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THE SCHOOL-BOY.

We bought him a box for his books and things. And a cricket-bag for his bat. Under his new coat. We banded him into the railroad train With a troop of his young companions. And we made a dash for it, and ran We were filling our eyes with tears.

NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is over, Leads by the hand her little child to bed, Half willing, half reluctant to be led, And leave her broken playthings on the floor. Still gazing at them through the open door, Nor wholly reassured and comforted By promises of others in their stead. Which, though more splendid, may not please him more.

A DARK GAME LOST.

The three magistrates had sat uninter- ruptedly far into the autumn afternoon, and had now retired to consider their decision. It was a distressing case and occurred in Singlebridge, which is a mere hamlet of a town, and provoked intense interest among the inhabitants. Silas Westbrook, the reluctant prosecutor, was a senior partner in an impressively solid firm which had flourished in the borough for generations. His son Augustus, also of the firm, a witness for the prosecution, was held in much esteem by certain of the younger sort in Singlebridge, who sympathized with the amateur witnesses. About Mr. Blanchard, another witness for the prosecution, little was known to the in- quirous gossips. He had been a resident with the Westbrooks for about eight months, during which period he had sat alongside Gus in the office in business hours, and had been a good deal about him at other times. They got on amazingly well together, people observed, but despite all his efforts—and some of these were marked enough—suave Mr. Blanchard failed to similarly captivate Gus's pretty sister Fanny. As became her father's daughter, she treated the West Indian connection of her father's firm with unerring graciousness. But her sweetest moods, her tenderest looks and gentlest tones were not for him. The magician at whose bidding they so gladly came, was Blanchard's uncharitable foe. From the moment Harold White, confidential clerk to the firm, and a potential partner therein, met and simply shook hands with the West Indian, they hated each other with a hatred that owed its sustenance on the one side to contempt, and on the other to spite and all uncharitableness. To-day will behold the triumph or discomfiture of Blanchard. In the Police Court of Singlebridge, in the presence of a crowd of people, the majority of whom are personally known to him, Harold White stands accused, on the united testimony of the Westbrooks, father and son, of embezzlement.

To the profound chagrin of the magis- trates' clerk, who cordially disliking Blanchard, wishes well to the accused, the latter conducts his own defense.

"Silence in the Court!" The silence is oppressive when, in a voice full of feeling, the chairman turns to the accused, and says:

"Harold White, I, who have known you for so many years, need not say that the long examination, which my brother magistrates and myself have this day con- ducted to the very best of our ability, has been to all of us fraught with considerable pain. And we are bound to admit, in your behalf, that nothing has transpired in the course of this hearing which reflects in the least upon you or your conduct during the period to which I refer. We have given due consideration to this fact in your favor, and have come to the con- clusion, actuated by motives which we earnestly hope you will live to appreciate in a proper spirit, to dismiss the case. You are very good."

"But my character!" exclaimed White, in a voice husky with emotion, "who is to clear that of taint?"

"Yourself," solemnly answered the Chairman. "Call the next case."

Dazed, trembling under the influence of warring passions, he left the dock and passed out of the court into the sunlight street. Whether should he direct his feet? The September sun was setting really behind a familiar belt of woods which fringed the further bank of the river as he continued his moody walk. He had felt on for miles, heedless of the direction he took, and now he awoke from the fit of passionate bitterness to find himself on a spot that had often been hallowed by the presence of the girl he loved. What did she think of him?

"Harry!" In those two words all was expressed.

"O, Harold, I have followed you for hours, hearing to speak, you look so pale and changed!"

"I am changed. They have not sent me to prison, but, and the prison hint is on me. Why do you shrink from the moral leper, as the rest of them have done?"

"Because"—and it seemed to him as though her voice had never thrilled with such sweetness before—"I know you."

"And you believe—"

"That all will be righted yet. I can wait, dear, if you will let me. You were never more precious to me than you are at this moment."

"Miss Westbrook—Come, Fanny, this is no place for you."

Harold and she had not heard the foot- steps. It was Blanchard and her brother who approached unnoticed.

"And no place for you, either," said White to Blanchard.

"Scoundrel!" Harold began, at the same time raising his hand. She touched him and he was still.

"Sir," she said, "I am mistress of my own actions. If I choose to accompany my brother it is my choice. I do not care for Harold, good-bye. Come what may, my faith will not falter, my love never change."

The last four words were murmured. As she stepped forth she reached forward and kissed him before her brother, whose surprise at her defiant attitude was un- speakable.

They parted and went their several ways. Three months had elapsed, and not a word had been heard of or from Harold White; unless, the female gossip, sug- gested, he had written to Miss West- brook, which, considering his departure, he was hardly likely to have done.

It puzzled the well-informed Single- bridge to hear Fanny Westbrook's cheer- ful manner, to note her placid brow and bright manner. She never could have thought much of that Harold White, you know, or she would have manifested some regret at his misfortune.

Blanchard, too, was mystified by her. What did it portend? Had she resigned all hopes of being restored to the lover whom he had so effectually helped to dis- grace and banish? Was the course clear at last? He would see. His impetuous love for the sunny-haired, Saxon-eyed girl, a love which spring into existence the moment they met, had grown mightily since the going of White. He would put an end to this uncertainty. He could face his fate.

"An interview with me?" replied Fanny to his blandly proffered request; "cer- tainly, Mr. Blanchard." Her tone was provokingly even.

"And if you please, let it take place now. Pray be seated."

If she had only been embarrassed. "Miss Westbrook, I—I—fear that the impression which I made upon you the day of that unfortunate rencontre, by the river side was not favorable. I—"

"Pray proceed, sir," she remarked in icy tones.

"Well, then—allow me—you cannot surely have remained firm in the resolu- tion you then expressed—to cleave to—"

"Mr. Blanchard, I will assist you. You apparently wish to say that I must have ceased to love Harold White. Is that so?"

"Miss Westbrook—Fanny—pardon me; I do. He is all unworthy of you. Oh, if you did but know the depth of my love for you—"

"Stop, Mr. Blanchard," she said, rising from her chair, and moving slowly to- ward the door. "Let us understand each other. Whether or not Harold White holds the place in my heart which he once did, and which I never will give up, is a matter which concerns only me. The honor you have done me, Mr. Blanchard, call it by what tender name you please—I despise. Mr. Blanchard, I know you!"

"Stop, Miss Westbrook!" he exclaimed, making one step forward and barring her way to the door. "and barken to me. You have thrown the gage. Very well, I accept it. It was I who drove Harold White from Singlebridge. Ah, you can be im- pressed, I see. It is I who can compel your consent to my demands. Now, Miss Westbrook, know me!"

Her face was very white as she swept proudly past him, but it was not the white of a witness of fear. They were seized in a grip of iron and wrenched violently back. "I—Harold White! Fan, take possession of those papers."

"So you think to trap me, do you?" growled Blanchard, actually foaming with rage.

"Not a bit of it," observed obliging Mr. Beauchamp, at that moment entering by the door on the landing. Coolly turning the key and placing it in his pocket, the manager of the Easthampton theatre con- tinued: "Now look here, Mr. Blanchard, I have suggested to many little things of the kind not to know what's re- quired to strengthen the situation. I have two of my fellows handy on the stairs. My property man is on the other side of those folding doors. My friend here and myself reckon for something, to say nothing of Mrs. Harold White!"

"Mrs. Harold White?" gasped Blanchard.

"Yes, Mr. Blanchard," releasing him and approaching her, "my wife. She always believed in my perfect innocence of the charge you helped to fasten on me, and when poor, miserable Gus confessed the part which he played in the conspiracy, we were married."

"Confessed—conspiracy?" sneeringly exclaimed Blanchard; "where are your proofs?"

"Here!" replied Harold, pointing to the papers; "and here they remain until you are satisfied."

"Until what?"

"Until the father of my dear wife has perused them line by line, and the magis- trates of Singlebridge have made my in- nocence as public as a year ago they proclaimed my guilt."

"And you may go," said Blanchard, after a pause; and taking for granted the con- sent of his temporary custodians, he stepped toward the door, which was under the janitorship of Mr. Beauchamp. That gentleman gracefully waved him back.

"You may go on one condition, sir— pardon me—and it is this. That you leave for Jamaica by a certain steamer which leaves this port to-morrow. I have to- night bespoken your berth. Pardon me—if you decline, take the consequences, one of which will be the temporary occu- pation by yourself of a neat and commodi- ous apartment within the precincts of Easthampton Jail!"

"Open the door." Not another word did he utter, but taking his hat, and look- ing straight before him, he left the hotel and proceeded—not unattended—in the direction of the Jamaica boat.

It was a pleasant hour or so which Mr. and Mrs. Harold White and their friend Beauchamp spent together that night. It took more than pleasant meeting that night a few days after in Singlebridge. Silas Westbrook's happiness was un- speakable. There was a streak of sorrow in it, though, when he thought of his absent son, and prayed that the lad had turned over a new leaf at the other end of the world.—London Daily News.

was the electric force of her acting that it carried all before it. Was she play- ing up defiantly to Blanchard? Perhaps. On the conclusion of the play she, laden with bouquets, retired to her dressing- room, and in a few minutes had resumed, with the aid of the lovely Mrs. Cum- mings, the attire of ordinary life.

In the space of a few minutes Miss "Harbell" was proceeding unnoticed, save by a group of her youthful idolators who surrounded the pit door, under the convoy of Mr. Beauchamp, to her apart- ments at the George.

Before ascending the staircase which led to her rooms, she informed the maid servant that probably a gentleman would call upon her. If he did she was to show him up, after having privately informed Mr. Beauchamp, who would wait for the news in the bar parlor, of her visitor's arrival.

Mr. Beauchamp, whose face beamed with complacent delight, nodded his approval of this arrangement. Observed Fanny: "Now, Mr. Beauchamp, I shall leave you to your devices (here she indulged in the tiniest ripple of laughter)—your devices, mind."

"Very well, my dear, they shall be ready by and by."

"And he—"

"Everything is ready, Miss Harbell, and everybody. Let that suffice you."

Seated in her snug little room, Fanny dreamily awaited the coming of her ancient persecutor. She had not to wait long.

"Mr. Blanchard, m," announced the maid-servant, and thereupon ushered in that gentleman.

Miss Westbrook rose and acknowledged his elaborate bow with a silence that was full of scornful eloquence. She then re- surned her seat.

"Miss Westbrook, can you divine why I am here?"

"Oh, you can? You are frank. After all, why should you not be? We can spare each other the recital of a long pre- face of dull retrospect. After a long and painful search I have found you—no matter how."

"I know how," she calmly interposed.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "perhaps you would not mind enlightening me." His tones were sneering. Her perfect equanimity put him about.

"Not at all. You got the information from my brother."

"Even so. And your brother? Had he informed you also that he is just as completely in my power as was another person of our acquaintance more than a year since? Did he tell you that there is a bundle of papers that would give him penal servitude if I chose to put the law in operation? Did he—"

"No, Mr. Blanchard, he did not." A tear had stolen down her cheek at the mention of Harold's name, but now that she confronted the evil Indian, her eyes blazed defiance at him. "He did not. Remove your mask. I can read the rascal underneath it. So, then, my hand be- stowed on you to be the price of your silence in this matter."

"And who is to clip them?"

"I!" exclaimed a voice that came from behind the chair near which Blanchard stood, while at the same time his arms were seized in a grip of iron and wrenched violently back. "I—Harold White! Fan, take possession of those papers."

"So you think to trap me, do you?" growled Blanchard, actually foaming with rage.

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"And you may go," said Blanchard, after a pause; and taking for granted the con- sent of his temporary custodians, he stepped toward the door, which was under the janitorship of Mr. Beauchamp. That gentleman gracefully waved him back.

Davies, of Liverpool, has just returned to the Mersey, and of her "log" is a duly recorded a terrible catastrophe of this kind. She was anchored off a small river known as the Problingon, on the coast of Java, and one of her crew, a Welshman, of the name of Owen, went with four others to bathe. They were all good swimmers, and Owen, who was the most skillful, had ventured some little distance from the vessel, when he was suddenly heard to utter a piercing shriek. A large shark, rising suddenly from the bottom, had bitten him immediately below the fifth rib and literally torn him to pieces. A rope was thrown to him, but his injuries were so terrible that he immedi- ately sank. His companions escaped, but Owen's body was not traced until he was recovered. The shark which at- tacked him was, we are told, judged to be some fifteen feet in length. Such dimensions, although large, are yet not unusual in the Javanese seas.

The shark is not so much the tiger as the vulture of the sea. Like the vulture, he hesitates to attack any- thing with life in it; but, if hungry, becomes for the time possessed with a courage not his own. We shall never exterminate him, and his presence in tropical waters must always remain a constant source of danger. Meantime he has at least this merit, that wrecks- ever may be found he affords a cer- tain rough species of sport. There is no better fun than fishing for a shark with a hook the size of a pitchfork, and a huge piece of pork by way of bait. Harpooning the creature is also an exciting amusement, although seldom practiced. Of late years, too, the shark has been hunted in novel and scientific ways. There is no better form of rifle practice than to shoot at him from over the stern with explo- sive bullets. If you miss him he still follows on. If he is hit, a great hole is rent in him. He rolls slowly over on his back, displaying his cruel, gaper-jaws, and vast expanse of white under-surface, and his brother sharks, coming up from around, quarrel and dispute fraternally over the carcass.

Best, however, of all modes of shark chase, because most scientific, and, consequently, most amusing, is that recently adopted in Her Majesty's navy of combining torpedo drill with shark fishery. A miniature torpedo is enclosed in a bait of junk or pork, and lowered with proper care. The bat- tery is duly charged, and at the mo- ment that the huge fish seizes, and, as a pike-fisher would say, "pouches" the tempting morsel, the circuit is com- pleted. The electric current is instan- taneously set on foot, and the monster is blown into fragments, and a bubbling cloud in the water marks the spot where, a few seconds before, his fin was showing above the waves.

—London Daily News.

SERPULAS, OR SEA WORMS.

The rambler along the sea shore will not unfrequently meet with shells, stones, and other objects that have long been immersed in the waters of the ocean, more or less incrustated with masses of white, calcareous tubes, which, from their wiry form, afford, at once a suggestion of the idea of worms. These elongated, variously twisted tubes, popularly supposed to be "trilobed worms," constitute the dwell- ing places of certain small marine worms called Serpulas. In the animal kingdom these little creatures have their place in the lowest class of Arti- culates. This class, the Annelida, embraces an extensive series of animals usually grouped together under the common name of "segmented worms," and comprehends four orders, as types of which we may take, for instance, the (1) sea centipede, (2) the leech, (3) the earth worm, and (4) the marine worm (serpula). This class is remarkable as being the only section of invertebrate animals which possess red blood.

The worms belonging to three of these orders are gregarious, but the fourth (white type) is the serpula, and its creatures, which inhabit a fixed and permanent residence that serves to inclose and protect them from external injury. This is generally an elongated tube, varying in texture in different species. Some- times it is formed by agglutinating foreign substances, such as grains of sand, small shells, etc., by means of a secretion which exudes from the surface of the body and hardens into a tough membranous substance, and in the case of the Terrella. In other cases, as in Serpula contortuplicata the tube is homogeneous in texture, formed of calcareous matter, and apparently secreted in the same manner; for this reason the tube keeps increasing in length and diameter as long as its inhabitant con- tinues to grow, the formation of this protective sheath being the progressive work of the entire life of the animal.

The elongated body of these worms is divided into numerous rings, and its anterior portion is spread out in the form of a disk around each side with bundles of coarse hairs; in this disk is the mouth opening.

From the sides of the mouth arise the fan-shaped respiratory tufts, forming one of the most beautiful red color, mixed with yellow and violet, and exhibiting when expanded a spectacle of great beauty.

In some species there is a remarkable provision made for closing the tube when the worm retires within its cavity.

On each side of the mouth of the worm is a fleshy filament resembling a tentacle; but one of these, sometimes the right, sometimes the left, is found to be considerably prolonged, and ex- panded into a funnel-shaped operculum or lid, which accurately fits the orifice of the tube, and thus forms a sort of door, well adapted to prevent intrusion or annoyance from external enemies.

It has been shown by experiment that if these little creatures be taken from their shell, or the latter be destroyed, they make no attempt to form another, having lost either the faculty or the instinct of doing so.

As it is in the nature of serpulas to live in numerous colonies, we usually find their tubes agglomerated into com- pact masses on all kinds of submarine objects, about which they bend and twist themselves in all sorts of shapes.

MAN'S DARKEST MOMENTS.

WAITING FOR A WOMAN TO "GET READY."

Are you a man? If so you have prob- ably had the pleasure of waiting for a woman to "get ready" to go somewhere. Getting ready is a mighty operation for a woman to perform. It has always been so; but in these days of compli- cated costumes, and innumerable ap- pendages of the toilet, it is a stupen- dous under-taking. You are infuriated with Miss B. You invite her to ride behind your span of grays. You are wise enough to know that all women, or most of them, like a fine turn-out, and would much sooner be made love to by a man who owns a nice team than by one who takes his airings in horse cars or omnibuses.

You set the time at 3.30 P. M. She asks sweetly if you could not just as well come at 4. Of course she would like to get ready, but she doubts if she can get ready in time, as you are only too happy to do just as she wants you to. After marriage, as the French say, "we change all that," and when monsieur bids, her madame must be ready or be left behind.

At precisely 4 the next day you drive to Miss B's gate with a grand flourish. It looks old foggyish to walking with your horses up to a hitching-post, and you have been showing your animals the whip a few blocks back. They are sid up by it and toss their heads, and paw up papa B's concrete, and snap at the shrubbery in a vicious way, and assure you equinely that they had just as soon wait for a woman to get ready.

You think at first you won't hitch them, for surely she is ready, but re- membering former experiences with those of her sex, you change your mind and give a small boy ten cents to have an eye on them. You ring the bell and are admitted, and the small boy en- gages in marble playing with another small boy, and entrusts the horses to Providence.

"Is Miss B. ready?" you blandly ask the maid servant.

She doesn't know, she'll inquire. You stand first on one foot and then on the other, and stare at the hat-tree, and pull up your new style collar, which ought to stand up, but which has de- veloped an obstinate tendency to lop down, and you wonder where on earth that servant has gone to inquire, and you run out to see your horses, and ad- minister some sharp words to your small delinquent groom, and he thumps his nose at you the minute your back is turned.

By the time you get into the house again Mrs. B. is coming down the stairs in a toilet made in evident haste. She is cordial and invites you into the parlor, and says Marie will be down in a moment, and she is so sorry to have kept you waiting.

From above stairs you can hear the sound of the notes of preparation. Much treading back and forth, opening of closet doors, shutting of drawers, scolding of the maid in suppressed tones, and liveliness generally.

If you could look into Marie's cham- ber you would be in despair. Her "crimps" are not taken down, her boots unbuttoned, her pullback's elastic cords are out of gear, and the maid is fixing them; she can't find her brace- lets; one cuff pin is missing; she has put an arrow in her hair, and is mis- take thinking it Jockey Club; there is a button off her basque from hurried buttoning, and oh, dear! dear! where are her lemon kids, and her parasol, and her lace scarf, and that coral neck chain, and a shawl, and a white lace veil, and a dozen other necessary arti- cles?

She has hurried so that her face is all a blaze and she looks like a red-hot washer-woman, and she seizes her powder-puff, dabs a little chalk on her forehead, and hopes it won't be seen, as she is going out to ride with a gentle- man and not with a woman.

All unconscious of the trials which beset your charming Marie, you are striving to do the agreeable to Mrs. B., with the sound of your horses pawing up that sidewalk, and you wonder how you know the old man is particular about his grounds; and directly you hear something snap and rush out to find that one of your spirited nags has bit- ten off a fence picket and is trying his best on another by way of dessert.

Will she ever get ready?

You go back to tell Mrs. B. that your horses are so restive that you must stand by them in Philadelphia through the whole five years of the business. Re- vision still goes on in all parts of the city and suburbs, the number of new struc- tures commenced being proof of the sanguine belief that present values of property are only temporary, and sure