it is that love is blind! Why, he had always loved his wife, and only her; but now that she had come back to him, penitent and, oh! so gentle, he could ask nothing of her, he could exact nothing from her. That she loved him he never dreamed, and in his manly generosity he would not demand any thing. All her ceaseless care and vigilant watching for his tastes and wishes he took to be but penitent gratitude, and not for one instant could he have taken advantage of that. Therefore he was reserved; therefore he was reticent. He feared to be otherwise, for still in his heart, unchanged by time or trial, was the one strong love of his life. He felt that if he let go the leash he could not trust himself.

He looked at her beautiful profile as she sat there, graceful and womanly, unconscious of his gaze, and he thought: "How I love her. How every tiny move of her sweet mouth I love. How I long to touch the silvery gold of her hair." And then, man-like, he said and did the exact opposite

"SHE HAS NEVER BEEN ACROSS THE WATER."

of what he felt. "Did you go to Goupil's today?" he said.

"What! Goupil's?" said Rose. "Oh, yes, I did; but that painting by Kratzer was gone."

Then with the fatal blindness of we poor mortals when we should see, she saw nothing, but relapsed into a vague and dreamy reverie of life and love. And life and love were right there within her grasp, and she knew it not.

Jacob sat, and looked and looked. Growing restless at last, he arose and walked up and down. Rose was accustomed to this, and did not move. Then Jacob stopped his tramp, and resting his elbow on the mantelpiece, stood—a man of whom any woman might be proud.

"Rose," he said.

"Yes, Jacob," she answered, with the wistful look that was now her habitual expression. "Yes, what is it?"

"I have been thinking that it would be a good thing if you and Alice went to Europe this spring, and spent a year abroad. She has never been across the water, and it would perfect her in her French and help her in many ways."

Rose's heart sunk with heaviness. She felt a lonely sense of desertion, that made her think dully: "I wonder if Jacob felt like this when I left him long ago? If so, I do not wonder that he can't forgive me."

It was some seconds before she could reply, then she said, gently: "If you wish it, Jacob—if you think it best."

"Yes," answered Jacob, misled by her quietness into thinking that she did not mind leaving him. "Yes, I think it would be a good thing for both of you. It would widen Alice's horizon in many ways by letting her see more of the world, and it would be a change and a relief to you to get away from here and all past associations."

"It might be of good to Alice—yes," said Rose, slowly.

"And not to you?"

"My only good is to be near you," answered Rose, softly.

"What is that," answered Jacob, quickly. "Don't make polite speeches to me—just to please me, Rose."

"I am only speaking the truth, Jacob—you know that"—gently still.

"Rose! Do you mean to say that you don't want to leave me? That you prefer to remain here where I am?"

"Yes, Jacob."

If he had not looked at her just then and seen the hopeless droop of her head, perhaps what happened would have never come to pass. But he did see it, and, kneeling down in front of her chair, he put his two hands on hers, and said, passionately: "Rose, look at me! Here I am at your feet again, asking you if you—"

"Oh, my husband!" cried Rose, while a sweeping wave of color made her face aglow with light; "you could never love me again."

"I have never stopped loving you, my darling," rising to his feet and clasping her close to his heart. "Why, Rose; why, my wife, did you think so?" kissing hair and brow and lips. "My wife, did you think so?"

"Of course, Jacob, and I could not blame you! Only I have been so hungry for your love, dear, and longed so to be in your arms like this," smiling up at him through happy tears. "And now—"

"And now," laughed Jacob, "you will be here forever, won't you, my dear?"

"I'd like to be, but when you send me away to Europe," said Rose, mischievously, "I'll have to come out of them, I suppose."

"You humbug! You know better; as if I'll let you go out of my sight now!" putting her away an instant and looking at her fondly. "Ah! my wife! You are a little older! A little silver mixed in among the gold—but you are more beautiful than you ever were."

"May your eyesight be always as bad as it is now!" laughed Rose. Then suddenly raising his hand to her lips, she said, humbly: "Forgive me all the past—can you, dear?"

"No; love never forgives," putting her arms about his neck with a smile; "it only loves. Will that answer?"

"Oh, my husband! I am not worthy of you—I am not worthy of you!"

"Hush, dearest; do not say that. If father could only see us now how happy he would be."

"I hope, my husband, that he can," whispered Rose, softly.

There lives now at No. — Fifth avenue a rather elderly couple, whose daily loving happiness is a revelation to all who meet them. Their contentment and joy is infectious, and no one goes to Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Lane's without feeling the better for it.

It is what we are that effects those about us, and there is no better sermon ever preached than that of happiness.

THE END.

"WILL you trust me, Fanny?" he cried. "With all my heart, with all my soul, with all myself, Augustus," she whispered, nestling on his manly bosom. "Would to heaven that you were my tailor," he murmured to himself and took her tenderly in his arms.

AN AMATEUR VOLCANO.

Eruption of Mount Olympus (Wash.) Traced to Burning Lignite.

The Mount Olympus sensation which lately seared the good people of Washington state with the idea that a volcano was in active operation in that great mountain, has been brought to a sudden end by the return of an exploring party to find out what was the matter.

It seems that earth in that vicinity is interlaid with veins of lignite coal. Forest trees have fallen into the crevices and gorges, enormous quantities of leaves have drifted down upon these, and by some means fires have been started which have communicated with the coal veins. Great jets of steam and burst of smoke frequently come from the sides of the mountain and these confirmed the theory that there was a genuine volcano in operation. It seems that the heat has melted the snow which has formed a perpetual white cap at the summit. This, trickling down the sides of the mountain in streams, has fallen upon the fire, which accounts for the great volume of steam. The puffs of smoke and explosions are thought to be caused by the ignition of collections of natural gas.

This condition of affairs naturally leads to the inquiry whether a good many volcanic eruptions might not be traceable to burning lignite and the explosions of large quantities of confined gases. Be that as it may, Mount Olympus is a seething mass of burning coal, and the volcano scare amounts to nothing.—N. Y. Ledger.

Pure Politics.

"We have called to beseech your aid in a movement for the purification of politics," said the spokeswoman of the delegation of high browed, lean waisted ladies and gentlemen.

"Well, my friends," said the practical statesman, "I don't know but politics is in need of a good deal of purification right now."

"Ah! We thought you would see—"

"Yes. It is getting so mixed up with reform and economy and one thing and another here lately that there is hardly any of the good, old-fashioned, pure politics at all any more."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Her infant babe had from its mother caught the trick of grief, and sighed among its playthings.—Wordsworth.

THE FREAK PUMPKIN.

Shrewd Yankee Farmers Have Turned It Into an Ever-Increasing Source of Income.

The modern farmer is learning to take advantage of the weaknesses of nature, says the New York Mail and Express. One of these weaknesses is found in the lordly pumpkin. Bruise a growing pumpkin and the scar will never be cleared away, but will show in the ripe pumpkin in the shape of delicate little yellow warts. Starting with this principle, some shrewd Yankees have made their pumpkin farms valuable.

After the melons get good-sized and prove that they will be fine ones the farmers go into the patch and with a sharp stick scar them so that when they are ready for market their happy faces bear, in words of warts, legends like these: "Eat me at Smith's;" "Smith will make pies of me soon;" "Brown's pies are the best;" "Jones' pies are delicious!" "You can eat me inside."

The wily farmer hauls these warty fellows to market, and, calling Smith, Jones and Brown from their respective restaurants, shows the strange freak of nature. Of course a sale is made on sight, and the pumpkin lies at the front of the restaurant for a few days to astonish passers-by until it must be made into pies to save it. Then the farmer discovers another freak pumpkin, suitably marked, to replace it. Fancy prices are to be paid for these pumpkins, and stony patches that would never pay taxes in any other crop produce wealth in pumpkins.

From Afar.

Professional Jokist (to editor)—Here is a fine joke. I've brought it all the way from 'Frisco.

Editor (reading it)—Ahem! That's the trouble with it. It's too far fetched. —To Date.

NEGLECT MEANS DANGER.

Don't neglect biliousness and constipation. Your health will suffer permanently if you do. DeWitt's Little Early Risers cure such cases. M. B. Smith, Butternut, Mich., says "DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the most satisfactory pills I ever took. Never gripe or cause nausea.

A POINTER FOR INVENTORS

If you wish your patent business properly and promptly done send it to SWIFT & CO., PATENT LAWYERS, opposite U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C. They have no dissatisfied clients. Write them for their confidential letter; a postal card will bring it, and it may be worth money to you. See their advertisement elsewhere in this paper.

DUEL IN THE ROAD.

Two Men Mortally Wounded in Consequence of an Elopement.

As the result of a shooting affair which occurred near Tarboro cotton mills about five o'clock Saturday afternoon two white men—Rube Roberson and William Burrough—are lying mortally wounded in the hospital here. Burroughs, who is a married man, attempted to elope with Roberson's sister-in-law. When overtaken by the latter he opened fire and several shots were exchanged. Roberson was shot in the stomach, with a revolver. Burroughs' face was terribly mutilated by a dicharge from a shot gun.

WAR TAXES WIPED OUT

The President Signs the Bill Repealing the Taxes.

President Roosevelt Saturday morning signed the bill repealing the war revenue taxes. The bill takes effect at the beginning of the new fiscal year July 1.

According to the estimate of members of Congress the bill will wipe out about seventy million dollars of revenue each year, reducing the surplus that much. The surplus this fiscal year promises to be about $90,000,000. This would leave an annual surplus of possibly $20,000,000, unless reciprocity measures or other causes should materially reduce the customs receipts and run the expense account close to that of the income. The pen with which he signed the bill was given to Representative Bartholdt of Missouri, who believes the measure a popular and satisfactory one.—Raleigh Post.

TO TELL GOOD CIGARS.

Judges of Their Line Points Few and Far Between.

The judges of good cigars in this country are few and far between, says an expert. The great difficulty with the people who think they know cigars is that they put too much stress on the color of the wrapper. The color makes not the slightest difference, and you are just as likely to find [illegible] kind of [illegible] in the [illegible] of a [illegible] and [illegible] to the ear sounds as though you were pressing [illegible] together beware. The best cigars are made of the same leaf as the wrapper and are closely rolled. The common cigars are what is known as filled and contain all kinds of refuse from the tables where the good cigars are made. There are some filled cigars that are good smokes, but you seldom find a Havana or a Manila or good Cuban Key West somke that is not [illegible]. Many people who go into a cigar store to get an imported smoke do not follow up the salesman when he takes the cigars from the case and are consequently often fooled. They are given domestic brands and are charged imported prices for them.

These "good cigar judges" cannot tell the difference in the world. If you must have an imported smoke, make the clerk hand you the box and look closely at the revenue stamp. The stamps on domestic goods are green and white, while those on the imported boxes are all yellow and white. Look into the next cigar cases you see before purchasing an imported cigar. If they have no boxes in the case to which is attached a yellow and white stamp, don't attemp to make a purchase. The clerk will sell you a cigar he calls imported, but it will not be the real article.—Washington Post.

IF YOU WILL PUT a teaspoonful of Mexican Mustang Liniment into a glass half full of water and with this gargle your throat often it will quickly cure a Sore Throat.

Keep this

fact always fresh in your memory:—

For Cuts, Mashes and all Open Sores, you need only to apply

Mexican Mustang Liniment

a few times and the soreness and inflammation will be conquered and the wounded flesh healed.

To get the best results you should saturate a piece of soft cloth with the liniment and bind it upon the wound as you would a poultice.

25c., 50c. and $1.00 a bottle.

KEEP AN EYE ON your poultry and at the very first sign of Roup, Scaly Legs, Bumblefoot or other diseases among your fowls use Mexican Mustang Liniment.

NOTICE! NOTICE!

I shall sell for Cash Before the Court House Door, in Williamston, on Monday, the 5th day of May, 1902, the following tracts of land for the Taxes due and unpaid for the year 1901, to wit:

JAMESVILLE TOWNSHIP			TAXES.	COST.	TOTAL
Mrs. J. J. Bembridge,	75 acres	adjoining G. Hardison	$ 50	$ 1 10	$ 1 60
H. H. Davis,	50 "	" Poplar Chapel	1 33	1 10	2 43
T. H. Davis,	50 "	" J. F. Holliday,	67	1 10	1 77
John Brick Boston,	112 "	" Residence,	5 46	1 10	6 56
Amanda Cordon,	25 "	" Residence,	1 00	1 10	2 10
Susan Fagan,	15 "	" Astoria	} 67	1 10	1 77
" "	5 "	" J.W.Warrington			
J. C. Jordan, Sr., Col.	16 "	" W. D. Cordon,	20	1 10	1 30
Edward Moore	10 "	" Beedy Smith,	53	1 10	1 63
Anna Moore	8 "	" Residence	45	1 10	1 55
Green Pettiford	7 "	" Frank Brooks	2 17	1 10	3 27
Peter Pettiford	2 "	" "	33	1 10	1 43
W. M. Roberson	1-4 "	" Jamesville	2 51	1 10	2 61
David Sherrod	30 "	"Residence	36	1 10	1 46
GRIFFINS TOWNSHIP.					
Baltimore & N. C. Land & Lumber Co,		Timber,	2 00	1 10	3 10
R. T. Lilley	150 acres	Residence,	2 00	1 10	3 10
H. T. Woolard	50 "	adj Smith Corey	67	1 10	1 77
J. B. Woolard	50 "	" Wilkins Land	33	1 10	1 43
CROSS ROADS TOWNSHIP.					
J. R. Pender	1 town lot	Everetts, N. C.	1 00	1 10	2 10
John H. Whitaker	62 acres	adj J. A. Crisp	3 45	1 10	4 55
Mazella Keeton	5 "	" J. D. Simpson	33	1 10	1 43
Charley Long	17 "	" S. P. Moore	2 69	1 10	3 79
ROBERSONVILLE TOWNSHIP					
W. M. Eubanks	1 town lot		5 01	1 10	6 11
Dawson Hyman	1 town lot		20	1 10	1 30
Tabitha Mathews	140 acres	adj. J. C. Andrews	} 3 33	1 10	4 43
" "	40 "	" J. M. McMatthews			
T. S. Stalls	1-2 acre	adj. Still site	5 80	1 10	6 90
Susan Wiggans	1 town lot		67	1 10	1 77
Justus Everett, col.,	1 town lot		2 49	1 10	3 59
Moses Jones	1 town lot		2 83	1 10	3 93
Quince Moore	1 town lot		3 33	1 10	4 43
B. E. Strowd	1 town lot		2 50	1 10	3 60
POPLAR POINT TOWNSHIP					
P. G. Riddick	73 acres	Allsbrook Land	2 33	1 10	3 43
J. B. Stevenson	54 "	adj. G. W. Moore	1 73	1 10	2 83
Jordan Williams	10 1-2 acres	adj. J. R. Ballard	3 10	1 10	4 20
HAMILTON TOWNSHIP.					
W. B. Council	18 arces	adj. Griffin Land	107	1 10	2 17
Edward Cherry	100 "	" John Best	2 33	1 10	3 43
Thos. Freeman, Guard,	150 acres	adj. Johnson L'd	} 8 00	1 10	9 10
" " "	100 "	" Crisp Land			
B. G. Howell	2 town lots	and mill lot	6 33	1 10	7 43
S. G. Taylor	63 acres	adj. Nicholson Land	3 33	1 10	4 43
Mrs. H. D. Taylor	acres	adj. H D. Taylor Land	7 33	1 10	4 50
Wm. Berge	1 town lot		66	1 10	1 76
Collin Dickens	31 acres	adj. S. W. O.	3 40	1 10	4 50
Reuben Dixon	10 acres	adj. R. S. Wheathersby	2 70	1 10	3 80
Webster S. Williams	1 town lot		2 68	1 10	3 78
GOOSE NEST TOWNSHIP					
Charles Benthaul	1 town lot		84	1 10	1 94
J. J. Bowers	61 acres	adj. J. L. Bowers	1 60	1 10	2 70
James Curry	33 acres	adj. Henry Kite	1 13	1 10	2 23
Billey Dawson	28 "	" Carson Land	4 75	1 10	5 85
W. A. Haislip's Heirs	898 acres	adj A. Haislip	21 33	1 10	22 43
G. W. Haward, Guard,	39 "	" Dick Jones	} 76	1 10	1 86
" " "	115 "	" Geo. "			
B. G. Howell	51 "	"F. Taylor Land	1 36	1 10	2 56
Ed. Shields	30 "	Baker Bell	1 00	1 10	2 10
Satterwhite Heirs	25 "	Land	50	1 10	1 60
H. L. Staton	175 "	Eli Michel Land	4 67	1 10	5 77
W. W. Parker & Co.	216 "	Ben Harrell	5 33	1 10	6 43
WILLIAMSTON TOWNSHIP.					
Abner Bennett	80 acres	adj. J. G. Staton	4 37	1 10	5 47
Major Latham	11 "	" S. R. Mobley	2 37	1 10	2 47

This April 3rd, 1902.

J. C. CRAWFORD, SHERIFF MARTIN COUNTY.