

—Is Guiteau to be prosecuted with the same vigor as the star route robbers? —Sarah Bernhardt took in \$177,000 during her long trip to the United States, out of which she netted the round sum of \$42,000.

—At Munich they have revived an old custom of painting the outside of the houses, making beautiful exterior decorations.

—One of New York's tenement houses fell in on Wednesday and buried quite a number of victims. Five bodies have been recovered.

—The Evening Tribune has made its appearance at Greensboro under the management of R. T. Fulghum, Esq. To be sure it is well edited.

—Washington City has donned a spring attire. Buds are on the trees and new leaves are putting out from the shrubs. Flowers are blooming.

—California has the small-pox bad. It came from Chicago. The trains are being inspected, and if any cases are found among the passengers they are quarantined.

—The population of India, by the recent census, is 252,000,000, which is five times the population of the United States, and eight times the population of Great Britain, the ruling power.

—Mr. Kelly's newspapers have asserted daily for weeks that the election of the Democratic State ticket meant a victory for Mr. Tilden and his renomination for the Presidency in 1884. Well.

—The Statesville American says: These men denounce the internal revenue which has harassed the government through perilous times, saved the Union, &c., &c. Oh, my neighbor. You mean saved the Republican party.

—It is not often that a woman attempts forgery, but Miss Florence Ducat is up for forging a note for \$900, which she had the address to get the money on from an Ohio bank. These are not the crimes which women usually commit.

—It seems that Statham has not yet taken possession of the postoffice at Lynchburg, and that Mr. Bailey, the efficient superintendent of this division of the mail service, was removed for political reasons. He preferred being a Republican.

—They don't seem to rate a wife very high in New York. Patrick Byrne was indicted for killing his better half, Anne, and pleaded guilty to manslaughter, and was sentenced to four years' imprisonment. Perhaps Anne was not gentle.

—There has been some good shooting over the water between Mr. Crawshaw and Dr. Carver. They shot at 100 pigeons thirty yards. Carver scored 93, and Crawshaw 82. They also shot at 100 starlings, and Crawshaw won by a score of 81 to 71.

—The Philadelphia Record tells of the extraction of a bullet from the brain of a Mr. Tutty, who shot himself two months ago. The ball was buried three inches within the brain, and was taken out in four pieces. If Tutty was not muddled in his head when he shot himself, he certainly ought to be now.

—How high we have got. Alphon W. Tourgee has written Mr. Bok, an autograph collector, that he accumulates drawers full of requests for autographs and occasionally devotes a day simply to signing his name. Another prominent man receives an average of thirty letters a day asking for his autograph.

—The Statesville American, referring to THE NEWS AND OBSERVER and some other papers, says: "These same journals, that a few months since opposed the manufacturing of spirits in the State," &c., &c. Oh, no, neighbor. Tell the truth and shame the devil. You know very well that THE NEWS AND OBSERVER took no such position—nor did the Democratic party.

—Bismarck has been seized by another of his resigning fits. He is "weary of being made the target of all the wickedness, business, calumny and malicious suspicion of 45,000,000 of people." The theory of parliamentary government requires that the prime minister shall be in sympathy with the majority of the Reichstag. The progressists and clericalists together have a clear majority. Will Bismarck, indeed, resign?

—The Springfield Republican says: That disreputable editor in Quincy, Ill., is still laboring to get himself tarred and feathered, or tossed into the river, or something of the sort, and it isn't at all improbable that he may succeed yet. Here is one of his latest efforts in that direction: "We stand by the record. James A. Garfield was a bad man living, and he is a bad man dead. He has been sent to his account. Let him answer for his crimes as best he may. As God reigns, we believe his soul was shot into hell by an assassin's bullet." It is fortunate for the South that that disreputable editor in Quincy is an Illinois hoosier, who probably "fought it out with Grant on that line all summer."

—Paul Morphy, the celebrated chess player, is, it is said, afflicted with two singular hallucinations. One is a horror of the game of chess; the other is the continually recurring notion that unless he can secure a loan of \$200 he will be financially ruined. His condition is well understood by his friends, and he goes about among them asking for a loan of \$200, which is never refused, and which he never takes. When he drops into an office with this request, apparently in extreme anxiety, the friend to whom he applies responds: "Certainly, Mr. Morphy; will you take the money now?" He is instantly calmed with this reply, and goes away with the remark that he will call for it again; but he never does. He resides in New Orleans.

—The body of a young lady was buried fifteen years ago in a cemetery six miles east of the village of Afton, in Chenango county, N. Y. It was removed recently to the new cemetery in the village. The Enterprise says that when the coffin was ready to be removed from the grave it was discovered that the body was petrified, and required the united efforts of four men to raise it, and could not have weighed less

than four hundred pounds, although in life she would not have weighed more than 125 pounds. The clothing was decayed and resembled a veil-like texture over the body. The hair, which in life was very abundant, was still in a perfect state of preservation. The features were a little shrunken and the hands retained their position, folded across the breast. Another body, which was buried about six years ago in the same cemetery not fifteen feet distant, was removed, but with no signs of petrification.

—Zadkiel's Almanac for 1882 has just been published, and predicts all sorts of pleasant and unpleasant things for this country. Its editor, Zadkiel Too Sze, observes in the preface that the spread of an intelligent faith in planetary influence will soon make everybody acknowledge astrology and compel the press to cease their abuse of its votaries. The predictions are in the latter part of February next great excitement will prevail in New York, and a great conflagration will take place in that city. An epidemic of diphtheria and small-pox threatens Washington for March. "About the middle of April Mars will transit the ascendant of the vernal ingress at Washington, producing great excitement in the States; the President's position will be an unenviable one."

The general outlook for this country for some six months to come is by no means favorable. A financial panic and the burning of a theatre are predicted for New York; great excitement, much violence, and shocks of earthquakes are anticipated for the country at large. Some great American will suffer degradation. But about August next everything will be put in good shape again by the beneficent influence of Jupiter in Gemini. Excellent crops and important measures of reform in the direction of civil service, trade and commerce may be expected for next autumn.

—When the Cyprian was wrecked on the coast of Wales a few weeks ago, the two hundred people who stood horror-stricken along the shore saw an act of heroism rarely witnessed under any circumstances. The captain, John A. Strachan, of Liverpool, had told those on board that every one must look to himself. Most of the crew had dropped overboard, and Capt. Strachan also prepared to leap into the billows. He tied a life-belt about his waist and mounted the rail. At that moment he noticed the pale face of a boy peering from below decks. The lad was a stowaway. A few hours ago he was a sneak, an unworthy thing, a miserable pilferer of privileges, but now the skipper only remembered he was a human being, to be saved if possible; at any rate not to be left behind. Without a word Captain Strachan unbuckled the life-belt from his waist and lashed it ship-shape upon the little stowaway, bidding him save himself. "I can swim," said the captain, "take the belt." Over the side went the stowaway, lifted upon the surf like cork; over the side went the captain, trusting, like the good, brave fellow that he was, to his strength, enfeebled with long watching and anxiety. But swimming was impossible in such a sea. The boatswain, struggling for his own life, caught at the captain, who was still making headway, and both went down, never to be seen again, while the little stowaway, with the good captain's life boat about his waist, was flung upon the Welsh coast, battered about, but alive to tell the story of his strange fate and his kind friend's heroism.

THE star-route cases have been brought to an early close. The court, as we understand it, has stricken from its rolls the "information" which the government had filed instead of having the defendants prosecuted by the grand jury. As we said a few days ago, District Attorney Corkhill had even then begun to apologize for the government, and now the reason for his apology becomes apparent. And as we said then, it was too much to hope that Brady and his pals would be punished. Distinguished Radicals are seldom brought to justice for robbing the government. A poor fellow who distills a gallon or two of whisky for his own use on the sly is sent to the Albany penitentiary, but Brady and Dorsey and the rest of the brethren can steal millions from the people's treasury and go scot-free. This is justice. It is not only justice, but it is Republican law. The Judge at Washington says it is law. Information after information has been filed in our federal courts without number. It is the common practice to proceed that way in the courts at Washington, but while it is excellent practice when poor fellows are to be tried, it won't answer when Brady is the man. But such are the beauties of a stalwart administration. No wonder Brady goes scot-free when Arthur is the President. But it would seem that the real trouble antedates Arthur's accession to power. The Judge, however, would probably have decided otherwise were not the stalwarts in power. Yet a fair share of the blame ought to be fastened on those officers of the government who did not take measures to prosecute until it was too late.

From the beginning it has been a miserable blot. It must be remembered that Mr. Brewster was not called into the case until the information had been filed, and then it was too late.

And so we suppose ends the farce. Millions stolen; the thieves known; the evidence at hand; the grand jury in session; but no indictment sent. Afterwards, the government files a paper which the court throws out.

Says the Boston Herald: "A Democratic paper at Raleigh, N. C., will be satisfied with nothing less than the abolition of the entire internal revenue system. It sighs for the good old ante-bellum days, when there were no spies or informers in the land, nor any charges made against our people for violating the laws of the United States." Hardly a term of the federal court is held in that State, it says, but that hundreds of our citizens are dragged from their homes for alleged infractions of the revenue law. And the way it proposes to get rid of this evil is to 'tear up the entire system by the roots.' It doesn't seem to have occurred to the irate editor that a shorter way to reach the same end would be for the citizens of North Carolina to stop breaking the law. The distillers of the Western States manufacture many times as much whisky as the moonshiners of the South, but they are not 'dragged from their homes.' They pay their taxes, like honest and sensible men, knowing that they will get their amount back from the consumers. Would the Raleigh editor join in a demand that the laws against counterfeiting should be 'torn up by the roots,' in order that the gangs in that State might indulge in free coinage without fear of arrest? And if not, why not?" The editor of the Herald is not half as severe as he is expected to be. He draws on his imagination for his facts, and his argument is therefore nothing but an autumn breeze. There are no gangs of counterfeiterers in North Carolina, and the Herald shows spleen as well as ignorance in making the suggestion. The other suggestion that the distillation of spirits and the manufacture of tobacco stand upon the same platform as counterfeiting is worthy of the Herald. Ordinary mortals recognize a wide difference, but the editor of the Herald, in effect, suggests that there is none. It would appear to be labor lost to reason with an individual whose perceptions of right and wrong are so mixed. But while the undertaking is quite hopeless, we shall still attempt to enlighten our Boston critic on the subject of the internal revenue system in North Carolina.

Spies and informers have ever been objects of loathing, and their trade itself is conducive to moral obliquity. Ordinarily they seek only to put money in their purse, by means fair or foul, but in this State these infamous creatures have also another purpose to subserve. They make their trade serve a political purpose. Many innocent men, unskilled in the affairs of the world, are allured by these spies and informers into the toils of the law and then subjected to a pressure which leads them to a compromise, involving the payment of money and a change of politics. That of itself is an evil, but we fear that our brother of the Herald cannot perceive it. "Hundreds of our citizens are dragged from their homes for alleged infractions of the revenue law." Were they guilty, this too would be an evil, on sound public policy commending the repeal of the system, but usually they are not guilty, and after being harassed and harried and their business interfered with and great expense incurred, the cases go off one way or another. And so the evil is augmented.

But more than that, these revenue officers are not unfrequently themselves engaged in defrauding the government, and their example is a corrupting influence which works a great damage to society. The editor of the Herald perhaps cannot comprehend this, but that is his misfortune rather than our fault. In addition it tends to solidify, giving the authorities at Washington increased control over the local politics of the States, and making the elections hinge on the will of the department instead of the wishes of the people. But to make the matter short, any system whose practical workings are so injurious to a people as the internal revenue laws have proved to be in North Carolina, ought not to be continued in force longer than necessary in a country whose government is supposed to be for the benefit of the citizen.

The success of the Readjuster party in Virginia is no longer in doubt, and that party is hereafter to exert an important influence upon the destiny of the Old Dominion. Virginia has her foibles, and her magnificent citizens their faults, but taking them all in all they are a great and worthy and excellent people. They inherit the virtues of their patriotic fathers, and are to-day as splendid a race of men and women as the sun shines upon. Their fate, then, is a matter of great interest to us, and should be to all who appreciate excellence in human character. We cannot forecast their future without sentiments of profound regret and sympathy. What is to be their future? A small fraction of white men sustained by the larger sort of the whites and the negroes have it in charge. Mahone and Cameron and Riddleberger may not now contemplate surrendering themselves to the dictates of the lower strata of their conglomerated party, but when the occasion arises they are sure to do so. The philosophy of the situation is that negro sentiment is to control the destiny of the people. Whatever the negroes shall demand as the price of further alliance is sure to be granted, and what they will demand is to be measured only by their demands in the past. Political equality will certainly be followed by social equality, and the barrier being down the prejudices of that race whose votes are courted will certainly be observed. The standard of the negroes—neither more nor less. That, at least, is the lesson which history teaches. In such matters it is the first step that costs, and with the Readjusters, the first great step has already been taken. Hereafter the intercourse between them and their negro allies will be closer than ever, and at the next election they will recite in glowing words the wrongs of the poor negroes, and sing in dulcet strains, "Come to my bosom, my own stricken dear."

The editor of the North American Review, having refused to print Judge Black's reply to Ingersoll's last article, in which he made a vituperative attack on Judge Black, the Judge publishes a long letter exonerating the editor of the Review, and bombarding Ingersoll with his heaviest rifle projectiles. It is a caustic bit of literature.

ASTOR, the millionaire candidate for Congress, lost his election because, among other things, he was a stalwart. In the New York Legislature he stood up for Conkling to the last, and so Conkling and Grant stood up for him. On the morning of the election Grant and Conkling, arm in arm and under one umbrella, paraded with muddy boots and bespattered trousers from one to another of the various polls on Sixth avenue and elsewhere in Astor's district. They were generally recognized and were stared at with the surprise a double count would excite, but, even with their spreading tail of negroes and rag-muffin boys, their visit did not have much effect. "Astor can't be helped in that way," said a flower man. "If his money can't do it, Grant and Conkling can't do it either. He has wasted many a big gold piece, and now his big friends are just wasting themselves for him, and that's the way everybody looks at it." And that was even so. What his yellow boys failed to do, Grant and Conkling could not accomplish. Indeed, it may be that their presence only served to ensure his defeat. The people do not like to be overawed and whipped in by big men. They will kick.

The result in New York appears to be still uncertain. Perhaps our latest dispatches may dispel the doubt. At any rate, we have gained a Congressman, have elected a party, if not all, of the State ticket, and have secured both branches of the Legislature. This gives us the power to legislate subject to the veto of Gov. Cornell, and with this power comes that of redistributing the State for Congressmen, which will secure us, perhaps, as many as half-a-dozen more Democratic members of Congress, to which we have long been entitled.

The New York World says: A Produce Exchange broker said: We have had another general break here to-day. Wheat opened 1/2c lower and, after a little trading, further declined 1/2c, but toward the close recovered about 1/2c on the near-by options. There have been many more sellers than buyers. About 160,000 bushels wheat have been posted as out of condition. A good deal of long wheat has been sold out, so the margins were getting thin. Our export demand is a trifle better, though it is still limited, but should a heavy demand from abroad set in I do not think it would in any way check the decline. The Chicago markets are lower, but we have been wholly independent of that market to-day. Provisions have all declined, especially lard, which closed about 1/2c lower. There are many operatives who believe we shall have a further decline, and efforts are being made to break the market still further in order to make their contracts for this season's packing. Shipping men say that the feeling in ocean freights is better; that it is believed breadstuffs are bound to go down, for the grain can't be kept here forever.

"Our market is again lower," said a cotton broker, "and I think we will have a further decline on Wednesday. Liverpool reports from the South of better weather, larger receipts and larger crop estimates. But are freely offered that the yield will be over 6,000,000 bales. A recent issue of Bradstreet's estimates that the yield will prove to be under 4,500,000, but the idea is ridiculed by everybody. I offered to bet \$1,000 that the crop will be over 6,000,000, but can get no takers. The receipts to-day are about 400 bales larger than last year. The last dispatch from Liverpool shows that market to be a trifle easier. The export of cotton at present prices is out of the question."

A Negro Murderer Executed at Whiteville.

(Wilmington Review.) Yesterday, the 4th inst., Henry Lovett, colored, paid the extreme penalty of the law at Whiteville, Columbus county, for the murder of Archibald P. Williams, who was also colored. The crime was committed at Williamson's X Roads, in Tatam's township, in the above named county, on the 19th day of July, 1880. The parties had always been upon the most friendly terms, but upon the day of the murder there had been a slight misunderstanding between them, both being partially intoxicated. The difficulty, however, had been settled, and Lovett went to Williams' and, putting his arm around the neck of the latter, said, "There is no trouble, 'Ard,' (a name by which Williams was sometimes known) between us," and the two walked off a few steps together in seeming friendship, when a blow was heard by bystanders and Williams exclaimed, "I'm a dead man, without cause," and at the same time Lovett was seen to draw his knife from the neck of his victim. The assassin made no effort to escape, and was immediately arrested by some of the people present, while others hastened to the assistance of the wounded man. They found him with his throat and windpipe cut and the jugular vein nearly severed. Medical skill was promptly in attendance, but the man lived only about twenty-four hours after receiving the fatal wound.

On the day of execution the doomed man mounted the scaffold with a firm step and perfectly calm demeanor. After prayer and singing he bade good bye to those in attendance and hoped that he should meet them all in heaven. The sheriff then adjusted the cap and rope and at precisely 12 o'clock and 10 minutes p. m., the drop fell and Henry Lovett was launched into eternity. His neck was dislocated by the fall and he died with hardly a struggle.

Says the London Times: A tale of almost unequalled self-sacrifice comes home from the Transvaal. Dr. Landen, of the Army Medical Department, was wounded at the Majuba Mountain on the day when Sir George Colley was killed. The bullet struck his spine and paralyzed his lower limbs. Knowing that he must die, he called to the orderlies near him and caused himself to be propped up against a bowler. There, in the very presence of death, with his own hand forced the morphia solution into the wounded arm of Corporal Farmer, and thus, rightfully wounded and suffering most acutely, he died. The story is vouched for by the best authority.

W. H. Vaughan is no longer in the employ of J. L. Stone's Music House.

Rev. W. S. Lacy's Lecture at Bingham School.

(Cop. of THE NEWS AND OBSERVER.)

MEBANKVILLE, NOVEMBER 10. In pursuance of the policy of using the public lecture from time to time as a part of the instruction afforded at Bingham School, the Rev. W. S. Lacy addressed the cadets on the 8th inst. His subject was "Books and the pleasures they afford." It is a sure test of merit for a public speaker to secure the attention of a student body, who are critics both by nature and by practice, and I have never seen an audience more pleased, more entertained, or more instructed than the Bingham cadets were by Mr. Lacy. The lecture was learned, thoughtful, cultured, graceful, instructive; and the style, though simple and unadorned, was elegant and chaste, and was often adorned with the choicest flowers of rhetoric. It must be an indication of a new life's being infused into the educational pulse of North Carolina that such a lecture should be produced in the State and that it should be received with such strong approbation of the thought, the matter and the manner.

R. B.

The Injunction Against the Transfer of the Carolina Central.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthews, formerly of Wilmington, now of New York, have resorted to an injunction by the courts, restraining Murchison & Co. from transferring certain bonds and stock on the ground that the same were held by Murchison & Co. in trust for Mrs. Matthews (having been purchased by them at her request, for her account), and cannot be conveyed without their consent, which is refused. They further claim that the particular bonds purchased by Mr. Robinson do not really carry the control of the road, even if the sale had been valid.

It would therefore appear that this permanent connection, so long sought by the Seaboard Railroad, cannot be consummated without a formidable contest in the courts, the Matthews party having already given bonds to the sum of \$75,000.

Should the sale by Murchison & Co. to the Seaboard road of the bonds in question, at 110, which Mrs. Matthews claims were bought for her account at 75, be confirmed, it is further alleged by the litigants that the control of the stock does not go with these bonds, which are seconds, but really belongs to the holders of the first mortgage bonds, under an agreement ratified by two-thirds of the bondholders, for whose account the road was purchased at a receiver's sale about two years since, and further, that a minority, acting under a verbal agreement, subsequently set aside this arrangement by alleged irregular proceedings. It is claimed that Mrs. Matthews actually owns over one-half of the road, and that herself and Mr. Matthews control also a majority of the first and second mortgage bonds.

Shooting Affair at Fort Mill, S. C.—One Man Killed—Internal Revenue Seizure.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., November 9.—This afternoon, at Fort Mills, S. C., twelve miles from this city, James Sutton, a young planter, shot and killed Nat Gibson, a constable. Seven shots were fired by the two men, Gibson receiving two balls, one in the breast and one above the mouth. He died almost immediately. The difficulty originated in the execution of an attachment by Gibson upon the property of a brother-in-law of Sutton's. Sutton escaped, and it is not known whether he is wounded or not, although the shooting took place in the postoffice in the presence of several witnesses.

Internal Revenue Agent Brooks, of South Carolina, reports to Commissioner Raum that on Monday last he instructed Deputy Collector Spears to make search for unstamped tobacco, reported to have been removed and concealed from Tatom's factory, near Cheraw, S. C., that fifty boxes were found concealed in a building on Tatom's farm, and that the factory, with 800 boxes of tobacco, forty pounds to the box, was seized. Commissioner Raum estimates that the property captured is worth \$8,000.

Mercenary Runaway.

(From the Wilmington Star.) Information was received here late yesterday afternoon that Mr. James Sprunt and a younger sister had been seriously injured while out driving on the turnpike, near the sound, by the horse running away and throwing them out of the buggy.

Mr. W. H. Sprunt and Dr. Thos. F. Wood at once started for Capt. Manning's place on the sound, where the sufferer had been removed. On arriving they found Miss Sprunt not seriously hurt, but Mr. Sprunt very badly injured, one leg being so badly broken as to require amputation. Mr. W. H. Sprunt came back to the city for Dr. Love, to assist Dr. Wood in performing the operation, and they returned immediately. No further particulars could be ascertained as our informant could not be detained, but we sincerely trust that Mr. Sprunt's injuries may not prove so serious as the necessarily hurried examination of the surgeon indicated. The horse was caught near far from town with the shafts dangling behind and brought to town. He has been owned by Mr. Sprunt for several years, during which time he has run away quite frequently.

Mr. C. B. Wayman, Erie, Pa., writes: "My physicians had given me up to die. They told me my lungs and liver were all decayed and gone. I was very weak, pale and emaciated. By chance I saw Brown's Iron Bitters advertised. I immediately realized that without iron in the blood, life could not exist. With trembling anxiety I sent a servant, who procured me a bottle. I must have taken it with great faith, for almost immediately I felt its beneficial effects. Soon all dyspeptic symptoms disappeared, my lungs grew strong, pains in the region of the heart vanished, my urine became free of sediment, and in a word I have regained perfect health. Now I feel able to thank the doctor that attended me, and really believe I ought to do it."

"We all know," said a cockney school committee-man to the new teacher who was examining for her position, "that A, B and C is vowels, but wot we want to know is yer is so."

A public lecturer, in speaking of the "modern physical degeneracy of woman," exclaimed, "We must take good care of our grandmothers, for we shall never get any more."

Clara Louise Kellogg, at the close of her present engagement, is to marry a wealthy gentleman of New York, after which she is to leave the stage.

"How are You, My Old Friend?"

Asked a bright looking man, "Oh! I feel miserable, I'm bilious and can't eat, and my back is so lame I can't work." "Why in the world don't you take Kidney-Wort?" that's what I take, when I'm out of sorts, and it always keeps me in perfect tune. My doctor recommends it for all such troubles." Kidney-Wort is a sure cure for biliousness and constipation. Don't fail to try it.—Long Branch News.

Seville, Guiteau's brother-in-law, says the latter is insane, and has been always, and "that the country will know it before the trial is over."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS 3.

HIGH NOVELTIES That cannot be found in any other store in this city but

YEARGAN, PETTY & CO.

CELLULOID GOODS: Ladies' and Gents' Collars, Cuffs, Combs, Bracelets, etc.

60-inch all wool Parisian Armures, Striped and Plain Blacks. The very latest importation in Tinsel Dress Goods and other fancies in style and color. Moore Striped Satins—all the new shades. Shaded Ribbon and Buttons to match. English Bombazines, Jet Black and Blue Black. Cashmeres—Bottle Green, Seal Brown, Deedle and all colors.

A full line Waterproof and Ladies' Cloths, for street, traveling and walking dresses, plain and checked.

Embroidered Flannels, for skirts and babies' dresses. Colored Canton Flannels, striped and plain colors. Imported German Wool Breakfast and Shoulder Shawls, for Children, Misses and Ladies. Ladies' and Misses' Marine Vests and Marine Hats.

TO THE WHOLESALE TRADE. Our stock offers unusual inducements. We are selling Glasgow and Carolina Plaids at 75 and 80 cents.

Our stock of Men's Wear is unequalled. We sell a good Kentucky Jeans at 90 cents. A job lot in Tack Combs, 75-100 Dozen Buttons, etc.

Boots, Brogans and Women's Shoes, in lots of one hundred cases, direct from the factories. YEARGAN, PETTY & CO.

Avera, Parker & Norris, WHOLESALE GROCERS

Cotton Commission Merchants, RALEIGH, N. C.

—Groceries by the package to the trade at low prices. THE BAGGING AND TIES. Our motto—To Sell. Merchants will save money by calling and examining prices.

Jersey Cattle, Horses, &c., for Sale. TWO JERSEY COWS, warranted to give the richest milk in the State; one Jersey Heifer; one Jersey Bull, four years old; two Bull Calves, six months old; three cows; one Waggon; two Carts; double sets of Buggy and Waggon Harness; sets of Cart, Plow and Buggy Harness; one Carriage; one Phenomenon Buggy; all kinds Farming Utensils, &c.; one lot Yorkshire Pig; Poultry; Breach-loading Shotgun. Cash or on time. Apply to

G. T. S. R. NACH, Raleigh, N. C. oct28 1m

THE NEW STORE In the Leading Retail House in North Carolina for

Fine Dress Goods!

I am showing GREAT BARGAINS, and would call special attention to my

Brocades, Black Silks, &c. Extra Qualities, Home-tanned.

Also, full lines of DRESS-GOODS in the LATEST SHADINGS AND COLORS. I have a splendid assortment of

Table Damasks, Towels and Napkins!

BLANKETS are amongst my specialties. Information was received here late yesterday afternoon that Mr. James Sprunt and a younger sister had been seriously injured while out driving on the turnpike, near the sound, by the horse running away and throwing them out of the buggy.

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Clara Louise Kellogg, at the close of her present engagement, is to marry a wealthy gentleman of New York, after which she is to leave the stage.

Valuable Land for sale. I WILL offer for sale on MONDAY, 11th day of December, 1881, at 12 o'clock m., at the Court House door in Raleigh, 300 acres of valuable land in Matthews Township, Wake County, on Marsh creek five miles east of Raleigh, adjoining the lands of Wm. Bogan and Madison Baugh, known as the lands of Robt. Truick, deceased. The land will be sold in three parcels, the plots of which may be seen at my office before sale.

Terms of sale—One-third cash, one-third in one year, and the balance in two years with interest on different payments at 8 per cent per annum. Title reserved till purchase money is paid. Sale made for division under an order of the Superior Court of Wake county in special proceedings entitled S. R. Truick and others ex parte. W. H. PAGE, Commissioner. Nov9 1m

Notice To City Tax-Payers. THE city charter requires all taxes to be paid by December 1st. If not paid by that time a penalty of one per cent per month will be added for each month the tax remains unpaid. A. D. ROYSTER, Nov 9 1m

FOR SALE.—An entire printing office press will be sold low, as owner is desirous of changing business. For particulars, address M. HALL, 254 W. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md. [Nov9 1m]

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A. R. LEDOUX & CO., 17 Cedar St., New York City.

Chemists and Assayers, Make ANALYSES OF FERTILIZERS, Chemicals, Minerals, Ores, &c., &c. FARMERS wishing to PURCHASE FERTILIZERS or AGRICULTURAL CHEMICALS, and AGENTS desiring our ANALYSES or our INSPECTION OF GOODS in Baltimore, New York or New England are invited to correspond. Faithful work and trustworthy reports guaranteed. aug2

Andrews & Ferrall GROCERS.

We are offering NEW MACKEREL in 12, 15 and 20 pound kits, and 1 and 1/2 barrels, very cheap.

CORNED BREAFAST BACON, FINE VIRGINIA HAM, BALTIMORE HAMS, BREAFAST BACON, N. C. Side Bacon

FERRIS' BEEF TONGUE AND BROILING BEEF, HAXALL PATENT FLOUR, PATASCO AND SEA FOAM FLOUR, N. C. FAMILY FLOUR.

IRISH AND SWEET POTATOES, ONIONS, &c.

First-Class Goods at Lowest Prices. September 1, 1881.

NOVEMBER 1, '81 FINE PROVISIONS!

EDWARD J. HARDIN, Grocer.

Gordon & Dilworth's Goods. It is not necessary to remind our customers that the Preserves, Jellies, Catsups and Mince Meat, made by Messrs Gordon & Dilworth are the best made, for sale in America. In the materials used, and in cleanliness of preparation, they are like the best home made articles. I offer the following, of this season's packing, bought direct of the manufacturers: Preserved White Cherries, Limes, Peaches, Damsons, Red Currant Jelly, Raspberry Jelly, Lemon Jelly, Gordon & Dilworth's Tomato Catsup, very fine; Gordon & Dilworth's Best Mince Meat; Gordon & Dilworth's Olives. On these goods my prices are the same as those of Park & Tilford and other New York Grocers. Also cheaper Preserves, by the pound, Peaches, Cherries, Currant Jelly, Apple Butter, &c., made by Messrs James D. Mason & Co., and of good quality. Cheaper Mince Meat, Atmore's, 12 1/2c per pound.

Cross & Blackwell's Pickles. Walnut and Mushroom Catsup, Pick