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OFFICE: Fayetteville St., Second Floor, Fisher Building.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION: One copy one year, mailed post-paid, \$2 00...

VOL. II.

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1885.

NO. 89.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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,

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

A CELEBRITY.

[Margaret Vanleitritt.] The maiden aunt, in her straight-backed chair, with a flush on her pale and wrinkled cheek...

When I think of your bringing-up—my care, my anxious care, and it's come to this you appeared to be sitting calmly there.

Now tell me at once just what he said, and what you replied. This is quite a trial, so do not stand there and hang your head, or attempt the least denial.

If I catch you once more in such a fix, though you are eighteen, I can tell you, Jane, I shall treat you just as if you were six.

Are you going to tell me what he said, and what you said? I'll stand this trifling, sleek as the cat, Jane. Lift up your head!

Her voice was shaken—of course, with fear. "He said—"

And I said I would. But indeed, aunt dear, I will never do so again!

WOMAN'S LOVE.

The Mystery of Wilhelm Ritter.

It was long past dusk of an August evening. Farmer Weitbreck stood leaning on the big gate of his barn-yard, looking first up and then down the road.

"Well, why do you not see that, then, and treat me as a man ought to be treated?" exclaimed John. "He thinks I'm no older than when he used to beat me with the strap."

"I think fathers and mothers are always that way," said the gentle, cheery Carlen, with a low laugh. "The mother tells me each time how to wind the warp, as she did when I was little; and she will always look into the churn for herself."

"Here now comes de hand, at last of de time, Johan," cried the old man. "It is de best of me from mein own country. He cannot English speak, many words; but dat is nothing; he can work. I told you dere would be some good in dat new-comer. The man's eyes fell.

"What is your name," said John. "I have long have you been in this country?" "Ten days."

"Where are your friends?" "I haf none."

"None." These replies were given in a tone as melancholy as the expression of his face. "Haf done vid too much questions."

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been hard to find in Lancaster County a more placid and contented wife than she. She never dreamed that her custom of silent acquiescence in all that Gustavus said, of waiting in all cases, small and great, for his decision had in the outset been born of radical and uncomfortable disagreements with him.

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find him good to see, and," after a pause, "so do Carlen." "Good heavens, father!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, you need not speak of de heavens, mein son," rejoined the old man, in a taunting tone. "I think I can mine own way, without you to be help. I was not yesterday born!"

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a look hardly less angry than his own. "Is it you who have to say to me what all this means that you have been saying," she cried. "I think you are out of your senses. I do not know what has happened to you."

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they had always the habit of using the German tongue for fond epithets. "Mein Schreier, I love you so much I cannot help being wretched when I see you in danger, but I am not angry."

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and Wilhelm went separate ways to work and did not meet until noon. In the afternoon Wilhelm was sent on an errand to a farm some five miles away, and thus the day passed without John's having found any opportunity for the promised talk.

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thought. A new fear arose in Carlen's breast. Was he mad? Had the wild hilarity of his speech and demeanor in the evening been merely a new phase of disorder in an unsettled brain? Even in this was strange, however, for Carlen, who would rather have him mad, with alternations of insane joy and gloom, than know that he belonged to another.

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