

WILMINGTON MARKET.

WILMINGTON, N. C., Oct. 9, 1890. TURPENTINE.—Sales of 500 bls. at \$3.50 for Virgin and Yellow Dip, and \$1.60 for Hard.

DOMESTIC MARKET.

Beef, @16 cents # lb. Mutton chops, 19@20 cents # lb. Fresh Pork 20 cents # lb. Sausages, 33 cents # lb.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

BRISWAX. Scantling, 15 @ 20 @ 00. White pine, 10 @ 20 @ 00. 100 lbs. @ 00 @ 00.00. BARRILES. Cuba hhd., 52 @ 55.

for a season, the men assembled for the purpose of electing a delegate to the National Convention.

Fourth, I hold that the appointed sphere of man is broader, not higher, than that of woman—that the household is her kingdom, within which her influence should be paramount, and her decisions have the force of law.

Of course, a true wife will consult her husband on all matters of importance, and will evince great deference to his wishes, tastes, feelings, aversions, just as a true husband will evince like deference to those of his wife; but nature has assigned to each a distinct, definite sphere, and the happiness of both, the due development and well-being of their children, the comfort and enjoyment of their guests, dictate that each should recognize the other's precedence within the proper radius of his or her dominion.

Fifth, I affirm the right of woman to do whatever she can do well, even though her ability be exceptional and not common to her sex, and I honor the wife or daughter who, having a crippled or bed-ridden husband or father cast upon her for support, fills with her own hands the farm or garden whence she derives his and her subsistence.

Sixth, as to teaching—one of the few pursuits wherein men and women may be properly associated—I deem it best that, above the age of fifteen, girls should be instructed by women, boys by men, and that girls should acquire a knowledge of art and skill in any trade or handicraft whereby they may earn an honest, useful livelihood; and I consider type setting one to which they are especially adapted; but if, having acquired this or any other, they are to solicit work from printery to printery and take their places in the composing room indiscriminately with men, I am sure the moral evils of such commingling will greatly outweigh any pecuniary advantages that may be fairly expected from it.

Seventh, as to government: I heartily wish the women of our country, and of each state, would choose their wisest and best to assemble as delegates, consider the needs and wrongs of their sex, and memorialize Congress and their respective legislatures for the removal of those wrongs. I am confident that such delegates, fairly chosen by the general voice of their sex would make no demand that I would not heartily second. I believe valuable suggestions might be expected from such a congregation of the gentler sex. But from a Congress or Legislature elected by men and women voting together, and made up in good part of such women as were naturally attracted to an enjoyment of the stage, and to committees with such men as they would meet therein, I pray to be delivered.

Eighth, of my seven children, but two survive, both girls, for whom I would make life as fair and hopeful as may be. I presume them quite as capable as most other girls to do their part in whatever befits their sex and their station. I would have their lives active, useful, beneficent and respected. If I thought it well for them to be voters, jurywomen, electioneers and candidates for office, I have no conceivable motives for seeking to intercept or bar them from following such a career. But I do not cannot believe that such is the sphere for which they were designed by an All-wise Father. I believe that their chances of usefulness and of happiness would be seriously diminished by precipitating them on such a course. I greatly prefer that they should be women, such as Milton portrayed in Eve, and Shakespeare in Imogen.

Ninth, for I may be blind and not to see that the essential character of the household must be very different from what it has ever been when Smith spends his evenings at the Union League and Mrs. Smith enjoys hers at the Manhattan Club (or their respective counterparts in any city or village); if he does his best to elect the Republican, she rendering like hearty support to the Democratic or whatever may be the rival ticket. Their home—if the name be still retained—"will be another Yarrow" from that which long ago won the beloved appellation. Smith and Mrs. Smith will meet at breakfast in no mode for reciprocal endearments, and little fitted to show forth to their children how "birds in their little nests agree," they will be more inclined to canvass with acerbity their rival platforms and candidates; and if Smith should happen to find in the morning paper some cheering returns from Pennsylvania, Ohio, or some other State previously regarded as doubtful, he will be apt to announce them in such terms as to elicit a reminder that he is a "Yarrow," if the news should happen to favor Mrs. Smith's ticket, I am not at all sure that her use of it would not be equally provoking and as sharply resented. In short, I shall expect antagonism in politics to be at least as fruitful a source of separations as incompatibility of temper now is.

Tenth, as to employment for women, I hold that there is an immensity of work to be done that especially pertains to the sphere of woman, which goes undone or is done very badly and expensively because most women reject it. The country is in present, pressing need of one hundred thousand scientific, skillful, thoroughly qualified cooks; but very few American young women are seeking to adapt themselves to this urgent national need. We are poorly fed, as a people; our bread is cooked or burned to a crisp; our bread is often sour or soggy, and quite generally tasteless, indigestible, and unwholesome, because its makers are grossly ignorant and bent on remaining so; the butter, on most of our tables, is a poor sort of grease; and as to soups, we do not know what they are, while for those who know how to make them, they are the cheapest, most palatable, most nutritious form of mingled animal and vegetable food. If the "Girl of the Period" could only be induced to leave the piano unattended, and devote the next year or two mainly to Soyer and the Kitchen range, I feel very sure that her lapins, as well as that of mankind, would thereby be signally promoted. I am confident that she would thus secure good wages, a proper independence (or rather inter-dependence, which is the nearest approach to former attainable in civilized society) general respect, and quality herself to be "help meet" for the industrious, frugal, energetic farmer or mechanic who, in due time, will probably ask her to become his wife.

I hope few will regard me as lacking sympathy with the many needy and ill-placed or unplaced women of our day, who are anxiously inquiring and looking for "something to do." It is only because I would have this class smaller in the next than it is

in the present generation, that I speak so plainly as I do. We are a fearfuly miseducated people, and the case is worse with our girls than with our boys. Within the sphere of my observation, not one girl in ten is really trained or trained to earn her own livelihood in any capacity: the greater number seem vaguely to express that they will marry for a position and rear children for an occupation. Hence I welcome the agitation for Woman's Rights and Female Suffrage, as disturbing a stagnation which involved "the pain without the peace of death." The issue will not be as the agitators contemplate, for Nature is too strong for a will even so stubborn as Anna Dickinson's, a persistency so dogged as Susan Anthony's; but the fountains of the great deep will be profoundly stirred, and the result cannot fail to be wholesome. Woman is insisting that her share of the world's work be allotted and secured to her, and the demand however wisely urged or mistakenly directed, is substantially just. What she, far more than man, needs to realize, is that no useful work is degrading, though much may be rejected as unsuited to her sex or strength. There is work enough that she may laudably do—the need is that she be qualified for, and rendered willing to undertake it. So long as our more expensively educated girls shall fancy teaching, the only established pursuit that they can follow without disgrace, many of them must live miserably, and be driven by want to shame; but let them awake to a realizing sense of the true dignity of labor, the essential nobleness whereby human life is made happier and sweeter, and the world will welcome them to a fair allotment of its service, with the proper recompense thereof, and woman be everywhere freshly hailed, and with added reason, as "the last best gift" of God to man.

The Knavery of Persecution. No white man in South Carolina is free. Every one is absolutely enslaved in thought and action; or, daring to think and act for himself is malignantly persecuted in business and proscribed in society. Many men are incapable of reason, or independence. Such obey without question, those among us who assume to order opinion and control action. These know that they are petty slaves, and ask not to be free. Many others there are who think a little of freedom, and yearn for the action they dare not attempt. They know that the tyranny of opinion in this State is base and cruel. They know that the dictators of society and party among them are selfish, arbitrary and unwise—that they are two centuries behind the age, that they fetter enterprise, obstruct business, keep down and swindle the working men, repeal capital from the State, hinder progress and prosperity of every sort, and yet they venture not to oppose or even protest. The iron yoke is on them, and galls them bad, but they must not murmur.

The oppressors of the white men of our State, are the aristocratic dictators of opinion and the shallow brained menials before mentioned, who welcome despotic dictation and insist that every other man shall welcome it with the same abject alacrity. And these two together enforce this tyranny of opinion, like all tyranny, not for any great principle or noble purpose—but, for the selfish interest of individuals and the injury of all the people.

Let a citizen dare to consult a lawyer who is a Republican, and straightway every Democratic lawyer is dreadfully exercised about the "controversy" of that person. If any citizen ventures to buy sugar and tea at a dealer known to be a Republican, the grocers are promptly in a ferment over his apostasy from the faith. Should a man dare to get a job of printing done at a printing office owned by a Republican, he is publicly and privately denounced as a traitor to his race and his people. Why does not the lawyer get excited in the case of the printer, the grocer in the case of the grocer. Simply because it is not a matter of principle but a matter of pocket. The political prejudices are kept up and the spirit of persecution, fostered to keep down competition, and to keep up prices. The people who do not think, suppose they are sustaining the Democratic party, while they are simply perpetuating a state of affairs under which they pay out of their own pockets, for the support of the Democratic merchants, lawyers and tricksters, very much more than they need to. A great many men in this State see this, and in heart despise and strive against it, but by tyranny of opinion, holds them still in its clutches, and they still submit with suppressed rage. How long will this people see that if the leaders of the Republican party are as corrupt and selfish as the newspapers affirm, they are no more corrupt and selfish than the Democratic leaders.

Is it not time for the business men and the working men to think for themselves? Who gives to lordly Democrats and blustering editors in this city the right to say you shall not buy at this store, but at that—you shall not walk on the street with this man, but with that; you shall not say you believe in fair play to every man; you shall not get your work done at this printing office, but at that; you shall not advertise in this paper, but in that. Are we our own masters, or are we the slaves of a score of arbitrary and bigoted men who, in the name of Democracy, rule our business, rule our society, rule our households, rule even our daily conversation with despotic rigor?

Individual men may keep old monopolies, old abuses, old trade, all as they are by this political and social persecution, and thus make money at the expense of the people, but the Democratic party, as a party, cannot fail to lose by it. When men see that all this is done for the selfish advantage of individuals, they will at least stay at home and let them be voted down, and rejoice in so much of emancipation as they thereby get. And then its effect on those who dare to brave persecution is but to deepen their convictions, and stimulate them to desperate exertions.

In the individual case where Democrats say with lofty disdain, "I have none for you, Democrats, I have none for a d—d Radical," have they gained anything for the Democratic party? Does not the rejected applicant keenly feel the tyranny of opinion? If he pretends to be a Democrat, does he not, when the issue comes, vote the Republican ticket, and vote it with heartier good will for the memory of the man who would drive him to the cotton fields? Let the experience of the city elections last fall answer.

By this most unwise and unwholy persecution, men who have dared to accept office and be avowed Republicans are forbidden to earn an honest living in any business whatever. Are they not thus compelled to get their living from their offices? Is it not made a matter of life and death for them to retain their offices? Will these men make a fight in the next election no stronger than they would if they had been decently treated by their political opponents? Do Democ-

crats fail to see the apathy and disgust which their despotic persecution is begetting in the ranks of the Democracy? Do they appreciate the intense resentment and the restless energy which they have roused in Republicans? What can the Democracy do against it? They can growl. The Republicans will win the victory. Persecution will defeat the persecutors.—Charleston Republican.

Carpets vs. Blankets. There is a town in New Hampshire where so little is known of the appliances of modern days, that throughout the village, until the debut of Rev. M., who had just moved in from Massachusetts, there was not a carpeted room. Of this the minister was not aware, or perhaps he would have hesitated at the idea of indulging in such an un-entailed article of luxury.

One day a young farmer, having occasion to visit the minister, was shown by the minister's daughter into the "best room." When the minister came down to see him, he found him sitting on a chair on the doorkill, with his legs extending out into the entry. Amazed and somewhat puzzled at this unexpected sight, Mr. M. asked him why he didn't go into the parlor. "O!" said he, "I was afraid of spillin' your blanket by treadin' on it!" His amazement may be imagined, when informed that the "blanket" was a permanent fixture of the room, and was kept for the very purpose of being trodden on.

This anecdote, which may appear a little like exaggeration, is, the reader may be assured, perfectly true. Buying Gloves in Gibraltar. A very handsome young lady in a store offered me a pair of blue gloves. I did not want blue, but she said they would look very pretty on a hand like mine. The remark touched me tenderly. I glanced furtively at my hand, and somehow it seemed rather a comely member. I tried a glove on my left, and blushed a little. Manifestly the size was too small for me. But I felt gratified when she said: "Oh, it is just right!"—yet I knew it was no such thing.

I tugged at it diligently, but it was discouraging work. She said: "An! I see you are accustomed to wearing kid gloves—but some gentlemen are so awkward about putting them on." It was the last compliment I had expected. I only understood putting on the buckskin article perfectly. I made another effort, and tore the glove from the base of the thumb into the palm of the hand—and tried to hide the rent. She kept up her compliments, and I kept up my determination to deserve them or die.

"Ah, you have had experience!" [A rip down the back of the hand.] "They are just right for you—your hand is very small—if they tear, you need not pay for them." [A rent across the middle.] "I can always tell when a gentleman understands putting on kid gloves. There is a grace about it that always comes with long practice." [The whole after guard of the glove "fetched away" as the sailors say. The fabric parted across the knuckles, and nothing was left but a melancholy ruin.]

I was too much flattered to make an exposure, and throw the merchandise on the angel's hands. I was hot, vexed, confused, but still happy; but I hated the other boys for taking such an abhorred interest in the proceedings. I wished they were in Jericho. I felt exquisitely mean when I said cheerily: "This one does very well; it fits elegantly. I like a glove that fits. No, never mind, never mind. I'll put the other on in the street. It's warm here."

It was warm. It was the warmest place I ever was in. I paid the bill, and as I passed out with a fascinating bow, I thought I detected a light in the woman's eye that was gently ironical; and when I looked back from the street, and she was laughing all to herself about something or other, I said to myself, with withering sarcasm, "Oh, certainly, you know how to put on kid gloves, Queen Victoria's self-complacent ass, ready to be flattered out of your senses by every petticoat that chooses to take the trouble to do it!"—Mark Twain's Pilgrim's Progress.

An Extraordinary Duel. Mr. Thomas Sheridan, in his "Life of Dean Swift," has recorded an account of a very singular character; who lived in the county of Tipperary. The name of the gentleman was Matthew, and after a long residence abroad he returned to Dublin at the latter end of Queen Anne's reign. At that time parties, feeling very high, but as yet unwarmed with such violence as in that city, inasmuch that duels were every day fought there on that score.

It happened to be at that time two gentlemen in London, who valued themselves highly on their skill in fencing; the name of one of them was Pack the other Creed—the former a major, the other a captain in the army. Hearing of these daily exploits in Dublin, they resolved, like two knights errant, to go over in quest of adventures. Upon inquiry, they learned that Mr. Matthew had the reputation of being one of the first swordsmen in Europe. Pack rejoiced to find an antagonist worthy of him, and meeting him as he was carried along the street in his chair, he took the notice of the chairman. Of this Matthew took no notice, supposing it to be accidental. But Pack afterward boasted of it in a public coffee house, saying that he had purposely offered this insult to that gentleman, who had not the spirit to resent it.

The conflict was of some duration, and maintained with great obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the wounds which they had received. At length, quite exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superior skill of their antagonists.

Upon this occasion, Matthew gave a remarkable proof of the perfect composure of his mind during the action. Creed had fallen the first; upon which Pack exclaimed: "Ah, poor Creed, are you gone?" "Yes," said Matthew very composedly, "and you shall instantly pack after him; at the same time making a home thrust quite through his body, which threw him to the ground. This was the more remarkable, as he was never in his life, either before or after, known to have aimed at a pun.

The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties were very great—and what seems almost miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons, seeing the desperate state of their patients, would not suffer them to be removed out of the room where they fought, and had beds immediately conveyed into it, in which they lay many hours in a state of insensibility. When they came to themselves, and saw where they were, Pack in a feeble voice, said to his companion:—"Creed, I think we are the conquerors, for we have kept the field of battle."

For a long time they were despaired of; but to the astonishment of every one, they both recovered. When they were able to see company, Matthew and his friend attended them daily, and a close intimacy afterward ensued, as they found them of profanity, except in his Quixotic ideas of dueling, whereof they were now perfectly cured.

Sheriff's Column. IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE FREQUENT infraction and destruction of notices placed in the public streets I have determined hereafter to advertise sales and publish all official notices pertaining to my office in the columns of the Post.

EXECUTION SALES. BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY EXECUTIONS made and issued from the Superior Court of New Hanover county, at Spring Term 1890, I will expose to sale to the highest bidder ON THE 18TH DAY OF OCTOBER.

John W. Nash, The interest of Henry Taylor in Lot 1, Block 185, as laid out in Turner's Plan in City of Wilmington.

Wm. H. Payne, The interest of W. Fennell in 1800 acres of land, situated in Franklin Township, county of New Hanover.

Sheriff's Notice. ALL PERSONS WHO HAVE NOT PAID their STATE AND COUNTY TAXES, and who have listed their Personal Property, to an amount exceeding said tax, are hereby notified that in case they do not settle by the 20th day of this month, that I shall proceed to Levy and sell said personal property and collect tax by distress.

Blanks! Blanks!! WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO SUPPLY law blanks in any quantity and on the most reasonable terms. All of the new forms now on hand or printed to order at very short notice.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WE WOULD RESPECTFULLY CALL THE ATTENTION of the public to our large and elegant assortment of

BOOTS AND SHOES, embracing every style and quality known to the trade, which having been purchased for Cash at low prices we offer at very low rates.

Our Stock of Goods for LADIES, MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S wear is very full and complete, very stylish and very durable.

Our goods for GENTLEMEN'S wear consists of all kinds and quantities of BOOTS, SHOES, GAITERS, AND BAL. MORALS.

THE MORNING STAR, Published Daily, at Wilmington, N. C., WM. H. BERNARD, Editor and Proprietor.

MARSHAL'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE. TAKE NOTICE THAT I SHALL EXPOSE to sale at the Court House in Wilmington, on Monday the 11th day of October, 1890, the interest of the following named defendants in the tracts of land hereinafter named to satisfy sundry executions to me directed from the District Court of the United States for the District of North Carolina, wherein B. H. Moore, Assignee, is Plaintiff, to wit: The interest of Elvin A. Adams in Lots 3 and 5, Block 282, in the City of Wilmington; of John A. Sanders in 7.50 acres of land in Middle South District and adjoining the plank road; of William H. Costin in Lot No. 1, Block 104, in the City of Wilmington; also his interest in 100 acres of land (more or less) lying in Middle South District. Also, the interest of J. J. Orrell in sixty-four acres of land, more or less, adjoining the lands of N. Foster, lying in Masonboro' Sound District.

Roanoke Railroad. CONTINUES TO BE THE MOST POPULAR of reaching Baltimore from the far South. Connecting with the Wilmington and Weldon Rail Road, the train reaches Fort Mifflin in time to connect with the Baltimore and Annapolis Steam Packet Company whose boats will depart favorably with any in the country. The fare is reasonable and the accommodations superior and the sail one of the pleasantest in the country.

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