DAILY OBSERVER.

Saturday, January 8, 1876.

CHAS R. JONES,
C. BREVARD McDOWELL,
Editors & Proprietors.

"Free from the doting scruples that fetter our free-born reason."

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

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INFLEXIBLE 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 In all cases we require the writer's name and address, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

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.

Ten miles of buildings were added to Chicago last year.

Fifty million dollars in American property are annually destroyed by fire.

When misfortune comes, pause not to weep, but hasten to change.

Pleasures are like poppies spread; you seize the flower its blossom is shed.

"Go out, young man!" she's not here!" said a Pennsylvania preacher last Sunday, in the midst of his sermon to a youth whom he saw standing hesitatingly in the doorway

Seeing that it's centennial year, why don't you make your husband swear-off for 100 years? It's just as easy as for one year.

It is an unpleasant fact that what your friends call self-possession, your enemies call brass.—Norwich Bulletin.

Rev. R. H. Murray has an article in the Golden Rule advocating lying in bed in the morning, but there seems to be no particular necessity for us to paste it in our hat.—Bridgeport Standard.

Colonel Forney writes that "English women think nothing of walking twenty miles a day." So do American women think nothing of it.—Courier-Journal.

Mrs. Kezia Wheeler, of London, England, aged 77, has just died from tight lacing. She had once been "beautiful."

Beecher received twelve hundred calls on New Year's day. The callers were members of Plymouth Church. Moulton and Tilton did not convey to him the "compliments of the season."

Just as the solemn bells of midnight tolled the old year to go, and asked the new to come, he grabbed a lamp-post, swayed around and shouted: "Hurah fr yeighteen fifty-six!"—Detroit Free Press.

Detroit is blessed with a butcher named Nell Grant, whose custom it is to kiss every woman who enters his shop. Brooklyn is waiting for him.

A French fashion journal says: "The Princess de M. is about to retire from society for a little while, and is buying edgings, insertings, muslins and so on, which she is making up into little garments, too large for a doll and too small for her-self."

A philosopher says: "I never yet heard a man or woman much abused that I was not inclined to think the better of them, and transfer my suspicions or dislike to the person who appeared to take a delight in pointing out the defects of a fellow creature."

America contributes 39 students to the 488 at Heidelberg this year; England and Scotland 31, and Russia and Switzerland 24 each. The remaining 300 are from Germany. Only nine of the entire number are studying theology.

Exchange—The New York Daily Sun says Theodore Tilton has gained fifteen pounds, reclaimed his paintings from chattel mortgage, repaired his house, and paid all of his pressing debts since he began to lecture. He is to spend most of the time until June lecturing in the East. Next summer he is to finish his novel.

Bose, a mongrel yellow dog, is the mail carrier between Minnesota and Dakota, sixty miles. He makes the trip for nothing, never robs the mail, and boards himself, and never fails. There seem to be no competitors for the position.

The Supreme Court of South Carolina will, it is believed, without doubt command Governor Chamberlain to issue certificates of election to Franklin J. Moses and W. J. Whipper as circuit judges. The father of Moses is Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

"Fred," said a young man, walking up State-street in Chicago the other day, after listening to his wonderful story, "do you know why you are like a harp struck by lightning?" "No," says Fred; "I give it up." "Because a harp struck by lightning is a blasted lyre."

A Milwaukee belle, attending a theatre recently, complained in one of the scenes that the light was too dim to show acting properly. "Won't you try this glass?" asked the escort, handing her his lognette. Hastily covering the suspicious looking object with a handkerchief, she lifted it to her lips, took a long pull, and handed it back in disgust, saying, "why, there ain't a drop in it."

M. D. Conway has a new definition of genius. He says there is nothing like genius in the common acceptation of the term. It is simply a mind polished until it shines; polished until it catches up and keeps on it rays of light even in the darkness, like a marble sphere in the night.

He didn't look like a beggar, but he had his hand in his pocket before he struck Vicksburg and he cleared a hundred dollars in two days. He didn't go around whining, 'Please sir, for the love of God,' as most of them do, but he walked up to a man, called him 'General' to start off with, and the shinplasters came in fast. He should take them. The only five men in town who didn't contribute were men whom he inadvertently addressed as 'Captain.'

The primary mosquito, resurrected by the warm spell, appeared to us last evening gaunt and grizzly, and, perching upon the rim of the inkstand, was just on the point of asking for refreshments, when in his weakness he tipped, fell into the paste, and died. We buried his life, but we couldn't for the reason that the only good mosquito is a dead one.—[National Republican.

CATS.

Editors rarely devote much attention to domestic affairs, we do, for we believe in domestic peace and tranquility, but such a thing as sound sleep is impossible in Charlotte; she has too many cats. In writing upon cats, we do not *cat*-er to public opinion, but give our own peculiar views upon the long *cat*-alogue of grievances they en-*tail* upon the human race. We *fur*-thermore assert, that the destruction of the last one would not be a serious *cat*-astrophe to the world. Cats are the most effectual disturbers of repose and intolerable pests known in the animal creation. When sweetly resting in the arms of Morpheus and wandering in the dream-land by rivers of nectar, and roaming through fields of endless elysium, you are awakened by the *cat*-erwauling of these feline nuisances. The discord is frightful and the music unharmonious beyond endurance. At one time, the noise resembles the roaring of an angry *cat*-aract, at another the *hissing* of firery serpents, again the deep mutterings of a distant storm, until finally they imperceptibly impress you that you are listing to the genuine cries of a whole asylum of fresh spanked babies. These creatures, what instincts they have? What a fondness for sentimental strolls and midnight serenades? What a con-*cat* enation of sounds they afflict upon the drowsy ear of tired nature. Talk about them being devoid of instinct? They only visit you when you are in love, suffering with the toothache and tossing vainly for rest upon a bed of anguish and pain. Such conduct is inexcusable and proves the intention to tease. They sing their songs under your window, but just raise the sash, you cant see them, they vanish like the wind. They make as much fuss in playing hide and seek in your passage as a dozen newly-shod mules, but when you open your door however gently, they flee away like some guilty things beyond the reach of your boot jack and hiss at you until you are almost aggravated to destraction. What are they good for? wont somebody tell us? To catch rats! That may have been their profession in olden times, but they have abandoned it now. They are entirely too dignified and appear to be above their calling Costar's rat exterminator has long ago superseded them as mousers. Besides they would prefer to sit by the fire and steal a meal from the cream pot, rather than go off and work for an honest living. What are they good for? Musicians say they make the most excellent of fiddle strings. Let's sacrifise them to the cause of true music. Courting and cooing between people is certainly disgusting enough to those who are not interested, but courting cats impress us more savagely than any other species of soft talkers we ever heard. Revenge is sweet and we are partially happy: we caught a couple of these contentious lovers; we united their caudal extremities and hung them upon our door knob. They did not wish to be united after all, they contended about it until death ended their troubles! They are hard to kill, for they are said to have nine lives, but still they are not contented, they want more and young lives at that; and like the fabled vampryre, they lull an infant to sleep only to suck away the very breath that sustains its life. Even as we write their meek-bearing and submissive glances reproach us; they are full of hypocracy for all that and sworn enemies of serious contemplation. So let's away with them, and by opposing end a whole sea of troubles that uselessly besets us. These moribund Thomas cats have sit night after night upon sheds and fences and sung their mournful dirges until life has almost become a burden. Our duties as an editor require that we should be awake in the day time, and these sworn enemies of peace drive away the slumber from our eyelids, at night; can our readers blame us for speaking *feline*-ly upon this subject. We clamor for their destruction and now register ourselves as their open and uncompromising enemy.

BUNCOMBE RESOLUTIONS OF REPUBLICANS—RETARDING THE BUSINESS OF CONGRESS.

One among the first resolutions introduced was one concocted by the giant brain of a Western braggart by the name of Fort, from Illinois, to the effect that Union soldiers should be appointed to all the offices in the gift of the House, to the exclusion of the Confederate soldiers. Such unjust discrimination of American citizens was promptly voted down. All this was fixed upon for the purpose of keeping up the hostility and ill feeling engendered by the war, but the Democrats were equal to the occasion. Mr. Wood, of New York remarked that it was time that all such contentions should be buried, such Buncombe and meanness were out of place, and moved the House proceed to transact the business and duties incumbent upon them as Representatives of the people they were chosen to legislate for. This is only another evidence of Radical malice and a desire to retard rather than advance the interests of the country. Mr. Harrison, of Illinois, to hush their mouths, offered the following pointed and sensible resolution:

Resolved, That in the distribution of the patronage of the House of Representatives of the Government, those whose duty it is and who by law have the appointment of subordinates, should regard the Jeffersonian test: "Is he honest?—is he faithful?—is he capable?" And that recent events in the General Administration give peculiar force to this democratic sentiment." (Laughter.) Adopted.

RADICAL MALIGNITY.

The last note of war has long since died away, and the tattered folds of the Stars and Bars has long been buried in the final resting place of all human hopes. Seven years, the period allotted to man for his physical change—yes, a decade, with its strange changes and wondrous events, has been hurried into the oblivion of the past. What effect has all this had upon men who are supposed to possess human instincts and a reasonable magnanimity for a brave but fallen foe? There are honored Southern men still laboring under the ban, placed by the passion of war and the inhumanity of a cowardly revenge. Samuel J. Randall, a liberal statesman, a pure patriot, and a kind friend to an oppressed section, has already introduced a bill in the Lower House for the removal of all such disabilities. He thinks the time has arrived when all such evidences of past differences and civil strife should be removed from sight; the rankling wounds of civil war should be healed; the chasm of hostility bridged, and the States lately estranged should join hands in fraternity and friendship, with no one in the broad Union excluded from the privileges of a government enjoyed by the commonest of her citizens. But in steps ex-Speaker Blaine, the leader of the Republican party, with a mind clouded with cruelty and hate, and imposes the humiliating conditions, that the chosen President of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, shall remain an example of a bitter hatred, a living reminder of estrangement and carnage, and die an outlaw of the *boasted "land of the free and the home of the brave."* Neither can he extend an open and generous hand to the other ostracised citizens of the South, but with a heart as cold and icy as the barren hills of his native New England, he must impose the mean and miserable alternative of going into Federal Courts and taking an oath.—We believe there is manhood and true magunanimity enough in Congress to ignore all such obnoxious conditions, and remove the bans from Jefferson Davis, the true, but defeated leader of our lost cause.

GEN GRANT'S SCHOOL DAYS.

Reminiscences of the Old Log School House in Clermont County, Ohio.

Away up in a small hollow, just this side of Amelia, in Clermont county, there stood, a few years ago, an old country school house, weather-beaten, tumble down and disused, which the old inhabitants pointed out as the place where Ulysses S. Grant received his early education. The building has since been torn down, we believe, but there are recollections connected with it have become of historic interest since Headley's "Hero Boy" has figured so largely in the history of his country.

"Nobody thought when Grant was a boy," said an old citizen of Clermont county who attended this school at the same time the President did, "that he would ever amount to much. The most promising boy in the school at that time was one name Henry Wattey. He was at the head of the class in mathematics, geography, spelling and all other studies, and everybody prophesied great things of him; but he is now running a forty acre farm up in Warren county."

"How did Grant average in his studies?"

"Only middling. He would never be called dull, but he was never brilliant. He used to spend a great deal of his time in reading the life of Napoleon, which interfered considerably with his school duties, until the teacher destroyed that book by putting it into the stove?"

"Was he punctual in his attendance?"

"Very. He never stayed away from school unless compelled to by circumstances. He was never late either, but was among the first to reach the school house in the morning."

"Was he a noisy boy?"

"No, sir. Although courteous to everybody, he was not loud mouthed, like the other boys, but spoke in a low and quiet tone of voice, with usual dignity for one of his years."

"We always called him Hiram at school," continued the old stager. "Nobody ever thought of calling him Ulysses, and after the capture of Vicksburg, when we had not heard from him for years, a great many of us did not know or even imagine that it was the boy who used to go to the old log school house in the hollow."

"Was Grant a playful boy?"

"Not by any means. You never could get him to take part in any game or sport except a snow-ball fight. In that he delighted. But as far as 'bull pen' or ball playing was concerned, he would never take any part, but would sit on a fence or a stump and look on."

"During his school days did he ever exhibit signs of the persevering spirit for which he has since become noted?"

"I can remember but one occasion, and that was when the schoolmaster flogged him to make him give up a jackknife, with which he had been cutting the side of his desk. The schoolmaster demanded the knife, but Grant refused to give it up. The teacher tried to take it way, but could not do it. He then sent out into the woods and got a long black hickory switch with which he belabored the future President to make him surrender the knife. But Grant persistently declined, and at last the pedagogue was forced to stop from sheer exhaustion. The incident was forcibly recalled to my mind when he made the famous remark—"I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," and by many other similar incidents in his future career."

"I saw Grant when he was here at the Burnett House, in 1872," continued our interviewer, "and he was the first to recognize me and give me a cordial hand shake. He even came through a large crowd of dignitaries to shake hands with an old schoolmate."

Health of Hon. A. H. Stephens.

AUGUSTA, January 6.—Mr. Stephens continues in a very feeble state from disease in one of his lungs. Though he eats and sleeps well, he does not regain his strength. It is feared he will not be able to take his seat in Congress during the present session.

LIFE'S DARK SHADOWS.

The Sad Domestic Story of a Mother who Courted Shame—And of a Son who Offered Her a Bloody Sacrifice to His Raging Passion.

Tuesday morning, at nine o'clock, loud cries of murder and screams of agony were heard emanating from the house No. 109 Dauphine street, and upon several persons rushing to the scene, Johanna White was found lying on the floor bathed in blood, and James White, her son, standing over her clutching a glittering knife, from which dripped bright drops of crimson. Hearing the rush of feet, the matricide turned to flee, but ere he reached the door he was arrested by a court officer, and taken to the Third station.

Realizing that every moment endangered the unfortunate's life, she was at once conveyed to the Charity Hospital, where after having her wounds dressed she was interviewed by a *Times* Reporter. She stated that about the hour of eight o'clock she was in the kitchen preparing breakfast, when she heard a rap on the front door. Thinking that it was the children playing, she gave the matter no attention until about ten minutes later the noise was renewed. Then proceeding to the front door she asked who sought admittance, and in her son's voice received the reply, "It's me, why don't you open the door and not be waiting all day about it."

GLAD TO SEE HER SON.

she opened the door, when he rushed at her with an open knife, and after upbraiding her in passionate tones for the depraved life of a prostitute which she was, he plunged the weapon into her side.

Her cries of "watch and murder" only seemed to hurry him in the execution of his intent, as he dealt her a powerful blow, felling her to the floor. Stooping over her, he again drove his knife into her abdomen, and then attempted to cut her throat, but was frustrated by her efforts to arise, causing the keen edge of the knife to traverse her forehead, opening the flesh to the scalp. 'Twas at that time when her cries were heard and answered, as above stated.

Her wounds are not as dangerous as at first supposed, as the cavity of the stomach was not penetrated

Proceeding to the third station, our reporter next interviewed James White.

White unhesitatingly acknowledged that he had cut his mother. He said he had got into a number of difficulties on her account, as his wife was not a nature to submit when the fact that his mother was a prostitute was constantly thrown into his face. This caused him to lose his self-respect and served a term in the penitentiary for his association with bad company. Of the causes which led to the cutting, he stated that he had determined to be honest, and, as the first step, tried to induce his mother

TO FORSAKE HER LIFE OF SHAME,

rent a little room, and, with the proceeds of his labor, live decently. When he made the proposition to her she became angry, and bade him return to his thieves, which so infuriated him that he sought to kill her. He confessed that because a man up the river had pointed to him with the finger of scorn as being the offspring of a disgraced, low, vile woman, he cut the man so severely that he became paralyzed from the effects of the wound.

White was arraigned before Judge Staes, and remanded to prison without bail, to await the result of his mother's injuries.—*New Orleans Times.*

How It Would Work.

A gray-haired impostor, who has been in the House of Correction time and again for drunkenness, and who has no kin in the city, yesterday entered a store on Grand River street and said to the proprietor:

"Have you a boy?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"Did he get anything in his stocking?"

"Yes."

"And was he glad?"

"He was."

"I also have a boy," continued the old man, in a broken voice, "but he didn't get anything in his stocking. I am poor, and many times we haven't bread in the house, to say nothing of Christmas presents."

"I can't help that, as I see!" said the merchant.

"Say, see here," whispered the old man, bending forward, "give me a quarter and I'll buy a tin horse and a monkey and a Noah's ark, and the night before New Year's I'll slip 'em into the boy's stocking He'll ask me, 'Father, whose liberality of heart brought me these beautiful things?' and I will answer, 'Mr. So-and-So, on Grand River street.'"

"I can't do it," replied the merchant.

"And the boy will say: 'God bless Mr. So-and-So forever.'"

"No—can't do it."

"And I will add: 'Yes, God bless him for his big heart, and may his trade amount to $10,000 per day.'"

"I can't give you anything—come, clear out," said the annoyed merchant.

"It would work splendidly," whispered the old man.

"I say no!" shouted the merchant.

"All right for you!" said the old man, as he got hold of the door knob. "Your conduct has alienated all my affections in one minnit, and I'll never buy a yard of cloth of you in my life! I was going to ask the price of that yarn there, but now I won't!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Musfreesboro *Enquirer* says: We are informed by a reliable correspondent of the following sad affair which occurred in Gates county a few days since: A gentleman of high respectability recently became enamored with a young lady (Miss Riddick), made known his intentions of matrimony, against the wishes of the young lady's parents. The young lady quietly persisted against the objections of her parents, and they, to prevent the young gentleman's visiting the family, positively forbade his attentions in the future. Time rolled on and the young couple still hoped for a change of the parent's wishes. No change was wrought upon them, however, and consequently one day last week, while the mother of the young lady was busy with her domestic affairs, her daughter was missed, and no one could tell her whereabouts. A smothered scream or two was heard, a search was made, and it was discovered that she had thrown herself in the well to shorten her life. She was living when last heard from, and that is the most that can be said.

The people of Salisbury met and passed resolutions of regret upon the death of Hon. Burton Craige.

In the "emancipation celebration" at Augusta on Monday, Edwin Belcher, a colored employee of the postal department, "orated," and in the course of his long speech he pitched into "Bess" Grant after this fashion:

But, if disregarding the lessons of history, and the admonitions of the founders of our Government, if in opposition to the spirit of the Constitution, questions of a religious nature are dragged into the political arena, if Catholicism and Protestantism are to be the watchwords in the party conflicts of the future, the colored people of the South, divesting themselves of all feeling of prejudice, should calmly make their decision and take the position which their consciences, guided by the light of the past, shall approve. The majority of the colored people are Protestants, but they cannot join in any unholy crusade against the Catholics or any other religious sect. We cannot forget the labors of that church in the great work of educating our people, and appreciating the necessity of lifting our people from ignorance and degradation, we cannot smite the breast that is warming us into life.

Atlanta Constitution.

Congressional Items.

WASHINGTON, January 6.—Nominations: Carpenter, Second Comptroller; Newcomer, Postmaster at Greenville, Ala; Wilson, Postmaster at Milledgeville, Ga.; Tourgee, Pension Agent at Raleigh, N.C.

B. F. Lyon, of Macon, Ga., was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court.

The resolution of Mr. Goode, of Virginia, ordering an investigation into the Marine Commission, the manner of expending the appropriations for the ten war sloops, and the conduct of the navy yards generally, causes great excitement in many circles.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

House for Rent

OPPOSITE the residence of Gov Vance. Apply to W R BURWELL.
dec30

To Rent.

A House and Lot on Myers street, formerly occupied by Dr L W Battle. Stable, garden and good water, and eight rooms in house. Possession given 1st January

Also a Cottage on Hill Street, containing three rooms. Apply to F H GLOVER.
dec15 tf

For Sale.

THE house situated on Tryon street adjoining W J Black and others, known as the McFadden property. This lot fronts 125 feet on Tryon street, and runs back 355 feet to Church street. This property will be offered for sale to the highest bidder, in three seperate lots, on Saturday the 8th day of January, 1876, at 12 o'clock M., in front of the Court House.

Terms made known on day of sale.

JAMES MORAN, Agent.
jan5 tds

For Rent.

DWELLING on B Street, between Fifth and Sixth, belonging to Mrs M E Farrow. Apply to J ASBURY.
dec18 tf

For Rent.

FROM the first day of March, 1876, I will rent the store, lately occupied by McMurray & Davis, on Trade

E A OSBORNE, Assignee.
dec31 tf

Valuable Tobacco Farm FOR SALE!

BY Virtue of the provisions of a deed in trust executed to me by the Bank of Mecklenburg Registered Book No. 6, pages 396, 398, in Register's Office of Gaston county, I shall expose to public sale, for cash at the Court House in Dallas on Thursday the 30th day of December 1875, the following valuable land to wit.

1 One tract lying in Gaston county, on the head waters of Hoyle's and Stanley Creeks, adjoining the lands of Robert Brevard Monroe Burke, Bullinger Abernathy, Michael Clonninger and others, containing by estimation 1045 acres, being part of the land known as the Guion Tobacco Farm.

2. One other tract adjoining, 64 acres, being part of said farm (excepting a tract of about 35 acres conveyed to A Harris.)

The two tracts will be sold in one body.

This land is admirably adapted to the culture of tobacco, cotton and cereals.

For full particulars address the undersigned. GEORGE K TATE,
Trustee. Mt Island Mills, P. O.

For satisfactory reasons the above described property was not sold on the 30th Dec. 1875, but will be sold on Tuesday the 15th day of February, 1875. G K TATE.
jan1

THE RISING SUN

IS up and out, and we are now in its place, and are wide awake to the wants of the public; to whom we take this occasion to tender our most sincere thanks for the very liberal manner in which they have bestowed their patronage on us in our old stand on College Street, and hope by a continuation of adherence to the principles with which we commenced here, viz: "that fair honest dealing serves alike both buyer and seller," to continue to merit and receive their favor and patronage, and to attract that of those who have not called on us. The place now occupied by and known formerly as the Rising Sun, will be called in future the

WIDE AWAKE GROCERY STORE.

Give us a call and we will prove to you that we are wide awake to your interest and will sell you everything in our line at the closest living profits, as we want to live and let live. Very Respectfully,

T COLEMAN & SON.
jan4

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PECOS CRANBERRIES, California Apricots, Quinces and Green Gages, Mason's, Albert and Mixed Biscuits, English Chow Chow and Mixed Pickles, Fresh Jellies, Dried Green Corn, Home Made Candies, pure and fresh, etc.

F H ANDREWS & CO'S.
jan4

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nov12

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Within the last ten years the progress of discovery in every department of knowledge has made a new work of reference an imperative want.

The movement of political affairs has kept pace with the discoveries of science, and their fruitful application to the industrial and useful arts and convenience and refinement of social life. Great wars and consequent revolutions have occurred, involving national changes of peculiar moment. The civil war of our own country, which was at its height when the last volume of the old work appeared, has happily been ended, and a new course of commercial and industrial activity has been commenced. Large accessions to our

GEOGRAPHICAL KNOWLEDGE

have been made by the indefatigable explorers of Africa.

The great polical revolutions of the last decade, with the natural result of the lapse of time, have brought into public view a multitude of new men, whose names are in every one's mouth, and of whose lives every one is curious to know the particulars. Great battles have been fought and important seiges maintained, of which the details are as yet preserved only in the newspapers or in the transient publications of the day, but which ought now to take their place in

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SOUTH of Burwell's drug store, under one of the Banks;
MY selection of Groceries has been carefully made,
DIRECTLY with reference to the wants of all ranks,
ALL sorts of biscuits, nice coffee, fine Teas,
PIE with sugar, butter and flour, including Buckwheat
IN tempting perfection all caprices to please,
FRIED beef, hams and tongues, salt fish canned meats,
SYRUPS, candies and spices, and the best of cream cheese,
OFFERED cheap, with the wood and willow ware line all complete,
BEATH the Bank, South of Burwell's, East side of Trade Street.

JS M DAVIDSON
dec30 J S M DAVIDSON.

Partnership.

THE Undersigned have this day associated themselves as general partners, for the purpose of conducting the Grocery and Commission business in several branches, under the firm name, and style of Mayer, Ross & Jones, at the old stand of Mayer, Grey & Ross, Trade street, Charlotte, N. C., where each of us will be glad to see his friends.

M C MAYER,
J B ROSS
CHAS R JONES.

Charlotte, N. C., January 1st, 1876.

On Consignment.

TWENTY Bales 3-4 and 4-4 Domestic 10 bales Yarns, assorted sizes. Must be sold at some price, call and get a bargain, as

R M MILLER & SONS'.
nov 24

PROFESSIONAL.

T. H. BREM, JR. F. I. OSBORNE

Brem & Osborne,

Attorneys and Consellors at Law
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

OFFICE—In Dowd & Sims' New Building, Up Stairs.
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DR. LEE W. BATTLE,

Having permanently located, offers his professional services to the citizens of CHARLOTTE AND VICINITY.

OFFICE—Next door to McAden's Drug Store, up stairs.

Calls left at my office in the day, or at my residence, on Myers Street, at night, will receive prompt attention.

Office Hours—8 to 9, A. M.; 12 to 1, P. M., and 5 to 7, P. M. jan22-1y.

A. W. Alexander,

SURGEON DENTIST.

Offers a reduction in prices 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.
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C. S. HOLTON & CO

HAVE REMOVED THEIR BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY AND FAMILY GROCERY STORES, INTO THE LARGE AND COMMODIOUS BUILDING, FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY S M HOWELL, TWO DOORS ABOVE THEIR OLD STAND, WHERE THEY HOPE TO MEET ALL THEIR FORMER CUSTOMERS, AND ALL OTHERS THAT MAY FAVOR THEM WITH THEIR PATRONAGE.

jan4

BUY YOUR GOODS

In the drug line at T C Smith & Co's—prices at the bottom of the market.
dec14

GERMAN STUDENT LAMPS,

Brass and Nickle Plated.

W. R. BURWELL & CO.
dec3

THE BEST HOUSEHOLD OIL IN THE WORLD!!

C. WEST & SONS' ALADDIN SECURITY OIL.

Warranted 150 Degrees Fire Test.

Endorsed by the Fire Insurance Companies.

Read the following certificate, selected from many others:

HOWARD FIRE INS. CO. OF BALTIMORE, December 23, 1874.

Messrs C West & Sons:—Gentlemen—Having used the various oils sold in this city for illuminating purposes, I take pleasure in recommending your "Aladdin Security" as the safest and best ever used in our household. Yours truly,

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jan1

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