

To Advertisers.

We offer a few columns space to our North Carolina friends to communicate with our numerous readers from seaboard to mountains. It is only necessary to state, what we believe to be a fact, that "OUR LIVING AND OUR DEAD" is read in more different localities in North Carolina than any other paper, to induce all who desire to seek customers to avail themselves of this offer.

From the Allary Evening Times. Masonic Incidents of the War.

BY AN EX-CONFEDERATE.

It has been frequently remarked in disparagement of Masonry, that the records of our Titanic struggle contain fewer instances of fraternal amenities between belligerents than might be expected in a country, where, judging by the emblems to be seen in travelling, a large number of the male inhabitants are members of the Masonic brotherhood. The reason is, I apprehend, not that such incidents are few, or unworthy of note, but simply that the epoch for their general circulation in the public prints is not yet come. Unhappily for the nation, there still linger in the breasts of very many persons, north and south, a recollection of past sufferings, accompanied by feelings of resentment, which forbid a favorable reception of anecdotes founded on deeds of charity or mercy performed in behalf of an antagonist who wore the blue or the gray. Hence shrewd Brother Jonathan "guesses," it isn't worth while to mention to his red-hot radical neighbors any thing about that old jack-knife, which happened (accidentally, of course,) to drop at the feet of Johnnie Reb a few hours before the latter absented himself without leave; and Johnnie "reckons" it doesn't concern anybody if he did happen (unaccountably, of course,) to be strangely short-sighted just about the time Brother Johnson took occasion to stroll beyond the prison bounds. Little confidences such as these are still *à la moda*. They form a page of that great unwritten history which time alone can truly unfold, and which we may not hope to read until the mental as well as the physical scars of the war shall be overgrown and altogether obliterated by a new verdure of charity, forbearance and fraternal feelings. That such a new growth of love may speedily uproot the noxious plants of prejudice in the national mind, and sow anew the flowers of peace and unity throughout the land, should be, and I trust is the earnest wish and endeavor of every patriotic citizen.

Carried by a train of reveries of this nature back to the days when I, too, was a soldier "bearded like a pard, seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth," or, if not quite as conspicuous a figure, at least making a respectable figure in the rear rank of the—ah Virginia volunteers, the query was suggested: "Why not relate one or two of these incidents which came within your own knowledge and the whirl of war?" True, I am not a member of the masonic order; I never bestrode the ancient William seat, nor sojourned in a lodge—save one "out in the wilderness;" and I do not approve of secret societies, save the odd fellows, of which I am a natural member. But do we not all revere the grand principles of masonry so far as we know them? And if we believe that it has a tendency to mitigate prejudices, to allay resentments, and to excise the foul spirit of sectionalism, ought we not to cast our mites to enhance its influence? Yes, verily; and this shall be my apology for reciting the following incident, which, however trivial, has the merit of being actual fact.

THE DEATH OF COL. FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Any one who passed the thirtieth day of August, 1862, on the plains of Manassas, in Virginia, will agree with me that the afternoon was decidedly hot. It was hot in more than one sense. The southern sun beating upon parched and rock-ribbed hillsides, heated the atmosphere like a furnace; but the atmospheric temperature was not to be compared to the "hotness" of that swift simoon of lead and iron which for many miles surged and swept from hill-top to hill-top—a fierce hurricane of death, growing hotter as the sun declined, and sweeping away whole regiments every hour. A hundred and thirty thousand men, nearly equally divided in two powerful armies, were contending for a field already rendered historic by the first great battle of the war. The particulars of the engagement being well known, I need only mention those which are intimately connected with the subject of my sketch.

It was, I think, a little past 3 o'clock, on that lamentable afternoon when the federal line in our front gave way, after a fierce struggle in defense of a battery which occupied a hill on the right of the Chunn house, not far from Groveton, and had been pounding us with murderous persistence for several hours. A regiment of zouaves supported the battery, and stood up manfully, as might be seen, even after it was routed, by the fact that the red breeches lay in regular files just as they had fallen. My own regiment looked the battery in the mouth, and suffered severely from its teeth; so much indeed, that we were speedily relieved by a brigade of Texans. When this took place, I hastened with one or two brother officers to explore the field in search of our dead and wounded. Alas! there was no difficulty in finding only too many of them!—Our own and the enemy's dead dotted the ground for a half mile like the squares of a draught-board, and the groans of the wounded were even more afflicting than this spectacle.

Passing from corpse to corpse to identify our own men, Lieut. G— and I came up to a ragged confederate in the act of helping himself to the fine glazed boots of a fallen federal officer. Such robbery was not uncommon on the battle field, and in the present instance was in some measure palliated by the circumstance that the Texan was altogether barefooted. But we ran forward, and ordered him to desist, and on his making a surly reply Lieut. G, drew his sword. At this moment, to our great surprise, the supposed corpse said quietly, "Do not hurt the poor fellow—he needs the boots, and I have no longer any use for them." We now perceived that the prostrate federal wore the "eagles" of a colonel, and being impressed by his gentlemanly appearance and self-possession, we inquired concerning his wounds, and whether we could be of any service to him. "Are you masons, gentlemen?" Lieut. G— responded affirmatively for himself; I

I of course, could not. We now learned that he was Fletcher Webster (the only surviving son of Daniel Webster) and the colonel of the 12th (?) Massachusetts regiment; that he believed himself to be mortally wounded, and that he desired to send his watch, paper etc., together with a last message of affection to his beloved wife. I need scarcely say my friend gave immediate assurance as an honorable man, and a mason, that he would execute his wishes to the best of his ability.

During the latter part of the conversation, I was entreated by a wounded man to fetch him a sup of water. I picked up a canteen and hastened to a tiny rivulet which ran or rather oozed through an adjoining meadow; but it had been rendered both muddy and bloody by the hundreds of wounded who had crept thither to slake their thirst. Returning to the hill I found Lieut. G— constructing a temporary shelter over Col. Webster; for the heat was still intense, and it was thought likely he could not be removed that night. The shelter was easily made by sticking a few muskets, of which there was a plenty lying idle, on the ground on either side of him, and spreading a blanket over him, and when I left the vicinity he was lying very comfortably.

As we were in momentary expectation of a renewal of the engagement, the ambulance wagons were slow in coming to the front. But about sunset, when the thick columns of dust drifting in the direction of Centreville, told to our gang, that the whole federal army was in retreat, details of men from the different regiments, were dispatched to bring in the wounded of both armies; and Lieut. G— hastened to have Col. Webster removed to the nearest farmhouse, where he had careful treatment by the surgeons. No care or attention could, however, alleviate his sufferings until death came with nightfall to end them forever. Although not personally present, I knew that he died calmly, and that his remains decently interred by a number of his masonic brethren, who happened to learn his whereabouts and condition. Lieut. G. took the first opportunity to forward per flag of truce boat from Richmond, the article confided to him; and I understood (being myself a prisoner at the time) subsequently received a grateful note of acknowledgment from Mrs. W., or some friend of the family.

I am well aware that the foregoing incident is hardly to be counted a masonic anecdote, because similar attentions to helpless prisoners were not uncommon in either army, and ought to arise from sentiments of humanity, or natural magnanimity. It is pleasing to think of this southern "rebel," if you like soldier, while still heated with the fury of battle, and deeply stirred by the loss of many dear friends, pausing to recognize the sacred claims of the "sign of distress," and turning aside from the care of his own wounded to minister to the necessities of a stranger and an enemy. It is therefore a tribute to masonry, as well as to humanity, and for the numerous acquaintances of the lamented dead, these lines may give an interest, as an authentic account of his dying hours.

Escape of Four Lions From a Menagerie.

The Anglo-American Circus of Messrs. Bell & Hutchinson arrived at Hal, in Belgium, on July 29th, intending to give but one representation. Early in the following morning the servant who had been sweeping out the larger cage, with two compartments, in which the lions were kept, neglected to close the door. The lions sprang out, but one of them was afterward frightened back into the cage. A circus horse standing near was attacked and seriously wounded by one of the lions. The lion tamer, Hugh Condael, also their owner, prevailed upon the citizens and circus employees not to fire on his pots. In three or four hours one lion was recaptured after he had prowled through several of the streets. Another one took to the open country, followed by gentlemen, citizens and circus men. Fortunately he entered an aqueduct. The two tames were guarded, and it was sought to make him come out by burning various materials, but in vain. At length the lion tamer and one of the circus men descended into the aqueduct and drove the lion out through the other end into a little ditch, where he was retaken.

Morphine, spread on meat, was thrown to the two still remaining loose in the public square. A running noose was thrown over one of them, and both were eventually captured.

Mr. Condael's whole fortune was invested in these lions, which are worth \$1,000 each.

An enthusiastic friend of the American Centennial celebration suggests that at precisely at 12 o'clock noon on the fourth of July, 1876, (Washington time,) all the guns, the bells, locomotives and other land whistles, trumpets, the drums, the organs and other musical instruments, with the tens of millions of singing voices of our great land, burst forth in sounds of joy and praise. All the telegraph lines shall be silent, at the command of the United States Government, from 11.45 to 12.15 p. m., and then let the great battery at Washington send the electric flash and click over the vast iron maze to every city and town and village of our own land, and even to Europe, Asia Africa and the isles of the sea as far as the lines can be at that moment secured; and at this signal instantly let the cannon thunder forth the death-knell of oppression; let all the mighty steam whistles proclaim the grand march of civilization amid the western wilds and the isles of the sea, as well as the city and the fertile plains, and bid the slumbering millions of heathendom awake and join the happy nations in singing that sublime invocation to praise—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Three years ago a person was privileged to view all parts of the Falls of Niagara by paying fifty cents to cross the bridge to Goat Island. Now it costs \$1.00.

The manufacture of ice in some of the Southern cities nets a profit of \$75 on the hundred, but a family freezer has been invented which advertises to freeze ice in a few minutes at a trifling expense.

The Reedsville, Wis., Free Press employs women exclusively. It says: "We have a calico 'foreman,' two dainty 'compositors,' and the sweetest little 'devil' in muslin to be found anywhere."

A Superintendent of Police made once an entry from which the following is an extract: "The prisoner set upon me, called me an ass, a precious dolt, a scare-crow, raganuffin, and idiot—all of which I certify to be true."

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

The whole number of clergymen in the Episcopal church in this country is 2,482, about 4 per cent. of them being unemployed, by reason of debility. To provide these disabled ministers with a salary of \$600 would be a tax of \$24 a year upon each effective pastor.

There is an organization in this country known as free Methodists, who adhere to primitive usages, opposing costly churches, pews, cushions, organs and quartettes. They indulge in old-fashioned shouting, singing, exhortation, and the narration of Christian experiences.

Bishop Holden (Episcopal) of Missouri, Hudson's Bay territory, says his diocese is fifteen times the size of England and in the whole of it there are but three missionaries. The bishop is 1,000 miles from any railroad, and can hear from England only three times a year.

It is ascertained by careful investigation that the increase of communicants of evangelical churches in the United States past two years is 600,000, or a little more than 11 per cent. The same rate of increase for the next ten years would swell the number of communicants to ten millions.

It is ascertained by actual count that the whole number of places of public worship in New York city closed for the season is sixty-seven, and this out of a total of three hundred and fifty. This is not considered embarrassing in view of the great number of church-going people who are absent from the church.

A writer in the Jewish Times complains of the absence of a synagogue at Long Branch, where a number of other denominations are represented. He finds wealthy Hebrews building costly dwellings for themselves there, but not a penny have any offered towards the erection of a house for the worship of the Most High.

Some one in the Advance shows by actual figures that the 10,000 members of 250 Congregational churches in Illinois, gave but little more than two cents a week each to their five different benevolent objects. It is estimated that if all the members of the Congregational churches in the nine northwestern States had given two cents apiece and no more each Sunday, for the cause of the American bond, the aggregate would have been more than two thirds the sum realized.

Rev. Dr. Fiske proposes some modifications of the itinerant system of the Methodists. He objects to the third year's rule, and maintains that a change in the ministry of a church should be made at the end of one or two years, if the interest of the church required it, while no minister ought to be removed at the end of three years' ministry if the removal would do more harm than good. He would have every case governed by its own circumstances.

A Tribute to Doctors.

Mr. Gladstone was a guest at the recent dinner of the British Medical Association. In acknowledging the compliment of a toast to "Her Majesty's Ministers," Mr. Gladstone paid a high, but not undeserved tribute to the medical profession. He said that but for the care and watchfulness of a succession of able physicians it would have been impossible for him to have gone through the fatigues of political life. "It is," he proceeded, "among the noblest and noble distinctions of your illustrious profession that, although its duty is to await the soldier when he falls on the battle field, yet they are to be found in countless numbers among the noblest martyrs in the cause of humanity." He complimented the practitioners of the medical art on the high claims to consideration for their promotion of beneficial sanitary legislation. He said that medical knowledge has advanced in recent years in a degree which has not perhaps, been paralleled in any other profession. There is at the present day "a greater and more sustained earnestness of purpose, and a more general exaltation of the aims of medical men."

Mr. Gladstone said in conclusion: "This age is distinguished by an unbounded activity in all the sciences of observation. Of all those sciences yours is the noblest. It is given to you to study the relations between the wonderful body and the still more wonderful soul and mind of man. You tread that border land in which the two come in contact. It is very easy to describe the post-office or the railway system, but you have to deal with a thing far more subtle when you attempt to grasp human nature as a whole. Human progress is not to be described by your profession. It is only by the most patient observation that a sound and comprehensive knowledge on such a subject can be acquired. To you it belongs to seize the great opportunities and to accept the great responsibilities which attach to the profession of which you are members, and to show yourselves worthy of the great vocation with which you are entrusted."

How a Young Baltimorean Saved his Scalp.

Mr. Lester B. Platt, a resident of Druid Hill avenue, who is also a Yale divinity student, has been spending his summer vacation on the plains. Soon after reaching Genoa, Nebraska, he was invited by a Pawnee chief to accompany his tribe on their annual hunting expedition. Disarding the garb of the effeminate civilian, our young "theolog" donned the Pawnee costume, and for the nonce became a regular Indian. While the Pawnees were on their homeward jaunt, heavily laden with game, they were suddenly surprised by a large body of their ancient enemies, the Sioux. The Pawnees though fighting bravely, were overpowered, scattered, one fourth of their number slaughtered, and the remainder pursued until darkness concealed them, when they escaped. Young Platt was captured by the Sioux, after giving them the last shot in their locker. He would have been scalped, but the Sioux chief forbade it, and pointing to the Republican river, bade him run for his life. He did, and saved it, escaping unhurt among the pursuing bullets. He will soon return to his exegetic and homiletic with the wild Indian death song ringing in his brain, and the possessor of rare experience for these prosaic days.

A monster bouquet presented to a popular actress in a New York Theatre recently, had a canary bird in its cage swinging from the centre.

Mrs. Day, of Springfield, Ill., has four children, the youngest of which isn't a week old, nor the oldest one either.

A Literary Journal Needed.

The undersigned is anxious to do all the good in his power. The South needs greatly a Literary Journal of high character, for in all the Southern States there is not one such paper that represents remotely the intellectual status of our people, or that is an exponent of Southern scholarship and thought. The field is large and inviting, and if diligent and competent workers enter it they must be rewarded with a fair measure of success.

Without in the least relaxing his labors upon the Sentinel, he is willing to devote some leisure time that otherwise would be allotted to recreation, to the columns of a paper of the character indicated above.—He proposes to revise

THE LEISURE HOUR.

a paper which met with much success in this and other States prior to the war, receiving the hearty commendation of the late John R. Thompson, Paul H. Hayne, and other eminent literary men of the South. To do this he must find a gentleman of some capital, of literary training and energy who will devote himself exclusively to the work. He would be pleased to correspond with gentlemen relative to the project. It is not important whether the paper is published at Raleigh, Wilmington, or Charlotte. It can be made a success if taken hold of with tact and earnestness.

T. B. KINGSBURY.

Contagion in Crime.

Some crimes, the Baltimore Gazette well says, appear at certain periods to assume an epidemic form. Just at present railroad perils and railroad obstructions, and incendiary fires, attract public attention. The former are even more prevalent at the West than in the East. In Kansas lately two determined attempts were made to throw a train off the track. These may serve as a specimen of the dangers that attend travelling by rail, when men are too frequently taught by wild life, and freedom from lawful restraint, to take the law into their own hands. Near Atelison a bridge was set on fire and consumed, and the engineer only discovered his peril by accident. The cause of the vindictive act was that some cattle had been run over. Again, when a freight train had almost reached Kickapoo, the engineer was startled by the report of guns, and the sound of bullets rattling against the engine. It being very dark, he deemed it unsafe to greatly accelerate his speed, and he was particularly confirmed in the belief that it was insecure to do so from the fact that the reflection from the headlight of the engine had ceased, and as it seemed to him, the lamp had been put out by the shooting. On examination, it was found that the bullets had struck the headlight, breaking the glass into fragments, and extinguishing the light. Fortunately no one on the train was hit by any of the stray bullets, and the train was not further molested.—These are only specimens. As to accidents from carelessness of engineers, or from unavoidable cause, have not the papers been full of them for months?

The findings and sentence in the case of the Modoc captives they have been approved. They are found guilty, and will be hanged on the 31 of October next at Fort Klamath. The following are the doomed men, Captain Jack, Schonchin, Black Jim, Boston Charley Barcho, Alex. Gray Jim, and Stoshush, alias Cox. If this list be a complete one, it affords a strange commentary on the crooked ways of human justice. Some of the most notorious marauders and murderers of the tribe are allowed to escape because they added to their long list of bloody crimes, treachery to their comrades. It seems somewhat of a farce to hang Captain Jack and reward Hooker Jim; but the latter is one of those tools which all governments are compelled to handle once in a while.

"Sweet Bingen on the Rhine." It is a very small town of 6,000 inhabitants, and, as viewed from the river, has a very ancient appearance. It is at the mouth of the Nahe, which forms the boundary between the dominions of the Duke of Darmstadt and Prussia. The scenery around it is very fine, and perhaps the poetess had this in her mind when she went into ecstasies over Bingen.

The National Temperance Convention at Saratoga on Wednesday took high and resolute grounds on the subject of the prohibition of the liquor traffic. They boldly declared in favor of a separate temperance party everywhere that the existing political organizations neglect or refuse to come up to their standard, and they also advocated the repeal of all State license laws.

How to trump the trick of a self-milking cow is thus told by a writer in the Western Rural: "Put a circle around the bottom of her horns and fasten small leather strings from the strap on her horns to the belly-band. This prevents the cow from turning her head either way, while she can eat without any bother. We had one that sucked herself that we fixed completely in this way."

The medicine of powdered human skulls, which Charles the Second's physicians commended to his lips on his deathbed, is surpassed in oddity by a New England remedy for consumption. This is the heart of a rattlesnake just killed. This strange dose was said to have been administered to a young consumptive, who had been previously "given up." He recovered instantly.

The private soldiers in Carthage are discouraged, and are in favor of surrendering to the Government forces.

Some interesting Shakespearian documents have been discovered, which contradict the recent theories touching Shakespear's business connection with the theatres.

When a man "squats" on another man's claim, in Nevada, he is first told to "rise." If he won't rise, he is shot at, and if this fails, a crowd of men haul him up to a limb and leave him to enjoy the morning air.

A MASSACHUSETTS TOAST.—"The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the old Bay State, crowned with laurels and decked with bays, she coddles her friends and wails her foes. There the Revolution was born and had its teething. Temperate in all things, if the cup is found in Benjamin's sack we impute it to Joseph's butler."

A local geologist of Terra Haute says that if any person having a taste for gold mining can clear from forty to sixty cents a day almost anywhere in Vigo County, Ind.

MISCELLANEOUS.

If there is room for one more in that balloon there is a young man in Danbury who can fill it. He lives opposite to us and plays an accordion. He might object to running the risk, but he could be stung by a blow on the head and get into the balloon before he recovered.—(Danbury News.)

Fond du Lac voted one of her alderman a cane for being the homeliest man in town. When the votes were counted up and the result announced, Mr. McHenry pulled off his coat and mauled that crowd of friends and acquaintances until the sacredness of the ballot box was forever destroyed.

Louisville has unwittingly committed itself to a grand temperance reform by voting to send drunkards home instead of to the lock-up. Not even the most confirmed inebriates require second treatment. They generally come out about the third day a little more bald, and with a scarred look about the eyes that tells of the chastening influence of a good Christian home.

How many have it in their thoughts that there are now no less than seven political parties before the country? Yet so it is, and the names of these organizations are as follows: republican, democratic, liberal, labor reform, woman suffrage, temperance, and farmers. Surely, here is an opportunity for every "free and enlightened citizen" to suit himself with a set of political principles, and to march to the polls with a congenial band of associates.

Decidedly the latest and novel thing in the way of exhibitions is the one that is now in progress at the North Woolwich gardens, near London. It is an exhibition of boards and moustaches, to compete for certain prizes. Surely it must be an inspiring sight, these harassed specimens of humanity standing in a row, each duly ticketed to show his class and number. Of course the judges are ladies—mature ladies let us hope, and beyond the years of susceptibility.

It would seem that the Danish people entertain hopes of a future reunion of Schleswig-Holstein with Denmark, but that they are not allowed to express them. In delivering the closing speech at an illustrated exhibition at Hadersleben recently, the President made allusions to the possibility of such a contingency, when his remarks were cut short by the interference of the chief of the police, and the proceedings were brought to an abrupt termination.

A three rail passenger road has been constructed from the base to the summit of Rigi, one of the highest mountains in Switzerland, by which cars by steam power are taken up and down several times every day. The road is not by a zigzag course, but as direct as most roads are on the level, and is a most wonderful piece of engineering. The trips, it is said, are made with great regularity, with many hundred passengers every day during the summer season.

A coffin-maker in our vicinity was always noted for having an eye to business, says the Lawrence (Mass.) American, and a short time ago upon the death of a citizen, a friend went to old crossbones, and asked him to go to the house, and take dimensions for a coffin. "No need of it, no need of it," remarked the undertaker, "I'd down there 'rother day, and kinder eyed him over." The same man last winter had a large stock of coffins on hand, and being asked if they would all be needed that winter, he replied, with glistening eye, "I hope so, I hope so."

Two Rushford (Minn.) school-ma'ams killed a rattlesnake, and the Star says: "It's all cant about the heroism of our grandmothers and all that; they weren't a bit braver, in our opinion, than the women of Rushford to-day. In fact, we believe that if our school-ma'ams aforesaid had been in Gran'mother Eve's place, instead of fooling with the serpent till they got bit and then running to tell Adam, they would have snatched up a rock and smashed the old fellow's head, and we'd all of us been in the garden of Eden now, instead of having to scratch to buy us clothes."

The Chicago Tribune tells of one of the victims by the Lemont collision, who can certainly be said to have shown clear grit. It was Mr. Lettie, of Springfield, who, while in the agony of death, sent for the sleeping car conductor, told him his name, made his will and signed it, and handed over his watch and jewelry to be sent to his wife and family, and then requested the conductor to go and leave him and help those to whom help would be of avail. That man was made in the heroic mould. He was horribly scalded and mutilated, and yet he would not die until he had performed his last duty like a man.

Remarkable Coincidence.

Two melancholy cases of coincidence in the occurrence of events are reported in the Western papers which are sufficiently curious to deserve recording. The first is that of the death on July 29, at Hillsdale, Mich., of Rev. Charles S. Adams, of the Presbyterian Church at that place, and his wife within nine hours time of each other. The former was aged seventy-six years and the latter seventy-four. Both died of chills, with which they were attacked about the same time. The coincidence in this instance is made more noticeable from the fact that, as it is said, two years ago an elder brother of Mr. Adams, who was at the same age as the latter was at the time of his death, died, and that his wife too died nine hours after him. The Rev. Mr. Adams on that occasion prayed that he and his wife should thus depart together at the same time—a prayer which has most strangely been answered. The other coincidence is reported from Hillsboro, O. It will be observed that the nomenclature of localities even is almost the same—and conveys an account of the death of a young man named Moses Patton not far from that town. While riding to visit his intended bride he was struck by lightning which instantly killed himself and his horse. The coincidence in this case is found in the fact as reported, that two years ago the brother of the young man was thrown from his horse and killed while on his way to visit the same young lady, to whom he was also engaged to be married.

News is scarce in Minnesota. In the effort to present something fresh a Lanesborough paper has found it necessary to publish the Ten Commandments.

THE FAYETTEVILLE EAGLE.

M. J. McSweeney, Editor and Proprietor. Semi Weekly, five dollars per annum. Weekly, three dollars per annum.

North Carolina Journals.

THE RALEIGH SENTINEL. Hon. Josiah Turner, } Editors. T. B. Kingsbury, } The Daily Sentinel, eight dollars per annum. The Semi-Weekly Sentinel, five dollars per annum. The weekly Sentinel, three dollars per annum.

THE RALEIGH DAILY NEWS. Stone & Uzzell, Proprietors. Samuel T. Williams, Political Editor. Published daily at seven dollars a year. The Weekly News is published on Wednesday at two dollars a year.

THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL. Englehard & Sanders, Eds. & Publishers. The Daily Journal is published every morning (Monday's excepted) for eight dollars per annum. The Weekly Journal is published on Friday at two dollars per year.

THE WILMINGTON STAR. W. H. Bernard, Editor and Proprietor. Published Daily at seven dollars per annum.

THE WESTERN EXPOSITOR. ASHEVILLE, N. C. Carter & Avery, Eds. & Publishers. Published Thursdays at two dollars per year.

THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER. Johnstone Jones, Ed. & Proprietor. Daily Observer six dollars per annum. Tri-Weekly Observer, three dollars and a half per annum. Weekly Observer, two dollars per annum.

STATESVILLE INTELLIGENCER. Chas. K. Jones, Editor & Proprietor. Published Saturdays at two dollars per year.

THE CAROLINA MESSENGER. GOLDSBORO, N. C. J. A. Donitz, Editor & Proprietor. Semi-Weekly Messenger, four dollars a year. Weekly Messenger, two dollars a year.

THE FRANKLIN COURIER. LOUISBURG, N. C. T. T. Mitchell, Editor and Proprietor. G. S. Baker, Manager. Published Fridays at two dollars per year.

THE NEW-BERNE DAILY TIMES. E. Hubbs, Editor and Proprietor. T. A. Henry, Associate. S. M. Carpenter, Local Editor. Daily Times, six dollars per annum in advance. Weekly Times, published Thursday at two dollars per year.

THE REPUBLIC-COURIER. NEWBERN, N. C. Geo. W. Nason, Editor & Proprietor. Published every Saturday at two dollars per annum.

THE MILTON CHRONICLE. Evans & Smith, Editors & Proprietors. Published Saturdays at two dollars and fifty cents per annum.

THE CONCORD SUN. Chas. F. Harris, Editor & Proprietor. Published Saturdays at two dollars and a half a year.

WEST CAROLINA RECORD. RUTHERFORDTON, N. C. J. B. Carpenter, } Editors. A. L. Grayson, } Published Saturdays at two dollars per annum.

THE HILLSBORO RECORDER. HILLSBORO, N. C. J. D. Cameron, Editor and Proprietor. Published Wednesdays at two dollars and fifty cents a year.

THE RALEIGH WEEKLY ERA. (REPUBLICAN.) Wm. A. Hearn, Editor. Wm. M. Brown, Manager. Published Thursdays at two dollars a year.

THE BATTLEBORO ADVANCE. James A. Williams, Editor. Published Fridays at two dollars a year.

THE SOUTHERN HOME. CHARLOTTE, N. C. D. H. Hill, Editor and Proprietor. Published Mondays at two dollars and half per annum.

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN. SALISBURY, N. C. J. J. Bruner, Editor and Proprietor. J. J. Stewart, Associate. Published Thursdays at two dollars a year.

THE SALEM PEOPLE'S PRESS. L. V. & E. T. Elum, Proprietors. Published Thursdays at two dollars a year.

THE TARBORO SOUTHERNER. Wm. Biggs, Editor and Proprietor. Published Thursdays at three dollars a year.

THE WILSON PLAIN DEALER. R. W. Singletary, Editor. Published Friday at one dollar and fifty cents.

THE WESTERN DEMOCRAT. CHARLOTTE, N. C. W. J. Yates, Editor and Proprietor. Published Tuesdays at two dollars and fifty cents a year.

THE PEDEE HERALD. ROCKINGHAM, N. C. Frank Sanford, Editor and Proprietor. Published Saturday at two dollars per annum.