



DIRECTORY.

United States Government. Charles 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.

N. C. Representation in Congress. SENATE. A. S. Merrimon, of Wake. Mal. W. Ramsey, of Northampton.

House of Representatives. 1st District—Jesse J. Yeates. 2d " " J. A. Hyman.

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—Held in Raleigh first Monday in June and last Monday in November.

United States Internal Revenue. I. J. Young, Collector Fourth District, office, Raleigh. P. W. Perry, Supervisor Carolinas, office, Raleigh.

GOVERNOR'S COUNCIL. The Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor and Supt. of Public Instruction.

Institutions. The University of North Carolina is at Chapel Hill. The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind; the Insane Asylum and the State Penitentiary are at Raleigh.

Board of Education. The Governor, Lieutenant Governor,

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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.

City Government. Aldermen—Second Ward—J. J. Nowell, W. H. Martin, Stewart Ellison. Third Ward—P. F. Pesoud, Jr., John C. Blake, Wm. C. Stronach.

City Government. Aldermen—Fourth Ward—H. C. Jones, James H. Jones, James H. Harris. Fifth Ward—P. C. Fleming, J. Rufin Williams, R. H. Jones.

City Government. Aldermen—Sixth Ward—Wm. C. Stronach, R. H. Bradley, J. C. R. Little. Aldermen—Seventh Ward—P. C. Fleming, J. Rufin Williams, R. H. Jones.

City Government. Aldermen—Eighth Ward—Wm. C. Stronach, R. H. Bradley, J. C. R. Little. Aldermen—Ninth Ward—P. C. Fleming, J. Rufin Williams, R. H. Jones.

City Government. Aldermen—Tenth Ward—Wm. C. Stronach, R. H. Bradley, J. C. R. Little. Aldermen—Eleventh Ward—P. C. Fleming, J. Rufin Williams, R. H. Jones.

City Government. Aldermen—Twelfth Ward—Wm. C. Stronach, R. H. Bradley, J. C. R. Little. Aldermen—Thirteenth Ward—P. C. Fleming, J. Rufin Williams, R. H. Jones.

City Government. Aldermen—Fourteenth Ward—Wm. C. Stronach, R. H. Bradley, J. C. R. Little. Aldermen—Fifteenth Ward—P. C. Fleming, J. Rufin Williams, R. H. Jones.

City Government. Aldermen—Sixteenth Ward—Wm. C. Stronach, R. H. Bradley, J. C. R. Little. Aldermen—Seventeenth Ward—P. C. Fleming, J. Rufin Williams, R. H. Jones.

City Government. Aldermen—Eighteenth Ward—Wm. C. Stronach, R. H. Bradley, J. C. R. Little. Aldermen—Nineteenth Ward—P. C. Fleming, J. Rufin Williams, R. H. Jones.

City Government. Aldermen—Twentieth Ward—Wm. C. Stronach, R. H. Bradley, J. C. R. Little. Aldermen—Twenty-first Ward—P. C. Fleming, J. Rufin Williams, R. H. Jones.

City Government. Aldermen—Twenty-second Ward—Wm. C. Stronach, R. H. Bradley, J. C. R. Little. Aldermen—Twenty-third Ward—P. C. Fleming, J. Rufin Williams, R. H. Jones.

City Government. Aldermen—Twenty-fourth Ward—Wm. C. Stronach, R. H. Bradley, J. C. R. Little. Aldermen—Twenty-fifth Ward—P. C. Fleming, J. Rufin Williams, R. H. Jones.

first to the court lady who then offered it to her. But if, on the other hand, the princess should desire to give or take anything—who could refuse her? So it was useless for her suitors to make the trial, for when they seemed likely to be successful, and had diverted the princess so that she was about to take something from them the court lady always stepped between, and spoiled the best laid plan.

When the princess wished to dispose of one of them, she would appear so charming and encouraging to him, that he would be entirely fascinated, and when he sat at her feet, overcome with joy, then she would seize upon anything near her, as though by accident: "Take this as a remembrance of me," and when he had it in his hands, before he could think or speak the necessary words, there would spring out at him, from it, perhaps a frog or hornet, or a bat and so startle him that he would forget the words. Then, upon the spot, he was shaven and away with him. This went on for some years, and in all the places of the other kingdoms the princess wore wigs. Thus came to be the custom from that time.

Finally it happened that a foreign prince came upon some peculiar business. He thought her very beautiful, and at once perceived the stratagem. A friendly little gay man had given him an apple that once a year he was privileged to smell, and then there came in his mind a very wise idea, and he had become much renowned on account of his deep wisdom. Now, it was exactly time for him to make use of this apple. So, with the clerk from it came this warning:

"If thou wouldst win in the game of giving and taking, under no circumstances must thou either give or take anything." So he had his hands bound in his belt, and went with his marshal to the palace, and asked to be allowed to eat his almond. The princess was secretly much pleased with him, and immediately handed him an almond which his marshal took and placed in his mouth. The princess inquired what this meant, and, moreover, why he constantly carried his hands in his girdle.

He replied that at his court the custom was even more strongly enforced than at hers, and he dared not to give or take anything with his hands, at the most, with only his head and feet. Then the princess laughed and said: "In this case we will never be able to have our little game together."

He sighed and answered: "Not unless you will be pleased to take something from my boots." "That can never happen!" exclaimed the whole court. "Why have you come hither?" asked the princess angrily, "when you have such stupid customs?" "Because you are so beautiful," replied the prince. "And if I cannot win you I may at least have the pleasure of seeing you."

"On the other hand, I have no similar gratification," said she. So the princess remained at the palace, and he pleased her more and more, but when the humor seized her, she tried in every manner to persuade him to take his hands from his girdle, and receive something from her. She also entertained him charmingly, and frequently offered him flowers, bouquets and trinkets, and finally her bracelet, but not once did he forget and stretch out his hand to take them, for the pressure of the girdle reminded him in time. So he would nod to his marshal, and he received them saying: "We remember."

Then the princess would become impatient and would exclaim: "My handkerchief has fallen! Can your lordship pick it up for me?" Whereupon the prince would fasten his spur into it and wait carelessly, while the princess would have to bend and remove it from his foot, angrily saying "I remember."

Thus a year passed away, and the princess said to herself: "This cannot remain so. It must be settled in one way or the other." She said to the prince: "I have one of the finest gardens in the world. I will show your lordship over it to-day."

The prince smelt his apple, and as they entered the garden, said: "It is very needful here, and in order that we may walk near each other in peace, and not be disturbed by the desire to try our game, I beg you, my lady, that for this one hour you will take upon you the custom of my court, and let your

hands also be fastened. Then we will be safe from each other's art, and there will be nothing to annoy us." The princess did not feel very safe about this arrangement, but he begged so strongly that she could not refuse him this small favor. So they went on alone together, with their hands fastened in their girdles. The birds sang, the sunshine warmly, and from the trees the red cherries hung so low that they brushed their cheeks as they passed. The princess saw them and exclaimed: "What a pity that your lordship is not able to pick a few for me!"

"Necessity knows no law," said the prince, and broke one of the cherries with his teeth from a branch and offered it to the princess, with his mouth. The princess could not do otherwise than receive it from his mouth, and so her face was brought close to his. So when she had the cherry between her lips, and a kiss from him besides, she was not able to say that instant, "I remember."

Then he cried joyfully, "Good morning, much loved one," and drew his hands from his girdle and embraced her. And they spent the remainder of their lives together in perfect peace and quietness.

The Coolest Woman. If all women were as cool and matter-of-fact as Mrs. Stum! But she is one of a thousand, says the Detroit Free Press. She was over at Mrs. Moody's, on Macomb street, the other day, her iron gray hair combed down flat and her spectacles adjusted to gossip range, when she suddenly rose and said: "Mrs. Moody, be calm. Where do you keep the camphor bottle?" "Why?" asked the surprised Mrs. Moody.

"Because they are bringing your husband through the gate on a board! I think he's mashed dead, but be calm about it! I'll stay right here and see to things!" Mrs. Moody threw up her arms and fell down in a dead faint, and Mrs. Stum opened the door as the men laid the body on the porch. "Is he dead?" she asked in an even tone. "I think so," answered one of the men. "The doctor'll be here in a minute."

The doctor came up, looked at the victim, and said life had fled, adding: "His back and four or five ribs are broken." "That's sensible, that is," said Mrs. Stum, gazing at the doctor in admiration. "Some physicians would have said that his vertebrae was totally wounded, and would have gone on to talk about the 'larynx,' the 'arteries,' the 'optic nerves' and the 'diagnosis.' If he's dead it'll be some satisfaction to know what he died of. Well, lug in the body and send after an undertaker."

The men carried the body through to a bedroom, and Mrs. Stum went back to Mrs. Moody, who had revived and was wailing and lamenting. "Don't, Julia—don't take on so," continued Mrs. Stum. "Of course you feel badly, and this interferes with taking up carpets and cleaning house, but it's pleasant weather for a funeral, and I think the corpse will look as natural as life."

"Oh! My poor, poor husband," wailed Mrs. Moody. "He was a good husband, I'll swear to that," continued Mrs. Stum, "but he was dreadfully careless to let a mouse fall on him. Be calm, Mrs. Moody! I've sent for one of the best undertakers in Detroit, and you'll be surprised at the way he'll fix up the deceased."

When the undertaker came in Mrs. Stum shook hands and said that death was sure to overtake every living thing sooner or later. She mentioned the kind of coffin she wanted, stated the number of hacks, the hour for the funeral, and held the end of the tape-line while he measured the body. Several other neighbors came in and she ordered them around and soon had everything working smoothly. The widow was sent to her room to weep out her grief, doors and windows were raised, and as Mrs. Stum built up a good fire she said:

"Now, then, we want pie and cake and sauce and raised biscuit and floating islands. He'll have watchers, and the watchers must have plenty to eat." When the baking had been finished the coffin and the undertaker

arrived, and the body was placed in its receptacle. Mrs. Stum agreed with the undertaker that the face wore a natural expression, and when he was going away she said: "Be around on time! Don't put in any second-class hacks, and don't have any hitch in the proceedings at the grave!" From that hour until two o'clock of the second day thereafter she had full charge. The widow was provided with a black bonnet, a crape shawl, etc., the watchers found plenty to eat, a minister was sent for, eighteen chairs were brought from the neighbors, and everything moved along like clock-work.

"You must bear up," she kept saying to the widow. "House-cleaning must be done, that back yard must be raked off, the penstock must be thawed out, and you haven't time to sit down and grieve. His life was insured, and we'll go down next week and select some lovely mourning goods."

Everybody who attended said they never saw a funeral pass off so smoothly, and when the hack had landed the widow and Mrs. Stum at her door again, Mrs. Stum asked: "Now didn't you really enjoy the ride, after all?" And the widow said she wouldn't have believed that she could have stood it so well.

James Belk, the Centenarian. Interesting Recollections—Authenticity of the Mecklenburg Declaration. Among the honored guests at the late Celebration at Charlotte was Mr. James Belk, of Union county, in this State, the more than Centenarian. Mr. Belk is a man of fine intelligence, well preserved in mind and body.

Believing that Mr. Belk's recollections of the events of the last century would be interesting a Journal special reporter interviewed him, and we give, as concisely as we can, the answers to his interrogatories: By family record in a Bible printed in Edinburgh in 1720, it is stated that he was born February 4th, 1765. Five years ago, during the Spring term of Union Superior Court, he was a witness in Court to contradict the plaintiff in a statement which the plaintiff swore to, to the effect that he, James Belk, as a magistrate, had given a judgment at some prior time in favor of the plaintiff, in the case then on trial, to-wit: Calvin Lany vs. Thomas Richardson, upon which judgment the plaintiff based his action. The record of his age was exhibited in court. He was born and raised where he now lives, in Union county, which was formerly a part of Mecklenburg. His recollection is good. He lost his leg from the effects of a wound inflicted by accident with a pitch fork. He named one of his sons, who is now living, for Julius Alexander, who was younger than himself by a considerable number of years. He remembers the death of his father who was wounded in South Carolina, during the Revolutionary war, near the North Carolina line, and knows that his mother found his father in the woods by the roadside. She took him to their residence, and afterwards carried him to the residence of James Belk's grandfather, for better care and attention, where he died. He remembers distinctly the meeting at Mecklenburg Court House that made a declaration of independence; heard his parents talk of it after his father returned from the Court House, his mother cried because she thought it would bring trouble. He was frightened and this makes him remember it though only ten years old. As he grew up he often heard the 20th of May Declaration spoken of and remembers that the Resolves of the 31st of May were spoken of as being separate and distinct. He heard Julius Alexander speak of the two meetings the 20th and 31st, when Alexander and he were young men.

He says that his recollection of these events is more vivid than that of events of thirty years ago. He remembers the conduct of the British soldiers, how, on one occasion, they killed the cow of a poor neighbor of his father and wrapped him up in the wet hide, and his mother kneeling down to beg for his life, she thinking they were going to kill him.—Wilmington Journal.

About the happiest time in a young girl's existence is when her lover rings her hand.

Desperate Encounter with Thieves. The Spartanburg correspondent of the Greenville News gives the following account of a daring and fatal encounter with three desperate thieves, a son and some women: Mr. B. Burnett, Chief of Police of Greenville, and Capt. Alley, were in my office just now, giving the particulars of a most perilous and dangerous arrest. Capt. Alley left here the other day, with Jim Ray, colored, and Mr. Summer, to arrest the parties who robbed the safe at White & Fingers' factory a few weeks ago. Capt. Burnett joined Alley in Hendersonville. The thieves were Marve Lewis of Edneyville, Henderson county, N. C., and Lewis, of Spartanburg county, and Wm. Hudgins, of Bald Mountain—all white. Hudgins escaped. Lewis, of this county, will be arrested to-day—men having left for him this morning. Willis, who was lodged in jail for this robbery, is innocent, and will be released.

Capt. Alley, with Ray and Summer, went on Saturday to Marve Lewis' house, and not finding him at home, ascertained that he was at the house of one Johnson, distant about three hundred yards. Going to Johnson's house, Alley arrested Lewis, who, when he was told the cause of his arrest, swore that he would die before he would surrender, drawing a pistol. Alley got him down, Lewis still having the pistol pointed at Alley, who in trying to get it, caused it to fire, taking effect in Lewis' thigh. While Ray was helping Alley, Lewis' son struck Ray on the head with an axe, inflicting a most dangerous wound. Ray being nearly senseless, the women present ran to get his pistol, which was prevented by Alley getting to him first. While Alley was going to Ray, Summer took charge of Lewis, who got away some distance. In this scuffle, Lewis was shot mortally through and through by incognito. Dr. Whitted, of Hendersonville, was examining Lewis' wound when Mr. Burnett left, though he must have died very soon after. Mr. Taylor, Sheriff of Henderson, arrested young Lewis, who struck Ray. These four men and five women were encountered by Alley's party. The men had pistols and axes and the women knives. After Lewis was shot, young Lewis ran, leaving his father who was too badly wounded to be removed. Ere this goes to press, the other Lewis, of this county, will be in custody.

Fashionable Women. Fashion, says a writer, kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave woman at her task will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistress's fade and pass away. The washerwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all extinct. The kitchen maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby.

It is a sad truth that fashion-pampered women are almost worthless for all the good ends of life; they have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life—they accomplish no great ends. They are dolls, formed in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody, they bless nobody, and save nobody. They write no books, they set no rich examples of virtue and woman's life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do all, save to conceive and give them birth. And when reared, what are they? What do they ever amount to, but weaker scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue and power of mind, for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprung from strong-minded women, who had about as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.

A father, in consoling a daughter who had lost her husband, said: "I don't wonder you grieve for him, my child—you will never find his equal." "I don't know as I can," responded the sobbing widow, "but I'll do my best." The father felt comforted.

Saving is Wealth. One great cause of the poverty of the present day is the failure of our people to appreciate small things. They do not realize how a daily addition, be it ever so small, will soon make a large pile. If the young men and young women of to-day will only begin now to save a little from their earnings and weekly or monthly add their mite, they will wear a happy smile of competence when they reach middle life. Not only the desire but the ability to increase it will also grow.

Let clerk and tradesman, laborer and artisan, make now and at once a beginning. Store up some of your youthful force and vigor for future contingency. Let parents teach their children to begin at the fountain head to control the stream of extravagance—to choose between poverty and riches. Let our youth go on in the habits of extravagance for fifty years to come as they have for fifty years past, and we shall have a nation of beggars, with a moneyed aristocracy. Let a generation of such as save in small sums be reared, and we shall be free from all want. Do not be ambitious for extravagant fortune, but do seek that which is the duty of every one to obtain, independence and a comfortable home. Wealth, and enough of it, is within the reach of all. It is obtainable by one process, and by one only—saving.

Be Sensible. Do not be above your business; he who turns up his nose at his work, quarrels with his bread and butter. He is a poor smith who quarrels with his own sparks; there's no shame about any honest calling; don't be afraid of soiling your hands, there's plenty of soap to be had. All trades are good to traders. You can not get honey if you are frightened at bees, nor plant corn if you are afraid of getting mud on your boots. When you can dig fields with tooth-picks, blow ships along with fans, and grow plum-cakes in flower-pots, then it will be a fine time for dandies.

Showing the Whites. A man took umbrage which appeared in a paper in the town in which as personal, the other in an irate manner entered and inquired of the first who wrote that article, and pointing to the paper, and pointing to the man to which he took exceptions.

Said he, (raising his voice in a loud key, and with clenched fists high in the air.) "I want to see the editor that wrote that article." "You do," answered the young man interrogated. "Yes I do," answered the stranger, angrily. "It will satisfy me, for, and will have it, and before I leave here, too; do you hear and understand that?" "All right," said the young man. "But before I call him, I would like to ask you if you ever saw the gentleman before?" "No, of course not," was the savage answer. "Why do you wish to know?"

"No, nothing very particular. I thought if you did you would not care to see him." "That's just what I come for, young man; and there will be fun, you bet!" "Well, stranger, I tell you before-hand, he is a powerful man, stands six two in his stockings, weighs two hundred, and owns two fists that strike tremendous blows; when angry, his eyes flash fire; his tread is like an elephant's, and he can lift a three hundred pound weight with perfect ease, and top it over his shoulder as easy as I could a base ball. No one dare approach him in an angry mood, for they would be in danger of losing their lives. He has held an elephant's trunk for ten minutes, and put his arms around the neck of a horse, and turned him over with comparative ease. He has done powerful things, I tell you, stranger. Besides, he always carries a six shooter, and he is an excellent shot, scarcely missing the bull's eye one time out of twelve. Stranger, he is the counterpart of Samson, of old."

During the young man's brief recitation of the personnel of the editor that wrote that article, the stranger turned very pale, trembled all over, backing all the time toward the door, out of which he suddenly darted and has not been heard of since, doubtless deeming it wiser to depart quietly than to encounter such a formidable opponent.

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