



Directory.

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Governor. Thos. M. Holt, of Alimauce. Secretary of State, Octavianus Coke, of Wake...

COUNTY GOVERNMENT.

Sheriff. Levi Blount. Deputy Sheriff, D. Spruill. Treasurer, E. R. Gaitman. Superior Court Clerk, H. W. J. Marriner...

CITY.

Mayor and Clerk, J. W. Bryan. Treasurer, E. R. Gaitman. Chief of Police, Joseph Tucker...

CHURCH SERVICES.

Methodist - Rev. W. B. Moore, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Baptist - Rev. J. F. Tuttle, pastor...

MEDICAL SOCIETY.

Meets Tuesday after the first Monday of each month. Dr. H. R. Murray, Chairman.

LOGGERS.

K. of H. Plymouth Lodge No. 2508 - Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays, nights in each month.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Methodist - Rev. C. B. Hoggans, pastor. Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

LOGGERS.

Masons, Catholician - Meets 1st Monday night in each month. S. Lowe, W. M., A. Everett, secretary.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Methodist - Rev. J. J. Finlayson, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock except the first and every Sunday night at 7:30.

LOGGERS.

Roper Masonic Lodge, A. F. & A. M. No. 443. Meets in their Hall at Roper, N. C., at 7:30 p. m.

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THE PATH THROUGH THE CLOVER.

Kate Tucker Goode. We strayed together where the path goes winding through the clover, and across the soft, sweet orchard grass...

But the brook our ways diverged. Mine up the hillside ending, and hers across the gentle slopes...

At last we took our parts ways. My hearts with anger burr'd; eyes long'd to call the other back...

TWO RACES.

"Will you go with me to the races tomorrow?" "I will," comes the reply, promptly.

Jim Vaughn is at all times a very good-looking young widower. But today he is especially handsome. He is just alighted from a brand new buggy...

All this time Vaughn is holding a pair of warm, small hands tight within his own, and looking down with a very tender expression into a pair of very lovely brown eyes.

Half-past 1 comes at last, and the shining buggy drives up in spunking style. Vaughn hurries in, and gets a sensation as the pretty girl in the parlor sends him a coquetish glance.

"You wicked boy," she whispers, but she is not cross, so he clasps her a very little closer, and wishes he had a mile or more to go.

They have a delightful afternoon and Vaughn makes up his mind to ask the all-momentous question on the way home. They will start directly and he is wondering feverishly what she will answer when all at once he hears her give a queer little gasp...

"I suppose I am at liberty to change my mind," says saucy Mack, and gives him such an icy look that his face pales under it.

"Well," he cries at length, "there is one thing you have got to make up your mind about and at once; and that is—which of us you are going to marry."

Mack stares at him in dismay, but he is resolute. "I say, Vaughn," he begins again, "let's race for her. I have a good horse and so have you. We will start from here, and whoever reaches her house first is to be the happy man."

Vaughn laughs at the idea of such a thing. "Why don't you ask her to have you and take your answer, whatever it may be, like a man?" he says. But Mack claps her small hands and gives a delighted consent.

She thinks it will be something quite out of the ordinary run of things to have these two men engage in a bonafide race for her hand. She believes that Vaughn has the best horse and can easily win the race, and she knows now that she loves him. At last Vaughn yields, and it is arranged that Mack is to go home on the train with a party of friends.

They see her safely aboard, and then hurry off to lighten their respective rigs as much as possible and see that the horses are in good shape. A third friend is taken into their confidence, and acts as starter. Just before they leave, this young man takes Vaughn aside and whispers: "Look out for Dalton. He looks ugly and means mischief."

Up to this time they have kept side by side, but now Vaughn begins to give his horse the rein and he suddenly shoots a neck ahead of the other. Dalton sees and grows pale with rage and anxiety. He has proposed this race because he feels that if he wins Mack at all it will have to be by stratagem, and he has determined to win both her and the race by fair means or foul.

The moment is flying and so is Dalton. At last Vaughn succeeds in bringing his horse's feet down to the ground. A few more soothing words and the intelligent animal, responding to the well-known voice, flies forward like an arrow.

Vaughn says not a word, but wraps her in the inevitable ulster, and then, by a quick movement, swings her up into his arms and carries her bodily out to the buggy. "You wicked boy," she whispers, but she is not cross, so he clasps her a very little closer, and wishes he had a mile or more to go.

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THE REPEAL OF THE TAX ON STATE BANK NOTES.

Baltimore Sun. A correspondent is informed that the State bank plank in the democratic platform, criticized by republican orators during the campaign just ended proposed merely the repeal of the law which imposes a tax of 10 per cent. on the notes issued by State banks. This tax was imposed to stop the issue of State bank notes in the interest of the national banking system.

It was with this inevitable contraction of the currency in view that the democratic platform, seconded by the leading financial journals of the country, favored the repeal of the ten per cent. tax in order to permit again the issue, under proper restrictions, of State bank notes.

There is still some doubt about how California will vote, and it will take the official vote to decide. We keep it in the Democratic column until the contrary is shown.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

SOME LEADING FACTS FOR NORTH CAROLINIANS TO REMEMBER.

It is a fact that the rejection of the first proposed Constitution of the United States by North Carolina in 1788 occurred in the present constitution two of the greatest fundamental principles of this government—the rights of the States and trial by jury.

It is a fact that the first patriot who shed his blood in the revolution in defence of justice, liberty and independence was by a North Carolinian upon North Carolina soil, at Alamance on the 16th of May, 1771.

It is a fact that it was the battle of Guilford Court House in North Carolina on March 15, 1781, which broke the power of Cornwallis and led to his speedy surrender at York Town thus ending the Revolution victoriously for the Americans.

It is a fact that in the great war for Southern independence North Carolina gave the first martyr to the cause, furnished more soldiers to the Confederacy than any other Southern State, sent her brave men farthest into the enemy's lines at Gettysburg, and made the last charge upon the foe of the expiring Confederacy.

establishment of a system of public education made in this country was by North Carolina in 1840, and from that proud start has grown up those magnificent systems of common schools throughout the United States. —Ex

THE ROAN RIVER.

Roanoke, thy proud yet gentle name, thy lesson on the face of language softer than our own. Spoke by an earlier race. Was a spirit bowed to all things fair, and beautiful, and free;

thy saw thy peaceful current sweep in its soft current; their pulses quickened with thy flow, their hearts were free as thine, and fearlessly along thy banks their foot-prints led to roam, thy sky above thee was their roof, thy shores thy shores were thine.

thy winding curves they tracked thy dear that bordered there, and in thine thy surface smooth their arrows cleft the air; thy stream thy swift courses they piled, and in the stillness of the night they rested by thy side.

What heard they in thy solemn tones come to the furthest verge, take strong winds rushing through the trees, or break of distant surge, or some spirit of the past wailed through thy torrent's roar? O voices of their own, loved dead mine, from the unseen shore?

thy God hath many languages; through rocks, and streams and seas, simply, as to a little child, thy voice spoke to these; thy feet his silence in the hush, thy deep, deep tones; thy dead his deep tones in the blast, and in thy deep tones.

thy peaceful and calm as then thy bright tide rolls to day, that early race has long ago passed from thy shores away; their forms have vanished from thy side, their burials have left thy waves, thy flowing waters wash the soil, of their forgotten graves.

thy voice, well may the mournful spell command the prime is cast, to bone on bone, and turn our thoughts More humble to the past. We tread the masters of the sod Above the fallen foe. Yet he who raises one people up Hath led another low.

Flow on, and for their requiem, thine low monotone; why they have lived, why passed away, belongs to God alone. They perished, and our race survives. Flow onward to the sea! The ceaseless stream of human life Hath its sternity.

ANALYSIS OF THE VOTE.

CLEVELAND'S LARGE PLURALITY AND HARRISON'S HEAVY LOSSES.

There is still some doubt about how California will vote, and it will take the official vote to decide. We keep it in the Democratic column until the contrary is shown.

FOR CLEVELAND. The Solid South 159 New York 36

FOR HARRISON. Iowa 13 Maine 6 Massachusetts 15 Michigan 9 Minnesota 9

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SHORT HUMOR.

"They say poor Briggs, the testotoler, died of hard drink," said Dodson. "You astonish me! How did he acquire the habit?" "It was very sudden. A cake of ice fell on him."

"Did you hurt yourself, my love?" asked Mrs. Larkin, tenderly, as the hammer came down on her husband's thumb nail. "No!" howled Larkin. "It was the man in the moon I hurt."

"Rate father—I'll teach you to lie and steal, you rascal, you. Wayward Son (from the midst of the scrimmage)—Oh, don't trouble—ouch!—yourself, father. I know how already!"

Clerk—The hotel is so crowded, sir, that the best we can do is to put you in the room with the proprietor. Guest—That will be satisfactory. Will you kindly put my valuables in the safe?

Bloombumper—What a pretty child Mrs. Jaysmith's baby is! Mrs. Bloombumper—Yes; and it didn't get its beauty from its papa, either. "I don't know about that. Jaysmith hasn't any left."

Energetic Man—Tom, you're the laziest man I ever met. You are always leaning on a gate. "I don't think I'm lazy. I left my brother at home; he said he was too tired to lean on a gate."

Vinley—Doctor, I believe I need a pair of eyeglasses. I see everything double. Last night I looked at my wife's dog and he seemed to have two tails. Doctor Lens—Yes? Have you tried the gold cure?

Miss Fitzgore—Well, good-by, Percival, and be a good boy. Percival (who has been warned not to make personal remarks about people in their presence)—I'll not tell nuree what I think of your nose till you're gone!

"These jokes about grocers putting sand in sugar make me weary," observed Mr. Peck, as he weighed out ten pounds. "The truth hurts, does it?" "There's no truth in it. Sand's too expensive to waste in that kind of style."

Servant—I'm sorry, sir, but my master is out of town. Caller (who sees the master's head peeping out of a window above)—Oh, indeed, he must have lost his head, then! Tell him the next time he goes away to take his head with him.

"Why, Edwin," exclaimed the tearful bride, "you certainly told me before we were married that you would gladly give me all the pin money I wanted." "Yes," said Edwin, gloomily, "I know I did, but I didn't suppose you meant diamond pins."

Brown—You are pretty severe on the President in some of your criticisms, but aren't you yourself guilty of the very things of which you find fault in him? Fogg—Oh, but you should bear in mind that I don't judge myself upon the standard of a President.

"I wish I hadn't such a soft heart. Yesterday a fellow came in and begged for some money till I thought my heart would break. At last—" "Gave him a dollar, I suppose?" "I couldn't stand it; it was too much for me, so I sent for a policeman and had him pulled in."

"I suppose you learned a great deal while you were out West," remarked a Boston man to a Boston youth who had just arrived home after a trip of six weeks. "No, sir, I only learned one new thing—" "Indeed? Why not?" "Because, after I learned how a mine was salted I hadn't any money left for further tuition."

"Mercy! Don't leave that bottle of laudanum where the children can get it, Mr. Patmore." "It's all right, Mary. Ohio 1 Don't you see the word 'poison' printed on it in big letters?" "Yes, but the children can't read." "True for you; I'd forgotten that. There, I've written on it 'This says poison.' Now they'll know what the label says."

Impecunious Stranger—I understand that you purchase rare coins? Collector—Yes, and I am willing to pay good prices where the coin is a rare specimen. "How much, then, for this? (producing a nickel). It is exceedingly rare with me, the only one I've had for a fortnight. Come, what do you say?" "I'll say, if you don't get out in two seconds I'll unloose the dog."

"Of course, Mr. Textual," said the chronic grumbler, "everybody admits that your sermons are interesting, but don't you think you should interject a few broad ideas into your discourses?" "Yes, it might be a proper thing to do," returned the parson, "but then, you know, sermons must be adapted to the capacity of the hearer. It is not so easy to put broad ideas into narrow minds."

Little Arthur was visiting his grandmother, who owned a large rooster that was possessed of fighting qualities. Arthur went out to feed the chickens, when the rooster flew at him, pecking him severely. Arthur beat him off as well as he could, and finally got away and ran to the house. Sometime later he was playing on the porch, when all at once the rooster flew upon an adjoining fence and crowed lustily. Arthur looked up and exclaimed, "You lie, you lie, you didn't look me, I ran!"