

Business and Professional

E. C. HACKNEY, Attorney at Law, ASHBORO, N. C. Practices in the Supreme and Federal Courts of the State, and the Superior Court of Chatham, Randolph and Granford.

JOHN M. MORING, Attorney at Law, Moringville, Chatham Co., N. C. MORING & MORING, Attorneys at Law, DURHAM, N. C.

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Steamboat Notice!

The boats of the Express Steamboat Company will run as follows from the first of October until further notice:

Steamer D. MURCHISON, Capt. Alonzo Garrison, will leave Fayetteville every Tuesday and Friday at 8 o'clock A. M., and Wilmington every Wednesday and Saturday at 8 o'clock P. M.

Steamer WAVE, Capt. W. A. Robeson, will leave Fayetteville on Mondays and Thursdays at 8 o'clock A. M., and Wilmington on Tuesdays and Fridays at 1 o'clock P. M., connecting with the Western Railroad at Fayetteville on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

J. D. WILLIAMS & CO. Agents at Fayetteville, N. C.

Hold on to Faith.

On the journey of life, outstretching before us, May the emblem of faith be fixed to our breast; For the skies that to-day hang pleasantly over us, May bring with the morrow the bitterest test.

Our path though to-day be a garden of roses, To-morrow may lie through hedges of briar; For whatever we plan late often depose, And we reap in disaster our fondest desire.

Though now we may dwell in the sunshine of gladness, And the hearthstone of home be lighted with joy; The charm of affection, unbroken by sadness; And the cup of our pleasure untouched by alloy;

Yet these may all flee like a mist of the morning, And the warmest of friends grow cruel and cold; Adversity's fall may enshroud the bright dawn, And our happiness end, like a tale that is told.

And our life, that to-day is blooming with pleasure, To-morrow, perhaps, it may blossom with tears; For one whom we guard as earth's richest treasure, May be garnered by death in his harvest of years.

Our heart may be strong in its life-giving function, And soothe our young brow with the mantle of health; But the destroyer thinks not of a soul's denied function, Like a thief in the night he cometh by stealth.

Be this then our motto, life's journey pur suing, Hold fast on to faith if we would to our God; In believing alone is the way of subduing, The pain that is suffered whilst under the rod.

And when at the end, the dark valley descending, We shall not be lost in the depths of despair; The light of our faith, with radiance blending, Shall illumine the brighter the crown we shall wear.

—Howard N. Fuller.

THWARTED.

"Mother!" A look of tender expostulation; the swift moving of aged lips to a smile. Two faces almost touched as a pair of strong arms relieved feeble ones of a heavy package of books.

"Well, dear," said the mellow old voice of Mrs. Maples, addressing her son, Lynn; "I thought you had enough to carry."

Lynn Maples' arms might have been said to be full, for he carried a dry-goods bundle, a valise, a well-packed sash-strap and an umbrella; but he took quick possession of the books, and then, after an instant's evident regret that he had no room to offer his mother, stepped from the store door, and turned to find a horse-car.

A fair face, that had been turned steadily toward the two since they emerged from the store, leaped forward now into the sunshine, as Annie Lorraine, among the velvet cushions of her phaeton, followed with her brown, attentive eyes the movements of mother and son.

"Amusing, watching the crowd some times," remarked an elegant young man at her side, reconciling himself with what grace he could to Miss Lorraine's intention.

"Yes," she answered, almost inaudibly. The next moment, with a sharp cry, she had sprung from the violet cushions and was foremost in the gathering crowd.

Bewildered, and for once shaken out of his boasted repose of manner, Percy Dudley followed her.

An aged woman, her beautifully silvery hair disheveled, her black dress covered with dust, had just been lifted from the ground by a burly policeman, and was instantly claimed by a young man.

"Will some one call a carriage?" cried Lynn Maples, his mother lying senseless across his breast.

"Take mine!" pray, take mine!" the astonished Dudley heard Miss Lorraine saying.

But before he could get his breath, he was shouldered one side by Lynn, who had accepted Miss Lorraine's offer without a thought, and was only anxious to get his mother to a place of safety.

He laid her in the deep seat, and supported her with one arm, while Miss Lorraine put the lines into his other hand.

"Turn down this side street—quick—out of the crowd," she said; "and leave the phaeton at the St. James hotel for Miss Lorraine."

"The burly policeman had finished placing his packages and bundles about his feet, and mechanically Lynn Maples obeyed the mandate given him by the silvery voice and sweet brown eyes.

The pretty ponies bore him quickly from the scene, and through several quiet streets to his home.

By this time Mrs. Maples had regained consciousness, and could descend from the vehicle with his assistance, though much shaken.

In stepping from the sidewalk to take a horse-car, she had been interrupted by the passing of a carriage, and stepped back beneath the horses of another.

Though six-and-twenty, his mother had hitherto been the sole lady of his love, and she was a little surprised to hear him exclaim suddenly, out of a sudden, the next day: "Wasn't she beautiful?"

"Who, Lynn?" "The young lady who offered me her carriage."

"You forget, dear," placidly, over her knitting, "I did not see her."

"I wonder who she is?" And Lynn continued to wonder. He had left the phaeton at the St. James hotel, and the proprietor had assured him that all would be right. Apparently the episode had closed.

On the contrary, Annie Lorraine, a remarkably independent young lady for one of but twenty years of age, had taken pains to inform herself that Mrs. Maples was not seriously injured.

She asked a hundred questions of her informant—who chanced to know the Maples—and learned that they were in moderate circumstances; perfectly respectable; that they lived in a flat in Hotel Dighton; that Lynn was a dry-goods clerk, and supported his mother and a young sister.

Percy Dudley stood by chafing. "It seems to me you are very much interested in that fellow, Annie!" he exclaimed, at last.

"I am, I think," she answered, carelessly. Dudley looked at her from under a frowning brow. He, Percy Dudley, the irresistible, the best match of the season, had paid this girl the most unmistakable attentions for four months without the slightest sign of having made but the most ordinary impression upon her.

Yet he continued his suit, since there was not another girl worth one hundred thousand dollars in his set, nor anywhere that he knew of to be had.

His jealous eyes observed that in driving with Miss Lorraine, they never passed the store where Lynn was employed without turning her glance toward the entrance; and once, when he chanced to be filing a lady's carriage with bundles, she bowed to him, with a faint flush upon her lily face.

From that moment Dudley hated Lynn. Though he did not for a moment entertain the thought that Miss Lorraine gave him more than a passing approval, and he could see that the young man had something noble and attractive in his air, he was jealous even of her mere respect for him.

It was more accident than the two met again and again during the winter, at church, at a fair, in a picture gallery, where Miss Lorraine offered Lynn the sweetest courtesy, but it infuriated Dudley.

"Curse the fellow! I'll make him cut his own throat before long!" he muttered.

He caught Lynn out, and obtained an introduction. It was in a concert-room.

"Good many ladies present. By the way, there is Miss Annie Lorraine in front. Do you know her, Mr. Maples?"

"I have the pleasure—slightly," replied Lynn, a flush coming into his frank, blondest face.

"Pretty, eh?" "Very beautiful, I think. Do you know where she resides, Mr. Dudley?"

"What, don't know? Oh, up town somewhere!" answered the other, catching at a sudden thought. "So you don't know much about her circumstances?"

"No. Do you?" "Something," carelessly. "She's an orphan. Lives with an aunt. By the way, my dear sir, she seems to know you better than you do her."

"She did me a favor last fall, on the occasion of an accident."

"Ah! Well, it seems that on that occasion you took the young lady's fancy. In short, she fell in love with you."

"With me?" stammered Lynn, blushing furiously. "I am not worthy the honor."

"There is no accounting for women's fancies," burst forth Dudley, savagely.

Lynn too bewildered to notice the sneer.

"You are a friend of hers?" he asked.

"Oh, yes—an old, and intimate one. She's an old girl—given to unaccountable fancies, you know. Oh, yes, I know her well! And my advice to you is to strike while the iron is hot, and offer yourself to Miss Lorraine—that is, if she inclined yourself."

"I—I admire her very much," stammered Lynn, trembling with agitation.

"Yes, certainly; I understand. Well, she's going South next week; but she'll be at the Parker Fraternity to-morrow evening. You'd better see her there, and make a sure thing of it. I'll give you my word she'll accept you."

She came down into the moonlight her rich evening dress over her arm, her face cool and sweet. Lynn had a misgiving that he was mad, but he could not help it. Before they had walked six blocks, and crossed the park, he had offered himself to Miss Lorraine.

She did not speak—her face was quite white. He felt the little hand on his arm tremble. But her voice was so very clear when she spoke at last:

"Mr. Maples, you have known me but a comparatively short space of time. What has caused you to address me like this?"

"My fervent love would not have given me courage to do so, Miss Lorraine; but an old friend of yours—one who claimed to know you well—assured me that you were not quite indifferent."

His voice failed him. "Who was this friend, Mr. Maples?" "Mr. Dudley."

He saw her eyes flash. She stopped at the foot of a flight of marble steps.

"I am at home now. Will you come here to-morrow and get your answer, Mr. Maples?"

Her face, gentle and downcast, did not tell him enough to let his hope die; but he could not forbear doing that in the sight of her loveliness. He glanced up at the wide portals, blinking lines and arched casements, thinking, after he had bowed and left her, that Annie Lorraine's aim was not rich.

Another night of papinating hope and fear, yet he came with a manly face to Annie Lorraine to let her answer.

He was a little surprised to find Dudley in the room into which he was ushered. He sat in a chair, leaning back, and with a flushed face and covert sparkle in his eye.

Miss Lorraine rose from the sofa, and advanced cordially to her visitor, offering her jeweled hand.

"You have come promptly for your answer, Mr. Maples," she said, "and I will be prompt with you. I accept your offer of marriage, and give you, in the very acceptance, my most sincere affection. Yesterday was the first of April, and I think it is Mr. Dudley who will tell you who is the April fool."

With a cry of rage, and a furious oath, he sprang to his feet; but Miss Lorraine turned her back on him, and walked with Lynn into an adjoining parlor, and made his exit from the house with out her allow.

In endeavoring to make Lynn Maples stand the heiress by an offer of marriage, he had lost beyond his mark, and losing all hope of Annie Lorraine and her fortune, bitterly repented his trick of the first of April.

Two Terrible Duels.

The London Telegraph prints the following: A horrid story of a duel between two inhabitants of Morocco is reported from that country.

The two principals, both occupying a good position, were engaged in the same business, and engaged to fight for her possession. The combatants met at a short distance from Magin, each being armed with a scimitar, a revolver and a hunting-knife, and mounted on horseback.

The duels rushed at one another at full speed, which resulted in one of the horses being killed, and the fight was continued on foot. After the two men had received several bullets in different parts of their bodies, and had become exhausted, a shout and horrible screams with their knives. One of the men thrust his knife into the other's throat, and received a cut from his enemy which opened the whole of his chest. The work took to their arms, the dying man took to biting one another, and expired. The one with his teeth sinking on the other's cheek, and gave up his life in the embrace, trying to die in his adversary's hands.

The subject of the quarrel was thus killed, as each pretended the other from obtaining the hand of the girl, who was in future endeavor only to gratify an adulterer at a time if she wishes to secure a husband.

After all, this is child's play compared with a desperate encounter described by the *Impartialist* of Madrid, and taking place at Valencia.

A quarrel between two rival professors of music led to a challenge, the instrument selected being neither pen nor sword, but the piano. The conditions of the "encounter" were that neither party should eat or drink until honor had been declaredly satisfied, and that no waives or other lively acts should be indulged in.

Seconds were appointed, and the duel proceeded without intermission for forty-eight hours, at the end of which time one of the musicians, after playing a "Miserere" for the one hour, and a little time, fell forward and sunk exhausted on the floor. He was taken up in a corpse. His adversary had been literally transformed into an "entranced musician," and was in that state removed to the hospital. The winner's enemies were given of being seriously "touched," and each of the pianos was found to be in a hopelessly ruined condition. Such is the result of the medical examination.

The Chicago *Advertiser* has been informed by a reliable source that the first of the *Emancipator* was published in 1839, and was the first of the kind ever published in the United States.

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Why He Would Not Buy.

He was a tall, thin man who hadn't been shaved for probably two weeks. His hat had holes in the top of it; his clothes shone like a shield, like a sun-bleached and how his shoes managed to stay on was known only to themselves.

He shuffled up the narrow stairs and into Mr. Margrave's law office. The lawyer was sitting in his chair idly, showing on his pendulous.

"Is Mr. Margrave in?" inquired the peddler.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am here."

"Ah, yes," responded the find, respectfully, as he rubbed his chin with his knuckles. "If you are at leisure, the Meddleton Morning Glory of the Apennines would like a moment's audience."

"Certainly, certainly," responded the man of law, "take a seat. Now, then, state your case. Is it for a divorce, or a settlement?"

"No, sir, Oh, no, sir."

"A settlement, then, I presume?" quickly interposed the lawyer, as he picked up his pen to sign a promissory note.

"Ah, no, you are wrong. I am here to read the Meddleton Morning Glory of the Apennines."

"Just the thing you want. It is as new as a daisy, and as good as a new one. I do not remember a moment to designate that will keep your feet warm, or keep water out of your boots. I was only speaking, metaphorically. You trouble to my metaphor, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, here is a box of it—a little sky-blue box, which will make nice plaything for one of your children when it is empty. It is only twenty-five cents per box, and this is genuine. See my signature?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's satisfactory. Now, then, we understand each other, we'll just get down to business. Now, how many boxes will you take?"

"While the lawyer was thinking, the customer continued:

"There is no doubt of the virtue of this great honor. I will purchase a box of it in one month. I have known it to close up a woman in a day, and on one of those women put some on her face, and it drew them together and closed her mouth. Her husband came down the next day and rewarded me handsomely. I have had similar results of my 'meddleton'."

Here the lawyer closed on his pen, laid it in a tray, and inquired:

"Have you a letter recommending your sale from the man who saw Courtney's boots in two?"

"I have not."

"Then, sir, I can't purchase from you. When I buy, I have to get to be satisfied by the man who saw Courtney's boots."

"Yes," responded the find, savagely, as he backed toward the door. "You are one of those fellows who always say 'I will,' and won't be satisfied. You're a lousy man—you are. You would buy a box of pills, and it had a set of legislative resolutions and a schedule of the dates of the death of all the famous people for the past two centuries attached to it."

Then he slammed the door and went down stairs.

Safety of Nihilists in the Great Cities of Germany.

It is by no means necessary, writes a correspondent of the *Chicago Herald*, that a Nihilist should bury himself in the interior of the country, to evade detection, for he can reside with much greater safety in the city of St. Petersburg than in any remote province.

In the new capital, for instance, many thousands of persons of both sexes are resident who possess no permit or passport, and who are not at all registered, well without any justifiable document whatsoever. There are people in this town who have lived here for dozens of years without permits, although everybody is required to carry an official passport of the district police, and to have it stamped by the competent authority, and although police officers expose themselves to heavy penalties if any one for whom they can be held responsible be found not to possess a pass.

Do you wish to know how this is managed? It is simple enough. All you have to do is to make the acquaintance of the police officer in whose best your domicile is situated, to ask him to lunch, and slip a banknote of from ten to twenty-five rubles under his napkin. That piece of paper will serve you in every respect as efficiently as an imperial passport.

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ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The Texas negroes are emigrating in large numbers to Kansas.

The Cincinnati brewers have "pooled their resources" so as to make one great stock company. They want to keep up the price of beer.

The United States annually consumes about 1,000,000 boxes—of twenty pounds each—of Malaga raisins. Why not produce some of them in California instead of buying all from Spain?

Twenty thousand dollars are demanded by a dissolute Brooklyn, N. Y., wife, for the alienation of her husband's heart. Many another woman would pay an equal amount to get rid of her husband, heart and all.

The movement in Ireland has determined to grant, on easy terms, loans to proprietors for the employment of the tenants on their estates, on the principle that the repayment will not begin for one year, and during this time of grace the interest and principal will be added together, and the repayment only begin in the third year.

In view of the fact that the land and other property held by the War Department is valued at over \$200,000,000, Secretary Ramsey recommends the creation of a "land title" division of his department and legislation which will allow the collection of all titles of record, &c., into that division for permanent keeping.

Mr. Julia Kelly, formerly residing at Tusculum, Crawford county, Pa., has been wandering up and down through many counties of the State, for the last 6 years, in search of her little girl named Mary, who disappeared one evening after being sent on an errand. She has spent the proceeds of a comfort abode in her vain search, and is resolved to sacrifice her life before giving up.

Judge Jere Back, of Pennsylvania, is an excellent farmer, and delights in nothing so much as his recreation among the fields and gardens of his country home. It is said that sometimes for a month he will not even open a letter, lest it may call him away from his farm. He does a great deal of reading there. He is supposed to know the Bible, Shakespeare and Milton almost by heart, but he does not appreciate the great writers, he values nothing that falls in his way, ranging the lightest fiction of the day as well as the weightiest disquisitions.

When a girl has received the best education which schools can afford; when she has learned to sing, dance, embroider, knit; when she has a pretty face, a taste for beauty, and a desire to have a house of her own; she soon turns restless or finding that no eligible proposals are forthcoming for her hand. In the nature of things, it must needs be that the majority of girls in the middle class are condemned to remain single in their prime. Men cannot marry until their prospects are well assured, and this happens to most men only when they are bordering on thirty.

The Mexican tell all sort of stories about the meanness of General Grant. When the party arrived at the charming mountain town of Oaxaca, a *colombian*, or, better, of bull's tails, was given in honor of the ex-President. Among the performers was a woman, who, mounted upon a fine steed, performed many surprising feats of horsemanship. Gen. Grant expressed his admiration of her personal and equestrian prowess. In the usual Spanish style, the latter was at once offered to the General, who accepted it. It was, however, pointed out to him that he must make some present in return, and rather than do so, he sent the horse back.

The record of business failures in 1879, kept by the Mercantile Agency of Dan, Barlow & Co., shows the average liabilities of the firms failing was \$14,741. This average was never so low but in 1892, and is lower than it has been since 1863. The following table shows the percentage of failures to the entire number of firms in business for the years named:

Table with 5 columns: Year, Percentage of failures. 1879: 1.15, 1878: 1.74, 1877: 1.69, 1876: 1.61, 1875: 1.39, 1874: 1.39, 1873: 1.39, 1872: 1.42, 1871: 1.39, 1870: 1.47, 1869: 1.47, 1868: 1.56, 1867: 1.56, 1866: 1.56, 1865: 1.56, 1864: 1.56, 1863: 1.56, 1862: 1.56, 1861: 1.56, 1860: 1.56, 1859: 1.56, 1858: 1.56, 1857: 1.56, 1856: 1.56, 1855: 1.56, 1854: 1.56, 1853: 1.56, 1852: 1.56, 1851: 1.56, 1850: 1.56.

The reports from the Territories are included with those of the Pacific States for the later years; for 1871 there were reports from California only.

There is hope for France, Gambetta believes in the education of girls. Since 1866 the nation has reduced taxation by 115,000,000 francs, and brought up the estimate for public instruction from 2,000,000 francs to 58,000,000. He also believes in cheap wine. He says: "We are going to lighten every sort of tax on wine. This will be done in the interest of the working classes, to whom pure wine is an absolute necessity. The empire brutalized them by making wine dear. We had dear wine drunk in the four months of the siege, which would in itself explain the Commune. Our laboring man can no more do without wine than the Belgian without beer. If he cannot have it, he drinks the poisonous brandies extracted from brandy and best root,