# The Reanoke Beagon.

The Official Paper of Washington County.

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W. FLETCHER AUSBON, Editor and Business Manager.

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Advertisements inserted at low rates, we cents
Obtuary notices exceeding ten lines, to the line,
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the full name of requestion to Correspondents a function of the will not appear.

All community will not appear.

THE ROANOKE BEAUON.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1894.

#### Directory.

STATE GOVERNMENT. Governor, Elias Carr, of Edgecombe Lientenant-Governor, R. A. Doughton, of Alleghany Secretary of State, Octavious Coke, of

Treasurer, Donald W. Bain, of Wake. Auditor, R. M. Furman, of Bancombe. Attorney-General, Frank I. Osborne, oct

Mecklenburg Superintendent of Public Instruction, C. Searborough, of Johnston. COUNTY GOVERNMENT

Sheriff, Levi Blount. Deputy Sheriff, H. H. Phelps. Treasurer, W. T. Freeman. Superior Court Clerk, Thos, J. Marriner. Register of Deeds, J. P. Hilliard. Commissioners, H. M. Snell, W. C. Martiner, B. D. Latham, Jos. Skittletharpe

end H. A. Lietchfield.

Board of Education, Thos. S. Armistead. W. T. Spruit and Jos S. Jorman.
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Bev. Luther Eborn.

CITY. Mayor and Clerk, J. W. Eryan. Treasurer, L. P. Horothal

Chief of Police, Joseph Tucker. Councilman, E. R. Lathant, L. P. Hornhal. D. O. Beinkley, J. F. Norman, J. W. Bryan, J. H. Smith, Sampson Tows and Jos. Mitchel.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Methodist - Rev. J. L. Rumley, pastor

superintendent.

Episcopal-Rev. Luther Eborn, rector. Services every 3d Sunday at 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sanday school at 10 a. m., L. I. Fagan, superintendent.

Disciple—Rev. M. T. Moye, pastor. Services Tuesday night after 2d Sunday in seb month, at Public School building,

LODGES.

K. of H. Plymouth Lodge No. 2508meets 1st and 3d Thursday nights in each W. H. Hampton Dictator, N. B. Yeager Fin. Reporter.

K. & L. of H. Roanoke Lodge-Meets 2d and 4th Thursday nights in each month J. F. Norman Protector, N. B. Yeager Secretary.

IOOF. Esperanza Lodge, No. 28 meets every Tuesday night at Bunch's Hall. C. J. Norman, N. G., L. T. Houston, Sect'y.

COLORED.

CHURCH SERVICES

Disciple - Elder Isom Darden, pastor. Bervices every Sunday at 11 a. m., S p. m. and 8 p m. Sunday school at 9 a. m. E. G Mitchell Superintendent Methodist - Rev. H. S. Hicks, pastor,

Services every 1st and 3d Sundays at 11 a. m, and at 3 and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m., T. F. Bembry, sup't; J. W McDonald, secretary

1st Baptist, New Chapel - Services every Sunday at 11 and 3, Rev S R Knight, pastor Sunday school every Sunday 2d Baptist, Zion's Hill - Preaching

every 3d Sunday. Sunday school every Sanday, Moses Wynn, Superintendent. LODGES

Masons, Carthegian - Meets 1st Monday night in each month. S Towe, W M., A. Everett, secretary

G U O of O F Meridian Sun Lodge 1624-Meets every 2d and 4th Monday night in each month at 71 o'clock, W. H. Howcott,

N. G., J. W McDonald P. S. Christopher Atocks Lodge K of L No-Meets every 1st Monday night in each

month at 8 o'clock Burying Society meets every 3d Monday night in each month at 8 o'clock, J M. Walker secretary

### Roper Directory.

CIVIL

Justice of the Peace, Jas. A. Chesson. Constable, Warren Cahoon.

CHURCHES. Methodist, Rev. W. C. Merritt, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 c'clock (except the first), and every Sunday night at 7:30. Prayer meeting every Wed-nes fay night. Snuday school Sunday morn-ing at 9:30, L. G. Roper superintendent, E. R. Lewis secretary.

Episcopal, Rev. Luther Eborn, rector Services every 2d.c 5th Sunday 11 o'clock s. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every sunday merning at 10 o'clock, Thes W. Blount superintendent, W. H. Daily secre.

Baptist, Rev. C. W. Matthews, pastor. Services every 1st Sunday at 11 a.m. and 2:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 2 a.m., Z. Rutter. Superintendent.

LODGES Roper Masonic Lodge, A. P & A. M. No. 443, meets in their Hall at Roper, N. C., at 7:36 p. m., 1st and 3d Tuesdays after 1st Eunday. T. W. Bleunt, W. M.; J. L. Savage, Secretary.

## TALMAGE'S SERMON,

THE FAMOUS PREACHER ON THE SUBJECT OF DIVINE LOVE.

The Attribute of God as "The Mother of All" Plainly Set Forth-Loving Compassion Extended Toward the Erring

Rev. Dr. Talmage, in selecting a subject chose an aspect of the divine character which is seldom considered. To an unusually large audience lie dis coursed on God as "The Mother of All," the text being taken from Isaiah lxvi. 18, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you,'

The Bible is a warm letter of affection from a parent to a child, and yet there are many who see chiefly the severer passages. As there may be fifty or sixty nights of gentle dew in one summer that will not cause as much remark as one hailstorm of half an hour, so there are those who are more struck by those passiges of the Bible that announce the indignation of God than by those that announce his affection. There may come to a household twenty or thirty letters of affection during the year, and they will pot make as much excitement in that home as one sheriff's writ, and so there are people who are more attentive to those passages which announce the judg-ments of God than to those which announce his mercy and favor.

God is a lion, John says in the book of Revelation. God is a breaker, Micah aunounces in his prophecy. God is a rock. God is a king. But hear also that God

The text of this morning bends with great gentleness and love over all who are prostrate in sin and trouble. It lights up with compassion. It melts with tender ness. It breathes upon us with the hush of an eternal lullaby, for it announces that God is our mother. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort

I remark, in the first place, that God has a mother's simplicity of instruction. A father does not know how to teach a child the A B C. Men are not skillful in the primary department, but a mother has so much patience that she will tell a child for the hundredth time the difference between F and G and I and J. Sometimes it is by blocks; sometimes it is by the worsted work; sometimes by the slate; sometimes by the book. She thus teaches the child and has no awkwardness of condescension in so doing. So God, our Mother, stoops down to our infantile minds.

Though we are told a thing a thousand times and we do not understand it, our heavenly Mother goes on, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. God has been teaching some of us thirty years and some of us sixty years one word of one syllable. and we do not know it yet-faith, faith! Methodist - Rev. J. L. Runney, pastor
Services every Sunday at 11 a. m., and 8

o. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday
light at 8. Sunday school at 9 a. m., J.

F. Norman, Superintendent

Baptist—Rev. B. H. Mathews, pastor.

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Provided the school of prosperity, and the latters are in supplied and we can ervices every Sundays at 11 a. m., and the letters are in sunshine, and we can not spell them. God pets us in the lay night at 7:30. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m., W. J. Jackson, black, and we can not spell them. If God were merely a king he would punish us; if he were simply a father he would whip us; but God is a mother, and so we are borne with and helped all the way through.

A mother teaches her child chiefly by pictures. If she wants to set forth to her child the hideousness of a quarrelsome spirit, instead of giving a lecture upon that subject she turns over a leaf and shows the child two boys in a wrangle, and says, " Does not that look horrible?" If she wants to teach her child the awfulness of war she turns over the picture book and shows the war charger, the headless trunks of butchered men, the wild, bloodshot eye of battle rolling under lids of flame, and she says, " That is war!" The child understands it.

In a great many books the best parts are the pictures. The style may be insipid, the type poor, but a picture al-ways attracts a child's attention. Now God, our Mother, teaches us almost everything by pictures. Is the divine goodness to be set forth? Hew does God, our Mother, teach us? By an autumnal picture. The barns are full. The wheat stacks are rounded. The cattle are chewing the cud lazily in the sun. The orchards are dropping the ripe pippins into the lap of the farmer. The natural world that has been busy all summer seems now to be resting in great abundance. We look at the picture and say, Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness."
God wishes to set forth the fact that

in the judgment the good will be divided from the wicked. How is it done? By a picture, by a parable-a fishing scene. A group of hardy men, long bearded, geared for standing to the waist in water, sleeves rolled up. Long oar, sun gilt; boat battered as though it had been a playmate of the storm. A full net thumping about with the fish, which have just discovered their captivity, the wortaless mossbunkers and the useful flounders all in the same net. The fisherman puts his hand down amid the squirming fins, takes out the mossbunkers and throws them into the water and gathers the good fish into the pail. So, says Christ, it shall be at the end of the world. The bad he will cast away and the jeweled brightness of eternal glory. the good he will keep. Another pic-

God, our Mother, wanted to set forth the duty of neighborly love, and it is Two ministers come along. They look ing and dismounts. He examines the wounds; he takes out some wine, and with it washes the wounds, and then he takes some oil and puts that in to make the wounds stop smarting, and then he tears off a piece of his own garment for a bandage. Then he helps the wounded man upon the beast and walks by the side, holding him on until they come to a tavern. He says to the faudiord, "Here is money to pay the hear's board for two days; take care of him; if it costs anything more charge it to me, and I will pay it." Picture—"The Good Samaritan, or Who is Your Neighbor?"

Does God, our Mother, want to set forth what a foolish thing it is to go away from the right, and how glad divine mercy is to take back the wanderer? How is it done? By a picture. A good father large farm with fall sheep and oxen Size house with exquisite wardrobe. Discontented boy. Goes away, Sharpers fleece him. Feets hogs. Gets homesick, Starts back, Sees an old man-running, it is father man upon the beast and walks by the

The hand, torn of the husks, gets a ring. The foot, inflamed and bleeding, gets a sandal. The bare shoulders, showing through the tatters, gets a robe. The stomach, grawing itself with hunger, gets a full platter smoking with meat. The father can not eat for looking at the returned adventurer. Tears running down the face until they come to a smile -the night dew melting iato the morn-

No work on the farm that day, for when a bad boy repents and comes back promising to do better, God knows that is enough for one day, "And they began to be merry." Picture—"Prodigal Son Returned from the Wilderness." So God, our Mother, teaches us everything by pictures. The sinner is a lost sheep. Jesus is the bridegroom. The nseless man a barren fig tree. The Gospel is a great supper. Satan, a sower of tares. Truth, a mustard seed. That which we could not have understood in the abstract statement God, our Mother, presents to us in this Bible album of pictures, God engraved. Is not the divine Maternity ever thus teaching us?
I remark again that God has a mother's

favoritism. A father sometimes shows a sort of favoritism. Here is a boystrong, well, of high forehead and quick intellect. The father says, "I will take that boy into my firm yet," or, "I will give him the very best possible education," There are instances where for the culture of the one boy all the others have been robbed. A sad favoritism. but that is not the mother's favorite. -I

will teil you her favorite. There is a child who at two years of age had a fall. He has never got over it. The scarlet fever muffled his hearing. He is not what he once was. That child has caused the mother more anxious nights than all the other children. If he coughs in the night she springs out of a sound sleep and goes to him. The last thing she does when going out of the house is to give a charge in regard to him. The first thing on coming in is to ask in regard to him.

Why, the children of the family all know that he is the favorite, and say: Mother, you let him do just as he pleases, and you give him a great many things which you do not give us. He is your favorite." The mother smiles; she knows it is so. So he ought to be, for if there is one in the world that needs sympathy more than another it is an invalid child; weary on the first mile of life's journey; carrying an aching head, a weak side, an irritated lung. So the

mother ought to make him a favorite. God, our Mother, has favorites, Whom the Lord leveth he chasteneth" -that is, one whom he especially loves he chasteneth. God loves us all, but is there one weak and sick and sore and wounded and suffering and faint? That is the one who lies nearest and more perpetually on the great loving heart of God. Why, it never coughs but our Mother-God-hears it. It never stirs a weary limb in the bed but our Mother-God-knows of it. There is no such watcher as God. The best nurse may be overborne by fatigue and fall asleep in the chair; but God, our Mother, after being up a year of nights with a suffer-

ing child, never slumbers nor sleeps. When I see God especially busy in troubling and trying a Christian I know that out of that Christian's character there is to come some especial good. A quarryman goes down into the excavation and with strong handed machinery bores into the rock. The rock says, "What do you do that for?" He puts powder in; he lights a fuse. There is a thundering crash. The rock says, "Why. the whole mountain is going to pieces. The crowbar is plunged, the rock is dragged out. After awhile it is taken into the artist's studio. It says, "Well, now I have got to a good. warm, comfor able place at last.

·But the sculptor takes the chisel and maliet, and he digs for the eyes, and he cuts for the mouch and he bores for the ear, and he rubs it with sandpaper until the rock says, "When wiff this torture be ended?" A sheet is thrown over it. It stands in darkness. The covering is removed. It stands in the sunlight in the presence of ten thousand applauding people, as they greet the statue of

the poet, or the prince, or the conqueror.
"Ah," says the stone, "now I understand it. I am a great deal better off now standing as a statue of a conqueror than would have been down in the quarry." So God finds a man down in the quarry of ignorance and sin. How to get him up? He must be bored and blasted and chiseled and scoured and stand sometimes in the darkness. But after awhile the mantle of affliction will fall off, and his soul will be greeted by the one hus dred and forty-four thousand and the thousands of thousands as more than conqueror. Oh, my friends, God, our Mother, is just as kind in our afflictions as in our prosperities. God never touches as but for our good. If a field clean and cultured is better off than a barren field, and if a stone that has become a statue is better off than the marble in the quarry, then that soul that God chastens may be his favorite.

Oh, the rocking of the soul is not the rocking of an earthquake, but the rocking of God's cradle. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." I have been told that the pearl in in oyster is merely the result of a wound or a sickness inflicted upon it, and I do not know but that the brightest gems of heaven will be found to have been the wounds of earth kindled into

I remark that God has a mother's capacity for attending to little hurts. The father is shocked at the broken bone of the child, or at the sickness that sets the done by a picture. A heap of wounds on the road to Jericho. A traveler has been fighting a robber. The robber stabbed him and knocked him down. the mother to take it out and not the at the poor fellow, but do not help him. A traveler comes along—a Samaritan, nothing," but the mother knows it is A traveler comes along—a Samaritan, nothing," but the mother knows it is He says "Whoal" to the beast he is rid-something, and that a little hurt something. time is very great. So with God, our Mother; all our annoyances are important enough to look at and sympathize with.

Nothing with God is something. There are no ciphers in God's arithmetic. And if we were only good enough of sight we could see as much through a microscope as through a telescope.
Those things that may be impalpable
and infinitesmal to us may be prenounced and infinite to God. A mathematical point is defined as having no parts, no magnitude. It is so small you can not imagine it, and yet a mathe matical point may be a starting point for a great eternity. God's surveyors carry a very long chain. A scale must be very delicate that can weigh a grain, but God's scale is so delicate that he can weigh with it that which is so small that a grain is a million times heavier.

When John Kitto, a poor boy on a back street of Plymouth cut his foot

with a piece of glass, God bound it up so successfully that he became the great Christian geographer and a commentator

known to all nations. So every wound of the soul, however insignificant, God is willing to bind up. As at the first cry of the child the mother rushes to kiss the wound, so God, our Mother, takes the smallest wound of the heart and presses it to the lips of divine sympathy. "As

will I comfort you." 1 remark further that God has a mother's patience for the erring. If one does wrong, first his associates in life cast him off; if he goes on in the wrong way, his business partner casts him off; if he goes on, his best friends cast him off-his father casts him off. But after all others have cast him off, where does he go? Who holds no grudge and forgives the last time as welf as the first? Who sits by the murderer's counsel all through the long trial? Who tarries the longest at the windows of a culprit's cell? Who, when all others think ill of a man, keeps on thinking well of him? a man, keeps on thinking well of him? It is his mother. God bless her gray hairs if she be still alive, and bless her grave if she be gone! And bless the rocking chair in which she used to sit, and bless the cradle that she used rock, and bless the Bible she used to read !

So God, our Mother, has patience for all the erring. After everybody else has cast a man off God, our Mother, comes to the rescue. God leaps to take charge of a bad case. After all the other doctors have got through the heavenly Physician comes in. Human sympathy at such a time does not amount to much. Even the sympathy of the church, I am sorry to say, often does not amount to much.

I have seen the most harsh and bitter treatment on the part of those who pro-fessed faith in Carist toward those who were wavering and erring. They tried on the wanderer sarcasm and billingsgate and caricature, and they tried tittle tattle. There was one thing they did not try, and that was forgiveness. A soldier in England was brought by a sergeant to the colonel. "What," says the colonel, "bringing the man here again! We have tried everything with him." "Oh, no," says the sergeant; there is one thing you have not tried. I would like you to try that," "What is that?" said the colonel. Said the man,

Forgiveness."
The case had not gone so far but that might take that turn, and so the colonel said: "Well, young man, you have done so and so. What is your excuse?" "I have no excuse, but I am very sorry," said the man, "We have made up our minds to forgive you," said the colonel.
The tears started. He had never been accosted in that way before. His life H. PEAL Propristor. was reformed, and that was the starting point for a positively Christian life. O church of God, quit your sarcasm when a man falls! Quit your irony, quit your tittle tattle and try forgiveness. God, your Mother, tries it all the time. A man's sins may be like a continent, but God's forgiveness is like the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, bounding it on both

The Bible often talks about God's hand. wonder how it looks. You remember listinctly how your mother's hand tooked, though thirty years ago it withfather's hand. When you were to be chastised you had rather have mother punish you than father. It did not hurt so much. And father's hand was different than mother's, partly because it had outdoor toil, and partly because God intended it to be different. The knuckles were more firmly set, and the palms were calloused.

But mother's hand was more delicate. H. S. WARD. There were blue veins running through the back of it. Though the fingers, some of them, were picked with a needle, the palm of it was soft. Oh, it was very Was there ever any poultice like that to take pain out of a wound? So God's hand is a mother's hand. What it touches it heals. If it smite you it loes not hurt as if it were another hand. Oh, you poor wandering soul in sin, it is not a bailiff's hand that seizes you today! It is not a hard hand. It is not an unsympathetic hand. It is not a cold hand. It is not an enemy's hand, No. It is a gentle hand, a loving hand, a sympathetic hand, a soft hand, a mother's hand. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort

I want to say finally that God has a mother's way of putting a child to sleep. you know there is no cradle song like a mother's. After the excitement of the evening it is almost impossible to get the child to sleep. If the rocking chair stop a moment the eyes are wide open, but the mother's patience and the mother's soothing manner keep on until after awhile the angel of slumber puts his wing over t e pillow. Well, my dear brothers and sisters in Christ the time will come when we will be wanting to be put to sleep. The day of our life will be done, and the shadows of the night of death will be gathering around us. Then we want God

to southe us, to hush us to sleep.

Let the music of our going not be the dirge of the organ, or the knell of t e church tower, or the drumming of a "dead march," but let it be the hush of a mot er's lullaby. Oh, the cradle of the grave will be soft with the pillow of all the promises. When we are being rocked into that last slumber I want this to be the cradle song, "As one whom a mot er comforteth, so will I comfort you." Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee

Thy kindred and their graves may be; But thine is still a blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep.

A Scotchman was dying. His daughter Nellie sat by his bedside. It was Sunday evening, and the bell of the church was ringing, calling the people to church. The good old man, in his dying dream, thought that he was on his way to church, as he used to be when he went in the sleigh across the river, and as the evening bell struck up in his dying dream he thought it was the call to

church. He said, "Hark, children, the bells are ringing; we shall be late; we must make the mare step out quick!" He shivered and then said: "Pull the buffalo robe up closer, my lass! It is cold crossing the river, but we will soon be there!" And he smiled and said, "Just there now." No wonder be smiled. The good old man had got to church. Not the old country church, but the temple in the skies. Just across the river. How comfortably did God kush that old man to As one whom his mother comforeth, so God comforted him.

Thought It a Disgrace. "Have you a book called Paney Poems ?

"Yes, sir." "Gimme all you have."

"Certainly, sir. You must have a great admiration for the book." "No, I haven't. It was written by

my son, and I'm protecting the family name."-Harper's Bazar.

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Fall term begins on Monday, Sept., 10th, 1894

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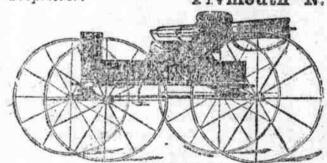
NATHAN TOMS. PLYMOUTH, N. C

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down said creek along and with the vari-

ous courses of the run to a large sweet at an

the corner of the Hannahon land, thence

up gum branch to the main road called

Papau" road thence along the late Wm

B. Harrison's formerly the Thos Wiffiam's

line to the great angle, a corner of the big ditch cut by the said W. B. Harrison, thence due South 20 poles to James Chart

son's north line touching that line at right

angles, thence due East along and with

said line to the corner of the five acre truct

deeded to James Chesson by Wm J. Ches.

son, thence North along and with that

dividing line to the ditch on the new avenue

thence along and with that ditch to another

of James Chesson's lines, thence along and

with his line to Haw Branch thence down

said Haw Branch to the beginning, contain-

ing 35 acres more or less Said sale will

be made to satisfy the purchase money due

to January 22 1851 when the judgment in

on Monday November 5th 1894 at 12 o'clock

W. L. SHERROD, Ex'r.

N. P. PURSER.

Many Persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters Bebuilds the

this case was docketed.

This Sept 25th 1894,