

CHAS. B. JONES, F. HENRY, Editors & Proprietors.

Wednesday, November 17, 1875.

"Free from the dotting scribbles that fetter our free-born reason."

"THE OBSERVER" IS THE ONLY PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE STATE WEST OF RALEIGH WHICH GIVES THE LATEST NEWS OF EVERY MORNING. BUSINESS MEN WILL PLEASE MAKE A NOTE OF THIS.

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INEXORABLE RULES.

We cannot notice anonymous communications. In all cases we require the writer's name and address, not for publication, but as a guarantee of respectability. We cannot, under any circumstances, return rejected communications, nor can we undertake to preserve manuscripts. Articles written on both sides of a sheet of paper cannot be accepted for publication.

OBSERVATIONS.

Maine has ten ex-Governors.

To keep Indians quiet requires considerable ingenuity.

The Texas Constitutional Convention will adjourn sine die about the 21st instant.

Adam Grimm, of Jefferson, Wisconsin, has sold this season twenty thousand pounds of honey.

Turkey will be dismembered on the 25th instant, for which the American people are requested to contribute.

An Assistant United States Marshal in Louisville, in taking the census, asked a colored woman what personal property she possessed, to which she replied: "Nothin' but 'sire tree chillen yere, an' dey ain't wuth much since de 'mancipation proclamation."

The Victoria Island school board for the cause of education that he has personal vanity. The sum of \$65,000 having been raised to erect a monument of himself, he used the money to found a public school at Alexandria, thus securing a monument more enduring than brass.

Mr. M. D. Conway told a Western audience that he had been in the city of St. Louis for the night of the 13th of November, and that he had seen the monument of himself, and that he had seen the monument of himself.

Henry C. Bowen dotes Plymouth church to knock a chip off his shoulder, and forthwith with Plymouth rolls up its sleeves and squares itself, and now all Brooklyn is eyeing the chip.

The bones of over one thousand Chinamen have been gathered together at Sacramento, Cal., from all parts of the State, preparatory to their being forwarded to China, in a few days, by a clipper ship.

Changes in the Virginia Post Offices.—It is said that a change in the interest of the Republican party in Virginia will soon occur in the Richmond post office, by which Judge Sawyer will resign, and Mr. T. H. Butler will be appointed in his stead. Changes in other important offices in Virginia have also been intimated.

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John Burratt married a Virginia lady last year, and is now teaching school at a village in Maryland, about twenty miles thence. Miss Burratt married a Treasury clerk, but immediately after the marriage he was dismissed from the department.—New York Herald.

For some reason skeletons for the medical schools, usually quoted at fifty dollars, can now be had for thirty-five dollars.—Exchange. The reason is simple enough. If the hard times continue much longer, a doctor will be able to find out by the street and take his pick of skeletons, for two dollars and a half.

In one of the churches last evening a gentleman took a back seat and fell asleep. He was awakened by dreaming that he had been kicked by a mule, and found that a tired ball player behind him had also fallen asleep, and had dreamed that the first man's head was a rock fall.—New York Bulletin.

The Erie Herald reports that a man recently died in that city, named Colt, who made his fortune on his death-bed, that he once committed a murder in this city, was condemned to be hanged, and escaped from the Tomb.—Herald.

Governor Gaston, of Massachusetts, last Wednesday afternoon, sent his chief-of-staff to the home of Governor-elect Rice with his compliments on the result of the election.—Exchange. That is the kind of compliment a lover congratulating his rival upon bearing away his sweetheart, when at the same time he thinks he is too good for him to live.—Charlotte Observer.

The Constitutional Convention of North Carolina only cost thirty-one thousand dollars, and a better Constitution for the money was never drafted.—Boston (Mass.) Post.

Two Irishmen were hunting. They met a dog. One of them shot him, and exclaimed triumphantly: "Patrick, now fall, and be damned. I've killed the father of all the rabbits."

His mother saw as a young lady was riding on a Detroit street, she handed her a nickel to a young man with a red necktie. Their hands touched—eyes met—thrills—blushes, and that evening they were married. Indecent! like this are happening times daily in this city, but the papers seldom mention them out of sympathy for the street car horses.—Detroit Free Press.

RAILROAD MATTERS.

Official Inspection of the Piedmont Air-Line.

The cares, and the toils of newspaper life, are sometimes made pleasant to the devotee, by enabling him to mix in with a jovial party who could take pleasure with business. These little convivialities come like an oasis in the Sahara of journalism, and while one reclines in the shade of drinks of the limpid waters of social pleasure, they will naturally come that they may come oftener.

It was to such a party and such scenes that we (the senior) were called on to participate in, a day or so ago. By invitation we accompanied the party who annually make an official examination into the condition of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, and since the North Carolina Railroad has been leased to that corporation, their duties extend over the entire line between Charlotte and Goldsboro, as well as the North Western Railroad between Greensboro and Salem.

We caught up with the party at Greensboro, at which point we found them tucked away in a splendid Pullman Palace sleeping car, and at three o'clock A. M. the entire party, wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, seemed to be oblivious of the world of its obligations. Good luck had accidently thrown us in company with Col. J. B. McPhail, of Halifax, Va., who knew the ropes and whose peculiar knock soon aroused the porter, who admitted both into the car, where, safe from the inclemencies of the weather outside, we too, soon forgot that we were out on a railroad inspection tour.

Daylight revealed to us that the party was composed of W. B. Isaacs, Esq., chairman of the committee, and the following named gentlemen, who either composed the committee or were invited guests: Thos. D. Neal, Esq., James A. Scott, F. B. Isaacs and T. W. Hoegner, of Richmond. Col. J. B. McPhail and B. F. Garrett, Esq., of Halifax, Va., and Dr. Thos. Stokes, of Danville, Col. T. M. R. Talcott, General Superintendent, and Capt. W. H. Green, Superintendent of the R. & D. R. R., while the whole train was under the immediate supervision and control of Capt. Dave Ligon, a very popular and experienced conductor. Altogether, it is the rarest lot of mortals to fall into better hands than did we, when the great king of day peeped over the horizon last Friday morning, and found us on our way to Salem and Winston. We have omitted to mention that R. W. Best, Esq., of Raleigh, former Secretary of State, and now agent for the Sentinel, made one of the party, and at Winston, we were joined by G. M. Mathes, of the Winston Sentinel, who lost no time in getting Best and myself under his wing. The party partook of a first-class breakfast at the hotel kept by Messrs. Pfohl & Stockton, which was enjoyed with zest, by the entire party. Under the guidance of Mathes, we visited several of the large tobacco warehouses in Winston, which have recently been erected there, and which are fast making Winston the chief tobacco mart in the State. Among the tobacco men, we found none more zealous and untiring than our old army friend, Major Brown, whom we are proud to know handles his tobacco business with the same aptitude as he did his men during the late unpleasantness.

We next visited Salem, that old Moravian town, noted for its manufactures, its sobriety and the general hospitality of its people. Among those whom we encountered, were more agreeable than our old friend, Henry Fries, who is the pioneer manufacturer in North Carolina, and who runs both cotton and woolen mills in Salem. We here take occasion to call the attention of our cotton men to the fact that Mr. Fries generally buys his cotton in the Charlotte market, and that lately his freights have been \$3.80 per bale, when the same cotton would have been shipped to New York for \$3.30 with rebate. This is manifest injustice, and it is pleasant for us to know that Captain Green, the new Superintendent, has promised to see that it is corrected.

But we were writing something about the trip, and lest we digress too far we will resume, by saying that at 10:16 the sound of the engineer's whistle called the party together, and we were soon on the way back to Greensboro. On the way back we had a splendid view of the "Foothills"—the pride of North Carolina mountains—and many other peaks of the Alleghany range. When the party reached Greensboro, they had discharged the duty assigned them, and we were informed that the examination had convinced the committee that the whole line "was in good condition, and that the examination was entirely satisfactory. We accompanied the party to Richmond, and have rarely enjoyed a trip more. We separated at the depot in that city, satisfied that the directory of the Piedmont Air-Line are fortunate in being able to secure the services of such a committee, and such clever, polite and efficient officials as Col. T. M. R. Talcott, Capt. W. H. Green and Capt. Dave Ligon.

GRANT SMILES.

Grant smiles. He does it daily—he does it hourly. Mention St. Louis crooked whiskey, and he smiles all over. Tell him that he is a grand father, and he chuckles with delight. Say, General, your grand-son was born bald and so was Cass, and the old gentleman will give a gas that you will remember to your dying day. Ask him to take a drink, and his face involuntarily lights up with a child-like gleam of indescribable pleasure. But that kind of smile is exceedingly frequent. The smile of his life happened at the Capitol only a few days ago. An enthusiastic admirer of the President's whiskey, in congratulating him upon the recent elections, said "Mr. President, the result of the election points unmistakably to your re-nomination, and re-election to the Presidency. Those words wreathed his face in a smile that no canvas can reproduce. It was the smile of his most eventful existence. After many minutes of unalloyed and uninterrupted smiling, the Great Tactician opened his mouth and gave vent to these immortal words: "We can't tell what will happen," and thus is concluded the most notable smile in the records of American Presidents.

DRAWN FROM LIFE.

We are indebted to Messrs. E. J. Hale & Son for a very pleasant little volume entitled "Drawn from Life." It is very nicely bound and well illustrated, as should be everything from the pen of the immortal Boz. It is a collection of character sketches truly drawn from life; and reader, if you are not circumspect, you will find yourself therein portrayed. Particularly will the fair sex delight in its perusal. I can hear them now exclaiming, "Why really Mr. Dickens must have known Miss, Mr., or Mrs. so and so, the cap fits exactly." But none are spared from the young lady who sings, the Theatrical young Gentleman to the Loving Couple. With much humor however is the sketch drawn of the young lady who sings three Italian, two German, and a English song to a gentleman without any ear for music, who is wishing desperately to flirt with some pretty girls in the corner. Nor is less justice done the poetical gentleman, the bashful gentleman, the domestic young gentleman and others time and space forbids us to mention. Only once does Mr. Dickens indulge in a bit of pathos in which he always excels, and this is in drawing a picture dear to every one, The Old Couple. How vividly he brings them before us, tottering on the verge of the grave, surrounded by their little prattling grand children, telling over again the stories of their childhood. "The old time is gone, and a new time has come for others—not for them. They are but the rustling link that feebly joins the two, and is silently loosening its hold, and dropping assunder," all who wish to spend a pleasant hour will do well to procure this little volume.

THE FORCE BILL.

Our Sunday cotemporary, The Capital, is of the opinion that the Republican members of the last Congress "really had no desire to pass the force bill." This is a mistake. The number of Republicans who were unfriendly to the bill was very small, but unfortunately they were able, by combining with the Democrats, to prevent the fulfillment of the caucus agreement for an amendment of the rules. One apparent result of their success in this combination is the encouragement of the Southern Democracy in their career of intimidation, proscription and fraud. If the bill had become a law the White Leaguers would not have had the courage to make the attempt, which proved so successful, to rob the people of Mississippi of the right of self-government.—National Republican.

If the force bill had been passed making Grant an absolute Military Dictator, there would have existed a reign of anarchy and terror, without a parallel in American history. If Mississippi was so overwhelmingly Republican, why in the mischief didn't she go that way? The idea is perfectly absurd that a small minority, can intimidate a majority outnumbering them by the thousands. If such is the case, it is a conclusive argument that the State should be controlled by the Democrats. If the Republican voters are so cowardly and ignorant as to be frightened away from the polls, it is nothing but right and proper that they should have an intelligent guardian to take care of them. If a man has not the courage to stand up for his inalienable rights when his friends are stronger than his opponents, he is a cowardly poltroon and an ignoramus who is underserving of the franchise of office or the polls. No, keep away your infernal military, and your rotten Radical government in the South would vanish like morning dew at the rising sun.

REPUBLICAN HOWL AGAINST GOV. CHAMBERLAIN.

There is an appearance of political treachery in the policy now being pursued by Gov. Chamberlain, of South Carolina, which suggests that he will bear watching. When a man of his stripe begins to coquet with the rebel Democracy, as he has done, it is time for honest men to come to the front with a determination to protect their interests against threatened injury. He seems to be seeking "social recognition," and it will be generally admitted by those who know anything about the Southern States, that he cannot reach the object of his search without a serious compromise of principle. You are mistaken about compromising principle, for that is an article which the mongrel party of South Carolina never possessed. Gov. Chamberlain has, in his bold and fearless conduct, proved that he is not devoid of honor, and has too much humanity to longer crush and humiliate the proud Yeomen of the South. With a few more such notices from the Administration organ, and we shall believe that Gov. Chamberlain is a pure patriot and a great statesman.

Don Platt says, very sensibly:—Humor is to a newspaper what's tail is to a kite—very absurd, but very necessary to its ascension.

How American Womanhood is Disgraced in France.

We were travelling from Paris to London on the night train. A minute before the train started a friend put his head in the window of our carriage and gave the startling information that the Phoenix was in the company to us. To appreciate this cheerful information our readers should know that the Phoenix is the American woman who captivated a Russian imperial prince, and not only made up with his heart, but also a large assortment of jewels belonging to the imperial family. The story runs that the youth became so madly in love with the Phoenix—so called because she appeared in the eyes of the effete despotism of Russia, as the wife of or widow of a Mr. Phoenix, her real name being Letty Blackford—that he, said scion of imperial blood, did steal, take and carry away to this beauty, his mother's diamonds. Not content with this appropriation, it was reported that he helped himself to various precious stones adorning a saint in the imperial chapel of the palace. The Phoenix, receiving these presents, worth untold sums, brought into play her native shrewdness, suspecting there might be some flaw in the title, expressed the valuables to London.

She was not an hour too soon in this, for the prince was arrested, and shortly after the police had the Phoenix. But the more the matter was looked into, the more evidence it brought to the least said is soonest mended. The love-sick youth was put under imperial arrest, and the fair lady, escorted to the frontier, was bade to go her way, which she did willingly enough. She turned up in Paris, and at the Bois became a noted object through her beauty and stunning Russian equipage; while at the opera she shone like a locomotive covered with headlights, as she wore all the imperial jewelry presented to her. Looking through the triangular glass that exists between the compartments, we saw the Phoenix, sitting on the seat opposite, coolly smoking a cigarette. She wore a gray ulster with a peaked felt hat, with gloves and boots to match, and was, as well as we could discern, about twenty-five years of age. Her hair was light chestnut and seemed to be abundant. Her eyes, by far the finest feature, were large, lustrous and either dark gray or hazel, and we could not determine. Her Roman nose, in exquisite proportion, had that cold, delicate outline and thin nostrils that indicate the Anglo-Saxon. Her mouth, though full and fair, confirmed the impression the nose had made. The cheeks and full jaw were rather heavy, and the whole face told of a Judith who would go in for Holofernes with assurances of distinguished consideration, with a knife ready to sustain his affairs. Her hands, like those of a young girl, were soft and supple, and she soon thought of making love to Lady Macbeth or Vinnie Ream's Lincoln as this female American culture. We could not help contrasting the hard, handsome face of the adventurer with the youthful beauty of the young girls in our carriage.

The Marriages of Great Men.

Byron married Miss Milbank to get money to pay his debts. It turned out a bad shift. Robert Burns married a farm girl with whom he fell in love while they worked together in a plowed field. He was irregular in his life and committed the most serious mistakes in conducting his domestic affairs. Milton married the daughter of a country squire, but lived with her but a short time. He was an austere, exacting literary recluse, while she was a rosy, romping country lass that could not endure the restraint imposed upon her, so they separated. Subsequently, however, she returned, and they lived tolerably happy. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert were cousins and about the only example in the long line of English monarchs wherein the martial vows were sacredly observed, and sincere affection existed. Shakespeare loved and wedded a farmer's daughter. She was faithful to her vows, but we could hardly say the same of the great bard himself. Like most of the great poets he showed too little discrimination in bestowing his affections on the other sex. Washington married a woman with two children. It is enough to say she was worthy of him, and they lived as married folks should—in perfect harmony. John Adams married the daughter of a Revolutionary armyman. His father objected, on account of John's being a lawyer—he had a bad opinion of the morals of the profession. John Howard, the great philanthropist, married his nurse. She was altogether beneath him in social life and intellectual capacity, and besides this was fifty-two years old, while he was but twenty; but he married her, and they were married and lived happily together until she died, which occurred two years afterward. Peter the Great, of Russia, married a peasant. She made an excellent wife and a sagacious Empress. Humboldt married a poor girl because he loved her. Of course they were happy.

It is not generally known that Andrew Jackson married a lady whose husband was still living. She was an uneducated but amiable woman, and was most devotedly attached to the old warrior and statesman. John C. Calhoun married his cousin and their children fortunately were neither diseased nor idiotic, but they did not enjoy the talent of the great "State Rights" advocate. Delaware adheres to those ancient institutions, the pillory and whipping post, and does not spare even the ravens. A black dog happens to put away his wife in the most convenient graveyard. At Georgetown, Delaware, on Saturday last, the jury in the case of John Andrews, the colored preacher who killed his wife in April last, rendered a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree. The court sentenced Andrews to stand in the pillory one hour, to be whipped with six lashes, pay a fine of \$5,000 and be imprisoned for life. They do these things differently in Missouri. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat's Troy (Mo.) special says that Henry Reich, convicted of the murder of his wife, was sentenced by Judge Edwards to be hanged on Friday, December 31.

A Vermont debating club is now struggling with the question, "Which eats the most chickens—preachers or owls?"

The Economy of the French.

Mr. Joseph Medil, ex-mayor of Chicago, writing from Paris to the Tribune of the former city, speaks of the economy of the French. He says: "But that in which the French more particularly excel is economy. Compared with these French people, the Americans are wasteful, improvident and extravagant. It seems to me they live on just about one-half what the Americans do. They have a knack, so to speak, of making a little go a great way, and of extracting subsistence or comfort from things Americans would throw away or never notice. It may be instructive to point out a few of the matters to which reference is here made. In the first place, not an ounce of food is wasted in harvesting or preparing for market. In the next place, not an ounce more of vegetables, fish, or fowl, groceries or liquors, than is really needed, even goes into the pot or kettle, or is placed on the table. The wife of every French family knows to a nicety, what quantity of each kind of food is necessary that will suffice to make a comfortable meal, and not a particle more than that is cooked or served. There are no slop buckets full of broken victuals left on the table after breakfast or dinner, to be thrown on the street or manure heap, or flung to the dogs or swine, as in America. No pieces of bread, or meat, or vegetables are thrown away; such quantities are not bought as to become stale or spoiled in the cellar or pantry. Servants are never permitted to waste or steal food for poor relations, as in America. The lady of the house looks after the marketing, her kitchen and her pantry, with sharp eyes and unflinching care. The economy in the consumption of fuel for cooking and house warming is immense as compared with that in our wasteful country. One reason, of course, is that wood and coal in France are scarce and dear. They cost at least double the price paid thereof in the United States; but the domestic consumption is not one quarter as much. Paris contains between four and five times the population of Chicago, but it finds that the fuel consumed in it is less than in Chicago. It is true that the climate is much warmer for six months of the year in Paris than in Chicago; but, after making the due allowance for that, it still remains true that only one-third to two-fifths as much fuel is consumed per capita in Paris as in Chicago; and, as far as my observation and inquiries extend, the same proportion holds good throughout all France. Sociability.—Think how much happiness you convey to each other by kindly notice and a cheerful conversation. Think how much sunshine such sociability lets back into your own soul. Who does not feel more cheerful and contented for receiving a polite bow, and a general "good morning" with a hearty shake of the hand? Who does not make himself happier by these little expressions of fellow feeling and good will? Silence, and a stiff, unbending reserve are essentially selfish and vulgar. The generous and polite man has pleasant recognition and cheerful words for all he meets. He paves the path of others with smiles; He makes society seem genial, and the world delightful to those who would else find them cold, selfish, and forbidding. And what he gives is but a tithe of what he receives. Be social wherever you go, and wrap your lightest words in tones that are sweet and a spirit that is genial."

The Atlanta Constitution, sustaining the views reiterated by Gen. Gordon in Charleston, says: "Let us recognize that the true mission of the Democratic party, as an opposition party, is to overthrow the corrupt, debauched and dishonest party in power, to restore the government to the hands of true patriots and honest men, and bring back the characteristics of the good old republic in the days when Democracy in America was truly government by and for the people. Keep the record of Radicalism before the people, and in future contests of the parties, honest men will not hesitate to repudiate and punish the men who made it."

"De courtoisest thing in all dis ere human life," said a Vicksburg negro, as he fanned himself with his old hat, "is de fact dat whenever a pusion gits a watermelon under each arm and starts for home—"One of 'em allus falls kerash on de sidewalk," interrupted his hearer. "No, sah—no, sah; you is wrong, sah. Den is de only time in de world dat his nose begins to itch like all creation."—Vicksburg Herald.

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INSURANCE

ONONDAGA Insurance Corporation—"Niagara Home"—"National"—"Old North State"—"Lynchburg Insurance and Banking Company"—"Fremont's Fund"—"E. W. HUGHES & SONS, Agents"—"North America." Office 2nd Story Parks' Building, Tryon Street.

NEW NOVEL.

A QUESTION OF HONOR

CHRISTIAN REID'S LAST & BEST.

PHIFER'S BOOK STORE.

FOR SALE AT

PHIFER'S BOOK STORE.

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.

Having removed my business from my old stand on Trade Street, to one of my large and commodious storerooms on College Street, and having sold out my stock of Groceries, I offer for sale at a low price all the old customers in my large and varied assortment of

WINES and LIQUORS.

Making a specialty in this line I claim offer better advantages than can be found in Western North Carolina.

W. J. BLACK

C. C. RAILWAY.

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, Wilmington, Oct. 24, 1875.

CHANGE OF SCHEDULE.

On and after Sunday, Oct. 3rd, trains will run over this Railway as follows:

PASSENGER, MAIL AND EXPRESS TRAINS—Daily, Sundays excepted.

Leave Wilmington at 7:40 a.m. Arrive at Charlotte, at 7:38 p.m. Leave Charlotte, at 6:30 a.m. Arrive at Wilmington, at 7:00 p.m.

FAST FREIGHT and PASSENGER TRAINS.

Leave Wilmington, at 5:00 p.m. Arrive at Charlotte, at 8:15 a.m. Leave Charlotte, at 12:20 p.m. Arrive at Shelby, at 12:50 p.m. Leave Shelby, at 4:40 a.m. Arrive at Charlotte, at 5:00 p.m. Arrive at Wilmington, at 8:00 a.m.

No mail or express carried by this train between Charlotte and Wilmington, only between Charlotte and Shelby.

CONNECTIONS.

Connects at Wilmington with Wilmington & Weldon and Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta Railroads, Semi-weekly New York and Tri-weekly Baltimore, and weekly Philadelphia Steamers, and the River Boats to Fayetteville.

Connects at Charlotte with the North Carolina Railroad, Charlotte and Statesville Railroad, Charlotte & Atlanta Air-Line, and Charlotte, Columbia and Augusta Railroad.

Thus supplying the whole West, Northwest and Southwest with a short and cheap line to the Seaboard and Europe.

See Papers publishing Carolina Central Railway schedule will please notice changes.

S. L. FERRENT, Chief Engineer and Superintendent.

TO THE GAS CONSUMERS

THE Centennial Gas Light Company is glad to announce that its works are under the management of Mr. John T. Gorman, as Superintendent.

The Company endeavored to secure the services of Mr. Gorman when it was first organized, but was unable to do so. He will use every effort to furnish you with good Gas at a low price, and the Company is confident of his ability to satisfy every consumer whose house is properly piped.

F. S. DEWOLF, Secretary and Treasurer.

Bagging and Ties.

HEAVY Bagging and Arrow Ties; for sale low by

SPENCER & ALLEN.

A Change.

HAVING purchased the Charlotte Marble Works, my aim is to make it second to none in the South, and to offer better inducements in the manufacture of Gray stones and Monuments than have ever been done heretofore. I have employed a number of competent artists, and am prepared to manufacture Granite and Marble of every description lower than the same can be purchased in any of the Northern cities. Parties living at a distance can receive all necessary information by writing to me for Price Lists and Drawings. Satisfaction guaranteed in every respect.

CRYSTAL FLOUR.

A fancy brand just received, by

SPENCER & ALLEN.

Rockbridge Alum Water.

BUFFALO LETHEA WATER.

RECEIVED fresh from the Springs every 14 weeks. We are the authorized agent for manufacturing Springs, and have perfected arrangements to receive and supply every week direct from the Springs.

Excelsior Saratoga Water on draught and in bottles.

Water and Glass Saratoga Water to be sold for sale at

MADSEN'S Drug Store.

JUST received a Stock of BURTS CELEBRATED SHOES for Ladies. Come and see them at

WADE & FERRIS'S

Best in the World.

JUST received a Stock of BURTS CELEBRATED SHOES for Ladies. Come and see them at

WADE & FERRIS'S

Parties

Whose accounts have been running over 30 days will please call and settle.

PROFESSIONAL.

T. H. BREEM, JR.

Broom & Osborne

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

OFFICE—In Depot & Glass Building, Up Stairs.

DR. LEE W. BATTLE

Having permanently located, offers his professional services to the citizens of

CHARLOTTE AND VICINITY

OFFICE—Next door to McCadden's Store, 4th Street.

Office hours—9 to 11 A. M. 12 to 1 P. M., and 6 to 7 P. M.

W. W. FLEMING,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Charlotte, N. C.

Specializes in suits for and against corporations.

mar 11

A. W. Alexander,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Offers a reduction in price of Dental Work to suit the times.

Office in the Parks' building over Butler's Jewelry Store.

Hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.

SALE OF VALUABLE CITY PROPERTY