



State Library by Many of the Nation's Solons

FRANK THORNTON

Takes pleasure in greeting the good people of Johnston county, and congratulates them upon their extended Railroad facilities...

IN TRIMMINGS

We give a beautiful display of Felt Ball Edgings, Mohair Marabout Trimmings, Feathers, Beaded Gimps, all colors, entirely new...

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in the arrangement and extent of our stock to save the Ladies trouble of going from one store to another in order to complete their memorandums, and we flatter ourselves that we can, without trouble, fill any memorandum in the Dry Goods Line...

FRANK THORNTON, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

IN OUR NEW STORE! THE BUILDING 300 M

Staple and Fancy Groceries Provisions, Etc.

Ever offered to the purchasing public of Johnston and surrounding counties. As an evidence of our increasing business, wide-awake buyers are being convinced that merchants who handle one line of goods only and buy in large lots can give bargains.

400 BARRELS FLOUR, Fresh ground out of New Wheat, just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S.

2 Car Loads Salt, Coarse and fine ground Alum and Blown just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S.

10 Boxes C. R. Sides, Just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S.

50 Boxes Cakes and Crackers, At Factory Prices just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S.

25 Boxes Tobacco, From 25 cents per pound up, just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S.

Car Load Bagging and Ties, At reduced prices, just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S.

20 Boxes Tarbell's Cheese (The Finest on Earth,) and other grades, just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S.

25 CASES STAR LYE, Just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S.

35 CASES HORSEPOD'S BREAD, PREPARATION just received at WILLIAMSON & BLAKE'S.

Crockery, Wood and Willow Ware, Glass Ware, Lamp Goods, Tin Ware and a thousand other things just received at Williamson & Blake's.

They have the goods and the lowest prices. Consult your interest by giving them a call before buying elsewhere.

Very respectfully, Williamson & Blake.

STOP AT THE CUMBERLAND HOUSE, Near the Depot, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

D. HBELL, Proprietor. This is the largest house in the city, is located in a beautiful grove, has recent improvements and is in the business part of the town. Polite attention and good fare.

A. E. Rankin, S. C. Rankin, A. H. Slocomb. A. E. Rankin & Co., Wholesale Grocers and DEALERS IN Fertilizers, Old Hickory WAGONS and CARTS.

Post-Office Building, Person Street, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Beasley & Houston. Keep in stock a nice line of Clocks, Watches, AND JEWELRY. Repairing done in the best possible manner. South Side, Hay St., near Market Place, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

TO MY DEPARTED FATHER

The following beautiful verses were written by the celebrated "Stonewall Jackson." They breathe the very essence of poetry:

As die the embers on the hearth And o'er the floor the shadows fall, And creep the chirping cricket forth, And ticks the death-waek on the wall, I see a form in yonder chair.

That grows beneath the waning light, There are the wan, sad features—there The pallid brow and locks of white, My father! when they laid thee down, And heaped the clay upon thy breast, And left thee sleeping all alone, Upon thy narrow couch of rest: I knew not why I could not weep, The soothing drops refused to roll, And, that grief is wild and deep, Which settles tearless on the soul.

But when I saw thy vacant chair, Thy vacant seat upon the wall, The book—the pencil's passage—there Thine eye had rested last of all; The tree beneath whose friendly shades Thy trembling feet had wander'd forth; The very prints those feet had made When I set they teetly trod the earth.

I thought while countless ages fled Thy vacant chair would vacant stand, Unwearied by the book unweary'd, Effaced thy footsteps from the sand; And widow'd in this cheerless world, The heart that gave its love to thee; Torn like the vine whose tendrils curled More closely round the falling tree.

Oh, father! then for her and thee, Gush'd madly forth the scalding tears, And oft, and long, and bitterly, Those tears have gush'd in later years, For as the world grows old around, And things assume their own real hue, 'Tis said to find that love is found, Alone above the stars with you.

THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN.

One cold night in November there came over me that strange feeling which always indicates that something unusual is at hand. I believe there is some mysterious agency which warns people of the approach of danger and of the approach of strange and unusual events. I remember the very strange sensation I experienced just before the earthquake, and then too I remember that the earthquake seemed to be a premonition of an affliction which I suffered but a few hours afterwards.

On this November night I felt peculiarly strange. Some power seemed to be silently urging me to seek the old garret which is in the third story of our home. I determined to obey. It was with much difficulty that I climbed the antiquated stairway, but at last I reached the trap door, which was soon unfastened, and I entered the dismal abode of the rats and the haunts. But I found neither rat nor haunt, sitting quietly in an old chair which had been cast up there years before I saw a woman, a pretty woman with golden hair somewhat dishevelled as it hung loosely over her shoulders. Strange to say I was not much surprised, and I was not one bit afraid, as I soon found myself conversing with her. She seemed rational and well contented in her solitary confinement, for in all these long years that trap door had not been unlatched.

Curiosity soon set me to searching among some old dingy papers in the garret. I came across the will of the man who had lived in the house long years before. This strange woman was his daughter. In his will he declared that she must spend the remainder of her life in this attic. He must have been an eccentric man to have made such a will and his daughter must have been an obedient child to have obeyed so long. While I was looking over the paper, the young woman (she certainly looked young) carelessly asked me to open the door that she might look out. I had barely raised it when quick as a flash she was gone. With great alacrity I saw her spring upon an out-stretched limb of one of the large oaks near the house, and half hopping, half flying, she quickly passed through the tree tops and was gone.

I was surprised, bewildered and somewhat vexed with myself for what I had done. Excited and dazed about this time I waked up. All this was one of those never explained visitations which we sometimes undergo, called a dream!

TARIFF LEGISLATION.

Mr. Morrison Will Call Up His Bill During The Coming Week. Mr. Morrison has decided to call up the tariff bill in the House the latter part of next week. Tariff reformers in the House are confident that they will be able to get the matter up for consideration, and many believe that there will be tariff legislation of some sort at this session. They are prepared to take advantage of every circumstance in their favor. It is generally conceded that Mr. Randall has placed himself at a great disadvantage by the introduction of his bill last session. By so doing he committed himself to the acknowledgment that a revision of the tariff is necessary, and the friends of revision say he cannot refuse to consider the question. They urge, too, that no man in the House disputes that the revenues of the government must be reduced, and they can no longer refuse to attempt the reduction. The opponents of the measure are invited to consider the proposition in a spirit of fairness and to amend the bill in any way that they have the power to do. Many Republicans, it is believed, are disposed to do this. Mr. Hiscock and others of the Republican leaders would favor taking up the question and fighting the Morrison proposition with a substitute taking the tax off tobacco and fruit brands and placing sugar upon the free list. Such a proposition, it is believed would get the votes of the Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina delegations.

A peach tree in Elizabeth city this season produced six bushels of peaches which were worth forty-four dollars in that market.

MIRRORINGS.

Written by Henry Bloom, the Inspired Genius of the Wilson Mirror.

Words of cheer. Few persons realize how much happiness may be promoted by a few words of cheer spoken in moments of despondency, by words of encouragement in seasons of difficulty, by words of commendation when obstacles have been overcome by effort and perseverance. Words fitly spoken often sink so deeply into the mind and the heart of the person to whom they are addressed that they remain a fixed, precious, and often recurring memory—a continuous sunshine lighting up the years, perhaps, after the lips that have uttered them are sealed in death. A whole life has been changed, exalted, expanded, and illumined by a single expression of approval fittingly upon a sensitive and ambitious nature. We know from the experience of this and last week the truth of this assertion, for our own life has been made brighter and happier by the kind and generous expressions which have rewarded our efforts on the Mirror, and which are as refreshing to us as the splashing of spray to the thirsty traveler on a hot and dusty road. Yes, they do us good; they make us stronger and encourage us forward work, for we are thus made to feel that willing hands are ever ready to give a sweet and fresh and radiant garland around the brow of honest effort, and that if we will but faithfully strive true hearts are ever willing to crown us with the coronal of an unstinted appreciation.

Another death-grasp has been made, another wall of anguish has been heard, and another mound tells that the drama of death has been enacted again. And in this tragic play, for every death is a tragedy, all play their parts alike. From the palace and from the hovel, from luxury and from want, from wealth and from poverty, they all come at the call, and it is then seen that death makes no distinction in the cast of the characters and that the shepherd's crook is then placed by the side of the monarch's scepter. Yes, every death is a tragedy. We stand by the open grave, mutter a few prayers, and rush back to the struggle and meanness of life. A few loyal and loving hearts may throb with agony but time dulls the pain, obscures the memory, until the cold pulseless marble alone keeps' watch above the dead. Every death is a tragedy, because it ends a life's history full of aspiration, love, hate, temptation, struggle and suffering. And the truth will never be known, or justice done, until the Great Chancellor shall judge the secret intents of each heart. When the Pharisees of this world, who "thank God they are not like yonder Publican," and who have been followed to their last resting place with all the pageantry of woe, will be thrust aside, spotted, like toads with pretense and hypocrisy, whilst many despised and condemned by men, will be found to have had noble aspiration way down in the heart which under proper cultivation and necessary encouragement would have borne ripe fruit; and God knowing all this, and all the surroundings, and all the struggles and all the temptations and all the frailties of poor weak human nature, will open the flood gates of His mercy and His justice, and wait them into His Kingdom of peace and rest.

Women cannot live without love and by love, we mean love expressed in words and honeyed endearment, and not merely felt as is too often the case. Married men so often lose sight of those little acts of attentions and kind notices, which are so dearly appreciated by the wife, and though they love just as well they seem to think they may take it for granted, and hence it is we see so many homes dark and rayless. If husbands would only make their feelings speak out in eloquent expression of demonstration memories now so sacred to those dear old hours of "cooing and wooing" would come back to their hearts and brighten their lives with Heaven-borrowed radiance. A husband's exhibition of love rendered to a woman a glorious even of rapture, and with no forbidden fruit in its bliss fringed borders. Through it are forever flowing those rippling brooklets of murmuring joy which makes life ebb away in a thrilling and a beautiful rhythm. Love expressed in honeyed endearments is to her of all things on earth the tenderest, the holiest, the purest and the best. It is the very soul of contentment, affection's ministry and sunny dreams. It is the guardian angel of the fire-side, and is ever slipping from its richly jeweled fingers those precious gems of endearment that forever make beautiful and glorious the grand paradise of home. And in return for these exhibitions of affection the wife's ministry will distil for that appreciative husband a thousand sweeter wickeries, for like the growing and beautiful flower in spring, when wooing sunbeams are kissing its blushing face and causing it to unfold new and fresher leaflets, and each delightfully laden with richer and sweeter fragrance, her heart—that ever growing and ever expanding flower of affection when the right kind of seasons is tending and dearment in roser tints of beauty, and distill a perfume which will sweeten all the walks of trials and disappointments through the distracting marts of business. Now husbands, "just try it on, and see how nicely it will fit, and oh how beautifully becoming."

Patience has its charms as well as its reputed virtue. The charm is in its cheerfulness, the virtue in its quiet fortitude to wait and trust. One adds to the other's beauty, just as a moonbeam resting upon a placid sea adds to the beauty of the peaceful waters.

GLENWOOD NOTES.

Reported for the Herald by Our Regular Reporter.

"The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow," this sounds very well to a man who has no occasion to get out into the beautiful snow; but to the poor man who takes lady boarders and has to go to mill, one day to haul wood the next, and chop wood and build fires, in the mean time, we imagine that most of the poetry is knocked out of it, after a few days experience of carrying wood on one's shoulders for half a mile (the initiated will understand this enigma).

Aprons of snow, we did not know before that we had any Cannibals in this country, but last week we saw a number of boys and girls eat part of a woman, the late consort of Mr. —, and the remainder of the body was scattered to the four winds of the heavens—we forgot to mention that the woman was made of snow! A chilly comforter, surely.

Next Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, the Principal of Glenwood school will lecture, at the Academy, on "The Beauties of Literature." We hope every body will come.

A pair of large antlers, taken from a stag killed by Mr. H. C. McNeill, who, by the way is a notable disciple of Nimrod, now adorns the front of our Museum case. Mr. J. Frank Westbrook, has furnished us some curiosities, in the way of corn, for the Museum—one ear is half red grains, and the other half is of a different color. Mr. Westbrook, also brought some curious corn stalks—taken altogether, we never before knew so many curious things to be produced on one farm as on Mr. Westbrook's. Mrs. F. F. Ellis, of Smithfield, sends us quite a novelty; a relic of the days that "fried men's souls"—a fan, made of wood. This fan was whittled out of a piece of soft pine by a Confederate soldier, then sick at Columbia and sent to North Carolina as a gift to the lady in question—she has only loaned it to the Museum.

Don't forget the raffle, at the Academy, on 22nd. A fine chance to get a six dollar hog for 25 cents, and a good opportunity to help on a worthy enterprise, the Library.

Look out for the Holiday number of the Monthly, next week, send in your subscription.

We are glad to learn that Dr. M. W. Harper is soon to move into our Glenwood community. Welcome, Dr.! Your genial face and hearty manner are sovereign remedies for chills and fevers and "heart burn" (We have a large number of patients for you suffering from the last complaint; we have it a little ourselves.

ANOTHER LETTER.

The following letter was received by the Chief of Police of Richmond, Va., to-day from Superintendent Murray, of New York: DECEMBER 8, 1886. Superintendent Murray;

DEAR SIR:—I am sorry that the authorities of Richmond are making a great mistake about Cluverius's case. He is the wrong man. Sorry he could not prove an alibi. I had hoped he could, and now there is nothing left for me but to surrender myself as the murderer of Lillian Madison. I will surrender on the morning of Cluverius's execution at your headquarters. It is unnecessary to give you further particulars as my case will show clearly about the murderer of my trial. I cannot wait any longer of confessing my crime as my conscience has troubled me enough. I will prove all when I surrender and there is nothing left for me but to surrender, get a trial and probably hang.

LILLIAN MADISON'S MURDERER. The police here regard the letter as the effusion of a crank.—Wilmington Star.

A WORD FOR THE FARMERS.

Rev. Joseph Wheeler, in his sermon last Sunday morning, said in substance this: "Many tillers of the soil seem to be dissatisfied with their occupation. They are not satisfied with being simply a farmer and are disposed to want a change in pursuit. But the farmer is the monarch of the land. He is freer, happier, and better off in almost every way than those engaged in other pursuits. The merchant reaps the reward of his toil in silver and gold, but these are not essential to the enjoyment of human life. The farmer furnishes food for his neighbor and for the world and there is in this thought a satisfaction that does not come from being engaged in other occupations." Let those farmers who are disposed to be dissatisfied from the humbleness of their lot, or from short crops, or other causes take courage and remember that they are indeed the "monarchs of the land," and that to them the world owes a living. There is no more independent being on earth than an honest, systematic, industrious, frugal farmer.—Concord Times.

Blaine's Audacity.

In speaking of the late fax pas of Mr. Blaine, a Washington writer notes the fact that the public career of Mr. Blaine is filled with instances of dash and indiscretion. His controversy with Ben Hill in the Senate about Jefferson Davis was a timely stimulation of the lagging enthusiasm of his friends. The occasion of his bold charge upon his Democratic prosecutors in the House on account of the Mulligan letters was one of the most extraordinary scenes in the annals of the House. Having procured the letters he rushed down the aisle of the House, shaking them in the faces of his opponents. He culminated the dramatic scenes by reading them to suit himself. Proctor Knott and his committee were dumfounded by the boldness and defiance of his assaults.

DEMOCRATIC'S IMPLICIT.

The Humble Quarters Occupied by Many of the Nation's Solons.

Perhaps the most modest liver among the public men here is Senator Vest of Missouri, says a Washington letter to the Philadelphia Times. Though he is not so poor as some of his colleagues he lives in one the meanest looking little houses in Washington. It is on the very unfashionable Delaware avenue, is a frame building and two stories high. Here the Senator lives with his two servants. His friends say that his style of living should not be attributed to parsimony, but to an eccentric habit of living in a house with other occupants. He proposes to stay where he is until he is able to buy a house for himself and family, and nothing can induce him to put up at a hotel or apartment house. In the mean time his family remain at their Misssouri home.

The leaders in both branches of Congress live in a comparatively inexpensive style. Speaker Carlisle is a poor man. He has a small suite of rooms at the Riggs and rides in a hired carriage. His family is usually here for only a small part of the season and he does little in the way of entertaining. Mr. Morrison has a couple of rooms at Willard's, which are situated on the third story back and have a brick courtyard for an outlook. The great free trader lives in a most economical way and, it is said, saves half of his salary yearly. As his whole fortune is estimated at \$25,000 it should hardly be expected that his family should be among the leaders in the gilded society here.

Mr. Randall has a house of his own, but it is a very modest one. He lives over on Capital Hill, far from the fashionable Northwest. His little home is one of the most comfortable at the capital, but it is by no means adapted for entertaining on a large scale. Mr. Randall has a carriage of his own, too, but the least said about that the better, for it is a genuine eighteenth century affair. Mr. Randall's fortune is hardly greater than Morrison's. Although he has been in Congress over twenty years, he sadly lacks the business tact of Senator Sherman and other statesmen, who have been able to save a million or two out of a total salary of \$100,000.

The Senators, generally, live in better style, but some of them are quite poor men. Whitthorn, of Tennessee, has not a dollar, and is nearly a hundred thousand in debt. He has one little room at the Ebbitt and cannot afford to bring his family to Washington. Ransom, of North Carolina is worth nothing, and usually draws part of his salary every few weeks. Hampton, of South Carolina, owns a two-story brick residence at Columbia, and his total wealth is estimated at \$10,000. He has one room at the Metropolitan and leaves his family at home.

Pugh of Alabama is never seen in society. Coke of Texas lives in a third-class hotel on E street. Wilson of Maryland has two modest rooms on N street. Riddleberger of Virginia stays at the Arlington. The rest Southern Senators, excepting Mahone, Gibson, Brown and Camden, are also poor men and live cheaply.

THE WATCH KEY OPENED AND IDENTIFIED.

Richmond Dispatch. After failing in all of the above inquiries the Dispatch was able to ascertain with absolute certainty that the key had been opened, and that Joel had identified it as the one repaired by him for Cluverius.

As shown in the trial, this old-fashioned gold watch key was found by a little boy on the reservoir grounds near the hole in the fence through which Cluverius and Lillian entered the premises. Before the jury Joel did not identify the key with positiveness. He always said that he would have to open the key before he could be absolutely certain; that were that permitted he would recognize the work. The Commonwealth proposed to allow Joel to open the key. Defence objected and the Commonwealth did not press the point very hotly.

So the matter was dropped until application was made to the Governor to extend executive clemency to the prisoner, and some eight or ten days ago, in conversation with the Attorney-General, the Governor expressed a desire to have the key opened. It was finally agreed that it could be lawfully done, and the Attorney-General told the Governor that if it was to be done it had better be done at once. Accordingly, Joel was sent for to come to the Governor's residence, and he came immediately. Then he was left what was wanted of him. He remained in conversation with the Governor while proper tools were sent for. In the meanwhile the Governor asked Joel if the key were opened what he (Joel) would find therein by which to identify it. Joel said in substance: "If it is the key I repaired there are too little file marks inside and a little lump of white solder inside of the barrel of the key."

The key was opened and there was his work—just as he said that he expected to find it; the work he had done for Cluverius at Centreville.

The above are the facts in the case. The proof is therefore conclusive that the watch key found at the scene of the murder is the property of Cluverius, and that it is the same key in which Joel, while at work at Centreville, placed a new barrel; said work having been done for Cluverius by Joel.

Since the decision of the Supreme court restraining the sale of spirituous liquors in the Capital Club, the club has gained numerically.—News and Observer.

Tobacco is commanding high prices at the Raleigh warehouses.

NEWS IN GENERAL.

From Different Portions of The Country.

The prohibition vote in Pennsylvania, at the recent election, was about 35,000. The revenue from oleomargarine under the new law, it is said, will reach \$1,500,000. The Knights of Labor propose to do away with strikes by a system of arbitration.

Minor coins are being now turned out at the mint at Philadelphia at the rate of \$2,000 per day. A white buzzard has been seen by the colored people of Anderson county, South Carolina.

William M. Hanline, a prominent dry goods merchant of Lynchburg, has made an assignment. Liabilities \$27,000; assets not stated. The report that Henry George is to actively support Carter Harrison for re-election as Mayor of Chicago is a political sensation which, if true, will cause a lively stir in the Lake metropolis.

C. H. F. Duerring, who tried to bribe Joel not to tell Governor Lee what he knew about the Cluverius watch key, has been arrested and is now in jail. Joel received the \$50, and then took it to Gov. Lee.

A Louisiana judge decides that a man who loses money at poker may recover from the man who calls him the chips. Of all the executive officers Attorney General Garland writes the shortest executive communications.

Rufus V. Garland, brother of Attorney General Garland, died at his home near Prossett, Arkansas. Hon. W. R. Cox has introduced a bill in the U. S. House of Representatives fixing the salary of the civil service commissioners at \$5,000.

STATE NEWS.

GATHERED FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

There are 38 prisoners in Guilford county jail. The Kingston Free Press says Judge Clark is the best worker it ever saw on the bench.

Senator Vance is said to be the only member of the U. S. Senate that takes a religious newspaper. Ransom, of North Carolina is worth nothing, and usually draws part of his salary every few weeks. Hampton, of South Carolina, owns a two-story brick residence at Columbia, and his total wealth is estimated at \$10,000. He has one room at the Metropolitan and leaves his family at home.

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The cotton gin and cotton of W. R. Whickard, of Pactolus, have been burned; loss, \$2,000. While T. N. Keel, a white man of Pitt county, was digging marl from a pit on his plantation the sides of the pit caved in on him and two negro men. Both negroes were badly hurt, and Keel was suffocated.

Oysters ten inches long and four and a half wide have been taken near Swansboro. Ex-Gov. Reid is confined to his bed at his home in Reidsville, from the effects of paralysis. It is thought he is in a critical condition.

The cotton gin of J. T. John, of Richmond county, with a quantity of cotton, was burned recently—loss, \$2,500; no insurance.

Branch & Pope, of Enfield, have assigned. Their liabilities are not known. Efforts are being made to continue the firm in business.

E. A. Cuthrell, of Weldon, has made an assignment. In Ireddell county the accidental discharge of the rifle in the hands of William Campbell sent a bullet through the side of a house and killed his younger brother, Lemuel. The boy fell in mother's arms and died in a few minutes.

A fire at Hasty burned the store and dwelling of S. A. McQueen and the store owned by J. H. Hasty, with the stock owned by Dr. J. W. Fry. The loss is thought to be \$5,000.

One firm of grocers in this city had on sale yesterday three hundred quail, received from the Western part of the State. The birds sold freely at \$1.00 per dozen.—Wilmington Star.

As an evidence of the stringency of the money market, a whole barn of tobacco brought \$2.50 at a mortgage sale Tuesday.—Lenoirville Echo.

An eleven year old white girl of Mecklenburg county, died last week from the use of chewing gum.

Mr. David Jordan, a prominent citizen of High Point, fell dead last Saturday.

The formation of a tobacco club is being discussed by the farmers of Robeson county.

An Asheville inferior-court judge, named Shuford, raised a great sensation last summer by having the three editors of the Asheville Citizen arrested on a charge of contempt of court, his anger being excited by the publication of a humorous paragraph about his court. The case has, after all the stir, slumbered quietly. A day or two ago Judge Shuford, by counsel, discharged the rule for contempt, and referred the matter to a referee, that costs, which fall upon the editors, may be awarded.