

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION: One year, \$2 10; Six months, 1 05; Three months, 55; INvariably in Advance.

Local Directory.

Masonic. Hiram Lodge, No. 40—A. S. Lee, W. C. F. Busbee, S. W. J. C. Little, J. W.; E. B. Thomas, Secretary. Meets third Monday evening in each month at 7 o'clock.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows. Manteo Lodge, No. 8.—Morris Rosenbaum, N. G.; George D. Cullery, V. G.; O. F. Curtis, Secretary. Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Knights of Pythias. Centre Lodge, No. 1.—E. G. Harrell, C. C.; B. C. Manly, V. C.; C. A. Sherwood, K. R. S. Meets every Wednesday, at 7 P. M. third story Exchange Building.

Independent Order of Good Templars. Hickman Lodge, No. 1.—J. S. Allen, W. C. T.; Miss Della Watson, W. V. T.; Walter C. Richardson, Secretary. Meets every Tuesday evening, 7 o'clock, at Good Templars' Headquarters, Fayetteville St.

Friends of Temperance. Raleigh Council, No. 127.—L. S. Burkhead, President; Willie C. Stomach, Associate; V. Ballard, Secretary. Meets every Friday evening at 7 o'clock in the Briggs Building.

Young Men's Christian Association. John Armstrong, President; D. W. Hahn and J. B. Burwell, Vice Presidents; E. R. Stamps, Secretary. Meets every Tuesday evening 7 o'clock at Briggs Building.

Typographical Union. Raleigh Typographical Union, No. 51, meets every first Wednesday night in each month.

Officers. Jos. A. Harris, President. F. W. Marcom, Vice-President. F. T. Booker, Rec. Secretary. J. R. Ray, Cor. Sec'y. Otho Crabtree, Fin. Secretary. E. M. Uzzell, Treasurer. Jno. C. King, Sergeant at-Arms.

Rates of Postage. Postal Cards—Written or printed, one cent each. Drop Letters—Without local delivery, one cent for each half ounce, or fraction thereof. Drop letters with local delivery, 2 cents.

Miscellaneous Matter—Rate of postage on miscellaneous matter is one cent for each ounce or fraction thereof. Packages must not exceed four pounds, except books, book manuscript, proof sheets, and corrected proof sheets.

Registered Letters—The order is only payable at the office on which it is drawn. The order should be collected within one year from its date. After once paying an order, by whomsoever presented, the department will be liable to no further claim. Fee for registered letters is 10 cents, this in addition to the regular postage.



Poetry.

When Dost Thou Think of Me? When dost thou think of me? At the soft dawn, When the day breaketh As love is born.

Selected Story.

THE LOST WAGER.

The trunks were all packed and corded, and the carpet-bag piled up in the corner of the spacious, old-fashioned hall. How melancholy they looked, those emblems of parting and adieu. Not even the merry laughter of the two or three young girls, who were gathered around a stalwart, handsome fellow of about twenty-five, could entirely banish an impalpable something of sadness from the scene.

red-curtained library, revising the letter which he had been writing to his old friend Jabez Thorne, of Thornville, to the effect that his nephew, John Lacy, was in search of an eligible piece of land, and wished to settle down in that vicinity, and requested Mr. Thorne's aid and co-operation in the selection of the same. Minnie opened the door.

mined into the parlor, where young Lacy was quietly awaiting her appearance. The old gentleman's face was scarlet with embarrassment, he was half disposed to be angry with his guest's self-possession. "I had thought of settling in this vicinity, Mr. Thorne," said Jabez after the ceremonious greeting had been exchanged, "and understood from my uncle that you had a desirable piece of property you might be disposed to part with."

father, Miss Thorne, that I shall call to see him about this matter to-morrow morning?" he asked. All the moss roses in Mr. Thorne's rose-garden could not have rivalled the hot glow on Mary's cheeks as she fled out of the room without a word of reply.

cerned through the dense foliage of the anacia hedges their advancing forms, Mr. Lacy looking exceedingly proud and self-satisfied, and Mary leaning on his arm, with her pretty cheeks flushed and her lips wreathed in timid smiles. "What does she say," roared the pater-familias.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One square, one time, \$ 1 00; two times, 1 50; three times, 2 00.

Contract advertisements taken at proportionately low rates.

Miscellaneous.

The Plumber's Bride.

A poor but honest plumber loved passionately the beautiful and accomplished only daughter of a wealthy temperance lecturer. She returned his affection, but the stern father forbade her to associate with her lover, and said that if he ever caught him in the house he'd kick him from heaven to breakfast.

One Moment with Her Boy.

I saw her take a golden ringlet and twine it over her fingers, and press it to her cheek. It touched her lips. Tears dropped upon that golden treasure; no words were spoken. She wrapped it carefully, laid it away in its little casket. Her eyes were brighter, her step firmer, her speech more cheery, as she took up again the duties and burdens of life.

Growing Old.

How strange our ideas of growing old change as we go on in life! To the girl in her teens the ripper maiden of twenty-five seems quite aged. Twenty-two thinks thirty-five an "old thing." Thirty-five dreads forty, but congratulates herself that there may still remain some ground to be possessed in the fifteen years before the half century shall be attained.

A Corpse in a Bale of Cotton.

On Saturday last the hands on J. Jones' plantation between Winstonsboro and Chester, were engaged in packing cotton, when they were called on to drive cows from an adjoining field. They were absent some fifteen minutes. On their return to the press they called for one of their comrades who had been assisting in packing, but could not find him. As he had been drinking, the supposition was that he had gone off somewhere to sleep, and the packing continued without him.

A Touching Incident.

A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened room, waiting to be laid in the cold grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious little sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing on the face of one so beloved and cherished, the little girl asked to shake his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but the child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it; she took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy and placed it in the hands of his weeping little sister.

What could have been more touching and lovely?

The dear child looked at it a moment, gazed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother, through tears and love, and said: "Mother, this hand never struck me."

Only \$2.10 for a live Republican paper at the State capital.