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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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The larger advertisements are charged at a special rate.

To the Bereaved! Headstones, Monuments, TOMBS, IN THE BEST OF MARBLE.

People Will Have New Goods, W. L. LONDON Will Keep Them.

HE KEEPS EVERYTHING

And always keeps a Full Supply. He keeps the largest stock of FLOUR, FLOW GASTERS and FARMING IMPLEMENTS in the County.

GROCERIES!

Sugars, Coffee, Teas, Cuba Molasses, Fine Syrups and Fancy Groceries.

DRY GOODS!

Fancy Goods, such as Ribbons, Flowers, Laces, Veils, Collars, Corsets, Fans, Parasols, Umbrellas, Notions, Clothing.

HARDWARE,

Tinware, Draps, Paints Mixed and Dry Oil, Crockery, Confectionery.

SHOES!

Very large stock Boots. Hats for Men, Boys, Ladies and Children. Carriage Materials.

SEWING MACHINES

Table Iron, Furniture, Sewing and Smoking Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, Leather of all kinds, and a thousand other things at the

CHEAP STORE!

W. L. LONDON, PITTSBORO, N. C.

H. A. LONDON, Jr., Attorney at Law, PITTSBORO, N. C.

J. J. JACKSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, PITTSBORO, N. C.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK, OF RALEIGH, N. C.

J. D. WILLIAMS & CO., Grocers, Commission Merchants and Produce Buyers, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

RALEIGH, N. CAR. F. H. CAMERON, President. W. E. ANDERSON, Vice Pres. W. H. BICKS, Sec'y.

The only Home Life Insurance Co. in the State.

All its funds loaned out AT HOME, and among our own people. We do not send North Carolina money abroad to build up other States.

JOHN MANNING, Attorney at Law, PITTSBORO, N. C.

A Book-Marker. It holds my Bible leaves apart. This poor shrunken tree, so sad to see, As memory murmurs to my heart...

PLAYING EDITOR.

Time, twenty-fifth of June; hour half-past two; scene, balcony of a popular hotel; dramatic personae, a young gentleman sipping a glass of iced lemonade...

Cliff brought down his chair with an emphasis which scattered the remainder of the lemonade over the balcony, and started down the street.

'Gertie's Adventure'—old contributor—first page. 'Autumn Leaves'—oratory deficient—that goes into the waste basket. 'The Lost'—Hello Huntly!

'Now, don't distress yourself,' said Cliff, lazily; 'Shades of Nophth! what a perspiration you are in!'

'Do I?' said Mr. Pixley, rather com-funely. 'Well, business is pressing to-day. But it appears to me that you are looking unusually sober. Has anything happened?'

'Nothing, only this is my twenty-eighth birthday. I am getting old, you know,' said Cliff, fanning himself with a stray *Revue*.

'So I should think,' said the editor reflectively. 'Why, you will soon be an old bachelor. Why don't you get married?'

'Really, now, I can't. The ladies are all too good for me,' replied Mr. Huntly modestly.

'Nonsense! That's all a prevarication. There are a dozen of young ladies of my acquaintance who would be only too glad of a chance to become Mrs. Huntly. There's Cora Adams, for instance; isn't she nice enough?'

'And as for her, said Cliff, turning up his coat collar. 'Well, there's Kate Williamson; she has life enough, I fancy,' suggested Mr. Pixley.

'A hoidenish coquette, I tell you, Hal, all the noble, true-hearted women have gone out of fashion, and the young ladies of to-day are a mercenary class, as grasping as Midas. Possibly, as you say, any one of the ladies mentioned would become Mrs. Huntly for the asking, but why? Not for any good qualities I might possess, but simply for the sake of poor old Uncle Jacques's money.'

andress, which I did not print, as I have so much surplus matter on hand. And the other day, if you believe me, she came to see why her piece hadn't been published. Well, we fell into conversation and somehow before I knew it I had partially engaged her next manuscript, and she's coming again to-day, concluded the editor with a groan.

'Why didn't you tell her you couldn't accept it?' inquired Cliff, soberly. 'Well, I can't explain just why. She was the loveliest creature I ever saw, and it always was hard for me to say "no" to the ladies,' said the editor apologetically.

'Indeed! I fancy myself capable of saying No, when No is needed, in spite of a pretty face,' said Cliff, carefully. 'Oh, no doubt it seems very easy,' said Mr. Pixley, with an injured air.

'I'll do it,' exclaimed Cliff, springing up. 'But stay! possibly I might be recognized.' 'Good,' said the editor, 'I'll manage that; Noah, run up stairs and get Uncle David's wig and spectacles, and here is some false whiskers I wore to a masquerade last week. There! I fancy your best friends wouldn't know you in this disguise if they should chance to call in my absence, which is not likely. I declare she is coming now,' he added, looking out of the window.

'Who?' inquired Mr. Huntly, placidly. 'Why, our young contributor, of course. Good-bye, I'm off,' and Mr. Pixley put on his hat, and under the pretense of leaving the room, slipped discreetly into a tall cupboard used for packing away back numbers of the *Revue*.

Meanwhile a forest of gray whiskers partially hid the handsome face of our hero; a long duster concealed the elegant suit, and he stood transformed from a fashionable young man into a gray-haired, benign old gentleman. Feeling rather amused than otherwise at the absurdity of his position, Cliff stepped behind the desk and commenced looking over the *Mss.*, as Noah showed the lady in at the door.

'Is the editor in?' she repeated. 'No,' said Cliff, recovering himself in part. 'He—he is gone, he went away this afternoon.'

'Indeed! How unfortunate!' said the visitor in a tone of disappointment. I wished very much to see him. I have a short sketch here which he promised to look over this afternoon.'

'I am manager in his absence,' said Cliff politely, 'and will, if you will permit me, attend to it myself.'

'The old familiar handwriting danced for a moment before Cliff's eyes as he glanced eagerly at the bottom of the page for the signature. Yes, there it was, 'Mattie E. Raymond.' She was not married then. Perhaps a lover sufficiently wealthy had not yet made his appearance.

All this passed through Cliff's mind as he glanced the manuscript over, and he duly to criticize and reject it. He would have given words to have escaped the ordeal just then, but it was too late, so he laid down the *Mss.*, saying in a loud grim voice, 'I am sorry, miss, to disappoint you, but I cannot accept your contribution.'

'Not accept it!' The tones were slightly tremulous, and Cliff saw the lovely face grow white, and noticed for the first time that she was thinner and paler than when he had seen her last, four years before, during which time he had been abroad.

'Excuse me, but you look tired and ill. Pray be seated. Noah, a glass of water for the lady. Pardon me what I am about to say,' said the old gentleman, as his guest wearily accepted the offer, 'but I believe that we each have some special mission, or vocation, if you please, in life. Yours may not be of the literary kind, but may, nevertheless be just as important.'

'Vocation!' said Miss Raymond bitterly. 'There was a time indeed when I might have sat down with folded hands and waited for my vocation to come to me; but that time is now past. I am not, sir, as you seem to imagine, trying to acquire wealth and fame. Far from it. My mother has been very ill for some time, and if I should leave her, she would die; so I gave up teaching. Fortune has petted me so all my life that I was unaccustomed to other employments, even could I get them, so as a last resort I tried this, but—'

'She passed for a few seconds for self-control, then rose with perfect composure. 'My manuscript, sir, if you please.'

'Wait just a moment, please,' said the

old gentleman, retaining the desired article. 'Your story has touched me strangely. I would gladly assist you. May I not be your friend?'

A flash of crimson dyed the young contributor's face. 'Thank you, sir, but I did not come here to solicit friends or aid. I spoke of my troubles before I thought,' she said.

'So I perceive. But I should esteem it a privilege to be of benefit to you. I believe I have never done any good in my life, so do not, I beg of you, forbid my beginning now.'

'Miss Raymond's face dimpled into a half smile. 'What a strange old gentleman,' she thought, 'perhaps he is going to remember me in his will.'

'I spoke of vocation a moment ago,' continued the false editor. 'It seems to me that you are fitted to adorn some society. You are too young and beautiful to toil amidst poverty and disappointment, and from the first moment I saw you I felt an interest in you. I am rather eccentric as you see, and though you may think it strange—have never seen a lady I wished to make my wife until—until!'

'Until when?' demanded Mattie in bewildered surprise. 'Until I saw you. Nay, listen one moment, I am rich. As my wife your life of toil and taxation will be over. No wish shall remain ungratified. You shall be looked up to, bowed down to, by those who have slighted you in adversity—in short you will reign a queen in society. Forget the disparity in our ages; forget the tenor of my proposal—remember only that I offer you my hand and fortune. Do you consent?'

'Never sir! And oh! the indignant scorn of lips and eyes! 'Were you possessed of all the wealth of the whole world I would not sell myself for it. I thank you for the flattering kindness of your proposal, but sooner than consent to it I would beg, or starve. My hand and heart shall go together or not at all.'

'But surely you will reconsider this—you will!'

'Cliff,' said a sepulchral voice from the closet, 'are you beside yourself? and the next instant the horrified editor of the *Revue* emerged covered with cobwebs, and seizing wig and whiskers with a relentless hand, Cliff Huntly stood once more, flushed and handsome, before them. There was a glance, and a recognition.

'Cliff! 'Mattie! 'Forgive me, for the deception I have practiced upon you,' Cliff said eagerly. 'I could not, after all, believe that you could be the heartless, mercenary creature that your letter proved. But why, oh, why did you write it?'

'What letter? I do not understand you. I never wrote anything like what you describe this to be. After coming into possession of your uncle's fortune you sailed for Europe without one farewell word, so I concluded you wished our engagement ended. But what does all this mean? Are you quarreling?'

'Permit me to crave pardon just here, for my part in this transaction,' said Mr. Pixley coming forward. 'My friend Huntly, here, is leading a lonely, cynical sort of life, and wishing to reform him, I took this novel way of introducing you, little dreaming you would prove to be old acquaintances. Am I forgiven?'

'God bless you,' said Cliff, grasping his hand, while an eloquent pair of blue eyes opposite, more than granted pardon. Three months after there was a quiet wedding whose announcement found due place in the *Revue*. The bridegroom was Cliff Huntly, Esq., millionaire, a universal favorite in all select circles; the bride, Mattie Raymond, whose father had failed miserably years before, leaving the family in destitution. And 'all the world wended.'

that they did not know, reader, as do you and I, of the little episode in the editor's sanctum, while Cliff Huntly was playing editor.

A Fourth of July Snow-storm.

A remarkable meteorological phenomenon was observed in several places in Portland, Me., Friday afternoon. About five o'clock flakes of falling snow were seen by many, who could hardly credit their senses. Sergt. Boyd, of the signal service, happened to be out at the time and caught several of the flakes on his sleeve. He says such a thing might not occur again in one hundred years. He explains it in this way: Artificial snow may be formed in a warm room, the air of which has become saturated with moisture from the breath or any cause, by suddenly admitting a current of cold dry air. Shortly before five o'clock a cloud was observed rising from the south. At the same time another rose from the northwest. The current of wind which bore this along was cold, while the opposing current was warm and saturated with vapor. These two intermingled, and the effect was to form crystals of snow. The preceding heat and dryness of the day also helped to produce the result. The barometer was very low at the time, and the thermometer dropped fifteen degrees in ten minutes. The minimum temperature that night was fifty-seven degrees. This sudden change was no less remarkable than the snow-flakes.

A Stinging Tree.

Though the tropical scrub of Queensland, Australia, are very luxuriant and beautiful, they are not without their dangerous drawbacks, for there is one plant growing in them that is really deadly in its effects—that is to say, deadly in the same way that one would apply the term to fire; so, if a certain proportion of one's body is burnt by the stinging tree, death will be the result. It would be as safe to pass through fires as to fall into one of these trees. They are found growing from two to three inches high to ten and fifteen feet; in the old ones the stem is whitish, and red berries usually grow on the top. It emits a peculiar disagreeable smell, but it is best known by its leaf, which is nearly round, having a point on the top, and is jagged all around the edge, like the nettle. All the leaves are larger—some larger than a saucer.

'Sometimes,' says a traveler, 'while shooting turkeys in the scrub I have entirely forgotten the stinging tree till warned of its close proximity by its smell, and I have then found myself in a little forest of them. I was only once stung, and that was very lightly. Its effects are curious. It leaves no mark, but the pain is maddening, and for months afterward the part, when touched, is tender in rainy weather, or when it gets wet in washing, etc. I have seen a man who treats ordinary pain lightly roll on the ground in agony after being stung; and I have known a horse so completely mad after getting into a grove of the trees that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot in the scrub. Dogs when stung will rush about, whining piteously, biting pieces from the affected part. The small stinging tree, a few inches high, are as dangerous as any, being so hard to see, and seriously impeding one's ankles. The scrub is usually found growing among palm trees.'

A Disgraced Suitor.

A writer detailing anecdotes of prominent actresses, gives this little account of an admirer of Miss Nelson, the celebrated English actress who made so many friends in this country: Miss Nelson made many conquests in New York, and her parlors in the Fifth Avenue were never without her admirers, in reasonable hours. A New Yorker fell madly in love with the actress while she was playing as Rosalind and Amy Robsart. Every night he was in an orchestra chair, with a big floral emblem for her, and every afternoon, after having obtained an introduction, he called, bearing more flowers. The charming actress liked nothing better than to toll back on the divan with a rich bouquet to pick at while the admiring eyes of several gentlemen beamed on her from ottomans and easy-chairs about her.

'The love-lorn young man was annoyed by a big fellow who used to sit off in one corner, apparently abstracted, yet ever too near to permit any passionate declaration to be properly made. The big fellow smoked his cigars, read his foreign papers, yawned, looked at his watch, but never left the room. He was there when the lover came, and there when he went. Everything was marked Miss Adelaide Nelson. The flowers all came to Miss Nelson. Her pictures were labeled Mrs. Nelson, and the lover had never heard of Mrs. Lee. One day, when he had spent enough on flowers and presents to pay a winter's board, he impatiently said to his adored actress, 'Miss Nelson, who is that stupid fellow who is always hanging about you? Why don't you send him off?'

'Oh, never mind him,' answered the actress; 'he is only my husband!' The love-lorn young man shoved the top of his opera hat out, bowed himself as graciously as he could under the circumstances, and shot out the door.

The Art of Bouquet Making.

It seems an easy thing to make a bouquet as one looks over the garden and sees the beautiful flowers. But after all it is a difficult matter and one sometimes forgets that flowers have their affinities and preferences, as well as the human race. Above all give them room and do not crowd them. When flowers are mixed together all lose their beauty. I saw an arrangement of flowers yesterday where two lovely day lilies that would have been beautiful if grouped alone in a slender vase with a few ferns or green sprays, but whose effect was ruined by being put in the center of a mass of larkspurs and common garden flowers. The common flowers only looked the more common in contrast with the lilies, and the lilies looked as though caught in very coarse company.

For vases and bouquets of any sort there should be plenty of white for the foundation. When slender flowers are used, like a tuberosa or a single geranium, stems can be made by putting the ends in bits of straws and then wiring it in; when arranged in the bouquet the straw cannot be seen, but the flowers can be kept fresh by absorbing the water. A pretty arrangement is to take a spike of carlet gladioli, with its brilliant coloring, arrange it with feathery grasses and gleams of white feverfew here and there, and you will have a lovely spot of coloring for some dark corner. Again, petunias and morning glories are difficult to combine with any flower, but give them a wide mouthed vase, and a few leaves and they are positively graceful. All lilies I think are prettier if no other flowers are mixed with them.

For small vases a very good way is to clip them off and put them in carelessly as they come, then they will look natural; too much arrangement often spoils the look of a vase of flowers. For either hand or vase bouquets do not put too many colors together.

The Meera of Outcasts.

A correspondent writing of the volunteer English forces in Zululand, says: A man whom I remember on the parade of a crack light infantry regiment, and who was proud of the reputation of being one of the best dressed men in London, is now lying out in the open on a section of the frontier. Living with a handful of Kaffirs, who eat with him and call him Boss. The son of a Circassian general is a transport conductor in this camp. In the volunteers, broken gentlemen, ex-soldiers of our own and half a dozen continental armies, farmers whose farms are on the frontier and deserted, sons of stockkeepers, artisans who prefer campaigning to work, loafers who have concluded to see a spell of soldiering, and some respectable young fellows whom fighting enterprise has brought out from home, ride together in the same troop.

A Phase of City Life.

A bright-looking boy, twelve years old, who said his name was Tommy McEvoy, went alone into the Jefferson Market police court last evening and said to Justice Morgan: 'Judge, your honor, I want to give myself up.' 'Why, my boy?' asked the court. 'Because,' replied the lad, 'I ain't got no home, and I don't want to live in the streets and become a bad boy.' 'Why don't you stay at home?' 'I ain't got no home. Father's been dead nine years, and mother died before that.' 'But where have you been living since?' 'With my aunt. She lives in Forty-first street. But she gets drunk. And she won't let me stay indoors. To-day she chased me out and said if I ever came back she would do something awful to me. I'm afraid of her, and so I've got no home. Nobody will take me in because I ain't got good clothes and don't look nice. I can't get any work, and I can't get anything to eat unless I beg or steal it. Then the cops'll take me in. I don't want to be arrested. I don't want to stay, nor to be a bad boy. Won't you please send me somewhere where I can learn something and get to be a man? There's places like that, ain't there? The justice told the boy there were such places, and, taking the little fellow under his protection, promised to find him a home in some good institution.

An Inexplicable Epidemic in Prevaling in New Orleans.

It is a catarrhal inflammation of the eye.

Prince Louis Napoleon's Prayer.

A prayer in the handwriting of the prince imperial has been found among the papers in his desk at Camden Place. The following is a translation: 'My God: I give to Thee my heart; but give to me faith. Without faith there is no strong prayer, and to pray is a longing of my soul. I pray, not that Thou shouldst take away the obstacles of my path, but that Thou mayest permit me to overcome them. I pray, not that Thou shouldst disarm my enemies, but that Thou shouldst aid me to conquer myself. Hear, oh, God, my prayer. Preserve to my affection those who are dear to me. Grant them happy days. If Thou only givest on this earth a certain sum of joy, take, oh, God! my sorrow, and console me on the most worthy, and may the most worthy be my friends. If Thou seekest vengeance upon man, strike me. Misfortune is converted into happiness by the sweet thought that those whom we love are happy. Happiness is poisoned by the bitter thought which I rejoice those whom I love a thousand times better than myself are suffering. For me, oh, God! no more happiness. Take it from my path. I can only find joy in forgetting the past. If I forget those who are no more, I shall be forgotten in my turn, and how sad the thought that makes one say, "Time flies all." The only satisfaction I seek is that which lasts forever, that which is given by a tranquil conscience. Oh, my God! show me ever where my duty lies, and give me strength to accomplish it always. Arrived at the term of my life I shall turn my looks fearlessly to the past. Remembrance will not be for a long remore. Then I shall be happy. Grant, oh, God! that my heart may be penetrated with the conviction that those whom I love and who are dead shall see all my actions. My life shall be worthy of their witness, and my inmost thoughts shall never make them blush.'

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A marble statue to Prince Louis will be erected in Westminster abbey. Dress with the weather, no matter how often you must change your clothing. The total membership of the Baptist churches in the United States is 2,102,631. Reading in the twilight has been the means of staining and ruining many good eyes. Blowing down a lamp chimney to extinguish the light is a frequent cause of explosion. A colony of 100 persons has been formed at the operation of the 'Cotton' to emigrate to Coffee county, Tenn. The mines in Spottsylvania, Va., have just shipped twenty good-sized bags of gold dust to the Philadelphia mint. Recently Senator Gordon, of Georgia, was seen partaking of the communion in church beside an old colored woman. The dreaded phylloxera has made its appearance in the vineyards of Switzerland, and the authorities are doing their utmost to stamp it out. During an investigation into the evil effects of albinism trees in Atlanta, it was demonstrated that only the male trees of the species were harmful. An Iowa man tied his mare to a tree, when a swarm of bees alighted upon her, and stung her so severely about the head as to cause death in a few moments. England has got to explain the presence of her rifles in the hands of the Turcomans. Russia thinks it rather equivocal friendship that supplies her enemies with arms to oppose her with. Laurence Schreiber, a youth of eighteen, took oath before a Newark, N. J., minister who married him to a woman of twenty-four, that he was twenty-one years of age, and is now under arrest for perjury. Mattie Grossland, a beautiful young lady of Indiana, Texas, sang very patriotically to her friends the song 'See that my grave is kept green,' went up stairs, procured a pistol and blew out her brains. Chas. Harriman, one of the contestants in the great international walking match in New York, has eloped with the wife of a prominent merchant of that city, whose acquaintance he made during the tournament. The last Missouri and Illinois legislatures passed a law making it a felony for any officer of a bank to accept deposits in the institution if he knows it to be in a failing condition, and imposing the same punishment as that for stealing money. An evidence of the large amount of surplus capital idle in Europe it is announced that the Bank of Paris has agreed to furnish the capital for the construction of an underground railway in New York, provided that the company shall raise \$500,000 for the first expenses and establish validity of the franchise. The second best sugar factory in New England is being built at Northampton, Mass., and over 300 acres of beets are growing in the neighborhood for its use. Good beets, closely worked, will yield about ten per cent. of sugar, and it is thought that with improved machinery twelve or fourteen per cent. may be realized. Santa Cruz, California, has a gallant baby. A little two-year-old girl was playing with a three-and-a-half-year-old baby near the water's edge, when a breaker carried the little girl out into it. The manly little fellow went immediately into the water to the rescue, and saved his companion, to the admiration of those who witnessed the scene. During a Friday night and Saturday morning the American Union Telegraph company erected about six miles of telegraph poles in the several streets of Newark, N. J. Saturday afternoon all the poles were taken down, by order of the mayor, who claims that the requirements of the city ordinances were not complied with in the erection of the poles. During the recent dry weather in Manatee county, Fla., the lower Mianka lake dried up all to one hole. The hole was deep and was the only resort of the cattle for water. The hole was full of alligators, and as the stockmen feared depredations on the cattle, a number of them went there one day and killed 723 alligators from six to fourteen feet in length. The largest ferryboat in the world is ready for launching at San Francisco. She is 124 feet long and 116 wide; double ended, carrying eight steel boilers. Four tracks will be placed upon her decks, capable of accommodating twenty-four passenger cars. She will run between Martinez and Benicia, shortening the distance between San Francisco and Sacramento fifty-five miles. The house of Samuel Wood, late of New York, now residing in Chesterfield, Va., was destroyed by accidental fire. Wood's wife, an old woman, was so much confused and alarmed that, though she carefully removed the cooking utensils and the things she was cooking, she forgot a package of \$3,000 in the house, and it was consumed. Wood, who was an eccentric character, hearing the loss, refused to quit his work in a neighbor's harvest field, saying he guessed he had better earn his full day's pay.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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