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Josephine to Napoleon, Farewell, farewell, yes, forever, Could my soul its fetters break, I would not each life-time sever, And no thrill of pain awake, But 't those whom Heaven gave me To atone my coming day, When thro' years of lonely misery, I shall speed my weary way.

For the watch-dog's dinner, dimmer, On love's altar 'em to burn, And, alas! that I could gimmer, Must to hate my bosom turn, Poets sing 't mortal numbers, All the agony of woman's heart, All the agony that slumbers, Ere her pride would say depart!

I had strongly thought that never More on earth I'd be deceived; Truited long, and hoped on over; Every pledge of love believed, All the hopes in life cherished, All the pride my nature knew, At thy feet have long since perished, But to find thee, too, untrue!

Now, with purpose firm and steady, I renounce my faith in thee, For full long I've known thee ready To recant thy vows to me, Farewell! 't thy country's glory Fill 't thy mighty, kingly soul; May thy future brilliant story Do see richest, proudest goal!

Unearthed by a China Hunter. "There, didn't I tell you so, Mr. Freke? Here is a find! Do you see that large plate on the upper shelf? Old burnt china, as I am alive, of the finest kind, and a real beauty! Who would ever have expected such a thing in a house like this? All dusty too; I don't suppose they use it, or care for it in the least. People of this sort never do. Well, I call this luck."

She had the plate in her hands by this time, and was turning it over to examine the marks on the bottom, regardless of dust or gloved fingers, when a clear young voice from a doorway uttered the words: "I beg your pardon, but did you want any thing?"

Mrs. Hunter jumped. Mr. Freke, her young escort, jumped also. His "feeling" for china was feeble; certainly it would never have led him to enter a stranger's house unbidden and rifle its cupboards, and a sudden sense of guilt sent the blood furiously into his face. In the doorway behind them stood a girl in a gingham dress, with a white apron tied about her slender waist, and thick rolls of bright hazel hair twisted round a pretty head, out of which looked a pair of grave and astonished brown eyes. A remarkably pretty girl, and a lady too; voice and accent testified that, as well as the gentle self-possession with which she now confronted these uninvited guests.

Mrs. Hunter recovered first. Women generally do on such occasions. "I beg your pardon," she said, with her pleasant manner. "We knocked several times without being able to make any one hear, and at last we ventured to walk in. Then I saw this curious old pla' on the shelf, and I couldn't resist—Do you use it, may I ask, or is it of any particular value to you? If not, I might be glad to buy it, if your mother were inclined to sell. It's a queer old thing, but I have some which almost match it, and I should like this."

"It belongs to my aunt—Mrs. Marsh," replied the young lady, briefly. "I don't think she would wish to part with it." There was no invitation to linger in voice or manner. Evidently she expected them to go at once. "Is your aunt at home?" asked the un-daunted Mrs. Hunter. "I should so like to see her if she is."

not keep my hands off it wherever it is. The tone was very winning, and Raby's face relaxed in spite of itself. Barbara Hagen Glenn was my girl's name, but no one ever called her Barbara, not even Aunt Marsh, who had little tolerance for pet names of nonsense of any kind. Every body said "Raby," and the crisp little "she" seemed to suit her better than a longer and a finer one could.

"Do you think your aunt would likely to be in to-morrow?" continued Mrs. Hunter. "I must come over and talk with her about it; or perhaps, Mr. Freke, you will come for me if the Holmans arrive and I am detained?"

"With pleasure," Raby's face clouded a little. "I do not think my aunt will sell the plate," she said, in rather a constrained voice; "but she will probably be at home."

"We can but try," laughed Mrs. Hunter. "Good-afternoon Miss—Miss Marsh, and thank you ever so much." She swept down the walk. Mr. Freke panted.

"It is very good of you to take so much trouble for us," he said, in a tone whose sincerity Raby recognized. "Very probably your aunt may not care to sell the plate—I should not wish to offend her on such a point—but if Mrs. Hunter gives me the commission, I shall certainly come, for the pleasure of making another call upon you." He lifted his hat as he spoke, and with a courteous bow followed Mrs. Hunter down the path.

"That's a real gentleman," soliloquized Raby, as they drove off. "And she—I don't know. She's pretty, and her voice is pleasant, but somehow there's a difference. I don't think I like her—quite."

Mr. Freke did drive over next day. He was received very grimly by Aunt Sabina Marsh, whom he found entrenched, as it were, in front of her corner cupboard, and resolved not to cede her plate or listen to any arguments whatever on the subject. This refusal, sooth to say, caused no particular grief to the disloyal messenger. He cared little for the plate, but a good deal for the chance of another chat with Raby, who was more piquantly pretty than ever, in the effort to hide her amusement at her aunt's grim and defiant manners.

Ernest Freke made one more call at the old house before he went back to town, but only one. "I could fall in love with that girl," he said to himself as he drove homeward; and he made a little picture in his mind of Raby in a fresh morning dress, pouring coffee at the opposite end of a dainty breakfast table for two, with sunshine streaming through an open window behind, and tonching with glints of gold all that beautiful hazel hair of hers—a pretty picture. Ernest Freke was half artist, and his imagination naturally conjured such scenes; but he shook his head. He could not afford to marry (that point was settled long ago), unless, indeed—but here he shook his head again. The chances were against his falling in love with a girl who had money. He could not do without the money, and he would not do without the love, so he dismissed the idea of marriage. He was an honorable young fellow at heart, however, and he would not go again to see Raby. "What's the use?" he told himself. "Better not." But Mrs. Hunter and her guests became wearisome to him after that, and presently he went back to town and to his business, in which he immersed himself. For a while Raby's face floated before his eyes; but the image dimmed as months went by, and in time would probably have faded out altogether, had it not been recalled oddly and unexpectedly by the following circumstances.

He was passing one day the shop of a taxidermist, an elderly man, with whom he had some slight acquaintance, when he heard his name called. "Did you want me, Mr. Balch?" putting his head in at the door. "I thought I heard your voice."

on tell, sir. It is left to— But I have a copy of the will here; I'll show you." The document, briefly drawn, but in strict legal form, devised all property of every description of which the testator might die possessed "to the child or children of my niece Esther Le Baron, eldest daughter of my sister Esther Platt. I do not know their present name or residence." That was all. Nothing could be more indefinite.

"Are there no letters or papers in the house to give a clue?" "I haven't lit on any, sir. But then I haven't searched regular. Could you spare time to step round here with me, Mr. Freke? I should be very grateful."

"I couldn't to-day, but I might to-morrow." So the appointment was made. The Railed House had been a stately mansion in its day, with other stately mansions about it. Now, with a junk-shop on either side, and a row of sailors' boarding-houses opposite, it looked like the wreck of a fine old frigate aground in the mud of some ignoble harbor. Inside, it held a mine of riches for the curiosity-lover. Nothing had been added and nothing taken away for a century past. No papers were to be found, however, and as one receptacle after another was vainly searched, the little taxidermist grew disconsolate.

"Why, Mr. Freke, what is it? what have you found, sir?" for his companion had uttered a sudden exclamation. There, on the shelves of a buffet which he had just opened, were ranged in splendid row platters and dishes and cups of magnificent India china, blue, crimson, and gold, with on each the same little shield and monogram, in sharp, gleaming lines of color, which he had last seen in faded tints on the old plate in Mrs. Sabina Marsh's cupboard months before. It was certainly the same; he recognized it instantly. But how came it here? And what was the link between this rich and lonely dead woman and Mrs. Marsh and pretty Raby in their quaint solitude and bare poverty?

He made no distinct explanation to the puzzled executor, but advised him to defer advertising for a little; and the next day he once found him at the gate of the old house again. No bright girl faces smiled a welcome this time; Raby had gone back to her school-teaching, and Aunt Sabina, grim as ever, received him.

Her distant and suspicious manner gradually thawed as she discerned the meaning of his questions. Mrs. Morpeth was her aunt, her mother's sister. Her grandmother's name was Platt, and her mother was the Barbara Holdsworth Hagen of the china monogram. Yes, her mother did marry a Le Baron. He was a Frenchman. He did not live very long after the marriage. Did he turn out badly? She could not say—it wasn't for her to speak ill of her own father, but the family took offense, and never would have anything to do with her mother afterward. No, she never saw her aunt, and she never wanted to. In her opinion, they treated her mother shamefully. Raby's mother was older than she, two years older. She was dead now, and so was Mr. Glenn. Raby was the only child. Prove it? Why, of course she could; but why should she? Everybody knew about the Marshes and the Glens—every body that had any business to, that was. And pray why did the gentleman ask all these questions?—what concern was it of his, anyway?

So Raby was the heiress. There was a great deal of confusion in Ernest Freke's mind after this. He gave his best services to proving Raby's title and putting her in possession of her great-aunt's bequest, and for this end it was needful that they should meet; but those interviews were of a strictly business character. Ernest kept them so. "I won't make up to a girl, now she is rich, whom I deliberately turned away from when she was poor," he said to himself. Raby was not a little aggrieved by this turn of affairs. "He won't even let me thank him comfortably," she told her aunt. "He just bows and goes away."

After awhile she and Mrs. Marsh came to the city, and then they met often. There were plenty of people to show attention to a young and beautiful heiress. Mr. Freke was always encountered Mrs. Glenn at dinners or at parties. After awhile he ceased to fight against the new and sweet influence which had come into his life. He asked Raby to marry him, telling her the manifold truth about himself, and leaving her to judge the matter.

"I don't think you were to blame—much!" pronounced Raby, lifting her soft eyes with a look which sent a thrill to all his nerves. "A man can't always marry a girl, even he likes her. And you hadn't seen me but three times, you know. It was much more honorable in you to stop than to go on a little longer and make me like you—more."

you take it to her? It is a sort of debt, for if she hadn't come curiously hunting that day, I might never have seen you, or heard of Aunt Morpeth or her will, or—"

"Bless the old plate, then!" interrupted Ernest Freke. "Send Mrs. Hunter a new one, by all means; but that old one we will have framed, and hang up on our walls, and keep always, won't we, Raby?"

And they did.—Harper's Bazar.

Practical Education. In some of the journals of the day which do not have the fear of the politician continually before them, a lively and useful discussion is now going on in regard to the grave defects of common school education in not adapting itself pliantly enough to the real needs of the educated. The 'lower education,' it is contended, is as important in some very essential respects as the higher, and, as a rule, it is woefully neglected. A lady has recently written to a London newspaper to say that in the village near where she lives no woman among the farm laborers' wives knows how to take care of her home, how to cook or to look after her children; and she mentioned several instances in which the poor children had died from this inexperience and ignorance. It is to be feared that an inquiry into the knowledge of the details of housekeeping, sewing and nursery management possessed by the fair girl graduates of our female high schools, with all their mastery of ologies and imms, would reveal a state of destitution and poverty much more shocking than that disclosed in the chronicle of Miss Flora McFimsey. The general education of the day certainly cannot be said to be perfect in its methods or the best possible means to the end sought. We teach boys book-keeping when we expect them to become clerks; Latin and Greek when we intend them to enter the learned professions; but what do we teach girls who are to become mothers and housewives, or, it may be, who will need to become domestic servants? A London comic paper recently published a clever print showing a maid-servant applying for a place, and with the following conversation for its legend: "Lady—You have not been out to service yet, therefore, you have no character? Applicant—No, mum; but I've got three school-board certificates. Lady—Ah, well, that's something. Are they for honesty, cleanliness, or—? Applicant—No, please mum, for literatur, jogg-raffy and free-hand drawin'. The satire is true enough to bite.

Meet Life Bravely. In almost every phase of life, may we observe that manly stability follows manly energy. In trials and misfortunes, those who bear them most bravely and submit to them most cheerfully who have struggled the hardest to avoid them. The calamity that comes through neglect is the hardest to bear. The grateful, repining, discontented murmurer is almost invariably the one who has put forth the least effort to help himself. So the promises that are most cautiously made are the most firmly kept. The generosity that is guided by wisdom is the most thoroughly dependable. The love that is founded on respect is the deepest and most permanent. True manliness and womanliness must combine the elements of activity and repose, of vigor and calmness, of firm will and gentle pliancy; and those who most faithfully and energetically use all their powers as duty calls them forth will be able to stand the most firmly and easily, and to rest the most calmly and contentedly, when the hour of labor ceases.

A New Version. When Damon, who was a red-ribbon man, had the ague, Pythias used to sit up with him all night, and take his biters for him. And Damon used to lend Pythias his razor to cut his curls with. They borrowed money of each other and never quarreled about it. They would play through a long game of croquet and never fight or call each other "messureless liars." For nearly two years they belonged to the same chair and never had a row. They used to meet at Darling's grocery and tell each other funny stories about the neighbors while they browsed out of the cracker barrel. They were always careful of each other's feelings. Pythias had a foot like a snow-plow, and his boots used to frighten the cattle, but Damon always professed to admire it, and used to sigh and say, "Oh, Pythias, if I only had such a foot as that I'd marry some girl that could support me out of her own income." But Pythias would smile and say he was not proud if nature had built so much of him on the ground that he always felt like a land-grabber every time he stepped.

Woman's Memory. A woman will go on a shopping tour in quest of a score of dissimilar articles. The ribbon must be ten fingers and a half long and half a finger wide; the carpet must be like Mrs. Spriggins', only that she wants her's brown where Mrs. S.'s is green; the first knot in the string she carries in her pocket is the width of the window curtain; the second knot, the length of Susie's skirt; the third knot, of the picture cord, and the whole string the distance around the center table. Besides these she has buttons to buy, cotton to select, silk to match, and heaven knows what not; she will come home at night without having made a single blunder, with a full satchel and an empty pocket-book, and express packages will be arriving for a week to come. But the strangest part of this strange, eventful trip is, that she can also tell you off hand the costume of every lady she saw during her tour, either on the street or in any of the numerous shops visited. Can a man do this?

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST. Berlin's population numbers 1,652,900. Newspaper advertising pays better than circulating handbills. There are six Virginians and five Kentuckians in the United States Senate. Experiments with the electric light in the New York post-office proved highly successful. A fire in Wadley, on the Georgia central railroad, destroyed five stores, two residences and a hotel. A bill before the Missouri legislature requires every person carrying a pistol to pay a license tax of one dollar annually. A colored family named Bryant, of Long Creek, N. C., recently discovered a bee tree, and partaking of the wild honey were poisoned. Several members of the family died. The Confederate monument at Columbus, Ga., was unveiled in the presence of 10,000 people from different sections of Georgia and Alabama. Governor Colquhoun delivered the address. Texas has been deluged with floods, and the railways in many sections have been seriously damaged. At Houston the water rose eighteen feet in three hours and carried off all the bridges. A New Yorker makes a business of riding hotels of rats which infest them, and claims to have taken 15,000 in one year. He captures them alive and sells them to the rat pits for \$10 per hundred. The governmental report states that during the year ending March 31st, the exports exceeded the imports of the country by the enormous sum of \$283,831,122—an excess of nearly \$9,000,000 over the same period for 1878. Attorney General Field, of Virginia, decides that a voter in Virginia has the right at any time before the day of election, and before the delinquent list is made out by the treasurer, to pay to the treasurer the expiration tax. Shad has this year been caught in great numbers in the Washita river, Arkansas. It is the only river emptying into the Gulf of Mexico in which this fish is found, and they made their appearance there but two years ago. Reports from all parts of the country are to the effect that business conditions are fully returned. Spindles, looms, workshops of all kinds are at work in the spring of 1879 as they have not been for five consecutive years before. Capital is more than abundant. Of labor there neither is, nor is likely to be any lack. A Georgia Senator, having become disgusted with the low price of timber, has engaged in the 'possum traffic. He reports that he caught in one night thirty-two, and carrying them to Bartow, found a ready purchaser, and that they netted him a gain of sixteen dollars. He then calculated the sale of a raft of timber of sixty sticks, averaging nine hundred and sixty feet, and finds that it netted but thirteen dollars. The internal revenue commissioner has decided that druggists are not subject to special tax on account of wines or spirituous liquors which they use exclusively in the preparation of, making up of medicines, nor are they liable to special tax as retailers on account of keeping a still or distilling apparatus for use exclusively in treating liquors, etc., employed in making up of medicines. A firm in Statesville, N. C., sold last year nearly half a million dollars' worth of medicinal plants, roots and herbs, of Western North Carolina production, and a firm in Bakersville sold \$8,000 worth last year, and have received one order for \$5,000 worth, to be filled the coming season. Some of the rarest and most useful medicinal plants are found in the State. The Methodists will hold six national camp-meetings this year. The thirty-eighth will be held at North Lawrence, Kansas, beginning June 24; the thirty-ninth at Bennet, Neb., July 8; the fortieth at Sewickly, Pa., July 23; the forty-second at Summit Grove, Pa., the forty-third at Urbana, Ohio, August 13; the forty-fourth at Newcastle, Pa., August 16. In an English church the plan has been adopted of throwing verse after verse of a hymn that is to be sung by the congregation in large type upon a wall by means of a magic lantern. This has already been found to please the old as well as the young, and by its means the objections to singing of having no book, or of having left the book at home, or of eye-injuring fine type, are annihilated.

Jerusalem of To-day. A traveler to the Holy Land writing of Jerusalem, says: The only public buildings in the city worth speaking of at all are the churches, of one kind and another, and as a rule these are quite so imposing relatively as the private houses. The church of the Holy Sepulchre, the great central point of interest in the city, is neither impressive in size nor fine in style. Its exterior is almost entirely hidden from view by the miserable structures surrounding it on every side, while its interior is so divided in its elevations, so cut up into chapels and sub-sections, and so cluttered up with tawdry fittings of one kind and another as to entirely destroy whatever of grace of style and harmony of proportions it once may have possessed. The much talked of Mosque of Omar, which occupies the site of Solomon's Temple, and claims to have Jacob's sacrificial stone within its walls, has a magnificent dome, some really beautiful windows, and some fine ornamentation, both inside and out; but the building as a whole is not extensive in scale nor grand or pleasing in design. It-sides, there is considerable cheap imitation decoration observable in many parts, which detracts greatly from its dignity and effect when examined closely. The other notable mosque, that of Aksar, standing also on the old Temple plateau, covers a good deal of ground, but that is about the most that can be said of it. It is neither lofty, massive nor graceful, nor in any way particularly attractive to my way of thinking, at least. The Armenian Church of St. James comes next in size and importance, but in any other city than Jerusalem it would not be likely to attract attention; much less regarded as an architectural lion. It has, however, some furnishings that are unique to a western eye. There are two Jewish synagogues, also, whose conspicuous domes—one green the other white—lead the visitor to expect something worth seeing when they are reached. Such an expectation will not be realized, however. One is quite old, the other comparatively new, but both are barren, dreary places, poorly furnished, decorated in wretched taste, and exceedingly dirty in every part.

The English Champion. Of Brown, who has just won the grand six-days walking contest in London, beating Corkey, the ex-champion, the only thing that can be said is that he is a marvel. He beat all previous records at the end of every hundred miles, accomplishing, for the first time in the history of pedestrianism, 300 miles in three days, besides having six and a half miles to spare. Throughout the race he was remarkably fresh, full of fire and never showing the effect of the terrible trial. He had an attack of giddiness, but this did not at all result from weakness or from overexertion, as was proved by his reappearance on the track. During the last hour and a half Brown and Weston were the only men on the track. Brown walked with an easy, swinging gait, showing not the least sign of stiffness. Every few minutes he would break into a brisk run, occasionally challenging Weston, and always easily passing him. As he went round the track he was greeted with hearty cheering by the immense multitude around. He would respond to the enthusiasm by increasing his speed, continuing this for a long time. Brown is undoubtedly the most marvelous pedestrian who has yet appeared. His physical condition is absolutely perfect. He has a round, pleasant face, full of rich blood, which contrasted in a marked manner with the thin, jaded look of the others. So little did he show any signs of fatigue that it was believed he might have continued easily several days longer. When the band began playing for the last time the immense crowd pressed close to the rails, and, cheering, cried "Go on!" The pedestrian then sprang into a swift run, with a faultless action that will long be the wonder of pedestrianism. Brown covered 542 miles and some laps, being twenty-two miles greater distance than has ever been walked in the same space of time by any man.—Hazzard walked 491 miles, Corkey 473, and Weston, the American, only 443.

A correspondent writing from Missah Moador, Morocco, Africa, states that 13,000 persons have perished in that town from hunger. There were dead or dying lying in every street in and out of the town. The dead were buried not more than one span deep and the dogs soon uncovered the earth and fed on the bodies. The small-pox, cholera and typhoid fever succeeded each other.

Ger. Loring, of Florida, formerly of the Confederate service, has left the Egyptian army, and is on his way to America.