

The Daily Evening Visitor.

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BROWN & FERRELL, Raleigh, N C

RALEIGH, AUGUST 25, 1890.

Love, Onions, Pepper.

Chicago Herald.

Here's a sad tale of unrequited West Side affection. Mr. Stern, a clothing dealer of Monroe street, two years ago fell in love with Miss Fannie Wilson, a pretty girl who was employed in a downtown store, Fannie has a handsome figure, a beautiful complexion, matchless dark brown eyes and a vivacious manner.

Fannie and her lover attended the operas, went to dances and were often seen out riding on the boulevards. They loved each other, and the wedding was to have taken place in a short time. But yesterday afternoon Mr. Stern notified his inamorata that he intended leaving the city, and that he believed he would not marry her.

Along toward the gloaming, just as the newsboys were calling out the evening paper, Miss Wilson called at the house of her false lover, at 610 West Fourteenth street. On being admitted she found the family at supper.

She ran up to her old lover, who was just then biting off the business end of an onion, and dashed a handful of Cayenne pepper in his eyes.

Screaming with pain he ran toward her. She threw up her hands and cried: "Don't touch me. Unloved I will die," and she drew a large vial of laudanum and swallowed two ounces of the poison.

She was hurried to the county hospital, and, with the aid of several physicians and an old fashioned stomach pump, was soon pronounced out of danger. Stern's eyes will be all right in a day or two.

"The course of true love always had warts on it," irreverently remarked an officer who had figured in the case.

Escaping an Embarrassment.

Washington Post.

A local newspaper man who went down to visit his wife at the seashore recently had a very narrow escape from causing what, to put it mildly, would have been talk. His wife was boarding at the Blank house. It seems that there is also a New Blank house at this resort. Ignorant of that fact, when the young journalist espied a porter with Blank house on his cap he said to himself, "This is my place," and he allowed the porter to pilot him over to the hotel. On arriving there he asked, as a matter of form, if a lady of a certain name, given his own, was staying there. On being assured that she was he remarked that he guessed he would go up to see her. "I don't believe she is up yet," remarked the clerk. "Oh, that doesn't make any difference," the other responded confidently: "I'll go up." The clerk started at him, but finally gave him the number of the room and sent a porter along with him. "She must be up by this time," he remarked to the porter; "the baby wouldn't let her stay in bed." "The baby? Why, she has no baby," the porter said. Reiteration and denial followed, and finally it entered the journalist's mind that it was possible for a lady of the same name as his wife to be staying at that hotel. The matter was finally straightened out and he found his wife at another hotel.

"It is strange the ties that attach us to disagreeable things at times," as the dog said to the tin can sequel. "Still in one's life such things are bound to a cur."

National Emancipation Celebration.

The colored people of Virginia are making arrangements for a national celebration of the emancipation proclamation, which will last three days, October 16th, 17th and 18th at Richmond. It is expected that freedmen from all over the Union will be present. An effort is being put forth to induce President Harrison to be present on the second day. Leading men of the country, white and colored, will attend. One of the chief features of the celebration will be to fix a date for local celebrations hereafter.

Murdered Their Uncle.

A most horrible crime was committed over in South Carolina, last Sunday, when Nelson Nash, who had care of Sam and Marion Nash, orphan children of his brother, aged respectively 10 and 12 years, was murdered by them. These boys are in jail and confessed they murdered their uncle. They say their uncle was cruel to them and whipped them unmercifully upon slight provocation. Their uncle's wife urged them to kill him, assuring them that they were too young to be punished.

On Sunday while Nash's wife was at church and he was sleeping over the fire cooking dinner, Sam stepped up behind and dealt him a fearful blow on the head with a hatchet. Nelson cried out, "Oh, God," and ran out into the yard, where he fell. The two boys then beat him to death with an ax and hoe. The youthful murderers then tied the dead man's feet with a chain, hitched the chain to a single tree, took a horse and dragged the body to a neighboring gully and covered him with pine tops.

A Cold Hell.

Popular Science Monthly.

According to the Scandinavian mythology, all who die bravely in battle are snatched away to Valhalla, Odin's magnificent banquet hall in the sky. Those who, after lives of ignoble labor or inglorious ease, die of sickness, descend to a cold and dismal cavern beneath the ground, called Nifheim-i. e., the mist world. This abode is ruled by the goddess of death, whose name is Hel. The place of torment for reprobates is Nastrand, deeper underground than Nifheim, and far to the frigid North. This grim prison is described in the following passage from the prose "Edda," written in Iceland in the thirteenth century: "In Nastrand there is a vast and direful structure with doors that face the North. It is formed entirely of the backs of serpents, waddled together like wicker work. But the serpent's heads are turned toward the inside of the hall, and continually vomit forth floods of venom, in which wade all those who commit murder or who forswear themselves."

According to the "Volupsa," a poem of earlier date, the evil doers in Nastrand are also gnawed by the dragon Nidhogg.

Not an Imposter.

Detroit Free Press.

A citizen who was stopped by a tramp on Michigan avenue the other day replied to his request by saying: "No, sir—no, sir—not a penny! You are a fraud!" "In what respect?" "Why, haven't you asked me for money?" "Certainly, but how does that make me a fraud?" "Well, then, an imposter." "But I'm no imposter. I simply asked you for a dime. I didn't claim to be the Governor of New York or a fire sufferer. I made no statement from which you can argue that I am either a fraud or an imposter."

"Well, I have nothing for you." "Ah! But that's different. Now you make a plain statement of facts, and I have nothing further to say. I can stand it to be poor, but ambiguity of language is something that I never have and never will accept. Good morning, sir!"

Among those killed in the railroad wreck on the Old Colony road near Boston, Mass., last week, was Miss Eva Ballard, of Asheville, N. C.

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BROWN & FERRELL, Proprietors.

Railroad Schedule.

Richmond & Danville R R Co'y.

Condensed Schedule In effect May 18th, 1890.

Table with columns for Southbound, Daily, and Northbound. Includes stations like Richmond, Keyesville, Danville, Greensboro, Raleigh, Durham, Salisbury, and Augusta with corresponding times.

Table titled 'BETWEEN WEST POINT, RICHMOND AND RALEIGH, VA'. Lists stations like Keyesville, Oxford, Durham, and West Point with times for both directions.

A GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN GIVEN AWAY. Boys now is your chance to get a delicious smoke and a chance on one gents size, stem winding, stem setting GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN, by going to

Bevers & Horton's

and purchasing one of their Grand Offer Cigars for 10 cents! Every cigar purchased entitles you to one chance at the watch. Try your luck boys and get a delicious smoke, and a gold watch and chain for 10 cents.

ANDREWS & GRIMES.

We have added to our Wood and Coal Feed Store

Just Received: And now in our warehouse, 1 car 25,000 lbs Prime Timothy Hay, 1 " 25,000 " No 2, 1 " 20,000 " Rice Straw, 1 " 20,000 " Bran, 1 " 1,000 bu Oats, 1 " 600 " Corn, 1 " 20,000 lbs Chops.

Orders received shall have prompt attention, and filled at the lowest cash price. ANDREWS & GRIMES. GEO. L. LANE announces himself as a candidate for Constable, Raleigh township, at the ensuing election. Many years service as a deputy sheriff is his recommendation; but he refers to the magistrates, in whose service he has been, for further recommendation. Respectfully, GEO. L. LANE.