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ONE. BY THOMAS JEFFERSON JEROME. One drop, just one; a character a soul! One drop of ink in water spoils the whole! One drink, just one; each for another call. Until at last, the youth, a shameless drunkard falls. One word, just one; let fall from slandering tongue. Falls like a southern blast, upon the heart so young! One whisper, one; so gentle, and so light. May sink a soul, at last, beneath its direful blight. One step, just one; in some forbidden place. May sink a soul, at last, in misery and disgrace. One step, just one; in some forbidden path. May lead to countless crimes, to ignominious death. One hour, just one; mispent, forever lost. A thousand years of work can never repay its cost! One hour, one day; a week, a month, a year. Each helps to form a part of our existence here. One, one, just one; 'tis thus we all begin. To span the paths of right, to lead a life of sin. One word, one act; thus daring footsteps start. And thus each crime helps bring the winter of the heart.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

"Lucy, the roof is on the new house at last. Will you walk over with me to see it?" "Certainly, George. But hadn't we better call sister Emily? She is in the parlor with Tom Miller. They may wish to go with us." "No! I want you—only you, Lucy," said George Burns, looking with a frown on his brow, at the group on the piazza who were watching the result of his conference with Lucy Emmons at the gate. "Come now as you are," he urged. "It is but a short distance and the days are growing warmer. Throw that shawl over your head, and take my arm. Do not go back to them." Lucy Emmons hesitated but a moment before she complied with his request.

Emmons, calling at his wife. "Oh, she is only going to look at his new house, father," was the reply. "I heard this morning that the roof was on." "And it is a Mansard roof, too," said Emily Emmons. "George Burns means to keep house in good style, and many a girl in Centreville would be very glad to be asked to keep it for him," she added regisly, for the benefit of Tom Miller, who was looking after the retreating pair with no very pleasant expression on his handsome face. "Is Lucy one of those girls?" he asked speaking his thoughts aloud. "You had better ask her," was Emily's saucy reply. "Emily," reproved her mother. "But Tom was gone. Down the garden-path he darted, and out upon the plank sidewalk after the young couple, who halted and turned toward him as he called Lucy's name. "I came after you. Lucy to ask you to remember that you have promised to sail with me on the pond, as soon as the moon rises," he said, lifting his hat politely to the young merchant, who returned the salutation rather stiffly. "I shall be back before dusk, cousin Tom," replied Lucy, looking rather surprised. "Oh, very well, if you are sure of that. But I cannot give up my sail. Have you the ring safe?" he added, in a lower and more confidential tone. Lucy turned crimson as she caught the startled glance that George Burns bent upon her. "I have it safe in my pocket-book," she said. "All right, but you should wear it, Lucy, dear!" cried Tom, as he vaulted away.

"Lucy dear!" George Burns bit his lip as he heard the familiar appellation. But he said nothing. They walked on again toward the new house. But half the pleasure of the walk for him was gone. It was substantially built and handsome cottage, standing in well-laid-out grounds of three acres in extent. Lucy had played often, in her childhood, among the great brown rocks that had been left by George's orders upon the lawn. For the land had once been pasture land, before Centreville expanded from a village into a town. And the old farm house that had been Lucy's birth-place, stood in ruins on the site of this very cottage when the

young merchant purchased it. He had looked forward to bringing her here, on this memorable day; had intended to say to her, "I give you a new home where the old one stood—only share it with me." In thought, he had looked forward to the time when other children should sport amid those dear old rocks, while he and Lucy looked smilingly on. Well, they were here at last in the new home together. But something was wrong between them. Lucy was silent and embarrassed. She admired the rooms and the prospects; she thanked him prettily for saving her old playmates the moss-grown rocks. But to him there seemed to be a shadow over—over everything. "Lucy dear!" seemed to sound continually in his ears. And then that moonlight sail, with that presuming exclaim, upon the pond. From these uncomfortable musings he was aroused by a cry of distress from Lucy. "Oh, I have lost it! What shall I do?"

It was her pretty purple and gold diary; and it had been his own birthday gift to her. But he forgot that. All that he remembered was, that her pocket-book contained Tom Miller's odious ring. You had better have worn it as he suggested," he remarked, at last, after they had searched the building through and through in vain. "Worn it? How could I?" she began, and then she burst into tears. "I will come again and search when I have seen you home," he said. "Oh, I beg you do not! Don't come or Tom will—any one—any one but you!" she said wringing her hands as if she was going almost distracted. "I should return the ring safely. I am sorry you trust me so little. But I will not search as you desire me not by her implied distrust. She did not answer; she scarcely seemed to hear him. She was in tears all the way home, and in tears when she parted with him at the gate of the Emmons' farm. Emily heard in the village that he had gone to New York, and that all work upon the new house was stopped by his order. The next month a stylish stranger from the city took possession of the thriving store which George Burns had disposed of to him at a dead loss. The unfinished house was boarded up and the property placed in the care of the ablest lawyer in the village. George Burns, it was said would return no more.

Six years went by, and Lucy Emmons lived still in the old stone house with her parents. Emily had been for five years, the prosperous and contented wife of Tom Miller, in his far-off Western home. Against the spring twilights, with long drawn out melancholy light, shone down upon the shut up house in the old pasture grounds. And for the first time in six long, sad years, Lucy Emmons turned her steps that way in her lonely afternoon walk. She was surprised to see the front door of the cottage open, as she approached it. She stole in expecting to find the aged lawyer, its caretaker, to a man was there. His tall, and strongly built figure stood out in bold relief against the white Western light, that shone through the unboarded window of the dreary room. His head was bent over a small book bound in tanned, mildewed purple and gold. With a scream Lucy Emmons darted upon him and snatched the book from his hands. "It is mine," she panted; "I lost it here six years ago." A flood of crimson dyed her face, for it was George Burns who stood there before her. "Did you read it?" she gasped. "Lucy, don't blush—don't turn away," he said, taking both her hands and turning a radiant, happy face upon her. "I was a fool six years ago. Don't punish me for my folly now. I thought it was Tom Miller's ring that you were so anxious about, I never dreamed that it was your diary, where you had written your love for me, my darling. Blessed little book! I found it behind a pile of

rubbish in this room. Lucy I brought you here that day to ask you to be my wife. I heard of Tom Miller's marriage last week, from his own lips. I saw your sister and her two children. I heard that you were unmarried, and I came straight on here to ask you now to share this home with me. Will you? Half an hour later the reunited lovers walked back to the farm together. And then they were married the very next evening, with the lawyer for the best man. "Better late than never," says George Burns, as he watches his children playing among the old pasture rocks. But fondly as he loves his wife, no one has ever heard him call her "Lucy dear!"

Origin of Some Curious Words, Phrases and Customs.

The word *humbly* is a corruption of *Hamburgh*. At one time during war on the continent of Europe, so many false reports were fabricated at *Hamburgh* that finally when any one wished to show his disbelief of a statement he would say, "That came from *Hamburgh*," or "That is *Hamburgh*," or "*Humbly*," which thus came to imply unbelief or incredulity. The word *lady* is derived from an Anglo-Saxon word and signifies a giver of bread. It originated from the custom which prevailed among the wealthy English people of early times of distributing money and food to the poor. Certain days were set apart for this distribution, which were called *lady-days*, or *gift-days*. The word *purse* meant a receptacle for alms, and was not intended to mean simply a place of safety for money. Gloves were introduced into England in the tenth century, but were only used by the wealthy people and were considered very valuable. As New Year's gifts they were quite popular, or so called. "Pin-money" originates from the fact that the same manner. Pins were so costly that money spent or laid away for them was called "pin-money," and it became so important that it grew into the name of *dower*, which was settled upon the lady at her marriage. Ottar of roses was discovered by accident. The wife of an Eastern mogul had a small canal of rose-water, and, as she was walking one day upon banks, she noticed a thin film upon the water, which proved to be an oil of the rose. The Egyptians were very famous in the manufacture of perfumes, and at the Museum at Alnwick there is some ointment preserved in an alabaster vase which still has a very powerful odor, notwithstanding it must be between two and three thousand years old. The word *hermit* comes from a Greek word, meaning a desert place, because deserters were generally sought in order to avoid persecution. Sandwiches were named from Lord Sandwich. It is related of him that one day in a gambling house, being very much fascinated by play, for twenty-five hours he was unconscious of fatigue and hunger, when suddenly becoming aware of them, he ordered some food to be brought, which proved to be some beef and two slices of bread. Placing them together he ate them. His friends gave them the name of *sandwiches*, and in his memento he declared this act to be the most important event of his administration.

The origin of electing members by ballots came from the Greeks. When a member was to be elected, each member threw a small crumb of bread into a basket carried by a servant on his head, and whoever differed flung the pellet at one side. Fortnight comes from the Anglo-Saxons, who counted time by night, and means fourteen-night. Merry pin means *merry mood*, and originated in the custom of dishing tankards from each other by pins, and obligating each other to drink precisely to the next pin. It proved to be more than some of them could bear, and thus came the expression, "He is in a merry pin."

The invention of the game of chess is claimed by the Chinese and the Hindus, with more authority in favor of the latter. The Hindoo version is as follows: A certain Hindoo prince oppressed his people in a most cruel manner, and Nasair, a Brahmin, deeply grieved at their sorrows, determined to try if he could not prevail upon the

prince to be more lenient. With this idea in view he invented a game where the king, weak in himself, should be protected by his subjects. As soon as the prince heard of the new game he sent for the inventor to come and teach him, who improved the opportunity to make known what the game really taught. Another account is that it was invented by the Queen of Ceylon, in the second century, to amuse her husband with an image of war at the time his capital was besieged. From the word *chess* comes our English word *chuck*, and also *exchequer*. Home. I never saw a garment too fine for man or maid; there never was a chair too good for a cobbler or a cooper, or a king to sit in; never a house too fine to shelter the human head. These elements about us, the glorious sky, the imperial sun, are not too good for the human race. Elegance fits man. But do we not value these tools for the house, keeping a little more than they are worth and sometimes mortgage a house for the mahogany we would bring into it. I had rather eat my dinner off the head of a barrel, or dress after the fashion of John the Baptist in the wilderness, or sit on a block all my life, than consume all myself before I got to a home and see my own people in the outside that the inside was hollow and empty. Beauty is a great thing but beauty of garment, house and furniture are tawdry ornaments compared with domestic love. All the elegance of the world will not make a home, and I would give more for a spoonful of real hearty love, than for whole shiploads of furniture, and all the gorgeousness that all the upholsterers in the world could gather.—Dr. Holmes. Is it Good Advice. Now that you are being courted, you think, of course, it is all very well, and it will be nice when you get married. But it won't. He thinks he's going to keep on this high pitch of love all the time. But he won't. He doesn't know himself and you don't know him. It can't last. It must cool down. When he sees you as many times a day as he wants to, and maybe more; when he sees your head done up regularly every morning in curl papers and the bloom all off the rye; when your home contains a good deal of wash tub, cradle and cook stoves, he won't stand for one hour in front of the house out in the cool watching your light in your window. He'll be thinking rather of getting out of the house. Young women, protract this courtship as long as you can. Let well enough alone. A courtship in hand is worth two marriages in the bush. Don't marry till Christmas after next. How to Avoid Bad Husbands: Never marry for wealth. A woman's life consisteth not in the things she possesses. Never marry a fop, who struts about dandy-like in his gloves and ruffles, with a silver headed cane, and rings upon his fingers. Beware! There is a trap. Never marry a niggardly, close-fisted, mean, selfish wretch, who saves every penny, or spends it grudgingly. Take care lest he stint you to death. Never marry a stranger, whose character is not known or tested. Some girls jump into the fire not knowing. Never marry a man who treats his mother or sister unkindly or indifferently. Such treatment is a sure indication of a mean and wicked man. Never on any account marry a gambler, a profane person, or one who in the least speaks lightly of God or religion. Such a man will never make a good husband. Littlefield is an appropriate name for the Governor of Rhode Island. Unquestionable. The *Herald*, Detroit, Mich., says of Warner's Safe Liveg and Kidney Cure: "Its efficacy in kidney, liver, and urinary diseases is so fully acknowledged that it is not worth the questioning. Honorable testimonials from well-known citizens in public and private life are evidences strong enough to convince the most stubborn doubter." May 25.

A Mysterious Box.

It Lies Unclaimed and Unopened in the Treasury.

A Washington correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* writes: In the vaults of the treasury department there is a box which was placed there over thirty years ago for safe keeping. No one knows who it belongs to, or what is to be done with it. It has been the subject of several investigations by officers of the treasury department. On various occasions resolutions have been introduced in Congress making inquiries etc., as to its value and ownership. But no satisfactory conclusion has ever been had as to its true history. Its contents are worth perhaps \$2,000 or \$3,000. The box remains in the treasury vaults, tightly sealed and covered with dust. No one can touch it unless Congress passes a resolution to that effect. Several United States treasurers who have found the box in their possession, when taking charge of the office, have recommended that the articles be sold at auction and the proceeds given to some charitable object or monument association. There are several stories told as to the origin of the box. One is that...

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Wanted the Law.

A farmer called at the house of a lawyer to consult him professionally.

A farmer called at the house of a lawyer to consult him professionally. "Is the squer at home?" he inquired of the lawyer's wife. He was answered negatively. After a moment's hesitation a thought relieved him. "Mabby yourself can give me information as well as the squer, as ye are his wife." The kind lady promised to do so if she found it in her power, and the other proceeded as follows: "Squor ye were an old white moar, and I would berry ye to gwang to mill with I grist on yer back, and we should get no farther than Star Hill, when all at once ye should back up and rear up, and pick up, and kneel down backward and break yer derved old neck, who'd pay for ye? Not I; darn me if I would!" The lady smilingly told him, as she closed the door, that as he had his settled the case, any advice would be superfluous.

A pair of slippers—Two o'clock. Handsome feathers make a Discontent the want of an ex-press agent—A woman who hesitates to expect others to keep it is fully. The more we help others to bear their...

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear. Salvation is free to all. Contribution boxes are passed around for incidental expenses. If you would have your desires always effectual, place them on things which are in your power to attain. West Philadelphia has a woman who admits that her baby is not half so pretty as her neighbor's. She has been sent to an insane asylum. Wife (on the river bank)—"Goodness! the ice has broken up, and thro goes William Henry wit'out one cent of insurance to cover his loss." The Leadville *Chronicle* tells of a man who escaped with his life from the Indians. The man who escaped without his life hasn't yet been reported. It is said that birds sing their best songs at 5 o'clock in the morning. That is the hour when men, going home from committee meetings, sing their worst. While a Leadville lawyer was cross-examining a woman who was on the witness stand last week, she exclaimed: "I'm a lady, by thunder don't you forget it." An old angler says a fish does not suffer much pain from being hooked.—Of course not. It's the thought of how his weight will be lied about that causes him anguish. A pretty actress settled her advertising bill with a Little Rock newspaper last week by kissing the editor. Arkansas editors don't get very rich, but they have a heap of fun. They charge 15 cents for a drink of buttermilk at Key West, but as a sort of off set they fling the customer four dozen oranges and tell him to send a dray after his bananas. A youngster joyfully assured his mother the other day that he had found out where they made horses; he had seen a man finishing one—he was just nailing on his last foot. An Illinois paper, in describing the late tornado, says: "A white dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open and turned completely inside out. A newspaper poet sings, "In the noontide let me die." And we don't suppose one person in five hundred thousand will interpose an objection, provided he selects the next noontide that comes along.

Table with columns: SPACE, WEEK, MONTH, QUARTER, YEAR. Rows for different rates: 1 inch, 2 inch, 3 inch, 4 inch, 5 inch, 6 inch, 7 inch, 8 inch, 9 inch, 10 inch.

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