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At the Old Farm.

Yes, 'tis true. The blinds are closed, and the front door streams with rays. Surely through the house last eve stole a vague and awful shape. Dully seen by only one—visionless, soundless to the rest. Only one deemed the error ere its death pang pierced his breast.

Why, they say he kissed his wife! She was sitting by the door, with her patient, work-worn hands folded, for the day was o'er. And the twilight wind stirred softly, tapped the lilies on the pane, while related here among slowly homeward through the lane.

'Ruth,' he said, and touched her brow, gently as a lover might. Stopped and kissed her, sitting there. She was struck with sudden fright. 'Ah! what is it, John?' she cried. 'Do you think I'm going to die?'

'No,' he answered, 'no, dear wife. If 'tis any one 'tis I.' Full ten years or more had passed since he'd given her a word. Thoughtful, feeling-like, caressing. She could scarce believe she heard. Rightly now. They talk, you see, was most part, about the farm—

Butter, eggs, the new Alderney, making hay they meant no harm—

Kindly, honest, Christian folk, both the deacon and his wife. Only, somehow, they had lost all the romance out of life.

And the love which they began with, like a flower o'ergrown with weeds, struggled on, half choked, half buried, in the strife for worldly needs.

Well, the night came on apace. All the usual chores were done. And they went to bed as usual, rising always with the sun.

'Twas not worth while burning candles, and at midnight, lo! a call. Woke the sleeper. One was taken, one was left—and that was all.

Lucy told me of the kiss. On her way to meet the choir. She had stopped to see Aunt Ruth, she said, neighbor Brown's desire.

They were not surprised this morning when they heard that he was dead. That he must have had a warning was what our Lucy said.

But I think the real love, the true love, that never dies. Once two loyal hearts have known it, awakened 'neath those evening skies.

And 'twill be a comfort sweet, in her lonely time to be, That before he went he spoke to the dear wife tenderly.

Our First and Last Quarrel.

'Will you take charge of \$100 till to-morrow morning, Marian?'

'Take charge of \$100, Harold!' echoed my wife in amazement. 'What do you mean?'

'You know, my dear Marian,' I began with a business-like air, 'that the failure of Harding Brothers threw scores of men, women and children in this neighborhood out of work, in the very hardest part of a very bad year. This evening a meeting was held with a view to enlisting the sympathy of the public—'

A subscription-list was got up, and a collection was made there and then to the tune of \$100. As nothing else could be done with the money to-night, I was, as treasurer, obliged to bring it home.

I immediately went into a consultation as to where the money should be put. Both of us failing to hit upon anything better, the wine-bin was agreed upon; and, as I looked over my evening paper, I watched her place the black japanned box in the drawer, lock it, lock the sideboard, and place the key in her own purse.

'There!' she exclaimed triumphantly; 'I shouldn't think any one would get at that before to-morrow morning, for this purse goes into the well of my dressing-case to-night, and that will be locked and the keys put away in my dressing-table drawer, so we are doubly and trebly secure.'

In spite of these precautions there was a load on my mind, that I felt would only be removed when the money was safe in the bank. I envied my wife her happy insensibility, for in less than half an hour she was quietly sleeping, while I tossed restlessly to and fro, thinking about the money, and wondering whether any one could possibly get at it. At last a grand idea struck me, which was to put it inside the piano. No doubt I should have done so, had not a circumstance intervened—I fell asleep.

Breakfast was a hurried one, and when it was over I had my coat and hat on, ready to start off to an important case, I reminded Marian of the money, and begged her to get it out quickly.

'I had quite forgotten it,' she exclaimed. 'Here, Martha, run up-stairs and fetch my purse out of my dressing-case, the keys are in my dressing-table drawer.'

Martha flew up-stairs to do her mistress' bidding, while I stood and chafed in the hall and submitted to having my coat brushed. In a moment she returned, bringing the purse, and Marian ran into the dining-room. Two or three minutes passed, and Marian was still fumbling about at the sideboard. I entered the room impatiently. Marian looked at me crossly.

'This is quite too bad, Harold. What have you done with the box?'

'Done with the box!' I exclaimed; 'what do you mean, Marian?'

'I won't stand this trifling any longer,' replied my wife. 'It's a shame to give

me the responsibility of that money and then tease me like this.'

'What on earth is the woman talking about?' I cried, bewildered. 'By what you mean in plain words, I beg.'

'The money's not here. It's gone, box and all,' Marian replied, with a white face.

'Gone!' I cried, 'gone! Where's it gone, how's it gone, or who has taken it, I should like to know? You must be raving. Let me come and look.'

A man placed in such a position is bound to have an idea on the subject, and to assert it, so I suggested that Martha must be the culprit.

'No, no, don't say that,' cried my wife excitedly. 'I'd as soon believe that I was the thief as she. I've known her all my life. No, no, it isn't Martha.'

'You admit that it cannot be any one outside the house, so it must be Martha; that is plain logic,' I said, with as much evenness of temper as I could command at the moment.

'It isn't Martha,' replied my wife stubbornly; 'I'll never believe it.'

For my part I felt sure that it was Martha. And as it was quite impossible that she could have got rid of it yet, I hoped I should easily discover it.

But she denied the charge so emphatically that it was with a very anxious heart I betook myself to the bedside of my patient. After paying one or two minor visits I returned home.—

Martha opened the door, and immediately retired into the kitchen, without a word. Marian was nowhere to be found. I went up-stairs in search of her. She was not there, but a little table in the corner covered with writing materials betrayed her recent presence. An open letter in a handwriting I knew and detected attracted my attention, and I picked it up and saw it was from her brother Frank, begging for \$50 to save him from a grave difficulty.

Presently I heard Marian enter the house. With the letter in my hand I confronted her. She turned first white and then red, and asked me by what right a gentleman entered a lady's private room and read her correspondence.

I paid no attention to this high-flown language, but replied by asking her whether she had been out to post a letter. She admitted she had.

'To Frank?' I inquired.

'I decline to say,' she replied laughingly.

'Containing money?' I asked.

'That I also decline to say,' she replied.

I think any one else in my place would have come to the same conclusion as I did—namely, that the letter was to Frank, and that it contained money. A few inquiries at the post-office confirmed my suspicion. From the time of this discovery a cloud seemed to have settled over our usually happy household. Marian was sullen and angry, and sat at the head of the table without speaking a word. Between meal times I scarcely ever saw her. Martha sided with her mistress, and always looked at me reproachfully.

In the meantime other cares were pressing hard and fast upon me. In spite of a rigid examination I could discover no clue to the lost money.—

Of course I had been obliged to make it good; and, in order to do this, had drained myself of every available farthing.

I went to my father and, plainly stating the facts, asked him if he would lend me the sum I had lost. This he agreed to do; and the conversation turned on family matters generally.—

The unhappy coolness which had arisen between myself and Marian was presently dismissed; and when my father taxed me with unkindness toward her I felt bound to explain to him Frank's demand, and her resentment of my interference.

My mother started up suddenly from a fit of thinking and plied me with questions.

'Was Marian the only person who had access to the sideboard?'

'As far as I knew, the only person,' I replied.

'And did you say her letter to her brother Frank contained money?'

'Yes—a P. O. O. for \$50.'

'Had she \$50 of her own?'

'Not that I knew of.'

'Was she likely to have saved it from her allowance for housekeeping or private purposes?'

'Very unlikely indeed.'

'Then,' my mother continued, 'it seems to me that the nearer home you look for your money, the sooner you will find it.'

When I arrived home, my mind was torn and distracted by conflicting opinions. I felt very anxious to discover some sign of innocence, or may be guilt.

'Marian,' I said, as gently as I could, 'where did you get the money from that you sent to Frank?'

She started, and turned quickly round upon me.

'How did you know I sent money to Frank?'

'Never mind how I knew it,' I replied. 'Where did you obtain it? You must answer me that question before you leave this room,' I added, more sternly; for her evasion of my question disquieted me.

'She looked me steadily in the face for a minute, then dropping her eyes, and clasping her hands tightly together, she exclaimed—'

'I see now the drift of your question. The money was lost at the same time that I sent some to Frank. Harold, you suspect me—your own wife—of being the thief.'

'Marian,' I answered excitedly, 'one word from you will wipe it off, or it should be otherwise (she extended my hand to her, but she flung it from her), you have only to acknowledge it, to obtain my free forgiveness.'

'Your forgiveness!' she added haughtily, 'I do not need it,' and without another word she left me.

A day or two after this I found a note awaiting me when I returned home to dinner. The hand-writing was Marian's, and my delight at seeing it was so great that I kissed it again and again.—

Eagerly I opened and read it. It ran as follows:—

'The society of a thief cannot be congenial. For that reason I have kept out of your way till I had made up my mind what to do. I shall not trouble you any more. Baby and I have gone to my father. I know you claim that baby if you like to do so, but I think you will see that it is better for him to be with me. Do not ask me to come back. I never can. The miserable life I have been leading lately would soon have killed me, and my life is precious to my child.'

'Your unhappy wife, 'MARIAN.'

That was all, except a few words at the end that had been hastily scratched out, of which I could distinguish only, 'Oh, Harold!'

Strange as it may seem, this note did not shock me as the discovery of Marian's guilt had done. I felt so angry with her for her unreasonable conduct that my tender feelings remained almost untouched. My lover the Marian of former days had not decreased one whit, but my anger with the present Marian was for the moment paramount. The child was better with her, and for the present she should keep him, for I had no idea of fetching her back. She had left me though no unkindness of my own, and no wife could be justified in leaving her husband in the way Marian had left me.

I was beginning to get a little accustomed to my renewed bachelorhood, when one night, very late, a telegram was brought me, worded thus:—

'Come at once to baby.'

The night train would leave in about an hour's time. I packed a few things and started to catch it. In about three hours more I was conducted into the room where Marian was sitting with our little one lying in her lap, struggling hard for life. Some medical man was already there, bending over the child and anxiously gazing at its contorted and livid features, but, as far as I could see, doing but little to assist in the battle against death. He left at once, and Marian looked up into my face and said—

'Thank God, you have come! He was doing no good. Oh, Harold! save my baby; save my child.'

'I will do what I can to save our child,' I answered.

I called a servant and gave my instructions. I stood at Marian's knee, watching for the approach of some favorable symptom. Only once Marian spoke, and then it was to ask me with blanched face and faltering lips if there was any hope.

'To the last moment, yes,' I answered; and she was relieved at once, hardly comprehending from my words how faint that hope was.

Presently the struggles grew more frequent, gradually the almost lifeless limbs became imbued with fresh vigor, the heavy lids relaxed, the gasps for breath became more effectual, and with a mighty effort nature was asserting her way. In a short time baby was nestling peacefully in Marian's arms, wrapped in a sweet life-giving slumber.

When he was laid in his cot, his mother turned to me and said pathetically, 'Oh, Harold! when baby was so near death, and you far away, I could not help seeing how wicked I had been to leave you as I did. Will you forgive me, dear, and take me back, for baby's sake?'

I could only kiss her, and press her to my heart. After awhile I said, 'It was only those words, "Will you forgive me?" that I wanted. If you would have spoken them sooner, we need never had parted.'

'Oh, Harold! how can you? It was not that I was asking you to forgive me, but my folly in leaving you. I am as innocent of taking that wretched money as my own child. Won't you believe me?'

'I do, my darling. I do,' I replied, with genuine delight. 'I would have believed you then if you had said this to me; but you know you never deigned me a word, and what was I to think?'

'I was so horrified at your own suspicion that I fancied it was beneath me to deny it. I cannot now understand what could have prompted you to think such a dreadful thing of me. It is very hard to bear.'

I was beginning to wonder, too, how I could have suspected my own Marian. Circumstances and my mother were more to blame than I, however.

In answer, I murmured something about Frank.

'Ah, that letter to Frank; I remember it. You were always so hard upon him that I didn't like to tell you about it. He really had been trying to keep on steadily at the post your kindness

had obtained him, but old debts were constantly coming in, and his limited salary would not meet them and keep him as well. There was one man who pressed him hard for \$50. He had spent his last quarter's salary within a dollar or two, and more would be due to come for some time. He wrote and told me this, asking me to help him, but I could not. He wrote again, and said he must draw on his salary, but I begged him not to do so, so soon.—

I was sure his employers would think it a bad sign. The man threatened to expose his former habits to the firm, which you know might have ruined him this once, and in order to do so sold my diamond brooch, which I scarcely ever had occasion to wear. I got \$50 for it, and I sent him notes to that amount—he little guessed at what cost.'

'My poor, persecuted, self-sacrificing little woman; why did you not tell me all this? Why could you not trust me?'

'We were both to blame,' I replied. 'I am not going to exonerate you quite, little wife, but I am going to own to my fault. I was a brute to doubt you, Marian, you must forgive me, dear.'

'Oh, Harold! we shall be no happy again now, shall we?' the little woman replied; and then she wound up our reconciliation in a truly womanly style, with tears and smiles and kisses.

But the mystery of the money was still more dark after Marian's explanation, and it was months before we penetrated it. We did so at last, however.

Our piano being sadly in want of repair, I sent to a professional man to come and 'do it up.' I was in the room when he proceeded to take it to pieces. As soon as the front was removed, I perceived a little black box snugly lodged inside, which I immediately recognized. My grand idea now flashed into my mind. Here, then, was the clue to the mystery. I was the thief. In my anxiety I had placed the money in the piano, while still under the influence of sleep.

Marian was delighted. She actually shed tears of joy when I told her of my discovery.

'Oh, your abandoned man,' she said, shaking her head at me, 'to suspect me, when all the time you had stolen your own money!'

A New Great Gun.

Total was lately made at Woolwich, England, of the new 100 ton gun. The shell with which it was loaded weighed 2,000 lb. The gun was fitted with a gas check. Its diameter was very little less than that of the bore, which has a caliber of seventeen and three-quarter inches, increasing to nineteen and three-quarter inches in the powder chamber. The thickness of the metal at the muzzle is about five inches only, but at the breech and the chamber is surrounded with a wall of iron two feet five inches thick, making the maximum diameter six feet six inches. The gun is thirty-six feet in length, of which the bore occupies thirty-three feet, and the total length of gun and carriage when run out for firing is forty-four feet. The carriage, consisting of 140 lb. of cube powder, strongly bound in canvas and stiffened by wooden bands, was rammed home, occupying five feet of the bore, and then followed the projectile, the length of which was two feet eight inches. The gun was fired by electricity from the instrument room, and received a considerable way to the platform, but suffered no damage either to itself or the carriage. The screens registered a velocity of 1,500 feet per second, but the projectile was found to have broken up, which may have affected the result.

Submarine Patching.

About two years ago the water-pipe crossing the river at Upper Central Way bridge, Cleveland, Ohio, was found to be leaking very badly at some point near the center of the river. In crossing the stream it is about eighteen feet below the surface of the water, and is imbedded in the sand about six feet. To stop the waste of water the valves on each side of the river were shut off. George H. Breyman, the submarine diver, was sent to make an examination of the pipe, with a view to having it repaired without moving it, if possible. To discover the location of the leak one of the valves was opened for a few moments, when the clear lake water soon appeared through the river water. A large tug was then fastened with its wheel directly over the leak, and the wheel started at full speed. In fifteen minutes a hole was excavated down to the pipe, and before the sand had filled in again an impression of the hole and the surface of the pipe and rivets near it was taken in putty. From this putty impression a mold of plaster of Paris was made, in which was cast a lead plate of the exact form of the original putty impression. The hole in the pipe was found to be about four by two and one-half inches, and irregular in its margin. A strong bolt, with plates, washers and cross-bar, similar to the hand-hole plate for boilers, was then made and put in place by Captain Breyman, the lead plate being between the pipe and the iron plate. After the whole was put together and the lead thoroughly corked, the water was turned on and the leak found to be effectually stopped.

Freedom of Opinion in Russia.

The censure is exercised in Russia by four large committees, established in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Olesna and Warsaw, and consisting of a president, three superior and six inferior censors, and by a number of minor bureaus, consisting of one censor and several inspectors of printing houses. No book or engraving or music-sheet can be issued without having obtained the approbation of the censors, and the censors have power to confiscate the whole edition of any illegal publication whether it contains anything censurable or not. The establishment of this institution dates from 1865, and on account of the liberality of the principles laid down for its guidance, it denoted for that time a considerable progress. Under Nicholas, a Latin grammar which had gone through the ordeal of the censors and obtained its approbation was afterward confiscated because it was found to contain a quotation from Cicero, in which that philosopher praises the republic as the best form of government; and a mazurka by Chopin was once sent back across the frontier because it contained a passage which reminded the censor of one of the national hymns of the Poles. Nothing of the kind has taken place since 1865. The same rescript regulated also the affairs of the press. It allowed the Russian newspapers to appear without any previous censure, but, on account of the deficient state of our court, it charged the administration with the exercise of a certain control, under the form of warnings. In 1868, however, the minister of the interior was empowered to stop the sale of a single number of a paper when it was found to contain anything against the doctrines of the established church, the form of the present government, the person of the czar, or the members of the imperial house, &c.; and in 1870 he was further empowered to suspend a paper altogether for a period of time and without any previous warning. This situation, of course, very unsatisfactory, but the rescript of 1865 declared itself 'provisional' and 'not in harmony with the principles of a just and liberal legislation,' and a comparison between the practical application of the Russian press laws and the practical application, for instance, of the German or French laws, does not speak unfavorably of the position of the Russian press.

An Editor's Experiences.

The *Herald's* man gives us his experience of traveling in a sleeping car in warm weather, and all who have been in the same predicament will appreciate his remarks on the subject. We arise from the Pullman coach after the porter had help drag off the blanket. It has long been a question in my mind whether the Pullman blankets are stiffened or weather-boarded. I think now they must be built on the plan of the Victoria bridge. The one I slept under last night was an inch and a half thicker than a Miller platform, and just about as elastic. When the porter folded it up, he had to go outside, lay it on the rail, and let the train run over it to make a crease in it. When you cover up with one, you think you have drawn the drapery of a plank sidewalk about you, or else covered yourself up with a wharftop or the side of a frame house. All last night I dreamed I was a turtle, a sea turtle, one of the tortoise-comb domination, and that I had caught cold in my shell and couldn't bend it.

By the way, did you ever notice how peculiarly bewildering to the untrained mind are mercurial forms? The other day, being in a communicative mood, I had occasion to 'divide' with the office. I had a vague kind of an idea how the thing ought to be done, in a general way, so I went into a bank and asked for a sight draft. Should the obliging cashier fill it out for me? I thanked him laughingly, and filled it up myself. I had my misgivings, but I handed it over. The obliging cashier smiled. 'Do you wish to collect this?' he asked. I said 'yes,' in the tones which I imagined Mr. Vanderbilt employed on similar occasions, and to my respectable amazement the obliging cashier said, 'Very, well, sir, just leave the money with us and we will remit it to your house at once.'

And then I saw that somehow or other, I had made the thing out just that, and had drawn upon myself in favor of the office for three weeks' salary, during which time the office had not heard from me.

Due to His Mother.

Mr. John Crossley, a prominent English carpet manufacturer, recently entertained the Prince of Wales and a distinguished party. In recounting the experience of his early days, he said: 'Oh, my mother was a remarkable woman; she was once a farm-servant; she lived fourteen years in the same family; she had to milk the cows, and churn the butter, and carry it to market; she had for a long time only six pounds a year wages, and yet she managed to save a nice sum; and her leisure hours were filled up with spinning wool, her mistresses allowing her a fourth of the profits for herself.' 'Ah,' said a friend who was present, 'perhaps you are indebted to your good mother for some of your success in the spinning world?'

'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'under God's blessing I owe everything to my mother.'

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The prospect for a large corn crop is very promising in Louisiana. New York city's bonded debt, less the sinking fund, is \$121,878,853.45. Twelve lakes, and extending fifteen miles, are to be dredged into one at Quincy, Mich.

It is reported that the celebrated racing mare Mollie McCarthy has become lame, and will be retired to a brood farm.

Thirteen barns have been burned within a few months in the western part of Chicago, and it has transpired that boys fired them for fun.

A new waterfall of one hundred and fifty feet height has been discovered in the White Mountains, N. H. It is described as being of great beauty.

Twelve millions of dollars are invested in Coney Island improvements, while it is estimated that \$5,000 would have bought the whole island ten years ago.

A large portion of the wall of the import dock, East India Docks, Blackwall, England, fell, carrying with it all the hydraulic cranes and quay sheds. The damage is estimated at \$500,000.

Reports are to the effect that Lieut. Carey, who left the prince to his fate, was sentenced by court-martial to death, but that the queen ordered the sentence modified.

Fifteen years before the Revolution the wife of Washington kept sixteen spinning wheels running, and saw the fabrics made in her own house under her own direction.

The steamer Arizona on her last trip from New York to Queenstown excelled her previous speed across the Atlantic—making the voyage in eight days, eight hours and eight minutes.

A steamer has arrived at Halifax, N. S., from Bordeaux, France, filled up with refrigerators for freezing salmon, codfish and lobsters, which she will collect along the Newfoundland coast and carry to France.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray, Boston's famous minister, who wrote the well known book on the Ath