

Advertisements.

LARGEST STORE LARGEST STOCK Cheapest Goods & Best Variety CAN BE FOUND AT LONDON'S CHEAP STORE.

New Goods Received every Week. You can always find what you wish at London's. He keeps everything. Dry Goods, Clothing, Carpets, Hardware, etc.

Best Shirts in the Country for \$1. Best 5-cent Cigar, Cheating and Smoking Tobacco, Snuff, Salt and Molasses.

W. L. LONDON, Pittsboro, N. Carolina. H. A. LONDON, Jr., Attorney at Law, Pittsboro, N. C.

J. J. JACKSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, PITTSBORO, N. C.

R. H. COWAN, DEALER IN Staple & Fancy Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Notions, Hardware, CROCKERY AND GROCERIES. PITTSBORO, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF RALEIGH, N. CAR.

F. H. CAMERON, President. W. E. ANDERSON, Vice Pres. W. H. HICKS, Sec'y.

The only Home Life Insurance Co. in the State.

All its funds loaned out AT HOME, and among our own people. We do not send North Carolina money abroad to build up other States.

H. A. LONDON, Jr., Gen. Agt. PITTSBORO, N. C.

Dr. A. D. MOORE, PITTSBORO, N. C.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Chatham. With an experience of thirty years he is able to give entire satisfaction.

JOHN MANNING, Attorney at Law, PITTSBORO, N. C.

Practices in the Courts of Chatham, Harnett, Moore and Orange, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts.

O. S. POE, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries & General Merchandise, All kinds of Flours and Castings, Buggy Materials, Furniture, etc. PITTSBORO, N. CAR.

A SIMILAR CASE.

Jack, I hear you're gone and done it. Yes, I know; I must follow with it. Went and tried it once myself, sir. Though you see, I'm single still. And you met her—did you tell me? I was at Newport last night. And resolved to ask the questions. At a distance? So did I.

AGATHA'S CONQUEST.

"It is very likely Agatha is a little spoiled. She is a beauty and an heiress." Mrs. Mordaunt's soft, yellow hands were busy in cutting out an embroidered edge, with a pair of tiny, glittering scissors, as she leaned back in her easy chair, before the long French window opening into the garden of Locust Lawns, as the Mordaunt place was called.

The gardens at Locust Lawns! Velvet banks and drooping willows, white-armed statues, clothed with blossoming vines, fountain jets, ribbons of bright bloom and blossoming locust trees. The scene was very fair. Birds sang in it, and butterflies flitted through it; and in its midst stood the elegant mansion of gray stone, with its balconies, pillars, and windows of plate-glass. A pair of great bronze lions guarded its portals, and in the large bay windows rare exotics seemed to look out into the sunshine.

"Yes," repeated Mrs. Mordaunt. "Agatha has always had her every wish gratified, and probably she is a little spoiled."

"She was fourteen when she went away. She must have changed in three years," murmured Sylvie, gazing dreamily out among the roses.

"It is three years," responded her aunt, in a meditative tone. "I was very loth to leave Agatha behind me when we returned from abroad last summer, but her father declared that her music needed it, and she was in the best of care. Now, at last, her education is finished."

Mrs. Mordaunt spoke more to herself than to Sylvie. She was never apt at any time to give her niece, whom she considered a mere child, much of her confidence; and yet Sylvie was only two years younger than Agatha.

In a week Agatha was at home—a sumptuous young beauty, who wore the black poppies in her golden hair, and ever looked like the ideal work of a painter; but she was very unlike a goddess to live with, having the most exacting and selfish nature.

"Did you ever see anything so beautiful as Agatha is, Joy?" asked Sylvie of her niece's ward, Joy Eggleston.

"Yes." "What?" "A painting of Circé." For one little moment Sylvie looked troubled, for she and Joy had their secret.

"Ah, you love her now! She is prettier than I." "Hush! forbidden fruit is sweetest, Sylvie." For his guardian strenuously advised him to marry money, his own fortune not being large, and his tastes and habits luxurious—and never dreamed of his falling in love with the child called Sylvie, and so the young lovers had need of secrecy.

The weak and indulgent Agatha was far more a child. Sylvie's was a pure and noble soul. She had all the strength of truth and simplicity, and it was the girl's very beautiful self that Joy loved. Yet the Egglestons had passionate blood, and Agatha Mordaunt drew him towards her by the sensuous side of her nature. As for Agatha, she had fallen recklessly in love with this princely young man.

blue sash, nobody thought of her at all. She stood behind a pillar of the verandah one evening, watching the colored lights on the lawn, where the company were waiting, when a pair of lovers strolled by, not perceiving her.

"What a superb creature Agatha Mordaunt is, isn't she?" asked the lady of her companion.

"Yes, and that black-haired fellow dancing attendance upon her is the happy man, is he not?" asked Dick Maynard.

"Oh, that is her father's ward, Joy Eggleston. He will marry Agatha, I dare say, if she prefers him. She always does just as she pleases."

And then the two passed along, leaving Sylvie trembling in every limb. Fearing her thoughts, she started from her solitude at last, and, descending the steps of the lawn, her white dress caught the eye of a young man speeding by. He turned back.

"Is that you, Sylvie?" asked Joy. "I thought it was a spirit. Are you having a good time?"

"Are you, Joy?" "Well, the music's splendid, but I'm everybody's man. Your aunt wanted me to oversee the tables, and I promised Tom Almont to take care of his sister."

"Flossy Almont? Dear Joy, it is Agatha who has danced with all the evening. It is as I have said—you will love her."

She saw his dark eyes widen on her face. And he—he beheld a face, so pure, so sweet in its purity, that he leaned suddenly and kissed the cool cheek.

"Dear little Sylvie, I shall never love her. I shall never love any one but you."

He caught her bright involuntary smile, and his own face grew brighter and happier.

"Don't look so forlorn, dear. You make me sad. Come and dance; I'll get you a partner. I see your aunt beckoning to me."

Signaling to Mrs. Maynard by a wave of his hand, he swept Sylvie into Jack Stringham's arms and was off.

Yes, he was very popular—here, there, everywhere, bright as a fairy prince. No wonder the girls raved about him; no wonder he was beautiful, blonde Agatha's choice.

There were charades the next evening, and Agatha in frosted silk and snowy lace, was magnificent as a bride in the pretty representation of "Hebrides." And it seemed all by chance that Joy Eggleston was the groom.

"A splendid couple!" "A perfect match!" the company whispered.

And Sylvie saw and heard. "He promises me—he promised me!" she whispered to her acting heart.

Ah, but promises pale when the heart is young and the blood is warm! The charades were ended, and Agatha, all glowing with her alluring beauty, was in his arms.

Sylvie was watching them. "He is her choice—deeper upon that," whispered Jack Stringham. "For myself, I'm afraid of these out-and-out beauties, and prefer a quieter style."

Who missed Sylvie? No one. Early in the morning, a maid came trembling to Mrs. Mordaunt's door.

"Miss Sylvie—she had not been in her bed all night, and no one knows where she is."

In a few moments she came gliding in from the damp garden—her white, dew-drenched garments clinging close upon her chilled limbs; pallid as death, but for the two fever spots on her cheeks; silent, but for the incoherent murmurs of delirium.

They put her to bed, and kept the matter hushed from the bridegroom—for already the preparations for a splendid wedding reception were commenced.

But before they were finished little Sylvie lay still forever in the gray dawn, and they dared not go on, with death in the house, and Joy must needs be told.

"Sylvie dead—Sylvie?" His face frightened his wife.

"He was dead—Sylvie? You know, for two days."

"I did not know. You know I know nothing, Sylvie—Sylvie! Great heavens! how I must have been entrapped!"

Such tears and groans over her lifeless clay! They dared not go near him.

Sylvie, poor, harmless little thing, was laid away in the family tomb. But from that day Joy Eggleston was a changed man. He was harsh, fierce, reckless—a man of pleasure, or, rather, of exciting changes. He sought the most dissipated company and squandered his wife's fortune, until, in two years, beautiful Locust Lawns went under the hammer.

"You took me for better or worse," he cried to Agatha, "and it has been for worse."

It was indeed. But suffering, disciplined the selfish, thoughtless girl. Still she clung to him, and, as he went down, ministered to him. And when their money was all gone, and they stood together on the brink of starvation, he realized that this pale creature, too, had suffered. He laid a hand on her bowed head.

"We have both been punished," he said.

He pitied and came to love her now. And then together they ate the bread earned by the sweat of his brow.

THE DAILY GRIND. There are times when every man whose life is devoted to a single occupation tires of it, and utters impatient protests against the "daily grind" that is wearing out mind and body.

He sighs for anything but the treadmill upon which he performs a daily march on the knowledge that to-morrow and for many to-morrows, probably until for him the wheel revolves no more, the same steady tramp, the same daily grind will continue.

The hod-carrier, whose life is a perpetual march up a ladder and down again, the mechanic at his lathe, the clerk at his desk, the merchant at his books, the lawyer at his briefs, the journalist who has scarcely time to glance at the paper just issued whilst working for the paper to come out next morning—all performing the labor of Sisypus in rolling the stone to the top of the hill only to find that it may roll down again—each has his moments of weariness and disgust when he sighs for escape from his monotonous toil.

Poor Charles Lamb, standing for long and weary years at his desk in the India House, cried in a moment of impatience not frequent with that patient, self-sacrificing spirit, that "the wood was entering his soul," whose life is a perpetual march up a ladder and down again—each has his moments of weariness and disgust when he sighs for escape from his monotonous toil.

But, after all, the daily grind is not wholly an evil. In the majority of cases it is not an evil at all. There are occasions when it proves a positive good. With few exceptions the human mind works best in harness. The man who has a fixed occupation, and who devotes himself faithfully to it, is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, on the safest road to material success, and certainly pursuing the best "policy" which affords the most steady work of an accustomed machine. A well-constructed machine, kept in steady use at uniform speed and with the strain to which it was adapted, will last longer than one suffered to lie idle at times, and then subjected to sudden and unequal strains. It is the same with the human mind as with the horse and the machine.

continuous painful anxiety. He was but one of the many who suffer the continuous strain of anxiety and mental distress, found their greatest help in the "daily grind" of unremitting labor.—Cleveland Herald.

PRINCE NAPOLEON.

THE TROUBLE IN THE WAY OF MARRYING HIM OFF. The idea of the marriage of the Princess Thyra, of Denmark, to the young Napoleon, according to a correspondent, was first broached at Windsor, where it found a warm advocate in the Princess of Wales, who was charmed at the prospect of the future companionship of her charming sister, Albert Edward, too, was in favor, and the united influence of the royal pair overcame any opposition ever existing at the Russian court, where the Bonapartes have always found warm sympathizers.

All, then, that seemed wanting was the agreement of the Spanish king and of the lady. The personal appearance of the suitor settled the latter question at the first interview. It is true that he is two years her junior, but that are two years in the balance against first love and a possible throne some time hence? As to the papa, he, gave in to political considerations, and was all ready to make another marriage investment—a kind of speculation into which he has gone deeply and has been uncommonly successful, when we reflect that out of his six children one will reign over his faithful Danes, George has been more or less permanently settled among the Hellenes, the Princess Dagmar will be Empress of all the Russias and the Princess Alexandra will be English.

The connection, for the heir of the Bonapartes, was, then, the most desirable, and the eventuality of his return to France did not seem an immense risk, so that an invitation was extended to the young gentleman, who was on his way to visit some of his Swedish relatives.

He came quite naturally for Copenhagen in on the direct line to Stockholm, was most cordially received by the population as well as by the court, pleased the fair Thyra and after a short stay went north, promising to stop on his return, when the whole party would go to England, continue the acquaintance and sign the marriage contract. So far everything had gone on merrily, but suddenly there was a hitch in the proceedings.

The prince did not renew his visit, and although the family, according to agreement, crossed the channel, he still remains at Arenburg, all of which is asserted to be the work of M. Rouher, the great medicine man of the Bonapartist body, who, like Victor Hugo among the radicals, will not tolerate any interference with his functions of spiritual director of the empire.

Flenty knew that he would give them trouble, and would play the part of a wicked enchanter who had been omitted from the list of guests at the christening; but they hoped to keep their project secret until it was too late to do mischief. Alas! they forgot that newspaper reporters are indiscreet. Rouher came out all about it, said never a word for weeks, and then came down upon the contracting parties with the simple phrase: "How is the young couple to live? They must keep up an establishment in harmony with their position. Six horses at least are necessary in the stables. The prince must have an equerry, a secretary and a valet de chambre; the princess a lady of honor. There must be a town house and a villa. Civilized man cannot do without a cook, and his imperial highness cannot black his own boots any more than milady can lace her own stays. With less than £16,000 per annum this is impossible, and where will they get the £16,000?" This question was a puzzle.

The Danish monarch is not a Crusoe, but he offered to put down a million francs, which, at five per cent, would only leave £13,000 more to be made up, and the Empress has determined to sell her property in Paris, of which M. Rouher occupies, rent free, the most desirable part; but the great medicine man kicks against the arrangement, and unless a loan, in the style of the Don Carlos bonds, can be negotiated, it is hard to see any issue from the dilemma.

The discovery of a new island in the Polar seas is announced by the following telegram from Tromsø: E. Johannessen, who has just returned a considerable distance to the east beyond Novaya Zemlja. On Sept. 3, in longitude 66 deg. east and latitude 77 deg. 25 min. north, he discovered an island which he has named "Ensonn-beden" (loneliness). It is about ten miles long and level, the highest point not exceeding one hundred feet. It was free from snow with poor vegetation, but an immense quantity of birds. The sea was free from ice toward the west, north and south, but drift ice was seen toward the southeast. There was evidence that the Gulf Stream touched the west coast of the island; the stream runs in a strong current round the north coast toward the southeast. Everything about the ice was favorable for navigation, so long as the vessel did not go too near the mainland of Siberia. The newly-discovered island lies, therefore, somewhat to the southeast of the region visited by the Austrian expedition of 1873-74.—London Times.

The investigation by a committee of the British Association of the causes leading to the Princess Alice disaster has proved a fact of startling interest to seamen. The report of the committee says: "It is found an invariable rule that during the interval in which a ship is stopping herself by the reversal of her screw, the rudder produces none of its usual effects to turn the ship, but that under these circumstances the effect of the rudder, such as it is, is to turn the ship in the opposite direction to that in which she would turn if the screw were going ahead."

Mexico has an import trade amounting to \$76,000,000 annually, of which England supplies \$60,000,000.

THE FLIGHT OF EUGENE.

SCENES IN THE EMPRESS'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS. Under the title "Notes of 1870," Senator Eugene Pelletan publishes in the Paris *Revue* some account of the scenes in the Palace of the Tuileries at the time of the Empress Eugenie's flight. He says, under date Paris, September 5th, 1870:

We only learned this morning of the Empress's flight. She was good enough to be frightened away. There are in the Tuileries some state papers and the crown diamonds. The government of the National Defence appointed Durier and myself to see to their safety. We found the gate closed and the palace deserted. A captain of the National Guard was in command and was guarding it with his company. He took us to the Empress's apartments.

On entering her dressing-room we perceived an odor of something burning. A heap of burned papers was smoking still in the chimney-place.

This dressing-room is quite long. It would serve as a wash-room for a boarding school. A narrow marble table occupies the whole of one side, and supports a whole pharmacy of pots and phials. It is a complete museum of all that the perfume's art has invented of pastes, powders, opiales, gosses, oils, beef's marrow, and perfumed waters, intermingled with brushes, pencils, powder-puffs, chignons, false hair, in a word, of all the contrivances for a woman who gives the key-note to fashion and teaches the world the art of rendering beauty ridiculous. A certain number of hats lie all around; so many candidates for the last head-dress, successively tried and rejected.

A guardian of the place, in a green cloak, was kind enough to initiate us into the mysteries of this sanctuary of the toilette. He pointed out a large rosette in the middle of the ceiling. When Her Majesty dressed or undressed, this opened like a fan. A railroad in the open air, whose bore to the opening the mass of velvets or laces indispensable to the circumference of an empress. An elevator respectfully deposits this august finery in the dressing-room, and then removes the old clothes that Her Majesty has just put off.

In this dressing-room the Empress passed her last moment as a sovereign. She had to choose a traveling costume suited to the circumstances. Doubtless she hesitated about the head arrangements, judging by the quantity of bonnets scattered all about the cabinet. The Empress talked a great deal, which saved her from reflection. She had said: "I shall not fall like Marie Antoinette. I shall be able rather to ride away on horseback." Indeed she had remarkable skill as a horsewoman. But when the time came to put her foot in the stirrup, the blood rushed to her heart and she trembled, though no danger threatened her. The people were moving peacefully beneath her windows without looking up. They had already forgotten the Empress; they passed by in silence.

At the moment of departure she asked for a cup of *boillon*. She had not the strength to take it. We found the cup still full with a bit of bread beside it. When she started to go she could not walk and had to be supported. Her loneliness frightened her. She looked about for her *W. Minister*; also for her pearls, brooches, signets, Her intimate adviser, Rouher; vanished! Her Prefect of Police; fled! Everything in disorder; so the Empire was to end.

The Empress's apartment is quite regal. She had had it decorated by Chaplain in the Boucher style. It is not altogether dazzling; no more is it edifying. The ceiling has painted on the fringe of a salon the portraits of Cochochette, of Turleturte, of Dindonette and of Brichonette. But I do not assert positively the authenticity of these. They were the pet names of the great ladies of the court, the favorites of nearest intimacy.

The room reserved for jewels is alone a complete jeweler's museum. There could be seen all the known or novel specimens of pearls, brooches, signets, diamond necklaces, bracelets, pins, clusters, combs, all labeled and shut in glass cases. Some were missing from their cases. Her Majesty had had the presence of mind to carry them off.

She had established beside her bed-room an oratory, a confessional, and I believe also an altar adorned with a profusion of relics. Beyond the oratory was her boudoir. It contained a large case finely carved, but of small size. In it were more than a hundred volumes, some devotional and others of doubtful title, like the stories of Boccaccio and the tales of Lafontaine. A foreign medical book shone among the amorous poems of the fabulist. We would have supposed that the sovereign had borrowed it from a medical specialist, if the imperial eagle, stamped on the cover, had not told us that this suspicious book had the honor of belonging to the Empress. A little work, thick as the hand, had attracted our attention by the elegance of its style. It was the manuscript of a novel of rather sprightly style. The author had signed this indecent thing: "Your Majesty's Clown." The clown was Prosper Merimee, Senator and member of the French Academy.

There was on the table of the boudoir an album richly bound and closed by a silver clasp. It was a collection of photographs and all representing the Empress in various actress costumes. She figures there as a soubrette, as Rosina, as a page, as a first young lady, as an opera dancer, in rights and gauze. The last photograph represents her as Agnes, wearing a long white dress and with eyes cast down. Below this photograph the Emperor had written: "Eugenie en Agnes!" accompanying the inscription with the four exclamations: "How is she?"

Leaving this apartment all perfumed with the odors of burned letters and scented toilet waters, we descended to the lower floor to purify ourselves of the miasms of the one above. This lower story is quite a subterranean

world, somewhat Babylonian, but well lighted. A long, airy, vaulted gallery opens on a series of offices, cellars, kitchens, work-shops for pastry cooks, etc. What remains of Nero's palace in Rome can alone give an idea of this gigantic substructure. The kitchen battery is the most opulent arsenal of saucapans and dripping pans that ever adorned a palace, and makes you think that every day it supplied food for a thousand guests. The wine-cellar contained 60,000 litres of wine; the Empire was fond of eating and drinking.

—Among the literary treasures possessed by the late Archbishop Dupanloup is said to be a lithographed unpublished five-act tragedy by Lamartine.

—What galls a man who has neither employment in the field nor in the city, some one present him with a smoking gown worth eight dollars.

—During the last three months 25,363 immigrants arrived at the port of New York, as against 20,100 in the corresponding period last year.

—A female temperance lecturer from Detroit carries a miniature still with her, and in the presence of her audience distills alcohol from cider.

—The wise man placeth the stock of his gun to his shoulder before he freeth, but the fool looketh down the barrel to see the ball start.—*Rome Sentinel*.

—The pawnshops in Paris are said to have made last year nearly \$8,000,000 of loans on almost 2,000,000 objects—a greater amount than for years before.

—General Grant seems to have given up his contemplated visit to India, and will remain at Paris during the winter, making occasional trips to Spain, Portugal and Algiers.

—The results of the present year's valuation, as compared with last year, show a reduction of over one hundred millions of dollars in the assessed property of Massachusetts.

—A swarm of bees took possession of Chantry church, Frampton, England, the other day, and services had to be dispensed with one Sunday while they were being smoked out.

—The wool clip of Oregon this year is about 6,240,000 pounds, being 1,000,000 pounds more than last year. The prices range from 13 cents for the poorest to 25 cents for the best quality.

—It is proposed in New Hampshire to petition the State legislature, at its next session, to enact a law restraining railroad companies in the State from charging more than two cents per passenger.

—"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "I really think it is time we had a green-house." "Well, my love, pain it any color you please. Red, white, or green will suit me," responded the husband.

—Comprehensive.—A company of settlers, in naming their new town, called it Dictionary, because, as they said, "that's the only place where peace, prosperity and happiness are always found."

—Montana has contributed \$10,000 to the yellow fever sufferers. Utah has contributed about \$6,000, collected in the mining camps, Salt Lake and Ogden, but none contributed by the Mormons.

—The great depression in trade now prevailing in India may be judged of from the fact that there are at present about 150 vessels lying in the port of Calcutta, only six of which have charters for a fresh voyage.

—Half a dozen high-toned citizens of New Jersey are on trial for conspiracy to defraud the depositors of a savings bank of which they were officials. No wonder that small savings drift more and more into government bonds.

—Miss Celeste Winans, daughter of the late Thomas Winans, of Baltimore, is said to be the richest heiress in America, very handsome, and only twenty. The fortune she inherited from her father is said to be \$20,000,000.

—Eleven hundred and fifty bales of cotton have just been shipped northward from Texas. The interesting fact concerning it is that it is destined for a foreign port, and is the first shipment of the kind taken away from the Gulf by rail.

—The American Consul at Lyons calls attention to a remarkable feature in the world's commerce at the present time, that the United States is the only country whose exports exceed its imports, with the exception of India, which has a small trade balance in its favor.

—The British Government is going to establish a mint at Hong Kong, at an expense of \$250,000, for the purpose of coining a piece of English money to supplant the trade dollar, which is a universal medium of exchange in the Chinese empire. It has driven the old favorite, the Mexican dollar, entirely out of circulation.

—A West Hill man painted a ferocious-looking sign: "Look out for the dog," and put it up in the front yard to scare away tramps. The next morning he found a load of hay, a club with death smiling out of every knot of it, rapped at the front door, demanded some hot biscuit, meat, potatoes and a cup of coffee, and asked pleasantly: "How is the dog?"—*Burlington Hawk-eye*.

—The debt of 130 cities and towns in the United States increased in ten years, from 1866 to 1876, from \$21,000,000 to \$44,000,000. The municipal debt of the city of New York increased during the same period on an average over \$21,000 per week; Philadelphia over \$50,000 per week; Boston, \$27,700; Brooklyn, \$50,000; Chicago, \$23,800; St. Louis, \$20,400; Jersey City, \$17,000, and Newark, N. J., \$16,000.