

DIRECTORY.

United States Government.

Ulysses S. Grant, of Illinois, President. Henry Wilson, of Mass., V. President. Hamilton Fish, of N. Y., Sec'y of State.

Supreme Court of the U. S.

Morrison R. Waite, of Ohio, Chief Justice. Nathan Clifford, of Me., Asso. Justice.

A. C. Representation in Congress.

A. S. Merrimon, of Wake, SENATE. M. W. Hanson, of Northampton, HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

United States Courts.

The stated terms of the U. S. Circuit and District Courts are as follows: United States Circuit Court—Eastern District North Carolina.

EASTERN DISTRICT COURTS.

Elizabeth City, third Monday in April and October. Clerk, M. B. Culpepper; resi., Eliz. City.

WESTERN DISTRICT COURTS.

Greensboro, first Monday in April and October. Clerk, John W. Payne; resi., Greensboro.

United States Internal Revenue.

L. J. Young, Collector Fourth District, office, Raleigh. P. W. Perry, Supervisor Carolinas, office, Raleigh.

Mint.

Government of North Carolina.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT. Curtis H. Brogden, of Wayne, Governor. John E. Neathery, Private Secretary.

LEGISLATIVE DEPARTMENT.

W. H. Howerton, of Rowan, Sec. of State. David A. Jenkins, of Gaston, Treasurer.

GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

The Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor and Supt. of Public Instruction.

Institutions.

The University of North Carolina is at Chapel Hill.

The



Era.

DIRECTORY.

Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor, Superintendent of Public Instruction and Attorney General constitute the State Board of Education.

Supreme Court.

Richmond M. Pearson, of Yadkin, Chief Justice. Edwin G. Reade, of Person, Asso. Justice.

Wake County Government.

Commissioners—Solomon J. Allen, Chairman; Wm. Jinks, A. G. Jones, Wm. D. Turner, J. Robert Nowell.

City Government.

Mayor—J. H. Separk. Aldermen—First Ward—Jas. McKee, John Armstrong, H. J. Hamill.

POETRY.

Clasp Lightly. Wild flowers die when warm close hands Their fragile stems too eager seize;

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE FOSTER SISTERS. BY R. PENROSE.

In the Spring of 187- I was travelling through one of the Southern States, bent more on pleasure than the stern reality of business matters.

mind; her physique was such as a sculptor would delight to model, or an artist to paint. Trained only in truthfulness, she could not be false;

Such was the person and character of the fairest type of womanhood that even amidst years of wandering I have had the good fortune to meet with.

There had been an unusual fall of snow for the warm climate of Italy, and it lay before them on the ground in that soft, tempting whiteness that school-boys like so well.

But the misunderstanding which had intruded itself between the pair was a trivial one in reality. Violette had given her whole soul and love to Norah.

But the merciful little Norah had not so learned the tenets of that peculiar religion which tells us that it is better to give than to receive.

Then standing, watching the effect of each motion, "He must be sardonic—fauns laugh!" said the boy as he gave an upward turn with his finger to the corner of the mouth.

Every one was delighted with the love bestowed on another, which she tried to claim as her own. Thus a slight misunderstanding took place, and the one, sunk with grief, mourned as for the death of a first-born, while the other asserted her independency.

Do we blame her? Most certainly not. Woman's mission here is to be the helpmeet for man.

Love one another, was the command given to us by the greatest teacher this world ever saw; but our love is not to run into idolatry; where that is done, it brings its own punishment.

Four hundred years ago, in the gardens of the Medici Palace, might be seen a party of the young friends of Piero de Medici, who had been dismissed from the learned talk of the savans and artists who surrounded the hospitable table of "Lorenzo the Magnificent."

The Boy Sculptor.

There had been an unusual fall of snow for the warm climate of Italy, and it lay before them on the ground in that soft, tempting whiteness that school-boys like so well.

"Of what?" said another. "Of the snow," replied the first speaker, named Michael Angelo; and with merry shouts they plunged into the snow, without a thought of their costumes of velvet and lace, carrying it and piling it in masses at different places along the gallery, and shaping it into some rude resemblance of the human form, which did not much differ, I dare say, from the "old snow-man" of the boys of the nineteenth century.

As he worked, his companions gathered around him and looked on, forgetting their own sport in watching him, as gradually the head began to appear and grew under his touch into a real face with good features.

Then standing, watching the effect of each motion, "He must be sardonic—fauns laugh!" said the boy as he gave an upward turn with his finger to the corner of the mouth.

They all stopped to comment on the statues, and approaching the faun, Lorenzo said: "This is rather the work of one entering upon the career of a master, than the attempt of a novice.

Being asked what made him so dirty, an unwashed street Arab's reply was: "I was made, as they tell me, of dust, and I suppose it works out."

this intelligent and discriminating act, and applauded him with enthusiasm, showering praises and prophecies of future fame on the young sculptor.

Who can tell what forms of beauty and visions of fame flitted through his excited brain, wild with the delight of Lorenzo's notice?

Could he foresee the wonderful creations which would make a world stand in silent admiration and awe?

Let us follow his career. At nineteen he made a beautiful group in marble of the dead Christ in his mother's lap. He carved the colossal statue of the young David for the Duca palace of Florence.

There are but few paintings of his on canvas, for he is said to have had a contempt for easel pictures.

The Pope sent for him to come and decorate the walls of his chapel at the Vatican. The architects did not know how to construct a scaffolding which would enable him to reach the ceiling, and he invented one; and also a curious paper cap, which would hold a candle in the front, and thus leave his hands free to work at night.

St. Peter's was the closing work of his life. Begun long before, many artists had worked upon it; but it was left to Michael Angelo to raise the dome, and to leave such a perfect model for its completion, that it now stands as the crowning glory of his fame.

With all his great powers, he was not unmindful of little things. Nothing was too trivial for care.

With all his great powers, he was not unmindful of little things. Nothing was too trivial for care. The designing of a crucifix for a lady's wear; the candelabra for the chapel; the costume of the Papal Guard, still worn, show his minute attention to detail.

A conductor on the Union Pacific railroad put a "dead beat" off his train politely once; kicked him off three times; then finding the impudencious wretch in the car again, inquired: "Where in the blazes are you going, any way?"

Being asked what made him so dirty, an unwashed street Arab's reply was: "I was made, as they tell me, of dust, and I suppose it works out."

A Few Words About Jealousy and Love.

The recent attempted murder of Lottie Warren by John V. Dempsey, very naturally revives many of the old stories of the trouble wrought by jealousy and love.

The Empress thought it would be a graceful thing to send the apple to him, and she did so. In his wisdom he thought he could please his sovereign by sending the apple to him, and did so.

About the time he was satisfied of his wife's innocence he discovered a hole cut in the roof of the house, through which his wife's lover used to get in. But love is strong, too. There is the story of Leander and Hero, of Pyramus and Thisbe, of Romeo and Juliet, of Abelard and Heloise, of Petrarch and Laura, and lately of the Grand Duke Alexis and his bride from the people; but the last thing that comes to shock us is the love of Dempsey for Lottie Warren.

It is not known in the literary circle of America who the brilliant writer from London to the Chicago Inter-Ocean, who signs herself "Galatea," is; but it is believed to be the nom de plume of Miss Letitia Ann Shepard, considered to be the most beautiful woman in London.

For some time past her letters have attracted the attention of many Americans who have visited and lived in London, not only by their vivid description of things as they occur, but by their truthful pictures of facts and their conscientious details of matters in art.

It was at one of these receptions that the famous portrait painter, Havel, met her, and struck by the beauty of her features and face, begged she would allow him to paint her portrait for the Royal Academy.

"I deny the charge," said Catharine Thomas, as she stood before the dock.

"I haven't read the charge yet," replied his Honor.

"Don't make any difference—I deny it," she said, looking as determined as a grindstone.

"This warrant says you were drunk on Atwater street."

"I deny the charge."

"And the officer says you were brought here on a sled, being incapable of locomotion."

"I deny the charge."

"You were here not over ten days ago on this same charge."

"I deny the charge."

Thinking.

Thinking, not growth, makes perfect manhood. There are some who, though they have done growing, are still only boys.

Accustom yourself, then, to thinking. Set yourself to understand whatever you see or read. To run through a book is not a difficult task, nor is it a very profitable one.

It is only by thinking that a man can know himself. Yet all other knowledge without this is splendid ignorance. Not a glance merely, but much close examination will be requisite, for the forming of a true opinion of your own powers.

Thinking is, indeed, the very germ of self-cultivation—the source from which all vital influence springs. Thinking will do much for an active mind, even in the absence of books, or living instructors.

The Belle of London. An American Girl and a Newspaper Scribe.

It is not known in the literary circle of America who the brilliant writer from London to the Chicago Inter-Ocean, who signs herself "Galatea," is; but it is believed to be the nom de plume of Miss Letitia Ann Shepard, considered to be the most beautiful woman in London.

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