VOL. 2.

GRAHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, FEBUARY 13 1877

K. S. PARKER

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In a darkened chamber, dark with the awful shadow still more than with

the lack of material light, tour persons were gathered round a bed, on which lay a man bearing in his face mons which none can refuse to answer. A weeping girl knelt by the bedside, her toce bent over the nerve-less hand which she held as though by that convulsive clasp she could hold her father still to life. At a lable, overed with papers and writing materials, sat the dying man's solicitor engaged in the prepations of his will.
"What names shall I insert as trus-

tees? You should have two at The dying man paused ere he replied with an effort:

"Geoffry Howard, Major One Hundred and Eleventh, now in India. I have no other friend."

"In that case may I venture to offor my humble services, subject to the naual proviso. I should be delighted to be useful to Miss Hope; and if von friend is abroad, there may be difficulties."

"True, Slythorpe, I thank you. rascality. Make yourself trustee, then, with Major Howard. Legacy-200 for your trouble."

"Nay, my dear sir, quite un ary. I really—'
But again the ready pea travelled over the paper, and a qua ter of an hour later Mr. Slythorpe announced that the document was ready for execution and in a low mechanical mons otone read over its provisions.

Yes, that will do. Give me the pen," he said; and with a shaking hand affixed his signature.

Thank God, that's safe!" he g ing? God bless you, my darling?

These were the l. st words &

Hope ever spoke.

A year had passed away since
Bernard flope's death, and Mary still remained an inmate of the house Mrs. Murgatroyd, the good woman whom we have seen in attendance at her tather's last illness, and who, to her estates as times, and who, to her escasional occupation as nurse, no other sign of emotion. "How did added the more permanent one of it happen," she said, with an effecting lodgings. Mary's sweet face and gentle manner hall quite won the heart of her goed-natured landlady, who was unceasing in her endeavors to soothe her greef and minister to her comforts. But she had and invested it in a new mining com-another trouble --noue the less hard pany, the Wheal Marina, which to bear that it was one in which she promis ther's most valued, friend but had insensibly grown very dear to herself,
and when, six mouths before Bernari
Hope's death, he was summoned
with his regiment to India, he left
Mary his promised bride. Twice he
had written within the first lev
liable for calls to the amount of about weeks of his departure, since which time there had been a terrible silence, and in the same week which
left Mary fatherless, a second blow
tell upon her. The Oue Hundred
and Eleventh had been engaged in a
smart skirmish, the number of dead

and as amart skirmish, the number of dead and wounded being considerable. Geoffry Howard was reported among the fallen, and Mary had to mourn at

once her lover and her father.

The death of Major Howard left The death of Major Howard left Mr. Slythorpe sole trustee of Mr. Hope's will, This to Mary was a matter of the most perfect indifference. Suspecting evil of no one, she was willing that her little fortune, amounting to some five or six thousand pounds, should rest in Mr. Slythorpe's hands as in those of any other person. But of late the attorney had begun to persecute her with attestatul from any one, but were doubly so from a person whem she could not help regarding with an instinctive dislike. And in truth Mr. Siy, thorpe was not precisely the person to win a fair lady's fancy. Underwized, high-shouldered, with blinking pashless eyes, and a general angularity, not to say knobbiness, of feature, superior to any weakness as to personal appearance, but such was by
no means the case. Mr. Slythorpo
one morning knecked at Mrs. Murgatroyd's door. That good tady was at
the mement engaged in dusting Miss

make a clean breast or it—to tell you
the mement engaged in dusting Miss

make a clean breast or it—to tell you
the fashions.

One Firthing Dam. Hope's room, and catching sight of her hand fell upon a portrait, which that company it was a talse alar she took out and waged at foundly late of leading the contract of the company it was a talse alar

"There's that nasty worriting lawyer again, I do declare. S'ythorpe, indeed! I'd Slythorpe him!"

It would be hopeless to endeavor to express on paper the intensity of meaning Mrs. Murgatroyd threw into her newly coined verb. Mary smiled at the good lady's vehemence.

"My dear Mrs. Murigatroyd. you really shoulfu't be so severe. Mr. Slythorpe is a little peculiar, but have no doubt he means kindly, and you know he is the trustee of poor papa's will."

"I know he is, my dear, and I wish he wasn't. I know he shouldn't be trustee to a tomeat of mine, dra; At this point the conversation

interrupted by the entrance of the gentleman in question, and Mrs. Murgatrovd, passing him with a final suift of abhorance, quitted the apartnent. Mr. Slythorpe, for once in his lite.

appeared ill at ease. He was got up with his accustomed care, and the suggestion of scented soap which accompanied him was even stronger than usual; but his usual self-satisfied air was wanting. He evidently had s mething on his mind—some piece of

"My dear Miss Hope," he began, after the first greetings had been exchanged. "I grieve to be the bearer of very unpleasant intelligence." Mary locked up with quiet indiffer ence, scarcely believing that, after all she had gone through, any news, good or bad, could have for her more than the most passing luterest. Slythorpe continued: "I am sure that you will believe !

did it for the best; but misfortunes will happen, you know, even with the utmost care and caution. I am sure I thought the investment was as safe as the bank; but there's no trust.

"Only too serious, my dear Mahe tried to say "Mary" but co get it out, and substituted "Miss Hope"—"nothing less, I fear, than the loss of the whole of your little

Mary turned very pale, but gave no other sign of emotion. "How did

the Times that the company is an ut-

"No, no, den't say that, Mise Mary," said slythorpe, in a gently patronizing manner; "it surt as bad as that comes to. I haven't disguised my own feelings towards you, and though you've lost your money, you know, that neede't make any different make any different tended to confirm that impaired by the forest monarch, dethroned by disease, incapable of resistence. Often the rustic Arab comes upon his majesty in his utter helplessness and ends his troules with a blow of a club.

she took out and gazed at fondly. sir, a false alarm."
"Dear old Geoffry, it you had lived, how different my future would have money sir? And what do you mean by

Mrs Murgatroyd in conversation with panies going, and her shares are some one, and then a quick, well-re- worth just double what I gave for some one, and then a quick, well-remembered voice aid, "Where? this room!" And in another moment the "Then what on earth induced you door was flung open, and Mary Hope was sobbing in her lost lover's arms.

dangerously wounded, and had been miss Hope, and I made up my mind to make her Mrs. S.; but somehow in an Indian dangeon, where for many many weeks his life hung on a thread by reason of an attack of malignant fever. He had landed in Times, almost the first thing I cought dangerously wounded, and had been England but twelve hours previously and had lost not a moment in seeking the presence of his darling and her father, for he was of course ignorant of Bernard Hope's death. Mary too, had much to tell and nestling by Gooffrey's side, her little white fingers hidden in the rugged brown: hands of her lever, which held them as they could never again let them go, she told him all she had gone through—the death of her father, the history of the will, and lastly, the loss Mr Slythrope su

of her little fortune.
"I don't understand it," said

has happened so unfortunately."
"I don't believe it, darling. If all had gone well you would simply have received your 3 per cent., and Mr.

"O, Geoffrey, Geoffrey! I'm afraid on have come home very uncharita-ie. Besides, what does it matter bic. Besides, what does it matter about stu, id money, now I have got you back again? Unless, indeed, you

having the money."
There is only one possible answer to such an accusation, and Major Howard made it; that is to say, he and dropped the subject. On leaving her he took a Hansom cab, and drove to the office of the liquidator of the company, when, on his stating that he desired to make some inquirers his astonishment, that there and never had been, any a in Miss Hope's own name, and again was answered in the negative. Ut-terly bewidered, he drove to Mr. Slythrope's office. Mr. Slythrope was at home, and he speedily found himself in the attorney's prescence Mr. Slythrope was a little nervous Poor Mary's fortitude quite gave and Major Howard's announcement way. "O dear, what shall I do? I that he had called on behalf of Miss haven't a friend in the world."

Mary Hope did not tend to increase

been! I suppose I ought to say God's will be done, but, it's very hard, very hard!" A few moments she continued gazing through her tears at the portrait, when a sharp knock at the you're quite obliged. Miss the outer door startled her, and she Hope's money is in the Wheal Mary replaced it in the desk. She heard Ann, one of the most flourishing con.

Geoffrey Howard had been I've taken an uncommon fancy sight of was the smash of the Wheal Marina, and the similarity of nam gave me quite a turn, for just at enough to say "Yes" to Samuel Slythrope." And then I thought I'd try it. It was merely a little innocent practical joke—a roose d'amour

Geoffey. "The man has been playing crash, and Mr. Simuel Slythorpe some very deep game."

"Prehaps he really wished to get clerk outside, hearing the downfall me more—what do you call it?—

popped his head into the room, but t seeing the state of things it retired again, remarking: "Beg pardou; thought you rang

Meanwhile Major Howard

And with no pomp or cere breakfast no speeches. no tried when the jury, in awarding farthing by way of damages, pressed their unanimous regret there wasn't a smaller coin.

THE DYING LION.-A FE who served for many years in Algeria
writes an interesting account or a dying lion. Fangless, covered with mange and blind, is the king of beasts on approaching the close of his reign. When not lying mourfully prestrate and alone in some sheltered nook, or behind some friendly mound over-grown with shrubbery, he feebly skulks within a small circuit of his lair in quest of a morsel of prey, which in obtaining. At this stages of his carreer, if his scent does not utterly fail him, his sole resource for nutrition is an occasional nest of field miss. Often the rustic Arab somes upon his majesty in his utter helplessness and ends his troules with a blow of a

leaves." They did it to keep up with

l'obacco sales. shall resume public sale

at the well known

Blackwell's Du

HAUD OUAR-

for all grades.

Bright Smokers in great demnad

AFLORENCE

