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MORGANTON, N. C., TUESDAY, MAY 9, 1876.

NO. 13.

Gene Refere. Only a little love, that faded ere it bloomed... Jane's Long Day. Above the plain forming the glen hung the tranquil autumn moon.

JANE'S LONG DAY.

Jane's Long Day. Above the plain forming the glen hung the tranquil autumn moon. The air was filled with a silver haze that floated like a curtain at the window.

trooping in upon her ears, like unbidden guests. Over and over again she tried to banish them.

trooping in upon her ears, like unbidden guests. Over and over again she tried to banish them. The old man waved his hand, bent his head, and made a low bow.

"It is no use. There is no trap door. My daughter! My darling little Jane, good-bye!"

"It is no use. There is no trap door. My daughter! My darling little Jane, good-bye!" The old man waved his hand, bent his head, and made a low bow.

Fashion Notes. All new suits are complete. The dress is still the popular carriage.

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THE PRIZE RING. A Refereed Prize Fighter Tells Something About It.

A Refereed Prize Fighter Tells Something About It. Just think how cruel and horrible a thing it is to be a professional fighter.

A CITY'S TRAGEDY. A Sad Case of Fatalistic Epilepsy in a Family.

A Sad Case of Fatalistic Epilepsy in a Family. The great city is full of tragedy. Looked at with psychological eyes capable of pierce disease, every street would be found draped with shadows.

A Slippery Place to Pop the Question. She came tripping from the church door, her face flushed by emotions.

A Slippery Place to Pop the Question. She came tripping from the church door, her face flushed by emotions. He advanced on the curbstones, where for an hour he had waited impatiently with a burning heart.

My Friend. The friend who holds a mirror to my face. And hiding mine, is not afraid to show my faults.

My Friend. The friend who holds a mirror to my face. And hiding mine, is not afraid to show my faults. My faults, my smallest blunders, within; who friendly smiles, reproves me if I sin.