SATURDAY DECEMBER 25, 1886

HENRY W. GRADY, of the Atlanta Constitution, spoke for this section at the dinner of the New Hugland society of New York, Wednesday night. He eulog zed the New without disparaging the Old South. This is the proper spirit in which to treat the theme. The Old South had glories which the New can never hope to attain. Our heritage hasglories, too, however, and of these we cannot be too proud.

As was indicated in one of our telegrams yesterday, young Lord Randolph Churchill has kicked out of the British cabinet. He could not agree with the admiralty and the war office and so resigned. His resignation was not unreasonably the cause of great joy in Ireland, and the government will doubtless run along much more smoothly without such an unmanageable statesman in its councils.

REFEREING again to an enquiry made of us the other day, we would say that one difference between the tenure-of-office act and the civil service act; is that the former applies to appointees of the President to office, the latter to clerks merely, and to such clerks only as belong to the classified service in the departments at Washington and elsewhere. This service is circumseribed, and contains certainly more than 5 per cent of demograts. Outside of it are thousands of employees in the departments and in the large custom houses and posteffices. The greatbody of these are democrats, we feel sure.

Some Time ago our esteemed Brother Yates, together with other brethren of the journalistic calling had a good deal to say to the effect that the state treasury was overflowing with moneythat there was possibly as much as \$900,000 in the public purse. The Naws and Cessavan made a statement to the contrary supported by the necessary figures, but this did not seem give estisfaction. Now we would attention to the figures reporby the legislative examining con mittee. It sppears that the 265, 000 interest fund will be absorbed on the 1st proximo, and that besides this amount there is in the Treasury only about \$130,000, made up as follows: Educational fund, \$23,223 88; Public fund, \$106,402 84. We fancy that the expenses of the legislature will make a pretty big hole in that public fund and where then is the \$900,000 of our friends? We do not recollect that any fiscal year since '67 has been begun with so small a balance as that which is now in the Treasury. A democratic administration is ever economical with the people's money, and the present is a true democratic administration beyond

THE LED OF THE MYSTERY.

The body of Miss Turlington has at length been found. The poor lady seems to have been savagely done to death. Justice now turns to the atrocious murderer and demands his apprehension and his punishment to the full extent of the law. Let the whole power of the state if necessary be exerted towards this end. To all appearance murder most foul has been most foully done, and society eries out for the punishment of the criminal to the end that its innocent and tender members may have protection.
No continent should be broad enough, no ocean wide enough, no diffi culties great enough to save the guilty fiend who took the beautiful young life of Miss Turlington from the consequences of his act. No sentimentality should stay the foot of justice in this case. The murderer of Miss Turlington should be made to answer for his fearful deed, and promptly. In the name of the people we call upon the authorities to exert at once every (ffor to this end. The earnest and unremitting work of the officers of the institut tion with which Miss Turlington ww connected to discover the whereaboute of the dead lady cannot be too highly

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Again time in its ceaseless round has brought us Christmas -the merriest day, the brightest, happiest day of all the year. And why is it merry and bright and happy? Because, of course, in the first place it is the day on which we celebrate the coming of the Savieur i to the world "to take upon Him our sins", but also because of the fact that growing out of the primary significance of the day there has come a custom universal among Christian nations to make the festival as far as may be a proctical exemplification of the Divine will expressed in the sentence "Peace on Earth: good-will toward men."

should perish." so we endeavor to

year. Anl so we would suggest today, as s thought of the beauty of an effort to ex- friends.

tend throughout the year the unselfishness, the good-will, the brotherly kindness that we all feel alone appropriate to the greatest feast of the year. We see the joy these characteristics bring to EDITOR

one day of the three hundred and sixtyfive. How bright would they make the whole year were they extended through the twelve months in their fullness? We do not mean to say that generosity among men is confined to Christmas day. We would only ask for an extension as far as possible of the full measure of kindliness, good feeling and generosity, which, under the best of influences is poured out at Ohristmas, to all the days of the year. We do not mean, either, that we should be making presents and faring sumptuously all the year round. Let the presents and the specially good cheer be reserved for Christmas as now, but let the brotherly kindness, the generous thought for the happiness of others go on through the year. Then will all our days be merry and happy and bright as is this blessed morning, and this is certainly a consummation most devoutly to be wished by the human family. It is by no means beyond the reach of Christians.

OUR BEST WISHES.

In secondance with the custom of years the NEWS AND OBSERVER will take a short holiday during this happy Christmastide and hence there will be no further issue of the paper until Wednesday nex'. Should any event of importance pecur in the meantime, however, we shall inform our readers thereof. For the present, we wish each and every one of those friends of ours who "do us the honor to follow us through these columns a particularly Merry Christmas. May their turkey be done to a turn; may their oranberry sauce be neither too sweet nor too sour; may their celery be crisp and white, their plum pudding all that a man could desire. May Santa Claus visit each little child no matter whether good or bad, for it will be all the same in the end; may love and good cheer abound in the homes of all, and in shore may "God bless us every one."

Bingham's Actions in New York. New York Sun.

Bingham was in New York on Monday, and left on the train going to Council Bluffs it is supposed to shoot Prof. Nick Goodwin, of whom he is insanely | youth.

Bingham was the gold medal scholar of the class that graduated in 1884 from the New York Institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb. Last Sunday afternoon, between 3.30 and 4 o'clock, he reappeared at the Institution for the first time since his departure.

Some of the scholars knew him, but e recognized none of them. He was and Bingham had to spell out her name with his fingers. His actions indicated that he thought himself at Raleigh.

"Are you Goodwin?" he demanded of several mutes in succession, and at the same time he flourished a pistol and said that he was going to kill Goodwin on sight. He showed a big roll of money, and declared that he would go to Council Bluffs, if it was necessary, to shoot Goodwin.

The New York police on Monday night sent out a general alarm describing Bingham thus:

Insane, 25 years old, 6 feet high, dark complexion, brown hair and eyes, nose deformed, sears in neck, brown overcoat and Derby hat.

The ticket agent in the Pennsylvania Railroad depot in Jersey City, says that a man accurately answering the description came to the window about 8 30 o'clock on Monday morning. He made the motion of writing with his lead pencil on the sill, and the agent passed out a piece of paper. He wrote on it: "Council Bluffs, second class," and got his ticket. A few minutes afterwards he boarded his train.

The agent said that the mute did not exhibit any signs of insanity. On the contrary, he appeared to be a bright, shrewd fellow. Nobody about the waiting room noticed anything odd in Bingham's deportment.

Bingham was last seen in New York on Sunday morning at the Cortlandt street ferry. A. Lircoln Thomas, deaf mute salesman for Rogers, Peet & Co, saw him there at 7 o'clock. Mr Thomas was graduated from the institution with Bingbam, and he at once recogn sed his

"B'n : bam did not know me." Mr. Thomas wrote on a paper pad yerterday for the reporter. "He acted very strangely, I tried to find out what he wanted, as I hoped to help him, but he could not us derstand what I said. He told me that he had been watching passengers, and wanted to kill Goodwin. He said many times that he would kill Goodwin on sight Goodwin had stolen his sweetheart, and had run away with her to this city. He could not find Miss Turlington, he told me, and he said nething about his having killed Miss Turlington or of his intention to kill

Mr. Thomas wrote also that he inferred from what Bingham told him that Miss Turlington was not in North Carolina, but was safe away from home, and that Bingham did not know where the was, but guessed she was in New

Elits-Grant.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE IN NORTHAMPTON

GARYSBURG, N. C., Dec. 22, 1886.

Cor. of the News and Observer.

One of the pleasant events of the sea-As the Omnipotent wishes us well, son occurred this morning near Jackson, seemed to be a little clearing shoad, and since "He would not that any the county seat of this county, in the he resolved if he did not come upon the marriage of Miss Sarah J. Grant, the game there he would stop and eat his follow the illustrious example that young and levely daughter of Rev. Wm. luncheon. He crept cautiously to the has been set us and seek to do good it. Grant, to Dr. D. B. Ellis, formerly of edge of the forest opening and looked our fellows, at least during the blessed Garysburg, row a popular physician of out. Could he believe his eyes? There, Christmas tite, and it is this effort that | Woodland. A large crowd of relatives | standing with upraised head and dilated makes the merriment and the happiness and friends of the contracting parties as nostrils, facing at nearly right angles to and the brightness of the season. It is sembled at the old family residence, him, its heaving side all exposed to the the honest effort to put away from us where the happy couple were gracefully aim of the deadly rife, stood a white at any rate for a time the selfishness that united by the father of the bride. After deer. Old Tom was so startled that he wraps us as a cloak during most of the partaking of an elegant and sumptuous hearly dropped his rifle. He had been epast the newly-wedded pair left for wondering whether the creatures of the their home in Woodland, followed by forest ever came to life again -ever conles o we may draw from Christmas, the the very best wishes of their many fronted their destroyer in spirit form,

THE WHITE DEER

A Christmas Stery.

BY PAUL PASTNOR. The day before Christmas dawned on world arrayed in a dim vestal garment of white-so thin that the brown blades of grass, half covered by the snow, shivered in the morning air, and the withered leaves that had been heaped here and there in hollows and corners, rustled and complained for more of heaven's downy blankets. Old Tom Cambell was stirring early. He had made up his mind that if the weather held right he would try for a little venison for the Christmas feast. The days had passed so swiftly that he hardly realized how near the holiday was until t was close at hand. There was but one day left-but it was a glorious day for deer ! bnow just two days old - a mere film of it in the woods, not enough to craunch beneath the feet or impede the hunter's progress, and yet quite enough to track the wary game; a still day the hunter's scent would not travel far; a day neither too cold nor too warm. too dry nor too damp; in short, a most perfect day for still hunting the lordly buck and the fat doe, in the mountains back of the village. There were two places in the round

world that old Tom could call homes, one his own bit of a cabin on the hillside, which he had built with his unsided hands forty years ago when the country was new, and the other the pretty cortage of his youngest daughter's husband, in the village. It was for the latter and merrier home that the old man wished to secure the unexpected delicacy, a juicy bit of deer's steak, to make the children smack their lips and wonder and tease for stories of the olden time. Grandpa and grandma had been invited to leave their little, quiet cabin on the hillside and spend all the holiday week with the children, and of course they were overjoyed at the thought of the jolly times they were to have. I was even better than living with the noisy brood all the year, as they might

have done had they chesen, for now there was always something to be looked forward to, every holiday season, with ever new and fresh delight; and then, too, Grandfather and Grandmother Campbell, like all old people enjoyed comfortable quiet, except upon very extraordinary occasions when they felt called upon to renew the r

The late winter sun had hardly peeped above the hills when old Tom. fortified within, thanks to Dame Campbell's loving care, with steaming coffee, golden corn cake and potatoes, fried only as our grandmothers can fry them, started on his day's hunt in the woods. His ride-s relic of earlier days, but still serviceable and true to its aimhad been carefully cleaned, and still in great excitement. He made a sign, more carefully loaded, so that in the which is known by the North Carolina supreme moment it might not fail to do mutes to mean Miss Turlington. It was its work. Looking back just as he was not understood by the New York mutes entering the woods at the top of the slope, Tom saw the smoke curling up from the village chimneys, and heard the rambling of wheels and the far-off sounds which betokened the wakening of a new day's life. He could see the very cottage where the loved ones were, perhaps just rubbing their drowsy eyes with their dimpled fists, and wondering whether the unwonted beating of their hearts meant Christmas Day or only the day before. With a last fond look he plunged into the woods, more eager than ever to add to his cherished budget of Christmas gifts a contribution to the Christmas feas' .-

He had tramped nearly all the morning, and was beginning to get both hungry and tired, when suddenly he come upon the well known prints of deer's feet in the tell-tale snow. He beut down and examined them. They were quite fresh; the deer could not have passed more than an hour before. In an instant old Tom was all alert Throwing his rifle from his shoulder to the hollow of his left arm, he began cautiously following the trail, keeping a careful lookout ahead, in readiness to fire at the stirring of a cover or the which of a branch. Like all old deer hunters, he knew the shy and suspicious nature of his game, and that unless he kept himself constantly on the alert, the single chance he might hope for in a day's stalking would be irretrievably

The woods were still as death, as the old man crept along through the dusky aisles of the trees. The midwinter sleep of nature seemed to have deseended upon all things, and there was an atmosphere almost of the unreal and supernatural brooding upon the forest. No sound of bird or squirrel, no rustle of growing things, leaf or nodding fern, no cawing of crows, or answer of hidden hoot howl from the depth of the covert-no sound even of the hunter's feet, muffled in the soft and silent snow. Old Tom could not help feeling to some extent the uncanny influence of his surroundings. "If one ever saw ghosts in the daytime," he mused, "now would be the time and this the place. What if the spirit of some old Indian or the ghost of some dusky maiden of the forest should rise up in my path!" Half laughing to himself at such fancies, the old man bent his eyes more keenly upon the winding track of the deer and the thick coverts before him. Hungry as he was, he did not venture to stop and take the frozen lunch from his pauch lest the game might be hiding in some covert close at hand, and spring away while he was off his guard. The tracks kept growing fresher and fresher. Old Tom was sure he could not be far from the game now, so he resolved to keep on, and if fortune attended him. eat his noonday lunch sitting upon the warm careass of his Christmas deer.

An hour passed-still no deer. Tom was faint and nearly famished. There

pleading eyes. Many a panting deer more. He raised himself on his elbow, had old Tom robbed of his little spark and turning his gaunt face toward Tom, of life; many a dying glance from the moaned: great brown eyes had he turned from with a feeling of almost guilt. And now, could it be that the ghosts of his victims had risen to rebuke him, to haunt him, to pursue him through the that he had been providentially preghostly Winter woods? He would see vented from eating his lunch! He took Slowly and with trembling hands he warming it at the fire, broke it in pieces raised the gun to his shoulder. The and fed it slowly to the sterving man. sight gleamed in the glare of the snow; The white deer looked on approvingly, the barrel sgain. The deer had turned and was looking straight at him. The with a mighty effort he pulled the trig- man would gladly have eaten Tom's ger. The forest cohoed to the sharp re- luncheon entire, but his deliverer knew

Tom Campbell looked at his rifl; and then at the spot where the deer had stood. He could not have missed it; it was scarcely ten paces away. A strange feeling crept over him. Was the while deer indeed a supernatural creature? Had the leaden messenger pierced only a shadow from an unknown world? In a dizid way he threw his rifle over his shoulder without reloading it-a thing he had never done before while in search of game-and stepped out into the clearing. To his am zement he again beheld the white deer standing under the shedow of a fir tree on the opposite side of the open space. - Its eyes were fixed upon him, and the moment he met then a spell seemed to come over him which he could not resist. A strange fascination drew him toward the beautiful creature. The white deer did not stir until the bunter had approached within a few paces; then it turned slowly and led the way into the woods, looking back every few moments, while old Tem, with his empty tifle over his shoulder, followed as in a dream. All sense of hunger and fatigue had depart- where. ed. He had no thought, no feeling, save an uncon querable desire to follow

had so lately sought. On and on through the deep forest went this strangely assorted pair. Tom real z d that he was lost, that he was in a part of the mountains where he had never been before, but still he felt the most utter trust in the white guide He had no fear; a sense of safety, of joy, of expectation filled his whele

the mysterious creature whose life he

It was already growing dusk when the white deer led its hunter companion into a deep ravine, where a mountain brook, scorning the fetters of the frost, leaped down the long slopes of jagged stone with a music as silvery as in June. The deer, gliding without trouble over the rough stones and down the slippery inclines, still led the way, looking back as if to encourage poor Tom, who had terrible time of it, sliding and creeping along the snewy rocks. After a time, however, they emerged into a beautiful little valley, cleared of trees and fenced off rudely with saplings fastened together with withes. In the midst of the clearing stood a small log cabin. There was no light gleaming through the single window no smoke rising from the rudely-plastered chimney. All locked deserted, cold and strange. The white deer, however, kept straight on until it came to the cabin. Then it stopped close by the door and looked appealingly at Tom.

The old man hesitated for a moment, then pulled the leathern latch string, and, as the door swung back with a desolate creak, stopped his head and entered the cabin. Opposite him there seemed to be a fire-place, with just the faintest flickering of a dying fire upon the hearth. Tom fumbled in his pocket, found a match, and struck it. As the blue light deepened into red he saw, in one corner of the room, a low pallet made of straw, hemlock boughs and dirty blankets. On the couch lay a man, apparently dead, the sharp contour of his wasted frame and hollow face cast weirdly upon the wall by the fl ckering light of the match. On a rude table near to hand stood a small bit of tallow dip thrust in'o a bottle, and Tom hastily transferred to its wick the failing flame of the match. As he did so, he saw the white deer standing in the door and still watching tim with its great pathetic eyes. Then it flashed over him in a moment that this strangely tame and beautiful creature was no spiritual visitatt, but a faithful friend and pet of the lonely man upon the couch, seeking with super-human instinet some friendly hand to save from death.

Tom's kindly heart sent the tears welling to his eyes, as, with this thought in his mind, he benf over the low couch and touched the poor man's brow. It was cold, but not with the marble coldness of death. Tom bared the suff rer's breast and placed his hand over the seat of life. Yes, the faithful heart was still beating faintly. The man seemed to be in a stupor-a dy ng sleep of cold hunger, from which he might yet be roused. The first thing to do was to start that sluggish life current. Tom pulled out his pocket flask and poured a few drops of the stimulant between the parted lips of the stranger. Then he took a little of the liquor in his palms and began to chafe the man's preast. Pretty soon the sufferer opened his eye, and as he looked wildly about, the white deer bounded into the room and stood by the couch. So close was it to Tom that it brushed his arm, and as he looked wonderingly up his eyes met the grateful eyes of that wonderfully beautiful, loving creature. It was a strange feeling that swept over the eld hunter, as he inwardly vowed never again to send cruel death to such a b ast

"Who are you, good friend?" whispered the sick man taintly, as he made wain effort to earess the beautiful oreature.

"I am a miserable wretch who would have murdered your gentle pet!" an swered old Tom, softly. "But I will make amends now, sires Heaven kindly turned seide my bullet and suffer d her to lead me to you. Can you take a drop more of this while I stir up the fire and warm this freezing room ?"

Tom closed the door, and blowing the embers, threw some bits of bark on the coals, and then, as the flumes darted up, laid the last bits of firewood over them. As the room grow brighter and haunting him with their great and warmer the sick n.a. roused more and

"For heaven's sake give me something to eat. I am starying!" Tom started and felt for his pouch Yes, it was there, and how glad he was whether the creature were flesh or mist. a piece of his wife's snowy bread, and he rubbed his eyes and glanced along but when Tom playfully offered it a morsel, it jumped back with a sportive toss of its head, and contemplated him old man's hand slmost failed him, but shyly from a distance. The starving port, then all was still again. The the danger of such an excess in the smoke drifted away but the deer was man's weakened state, and restrained him. Presently a sweet sleep settled over the grateful eyes resting upon Tom's, and the old man knew that he had made his Christmas gift to the world

by saving a precious human life. When Tom emerged next day from the woods above the village he met a lorg line of friends and neighbors advalcing to meet him with guns and horns, as if he were some dreaded enemy or wild man of the woods. A great shout went up as he came in sight and a little lad went flying down the hill to bear the good news to the loved ones at home. Then the throng gathered about Tom, and as he stood in their midst he told them about the white deer and the dying man in the mountains. "And now, friends," he added, at the close, "I have taken my last deer hunt." "Amer!" went up from every man

and the boy in the crowd. That night the starving man was borne tenderly out of the wilderness, and close behind him came following the white deer. You might see it today playing with the children in the streets of-but that would be telling

Free Trade. The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines no doubt has largely benefitted the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with Green's August Flower and Bo shee's German Fyrup, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen has been added to incresse the size of the bettles containing these remedies, there by giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size. The Augus Flower for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint and the German Syrup for Cough and Lung troubles, have, perhaps, the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The a vantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size

Weldon News: It is rumored that the Baltimore & Ohio railroad company will buy or acquire the Carolina Central, the Raleigh & Augusta and the Raleigh & Gaston railroads. The rumor cannot be traced to any reliable source. It is even said that propositions for the purchase has been made and some persons go so far as to say that the property will change hands in sixty days.

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The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Sait Rheum, Fever Bores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains. Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Lee, Johnson & Co.

Goldsboro Messenger: There is a movement on foot in this city to start an anti-prohibition paper. We learn that it is to be called "The Bapner of

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should al-ways be used when children are cutting teeth. it relieves the little sufferer at once, it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant, to taste; soothes the child, softens the gums, allay all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowel-and is the best known remedy for diarrhea whether rising from teething or other causes Twenty-Swe cents a bottle.

Washington had a \$1,000 fire last Wednesday.

THE LUCK OF PORTUGESE FROM PAYAL NEW BEI FORD. Nov. 15 ( special.) - A Portuguese from Fayal bought a ticket of The Lot siana State Lottery, and after carrying it in his pocket for fourteen months, gave it to a fellow-countryman who has been n America only a few weeks. The latter investigated, and found that the ticket had drawn \$15,000. The money strived in this city today, and the Por-tue ere will sail in a few days for Fayal.—New Yerk Tribune's Special, Nov . 6 ..

## Hotel For Rent.

We have recen'ly purchased the property known as the Merchants Hetel, which is being thoroughly renovated every respect which we will rent or lease for a term of years. The property is centrally located, and is the largest

and best hotel in the city.

Winston has a population of about ten thousand and is one of the best locations in the State for a first-class hotel. There are now forty or fifty boarders awaiting the opening of the hotel. Correspondence solicited. Ad

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1866

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WANTED —A live, energetic man, to represent us. \$75 per month, and expenses. Goods staple; every one buye, outst and particulars free. STANDARD SIEVES WARE CO.,

L ADIES wanted to get up Tea Clubs for our Pure Teas and Coffees. A host of articles to select from as premiums. Send for filustrated price and premium list. SPECIAL OFFER: to every tenth person that answers this advertisement we will send free one pound of choice tea. Address
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TOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be ma e at the next meeting of the General Assembly of North Carolina for amendment to the charter of the city of Raieigh. C. W. LAMBETH,

dec11 d30d. TOUSE WANTED.

A gentleman desires to rent a house conveniently located and containg six or eight rooms. Address Eox 414, Raleigh, N. C.

Is bereby given that application will be made to the next session of the General As-sembly of North Carolina to incorporate The Carolin Manufacturing ('empany for making bobbins. specis, cotton goods, &c. Raleigh, N. C., Dec. 13, 1886, d30d.

TOTI E.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Citizens' National Bark of Rai-eigh, North Carolina, will be held at their Sanking House on Luck a. m. 857, at eleven o'cleck a. m. JOS. G. BROWN, Banking House on Tuesday, 11th January

Cashier.

dec 18 d2t td. N TOTICE.

The Stockholders of the Raleigh National Bank and of the National Fank of Raleigh will meet at their Barking House in Raleigh, at 10 o'cl ck, second Tuesday in January, 1887. CHAS. H BELVIN, Cashier. This Pec. 21, 18 6 dtd.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE. GREEVED BO, N. C.
The 6:nd Fession of this prosperous school will begin on Tuesday, Jan, 11, 1887. Tuis with first-class educational advantages. Lees tion healthful. Fare good. Faculty (consisting of 3 gentlemen at d 11 ladies) efficient and faithful. Instructions therough. Charges mrdetate. For catalogue apply to dec 21 d2w. T. M. JONES, President.

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THE SPRING TERM of the Misses Nash and Miss Kol'ock's School will open 21. Jan., 1887, and close 9 June, (20 weeks) Circulars sent on application.

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sentains Vases of all descriptions, Toilet Sets, Bohemian glass in all tints and combinations, Beaded Bohemian-glass Finger Bowls and Baskets, China, Dinner. Tea and Chamber Sets, Lava Ware in Smoking Sets and Statuettes, Cups and Saucers in dainty as well as plain styles, China and Majolica Cuspidores, Lamps— Hall, Bracket and Reading. OUR

FANCY GOODS DEPARTMENT

Is marked by Special Completeness, all sorts of pretty and unique articles being shown. Among the specialties are Inkstands, Comb and Brush Cases, Toilet sets, Albums for photographs, autographs, Silver plated ware, Casters, Butter and Fishis dishes, etc., are offered, all special beyones. all special bargains.

OUR TOY DEPARTMENT

Is the most complete in all respects over seem here. Mechanical Toys of all sorts are a specialty. Bicycles, velocipedes, express wagons, carriages of all since, rubber toys, indestructible and sale. DOLLE OF ALL KINDS are displayed, and at prices that will please every purchaser. Dolls in china, wax, bisque, rub-ber, kid; patent doll-heads, in all the new styles. Doll hats and shoes, doll houses, etc. | HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES |

Are shown in great variety: Standard chamber sets, combination tin tollet sets, toilet stands, utlery, baskets of all kinds, tin ware. OUR

CONFECTIONERY DEPARTMENT We claim is a special feature of our business, also. Plain candia, home made and of guaranteed good quality, sold as low as anywhere in the United states. Fine candies, Franch confections—all by Maillard.

| ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING |

In the lines usually kept by a strictly first class China, Toy and Confectionery Store will be always found at SCHWAN'S. Our store NO. 101 FAVETTEVILLE ST. will be kept open until Jan. 1st. 1887. An EXCELLANT and VARIED STOCK is kep

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New Crop New Orleans, Ponce Porto Rice and Cuba. Maple Syrup by the the gallon.
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Old-Fashioned Buckwheat Flour.
Sure Raising Buckwheat in 8 and 6 lb to

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Fresh

Almonds, Walnuts, Pecans, Brazil Nuts and Filberta.
Gordon & Dilworth s Plum Pudding and Mince Mest. Atmore's Standard Mince Mest. 5 and 10 lb b'kis, and by the pound Fresh arrival, Burnett's Standard Flavoring

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Frompt delivery. Quality and prices guaranteed. Telephone No. 88.

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FIRST SQUARE NORTH of CAPITOL

Having moved our wood and coal yard from the N. C. Depot (the extreme western portion of the city) to within ONE SQUARE

OF THE CAPITOL

HARD AND SOFT COAL

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