

WADDELL & SMITH Editors and Publishers.

Our friends will see that our terms are CASH. We hope they will govern themselves accordingly.

To Correspondents.

Communications to us must be accompanied by responsible names, or the same will not be published.

SUBSCRIBERS receiving their Paper with a BLUE CROSS MARK on it, are thus notified that the term of their SUBSCRIPTION has expired, and unless they renew, we will be compelled to discontinue the paper.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE EDUCATOR.

A weekly newspaper published every Saturday in Fayetteville N. C.

THE EDUCATOR, a journal of moral and intellectual advancement, will be especially devoted to the interests of the colored youth of North Carolina; and will be the untiring advocate of every measure calculated to benefit that class of our citizens who most feel the need of education and an organ.

While not strictly a party paper, THE EDUCATOR will earnestly defend the Republican principles and policy, believing them to be necessary to the peace, prosperity and happiness of the American people.

Religion, literature, Agriculture and News will be made special features of THE EDUCATOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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WADDELL & SMITH, Editors and Publishers.  
Fayetteville N. C.

Hurrah for Pender!

The new County, made by the late legislature, of a part of New Hanover, held its election for county officers last week, which resulted in the election of the entire Republican ticket by 400 majority. The democrats expected to make this county go democrat and thereby get one of the New Hanover delegates to the Assembly. They allowed the Republicans 23 majority but said it was no trouble to change this in their favor; but, lo and behold! FOUR HUNDRED Republican majority, much more than any Republican anticipated, for they rallied their voters to carry the county by 125—but see! this is one good thing done by that late body of Solomons, commonly known as the "fraud."

Well this is only a foreshadowing of their fate in August next. They made the new county against the wishes of the people, and now repent their work.—They called a convention against the wishes of the people, and the people wait to show them who shall rule,—a few politicians or the people.

We congratulate our friends of Pender, upon their successful work; always put forward the best men and all will be well. Another brilliant star is added to our banner.

The statesville American says:

A large capture of counterfeiters was made recently in that portion of Virginia which joins North Carolina and Tennessee, numbering some 20 or 30 of the chief and wealthy citizens of that mountain region, among whom was a Methodist preacher. Their operations were confined to gold and silver coin, and been conducted for a considerable length of time, operating through agents and emissaries sent into remote sections of the country. Very likely much of the supposed gold and silver coin which miserly persons have hoarded and bought up at a premium, will prove upon examination bogus. The captured persons have been well secured and in due time will be brought to trial in a Federal Court.

By voting only for delegates who will adjourn the convention immediately, the people can save themselves a year's taxes.

If the convention should remain in session four months, the cost would be about eighty-nine thousand dollars, estimating the expense upon the basis of the cost of the last legislature. The last General Assembly cost one hundred and three thousand dollars. Its session was about one hundred days. If called together again, after the convention, its session would be much longer, and the cost proportionately greater. Do the people wish to tax themselves to sustain these useless legislative bodies. It was supposed that we would save expense by having only one session of the General Assembly in two years; but here we will have two sessions in one year, with a convention thrown in. The only sure way to prevent these extravagant outlays is to elect men to the convention, who will immediately adjourn that body and go home.—N. N. State.

"Making Money."

"Fay," writing to the Louisville Courier-Journal of how money is made at the Treasury Department, says: "Take a \$1 Treasury note and look at it. There is a fine steel engraving of Washington—the man, not the city—in the middle of the note. In the left-hand corner there is 'The Landing of Columbus.' There is fine lace-work for the denomination, and the note has lace work border. Different artisans made these designs. It is not all the work of one engraver, for each one has his own speciality. No engraver can make two plates exactly alike, no more than the same man can paint two portraits so alike but what there will be some little shade or line in one that does not exist in the other. So, after the engravers make designs for the notes and the Secretary has accepted the design, the plate, being of hard metal, is subjected to a cylinder of solid plate. The cylinder is laid on the plate, and subjected to a pressure of from one to twenty tons. As the plate is depressed, so are the figures and characters raised on the cylinder, which then undergoes a hardening process, and the plates for the notes are taken from the cylinder. From these all our notes are printed. By this process every note printed is exactly alike, and counterfeiters can be easily detected. These plates and cylinders can be used constantly for three months, when the plates are retouched by skillful workmen, who have an apartment especially devoted to their branch work. In this room there are many beautiful specimens of fine steel engravings, for our country took the prize at Vienna for such work."

Honesty, frankness, generosity, virtue—blessed traits! Be these yours, my boys, and we shall not fear. You will claim the love and respect of all.—You are watched by your elders. Men who are looking for clerks and apprentices have their eyes on you. If you are profane, vulgar, theater-going, they will not choose you. If you are upright, steady and industrious, before long you will find good places, kind masters, and the prospect of a useful life before you.

Detroit boys seem to advance in education whether they attend school or not. A newsboy who couldn't change a ten-cent piece a year ago, was recently heard remarking: "William Scott, if you ever corrugate your brow at me in that way again, I shall temporarily deposit my papers on the pavement, and cause the blood to congregate under your left optic." Hear me, William!

We read in the Bible, in the 13th chapter of 1st Samuel and 19th verse that "There was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel." Of course not. All the Smiths were living in this country at that time, and they have wonderfully increased and multiplied since then.

The spellingmania is raging. Parties of four in the cars turn two seats facing each other and spell.

COMMUNICATED.

A Voyage, In Allegory.

BY MAUDIE MAY.

"Will you have a sail?" "A sail," I asked looking in wonder toward the one who had accosted me. "Why do you ask me that question? I see no water."

"But there is some over yonder," he said, indicating the direction with his hand: "the river flows broad and deep, and the current is swift but gentle if one knows how to manage the oars."

"I know nothing of rowing. I have never been upon the water in my life."

"Then the sooner one learns, the better," referring to the first part of my reply: "to those, who are unskilled I am the pilot for a while. I scarcely ever go but a short distance with my passengers, for as a general thing, they soon become very skillful in the management of the ship. You have heard my proposition, let us return to the first part of our conversation, are you ready to go?"

I nodded assent and followed him over the fertile fields, until we had nearly reached a broad river, dotted with green islands and little boats, so far off, that they seemed mere specks in the distance. I stopped involuntarily to admire the pleasing scene, but my companion urged me on, and in a short time we had reached the wharf. Here was a great crowd collected: all had apparently secured their tickets for the passage but myself. My companion smiling went to an open book, in which many names were already registered. Making a few notes he returned, and putting me in a fragile barque, on which was painted in large letters, "TIME" entered himself and took the oars. For a while, we rowed in silence, until we reached a fair, beautiful land, serene in its purity and repose. No sin polluted its fair shores; no treason lurked within its borders. It looks as if God had breathed upon it, and consecrated it for his own.

"Tell me, O, Pilot whose are these shores and who inhabit them? Are they of the race of men, or beings of another type than we?"

"These are the shores of Infancy, and Purity dwells therein. Sin has not yet laid its withering curse upon it. Wait; time can show what will be done." Scarcely had he said these words, when we reached another land bordering upon this. If the first was fair, this was dazzling! Noble youths and lovely maidens sported in its plains and revelled upon the mountain heights. Some sought the shade of lofty trees, which fringed the shores. Bright flowers bloomed on every side. Each palace was a place of contentment, each cottage a bower of love. The skies were rosyate, the shining stars their friends. Dull Care had no abiding place there. Their radiant, joyous looks spoke only of happiness and love.

I grasped my companion by the hand. "Stop the boat," I cried; let us rest a while in this delightful abode."

Raising his serious eyes to mine, "The boat never pauses," he said. "If I should wish it to do so, it is beyond my power. The old ship of TIME has anchored many safely; some have been wrecked in the passage. You are but one of the many that have embarked. It depends upon yourself whether yours will prove a success or not. And now farewell. I must leave you."

"Do not go, tell me your name at least. What shall I call you, stranger?"

He placed a card in my hand. I read the name—it was FATE. I gazed with a sorrowful farewell on the shores of Youth, which were fast receding. Looking around my strange companion had vanished. I made no other attempt to leave the vessel. The brown hills in their autumnal beauty and the trees with their rich tinted foliage warned me, that Maturity was at hand, sombre and rich, if only in experience. Here the fresh bloom of youth had passed away. Sober realities took the place of dreams. The fair castles, which had been built in the air were now of

solid stone. The cottage, once embowered in dreamy flowers, could scarcely boast the necessaries of life, in some places; while Love, which alone should be its lord had fled: and dire Intemperance sat enthroned, wielding a cruel scepter. Those, who in their dreams had reached the top-most pinnacle of fame, while youths, were now plodding along in middle life, good, earnest citizens hard to move from the beaten track. Many wondered why the young were so hot-headed, forgetting their own youth.

Musing I thought "what a change in these two places, and yet they do not lie so far apart. Why is it thus?" While thus meditating one of the many islets in the river was passed. The names of these were Cheering Words, Kind Deeds, Loving Looks etc. "More especially," I said aloud "are they needed now as we approach the mouth of the river."

"You are right," replied a voice in the distance. "Noticed I had passed the land of Old Age, which loomed up with the snow-capped mountains, blown over by chilling winds, which froze the blood in the veins of its aged inhabitants. At length the voyage was completed. Some drew back in affright, others smiled joyously as one by one, we all glided out of the River of Life, into the calm, broad ocean of Eternity. Cleveland, Ohio. 1875.

Messrs. Waddell & Smith, Gentlemen:

You will greatly oblige me, by publishing in your paper the following card. This card was prepared for publication in the "Gazette," in reply to a card of Mr. Ransom Burns, which was published in the "Gazette" in its issue of the 15th inst.

Very Respectfully,  
D. JACKSON.

(For the Gazette.)  
A CARD.

Messrs. Editors:

In reply to the card of Mr. Ransom Burns, published in your last issue, in which he denied having intimated to any one that he did not make to you, the statement published in your issue, of the 18th of March. I reiterate the statement contained in my "Vindication," and I am authorized to use the name of Mr. R. W. McNeill, who is ready and willing to make an affidavit, that he heard Mr. Burns tell me that he (Burns) did not go to you and make the statement, that I had at any time attempted to enforce the doctrine of Civil Rights in his restaurant. Now as to that part of Mr. Burns card which says that Jackson, nor any one of his color never was entertained in the reception room where his guests are received; but in the kitchen with his servants. I am authorized to use the names of the following colored Gentlemen, who have been entertained at Mr. Burns' restaurant in the reception room, who are ready and willing to make an affidavit, that Mr. Burns not only entertained them, but treated them as guests and not as servants, taking full pay for every meal they eat, to wit: Daniel W. Evans, C. C. Bell, Frank Nelson and Alexander Jackson, and by way of refreshing Mr. Burns' memory I will remind him of an additional fact by asking the following question, to wit: whether or not he entertained in his reception room, the gentlemen from New Hanover, Bladen, Columbus and Brunswick, who came as delegates to the Republican Convention which assembled at this place last year?

Now Messrs. Editor: It is no pleasure to me to engage in a controversy with any one; but as self preservation is the first law of nature. I cannot remain silent and allow Mr. Burns to make any fancied popularity for himself at my expense. But for fear my card may be too long I close by applying to Mr. Burns card the maxim, "Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus."

Very Respectfully,  
DAVID JACKSON.

A young lady while out walking heard, for the first time, her mother's intention to marry again, and she was obliged to sit right down and cry about it. She could not go a step farther.

(For the Educator.)

SHOE HEEL, N. C.

April 21st 1875.

Messrs. Editors:

Through your columns I want to proclaim to the public, and parties concerned; that I have just returned from Fayetteville, where I was cited to trial before the United States Commissioner for violation of the Revenue Laws; and while I contend that the indictment was malicious and done for another purpose. Not for the conscientious regard the informant had for the Treasury of the Government, as the fact that the prosecuting witness did not appear at trial to sustain his complaint, and the fact that the Hon. Commissioner could not find me guilty after I admitted all that Mike Reilly proposed to prove by his own oath.

I had my papers all right; at the same time that I know I was dragged through rainy weather at considerable expense to answer this unfair charge. I do not complain of Capt. O. H. Blocker or any of the Revenue officers, for such imposition as I conscientiously believe that Blocker, Robinson, Downing and Orrell all did overhanded justice to me and the Government; they simply executed the law as no one ought to blame them for: but the miserable low scoundrel who reported me is the party who caused me all this loss of time and expense. The Hon. W. A. Guthrie, my attorney, said that it was an outrage that men destitute of principle and character should have it in their power to burden business men with such useless expense.

But I can say this for the Revenue officers, that they are honest and fair, that they took no advantage of me, but gave me a fair trial.

The party informing against me, Mike Reilly, has since been put in jail for violation of Revenue laws, and for another offense to the State law.

Very Respectfully  
S. SMOTHERS.

(For the Educator.)

Tom's Adventures in New York.

A Story for boys.

BY CHAS. W. CHESNETT.

CHAPTER V.

Tom arose early, before the stores were opened, having passed a wretched night. It was a considerable change from his warm bed to an open box.

As he went to the hydrant to wash his face, he espied a pocket book lying on the curb-stone. He picked it up quickly. Now, thought he, joyfully some of my hopes will be realized!

He opened the book, and found the card of the owner.

Augustus L. Smythe,  
256, Fifth Avenue.

As the gentleman lived in that highly fashionable thoroughfare, and the pocket-book contained a large amount of money, Tom naturally supposed that he was a rich man. He took a street car, and in an hour or so, he arrived at the residence of Mr. Smythe.

He ran up the steps of the brown-stone-front, and rung the bell. A flushy and rather dirty looking Irish serving-man opened it. "Does Mr. Smythe live here?" inquired Tom. "Yes, and wat are ye after wantin' wid 'im?" said the Irishman. "I wish to see him," said Tom. "I have something for him." "Give it to me, and I'll carry it to him," said the servant. "No," said Tom, "I must see him." The servant told him to wait in the passage while he announced him to Mr. Smythe. Mr. Smythe told the servant to bring him in.

He held his hat in his hand and made a low bow. "Well, boy, what do you want?" asked Mr. Smythe, sharply. "Here is your pocket-book sir," said Tom, handing it to him. "Ah, yes!" exclaimed Mr. Smythe as he eagerly snatched it. Hav'n't you taken anything out of it," he asked. Tom of course said no. Mr. Smythe opened it and found all correct.

"Where did you get it," asked he. Tom related the circumstance of his finding it.

"Did you not pick my pocket as I was on the car last night?" asked

Mr. Smythe, "I missed it after I got out." "If I had stolen it," said Tom "it is not very probable that I should have returned it." "You may have stolen it with the expectation of getting a large reward," said Mr. Smythe. "If I had stolen it, I think it had been to my advantage to keep it," said Tom, and he added mentally, "I think it would have been to my advantage to keep it, anyway."

"Well, sir, I am suspicious of you very suspicious, but as you may possibly have got it as you say you did I shall give you a liberal reward," said Mr. Smythe as he slipped some money into Tom's hand, "as an encouragement to honesty." Tom bowed and went to the door, which was slammed after him by the Irish waiter, almost before he could get out.

As soon as he got down the steps, he opened his hand to see the reward he had received. It was a twenty-five cent scrip! What an encouragement, what an inducement to honesty!

Tom felt tempted to carry it back; but, no, his money had been reduced by nearly half, and even twenty-five cents was not to be despised.

The pocket-book which Tom had found, contained not less than \$50, besides numerous papers, no doubt valuable. The reward he received was an index of the contemptible soul of the owner. I'll warrant that if Tom had found another pocket-book then, his conscientiousness had been hardly sufficient to induce him to restore it to the owner.

(To be continued.)

In what ship has the greatest number of people been wrecked? Courtship.

DIRECTORY.

United States Government.

Ulysses S. Grant, of Ill., President.  
Henry Wilson, of Mass., V. President  
Hamilton Fish, of N. Y., Sec'y of State  
Benjamin H. Brewster, of Kentucky, Secretary of the Treasury.  
William W. Belknap, of Iowa, Secretary of War.  
George M. Robeson, of N. J., Secretary of the Navy.  
Columbus Delano, of Ohio, Secretary of the Interior.  
George H. Williams, of Oregon, Attorney General.  
Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, Post Master General.

Supreme Court of the United States.

Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio, Chief Justice.  
Nathan Clifford, of Me., Asst. Justice.  
Nouh H. Swaine, of O., "  
Samuel F. Miller, of Ia., "  
David Davis, of Ill., "  
Stephen J. Field, of Cal., "  
William M. Strong, of Pa., "  
Joseph P. Bradley, of N. J., "  
Ward Hunt, of N. Y., "  
Court meets first Monday in December, at Washington.

N. C. Representation in Congress.

After March 4th.

SENATE.

A. S. Merrimon, of Wake.  
Mat. W. Ransom, of Northampton.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

1st District—Jesse J. Yates.  
2d " " J. A. Hyman.  
3d " " A. M. Washelli.  
4th " " Joseph J. Davis.  
5th " " A. M. Scales.  
6th " " Thomas S. Ashe.  
7th " " W. M. Robbins.  
8th " " Robert B. Vance.

Government of North Carolina.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

Curtis H. Efrogles, of Wayne, Governor  
John B. Neathery, Private Secretary.  
R. F. Armfield, of Iredell, Lieutenant Governor, and President of the Senate  
W. H. Howerton, of Rowan, Sec. of State  
David A. Jenkins, of Gaston, Treas.-gen.  
A. D. Jenkins, Teller.  
Donald W. Bain, Chief Clerk.  
John Reilly, of Cumberland, Auditor.  
Wm. P. Wetherell, Chief Clerk.  
S. D. Pool, of Craven, Supt. of Public Instruction.

John C. Gorman, of Wake, Adj. Gen'l  
T. L. Hargrove, of Granville, Att. Gen.  
W. C. Kerr, of Mecklenburg, State Geologist.

Thomas R. Furnell, of Forsythe, Librarian  
Henry M. Miller, of Wake, Keeper of the Capitol.

GOVERNOR'S COUNCIL.

The Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor and Supt. of Public Instruction