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Shops located on Harrington street, where it crosses the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad.

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

Steamer MURCHISON, Capt. Alonzo Garrison, will leave Fayetteville every Tuesday and Friday at 8 o'clock A. M., and Wilmington every Wednesday and Saturday at 3 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. Forget her? Even as she spoke the words his face rose before her as she had seen it last, white with anguish, and again his words rang in her ears: "Oh! my darling, be true to me, for if I should return and find you wedded to another I would take my own life."

At Home from Church.

The lilies lift in generous bloom Their plumes of dear old-fashioned flowers Their fragrances fill the still old house Where left alone I count the hours.

High in the apple-trees the bees Are humming, busy in the sun— An idle robin cries for rain But once or twice and then is done.

The Sunday-morning quail holds In heavy slumber all the street, While from the church just out of sight Behind the elms come slow and sweet

The organ's drone, the voices faint That sing the quaint long-meter hymn: "Somehow feel as if shut out From some mysterious temple, dim.

The day-dream fades—and so I try Again to catch the tune that brings No thought of temple nor of priest, But only of one voice that sings.

"As You Sow, So Shall You Reap." BY MISS E. H. W., OF BALTIMORE.

"Alma! Alma! you will be true to me? You will wait until I return to claim you? I will work so hard that I will return rich, and you shall have everything heart can wish.

"Why, Rupert," she said, laying her hand upon his thick, clustering curls, "What put such a notion into your head? Have I not promised to be your wife? I love you, Rupert, and yet you doubt me."

"Yes, I know—and he caught her hands fiercely in his—"but you are so beautiful, Alma, and richer suitors may come and teach you to forget him who loves you so madly. But forgive me, my darling," he cried suddenly, as he saw how pale and frightened she looked.

"I know I am selfish, but the thought of being separated from you for three long years half crazes me with agony."

Oh! I am so weary of this life," she moaned; "this dreary life of poverty—Oh! why did I ever promise Rupert Landon to become his wife? I do not love him, though I thought I did; and now I must spend the best years of my life in waiting—drearly, dreary waiting—for him who may never be any richer than he is now. I will not do it—I cannot do it. I will accept Herbert La Troy, he is rich and he loves me passionately, devotedly. I will become his wife, I will be rich. Rupert will soon forget me."

Forget her? Even as she spoke the words his face rose before her as she had seen it last, white with anguish, and again his words rang in her ears: "Oh! my darling, be true to me, for if I should return and find you wedded to another I would take my own life."

Three months later and Alma La Troy kneels beside the couch of her dying child. A stream of sunlight shines through the window upon the beautiful, marble-like face of the dying girl, and the dark eyes unclose and wander to the face of her mother. "Mamma," the pale lips murmur, "do not grieve for me. I want to die." "Violet, Violet, my darling, my only one, do not die. I cannot live without you. Oh, my God! my God! spare her to me." Then, with clasped hand, and her white, despairing face raised to the blue sky, Alma La Troy uttered a wild prayer of entreaty to the God she had so grievously offended—a prayer that sent a thrill, half pity, half fear, through the hearts of the listeners. But God turned a deaf ear to her appeal, for as the last wild words died away a smile lighted up the face of the dying, and stretching out her arms towards the blue sky she sank back on the pillow. "Mamma! Papa! Carroll! It was all over. Violet was dead. A low wail of heart broken anguish echoed through that silent room: "Oh, my God! she is dead! My sin has fallen upon my innocent child."

Yes, it was true. He who slept in his unknown grave, amid the wild flowers, was at last avenged. What pleasure would her riches bring her now?—Would she not willingly exchange that princely dwelling and retinue of servants for the hut of a beggar to bring to life again the beautiful form lying cold in death? As she had sworn so she respected.

There was recently found in Truette Nevada, an egg the shell of which was pierced by a kernel of barley. Half the kernel was inside the shell and had rotted, and a bright green blade of barley four inches long was growing from the hole. On breaking a small piece from the side of the shell, attention was attracted to the fact that the barley stalk were found extending into the white of the egg.

Rehearsing a Charging Cheer.

A correspondent of a French military paper remarks that while watching the instruction of the troops of the garrison of Strasbourg, he was particularly struck by the great trouble taken to make the men of an attacking party "hurrah" vigorously as they finally rushed forward to close and cross bayonets with the imaginary enemy.

The Austrians, the writer adds, use the same cry as the Prussians, and also the English, although by Englishmen the word is differently pronounced; but the French have no characteristic cry to stimulate and excite their soldiers at critical moments.

"Vive la Roi!" or "Vive l'Empereur!" or "Vive la Republique!" or "Vive la France!" and in the latest edition of the military lexicon of the French army it is laid down that men as they charge are to shout "en avant!" In actual practice, however, the troops never shout at all when they charge home in their prowess, while the Germans, bestowing infinite pains upon the preparation of their men for real warfare, insist not only that the men should shout, as laid down in their regulations, but that they should shout vigorously.

The Fear of Fat. No doubt it is unpleasant to be excessively obese, says the London Lancet, but the morbid dread of fat which has in recent years become a fashion has no foundation in physiological fact.

Very lovely Violet La Troy looked in her ball dress of pale pink satin, trimmed with lilies of the valley and rich point lace. She stood in the conservatory, under the drooping lilies and japonicas, the mellow light streaming upon her fair, upturned face as she gazed into the eyes of a young man standing by her side.

"Engaged—engaged to be married," murmured the girl, a look of awful, despairing anguish on her face, "and you told me you loved me—you taught me to love you."

"Why, of course I loved you, Violet; who could help it? you are so beautiful. But I loved you as a brother might love his sister. Oh, Violet, forgive me!"—for the wild agony of her face terrified him. "Oh, I did not mean to do this. Tell me, Violet, you forgive me." Not one word issued from her pallid lips, but with a low cry she sank at his feet insensible.

The art of going away. It has been said that one of the most important social accomplishments is that of entering a room gracefully; but to our minds that of leaving one easily and judiciously is to be preferred.

Arkansas of Arkansas. The true pronunciation of our State is receiving that serious attention which its importance requires. A joint committee from the Eclectic and Historical societies have had the matter under consideration, and will report at the May meeting of the latter.

There is in Hart county, Ky., what is known as the "Sun-down spring." The water of this spring flows incessantly during the day in a stream the size of a man's arm, but as the sun sets the western horizon it grows perceptibly less, makes a peculiar sound heard at a distance of fifty feet, and then, just to the minute the sun sets, stops running. This phenomenon occurs daily.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Summer Silks and Grenadines. A New York fashion letter says: There is a return this season to the plain taffeta silks in light clear shades of color, such as lilac, blue, heliotrope, English violet, ash grey, wood and tan, which were fashionable many years ago, and in the neutral tints made such modest Quaker suits with drawn silk bonnet to match.

The white heliotrope which was so universal has been replaced largely, and especially with high class modistes, with the interior shade painting of silk catching the dress. Walking costumes do not need filling up with stiff white padding, and the uniform color and rich material at the edge is considered more elegant than the old-fashioned lace, which is so easily soiled and worn.

The black grenadines such as they figure of the past. All grenadines now are figured or striped and combined with satin or satin de Lyon. The usual mode is to mount satin bouffees on a plain foulard, or black French twilled skirt and draped figured grenadine over it, either as trimming or polonaise—finishing the latter with satin collar (double collar) and cuffs or bands, and mounting upon the skirt.

Some very beautiful and costly grenadine dresses, however, have been made lately of rich figured grenadine with no intermixture or combination except brood bands of fine jet, embroidered closely and in fern and other designs upon a black net foundation. These dresses are demi-trained, the fronts shirred to the knee, where there is perhaps an ascending scale of narrow flowers. The sides are robed with jet, the back is draped in narrow irregular folds, and there is a fine interior plaiting round the edge of the skirt of black satin.

The plain colored French buckram that were so fashionable last summer are becoming the popular costumes for afternoons at home and at the watering place resorts. The new fancy is to combine these with figured foulards, instead of the heavy brocade silks used with them last year.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Can any one improve his condition by whining? If not, waiue not?—Rome Sentinel.

The world owes us all a living, but she is just as hard to collect from as any other debtor.—Philadelphia Item.

The Roman emperor, left \$119,100,000, but Caligula spent it in less than a year in \$150,000 suppers and the like.

The Union stock yards at Chicago occupy 350 acres of land, and will accommodate 120,000 head of live stock at one time.

Tobaccoists say it is injurious to smoke a cigar more than half its length. It is, very injurious—to the cigar trade.—New York.

A man living at Bimmersburg, Pa., the father of thirty-four children, twenty of whom are living; nine were born to death at one time.

It costs from \$1 to \$1.25 to produce a bushel of wheat in England. In Minnesota wheat has been produced at a cost of forty cents per bushel.

M. Galliard, a Parisian, travels the streets in all weathers and seasons, hatless, having vowed never to put a hat on until the commune was the recognized government of the city.

A down-East circus has a cannibal among its attractions, but the foolish credence of women to give up their babies, deprives him of many opportunities to show off.—Chicago Times.

The skull of Confucius, captured by the British at Peking in 1860, stripped of its 575,000 worth of jewels with which it was decorated, seeks unsuccessfully for a purchaser at a London curiosity shop.

A scientist says: The skulls of the African negroes are dolichocephalic, mesocephalic, prognathous, platyrrhine and mesencephalic, while the Adamese are brachycephalic, microcephalic, mesocephalic, mesencephalic and megalencephalic.

Two hundred and seventy-two railroad trains arrive and depart at Chicago every twenty-four hours. Forty-four railroads have offices located in the city.

Halfpence as large as partridge eggs were piled into drifts four feet deep at Hillsboro, Ohio. The flat roof of one of the dwelling houses was perforated and riddled like a sieve.

Mr. Smith, father wants to borrow your paper. He only wants to read it." "Well, go back and tell your father to send me his supper. Tell him I only want to eat it!"—Andrew's Discard.

During a thunder-storm near Buena Vista lightning struck a tree and killed a rabbit which was crawling out at a knot hole. The likeness of the snake was pictured in clear outline on the tree-trunk.

"Oh, I've seen George," cried a little girl at Cleveland; "he came and leaned over me at the piano." George was a boy who had recently died. The mother, hearing the words, fell dead from heart disease.

The Liberator society of New York city report that they have distributed 22,626 papers the past year, 4,100 of which are not to drink in business hours, 5,611 not to drink at all, and 12,855 not to test or be tested.

An Oaklath (Wis.) match factory cut up 200,000 feet of logs into matches, and used 2,500,000 worth of revenue stamps during 1879. Besides it manufactured one-fourth of all the merchant-work, blinds and doors made in the United States.

An examination has been made of the original Declaration of Independence, now among the archives of the state department at Washington, and it is found in such shape as to suggest that, unless something is done to restore it, it will soon be unintelligible.

It is a well-established fact that a healthy man requires about a pint of air at a breath; that he breathes about 1,000 times an hour, and that, as a matter of health, he requires about fifty-seven hogsheads of air in twenty-four hours.

Juvenile Theology.—Mother (at tea-table): "Jack, who helped you to those tarts?" Jack (aged seven): "The Lord." Mother: "The Lord? Why, what do you mean, Jack?" Jack: "Well, I helped myself, but father said yesterday that the Lord helps those who help themselves."

A letter from a Philadelphia correspondent describes an important scientific movement in that city, to discover the causes of the increase of short-sightedness among children. The investigation, which is carried on among the school children, has already demonstrated its usefulness, and is likely to produce important results. Not the least of these is the probability that it will show what methods in school work now injure us to the eye, and thus bring about a change.

The Dukes of Bedford have converted what was an inland sea in winter and a noxious swamp in summer, the waters ascending into meres swarming with fish and screaming with wild geese, by the labors of successive generations of engineers, into 600,000 acres of the richest land in England, as much the product of art as the kingdom of Holland, and like it, preserved for human culture and habitation solely by continuous watchfulness from day to day. The present duke is devoted to agricultural pursuits, and has placed one of his best farms at the disposal of the Royal Agricultural society for experiments designed to improve the scientific knowledge of farmers all over the world.