The Charlotte Observer.

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SALE OF THE CAROLINA CENTRAL Railway.

Under Decree of Foreclosure.

BY VIRTUE, and in pursuance, of a decree of the Superior Court of New Hanover county, State of North Carolina, made in a cause there pending, wherein Edward Matthews, for himself and others, is plaintiff, and The Carolina Central Railway Company, and Andrew V. Stout, and Timothy H. Porter, Trustees, and James L. Dawes, and J. Brander Matthews, Trustees, are defendants, the undersigned, commissioners appointed by the said decree, will sell by public auction to the highest bidder, at the court house door, in the city of Wilmington, in the State of North Carolina, on MONDAY, the 31st DAY of MAY, A. D., 1880, at 12 o'clock, M., the entire railroad as the same exists and is now used, known as the Carolina Central Railway, as well the portion now built and completed, extending from the city of Wilmington, in said State of North Carolina, to the town of Shelby, in said State, a distance of about 242 miles, as also that portion uncompleted and yet to be built, and to extend from the said town of Shelby to the town of Rutherfordton, in said State, a distance of about 30 miles, with all railways, rights-of-way, depot grounds, and other lands, tracks, bridges, viaducts, culverts, fences, and other structures, station-houses, engine-houses, car-houses, ware-houses, freight-houses, wood-houses, and other buildings, machine-shops, and other shops, all locomotive engines, tenders, cars, coaches, and other rolling stock and equipments, all railway engines, machinery, tools, implements, fuel, and materials of all kinds, and all the corporate franchises, rights, and privileges, of The Carolina Central Railway Company; also all the shares of the capital stock of the Wilmington Railway Bridge Company held and owned by the said Carolina Central Railway Company, and all the right, title, and interest, which the said company has and owns in and to the stock and property of the Wilmington Railway Bridge Company, as one of the corporators thereof; and also all other the property and estate, real and personal, of every kind and description, of the said Carolina Central Railway Company.

TERMS OF SALE:

Purchaser must pay in cash, on the day of sale, One Hundred Thousand Dollars, and the residue of the purchase money in three equal instalments at one, two and three months from the day of sale, with interest from that day, at the rate of six per centum per annum, the purchaser can anticipate any or all of the said deferred payments, and make payment in full of the purchase money at any time before maturity; payment of that portion of the purchase money not hereby required to be paid in cash may be made in whole or in part, either in cash or in the bonds, or part due coupons thereof, secured by the first mortgage from said Carolina Central Railway Company to said Andrew V. Stout and Timothy H. Porter, Trustees, of date May 17th, 1873, to the extent of the par value or pro rata per centage of the par value of the said bonds and coupons, which the holders thereof will be entitled to receive upon the distribution of the proceeds of the said sale under the order and decree of said court. Possession will be delivered to the purchaser so soon as the said sale shall have been confirmed by the court, and one half of the purchase money, paid to the commissioners, and the purchaser shall have assumed all the outstanding contracts and liabilities of the Receivers heretofore appointed in the said cause, and indemnified them against the same.

NATHAN A. STEDMAN, JR.
JUNIUS DAVIS,
apr8—8tw for 6suc.w Commissioners.

"De Profundis."

Out of the Deep, my child, out of the Deep!
Where all that was to be in all that was
Whirled for a million æons thro' the vast,
Waste dawn of multitudinous eddying light—
Out of the Deep, my child, out of the Deep!
Thro' all this changing world of changeless law,
And every phase of ever heightening life,
And nine long months of ante-natal gloom,
With this last moon, this crescent—her dark orb
Touch'd with earth's light—thou comest, Darling Boy;
Our Own; a babe in lineament and limb
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man;
Whose face and form are hers and mine in one,
Indissolubly married, like our love;
Live and be happy in thyself, and serve
This mortal race, thy kin, so well that men
May bless thee, as we bless thee, O young life,
Breaking with laughter from the dark; and may
The fated channel where thy motion lives
Be prosperously shaped and sway thy course
Along the years of haste and random youth
Unshattered—then full current thro' full man;
And last, in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,
By quiet fields, a slowly dying power,
To that last Deep where we and thou are still.

Alfred Tennyson in Nineteenth Century.

OBSERVATIONS.

It is in the toy drum that two heads are worse than none.

"Hell has no fury like woman scorned." How is it when a man's corned?

A rheumatic miner says a wet mine is a damp, poor place to work in.

An ordinary woman's waist is thirty inches around. An ordinary man's arm is about thirty inches long. How admirable are thy works, O nature!

There is a young lady in Keokuk, Iowa, who is six feet four inches tall, and she is engaged to be married. The man who won her did it in these words:

The word "boom" has reached England. Now may be they'll wish they hadn't sent us that "hardly ever" contrivance. Revenge is sweet!

New Hampshire folks vote split tickets so much that a resident of the State has had his name changed from Wilder to Scattering, in the hope of getting elected to some office.

The Portland *Argus* announces the rumor that Neal Dow having been informed that Brandy Pond empties into Sebago Lake, has applied to the Supreme Court for an injunction on the Portland Water Company.

Thy beauty set my soul aglow;
I'd wed thee right or wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
But wants that little long.

Value of a Doctor's Services.

New York Medical Record.

I was called at midnight to visit a gentleman who had just returned from a late dinner, where he had succeeded, by hasty eating, in lodging a large fish-bone in his throat. I provided myself with an emetic, a pair of œaophagus forceps and other paraphernalia designed to give relief, and hurriedly repaired to his room. I found him pacing up and down the floor with a look of intense distress and anxiety, occasionally running his fingers down his throat and gagging. He told me in tones of dispair, that he thought it was all up with him, but begged me, if the least glimmer of hope remained, to proceed at once in my efforts to relieve him. He extravagantly declared, in the generosity of spirit begot by the vividness of his fears, that he would give $1,000,000 to have that fish-bone removed. I assured him that such cases were frequent, and ordinarily not attended with much danger, before proceeding to carry out measures for relief. His fears underwent some diminution on the strength of this, and he then declared that $50,000 would no more than repay the skill and art required to extricate the unwelcome intruder. I smiled and proceeded to introduce the forceps, but after several attempts failed to grasp the bone. His fears again induced him to mention a fabulous sum as the need of the service that would expel the object of his terrors. I then gave him the emetic, its depressing effect causing his generosity to rise again, barometer-like, to very high pressure. In a little while the emetic disburdened him of the greater part of his dinner, and with it up came the fish-bone. He gave a sigh and a look of relief, and solemnly looking toward me, said: "Doctor, I wouldn't have that thing in my throat again for $5!" My fee eventually resolved itself into the "valuable experience" that the occasion afforded me.

A Singular Tragedy.

The observance of an old and Celtic tradition, Saturday, resulted in quite a tragedy and riot at Paterson, N. J. The old German custom, now nearly obsolete in Germany, but still kept in Denmark, of going to the hills on May Day, or the first Sunday in May, at sunrise, to "see the sun dance," was kept by the German societies it Paterson. This festival, a merry and innocent one, though sometimes attended with pilfering of flowers, is considered to be a vestige of Baal or sun-worship; the witches used to dance on the Blocksberg on the first Sunday in May, according to the German legends which have come to us from the Hartz mountains. Amongst the Paterson party of revelers was Joseph Van Houton, step-son of Alderman Swift, of Paterson, who attempted to cross the lands of Wm. Dalzell, a farmer owning property on the mountain top. When Houten and his companions were warned from trespassing, but persisting, the former was shot dead by Dalzell with a gun loaded with buckshot. Dalzell was pursued to his house by Van Houten's companions, and when he refused to surrender, his house and barn were fired. Coming out he was seized, a rope put about his neck, and he was very nearly hanged, when the police succeeded in making a diversion in his favor and procuring him a respite, after which he took refuge in a neighboring house until the sheriff could be obtained, in whose custody he went to Newark jail.

Some Little Things of Value.

Springfield Union.

If your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt, and it will help it very much. A little ginger put into sausage meat improves the flavor. In icing cakes, dip the knife in cold water. In boiling for meat soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge it in boiling water at once. You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff by applying buckwheat plentifully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind. Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these, if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing both sides. Place on a platter; salt and pepper, to taste. Beef having a tendency to be tough, can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours with salt and pepper, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved. A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell. Clean oilcloths with milk and water; a brush and soap will ruin them. Tumblers that have milk in them should never be put into hot water. A spoonful of stewed tomatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meats is an improvement. The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw out the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

COMMON SENSE NEEDED.

Dr. Talmage Addresses a Large Congregation on a Simple Subject.

New York Herald Report.

There was the usual large attendance at the morning services in the Brooklyn Tabernacle. Dr. Talmage made the basis of his sermon the text Luke, xvi., 8—"The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." This was only another way of saying that Christians are not so skillful in spiritual affairs as others are in worldly affairs. If one-half as much skill were used in Christian affairs as in worldly matters in ten years' time the tabernacle of the wicked would be upset. Some years ago, in a sleeping car, the preacher saw a man kneeling in prayer. Many, doubtless, thought him a lunatic. Ten such men with his courage would do incalculable good for Christ. Ten thousand such men would redeem the world. More common sense was wanted in the building of churches. Vast sums of money were spent in ecclesiastical edifices and they were most wretchedly built. Men shiver and think they must be getting religion, they feel so uncomfortable. Fresh air was abundant, and it was shut out. More common sense was also needed in obtaining a religious hope. Worldly men apply common sense in their business and they succeed. A miller in California years ago picked up a nugget of gold in the stream running his mill, and everybody rushed for gold. There was a gold fever and cities sprang up. The gold of religion should incite equal zest in its search. But there is lethargy. Men sit down and fold their arms and say, "If I am to be saved I will be saved; if I am to be damned I will be damned, and that is the end of it." In business matters men don't do this; they establish agencies, they advertise and they meet with golden reward. There is not one man in a thousand who says, "I wanted Christ, I chose Him." Would there was the same consecrated enthusiasm, the same push in matters of religion.

We need more common sense in the formation of Christian character. There are men who have been running for Christ for forty years, and they have not gone half a mile. God declares magnificent dividends, and we won't collect them. We don't manage religion as a business. What would you think of a man lost on a mountain? He sees a light in a cabin, goes there, knocks at the door and the man offers him a lantern. He says he don't like the lantern, don't like the shape of it, the color or the handle, and he refuses it and goes out into the dark lanternless. Men read the Bible bottom side up. You order goods by express and they don't come, and you telegraph and keep sending till you get the goods. You pray for blessings, and you don't know whether you get them or not, and don't care. That is no way. Plead and keep pleading, and see to it that the blessings come. In the matter of doing good common sense is specially wanted. Some men have a patronizing way, as if to say how much better I am than you are. This is simply disgusting. To succeed in Christian work, the work must be natural. Christ talked with the fishermen and the vine dressers and the shepherds and the woman about the yeast.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

What is the common sense thing for us to do? First, we want to know the fact that sin is over us; second, that Christ came to reconstruct us, and third, that now is the time to accept salvation. What comes from these facts? We must quit sin and accept Christ now. Here are the hopes of the Gospel. We may get them now; we may not be able to get them to-morrow. He would not have the face to tell a man he is a sinner unless he had authority for saying he could be saved. God impressed his image on our race, but that image was being defaced. There comes a divine Raphael and he restores the defacement. If he could by a touch of pathos put before them what would save their souls, they would be spoken with emotion. He wished he could show them to-day the burned hand of Christ, burned in plucking them from the enemy; the burned brow, the burned foot, the burned heart. A man riding by on horseback saw a farmer at his work and asked if he could tell him how far it was to hell. Without an answer from the old christian farmer that man found out how near it was. He dashed away on his horse, was thrown against a rock, and lay there a lifeless corpse. None could tell what was in store for them—how near they were to their end. Now was the accepted time of salvation.

A Remarkable Dream.

A number of years ago Jacob Baughman was murdered in Zanesville, Ohio. On the night of the murder, a man living in the neighborhood dreamed that he saw Baughman surrounded at his own fireside, by three men, heard their conversation, and saw them strike the fatal blow. He recognized every face, and when Baughman fell dead the dreamer awoke, in a cold sweat. The next day a neighbor asked him if he had heard of the murder. "What murder?" "Old Jacob Baughman has been killed." "Hold on, stop right there," said he, "until I tell my dream." Then he told his dream, omitting the names of the men he saw in it. The details corresponded with those known of the murder. The dreamer would not tell the names of the men he saw, although a lawyer frequently importuned him to do so. A few days ago he was asked again. It was on the day that the alleged assassins of the old man were arrested. "They are on the right track," he answered, but would say no more.

Sudden Death of a Millionaire.

W. L. Fox, an extensive oil producer, aged 25 years, with a fortune of $3,000,000, died in a car near Clarion, Pa., last week. He was to be a witness in a murder trial at Clarion, and having forgotten a revolver which he was to produce and identify, had the train stopped and ran some distance to his residence and back. When he returned to the cars he was nearly exhausted from his exertion. He sat down in a seat, and when the conductor, a few minutes afterwards, came to the seat to speak with Mr. Fox he was dead. Besides being president of the Foxburg, St. Petersburg and Clarion Railroad company, he was at the head of several other extensive interests in the oil regions. His property, without extraordinary development, was producing 12,000 barrels of oil a month. He was the largest owner of private iron tankage in the oil regions, and the only producer owning an individual pipe-line of any magnitude. He was engaged in erecting an immense refinery on his property at the time of his death.

New Advertisements.

Miscellaneous.

ELECTION NOTICE.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, March 31st, 1880.

By virtue of a resolution passed at a late meeting of the Board of Aldermen of the city of Charlotte, I am authorized to advertise that there will be an election by ballot, held in the city on the first Monday in June, A. D., 1880, at the usual polling places, to ascertain the sense of the qualified voters, on the question of establishing and maintaining by taxation in the city, public graded schools. I am further authorized to state that the maximum rate of taxation shall be one-tenth of one per cent. or ten cents on every one hundred dollars worth of property in the city, and thirty cents on each poll. At the time designated for the aforesaid election, there shall be elected by ballot two school commissioners from each ward. There will be new registration books opened on the first day of April, A. D. 1880, and the same shall be kept open until sundown on the Saturday previous to said election. I do hereby appoint as registrars and inspectors for said election, for

Ward No. 1—F. A. McNinch, registrar; inspectors, J. W. Wadsworth, R. M. Miller and Charles A. Frazier.

Ward No. 2—Walter Brem, registrar; inspectors, Wm. M. Wilson, McD. Ariedge and G. W. Bryan.

Ward No. 3—B. P. Boyd, registrar; inspectors, I. H. McGinn, J. E. Brown and H. Edwards.

Ward No. 4—R. P. Waring, registrar; inspectors, J. M. Sims, Wm. B. Nisbet and W. F. Salder.

E. I. OSBORNE, Mayor.
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