

By F. M. HALE.

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RALEIGH REGISTER.

Second Floor of Fisher Building, Fayetteville Street, next to Market House.

THE CHATHAM LYING-IN.

The Way of it and Who did it.

[Chatham Record.]
... The sheriff as soon as he rode out to the scene of the lying-in, sent for the coroner, who came, and summoning a jury, held an inquest. The only witness examined was Mr. Thomas Croft, the jailor, whose testimony in substance was as follows: At 10 minutes to one o'clock, on Monday night, he was aroused by a knocking and calling at the front door of his residence (about 100 yards from the jail), and upon opening the door he was confronted by about 30 men with disguises on their faces who demanded the jail key. He refused to surrender them and started back to his bed room, but they followed after him and forced him to give them up. Then they made him put on his clothes and go with them to the jail and unlock the door. At the jail were assembled a great many men—the crowd altogether being estimated at from 75 to 100—and as soon as the door was opened they seized and tied the four accused murderers and quietly marched them out of town. Very little was said by anyone, and he did not recognize any of the crowd.

After hearing the above evidence, returned a verdict that the deceased came to their deaths at the hands of persons unknown to the Jurors. The bodies of the deceased were taken and buried at the county's expense. As yet no one of the lynching party is known, but it is thought that most of them came from distant parts of the county. Some of them crossed the E. W. Moore bridge, some at Moore's bridge, and others passed down the road towards Lockville.

SOME USEFUL ARITHMETICAL.

Which People Find Hard to Learn.

[New York Journal of Commerce.]
The reckoning of percentages, like the minus sign in algebra, is a constant stumbling block to many a writer. An experienced newspaper writer often became muddled when they attempt to speak of it. The ascending scale is easy enough: Five added to twenty is a gain of 25 per cent; five subtracted from twenty is a loss of 25 per cent; it is an addition of 100 per cent. But the moment the change is a decreasing calculation, the inexperienced mathematician gets lost. If he subtracts five from twenty it is a decrease of 25 per cent. An advance from twenty to twenty-five is an increase of 25 per cent, but the reverse of this, that is, a decline from twenty-five to twenty, is a decrease of 20 per cent. The other day an article of merchandise which had been purchased at ten cents a pound was re-sold at thirty cents a pound, a profit of 200 per cent. If the same article were purchased at ten cents and re-sold at twenty, it would be a profit of 100 per cent.

THE LAW-LOVING NORTH.

The Men to go in a Lantern.

[Gen. Ben. Butler, in New York Tribune.]
I have grandchildren who will live to see the unbelief of our countrymen in the most scientific and skillful manner. After these things we shall settle down again in a while. They don't seem to believe in our progress. But they do not see the remedies. When I was a candidate for President, Gould said Butler must be driven into the ground. He told me that he had a large stock of arms with considerable wealth and a family and property interests to be at the head of the masses and able to control them. He only saw it in the light of a commercial transaction as he thought. Some day a real red Communist will lead these men, and then he will see the difference. As the head of the Labor element, I could have of ten times the money and control of other men could settle it. The mistake I made in running for President was like running against a stone wall. I thought the laborers of the new Republic were more intelligent than the average of the old.

WHAT SOME DEMOCRATS SAY.

Republicans also say of One Another.
[New York Times.]
"Who is proprietor of the *New York Times*?"
"George Jones."
"Is George Jones a Christian?"
"No, he is a Catholic. He is a backslider. He is ahead of all professors."
"Does he keep the golden rule? Does he love his enemies?"
"Oh, he is way ahead of the golden rule."
"Why he not only loves his enemies, but he hates his friends."
THE CHRISTIAN CHARITY.
That is Meant by Public Servants.
[Chicago News.]
"I guess I had better arrest you."
"Yes, I've got you."
"You're a trusted employee, ain't ye?"
"Confidential clerk?"
"Yes, I have the full confidence of my employer."
"I thought so."
"But why? I haven't stolen anything."
"Praps not, but you are probably just going to."
Father, Mother and Son.
[Philadelphia Call.]
Anxious Mother—"Edward, I wish you would go up stairs and see Charles. The poor boy is in great distress."
"If there's any of honest folks who ain't done nothing 'ruther'n nobody," he added, in cordial reassurance.
His son was half hidden behind one of the queer cedar posts, that his mirth at the guest's display of cowardice might not be observed. But the women, always quick to suspect, glanced meaningly at each other with widening eyes, as they stood together in the doorway.

He had a momentary sensation of stifling, and then a great weight was lifted. For had begun to doubt whether the unbidden light would be a sinister shadow for the fall of that bowlder and the horrible object beneath it; a more reasonable conclusion might be deduced from the fact that he had been seen in the neighborhood, and the circumstance of the deadly feud. But what wonder could there be if his long leaves on the 'Tother Mounting should be ignited and the woods burned? What explanations might not such a catastrophe suggest—a frantic flight from the flames toward the cliff and an accidental fall. And so he waited throughout the long day, toward night when the wind rose an opaque twilight, through which could be discerned only the stony path leading down the slope from his door, only the blurred outlines of the bushes close at hand, only the dark shadow of a light blue, sea-seated tree, seeming entirely severed from the unseen trunk, and swinging in the air sixty feet above the earth.

Toward night, when the wind rose an opaque twilight, through which could be discerned only the stony path leading down the slope from his door, only the blurred outlines of the bushes close at hand, only the dark shadow of a light blue, sea-seated tree, seeming entirely severed from the unseen trunk, and swinging in the air sixty feet above the earth.

He had always heard ez everything that belongs on that 'Tother Mounting air witched, an' ef ye brings away so much ez a curse, or a stone, or a stick, ye fatches a curse, an' ef ye has been sech a many folks killed on the 'Tother Mounting."

"I t'lole Tony Britt that that word," said the young fellow, "an' 'lowed ter him ez how he had take a mighty bad spot ter go a-hunting."

WORKING.

(Teresa Herick.)

A gleaming opal in a sapphire case
Flashing across the Orient seas the sun,
Its bright crest topped with rubies all ablaze;
While o'er the distant hills a purple haze
Hangs with a royal splendor.

The grasses lift their ahields of living green,
The birds sing feverently their matin song,
A thousand hammers tend to perfect flowers;
It is day's Resurrection! Happy hours,
So pure, so rare, so tender.

VARIETIES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

Over on the 'Tother Mounting.

Stretching east laterally from a long oblique line of the Southern Alleghenians are two parallel ranges, following the same course through several leagues, and separated by a narrow strip of valley hardly visible in wide view. The range on the west arm is arm, so to speak, sundry differences between the close companions are distinctly apparent. One is much the higher, and leads the way; it strikes out all the bold curves and angles of the course, meekly attended by the lesser ridge; its shadowy coes and sharp ravines are repeated in miniature as its comrade falls into the line of the latter range, and it is in consequence in charge, and to conduct it away from the majestic procession of mountains that traverses the State.

But, despite its more imposing appearance, all the tangible advantages are possessed by its humble neighbor.

Before a speculation had suggested

himself, a man walked slowly into view along the path, and with starting eyes the hunt recognized his dearest foe. Britt's hand lay upon the bowlder; his oath was in his mind; his unconscious enemy had come within his power. Swifter than a flash the temptation was presented. He remembered the warnings of his lawyer at Colbury last week, when the grand jury had failed to find a true bill against Caleb Hoxie, and that innocent man, as he must go unseathed, that any revenge for fancied wrongs would be dearly paid; he remembered, too, the mountain traditions of the old days, when evil-doers in the heads of the hills, in the vast wilderness, he would have a life for a life, and there would be one more legend of the very stones conspiring to punish malefactor; and he remembered, too, the terrible 'sayin's' of the 'Tother Mounting, a strong belief in the supernatural influences of the place was wife within him; he knew that the rocks were evil-doers in the heads of the hills, and the circumstance of the deadly feud. But what wonder could there be if his long leaves on the 'Tother Mounting should be ignited and the woods burned? What explanations might not such a catastrophe suggest—a frantic flight from the flames toward the cliff and an accidental fall.