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J. N. GAMMON, Emporium of Fashion, MAIN STREET, M North Carolina,

knowing the circumstances, offered to allow my friend to finish his course, and pay back to Alma Mater the money advanced, as soon and whenever he was able. It was a hard struggle to decide which course to pursue, accept kind President Felton's offer or go into the world and fight for himself alone and unaided; but, after a few days' consideration, my old friend called on the President, thanked him for his kindness but refused the same.

A business opening he made for lrimself. Frank, genial and open-hearted, he left us and many a regret we felt as we bade a sad farewell to our old companion and class-

Shortly after leaving college business called him to Paris, and we heard, at the same time, of his success and engagement to one of our American belles.

Last summer, after a lapse of twenty years, we met again at Chamounix-but my friend was hardly to be recognized. Though but forty his hair was white, his form was more that belonging to a man of advanced years than to one in the prime of life, his eye alone retained its youthful glance-yet had an expression so kind and yct so sad that the stranger at once became interested, watching long that face, which, though not handsome, was fascinating to the last degree.

We sat long after midnight in the balmy air on the hotel piazza, the rays of the ful moon shining over the valley, talking earnestly of our old college days. Many inquiries Caleb made after old friends, and as now and then he would ask for some particular one, I would inform him that he had already joined the long list of those that were no more. I asked him about himself, how the world had treated him, but was unable to obtain any information, and noticing that my inquiries troubled or pained him, turned the subject, and spoke of my proposed trip among the Alps.

"Those mountains are old friends of mine," said Caleb; "there is not a nook or corner I have not visited, not a peak save Mt. Resa or the Matterhorn I have not ascended, and in the month we are together I will take you to the points of most in-

terest." So we journeyed together, sometimes on foot, sometimes on mules, enjoying the bracing air, the wild and superb scenery, till at last we reached Interlaken-the most beautiful of all Swiss villages. We stopped for I was educated five years in old Switzerat the Victoria, and Caleb not feeling well land, but I gave out when I reached here. I took a room opening into his. Daily we This locket, Frank, has never quitted me, proposed starting, but daily my old friend became weaker, and to me it was evident band, "was wished on by her-God bless became weaker, and to me it was evident that he was not long for this world. His her! and now at the last moment I see her disease no doctor could fathom, and as they telt his pulse which had now become feeble they prescribed medicine after medicine, all of which I regularly bought, but none of

which Caleb would take. "Their science is of no avail to me, his pillow. Frank," he would say with a sweet smile, "I feel that my days are numbered and

before long I shall be no more."

body, even myself, thought my fortune was made-but it fell as quickly as it was built, this beautiful castle of mine! Sympathy was freely expressed, I was recovering from the shock prepared to go to work again, when a letter from Baltimore informed me that stories defamatory to my "who in all my adversity had stood by me. It was not an hour before I determined to

return to her. My friends and relations laughed and said, 'you will be jilted for your trouble.' They begged me to stay in Europe, one personal friend offered me a partnership-but I felt I must go.

"I met my enemies, they retracted, and once more 1 was restored to her. Our love grew daily, hourly. I loved her more than did my life, and there for the first time I became aware of the strength of my passion. The panic of '57 had struck the country, business openings were few and my misfortune, my suit was displeasing to the family, and thinking the field for business more bright in San Francisco, as also

that her family would become reconciled by my absence, I left Baltimore and went to California. I had been gone but three. weeks when one fine day she wrote me, breaking our engagement, but, noble girl that she was, promising to be true to me. At this point of his narrative Caleb's voice was choked and it was some time before he

could continue. ter now and then to her.

"One day I met a friend from Baltimore. I inquired after her and was told she had retired from business and sailed for Japan, trying to bury my grief, my disappoint-ment, but it has killed me. For fifteen years I have wandered the earth, visiting every place of interest, avoiding friends, avoiding to inquire after her. This year I decided to visit the scenes of my boyhood, again from my window."

Such sobs, such deep, heavy sighs I never have heard as escaped Caleb's lips on finishing his history. Night had already set in and my friend tossed feverishly on

"Frank," he at last murmured, "ask her if she will come to me?"

They shook and rode on for a few hundred yards.

"Don't know what aigs are worth over thar, I recond ?"

The St. Louis man said he didn't, at the same time drawing out a silver tobacco character were being circulated. They had box and taking out a few threads of fine reached her ears," pointing to his locket, cut which the countryman eyed with wonderment. The city man saw his look of astonishment and anxiety, and asked his country friend to have a chew.

"I don't keer if I do," he said, pulling something out of his mouth. "We don't often get it cut up into strings like that over here." He put a bundle in his mouth and as he chewed, his eyes fairly glistened. "Jeerusalem! That's the wateryest chaw I ever tuck, by Gosh! It's runnin' down the crax of my month and feels good enough to swaller." Then he turned to the window beside him and expectorated about a quart. Splash it went against the clear hardro fin", so, seeing that on account of glass which had been washed off by the storm.

The countryman looked around to see how many people in the car had seen it. and then, turning to the city man who had tried to be calm, he whispered

"I swar. I thought that ar winder was That's what a durned fool gits for up. foolin' with new fangled things."

The Melancholy Czar.

Whatever the Czar may be doing-huntness, but the wound is as fresh to-day as under conditions which remind him that he the barn-yard by one of the curiosities of , twenty long years ago. Well," resuming has no true fellowship with his kind. the Hook-an aged goat, of unknown his story, "the shock deadened me to the When he kills a boar he stands well ahead species, the survivor of a large flock deworld, all I cared for now was money, I of his suite to meet the monster, the rest became a hermit. I worked day and night, being so disposed, indeed, as to help him had twenty arms, twenty heads, and in in case the boar should show himself unfive years amassed a fortune, In this time duly forgetful of the distinctions of eti-I saw nobody, wrote to nobody, save a let- quette. The very winter palace, which is the Czar's ordinary residence at St. Petersburg, is but a splendid prison of state, where 6,000 titled jailers stand between married. That blow killed me, Frank! I him and the outer world. If I had time I should like to describe that palace, at the risk of traveling over ground already covered by the guide-books. It is a town within a town. Its inmates are a veritable population, duly graded into the minutest sub-divisions of official rank. The Czar, to do him justice, often breaks bounds, and indeed up to a late date he continued the habit of all his predecessors of going out on foot every day. But the recent attempt on his life has changed all that, and made him more lonely than ever. He has now fallen completely into the hands of his advisers, and their advice, in default of better, is that he shall increase the distance between him and human nature. Before that unlucky pistol shot he went out afoot to pay his regular morning visit to a person in whom he took particular interest, and to two or three laughing children, who were perhaps the only "subjects" who could venture to treat him with that familiarity I left the apartment, met the ladies and for which his heart must sometimes yearn. stated my mission, taking care not to say He was returning to the palace from such

place was found, with ashes still upon it. What this prison-like chamber was intended for is by no means apparent. The lens is ninety feet from the ground. Close beside the tower are the keeper's house and barn, surrounded by shade tress and a flowering garden-an oasis in the midst of sand-hills. Here almost every object offers a suggestion of storm and disaster. That arm-chair on the piazza drifted ashore from the brig Swett (Captain George Pendleton), which foundered off the east shore during the winter of 1868. Here is a remnant from the British ship Clyde, and there one from the brig Prosper, which, during a terrific gale, drove on the bar near the west beacon. Here is a figure-head that once danced over the waves defiant of storms, now warped and weather-stained; and on the side of the barn, just beneath the dovccote, is a stern-board bearing the name Trojan, close to which nestle the cooing doves. The cow sheds are built of wreckwood, and one side of the hen-coop 18 'enclosed by a panel from a French brig, claborately carved with sprays of foliage, which, when it was disentangled in fragments from the sea-wreck upon the beach, was gorgeous with gilding, but which, with the exception of a bright spec here and there, is now bare and brown, Keeper Patterson has been in charge of this light for eighteen years, during which period more than fifty? wrecks have occurred within sight of his lantern. When milking-time "Forgive me, Frank, for my unmanli- ing, dancing, dining or idling-it is always comes, the keeper's cows are followed to scended from a pair left here by pilots many

Good Winter Flowers.

years ago.

Sweet Alyssum is a very suitable plant for indoor blooming in winter, the delicate fragrance and modest beauty of its flowers make them a favorite in the construction of bouquets. Small plants from the garden may be potted in the fall, and placed in a rather cool situation, in the house or greenhouse, where they will bloom during the winter and spring, when may be planted in the open border again. Another method is to sow the seed in pots in September, . which will produce plants for winter flowering. Mignonette may be similarly treated. September is a suitable time for sowing seeds of Perennials, as Digitalis, Delphinium, Rocket, Dianthus, Sweet William, Stock, &c. On the approach of severe weather the young plants should be pro-tected by covering of forest leaves, pine boughs, long manure, &c.-Plants raised in this way will be excellent for flowering the following season. Early fall is also a good time for the prepartion of hanging-baskets, for house decorations in winter. Planting many plants in a comparatively small bulk of soil, as is generally the case in hangingbaskets, is at the expense of the vitality of plants, for the soil becomes exhausted and

ERRAM, NOTON	ed, touching his heart with his now weak how far gone Cale	eb was. Such surprise, piness and love as came of Nihilism in his madness, meeting h	For this reason the soil for baskets
SAVE YOUR MONEY.	cheer him up, but to no avail, ne would only smile softly and tenderly upon me as if to say "Why encourage a man when you know it is too late." August was drawing to its close, my friend was ying by the open window, the sun and warm air apparently cheering him sun and warm air apparently cheering him	y absence, had got out of ng in his dressing gown Two cries rent the air, him, one of such acute from Miss McClermont as	should be concentrated and permanent in character as possible, and waterings with dulute guano water might sometime prove beneficial. Many of the small deheate- growing plants and trailers are among the most beautiful and appropriate for basket purposes, and although simple in themselves, when placed in tasteful combination they
BARBEE'S DRUG STORE	and happy promenaders; of a sudden he gave a start, a low painful cry which brought me to his bedside. He was sitting upright, his eyes fixed on two ladies in the in the garden below. "Frank." he said, in the garden below. "Frank, follow	e. "Kiss me, darling, as aleb. Miss McClermont love to his lips—but it aithful heart had ceased by Leblanc, of the Boulevard Magenta	was ed. ain him ha ain bim bim bim bim bim bim bim bim bim bim
IS HEADQUARTERS	those ladies and find out who they losed where they are staying," and then he closed his eyes. Feeling convinced that in some unac- countable way my friend's past life, which ment, broke the ex- to him	well-known Paris armorer, who supp well-known Paris armorer, who supp the theatres for their mimic wars, but well- the theatres for their mimic wars, but we also knows how to turn out work to would bear the brunt of a real one. blanc's first imperial customer, was Emperor Napoleon III., and it was pro-	hat Le- the ba- the ba- the ba- the ba- the the ba- the the ba- the the the the the the the the the the
For Pure Drugs, Genuine Medicines, &c.	nected with the ladies referred to, 1 reason out in quest of the information, and soon ascertained them to be a Mrs. and Miss McClermont, of Baltimore. Caleb trem- bled all over as I told him the names, his	in the little church-yard d over his grave rises a he only inscription—"A ARABELLE. ARABELLE.	a range of color as possible, thus making a finer contrast. Some of the stronger-grow- ing creeping plants and trailers are apt to encroach upon those which are more deli-
E EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN A	the tempest. "Where are they staying	s in Pennsylvania pour hout 50,000 barrels of e in the assessed valua- in Montana in 1877 some mystery asked if he could mak coat of mail that would turn a revo bullet. He was doubtful himself of own powers in this respect, though he already provided Napoleon with an un	his had der- Bonanza O'Brian's estate turns out
"TIP-TOP" DRUG HOUSE.	correctly, MIS. and Lifeton in the second sis on the last. "Certainly," I replied, at a loss how my over that of 1876	, was \$1,254,733,45. I shirt warranted to tail the ouge	