

The Evening Visitor.

VOL. 2-NO. 10.

RALEIGH, N. C. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1879.

PRICE ONE CENT.

EVENING VISITOR.

WM. M. UTLEY, Local Editor.

The effect of jet on satin is very elegant.

Plush jackets will be worn with street suits.

What lady would not wear a suringle two feet wide.

A fire insurance policy feels good these cool mornings.

People with cold fingers ought to wear castor gloves.

Kid gloves are produced every season in all the dress tints.

The lucky bone of a turkey is the one that isn't found cut.

A new reversible overcoat is in the form of a demi-mlster.

There's no established fashion for dressing feminine hair.

Even the discovery of new planets has picked up wonderfully.

Pedestrains go as they please—servant girls go when they please.

Black kid gloves to go with any thing except a brown dress.

The time to save money is when everybody else is spending it.

A beautiful dolman is of rich, black satin, with heavy jet decorations.

A popular style for the hair is flat on top and crimped bandeaus in front.

A cook-stove may be converted into a base burner by sitting on it while it's hot.

It was a confirmed drunkard who exclaimed, "I had rather be tight than be President."

The youth who spends all his money for a pair of skates will come to realize that he is misled boy.

The bread of this country has more to do with its success than the laws. Let women remember it.

The weather will soon be cold and disagreeable enough for amateur hunters to enjoy themselves in the swamps.

Summer lingering in the lap of winter is personated by the man who wore an overcoat and straw hat down town last evening.

It is said that a girl who can shed three or four tears at a critical moment, and follow them up with a quivering sigh, can marry all around a good-looking blonde who does nothing but try to blush.

J. L. Stone has taken the agency for the sale of E. C. Butterich & Co.'s Patterns. No one else will be supplied with these patterns but by him, as he is the exclusive agent. His first order consists of \$600 worth of these elegant patterns. They will arrive in a few days.

The mosquitoes have departed and we are glad.

Pork is selling for eight cents in this market.

Partridges sell readily for ten cents a piece in market.

Business was brisk yesterday.

S. J. Freeman was quite sick yesterday.

Fine chromos, Mottoes, &c., &c., lower than ever offered to the public at Levy's Southern Bazar.

THE HORACE WATERS' PIANOS, sold by J. L. Stone, General Agent, received the FIRST PREMIUM at the State Fair last week.

The old bell cow was on the streets again last night, jingling her bell, thereby annoying the sleepy inclined. She ought to be kept up.

Have you paid your taxes? The Sheriff has his books open and will take pleasure in waiting on you. Call and see him.

D. S. WALT & BRO. have just received one of the prettiest lot of Sack Suits to be found in the city. I, you don't believe it go and see for yourselves.

Card photographs of actresses 5 cents; larger size 15 cents at Stewart's New York Gallery.

The Mayor says he is determined to put a stop to fast driving, if it takes him all the winter, and in this determination he will have the hearty support and co-operation of the entire community.

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT go and see for yourselves. See what? Why that D. S. Walt & Bro. have the prettiest Sack Suits of ready made clothing in the city.

The finest Red King Apples in the city at George Goldman's.

Nothing disturbs a dinner party more than to have the fat man at the end of the table attempt to push himself back, and in the effort upset the little fellow at the other end of the board, while the folks along the sides find themselves eating from their neighbors' plates.

J. M. Rosenbath has a crowd of customers every day who always go out with great bundles of his nice ready-made clothing. When they go in there they find that he sells so cheap they can't help buying. Call and see him.

For the best fitting dress shirts go to Levy's.

GOLD MEDAL.—First premium awarded the New Home Sewing Machine in 1878. Also, another medal awarded by the late fair.

Two of the members of the legal profession of this city, who above all other people, should have known better, partook of some watermelon while at Smithfield Court this week, which made them very sick. Better be more careful hereafter, gentlemen.

Woodward Bros. have and will keep constantly, a fine supply of fresh water fish. Call and get some.

The State Library is kept in a splendid condition. The Librarian, Mr. Sherwood Haywood is a clever and polite gentleman, and takes pleasure in showing strangers the many valuable books therein. There is about 10,000 volumes in the library, and about 13,000 stored away in another part of the building, there not being sufficient room in the library for them. The next Legislature should make an appropriation for the extension of the library. It ought to be just twice as large.

You can get the best country cider in the city at L. D. H. Whitehead's on Wilmington street, next to Woolcott's open front. Call and get a glass.

George Goldman has just received another lot of Fine Butter.

Justice Barbee had an old offender before him to day. Justice Barbee wanted him to give bail. He gave two dogs. At last accounts he was still giving it.

See change in Mr. Hardin advertisement. If you wish to be wealthy and wise, do like Mr. Hardin—advertise.

The latest improved Singer Machines for sale at J. L. Stone's office. Price \$25.

Improve the condition of your horses and increase the flow of milk from your cows by buying the prepared mill feed of Jones, Green & Powell. They have constantly on hand a nice supply of wood and coal, which you know makes the fireside so efficient. No. 47 Fayetteville street.

Bob Boswell, the negro murderer, was hung at Hillsboro last Friday. He died without a word, but we suppose his intentions were like the rest—he's gone straight to Heaven.

If you want to eat something good, just go to Hardin's and get some of his lunch milk biscuits. They are undoubtedly the best we ever tasted. Try them—only 15 cents per pound.

NOTICE FOR THE LADIES.

Arrival of fine worsted goods for children and infants at Madame Beson's.

THE NEW ENGLAND ORGAN was awarded the FIRST PREMIUM at the fair last week. J. L. Stone, agent, No. 18, Fayetteville street, Raleigh, N. C.

Mr. Andrew Overby, clerk in the store of Mr. Rush Jolly, on Hillsboro street, was accidentally shot through his right hand this morning. Dr. Fab. Haywood was called in and dressed the wound. Mr. O. was suffering great pain at last accounts. We suppose he "didn't know it was loaded."

Oh, yes! plenty of them. Turkeys, eggs, chickens, and in fact, two barrels horse apple, vinegar.

W. C. McMAKIN.

"THE BIG YELLOW BRINDLED COUNTRY DOG."—The days of wooing to win and presenting to be presented to, have not lost their novelty. Courting people, you know, must occasionally change the order of things, get out of the old ruts—run in new channels—find new ways of doing old business—n fine, this is a day of improvement, of discovery, of invention. To verify what has just been said, we'll relate a little incident which took place in the courting circles this week. A man becoming very much enamored of one of Raleigh's fairest daughters and wishing to convince her of his devotion in more ways than by simply telling her of her many accomplishments, her superabundance of charms, and other immaterial, intangible evidences of his affections, concluded to deal awhile in material, tangible, animate evidences. The young man is a great lover of the canine tribe, and supposing that nothing could be more acceptable to the fair one than a fine dog, sent to his Dulcinea "a big yellow brindled, country dog." The young lady had the elephant—she didn't know what to do with him. She called a council of her mother, the maid-servant and the cook to devise ways and means storing the new pet until morning (for it was night). After much consultation and due deliberation they decided that the chicken-coop, in the back yard, was the most eligible quarters for the night for the dear pet. So "the big yellow brin l d country dog" was safely stored. Next morning the young lady looking from her window was surprised to see that "the big yellow brindled country dog" had quit his city quarters, took the chicken-coop (which was rather light for such heavy contents) on his head, carried it as far as the fence, hung it on the gate-post and "stepped down and out" to his rural home from whence he was exported; the gallant was forthwith informed of his exit and has gone in search of the aforesaid, "big yellow brindled country dog." Success to the young man—long may he wave and not grow weary in well-doing. All's well that ends well.

A new arrival of millinery and straw goods, silks and ribbons at Mrs. R. A. Bousley's, which will be sold low for cash. Bousley street, Raleigh. Dress making, cutting and fitting done to order.

Photographs of the different actresses and other celebrities for sale at Stewart's Photograph Gallery.

Do you November? This is the first day.

Business lively on Wilmington street to day.

Camp Russell is being put in order for the Fair.

The Baptist Grove looks like a snow storm had been over it.

CAUTION.—As the hunting season is on us our sportsmen should be cautious how they eat their game. The London Lancet, a medical journal of high repute, says when game killed by shot and probably containing the pellets, is eaten, it may be worth while to caution those who consume the flesh of birds with avidity, that the proportion of instances in which shot is found is probably small in comparison with the number of cases in which the pellets are unwittingly swallowed. Occasionally the most disastrous results have followed such small causes. The same journal tells of a man who died after prolonged and unexplained sufferings from the impaction of a very small nail, which had found its way into a pudding, and was inadvertently swallowed.

FAILED.—The Wilson Advance tells us that last Sunday night the only inmate of our county jail determined to "make way for liberty," and he began by setting fire to the door of the jail which leads to the jail lot. He had succeeded very well and would have soon made good his escape had it not been for the vigilance of our ever wakeful politician, D. P. Chrisman, who happened to be in the vicinity of the jail at the time when the door was almost gone. The fire was put out and the prisoner further secured.

STATE NEWS.

The Kinston Journal brags about Henry F. Brooks, of Lenoir county who planted five acres of in cotton and has already picked out five 450 pound bags, and who thinks there is three more in the patch. He used half ton of guano. That's pretty good for this country.

Mr. D. M. Barringer, of Mt. Pleasant, gathered from one vine this fall, ten pumpkins that weighed, together, our hundred and eighteen pounds. How is that for prolific?

Adolphus Watson, colored, of Sand Hill township, says the Kinston Journal, boiled green gourds for the snails. It stoppea the chills, but it killed Adolphus.

Stephen A. Douglas, of North Carolina, son of the late Senator Douglas, has formed a connection with a Chicago law firm, and will take up his residence in that city.

The Elizabeth City Telegram has changed hands. H. T. Greenleaf is editor now, Mr. Garner having retired. Here's hoping, &c.

The Newbern Democrat says that Mr. J. D. Howard's new invention, the automatic car-coupling, works admirably.

A man died in La Grange last Friday. Too much red rye highballing was the cause of it.

The Bragg is the name of a paper published in Charlotte. John Bragg is editor.

Durham needs a town hall, says the Recorder. It wants also a National Bank.

The revival of religion at Durham continues with unabated success.

Burglaries are disgustingly common at Salisbury.

Hickory High School has 107 pupils.

Wm Rusk has been acquitted, in Philadelphia, of the murder of David McCool. The jury were out five days.