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Safe from the Storm.
The wind blew upward from the sea—
The white around the headland lay.

And there and there the anemone ships
Raked in the shelter of the bay.

And there and there the anemone ships
Raked in the shelter of the bay.

AN ARTIST'S REWARD.

The family at Deersfield was rather singularly grouped. The children of the house were of divided parentage.

It was no matter of surprise to Joe that on the morning after Charlie Evans' fancy ball the daughter of the Regiment was in solitary confinement as punishment of some unpardonable act.

Joe had been her forger before; her slave he always was. To say truth, he loved this wild, naughty, self-assertive playmate of his with all the secret fervor of a boy's heart.

Joe having satisfied himself that the count was clear, received the basket which Caroline dropped from her window with a cord. The basket contained a three-cornered note.

'Dear Joe: It's perfectly shameful that I'm locked up. I should starve if it were not for you. All I did was to go up in the cupola last night with Charlie Evans to see his caged eagle.

Mamma from a recess of the library window caught a glimpse of this transaction, but by the time she reached the third story, unlocked the door, and confronted her prisoner, basket and contents had alike vanished.

'Carrie, Carrie, what a girl you are!' said mamma. She meant to be reproachful, but her voice was not stern; she was viewing her daughter in one of those winning traits that offset her hidden ways.

The sunlight feeding the birds, which, answering her call, sped from the grove, and alighted fearlessly on her head, her hands and her shoulders.

To Joe, looking from below, the vision was even more picturesque: the dormer-window in the gray roof overhung with vines of woadbine and wistaria, the dark recess relieving the sun-lit figure, the smiling face welcoming the birds.

As years passed on, the three pretty schoolgirls became winning and won young ladies. Belle married first, then Jane, and now Caroline was engaged to be married to Charlie Evans.

Willful Caroline answered to all remonstrance: 'I have loved him all my life; I like him; and I have promised to be his wife.'

On the day that this engagement was announced, Joe sailed from America to study in Italy his art.

There had been a stormy scene the night before. When Caroline deliberately told Joe that her hand was irrevocably promised to his long-dreaded rival, Joe's anguish was something too complete to be hidden; its intensity and force shocked Caroline.

One August night, a month before the time fixed for Caroline's marriage, a message was brought to her from the village that lay in the beautiful valley at the foot of the rolling uplands of Deersfield.

Caroline, although the hour was late, said 'I will go at once.' As was her independent way, she started forth on her errand unattended, and bidding her mother 'good night,' added, 'Do not be alarmed if I remain until daybreak.'

The house she entered was a cottage so built that its porch had double entrances. One of these opened into the dwelling of the poor seamstress; the other had been occupied since May by a master-workman in a factory beyond the village, himself a stranger to the region, who brought with him as house-keeper his daughter, a girl of unusual beauty, a rustic queen, a blonde of that vital temperament which gives to youthfulness its most expressive form.

As Caroline entered the porch the Merritt's portion of the cottage was quite still and dark. On the other side the lattice was thrown open upon a garden crowded with fragrant plants, and a faint light gleamed out. The light was burning in the chamber, where, after a word with the suffering sufferer and the mother embelied by grief, Caroline decided to remain all night.

Before midnight the purpose for which the mistress of Deersfield had been summoned was duly confided to her ear; and then sleep fell on the sufferer, and Caroline, having dismissed the aged watcher, was alone. She turned the lamp low and drew her chair by the window, where the perfume of the garden floated in—the mingled breath of carnation and rose.

Near midnight, when all was still save the midsummer insects humming in the trees, and the distant rippling of the brook, approaching voices were heard. Two people were coming along the lane. Words indistinct at first, grew clear as they came near. They were lovers' voices and lovers' words.

'Mag, my darling.'
'Oh, Charlie, if it were not for that, if it were not for that you would go with me; we would fly to the far West, to California. You would be a queen, Mag, in the unconventional new world. We would go together to-morrow—yes, to-morrow, my love, my only love.'

'Yes, she loves me; there's the rub.—That rather hurts a fellow; he doesn't want to be hard on a girl who loves him, and has loved him all his life. But then, you see, I cannot return her affection—the kind of affection she wants. And she's a spirited creature, Mag; ought I to marry her as I feel now? If it hadn't been for you, you witch, I might have come to care for her in time. But, Mag, I'm a changed man now; I know what love is; I dread my marriage-day like a funeral.'

A pause—a little rustling pause.—Then a whisper unheard; a louder whisper distinct: 'Oh, Mag, my darling, my darling, say yes.'

Caroline heard no more. When next a sound reached her it was the sound of the work-a-day world. A market wagon had broken near the lane, and the harsh voice of the driver was wailing upon his horses the anger roused by the disaster. The moon had set; it was nearly day.

Caroline before noon sent a letter to Charlie Evans that made him a free man.

'Something tells me that I cannot possibly be your wife. I am sorry that circumstances have so shaped themselves; but I am compelled to withdraw my promise. Do not see me. I shall refuse an interview. When a year has passed, and we meet again—if we meet again—let us meet as friends.'

Charlie Evans used his freedom. He obtained, by not strictly honorable means, a sufficient sum of money to venture fortune-seeking in California. He was married to Mag Merritt on his way to the West; and his friends, indignant at the runaway match, bitterly blamed Caroline.

Caroline bitterly blamed herself, but never for act toward Charlie Evans. Her thoughts flew to her faithful lover, whom she had mercilessly trifled with, and dismissed at last cruelly. She felt now what pangs she had inflicted upon the earnest-hearted Joe. Now she would give years of her life to call back the past, and be a kinder girl to her faithful friend. Since their parting she had heard but seldom from Joe, and after her uncle's death the unrequited things altogether ceased. Now she wrote to Belle, who lived abroad, to send her some word of 'her old friend.'

Belle wrote, saying she was ashamed to confess how ignorant she was; but the last she heard, Joe was making a foray with his wonderful paintings; he had settled himself in Rome, and she believed had married the daughter of an American consul to one of the Mediterranean ports.

Misfortune followed Caroline. By a series of culpable mismanagements by people in trust, Caroline's inheritance was lost. Before she had enjoyed for three years the possession of her beloved Deersfield that noble place was offered at public sale. Since the day of her great sorrow Caroline had not a trial like this. Indeed, her heart had flown to all that was dear in her country home as refuge from its bitter loneliness. Now this refuge was gone.

The day of the sale, after having ordered the preparation of the house and grounds with care of every detail, Caroline mounted her favorite riding-horse, and rode far off into the wood paths.—She returned after sunset, in the twilight dusk.

She knew as she entered the house that all was over; she felt that the home was no longer hers. She felt, brave and spirited as she was, that the world to her, save that it held her mother, was a place only of dreariest exile.

She was met in the hall by one of her faithful servants, who seemed to have been weeping. 'Miss Caroline,' he faltered, 'the gentleman who has bought the house is in the parlor, and wishes to see you.'

Caroline had been marble-pale when this message reached her, but now the hot blood flashed to her cheeks. She checked a violent exclamation. Her heart ached indignantly against this last demand upon her endurance. She conquered herself, and said, 'I will see him.'

'And you—oh dear, dear Joe!' It was Carrie who stammered now. 'I'm yours too. My love, my queen, my darling!—Harper's Weekly.'

A Sketch for Filiferes.
Yesterday a fruit-dealer on Market street, says the Louisville Courier-Journal, insured by the liberties taken by the looters with his wares displayed at the door, placed a half gallon of cayenne pepper in a basket, labeled it 'New Zealand Cherries,' and hung it in a conspicuous place in front of his stand.

In a few minutes the next door merchant sauntered up, inquired how trade was, picked up a New Zealand cherry, plopped it in his mouth, and suddenly left to attend to a customer. The Rev. Dr. Buley rambled to, observed that the yellow fever news from Memphis was not very encouraging this morning, and—ah! it had been years since he had a New Zealand cherry; whereupon he ate one, remarked that it was superb, wiped his weeping eyes on his sleeve, and supposed that New Zealand was getting warmer every year, wished the dealer good morning and departed, lamenting the growing weakness of his eyes in the sunlight.

A chronic headache then came up, took a mouthful of cherries, spluttered them out, with an imprecation, all over the fruit, stuffed a pear, a banana and a bunch of grapes into his mouth to take out the taste, informed the dealer that he would have him prosecuted for keeping green fruit, and went down the street to the pump. A lady with two children next appeared, stopped to admire the cherries, asked if she mightn't just taste of them—she never had seen any before—suggested the children and walked away—walked away with a face fiery with scorn and anger, while the children set up a howl that brought all the people to the doors and windows and drove all the policemen off the street.

Thus the day went on all the morning. The fruit dealer never laughed so much in all his life. The occupants of the adjacent and opposite stores and a school of small boys soon learned what was up, and watched and joined in a ringing roar as each new victim tried the cherries. Finally, a solemn-looking countryman lounged up, inquired the price of them, took a New Zealand cherry, inserted it in his mouth, and gave the fruit dealer a lingering look of mild reproach, pulled off his coat and 'waled into' him. When he left, the fruitman with tendencies to practical jokes had a blue eye, a red nose, a purple face, a sprained wrist and several bunches of fruit scattered around among the small boys, while the same ringing roar of laughter was going up from the lookers-on.

Palatine Affection.
We have heard a great deal of Eastern travelers of the wonderful attachment which exists between the horse and his master in Oriental lands, but we doubt if anything more interesting has ever been told than the following story of Goldsmith Maid: Recently, Charlie Cochrane, who was for many years her faithful groom, arrived from California, and wishing to see the grand old trotting mare and her colt, called on Mr. Smith, her owner, to obtain his permission to visit Fashion Stud farm in New Jersey. Mr. Smith accompanied Cochrane to the farm, and on arriving there remarked: 'Charlie, the Maid is very jealous of her colt, is very cross, and will permit no one to approach it. Cochrane arranged that Goldsmith Maid should hear his voice before she saw him, and although they had not seen each other for two years, a loud whinny presently assured the visitors that the mare had recognized the man's voice.—Cochrane next showed himself, when a touching scene occurred. The old queen of the turf, who for months would not allow any one to approach her, making use of both heels and teeth if it was attempted, rushed with a bound to her old friend, forgetting even her colt, and rubbed her head upon his shoulder, her nose in his face, played with his whiskers, and showed by her every action that her heart was full of joy to see him. Directly the colt came up to them, and the old mare was delighted when Charlie placed his hand on the little fellow. When Cochrane let the mare follow him to the gate, whinnying for him even after he had passed out of her sight.

The Norristown Man's Story.
An exchange tells of a man who turned gray in an hour. He slipped from the side of a canyon, and catching a protruding rock, his body was suspended in the air a thousand feet above the roaring waters of the Arkansas. We once heard of a young woman who experienced a similar metamorphosis. She had jet black hair, all of her own raising, reaching to her waist. She fell—in love. The wedding day was named, and that young lady, who manifested considerable nervousness during the marriage ceremony, turned gray as soon as the clergyman pronounced the couple man and wife. The fact that her husband's name was Gray is supposed to have had something to do with the change.

Constant sleeping the shoulders stunts the growth and disfigures the person.

Texas of To-Day.
A writer in Harper's Magazine for October gives this interesting sketch of the great Southwestern State: Texas may be, for convenience' sake, divided into eastern, central, and western sections. The first, or timbered portion, has the Trinity river as a western boundary. This region exceeds the area of the State of New York. Central Texas may be defined as including all of the vast prairie lands from the Trinity to the Colorado, leaving beyond a territory larger than both of the former, and exceeding the size of any four of our ordinary States, as the western portion. The first-named is the oldest in point of Anglo-Saxon civilization. The prairie lands are in a condition of evolution of progression, and being the most fertile, the great centers of population which multiplied generations will produce will be located within the boundaries given. Much of the far western lands is arid and unprofitable. The Staked Plains are the most notable example. Western Texas will be invaded in time by the miner; for its mineral wealth, as already revealed, is considerable. The tide of migration to this section will doubtless reverse the general order of things, and move eastward through Arizona. Railway communication, hereafter spoken of, from the Pacific, will materially contribute to this result. At present the extreme point of eastern encroachment is the city of San Antonio, which is only a city of the Anglo-Saxon by virtue of conquest, and marks the limit of a daring, brilliant and intellectual civilization, whose impulse was westward, and which built a garden in the plain about the time that the French took root in Indiana, and the good people of New England were exercising themselves about the Salem witchcraft delusion. It is reasonable to assume that history may repeat itself in this instance.

The wooded country of Eastern Texas yields a rich variety of useful wood-work: yellow pine, cypress, red and white oak, hickory, pecan, and cedar predominating. The Trinity, Sabine, Neches, Angelina, San Jacinto, and other rivers afford rafting facilities and water-power at times, although water is an uncertain commodity in the State, and nearly all mills have steam-engines. A new road will soon bisect the lumber districts, springing from Danison, near the Red river, and traversing the State to Sabine Pass, which is sixty miles east of Galveston, and already an important lumbering point.

The transcontinental division of the Texas and Pacific, as well as its main line from Marshall westward, affords an outlet for the northern section, while the International and Great Northern road passes through its western tier of counties, and a road toward New Orleans connects Orange, on the Sabine, with Houston. Before the construction of the railroads, one of the greatest difficulties which the prairie settler had to encounter was the scarcity of and extreme cost of lumber. It sold as high as sixty and seventy dollars per thousand feet, and was often hauled hundreds of miles by ox-teams. The Texas lumberman finds his market toward each of the cardinal points of the compass. The cleared lands in the valleys yield a good quality of cotton, to the extent of a bale of five hundred pounds to the acre. Some rice is grown upon the lowlands bordering the Gulf, as well as the stable known as Sea Island cotton.

An Eagle Killed by a Woman.
A farmer named Utz, who lives near one of the lakes in Preston township, Pa., has a two-year-old gamecock that was presented to his wife, and she has taken a liking to the fowl. Tuesday last, while her husband was absent, Mrs. Utz heard a commotion among the chickens in the barnyard, and on running out, found her gamecock rooster gallantly fighting with what she supposed was a very large hawk, which was trying to fasten its talons in the chicken. The birds were so deeply engaged in the combat that Mrs. Utz's shouts did not drive the enemy away. She placed up a stick and ran into the barnyard, and struck the intruder. This did not apparently alarm it. Then she seized it by the neck with both hands, and, for the first time, saw that it was an eagle. The powerful bird buried its claws deep in Mrs. Utz's arm. She did not dare let go her hold, although the eagle was tearing her flesh dreadfully. She tightened her grasp on its throat and then threw herself heavily to the ground upon it. In this way she kept it down and choked it to death. The flesh on Mrs. Utz's arm was torn to the bone in places. The eagle measured nearly five feet from tip to tip.

Signor Marcucci, of Spoleto, Italy, a man of property and position, called on Dr. Domenici to attend his only son, who was seriously ill. If, said Marcucci, the young man recovered, Dr. Domenici should receive 2,000 francs; if, on the other hand, the patient died, Dr. Domenici should be killed. Marcucci proved to be a man of his word, for the lad died, and the father thereupon killed Domenici. He was condemned to five years' imprisonment and the payment of a fine of 25,000, to be given as damages to the doctor's widow.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.
Tramps mend umbrellas or sell soap and pins to evade the new law.

A good steer will grow from 200 to 250 pounds of meat each year until four years old.
The salt spray thrown up by the late storm at Beaufort, N. C., has killed nearly all the trees there.

Canton, Miss., has one of the finest cotton factories and oil mills in the whole South, now lying idle. It is complete in all its departments, and the machinery is of the very finest.

Mr. Spurgeon's church, in London, employs eighty colporters, who, within one year, have visited 927,000 families and given away 162,000 tracts and sold \$11,000 worth of good books.

Mr. Alexander H. Stephens is said to have received from the sales of his book on the Civil War the sum of \$35,000.—As he gets a royalty of only twenty-five cents on each volume, this means a large sale.

A New York woman whose husband died of the effects, and whose health was ruined by trifling ailments caused by deceased pork, has instituted suit for \$30,000 against the packer who put up and sold the meat.

Samuel Nussbaum, murdered his wife of Girardet, Pa., and was stopped in an attempt to kill himself on the spot; but he was determined to die, and has finally accomplished his purpose by starvation.

The expenses of a funeral of an English soldier in Zululand are deducted from arrears in the man's pay. Natal is an expensive place for a private to die in, for by the time the carpenter and sexton have completed their labors but little remains of a 25 note.

All the principal maritime nations of the world have agreed to a new body of rules intended to facilitate navigation on the ocean and prevent collisions. They will not be enforced until September, 1880, in order to allow officers and pilots to become familiar with them.

The official organ of the Chinese government, known as the Pekin Gazette, is certainly a most remarkable journal. Not only is it the oldest newspaper in existence, but it is highly probable that it was the first journal ever published, and what is more, the first that was ever printed.

As Mrs. Blanchard, of Monticello, Iowa, was passing along the street the other day, a part of a swarm of bees, just robbed of their honey, flew at her head and face in a cloud and stung her unmercifully. Over fifty bee-stingers were taken from her head, and she has a hard struggle to live.

The invisibility of early marriages has never been more strikingly illustrated than in the case of a married woman of Concord, N. H., at the tender age of fourteen years eloping with a seventeen-year old gentleman, leaving her child to be cared for by the husband of equal youthfulness. Presently such a thing is fortunately rare.

In consequence of an alleged case of poisoning from the use of American canned beef, an analysis of American canned beef and ham has been made in Berlin. Particles of lead, the result of careless soldering, were found in some cases, and the authorities have warned the public against the use of American canned goods.

A silver mine has been opened at Coruna, Maine. The first assay of surface ore showed rich veins of gold, thirty-seven ounces of silver, lead and copper per ton. The last assay, made since sinking the shafts to the depth of eleven feet, shows ten dollars of gold and sixty-eight ounces of silver, besides lead and copper. Parties are prospecting in Coruna and St. Albans with good success.

On account of the order issued some time ago by Secretary Sherman, requiring that all persons signing national bank notes to the treasury for redemption shall pay the express charges thereon, there has been such a great falling off in the receipt of these notes that a reduction in the force of the national bank redemption division has become necessary, and twenty-five employees have been discharged, including one teller and one assistant teller.

When the steamship Castlewood, from England, was being unloaded in New York, a bale of rags was discovered containing an internal contrivance for destroying the ship by fire, to be ignited by the tossing of the ship in the heavy seas it was expected she would encounter. Fortunately the passage was smooth. It is supposed to have been the plot of agents who had shipped worthless material and effected large insurance upon it. Strenuous efforts are to be made to unearth the villains.

The income tax of Great Britain, according to a parliamentary return just issued, was charged last year on a total of \$600,000,000. This shows an increase of \$5,775,000 over the previous year. The number of persons paying the tax was 397,750, being an increase of 15,778 over the number in 1877. It would seem that there are 1,487 persons whose incomes are assessed between \$4,500 and \$5,000, while between \$5,000 and \$10,000 there are 12,403; under \$15,000, 3,869; under \$20,000, 1,824; under \$25,000, 983; under \$50,000, 1,867; under \$250,000, 504; over \$250,000, 90.