The Charlotte Observer.

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OBSERVATIONS

Samson's strength was in his own hair. The strength of the Hon. Sitting Bull and his tribe seems to lie in somebody else's hair.

Walt Whitman fell in love with the fine-looking gray-haired women of Boston. Probably he was not made aware that most of them were still young, but their hair turned white from reading his poems.

The season has arrived when house keepers make a change of carpets, and the man who walks about his rooms much at night with bare feet should steer so that he may not get on the wrong tack.—Cincinnati Gazette.

"Puck" says this is the season when "a boy may be seen drifting lazily among the lillies in a flat-bottomed boat, with a girl in a big hat and freckles." The season has not yet sufficiently advanced here to admit of that costume for out-door occasions.—Fashion Journal.

A South End girl thanked a man who gave her his seat in a street car, and he married her, and proved to be worth $400,000. (We circulate this lie in the hope of inducing the girls to be a little more courteous.)—Boston Post.

"I've got it! I've got a conundrum for you!" he yelled, as he dashed madly into the room. 'Spit it out! Spit it out!" cried a dozen voices. "Well, then, can one man keep a coal office?" "Of course he can—that's no conundrum." "No, he can't, a coal office must be kept bi-tu-men!"

The Whitehall Times knew a man in its neighborhood who went out with a set purpose of drowning himself, and as it was raining he carried an umbrella to keep his clothes dry.

The London Athenæum says that a classification of books according to their bindings is in harmony with the spirit of our time—a time which has been successful in classifying men and women on the same principle.

Some one who professes to be "up" on genealogies and relationships has dicovered that Prince Rudolph married his own aunt when he took the Princess Stephanie to wife. This seems to astonish Europeans, but it is as nothing compared to the experience of the American who on his fourth marriage succeeded in becoming his own grandfather.—New York Herald.

NEWS OF INTEREST.

Mr. Wm. E. Chandler, according to reports in administration circles, is to be provided with a good fat office as soon as one can be found that will suit him.

"Unprecedented" is again the only word that describes the tide of immigration, nearly nine thousand arrivals having been recorded at Castle Garden in the past two days.—*New York Herald.*

Curly Bill, the notorious Texas cow boy, who killed Marshal White, of Tombstone, Arizona, recently, and captured a church with his gang and made the clergyman dance before the congregation, was mortally shot at Galesville, Arizona, last week, by Jim Wallace, one of his comrades. Wallace was released on the ground of self-defense.

There are 65,111 men in the standing army of Great Britain, and 70 per cent of the first-class army reserve—16,651 strong—is to be employed for the defense of England and Wales and for reinforcing the garrisons of Scotland and Ireland; but deducing 44 per cent reported unfit for service, the number is reduced to 48,787 available men.

The anti-Jewish movement in Russia are still giving the governments no little trouble. It has issued a proclamation intended to give the Israelites protection, but there is not enough respect for the autocracy to give much weight to a proclamation.

At Lompoc, Santa Barbara cooty Cal., Saturday night, the only liquor saloon in town was blown to atoms by a large bomb. There was no one in the building at the time. Lompoc is a temperance colony, and this is the second saloon destroyed there by gunpowder.

The special correspondent of the London *Times* thinks that the number of persons killed by the Chio earthquake does not greatly, if at all, exceed 4,000, and that this is possibly too large. In the southern half of the island scarcely a house remains in a habitable condition, so that a population of nearly 50,000 persons is camping out in the open air. Throughout the northern portion of the island the repeated shocks wrenched the houses and frightened the inmates without doing them any serious bodily harm, except in a very few instances.

Railroad Talk.

Carolina Spartan.

President McCaughrin of the Columbia and Greenville Road was in Spartanburg last week looking after the S. & U. Road. He states that the lease was made to the C. & G. Road for itself, and not for the Clyde combination. Cars will be run from Columbia to Hendersonville without change. The C. & G. is now virtually owner of the Spartanburg and Asheville road, having purchased $368,000 of bonds, while other parties own about $200,000. This road will be completed to Asheville between October and January. Then a connection favorable to the State will be made with the Cole combination just formed. This road as well as the C. & G. Road will be worked in the interest of the State, and the prospects of the combination are encouraging.

The annual meeting of the French Broad Valley Road was held last week. This is a little road projected from Belton on the G. & C. Road to Easley on the Air-Line, and thence to Pickens. Six and a half miles have been graded in Pickens county at a cost of $803 per mile, and about four miles in Anderson county at a cost of $300 per mile. Although this is a small affair, the people interested have high aspirations. They propose to scale the Blue Ridge, and then descend the French Broad to Asheville.

The C., C. & A. Road held a meeting of Directors last week. President Haskell advised putting down steel rails as fast as the net earnings of the company would permit. The freight and passenger earnings are on the increase.

Hunter, Climber and Rattlesnake Catcher.

Morganton Blade.

Mr. Clem Fair, the celebrated hunter, climber and rattlesnake catcher, of the South Mountains, was in town a few days since. He is over eighty years old, but is still stout, hale and hearty and can kill a squirrel out of the tallest tree with a rifle and without spectacles. He climbed the flag-pole at the celebrated Henry Clay mass meeting in Morganton in 1844 and drank a health to Clay from the top of the pole, a distance of eighty feet from the ground. He accomplished the same feat at the Seymour and Blair barbecue in Morganton in 1869, and the old man was expecting to climb the Hancock and English flag-pole last year, but was disappointed, as there was none erected. Mr. Fair never was sick in his life and can do a good day's work now.

A HUMAN PENDULUM.

Thrilling Exhibition of Nerve by a House Painter in Cincinnati.

Cincinnati Commercial.

Bernard Koehler and Fritz Hisgen, two house painters, yesterday began painting the large house at Betts street and Central avenue. Three o'clock in the afternoon found them close up under the eaves of the house and sixty-five feet from the ground. They had just finished the surface within reach and had started to lower the scaffold a few feet. When the required distance had been reached Hisgen called to his partner to hang on to the rope until he (Hisgen) tied his own, when he would come over and perform a like service for him. Hisgen had just completed his own knot when Koehler cried out: "Come over quick, I can't hold it." Hisgen, as quickly as possible, started across the aerial bridge, but had not gone two steps when he saw the man let go his hold and felt the ladder give way beneath his feet. As he began the fall, in the energy of desperation he, with both hands, grasped the almost smooth top of the fourth-story window cornice and there hung in the air, a distance of sixty feet from the pavement. He then gave an exhibition of nerve that terrified every one who saw it. Placing the toe of one boot against the window frame he gave his body a slight pendulum motion away from the house. A second push gave him a better impetus and as he swung on the return toward the window he released his hold and went crashing through the glass safely to the floor of the fourth-story room, from whence he immediately looked out through the aperture he had made to see what had become of his companion. Koehler had not been quite so fortunate. As he went shooting through the air he caught the hanging rope with both hands and lessened his speed all the way down at the expense of all the cuticle of his palms, which was burned off by the friction. He landed in a sitting posture on the sidewalk and was taken to the hospital with a pair of very sore hips.

It Is Rotten and Ought to Die.

The New York *Herald*, which so ardently championed Conkling's side in the Garfield contest, is now devoting some editorial attention to the Republican party, to which it pays its respects in the following style, which we clip from an editorial in the issue of the 23d inst.:

The public, we say, looks on with amusement or careless unconcern; for the public is tired of the Republican party. The old superstition that something quite too awfully dreadful would happen to the country if the Republican party should cease to misgovern it has no longer nearly as much terror as it used to have. Dorsey dinners, Brady star routes, Indiana two-dollar bills and Hubbell letters have done a good deal in the last few months to disillusion honest men who really believed that their party was the sole repository of honesty and all the other virtues The Republican tricksters and jobbers have cried wolf while they were feathering their own nests, but the respectable part of the country begins to see through them. There is a rapidly growing conviction that the Republican party is no more necessary to the country than was McClellan after Antietam, and that the sooner it goes to pieces and makes room for another and better party the better it will be for the real interests of the country.

People begin to ask themselves everywhere what has this great Republican party done and what is it doing for the country? They see it just now engaged in a desperate fight over the public plunder and neglecting every public interest in this disgraceful scramble. And as they look on with contempt at this exhibition, which has about as much dignity as a first class dog fight, they recall the fact that under Hayes it did little else than carefully conceal the stealing which it fostered, and that with loud and interminable professions of virtue in the last dozen years it has only produced scandal after scandal, until the whole history of the party in this period is made up of Belknap, Robeson, Pacific Mail, star route, whiskey fraud, carpet-bag, salary grab and a multitude of other jobberies of the basest and most vulgar kind, mixed in with the most abject subjection to railroad and other corporation influences. And in all that time no one can recall without an effort a solitary public service the party has rendered. It might as well inscribe on its banners "millions for plunder, not one cent for the public interests."

It has resisted every reform; it has prevented the repeal of every bit of the obsolete and obstructive war legislation; it has maintained every bad law on the statute book; it has shown in every imaginable way its total incapacity to deal with public questions, and whenever public opinion has pressed it to do at least some trifling good it has adroitly got up some new excitement about the South, or some new, petty and uncalled for quarrel with the Democrats, with the sole view to engage the attention of the people and draw their minds away from public interests and real questions.

The Republican party has in the general opinion fulfilled its mission. Why should it not go to pieces? Why should any one of its honest voters mourn over its disappearance? It may not be dead at this moment, but it is rotten. It is the creature of railroad and other corporation and monopoly influences. Its most intimate relations are no longer with the people, but with the railroad and telegraph kings, the Jay Goulds, Stanfords, Huntingtons and others of that kind, who own and control its managers and chiefs. To say that such a party, which deliberately chooses Dorsey as one of its public manipulators and unblushingly gives him public dinners; which has protected and honored Robeson, which openly courts the friendship of public plunderers, which during four years sheltered Brady in his star route jobberies, and took part of his gains for its campaign fund after the exposures made of him in Congress; to say that such a party, which scarcely conceals its relations with a dozen lobbies, and many of whose public men live by jobs—to say that this party, quarrelling now over the spoils, ought to live is absurd. It has lost even the respect for public opinion which leads jobbers usually to divide their spoils in private.

A Woman Kidnapped for Debt.

"Several days ago three armed Mexicans crossed the river at Sheldon's ranche, 35 miles below Eeagle Pass, during the absence of Sheldon, and kidnapped a young woman in his employ, forcibly dragging her across the river into Mexico. The reason given for the outrage is that the woman's husband is indebted to the Mexicans, and the woman was peon to the latter in consequence of her husband's unpaid debt. The parties reside in a little village on the Rio Grande, Mexico, opposite the ranch. The citizens are highly indignant at the invasion and kidnapping, on American soil, of a defenceless woman.