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An Appeal.

Oh! ye who loiter in affluence and ease, Blest with the sweets and luxuries of life— Who never felt misfortune's stern decrees,

The widow desolate, the orphan left, Weeping aloud o'er the unburied dead; Of husband and of father thus bereft,

Or have ye marked the toiler striving low, Thrown out of work, and starving in the streets,

Have ye not known the pleasure of the just, When with humanity their bosoms glow,

While Heaven's best mercies were in love bestowed? E'en as ye soothe the wretched in their woe,

THE CRYSTAL-SEEKER.

A FAIRY TALE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS STURM

Deep within the mountains on the banks of a beautiful blue lake, there stood for many years a little house of

men appearance. It contained only two small windows, and the dry, thatched-roof was covered with

heavy stones. From here the eye rested upon mighty mountain ranges, that raised their glittering summits, decked

with everlasting snow, far into the blue ether; the glance soon fell, however, upon the transparent crystal lake, where

the dazzling white mountain tops appeared to plunge into the bottomless depth below. Numberless sweet and

fragrant flowers, which, although they were so small, made a show of splendid color, blossomed in the meadows that

bordered the lake. Here glittered, small the verdant green, the blue star of the gentian; there the elegant Alpine primrose

reared its rosy head, while close by a white anemone, like a newly-fallen snowflake, appeared to rest upon its

stately stalk; while around about the mountain, like a purple border, stood the blooming bushes of the Alpine

rose. Far and near there reigned a profound silence, only broken now and then by the dismal cry

of the greely hawk, or by the shrill whistle of the mountain raven, standing on guard.

In the little lonely and poverty-stricken house lived a man and his wife and a troop of poorly-dressed but blooming

and sprightly children. The man looked very old when he stepped out of his little house in the morning. He was

large and strongly built, had a long, gray beard, and wore a round hat, ornamented with a large eagle feather,

and over his shoulder hung a chamois skin; on his feet he wore thick, nailed shoes, at his side hung a brown leather pocket

the man conceived a wonderful respect for the little dwarf, and said: "Where did you find these costly stones?"

"But in spite of his earnest seeking the cave was not to be found, and in the evening he brought nothing back with

him except a bunch of hawthorn. The flour was out, hunger present; and while he worked with the hammer he prayed

to God for mercy. The man succeeded at last, after hard labor, in mounting up from the cre-

vice; quickly he stepped up, and bounds the child again upon his back and

walked carefully forward. When, happily, he climbed out above, he threw

himself prayerfully upon his knees.— Day had come. Far around the mountain

tops glowed in the morning red, and the glory of the Lord enlightened his heart.

He wished to see if the child were unhurt. He took her from his back, and oh, wonder! before him lay

his lovely, blooming little daughter.— The chain had slipped off and lay upon the block of ice in the crevasse.

The man rejoiced aloud, hugged and kissed his child and hurried home; he thought

no more of poverty or riches, but of a merciful God who had saved him from a great sin.

When he reached home the other children lay still asleep in their dark chamber, because no one had awakened

them. He laid his little daughter in her warm bed and she soon fell asleep.—

When she awoke she remembered nothing that had befallen her in the night, and the other children had not

noticed the absence of their father and little sister. In the evening the mother

returned from the city much depressed, the beautiful crystal having met with a,

to her, inexplicable accident, to wit: as she was taking the costly stone from her

pocket to show it to a dealer it had suddenly split into countless small and

quite worthless pieces in her hand. Thus she had been obliged to return

home without bread. In tears she related this to her husband, who, with a

joyful face, was rocking his youngest little daughter. She feared he would

be angry, or at least quite vexed; instead he gave her his hand in a friendly

manner, comforted her, and directed her to Heaven for help.

She rejoiced inwardly at the change which had taken place in her husband,

but could not, however, imagine how it had come to pass that he had suddenly

become quite so cheerful. When the crystal-seeker went forth

into the mountains the next morning he stepped briskly as though he had been

ten years younger. With folded hands his wife stood at the door and followed

the departing one with a friendly glance and nod of the head, and then went back

to her work. When it began to grow dark she

looked often toward the mountains; at last she caught sight of the returning

one, who already hailed her from a distance, taking off his hat, and then

halloed so loudly that all the children ran out of the hut and hastened to meet

their father. As the latter came nearer he held his

leather pocket up—there was now an end to want; he returned with a heavy

load of sparkling crystals. The path he had taken led him high up among the

mountains, and suddenly it appeared to him as though he were standing in

the same place where he once stood with the dwarf. He looked around carefully,

and there, behind a block of granite, he discovered a cavern. He crept in upon

his hands and knees. After he had gone a little distance he found that he could

raise himself up. Then he took a miner's lamp from his pocket and lit it; he was not yet at the

right spot. Courageously he wandered further, when suddenly out of a crevice

in the rock, by the light of his lamp, the beautiful crystals came flashing forth

to meet him. He sought no further, but staid to fill his pocket; his joy over his

fortunate search caused him to return quickly homeward to his wife and children.

There was great joy that evening in the little hut; but the most joyful one

in the happy circle was the father, who had taken his little daughter in his arms

and given her the largest crystal in her hand. In the course of time prosperity

increased in the little house, and one day the crystal-seeker brought home

with him a gold chain which he had bought in the town; from the chain was

suspended a cross of mountain crystal; it was a present for his youngest little

daughter, who stood before him fresh as a blooming rose, and upon whose neck

he fastened, with a father's holy blessing, the golden chain with the cross.

Michigan has cause to be proud of its financial condition. Her debt is \$300,000,000,

while there is \$200,000,000 in her sinking fund to pay it. A more extraor-

inary circumstance than this is the fact that the new state capital, which is com-

pleted and paid for, actually cost \$15,000 less than the appropriation made for

building it. The German government, recognizing the danger of smoking tobacco by youth,

have seriously taken the matter in hand, as it considers the practice dangerous

to the constitution. In many towns the police have received orders to prevent

all youths under sixteen years of age from smoking, a Belgian physician

considers it causes color blindness.

Fatal Superstition Among Russians.

The reported ravages of diphtheria in Russia offer a fresh and most lamentable instance of the extent to which the

greatest human calamities may be aggravated by ignorance and superstition. It

is often found absolutely impossible to persuade the Russian peasants to accept

medical aid of any kind, even when in extremity. To all such offers they re-

ply with their wonted fatalism. "If we are to die, no medicine can save us; if

we are to live we don't need it." The prolonged fasts of the Greek church,

the practice of baptizing infants in ice-cold water, which it would be thought

impious to warm, and of clothing them ineffectually until the age of seven, in

compliance with some absurd superstition, yearly cause countless deaths.

Nothing is more astounding to a foreigner than this utter recklessness of life

among the Slavonian races, which evinced itself during the great cholera

epidemic of 1871, in details who grotesque horror surpassed anything in De-

laïe's history of the London plague. One poor wretch actually pointed with pride

to a coffin which he had 'bought cheap' as soon as the pestilence began, and kept

standing in a corner of his room ever since, in readiness for immediate use.

"You know," he added, with a ghastly chuckle, "if my wife and I should both

die about the same time, we can both go into this coffin, and that will save the

expense of another." A Sad Story. Some months ago a young man named

George Youngs went to Bath, Pa., from Schenectady. He was a printer

and was handsome and intelligent. Alice Beers, a beautiful girl, daughter

of a prominent citizen of the place, fell in love with Youngs. The pair desired

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

General Grant is the first ex-president who has visited the upper part of South

Carolina since Washington passed through in his private carriage in the

year 1797. Albert Olsson, living near Clayfield, Minn., had both his ears hard frozen,

last week, and two friends, in endeavoring to start a circulation, rubbed them

clear from his head. The highest diploma for porcelain painting in London has been

awarded to Miss Stevens, an American, who already has orders from the Prince

of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge. A woman at Ulysses, Neb., wrapped

her baby in a sheet and left it in the warm ashes by the fire-place while she

went to visit a neighbor, and when she returned the infant was burned to a

crisp. Four trans-Atlantic steamers, one from Havana and one from Bermuda,

arrived in a bunch at New York one day recently, and made things lively in the

great post office, there being one hundred and sixty thousand letters to sort.

Ex-Controller Connolly, of New York, one of the Tweed crowd, now a fugitive

from justice, has recently made three millions in New York speculations. His

son-in-law conducted the business. This is not generally the way of the trans-

gressor. W. Price, a young boy living in Centre

street, Orange, N. J., while playing with some comrades, was kicked in the

mouth by one of them. A tooth was knocked out and down his throat, from

which he choked to death in a few minutes. The duty on salt in Russia brings to

the state treasury fifteen and a half million dollars annually. Now the Russian

press advocates the abolition of the salt duty, as it falls chiefly on the poorest