# The Daily Sentinel.

VOL. VI. RALEIGH, N. C., MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1871. NO. 108.


## Daily Sentinel.

JOSIAH TURNER, JR., EDITOR.

TRESSILIAN COURT; OR, The Baronet's Son.

By Mrs. Harriet Lewis,

AUTHOR OF "THE DOUBLE LIFE," "THE SAILOR'S SCHEME," "THE SUNDERED HEARTS," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "A LIFE AT STAKE," "OUR HOUSE OF SECRETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

A FATEFUL CATASTROPHE.

A wild storm was raging upon the Mediterranean Sea, near the close of a dreary November day, and sky and waters were black with the gloom of the sudden and furious tempest, before which a small sailing vessel was scudding under bare poles. Her hull and rigging proclaimed her Sicilian. She was *The Gull*, Captain Varino master, on her way from Cagliari to Palermo.

She had on board two seamen, and two passengers.

These passengers were Englishmen, who had procured passage on *The Gull* to Palermo, whence they intended to embark by steamer to Marseilles, the following day.

While the Captain and his assistants were attending to their duties, and expressing apprehensions as to their safety, the two Englishmen stood apart, leaning against the low bulwarks, and surveying the wild scene around them.

These men, were both young, apparently of the same age, about three and twenty, but evidently they were not of the same station in life.

One, the more striking of the two, was aristocratic in his bearing, tall, slender and handsome, with a frank, smiling mouth, a pair of fearless blue eyes, set under a wide and massive forehead, and tawny hair blowing back from his face. Noble, generous and kind hearted, he had an adventurous disposition and a dauntless courage.

He was Guy Tressilian, the only son and heir of Sir Arthur Tressilian, Baronet, of Tressilian Court, England.

His companion presented a remarkable resemblance to him, being also tall and slender and lithe, with tawny hair and mustache, but he had not the frank smile, the bright, fearless look, or the joyous spirit that characterized young Tressilian. Young as he was, he had seen much of the dark side of life, and his experiences had been such as to develop in him some of the moral qualities of his nature.

He was Jasper Lowder, Guy Tressilian's hired travelling companion and bosom friend.

The meeting and connection of the two had a touch of romance. Young Tressilian had spent four years in a German university, whence he had been graduated with honor. On leaving the university, in obedience to his father's written command, he had undertaken a tour of the countries inclosing the Mediterranean Sea, in company with one of his late tutors. This gentleman being unexpectedly promoted to a professorship, abandoned Tressilian at Baden, leaving him to find another travelling companion.

On the evening of the very day after this desertion, as Guy Tressilian was sauntering through the streets of Baden, he had been assaulted by a trio of his own countrymen, all more or less intoxicated. It was apparent that they took him for another, and intended to wreak vengeance upon him. Without allowing him to speak, they forced him to defend himself. Guy was getting the worst of the conflict, when a stranger came running to his assistance, and in a few moments the two had put the ruffians to flight.

This stranger who came so opportunely to Guy's assistance was Jasper Lowder. His resemblance to young Tressilian awakened in the latter a romantic interest. He questioned Lowder, learned that he was poor and alone in the world, and took him with him to his hotel. Believing that the similarity of features indicated a similarity of tastes and natures, he engaged Lowder as his travelling companion, and the past year they had spent together more like brothers than like employer and employed.

"This storm is a regular Levanter," said Lowder, clinging with both hands to the bulwarks. "Do you think the craft will stand it, Tressilian?"

"Oh, yes," answered young Tressilian, wiping the salt spray from his face. "The Captain knows the Sicilian coast perfectly. In two hours, or less, we shall be in the bay of Palermo. In three hours we shall be domiciled in the best rooms of the hotel Trinacria, with the best supper which Messer Ragusa can furnish. And to-morrow, at noon," he added, "we shall embark for Marseilles in a Messageries steamer."

"And from Marseilles you will proceed to England and to Tressilian Court," said Lowder, with some bitterness. "And *I*—what is to become of me? I have had a year of unalloyed happiness, and now comes back the drudgery, the hopeless toil, the anxieties of the wretched old life. You picked me up at Baden, a poor adventurer seeking to gain a living by teaching English, and the same destiny is open to me now."

Tressilian turned his handsome face upon his companion in surprise and affectionate reproach.

"Jasper!" he exclaimed, "you talk strangely. Do you suppose I have called you friend and brother so long, and loved you so well, to lose you now? I meant to have written to my father concerning you and your future, Jasper, but his sudden recall, received yesterday, causes me to return home without writing. I shall telegraph from Marseilles that you will come home with me. And you will, will you not? You will not abandon me, my friend? I will change my self with your future. I will see that you obtain the position to which your talents entitle you. You have no ties to keep you on the Continent?"

A strange expression passed over Jasper Lowder's face.

"No, I have no ties," he said huskily.

"And you will go home with me?"

"What will your father say to my coming?" demanded Lowder. "He will think your generosity Quixotic. He will dismiss from his house the hired companion who dares to resemble his son."

A sudden lurch of the little vessel, a wave sweeping over the deck, interrupted the sentence.

"You wrong my father," said Tressilian, his blue eyes kindling, when the vessel had righted. "He is the noblest man in the world. He will welcome my friends as his own. You will love him, Jasper, as I do, when you know him."

"He doesn't seem very affectionate," remarked Lowder. "You have been away from your home for five years, and he has but just recalled you!"

Young Tressilian's cheeks flushed as Lowder saw in the lurid glow that momentarily lighted up the tempestuous scene.

"You know, or can guess, the reason, Jasper," he said, with something of an effort. "My father has a ward, the daughter of an old friend.—Ah! hear that wind shriek! The gale is increasing!

"Yes," assented Lowder. "And the ward is Miss Irby—the golden-haired Blanche of whom you have talked so much, and with whom you have exchanged letters!"

"Yes. My father formed a project to have me marry Blanche. He did not wish us to grow up together, lest we should learn to regard each other as brother and sister. When Blanche came to live at the Court my father sent me to Germany. The night before I left home, he called me into his library and told me all his hopes and plans for my future, and entreated me to continue worthy of his innocent ward, and to keep my heart pure for her. I have done so, Jasper. I have never yet loved any woman. And yesterday I received my father's summons to come home. He has recalled me after five years of absence. I know he wish that lies nearest his heart. He wants me to return and marry Blanche. I shrink from the proposed marriage. I dread going home. And I dread offending my dear father, whom I loved better than any woman. It is hard, Jasper, to revolt against the hopes and plans of a kind and generous father, whose very love for me causes him to urge on this marriage!"

"Is it?" said Lowder dryly, and with a strange smile full of sneering bitterness. "My experience has been widely different from yours, Tressilian. Did I ever tell you of my father?"

"No. I took it for granted that he is dead." "Perhaps he is. I don't know," said Lowder, with a reckless laugh. "But if he is living, he is a scoundrel. Don't start, Tressilian, at my unfilial speech. Wait till you hear my story. I am in a desperate mood to-night. This storm stirs up all the bad within me. As nearly as I can discover, my father was the younger son of a proud old county family—"

"You do not know, then!" asked Tressilian, pressing his companion's hand.

"I have no proofs of it. All I positively know is this. My mother was of humble station, pretty, with blue eyes, she an apple-blossom face, and tender, appealing ways. She was the daughter of a widow, residing at Brighton. The widow, my grandmother, kept a lodging house, and my father, a gay, dashing young fellow, came to lodge with her. As might have been expected, he fell in love with his landlady's daughter. He offered the young girl marriage, on condition that the union should be kept secret until his affairs brightened, and he chose to divulge it. The young girl loved him. Her mother was ambitious and penurious. The result was the lover had his way, and married the daughter of his landlady quietly, almost secretly. Then he took his bride to London, to cheap and obscure lodgings, where, a year later, I was born."

The wind for a moment drowned his voice. As it presently lulled, he resumed, recklessly, and with passionate bitterness:

"For years my mother and I lived in those stuffy, obscure lodgings until her bloom had faded, and she had grown thin and wan and nervous. My father visited us at stated seasons, once or twice a week, but he never brought any of his family to call upon us. I doubt if his aristocratic relatives even suspected the existence of the faded wife and son of whom he was secretly ashamed. I have good reason to believe that he had fine lodgings at the West End, where he was supposed to be a bachelor, and that he went into fashionable society, while my poor mother and I lived obscurely. He was a profligate and a roue, but he had an air of fashion that awakened my boyish admiration, and aroused my mother's affectionate pride in him. She was always pleading to be introduced to his relatives, and to have her son publicly acknowledged. But my father always put her off, saying that he was not yet ready. Worn out and despairing, my mother died when I was ten years old."

Again the wind shrieked past, again the little vessel lurched, the sea sweeping her deck.

The captain screamed his orders to his men, and for a few minutes disorder reigned.

"A nasty bit of weather!" said Lowder. "And a bad sky!"

"Yes, but I've seen as bad," returned Tressilian. "We shall make port all right, never fear. We must be well on toward the Cape di Gallo. And it's only seven miles from the Cape to Palermo."

"But the seven miles in this storm are worse than seventy in good weather. These coasts are dangerous, Tressilian."

Lowder shuddered as he surveyed sea and sky.

"But about your father, Jasper!" said Tressilian, who had become deeply interested in his companion's story. "What did he do after your mother's death?"

"I remained at the old lodgings, with our single old servant a month or more, my father visiting me several times, and expressing anxiety as to what he should do with me. A week after my mother's death, he told me that his brother was dead. A month later, his father was killed by being thrown from his horse. My father came into rich estates and honors by these deaths. At last, deciding to rid himself of me, he took me down to Brighton, to my old grandmother. Her sons were dead; she had given up keeping lodgers, and was grown miserly. He promised her five hundred pounds a year to keep me, and to keep also the secret of my paternity, solemnly promising to acknowledge me some day as his son and heir. The old woman agreed to carry out his wishes. She would have done anything for money. I never saw my father again. I went to school, grew up, and at the age of twenty-one came into my grandmother's money, the fruits of years of saving, she dying at that time. My father had deliberately abandoned me. I did not know where to seek him if I had wished to. I took my money and came abroad. I had been two years on the Continent, and had spent my little fortune when I met you. The rest you know."

"An odd, romantic story! But why did your father abandon you?"

"That he might be freed of encumbrance to make a grand marriage. From what my grandmother said at different times, I conclude that my father was in love with a titled lady before my mother's death. No doubt he married this lady. If he lives, this lady's son may be his acknowledged heir. My father has utterly disowned the son of his first, hasty, ill-starred marriage. I have a fancy that I shall meet him some day," and Jasper's brow darkened to deeper blackness. "However, I stand no chance of ever receiving justice at his hands."

"What is your father's name, Jasper?" asked Tressilian.

Lowder's face darkened. He bit his lip savagely.

"What I have told you about myself I learned from my own observation, or from chance words of my parents and grandmother. My mother's maiden name was Jeanette Lowder. At our London lodgings, my father bore the name of Lowder. I don't know his real name, but I should know his face anywhere, although I have not seen him in thirteen years. My mother was actually married Tressilian, but I never heard my father's name. The clergyman who married my mother was dead; the witnesses also. When my grandmother was dying she tried to tell me the story. She had put it off too long. All that I could understand of her mumblings was the name Devereux. I shall never forget the name—Devereux! Probably that was my father's name—my own rightful name. But as I should never find him if I sought him, and as he would repudiate me if I did find him, I stand no chance of inheriting his property. He may be dead. He may have other sons who have succeeded him. It is all a mystery, but the prominent truth is that I am an outcast, poor, disowned and friendless."

He leaned over the bulwark, the spray dashing over his face violently.

Tressilian's heart warmed to him.

"My poor friend!" he said. "Must I say again you are not friendless while I live. My father has influence enough to obtain for you a government appointment. This tangle may straighten itself out some day. But if it don't, you are resolute enough to make your own happiness."

He grasped Lowder's hand, and looked with warm bright eyes, full of sympathy, into Lowder's lowering face.

There had been a temporary lull in the storm. But as the two stood there, the tempest revived and swept over the wild sea in maddened rage.

There was no time for talking now.—The wind rose so high that words would scarcely have been distinguished. The storm that had gone before had been but play to this awful outburst. The vessel drove on creaking and groaning, a mere rockle shell on the billows.

"Mother of Mercies!" wailed the captain. "It's all up with us, signores. I can't make out the Cape in this darkness. We shall all go on the rocks. St. Anthony save us!"

The seamen echoed his cries.

The two young Englishmen, comprehending their peril, clasped hands in silence.

For the next few minutes it seemed that a Pandemonium reigned.

Then a noise like the report of a cannon suddenly boomed through the storm and the darkness. The little vessel shivered, staggered, and careened upon her side.

She had struck upon a rock.

A moment later crew and passengers were struggling in the waters.

A few moments of buffetings and tossings, of vain struggles and agonized, involuntary prayer, and then Jasper Lowder felt his senses slip from him, and became unconscious.

When he came to himself, he was lying upon a rocky beach of the Sicilian shore, sore, bruised, and weak as a child.

He opened his eyes. The wind had spent its fury, and now moaned along the coast with a desolate, despairing wail.—The waves beat against the rocks.

Lowder struggled to his elbow.

"Wrecked!" he muttered. "I am cast ashore, while the others are drowned! Oh, this is terrible! I have lost my best friend to-night!"

He moaned and wrung his hands.

"He is dead, who would have done so much for me, and I so worthless am saved. All my hopes of an easy and luxurious life must be resigned now!"

At that moment he beheld a dark object at a little distance in the water. The waves hurled this object against the projecting head of a sunken rock. At the same instant Lowder recognized it as the body of a man.

He crept toward it, and the waters dashed the body on the shore at his feet. He put his hands on the face. How cold and wet it was! It felt like the face of a dead man! Lowder's fingers came in contact with the soft, silken mustache, and he knew that the body was that of Guy Tressilian!

Of the five who had stood on the sloop's deck a half-hour earlier, these two alone were left. The captain and his crew had found their deaths among the cruel, yawning waters.

Lowder thrust his hand under the waistcoat of his friend, but he could not perceive the beating of his heart. Despair took possession of him.

"Dead!" he said shrilly. "Dead! And he would have done so much for me if he had lived! And his father and the young girl he was to have married will wait in vain for his coming! His place at Tressilian Court is empty. Who can fill it?"

It seemed to him that some demon at his side echoed the question: *Who could fill the place left vacant by slain Guy Tressilian?*

A thought came to him—a thought so strange and sinister that he shivered involuntarily. Again he felt of Tressilian's heart. It gave no throb against his hand. He passed his hand over Tressilian's head and discovered a gaping wound in the skull. The hair was clotted with blood.

Putting his hand into his breast pocket, Lowder drew out his little water proof match-safe. He opened it with trembling fingers and struck a light. The red flicker danced on young Tressilian's face.

How ghastly and terrible it looked! The eyes were closed, the smile was gone. The seal of death seemed set on the noble features.

Lowder examined the wound. It had been made by contact with the sharp rock, and even Lowder perceived its terrible character.

"If he is not dead, he soon will be," he muttered. "His brain has received an awful injury. He will never know who he is again. He won't live till morning, and he is perhaps dead already. He must be dead!"

Again it seemed to him as though some demon echoed his words.

The match dropped from his fingers into the water. For a little while he crouched on the wet stones in silence, battling it may be with the better and nobler instincts of his nature.

At last, with sudden and abrupt stealthiness, his hand stole into the breast pocket of Tressilian and drew out his private note-book, a packet of letters, a few trinkets. He secured these among his own wet garments. Their possession seemed to give him courage, and his face hardened, and he knelt beside the body of his friend and rifled his garments of all that they contained, bestowing his plunder on his own person.

Then he took his own purse, his note book, a few receipts and trifles from his own pockets, and put them in the pockets of Tressilian.

"It is done!" he whispered to himself, looking with wild defiant eyes through the darkness. "No one is harmed. He is dead. If he had lived, he would have provided for me. As he is dying or dead, I must provide for myself. This *blunder between us will make my fortune.* His friends will be spared a terrible grief, and I—I shall live at last. Fortune gives me a chance to gain name and wealth at one lucky stroke!"

As if to give him no chance for repentance, he arose to his feet and turned his searching glances in an inland direction. A light, as from a cottage window, glimmering faintly through the thick haze, caught his gaze.

Raising his voice, he called loudly:

"Help! Ho, there! help!"

The wind had abated, and his cries rang out through the night with startling distinctness. The light he had seen moved and disappeared. A minute later, answering cries reached Lowder's ears, and he heard hasty steps, and saw the approaching light of a lantern, borne aloft by a man's upraised arm.

"This way!" shouted Lowder. "We are wrecked on the rocks! For the love of Heaven, hasten!"

The bearer of the lantern, attended by a male companion, came running to him and was soon at his side. The lantern bearer was a rough Sicilian fisherman, a grade above his class. His companion was also Sicilian, but evidently of somewhat higher degree. Both were all excitement, astonishment and sympathy.

In as few words as possible Lowder told the story of the shipwreck, and called attention to the condition of his noble young employer.

"I think he is dead!" he said, in a choking voice. "Carry him up to your cabin. Let everything be done to save him. I will pay you well for any kindness to him. Poor fellow! He was my travelling companion. I loved him as if he had been my brother instead of only my hired attendant! Poor Jasper!"

The two Sicilians lifted the helpless form of poor young Tressilian, and carried it between them toward their cottage. Jasper Lowder followed them, bewailing his loss. The above we publish as a specimen chapter; but the continuation of this story will be found only in the N. Y. Ledger. Ask for the number dated January 7th, which can be had at any News office or bookstore. If you are not within reach of a news office, you can have the Ledger mailed to you for one year by sending three dollars to Robert Bonner, publisher, 180 William street, New York. The Ledger pays more for original contributions than any other periodical in the world. It will publish none but the very, very best. Its moral tone is the purest, and its circulation the largest. Everybody who takes it is happier for having it.


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In order that our agents and other persons, may be fully advised in the premises, this notice is given as a warning.
All communications should be addressed to the North Carolina Land Company, or Mr. William Scott, the Secretary.
GEO. LITTLE, President.
WM. SCOTT, Secretary.
dec 6-d1m

NOTICE is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that a bill will be introduced in the branch of the General Assembly of N. C., to incorporate the Statesville Building Association, on or after the 15th of January 1871.

SWEET HAVANA ORANGES.
To arrive 5 barrels, and will be sold low by the Triple.
dec 16-3t JAMES M. TOWLES.

PRIME N. C. HAY.
25 Sacks prime N. C. Hay on consignment.
JAMES M. TOWLES.

THE NORTH CAROLINA ALMANAC,
FOR 1871.
This popular annual is now ready for sale, and should be taken into every family.
It is accurately calculated by Rev. Dr. Craven, of Trinity College; is well printed on nice white paper and is filled with valuable statistical information, funny anecdotes, &c.
It is the only Almanac published here which gives correctly the times of holding the Courts in all the Counties.
It will sell readily upon its merits.
Price, by single copy 10
" " One Dozen 75
" " One Hundred 5 00
" " One Thousand 40 00
Sent to any address upon receipt of price. Orders solicited.
Address,
J. A. JONES,
dec 9 daw&wtf Bookseller and Stationer, RALEIGH, N. C.

CLASSICAL AND MATHEMATICAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
The subscribers propose to open a school for boys in Raleigh on Monday the 16th January 1871.
Branches taught: Latin, Greek, French, Mathematics, Book-keeping, Natural Sciences, Geography, History, &c.
TERMS:—For Primary English per Session of 20 weeks, $20; for higher English per Session of 20 weeks $25; for full Classical and Mathematical course $30.
LOCATION:—The "Jones House" on Jones Street.
We refer to the Faculty of Wake Forest College and Dr. W. Royall.
W. POWELL,
dec 14-tf36 R. E. ROYALL.

COMMISSIONERS OFFICE,
HARNETT COUNTY,
LILLINGTON, Nov. 8, 1870.
ORDERED by the Board that the Clerk make publication in the Raleigh SENTINEL and Fayetteville EVENING NEWS notifying all persons holding claims against Harnett county to present them immediately to the Clerk for enrollment, and ordered furthermore, that the Treasurer pay no further claims without the endorsement of the chairman of the present Board of Commissioners.
From the minutes,
nov 19-tf J. A. SEXTON, C. B. C.

GREAT SALE OF
HORSES, MULES,
WAGONS,
25 Sets Double Harness.
SINGLE
Harness, &c.
AT AUCTION
ON
Monday Jan. 30th 1871,
At
RALEIGH, N. C.
45 First-late Horses well broke to harness.
7 Fast traveling Horses.
8 Fine Mules.
These are certainly the finest lot of horses ever offered at Public Sale.
Also, 25 Platform Spring Wagons nearly new, cost $150 each.
25 Saddles and Bridles and a lot of other things too numerous to mention, all of which will be sold to the highest bidders for cash.
T. F. LEE, Sheriff,
dec 30 tds Wake, N. C.
Star, Wilmington; Observer, Charlotte; Phœnix, Columbia, and Mercury, Charleston, copy till Jan. 25th and send bill to this office for collection.
Horses, Mules and Carriages, at private sale by T. F. LEE.

VALUABLE
RESIDENCE
For Sale!!
The new Residence, situated on Hillsboro Street, opposite the residence of Mr. R. S. Lewis. The house contains seven Rooms and cellar, the kitchen has four rooms, and the lot is about one half an acre.
DOUGLAS BELL.
dec 21-tf

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

LYNN ADAMS,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL
GROCER,
COTTON FACTOR, COMMISSION, SHIPPING AND FORWARDING MERCHANT,
AND DEALER IN
IRON,
HARDWARE,
PLOWS,
SHOES,
DRY GOODS AND COTTON YARN.
No. 5, Market Square, South Side,
RALEIGH, N. C.
april 21-tf

WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
500 bales Cotton.
july 29-tf LYNN ADAMS.

500 LBS. N. C. BACON FOR SALE
July 29-tf By LYNN ADAMS.

Wm. P. Harton, RALEIGH, N. C. J. M. Broughton, RALEIGH, N. C.
HARTON & BROUGHTON.
GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
North Side Market Square,
RALEIGH, N. C.,
HAVING recently returned from the Northern markets, where they purchased a large and attractive stock of the
BEST FAMILY GROCERIES
they would respectfully invite the citizens of Raleigh and the surrounding country to give them a call.
We are determined to keep only the best Goods. Our motto is to deal fairly with all. We keep a large stock, and are determined that none shall undersell us.
We hope our friends will give us a trial and if we do not treat you right, then don't trade with us.
oct 13-3m

A. G. LEE & CO.,
SANDSTONE FRONT, WILMINGTON STREET,
OPPOSITE SOUTH ALLEY OF MARKET SQUARE,
East of Market House, Raleigh, N. C.
WHOLESALE GROCERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS & COTTON FACTORS,
HAVE just opened an entirely new stock of choice Groceries, Hardware, Cutlery, Tinware, Boots, Shoes, Trace Chains, "A" and "C" Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Axes, Liquors, Cheese, Candles, Woodware, Soap, Candy in Boxes, Toast Powders, Sole Leather, Powder and Shot, Blasting Powder, Axle Grease, Tacks, Cotton Cards, &c., &c.
dec 3-tf

BAGGING AND TIES. ARROW TIES!!
The best sold in this market. A large lot on hand low to Ginners and the Trade. Various grades Bagging always on hand.
dec 3-tf A. G. LEE & CO.

AXES! AXES!! AXES!!!
25 boxes best Cast Steel Axes, to the trade at Factory prices; to farmers and lumber men at low rates. Every axe warranted. Call and try them.
dec 3-tf A. G. LEE & CO.

BACON! PORK! MESS PORK!
A good supply of various grades on hand, and to arrive. Low to the trade.
dec 3-tf A. G. LEE & CO.

COFFEE AND SUGAR.
10 sacks choice Rio Coffee.
10 bbls. "Ex. C" and "A" Sugars.
10 bbls. Demerara Sugar.
dec 3 tf A. G. LEE & CO.

SOAP AND CANDLES.
Nice No. 1, Family Soap.
18 boxes Paraffine Candles, equal to sperm in quality.
Lot of Adamantine Candles.
dec 3-tf A. G. LEE & CO.

CHOICE SCUPPERNONG WINE.
Pure N. C. Corn Whisky.
"Tip Top" Rye Whisky.
dec 3-tf A. G. LEE & CO.

LONG HANDLE SHOVELS and Forks, Ames' Cast Steel Spades, Brooms and Buckets, Tubs and Pails.
dec 3-tf A. G. LEE & CO.

W. C. STRONACH & CO.
HEAVY AND FANCY GROCERS,
Have just received
105 bbls. Flour different grades.
10 " " Northern Potatoes.
6 boxes Bulk Sides.
4 " " Bacon.
3 " " Breakfast Strips.
20 " " Factory Cheese.
10 Tubs Goshen Butter.
20 " " Refined Lard.
10 " " Pure Leaf Lard.
12 cases " " " in packages.
20 bbls. Crackers.
Best Green and Black Teas in packages to suit purchasers.

SMOKED Buffalo Tongue and Broil Beef.

"GIANT SEA FOAM" Powders, Horsford's Yeast Raising Preparation, Twin Brothers Yeast Powders.

NEW YORK CO'S Desiccated Cocoanut, Nelson's Sparkling Gelatine, Denyer's Corn Starch, Tapioca, Farina, Baker's Bro. Chocolate and Cocoa.

SPANISH and French Olives, Pure Olive Oil and Salad Dressing, Worcestershire Sauce, Lea and Perrin's Tomato and Walnut Catsup.
All of which are fresh and nice, and we will sell at the lowest living profit.
dec 1-tf

D. T. CARRAWAY,
DEALER IN
HARDWARE, GROCERIES, COOKING STOVES, CROCKERY
AND
GLASSWARE, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, WASHING AND SEWING MACHINES, AND CIGARS, TOBACCO AND SNUFF.
NEWBERN, N. C.
Will give personal attention to the Sale of Cotton, Flour, Grain, and other Produce on consignment.
sept 28-3m

GOLD, GOLD, GOLD,
Gold Ladies Watches,
Gold Gents Watches,
Gold Opera Chains,
Gold Lorettine Chains,
Gold Necklaces,
Gold Bracelets,
Just received to-day at
EDWARD KASNACH'S,
Jewelry Store,
One door above State National Bank.

RALEIGH
SASH, BLIND, AND DOOR FACTORY.
All orders promptly attended to
THOS. H. BRIGGS,
april 19 Proprietor.

MERCHANT TAILORS.
ANOTHER SUPPLY OF
French Goods.
JUST RECEIVED
Mons. Besson's
If you desire tasty and elegant suits, made up in the
BEST FRENCH OR ENGLISH STYLES
Call on Monsieur Besson,
He will give you satisfaction or
THERE WILL BE NO TRADE.
He guarantees all his work.
nov 15-tf

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cabinet
FURTURE.
THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCK OF FURNITURE IN THE STATE, AT
A. W. FRAPS'
CORNER FAYETTEVILLE & DAVIE STS.
(Next Corner below Tarborough House.)
KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND
PARLOR, DINING-ROOM,
CHAMBER AND OFFICE FURNITURE,
Sofas, Tete slates, Rocking Chairs, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Extension and Dining Tables, &c., &c.
CALL AND EXAMINE.
oct 19-3m

Public Sale!
AT SALEM, N. C., JAN. 16, 17 & 18.
THE North Western North Carolina Railroad Company will sell at public auction, the remainder of their grading and masonry equipment, consisting of:
65 Young, well broke Kentucky Mules,
60 Carts and Harness,
3 Four-horse Wagons and Harness,
2 Two-horse Wagons and Harness,
2 One-horse Wagons and Harness,
1 Express Wagon and Harness,
250 Wheelbarrows,
20 Plows, Couters and Hoes,
400 Ames' Cast-steel Shovels,
40 Crowbars,
8 sets of Blacksmith Tools,
4 Derricks and extra blocks.
Also, a large lot of picks, mattocks, axes, solid cast-steel jumper, spanning and hand drill, hammers, chars and jumper-drills, guide-stones, platform scales, pots, ovens, skillets, with a large variety of other articles.
The Mules are the choicest out of 140 head, heretofore owned by the Company, to each overseer was instructed to retain the best when previous sales were made.
The mules will be sold on the first day of sale, and arts, Wagons, and Harness on the second day.
TERMS—Cash. E. BELO, President
North-Western N. C. R. R. Co.
dec 22 tds

FRUI