

SECOND BULL RUN.

Its Realistic Representation as the New Cycloorama.

In the large new brick building just erected on Fifteenth street, south of Pennsylvania avenue, is a magnificent painting containing eight thousand square feet of canvases, ten thousand of the battle of Manassas. The building will be open to the public in about six weeks, and it is safe to say that the panoramas will be one of the fixtures of Washington's curiosities and a centre of attraction to sight-seers.

The painting is the work of fifteen French artists, who were brought to this country for the purpose, and is a masterpiece of artistic execution. The artist spent several weeks in the vicinity of Manassas, sketching the scene. The ever-varying light and shade of field and forest of a summer afternoon is perfect; the perspective is magnificent, and the tout ensemble of the whole picture is so realistic that one stands in the centre of the building he seems to be in the field, the painted forms alive, and he almost hears the screaming of the shells through the air and instinctively dodges a fancied ball.

The construction of the piece is such that the spectator seems to stand in the centre of the field; at his feet is a dark pool of clotted blood, a musket, an old haversack or a soldier's cap; over yonder a dead man, his ghastly eyes looking at you with a ghastly stare. At a glance you take in the battle field. Far away to the right, over the stubble fields, nestling in a grove of green trees that seem to be in the summer wind, is the village of Groveton. Fitz John Porter's headquarters. That is his command that you see coming over the field there, in solid phalanx, in long battalions, in straggling companies, the sun glinting on the point of their bayonets and lighting up the stern faces of the men. On they come, charging up the slight declivity toward the line of Jackson's men, entrenched over there by the railroad. Just as they reach the crest of the hill a volley of grape crashes through their left flank and there are horrible gaps in the line of blue. Colonel Lee's artillery of twenty-four guns is hurrying over the fields from the westward, and three guns are in position. Again, a crash from the Confederates concealed in the copse, and the lines of blue waver for a moment. But only for a moment; the gaps close up and on over the crest of the hill they come, a company deploys to the left and kneeling in the grass begins to pick off the artillerists. At a break neck speed over the fields come more of Colonel Lee's artillery, and taking a position behind the rail fence open fire on the advancing Federals. The shells go hissing through the air high over the heads of the first rank of the foe and drop in the middle of the phalanx moving on through "Peach Orchard Farm." Great bare spots on the side of the hill mark where the shells fall. To the right of Col. Lee's battery is Longstreet's command coming through the woods and over the rail fence. They emerge from the cover of the woods just in time to meet a body of Federals on the hill. The blues drop upon one knee; a quick command, the carbines flash out their messages of death and the Confederates waver. The sun is glistening brightly on something in the bushes behind the rail fence. It is the rifles of the Confederate sharpshooters; there is a rattle of musketry and the blues dissolve. Then a hand-to-hand conflict ensues. Seen through a rift in the smoke are the writing forms of men upon the ground; little streams of crimson trickling through the tender grass, great furrows turning up the red clay, showing where the minnie balls have plowed through. Over toward the railroad where the Confederates are entrenched is the thickest of the fight. A bursting shell lights up the smoky scene for an instant; dead men cover the ground; guns and accoutrements scattered around; a riderless horse with a great clot of human blood upon his shoulder dashes past, dragging the dead form of his master, whose foot is caught in the stirrup. Flashes of fire in front show the condition of the Confederates. A sudden puff of wind dispels the smoke for an instant and the whole scene is clear. It is a beautiful August afternoon; the long shadows of the trees on the grass show the sun is going down; away in the distant west, covered with a blue mist, are the mountains. A magnificent panorama of rolling upland, yellow field and shady wood intervenes. Above, the blue sky filled with fleecy clouds piled up in lazy confusion. To the eastward, over the stubble fields are the farm houses of Groveton, the quaint old gabled houses nestling in the grove, the rooks and swallows circling above. The wind gently sweeps the branches of the trees in the wood and the sunshine drifts through the leaves, tenderly bathing the brow of a prostrate man lying in the cool moss, a mocking bird on a swinging bough sings sadly for its mate. The soft glow of a southern summer day envelops the scene. In harsh contrast is this little spot of hell on the crest of the hill, this abyss of death belching forth flame, this chaos into which have fallen so many brave men today.

A Wise Reform.
The habit of administering quinine in powerful doses, as an antidote to malarial miasms, was once a dangerous practice. Happily this practice has undergone a wise reform. Not only the public, but professional men have adopted, not wholly, but largely, Hostetter's Stomach Stuffer as a safe and reliable substitute for the pernicious alkaloid. The consequences of this change are most important. Now fever and ague sufferers are not nearly so liable to the serious complications of malarial fever, or half cured, or only partially cured, or falling to produce any appreciable effect. The doses were increased. A course of the Stomach Stuffer, persistently followed, will not only cure the disease, but prevent its return. The evidence in favor of this superior remedy, and the thousands of testimonials, and the success which it has achieved, are very numerous.

SOMEWHERE IN THE WORLD.

At the earth's north pole, the axis of the world is always midnight somewhere in the world. There is always morning somewhere in the world. But though darkness and light are everywhere, there is always morning somewhere in the world. Sorrow has its mission, so Fate's shafts are hurled. There is always sorrow, sorrow, in the world. Even as the morning gleams with light imperiled. There are gladness always, always, in the world. —Laura Rosamond White.

The Invention of Ink.
When ink was first introduced does not seem to have been decided, but given the paper and the pen, a colored medium which would show on a light surface was so obvious a want, and one so readily found, that there is no extraordinary credit due to the unknown inventor. It appears to be only of comparatively late years that black ink has been almost universal. Roman ink was red, purple and gold; the inks of blue, green, violet and other shades were not uncommon. It is said that, simple as is the composition of ink, we possess none equal in beauty and color to that used by the ancients; the Saxon manuscripts written in England exceed in color anything of the kind.

Modern ink-makers will deny the superiority of the ancients; but who shall say whether words written in the ink manufactured to-day will stand as vividly centuries hence as those Saxon manuscripts have stood? It is difficult to see how the writing materials of the present day can be improved upon, for convenience at least, setting aside the question of lasting inks, which the generation that uses them can not settle. Paper, rough and smooth, fluent ink of any color that the writer may believe suitable to his eyes, pens as fine as a needle or as blunt as a spade are all to be bought in every street. The great lack of the age seems to be ideas at once more novel and sensible in the record of which these serviceable materials may be employed. —London Standard.

Appetite of a Condemned Prisoner.
Any one would naturally suppose that appetite for food would fall the condemned prisoner on the morning of his execution, but it would appear that the rule is frequently the reverse of this. He eats a good supper the night before, follows it with a substantial lunch at bed-time, and sleeps sound all night long. As the fatal moment draws nigh, he devours with gusto a breakfast that would prepare a laborer for a hard day's work. I can not, like Victor Hugo, mentally change places with the condemned in his last hour, but I suspect that something of the condition of mind characteristic of the victim of cancer in its last stages must be his as the supreme moment approaches. All hope is lost, apathy succeeds the alternations of conflicting emotions he felt while his case was fought over in the courts; the silliness of despair begets the higher intellectual faculties, until at last the merely animal instincts prevail. He eats his last breakfast with the same eagerness as he clutches at the rope which suspends him. —Dr. William B. Hazard.

Peppermint King of the World.
Hiram G. Hotchkiss, of Lyons, Wayne county, is the peppermint king of the world, and his name has been for many years kept standing in the chief market journals of all lands. He is 75 years old and a native of Oneida county. About 1878 he began buying peppermint oil of the farmers about Lyons, and in 1891 he abandoned a general store in Phelps, Ontario county, which he had been keeping, and thenceforth devoted himself to the peppermint oil business. There are two or three other dealers in Wayne county, which controls the market in this specialty, but Mr. Hotchkiss handles the bulk of the crop. The mint acreage of the county is about 4,000 acres, and the total product last year was worth about \$120,000. But it was a bad season; in a fairly good one the crop is worth \$200,000, which figure may perhaps be put down as the expense to the world of the colic. —Buffalo Courier.

The Circulation of the Thunderer.
The circulation of The London Times are now confined to clubs, hotels, restaurants, persons who hire it to read, a very limited class of business men, and families of exceptional affluence; but thousands coming under the latter head do not take it. It is no doubt always glanced over for a few persons actually read through its yards of print by the majority of peers and members of the house of commons. The effect of the new enfranchisement will be to diminish its influence still further, as the new voters know nothing of it. While, however, its circulation declines, or at best stagnates, it probably is as an advertisement medium more valuable than ever. The London morning paper having the widest circulation among the well-educated class is the conservative Standard. —Chicago Tribune.

Not Easily Caught on the Wing.
Instantaneous photography is not what it is cracked up to be, and although I have had occasion to investigate every plan or proposition that would give a rapid print or catch a notorious crook on the wing, I have never succeeded. The crooks are too slow to stand around while you square up your portable camera to catch their face, and they quickly turn their backs on you. No, these instantaneous cameras are good only where you are certain of light and have your objects at an exact distance to meet the requirements of your lens. Even then, with everything favorable, you can only catch a figure less than an inch high that can not be developed by the best photographers. —Henry Newbold, Police Photographer.

New York's Curious Cemetery.
New York has a curious little burial place called the "Marble Cemetery," which contains a large representation of the aristocracy of the city. It lies east of the bowery, comprises little more than half an acre, and its existence is unknown to the bulk of the inhabitants of the city. It does not contain a single grave, as all the interments are in subterranean vaults. The entire soil has been excavated and the vacancy filled with rows of vaults. These vaults are covered with a thin layer of soil which permits a full growth of grass and shrubs. The cemetery contains only the best families, and only the names of the old Knickerbockers appear. —Chicago Times.

A POLICEMAN.

ATLANTA, GA., Jan. 28, 1886.
Whenever I know of anything that needs to be service to my fellow-men, I desire to impart such information; hence I give the following facts to the public.

Mrs. M. M. Prince, living at 38 West Fair St., Atlanta, Ga., has been troubled for several months with an ugly form of catarrh, attended with a copious and offensive discharge from both nostrils. Her system became so affected and reduced that she was confined to bed at my house for some time, and I received the attention of three physicians; and I used a dozen bottles of an extremely advertised blood remedy, all without the least benefit. She finally commenced the use of B. B. B. with a decided improvement at once, and when ten bottles had been used, she was entirely cured of all symptoms of catarrh. It gave her an appetite, and increased her strength rapidly, and I cheerfully recommend it as a quick and cheap tonic and Blood Purifier. J. W. GLOBE, Policeman.

Was it Cancer?

I have been taking B. B. B. for six or seven weeks for something like cancer on my neck, and I would not take ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS for the benefit received. I had previously tried various so-called blood remedies, but B. B. B. is the best, the quickest and the cheapest blood purifier I ever used. I refer to any merchant of Griffin, Ga. J. H. BARNES, Griffin, Ga.

BOTH HANDS UP.

A Newsman Suddenly Raises His Hands for the First Time in Two Years.

Correspondence Atlanta Journal.
NEWTON, GA., June 10.—Mr. Jacob G. Spender an old and respected citizen of this place experienced a rather sudden change in his gestulative extremities lately. It seems that a little over two years ago Mr. Spender had a severe attack of rheumatism, his arms became useless, and, in fact, he could not raise his hands to his head until the other day, when he called on the druggist and obtained a preparation that acted like magic on him, for after taking the first bottle he could move his arms about; and when he had taken six bottles he was sound and well. Rev. W. W. Wads worth and our people generally who are familiar with the case almost swear by the wonderful remedy now. Mr. Spender said the medicine was called B. B. B.

Book of Wonders.

By addressing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., any one can secure free one of the prettiest and most valuable 32 page books now out. It tells all about the blood, its diseases and remedies—Scrofula, Ulcers, Rheumatism, Kidney Affections, Skin Disorders, &c., &c. Drop a postal for it at once.

BLOOD POISON.

Mr. A. P. W., of Hampton, Ga., has recently emerged from one of the most remarkable cases of Blood Poison on record. His body and limbs had no less than four hundred small ulcers—his bones, tormented him with pain—his appetite failed—his kidneys presented frightful symptoms—and all doctors and 100 bottles of the most popular Blood Poison remedy failed to give him any relief. He secured B. B. B. the concentrated quick cure, and five bottles healed the ulcers, relieved all pain, cured his kidneys, restored his appetite and made him a healthy and happy man.

Mr. Bosworth Interviewed.

From the Southern Clipper.
"Yes," said Mr. James L. Bosworth, an old Atlantan, "it was twelve years ago when I contracted a terrible case of blood poisoning. My affliction was truly horrible. I had no appetite, did not sleep well at night, my digestion was impaired, my throat was cancerized five times, and in fact I was a total wreck. I had been under the treatment of several of the leading physicians of Atlanta; tried nearly every blood remedy advertised; went to Hot Springs, receiving no benefit whatever."
"And you remained in this condition twelve years?" interrupted the Clipper man.
"Yes sir, and more than that. Three years ago I was laid up with rheumatism. My knees were drawn up in such a position that I could not leave my bed for months. My life became a lingering torture. A truly wonderful blood remedy was recommended, known as B. B. B. I used it, and, sir, 6 bottles cured me, and I really believe it to be the grandest and quickest blood remedy ever known."

SCROFULA.

Are any members of your family thus afflicted? Have they scrofulous swelling of the glands? Have they scrofulous sores or ulcers? If so and it should be neglected, the peculiar taint, or poison, may deposit itself in the substance of the lungs, producing consumption. Look well to the condition of your family, and if thus afflicted, give the proper remedy without delay. But that which makes absolute cures in the shortest space of time. The unerring finger of public opinion points to B. B. B. as the most wonderful remedy for scrofula ever known.
Ask your neighbors, ask your druggist, ask or write to those who give their certificates, and be convinced that B. B. B. is the quickest and most perfect Blood Purifier ever before known.

RHEUMATISM.

Although a practitioner of nearly twenty years, my mother-in-law was so tormented by B. B. B. for her. She had been confined to her bed several months with Rheumatism which had stubbornly resisted all the usual remedies. Within twenty-four hours after commencing B. B. B. I observed marked relief. She has just commenced her third bottle and is nearly as active as ever, and has been to the front yard with "rake in hand," cleaning up. Her improvement is truly wonderful and immensely gratifying.
G. H. MONROE, M. D.
Jacksonville, Ala., June 6, 1885.
Do not fail to send to B. B. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for a copy of their Book of Wonders, free.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.

BUGGIES and CARRIAGES, North Carolina Make

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WE CLAIM TO BE ABLE Compete Successfully, IN PRICES and QUALITY, WITH THE BEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE NORTH AND WEST.

For sale by A. C. Hutchison & Co., Charlotte, N. C., Van Gilder & Brown, Asheville, N. C., W. Smith & Co., Salisbury, N. C.

FOR DURABILITY, STYLE AND FINISH, WE ARE UNSURPASSED.

TYSON & JONES, Carthage, N. C.

HANAN'S WALKINGFAST.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE HANAN SHOE.
No. 51 & 53 Park Row, New York, Sept. 23, 1885.
Messrs. ROGERS, FOSTER & CO., Gentlemen: Having noticed in this morning's Sun your advertisement concerning the Hanan's Walkingfast shoe sold by you, I cannot refrain from expressing, unhesitatingly, my satisfaction with a pair which after a year's almost continuous wear, I am just about discarding. I had been accustomed to having my shoes made to order, paying from \$9 to \$12 a pair for the same. Last summer I mean a year ago, writing for a pair of shoes at short notice for a trip to the mountains. I stepped into your establishment and purchased a pair of Hanan's. For ease and comfort on long tramps in the country I have never had their equal on my feet while for durability they stand up as well as any shoe I have ever seen. They are made of the best material and the soles were made of stearic tallow. They have worn out the second sole and the uppers are still perfectly sound and whole. I am glad to add my testimony to their credit, hence, though a total stranger to the Hanan's or to any member of your firm, and you are as likely to make any use of this communication as you may see fit.
Respectfully Yours,
MORTIMER LIVINGSTON

A. E. RANKIN & BRO., Agents for Charlotte.

FOR THE CHRISTMAS TRADE.

We have the nicest line of FINE FRENCH CANDLES.

Nuts of all kinds, London Layer, Valencia and Seedless Raisins, Figs, Currants, Citrus, Cocomans.

Finest French Prunes

Put up in five pound Boxes

PRACH BLACKBERRY, QUINCE, DAMSON, PINEAPPLE and APRICOT FRUITERS.

A full line of HEAVY and FANCY GROCERIES. Call and examine our stock.

BARNETT & ALEXANDER'S.

Free delivery. Telephone call 81.

THIS PAPER

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA R. R. CO.

GENERAL PASSENGER OFFICE, SALISBURY, N. C., Jan. 16, 1886.

Commencing Sunday, January 17th, and superceding all others, the following Passenger Train schedule will be operated over this Road:

Table with columns: WEST, MAIN LINE, EAST. Rows for Salisbury, Statesville, Hickory, Morganton, Marion, Old Fort, Round Knob, Black Mountain, Asheville, Alexander's, Marshall, Warm Springs.

WEST, MURPHY DIVISION, EAST.

Table with columns: WEST, STATIONS, EAST. Rows for Asheville, Hontoy, Pigeon River, Waynesville, Hall, Sylva, Webster Station, Whitler, Charleston, Nantahala, Jarrett's.

Nos. 7 and 8 run daily, except Sunday. Round Knob is dinner station for train No. 2. W. A. TURK, A. G. P. A. V. E. McBRIDE, Superintendent.

RICHMOND AND DANVILLE RAILROAD.

Condensed Schedule.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Table with columns: January 18th, 1886, No. 61, No. 62. Rows for Leave Charlotte, Arrive Salisbury, High Point, Greensboro, Arrive Durham, Richmond, Danville, Lynchburg, Charlottesville, Alexandria, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns: January 18th, 1886, No. 60, No. 63. Rows for Leave New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Alexandria, Charlottesville, Lynchburg, Danville, Leave Richmond, Leave Goldsboro, Raleigh, Durham.

Leave Greensboro, High Point, Salisbury, Charlotte, Greensboro, Arrive Atlanta.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING SOUTH, No. 80, No. 81. Rows for Leave Greensboro, Arrive Salem.

GOING NORTH, No. 81, No. 82. Rows for Leave Salem, Arrive Greensboro.

STATE UNIVERSITY R. R.

GOING NORTH, No. 1, No. 2. Rows for Leave Chapel Hill, Arrive University.

GOING SOUTH, No. 2, No. 1. Rows for Leave University, Arrive Chapel Hill.

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE.

On trains 10 and 11, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between New York and Atlanta. On trains 12 and 13, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Washington and New Orleans. Pullman's Sleeper between Greensboro and Richmond. Through tickets on sale at principal stations, to all points. For rates and information apply to W. A. MOODY, Agent, or E. B. THOMAS, A. G. P. A. C. W. CRANE, General Manager. Atl. Gen. Pass. Agent. Richmond, Va.

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