

By P. M. HALE. OFFICE: Fayetteville St., Second Floor, Fisher Building. RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION: One copy one year, mailed post-paid, \$3.00...

Advertisements will be inserted for One Dollar per square (one inch) for the first and Fifty Cents for each subsequent publication. Contracts for advertising for any space or time may be made at the office of the RALEIGH REGISTER.

LIFE'S CHIVALRY. (Chambers's Journal.) Where, in the busy city's care and strife, is found for riches and its toil for bread, is that sort of chivalry in life...

VARIETIES OF SOUTHERN LIFE. The Romance of Sunrise Rock. (Miss Murfree.) What momentous morning arose with so resplendent a glory that it should have imprinted its indelible reflection on the face of great Cumberland cliff...

The hairy animal, whose jeans suit produced in him man, propounded this inquiry with a triumphant air. There was a sarcastic curve on the lips of his interlocutor. Clearly it was not worth his while to enlighten the mountaineer whose work so long survives their names...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

The little log house was encompassed by the splendor of autumnal foliage. A purple haze hung on the distant mountains; every range and every remove had a new tone and new delight. The gray crags, near at hand, stood out sharply against the crimson sky...

The girl's reel was still whirling; at regular intervals it ticked and told off another cut. Cleaver's eyes were fixed upon her as he declined Peter Teake's invitation. He had seen her often before, but he did not know as yet that face would play a strange part in the little mental drama that was to lead to the making of his fortune...

The reel stopped; the thread broke. She looked up, as she received mechanically his woodland treasure, with so astonished a face that it induced in this man of the world a sense of embarrassment. "Air they good yer ter somethin'?" she asked...

And he rode away, laughing softly. Everything about the red brick house seemed to him to be in a state of confusion. The dining-room, which served the two young bachelors as a sitting-room also, was cheerful with the glow of a hickory fire and a kerosene lamp, and although the floor was not yet laid, the hearth and mantel-piece were already furnished with the usual appointments of a parlor...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

waiting for me here. I have found contentment, the manna from heaven, while you are still clinging to the flesh-pots of Egypt. Ambition has thrown me once, and I might lack the jade again. I am a shepherd, Jack, a shepherd.

"Pastor, Tityre, pinguis Pasce oportet oves, deductum dicit carmen." "That's it, my dear old boy. Sing a slender song! We've pitched our voices on too high a key for our style of vocalization. We must sing small, Jack—sing a slender song!"

"I'll be damned if I do!" cried Cleaver, impetuously springing to his feet and pacing the room with a quick stride. But his friend's words dogged him deep into the night. They would not let him sleep. He lay staring blankly at the darkness, his thoughts busy with his former position and his former prospects, and that sense of helplessness, so terrible to a man, pressing heavily upon his heart.

There was a movement in the hall below. He had left Trelewney reading, but now his step was on the stairs, and with it rose the full mellow tones of his voice. He was singing of the spring-time in the autumn of midnight. Poor Fred! It was always spring with him. He met his misfortunes with so cordial an outstretched hand that it might have seemed he shared them. He shifted his attitude with a groan. His friend's fatal apathy was an added pang to his own sorrows...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

She fixed her luminous eyes upon him and laughed a little. There was no shyness in her face and manner now. Was Trelewney so accustomed a presence in her life that she would never mind another effort; he would always live here; he would sink, year by year, by virtue of his adaptability and uncouth associations, nearer to the level of the mountaineers. This culminating folly seemed destined to complete the ruin of every prospect in a fine man's life.

Those terrible problems of existence of which happier men at rare intervals catch a few glimpses and then forget, for a moment, pursued John Cleaver relentlessly day by day. He could not understand this world; he could not understand himself and the world around him in this useless, purposeless way; he could not even understand the magnificent waste of the nature about him. Sometimes he would look with haggard eyes on the late afternoon twilight, and wonder how he came in such effluence upon this sequestered spot; a perpetual twilight might have sufficed for the threadly, called life. He would gaze on Sunrise Rock, foreboding and redolent of the past, and wonder who and what was the man that in the forgotten past had stood on these red hills, and looked with his full heart in the eyes of heaven, and smote the stone to sudden speech. Were his eyes haggard too? Was his life heavy? Were his fiery aspirations only a touch of the actual courage to that that was sensitive within him? Did he know how little he was in the world? Did he, now, wring his hands, and beat his breast, and sigh for the thing that was not?

Cleaver did the work that came to him conscientiously, although mechanically enough. But there was little work to do. Even the career of a humble country doctor seemed closed to him. He began to think he saw how it would end. He would be obliged to quit the profession; in sheer manliness he would be obliged to get something to do, and he would not let himself be haggard for nothing. He cared nothing for money—this man, who was as poor as the very mountaineers. He was vowed to science as a monk is vowed to his order.

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

brothers-in-law; the old crone with her pipe, his wife's grandmother; that ignorant girl, his wife—oh, these squalid considerations were too inexorable. In his slights content he would never mind another effort; he would always live here; he would sink, year by year, by virtue of his adaptability and uncouth associations, nearer to the level of the mountaineers. This culminating folly seemed destined to complete the ruin of every prospect in a fine man's life.

Those terrible problems of existence of which happier men at rare intervals catch a few glimpses and then forget, for a moment, pursued John Cleaver relentlessly day by day. He could not understand this world; he could not understand himself and the world around him in this useless, purposeless way; he could not even understand the magnificent waste of the nature about him. Sometimes he would look with haggard eyes on the late afternoon twilight, and wonder how he came in such effluence upon this sequestered spot; a perpetual twilight might have sufficed for the threadly, called life. He would gaze on Sunrise Rock, foreboding and redolent of the past, and wonder who and what was the man that in the forgotten past had stood on these red hills, and looked with his full heart in the eyes of heaven, and smote the stone to sudden speech. Were his eyes haggard too? Was his life heavy? Were his fiery aspirations only a touch of the actual courage to that that was sensitive within him? Did he know how little he was in the world? Did he, now, wring his hands, and beat his breast, and sigh for the thing that was not?

Cleaver did the work that came to him conscientiously, although mechanically enough. But there was little work to do. Even the career of a humble country doctor seemed closed to him. He began to think he saw how it would end. He would be obliged to quit the profession; in sheer manliness he would be obliged to get something to do, and he would not let himself be haggard for nothing. He cared nothing for money—this man, who was as poor as the very mountaineers. He was vowed to science as a monk is vowed to his order.

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

hopeful peace in his heart, very like the comfort of religion, he goes his way in the misty moonlight. And sometimes John Cleaver, so far away as with a second sight, becomes subtly aware of these things. He remembers how Trelewney is deceived, and a remorse falls on him in the still darkness, and tears and mangles him. And yet there are no words for confession—there is nothing to confess. Would his conjecture, his unsupported conviction, avail aught? Would it not be cruel to reopen old, unstarred, unhealed wounds of a doubt? And the daybreak finds him with these questions unworked, and his heart turning wistfully to that true and loyal friend, with his faithful, unrequited love still lingering about the grave of the girl who died with her love unrequited.

Those terrible problems of existence of which happier men at rare intervals catch a few glimpses and then forget, for a moment, pursued John Cleaver relentlessly day by day. He could not understand this world; he could not understand himself and the world around him in this useless, purposeless way; he could not even understand the magnificent waste of the nature about him. Sometimes he would look with haggard eyes on the late afternoon twilight, and wonder how he came in such effluence upon this sequestered spot; a perpetual twilight might have sufficed for the threadly, called life. He would gaze on Sunrise Rock, foreboding and redolent of the past, and wonder who and what was the man that in the forgotten past had stood on these red hills, and looked with his full heart in the eyes of heaven, and smote the stone to sudden speech. Were his eyes haggard too? Was his life heavy? Were his fiery aspirations only a touch of the actual courage to that that was sensitive within him? Did he know how little he was in the world? Did he, now, wring his hands, and beat his breast, and sigh for the thing that was not?

Cleaver did the work that came to him conscientiously, although mechanically enough. But there was little work to do. Even the career of a humble country doctor seemed closed to him. He began to think he saw how it would end. He would be obliged to quit the profession; in sheer manliness he would be obliged to get something to do, and he would not let himself be haggard for nothing. He cared nothing for money—this man, who was as poor as the very mountaineers. He was vowed to science as a monk is vowed to his order.

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

hopeful peace in his heart, very like the comfort of religion, he goes his way in the misty moonlight. And sometimes John Cleaver, so far away as with a second sight, becomes subtly aware of these things. He remembers how Trelewney is deceived, and a remorse falls on him in the still darkness, and tears and mangles him. And yet there are no words for confession—there is nothing to confess. Would his conjecture, his unsupported conviction, avail aught? Would it not be cruel to reopen old, unstarred, unhealed wounds of a doubt? And the daybreak finds him with these questions unworked, and his heart turning wistfully to that true and loyal friend, with his faithful, unrequited love still lingering about the grave of the girl who died with her love unrequited.

Those terrible problems of existence of which happier men at rare intervals catch a few glimpses and then forget, for a moment, pursued John Cleaver relentlessly day by day. He could not understand this world; he could not understand himself and the world around him in this useless, purposeless way; he could not even understand the magnificent waste of the nature about him. Sometimes he would look with haggard eyes on the late afternoon twilight, and wonder how he came in such effluence upon this sequestered spot; a perpetual twilight might have sufficed for the threadly, called life. He would gaze on Sunrise Rock, foreboding and redolent of the past, and wonder who and what was the man that in the forgotten past had stood on these red hills, and looked with his full heart in the eyes of heaven, and smote the stone to sudden speech. Were his eyes haggard too? Was his life heavy? Were his fiery aspirations only a touch of the actual courage to that that was sensitive within him? Did he know how little he was in the world? Did he, now, wring his hands, and beat his breast, and sigh for the thing that was not?

Cleaver did the work that came to him conscientiously, although mechanically enough. But there was little work to do. Even the career of a humble country doctor seemed closed to him. He began to think he saw how it would end. He would be obliged to quit the profession; in sheer manliness he would be obliged to get something to do, and he would not let himself be haggard for nothing. He cared nothing for money—this man, who was as poor as the very mountaineers. He was vowed to science as a monk is vowed to his order.

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

At the lowest ebb of his fortunes there came to him a letter from a young lawyer, much in his own professional position, but who had confessed himself benighted in the mountains of East Tennessee...

THE SCOTCH CROSSERS. How they Came—Why they Went. (Birmingham Rocket.) The immigration into Robeson and Richmond counties of some thirty families, we believe, of Scotch Crofters, which took place nearly two years ago, was accomplished through the instrumentality of a Miss McCleod, resident in Scotland, and citizens of the same country, who, as settlers, it is true, as an act of generosity and in response to solicitation from Robeson's former Senator, Mr. McCaughy, the Department at Raleigh paid \$6000 towards their transportation; but this, we think, was only what was required to pay expenses from some point after they had reached our shores. For the importation the State was not responsible; further than to extend the aid mentioned above, which we think, under the circumstances, was little enough to have done. It was then practically a private enterprise, and one which resulted in a failure.

Our staid old Scotch farmers of lower Richmond and upper Robeson found that fishermen from the banks of "Isle of Skye" gave promise of a more profitable industry than farming, turpentine dipping, or lumber getting, and that they had to taunt from the stump in all the ways of work which are peculiar to the border. They, on the other hand, lured across by pictures probably self-created, found that the situation in fact was by no means such as to have warranted their high expectations. At the same time, however, soon drifted away from their first moorings and are still unsettled and dissatisfied, while others long since have returned to the "land of cakes."

Of course there were exceptions, and of the comparatively small number that remained, we know two most excellent young men in this county. The county would gladly welcome them, and they would do us no harm. Whether immigration generally shall prove a blessing to our country remains to be seen. We have grave and honest doubts as to the wisdom of such a course. It is not enough to think that it will do us any good. We know of no one who is anxious to invest money in another Scotch Crofter enterprise.

THE ROBESON FOLK Who Live Long, are Also Prosperous. (Robesonian.) * * * No citizen of Robeson county, without regard to age, color, or previous condition of servitude, can travel over this county without being proud to acknowledge himself a Robesonian. Take, for instance, the Carthage road—for twelve or fifteen miles there is a new dwelling on nearly every farm, upon the Whiteville road Messrs. J. S. McNeill, S. C. Crump, J. H. D. Briggs, and others. In fact, the Robeson is this in the case in almost every direction that a man travels in this county. New dwellings, new gin houses, new stores, and new churches, are everywhere. * * * Thirty years ago a painted house in the country was a rarity, and places were distinguished in that way. There was a "White house" in the lower end of the county, the name of which a township has been named, and the "Red house," and the "Yellow house" in the upper end of the county. Now painted houses are so common as to excite no comment whatever, while in many instances our stock are better housed than were our people at that time. These are unmistakable signs of the prosperity and thrift of our people. It is the credit of our people that they are improving their premises, rather than wasting their money upon things of doubtful value. Some time ago a patient churchother man, who visited Granville county with his invention and carried off several thousand dollars, remarked that there was more money made in Robeson than in any place he ever saw. Is it not better to judiciously invest the little we have, than to throw away a great deal, and new money can't inherit the remark of the churchother man? * * *

WATER AND PRAY As Understood in Arkansas. (Arkansas Traveller.) "Well, Coleman," said an Arkansas planter, addressing one of his tenants, "how is your crop this year?" "Tain't no mighty good, boss; 'tain't no mighty good." "Suffered from drought, I suppose?" "No, sah, we've had rain plenty." "The boll-worms, I suppose, have injured your crop?" "No, sah, I ain't seed no boll-worms dis year." "Rust, then, eh?" "No, sah, no rust." "Well, then, is the cause of your poor crop?" "Too much trust in de Lawd, sah."

HOW TO KEEP HOUSE And Keep from Losing Your Appetite. (Arkansas Traveller.) A careful housewife, upon entering her kitchen, said to the colored cook, "Great goodness, Jane, you must be more careful. You are not clean enough in your kitchen." "Lady," replied the cook as she took up a piece of beef that had fallen on the floor, "I sees dat yer gwine ter ack fool dis ter fool round 'bout head!" "It's my business to come out here occasionally."

THE YACHTS—WHAT ARE YACHTS, MY DEAR? "Oh, I don't know, I'll ask Charley, and we had to get off the car."

HOW TO KEEP HOUSE And Keep from Losing Your Appetite. (Arkansas Traveller.) A careful housewife, upon entering her kitchen, said to the colored cook, "Great goodness, Jane, you must be more careful. You are not clean enough in your kitchen." "Lady," replied the cook as she took up a piece of beef that had fallen on the floor, "I sees dat yer gwine ter ack fool dis ter fool round 'bout head!" "It's my business to come out here occasionally."

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY HAS RECEIVED A CONSCIENCE CONTRIBUTION OF \$153 IN AN ENVELOPE POST-MARKED NEW YORK.