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The only Home Life Insurance Co. in the State. All its funds loaned out AT HOME, and among our own people.

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The Aiken, S. C., Review says: 'No one has done more than Geo. H. Chapin in the cause of Southern immigration. Our village is thronged with Northern people in search of Southern homes, and good sales are being made.'

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JOSEPH S. ALLEN, FRED A. WATSON, JACOB S. ALLEN & CO., RALEIGH, N. C.

Building Contractors, and manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Brackets.

Steamboat Notice! The boats of the Express Steamboat Company will run as follows from the first of October until further notice:

Steamer D. MURKINSON, Capt. Alonzo Garrison, will leave Fayetteville every Tuesday and Friday at 8 o'clock A. M., and Wilmington every Wednesday and Saturday at 2 o'clock P. M.

Steamer WAVE, Capt. W. A. Robeson, will leave Fayetteville on Mondays and Thursdays at 8 o'clock A. M., and Wilmington on Tuesdays and Fridays at 1 o'clock P. M., connecting with the Western Railroad at Fayetteville on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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Under the Snow.

The valley layeth all pure and white Its quiet meads in the pale moonlight; The earth is prying beneath the night, For winter hath hidden her flowers from sight.

Under the snow, Over the hills the far stars gleam, Shivering down in the air between, Looking in vain for the river's sheen, For the drifted fields intervene.

Under the snow, Only the spangled pine-tree crest, Or the hemlock holding a last year's nest, Only here maple boughs cast and west, Cast their shadows; lost is the rest.

Under the snow, The winds whirl down from the cold east hill And blow through the valley sharp and chill, Not a grass-blade lingers here still at will, And even the busy leaves are hid.

Under the snow, And the violets list, and the hushes wait Till time flings open the summer gate; Till cowslips come and the wild birds mate, And warmth brings life to the small and great.

Under the snow, Oh, sad, sad heart, with your weight of woe Some winter has robbed your fields, and lo! Where trail arbutus would lit and show, Nothing awakes to bloom and grow.

Under the snow, But wait! when the letters of doubt shall start Then life will come with its loving art; For, in its chambers, every heart, Doth the gleams of bloom impart.

Under the snow, —Little Anna, in Elvira's Apartment.

THE EMERALDS.

One wintry afternoon in January away up in the bleak attic of a wretched tenement-house, a pale, sad-eyed woman sat sewing.

The twilight closed in rapidly, with a blinding fall of snow, a bitter, waiting blast that made the windows rattle in the casements.

She worked on steadily for a time, pausing only to brush a tear from her white cheek, then arose and shook out the glimmering robe.

"This done at last," she said, "Now mother's little girl can have her supper; only be patient a little longer, Flora, Ross, come, my boy."

A manly little fellow came out from the bedrooms beyond. "The fire-dress is done, Ross, and you must run home with it as fast as you can. Miss Gracie will be out of patience."

"I know, tell her I couldn't finish it one moment sooner, and ask her to give you the money. We must have it to-night. And you can stop at Mr. Ray's, as you come back, and buy some coal, and we must have some bread and tea, and a bit of butter, and you must get a sausage, Ross, for poor little Flora."

"I'll get them all, mother," he said, "and be back in time. You shall have a big sausage, little sis," he added, turning toward the cot.

"And you shall have half of it, Ross," she piped, in her splendid bird voice. "I didn't put better put on your thick jacket, my boy?" continued his mother.

"The wind cuts like a knife." "Pshaw, little mother, I don't mind the wind," and away he went down the creaking stairs and out into the storm.

Miss Gracie Fontenay was in a perfect furor of impatience and anger. Her dear five hundred friends were assembled in the halls below and her handsome dress had not come home.

At that moment there was a ring at the door and a voice in the hall. "Please tell Miss Gracie my mother doesn't finish it sooner, she wants the money to-night."

"The servant took the handsome dress and message. 'I'll never give her another stitch of work,' cried the angry beauty; 'I ought to have had it three hours ago. Here, Flora, dress me at once—there's not a minute to lose. No, I can't pay to-night; I haven't time. He must call to-morrow.'

"But we've no fire and nothing to eat, and my little sister is sick," called the boy, pushing up the grand stairway.

"Shut the door, Fancheon!" commanded Miss Gracie. And the door was closed in his face.

From the porch at the parlor window Pansie watched the whole scene, her violet eyes distended with childish amazement.

"Poor little boy," she said, as Ross disappeared down the stairway; "sister Gracie ought to pay him. It must be dreadful to have no fire and nothing to eat."

She stood for a moment, balancing herself on the tip of one dainty foot; her rosbud face grave and reflective; then a sudden thought flooded her blue eyes with sunshine, and snatching something from the table she darted down stairs.

On the steps sat Ross, brave little fellow that he was, his face in his hands, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"What's the matter, little boy?" questioned Pansie. Ross looked up half believing that it was the face of an angel looking down upon him through the whirling snow.

worked hard, and Flora is sick and so hungry."

"Here," she said, "do take this, little boy, and buy her lots of nice things. This worth a great deal; papa bought it for my birthday present, but do you take it and welcome."

She extended her dimpled hands, and something like a shower of stars fell at the boy's feet. He caught it up in amazement—a necklace of emeralds, lustrous, gleaming things, set in tawny, Indian gold.

"No, no," he cried, running up to where she stood. "I cannot take this necklace—take it back."

"You shall take it," she continued, imperiously. "I have lots of jewelry and fine things—run home now and buy your sister something to eat."

She closed the door with a bang, and Ross stood irresolute in the stormy gloom. Should he ring the bell and return the jewels to Pansie's father, or should he do as she had done him?

He thought of his mother and poor little Flora watching wistfully for his return. He could not go back and see them starve.

With a sudden feeling of desperation he thrust the glittering necklace in his pocket and dashed down the street.

The gaslight blazed brilliantly in a fashionable jewelry establishment, and its bland proprietor looked down inquiringly on little Ross as he approached the glittering counter.

"Would you like to buy this, sir?" There was a tremor in the boy's voice as he asked the question, and the hand that held the emerald necklace shook visibly.

The jeweler took the gems, examining them closely for a moment, and then shot a sharp glance at the child.

"See here," he said, presently, his voice stern and commanding. "I want to know how you came by this?"

The boy's clear eyes fell; he blushed and stammered, evidently embarrassed. The jeweler put aside the emeralds, and taking the lad's arm led him into a small ante-room.

"You are a thief, sir," he said. "That necklace belongs to Mr. Fontenay—he bought it of me not a month ago. You stole it; you are a thief."

The little fellow straightened himself, and his brown eyes blazed. "I am no thief," he retorted. "A little girl gave it to me, and I know it was wrong to take it, but—my mother and sister are starving."

The jeweler hesitated. "You don't look like a thief," he said; "but I will send for Mr. Fontenay; that will settle the matter at once."

He dispatched a messenger accordingly, and Ross sat down in a corner and sobbed bitterly as he heard the driving wheels and thought of his mother and poor little Flora.

In half an hour Mr. Fontenay came, bringing his little daughter Pansie with him. The little creature darted toward Ross like a humming-bird, her cheeks ablaze, her eyes flashing like lightning.

"He didn't steal my emeralds!" she cried. "I gave 'em to him to sell 'em, and buy bread for my little sister."

Ross sprang to his feet, struggling hard to keep back his tears. He put out his little brown hand, which Pansie instantly clasped in her chubby palms.

"I am not a thief, sir," he said at last, addressing Mr. Fontenay; "I never stole anything in my life. I know it was wrong to take the necklace—but, sir, my little sister is starving."

The merchant drew his hands across his eyes. "You're a manly little fellow," he said, patting the lad's head, "and I do not in the least blame you, but I will take Pansie's emeralds, and she shall give you something more available. Here, Pansie, give this to your little friend."

He put a gold piece into Pansie's hands, which she tendered to Ross, with the injunction that he should run straight home and buy lots of goodies for his sister—a command he was not slow to obey.

"I think we shall not see sight of the little fellow," continued Mr. Fontenay, as Ross disappeared in the stormy darkness. "Shall we, pet? Let's see what we can do to help him. He's a promising young lad and an honest one, I'm sure. Mr. Lenox, you're in need of an errand boy; why not try him? I wish you would."

The jeweler consented, to Pansie's great delight, and on the following day Ross was duly installed as an errand boy in the fashionable establishment.

Fifteen years after, one blustering March morning, a young man sat behind the counter of a thriving jewelry establishment in one of the Northern cities.

He was a handsome man, a traveler, a man of taste, intellect and money, for he was a junior partner in the firm, which was a prosperous one. But despite all his good fortune, Ross Dunbar was not happy.

His mother and his little Flora had gone to their long home, and he was utterly alone, without kith or kin in the wide world.

Sitting alone one morning with the roar of the March winds in his ears his thoughts were running back to the days of his boyhood, to his mother's humble home. How vivid the past seemed, and how dear and sacred, and his eyes grew dim and his heart swelled.

and weiled. She approached the counter with a jewel case in her hand.

"Would you buy these?" she asked, simply, in a clear sweet voice that stirred the young man's heart as no other woman's voice had power to do.

He took the case, opened it, and spread out its contents. A watch, an elegant and costly diamond ring, two rubies and an emerald necklace. Ross Dunbar barely suppressed a cry of surprise as his eyes fell upon it.

"He turned it over with eager, trembling fingers and there on the clasp was the name that had lived in his heart for so many years. 'Little Pansie!'"

"You wish to sell them all?" he asked, striving to steady his voice and the wild throbbing of his heart.

The lady hesitated an instant and then she put out her slender hand and drew the emeralds toward her.

"I dislike to part with this," she said; "it was my father's gift—and—but no matter, take them all; I must have the money."

In her eagerness she had thrown aside her veil, revealing a lily face, lit by lustrous, supple eyes. Ross Dunbar stood silent a moment, every nerve in his manly form throbbing with supreme delight.

He had found her at last, the idol of his life. "They are very fine gems," he said, after a moment, "and I am willing to give you a fair price—suppose we say one thousand dollars—will that do?"

The girl flashed a dazzling smile of surprise from beneath her heavy veil. "So much as that?" she said, tremulously. "You are very kind, sir. Oh, you cannot know how much this money will help me."

The young man made a polite reply and proceeded to put aside the jewels and draw a check for the money.

The March winds were still blustering without, and the girl shivered and drew her wrapper closer as she started out.

"Won't you let me run down to the bank for you?" said the jeweler, catching up his hat. "You can play shop today while it won't be but a minute or two."

"But I am troubling you so." "Not a bit; just take this warm seat, please; you'll not be likely to have any customers. And seeing her beside the desk, he took the check and hurried out.

Pansie Fontenay threw back her veil and looked at her hand upon her hands, a puzzled, reflective look upon her sweet, sad face.

"When have I seen this face?" she asked herself over and over again. "It is so familiar; who in the world can it be?"

His return broke in upon her meditation, and after receiving her money she hurried away to her humble lodgings.

The following afternoon was even more blustering and stormy; the wind roared and the sleet thinned against the windows of the little room in which Pansie and her father sat.

Severe misfortunes and reverses had reduced them to poverty, and the old man being an invalid, all the care fell upon Pansie's shoulders.

She sat down with her father reading aloud from a new book which she had bought for him with some of the money received for her jewels.

Her sweet face was wan and sad, and her future stretched before her sad, hopeless and gloomy.

There is a ring at the door, and a servant brought up a package for Miss Pansie. An exquisite bunch of panoses, fragrant and golden hearted, done up in tissue paper, and attached to them a card, bearing the simple words: "Ross Dunbar has not forgotten little Pansie."

Pansie sat amazed for a moment, and a rich blush darted into her white cheeks.

"Oh, father," she said, "I knew him—I knew him! Oh, we have found Ross at last!"

An instant later Ross was in the room, clasping her fluttering hands in his, and into her blue eyes looked with a glance that bright the rosy bloom to her face.

And a few weeks later, when the blustering winds were over, and the golden bearded panoses bloomed on the garden borders, little Pansie became Ross Dunbar's bride, and for her bridal gift he gave her back her string of emeralds.

Largest Organ in the World.

The great organ now building in London for the Stewart Memorial cathedral at Garden City, Long Island, is described in a letter to the Vienna Neue Presse.

It is said that this organ will be the largest and most wonderful in the world. It will cost about \$40,000, and will be completed some time in the spring.

How to Keep Teeth Clean.

There is, of course, quite a general use of tooth brushes by the people, but not uncommonly an abuse of them for want of proper instruction.

It is getting to be better understood by both dentists and patients now than formerly that a crosswise brushing is not wise, but that the upper teeth should be brushed downward and the lower teeth upward.

It is a common mistake not to brush thoroughly the buccal and posterior surfaces of the third molars, and the lingual surfaces of the lower front teeth.

I am sure that nothing like an adequate amount of care is given to this preventive service. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the guardians of children that they should see that the practice of brushing the teeth thoroughly is begun as early as possible, so that it shall become a habit to be continued through life.

Concerning the forms of brushes, I will say that straight brushes are utterly impracticable on the surfaces to which I have referred as the ones most neglected.

Curved brushes with a tuft end, and shaped or convex, are the best. There are several favored forms that are quite efficient in the line I have spoken of.

The faithful use of floss silk between the teeth ought to be earnestly recommended; also the quill toothpick. The wood toothpicks so generally furnished at public eating places are a source of much evil to the soft tissues between the teeth.

All kinds of metallic toothpicks are objectionable, though I am aware that it is the practice of some dentists to commend them to their patients.

The value of a decided polished surface of the tooth becomes very apparent to those who have had the operation performed; the facility with which such teeth can be kept clean is evident; and although this condition may have been secured at considerable expense, yet it is an investment that will pay a good rate of interest.

I do not think many dentists have much idea of the beautiful polish that a human tooth will take. Many teeth are capable of a great improvement in this direction which is now a decided detriment to what might otherwise be a pleasing face.

We know that the general idea among the people is, that interfering with the surfaces of the teeth destroys the enamel, but we also know that this is a popular error.

A Year's Work in the Patent Office.

The statistics of the United States patent office for the year ending June 30, 1879, are as follows: The number of applications for patents was 19,300, being 37 less than the previous year.

The number of design patents was 697, for reissue, 639; for registration of trade marks, 1,463; for registration of labels, 631; patents filed, 2,674.

The number of patents granted, including reissues and designs, was 12,471, being 1,629 less than the previous year. The number of trade marks was 1,111; labels registered, 403; patents withheld for non-payment of final fee, 825.

The total receipts of the office were \$703,146.59, being \$31,741.19 less than loss of the previous year.

The expenditures for the year were \$348,651.47. This includes \$5,000 appropriated for the repair of models damaged by the fire, and is not properly chargeable to the current expenses of the office.

The expenditures for the previous year were \$365,906.02; \$50,000 of this being for the repair of models. Excluding the amount appropriated for the repair of damaged models in both years, the current expenditures of the office were \$298,651.47 less than those of the previous year. The excess of receipts over expenditures was \$404,495.32.

Slaughtering Elephants.

Here is a true elephant story for you from an American missionary, who once lived among the Dutch Bora of Natal for seven years. He saw the ivory, and believes the story:

One afternoon, about four o'clock, three Dutchmen were out hunting, and came upon a large herd of elephants. They fired at the leader, and instantly the entire herd fled.

The leader rushed on and on, thinking he was on the right track to escape; but the elephants were in a valley and only ran round and round it, in a circle perhaps three hundred yards in diameter, and were shot down from four o'clock in the afternoon until eight in the evening, when darkness prevented the Dutchmen from taking aim any longer.

But the three men rose at break of day, and found the poor elephants still going round and round. It was several hours before a new leader, breaking out of the beaten track, led off the remainder of the herd in safety.

The Dutchmen, whose names were Botha and Patgeiter, two being brothers, counted the slain. Ninety elephants lay dead in the valley, and as their valuable tusks of ivory were divided equally among the three Dutchmen, you can believe that each man's share was considerable.

The Troy, Ga. Enquirer remarks that pease trees grow wild in this latitude and produce a remunerative crop. A yield of three or four bushels from a tree ten years old is quite common.

If every farmer would plant four or five pease trees and cultivate them as shade or ornamental trees, it would not be very long before they would look as well as the oak or elm and in a few years would yield a snug little sum for his trouble.

Pease could be readily sold at three dollars a bushel, and each tree would yield from nine to fifteen dollars.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Nearly 300,000 persons are employed on British and Irish railroads.

Covington, Ga., has a negro boy only, sixteen years old that can read German, French, Latin and Greek as well as he can the English language.

In Savannah were sold one first mortgage bond of the South Georgia and Florida railroad company, endorsed by the state of Georgia for \$1,000, for \$1.10.

Mr. George Augusta Sala characterizes New Orleans as the most interesting city on this continent. The New York