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Scandal.

Woman to the holy father went, Confession of sin was her intent; Her indiscretions, great and small, He humbly rehearsed them all; And, chosen in her catalogue of sin, She owned that she a tale-bearer had been, And borne a bit of scandal up and down To all the long-tongued gossips in the town. The holy father for her other sin Granted the absolution asked of him; But a little for all the rest he pardon gave, He told her this offense was very grave, And that to do it penance, she must go by the way-side where the thistles grow. And gathering the largest, ripest one, Scatter the seeds, and when this was done, She must come back again another day, To tell him his command she did obey. The woman, thinking this a penance light, Resolved to do his will that very night, And, when the sun had set, she slipped away, Next day she went to the priest to tell; The priest sat still and heard her story through, Then said, "There's something still for you to do; The thistles seed which you have sown, Had you gone gathered every one, The woman said, "But, Father 't would be vain To try to gather up those seed again; The winds have scattered them both fat and wide Over the meadow, vale and mountain-side. The father answered, "Now I hope that you to do; The lesson I have taught, you will not miss; You cannot gather back the scattered seeds, Which far and wide will grow to noxious weeds, For on the mischief once by scandal sown, By any penance be again undone." —Mary E. C. Johnson.

The Proposed Panama Ship-Railway.

The St. Louis *Expositor* and *Importer* has taken pains to get from several engineers of high standing an opinion as to the feasibility of the ship-railway project for the Isthmus of Darien, set forth in the communication of Captain Eads already placed before the readers of this paper. Chief Engineer Claute, of the Erie road, writes that he had already given considerable attention to the scheme, arriving at conclusions almost identical with those of Captain Eads as to its feasibility and general features. He would, however, double the number of wheels proposed for each cradle, so as to give an average load of five tons to each wheel, instead of the cradle, ship, and machinery (say 10,000 tons in all) on 500 trucks of 4 wheels each. To carry these wheels he proposes eight parallel tracks, 13 feet between centers, or 96 feet over all; the cradle to be 500 feet long, 50 feet high, and 4 feet wide, with a total base of about 110 feet. Instead of the 500 foot cradles suggested by Captain Eads, Mr. Claute would make the turntable a part of the cradle by giving the trucks a transverse motion, at right angles to the axis of the cradle, sufficient to enable them to assume the proper position on the chord subtending the curves adopted, for a length equal to that of the cradle. Grades of one per cent. would have to be adopted, and with a railway 60 miles long a steamer could be transferred from ocean to ocean in 12 hours by the employment of about 8,000 horse power. The cost of working should not be over one-fourth of a cent a ton a mile, the weight of the vessel and cradle being included, for three-fourths of a cent a ton a mile on the contents. Even at half the traffic estimated by the canal commission the road would pay handsomely. Mr. Claute thought the only objection in doubt was one of finance. A grand undertaking it would be by no means a difficult one, and the estimate of Captain Eads, \$50,000,000, would fully cover the outlay. The enterprise would most undoubtedly pay. The canal would make the handling of shipping comparatively easy. At Aspinwall, with a tidal variation of about 18 feet, the entire lift would have to be made by supplied power. A caisson on an inclined plane would probably be the

best form of lifting dock. He would hang the ship in the cradle in flexible slings composed of woven bands of steel wire rope, 3 feet wide and 1 inch thick. These slings would be connected with the cross heads of a number of hydrostatic presses placed along the cradle and connected by a pipe common to all, so that the ship would be always carried on an even keel, the same as though floating in a caisson. Ten parallel tracks, of 3 feet gauge, rails not less than 6 inches high, and tracks 10 feet apart, would be needed. This would give a total wheel base of 93 feet by, say, 400 feet for the largest cradle. Assuming a maximum load of 9,500 tons, 432 trucks, or 1,728 wheels, would be needed—a result substantially in accordance with that arrived at by Mr. Claute.

As a method of supplying power for the transportation of the cradle, Mr. Smith suggests the Belgium wire rope towage system. If possible, level grades should be carried up to the base of the summit hills, and then by concentrating all the grades at one point the cradles could be moved over the summit by powerful stationary engines. If the summit can be passed, however, with a maximum grade of 20 feet per mile, then movable engines, drawing the cradles and themselves by steel wire towlines, laid in the middle of each track, and passing over and grasped by "Fowler clip pulleys" attached to each engine, will be the most economical method of locomotion in all probability. The power needed to transport the greatest load, with curves of 12,000 feet radius and grades of 20 feet per mile, would be 200,000 horsepower, requiring steel ropes of 14 inch diameter each. However, as these would form a costly part of the outfit, the relative economy between this system and that of the locomotive engine, for this peculiar service, can only be determined by exact calculations.

Mr. Henry Flat, C. E., writes that he has taken pains to inform himself in regard to the surveys and estimates for ship-canals across the Isthmus, and has carefully estimated the cost of construction, maintenance, and operation of a ship railroad. Briefly stated, his opinion is as follows: 1. That the first cost of the construction of a ship railroad will not be one-fourth of that of a ship canal. 2. That a ship railroad can be constructed in probably one-third of the time required to construct a ship canal. 3. That ships can be transferred on such a railroad with absolute safety, and with the same dispatch as through a ship canal. 4. That the cost of maintenance will be less for the railroad than for the canal. 5. That although the cost of transferring ships by ship railroad will exceed that of passing them through a ship canal, the difference will be insignificant compared with the saving of interest on the first cost. 6. That the ship railroad will therefore offer a better and safer investment for capital.

The unanimity of these experienced and able engineers with regard to the feasibility and economy of a ship railroad for the Isthmus is, to say the least, noteworthy and encouraging. Like all grand undertakings it presents an almost inexhaustible field for engineering skill and inventive talent; and it is gratifying to see that American engineers are so prompt to grapple with the novel difficulties presented. The recent arrest and binding over to the Superior Court of Wake county of two United States deputy marshals who were charged, we believe, with assaulting Mrs. Leopold, is made to do duty in the columns of the *New York Times* as "an array of assertion of States Rights by North Carolina." Poor little Mrs. Leopold—she will hardly know herself, we fear, when she discovers that, in addition to the other favors that have arisen because of her, she also figures in a *cause celebre* where North Carolina arrogantly asserts States Rights, and treason rears its hideous head. —Raleigh Observer.

There is hardly a lawyer, we take it, who will not agree in some sense with the writer of the communication above, himself evidently a sufferer, and it will be clear that the country must be cleared of the regulations if they are ever improved. Layman as we are, we confess that we are not altogether clear upon the exact character of the change demanded. Will not some one, between now and the time for the meeting of the Legislature next year, provide some suggestion which will meet the requirements of the case?

STILL WORSE FOR CETYWATO.—London, Sept. 4.—A dispatch to the *Times* from Durban says a cavalry reconnaissance has blown up King Cetywato's powder magazine, ten miles from his new kraal. Messengers from Cetywato met Sir Garnet Wolseley, August 12th, saying that the king was willing to submit to pay the taxes, but that the country must be cleared of British soldiers. The messengers were informed that Cetywato was no longer king, and that he must surrender unconditionally.

A peculiar and fatal accident occurred at Grafton, N. Y. As William Jacobs was mowing in a meadow he suddenly disturbed a nest of hornets. As he turned to run from their attack his foot was caught in the grass and he fell across the sharp edge of the scythe, receiving such a terrible cut in the right leg that he bled to death before medical assistance could be summoned. He leaves a wife and two small children.

A Harvest of Death.

A TERRIBLE DISEASE, SOMEWHAT RESEMBLING TYPHOID FEVER, RAVAGING GEORGIA COUNTIES.

Special to the Atlanta Constitution. Yorkville, Ga., September 7.—For the past month there has been a fearful disease raging in Polk, Paulding and Harrison counties. The physicians are baffled, and the people are dying with unusual rapidity in this famously healthy section. I asked several physicians what the disease is, and they all say they do not know. One thing is certain: it is fearfully fatal and continues to spread. One very strange circumstance is that it attacks young men alone. But one old man has yet died. Over fifty young men in the full flush of manhood and strength have fallen victims to the terrible disease. It appears to be a sort of epidemic typhoid fever, but has several symptoms different from those of the regular typhoid fever. As I write Clarke White, is being buried, and I saw his corpse. He suffered terribly, and just before he died the blood oozed out of his mouth and ears. His tongue turned very black and swelled terribly. The disease is fearfully fatal. I know one prominent physician who had twenty-nine cases and not one recovered, though all received the most careful treatment. The people here are justly terrified at the ravages of this fearful malady. God knows what it is, but it is causing sorrow in many a household and spreading fear throughout the neighborhood from which I write. Physicians hope that the approaching cool weather will check it.

New York, Sept. 11.—A Special from Atlanta says the reports of a fatal fever raging in the counties of Polk, Paulding and Harrison, have not been overdrawn. Within a few days 50 men have died in an exclusively rural population, mostly young men. Those attacked by it suffer horribly, the tongue turning black and swelling to double its size and blood oozing from the mouth and ears. After death the bodies become spotted and discolored. One physician reports twenty-nine cases under treatment—not one has recovered. The course of the disease is run in a few days. The greatest alarm and distress prevail and the disease is steadily spreading. Physicians pronounce it the spotted typhus fever.

THE BOY BURN-BURNER.—The boy stood on the back-yard fence, whence all but him had fled; the flames that lit his father's barn shone just above the shed. One bunch of crackers in his hand, two others in his hat, with piteous accents he cried, "I never thought of that!" A bunch of crackers to the tail of one small dog he'd tied; the dog in anguish sought the barn and mid its ruins died. The sparks flew wild and red and hot, they lit upon that brat; they fired the crackers in his hand and eke those in his hat. Then came a burst of rattling sound—the boy! Where was he gone? Ask of the winds that far around strewn bits of meat and bone, scraps of cloth and balls and tops and nails and hooks and yarn, the relics of the dreadful boy that burned his fathers barn.

THE HOOD CHILDREN.—OFFERS TO ADOPT THEM.—The Mayor has received two communications from correspondents each desiring to adopt one of the Hood children. The applications will be forwarded to Capt. Isaac Flower. Administrator Isaacson has also expressed a wish to adopt one of the orphans.

In view of these circumstances and in view of the probability of a large fund being raised for their support, the children of the dead chieftain will never come to want.

The commissioner of Indian affairs has received from the agent at Fort Berthold agency a sample of oats raised by the Indians on that reservation weighing thirty-four pounds to the bushel. The agent states that these Indians have raised forty-five acres of the oats this season, with an average yield of forty bushels to the acre.

It is supposed that the first gain of the campaign was Sprague's.—*Derrick*.

During the past week, not including Saturday, the Treasury Department paid out \$63,905 in standard silver dollars.

Hints in Road Making.

There is no class of the community that is more affected by the condition of highways than farmers. Upon them are transported whatever surplus products the farm affords, and upon them the farmer depends for his opportunities to pass from one neighborhood to another. Now, so far as the transportation of heavy loads is concerned, the amount that can be transported bears a direct proportion to the condition of the road-bed, and its declivity; both of which may be combined to greatly reduce the load, or either alone may be the means of measuring the load that can easily pass along without serious hindrances. Aside from that class of obstacles which may be properly considered as unsurmountable, in all cases roads should be improved in every possible direction, and by all practical means.

Other things being equal, the more firm the road bed, the better it is for travel, and also, the better for conveying loads. But very frequently the road passes over such a variety of soils, even in moderate distances, as to present a variable surface; wherever such cases occur they can be amended by artificial means, that is, if a portion should be sandy, by the addition of a little dry or compact earth, its condition will be changed so as to make it much harder and better able to sustain a load. Atmospheric conditions may, also, very materially affect temporarily the surface of a traveled road, aside from these changes occasioned by frost, thus a clayey road which would be rendered exceedingly muddy after a severe shower, would be very much improved by the use of sand and gravel. Where the soil is inclined to moisture, a partial system of underdrainage will not only prevent mud at the time of showers, but will also very much assist in maintaining a good condition when frost is coming out in the Spring, which otherwise would render it impassable.

As a general rule, in the repair, saying nothing of the construction of roads, too little regard is paid to the material employed; it is entirely wrong to make use of vegetable matter that is subject to decay and change, for although when in a dry state it may be passable upon a road, when wet by means of rain and showers, it occasions slough holes of mud. It is better for the farmer, and certainly better for the road, to have sods growing in the ditches conveyed to the farm yard and used for composting rather than have them used in any repairs. Where it can be obtained under ordinary circumstances, a gravelly loam will make a good average road-bed, and will become so compacted as to form a comparatively hard and smooth traveling path and is the material which should be used. It is no uncommon thing to see upon a much traveled road at some point, a short distance that is extremely bad under nearly all circumstances and which remains the same year after year for want of application of a few common ideas in the matter of repairs. —New England Farmer.

KILLED IN A BATH.—In New York, Monday afternoon, Theodore Scripper, a prosperous business man, accompanied by two friends, went to a bathing house for a bath. He poised himself on the rear platform, placed his hands behind his back and dived down, head foremost. In place of giving his body a slanting position when he struck the surface of the water he let himself descend in a plumb line, the consequence being that his head struck with force against the solid plank bottom, inflicting injuries from which he died in a short time. His neck was dislocated.

How Long Can a Man Live?

How long a man can live is a question that has been widely discussed. Americans are generally reckoned to be short lived, compared with European nations, and they may have been in the past; but they are steadily gaining in respect of age, as their material conditions improve and the laws of health are better understood and observed. Several instances have been recorded recently of persons in this vicinity who have died at 107, 108, and even 110. It is claimed, however, by men who have paid special attention to longevity, that there is no well accredited instances of any man or woman living beyond 108—that that is the maximum possibility of human endurance. It is more reasonable to suppose that there is a mistake in calculation than that the mentioned limit has been exceeded. In Europe it is a subject of dispute as to what nation lives longest. The distinction has been claimed in turn by the English, French, Germans, Spanish, Italians, and Russian. Late statistics prove that the number of people in Europe who are upwards of 90 years old is 102,831, of whom more than 60,000 are women. Of these beyond 100, there are 241 women and 161 men in Italy, 229 women and 183 men in Austria, and 526 women and 524 men in Hungary. The per-

centage of old people is found to be much higher among the Germans than the Slavs. Investigation appears to show that human life has been lengthening in the last twenty years throughout the civilized world.

More Trappists Coming.

The Trappist order of monks have bought a large tract of land in Western Pennsylvania for the purpose of establishing a monastery. This community, according to the *Eco d'Italia*, consists of 200 monks from France, Ireland and Turkey. They are artisans, scientists, mechanics, agriculturists, artists, architects, lawyers and physicians, some of whom attained distinction in their native countries. They will themselves build their monastery. The Trappist is the most austere of all the monastic orders. They rise from bed at 2 o'clock in the morning, dedicate twelve hours of the day to reflection and prayer, and the rest to severe labor, especially in the fields. No conversation is permitted with one another or strangers. They salute each other with the exclamation, "Remember death." They drink only water and eat only vegetables. They sleep on a table, with a pillow of straw, and never undress, even when sick. There are monasteries of the same order at New Haven in Kentucky; at New Melery in Iowa, and at Tracadie in Nova Scotia. Most of the members of this ascetic organization are persons who, for one cause or another, have become disgusted with the world, and have determined to pass the rest of their days in seclusion and in contemplative repose. They renounce the battle of life, separate themselves entirely from temporal affairs, and concentrate all their thoughts on death and eternity. It is an institution favoring more of the Middle Ages than of modern times.

Predictions About 1880 to 1887.

In a pamphlet recently published, the author, Prof. Grimm, asserts: "From 1880 to 1887 will be one universal carnival of death." Asia will be depopulated, Europe nearly so, America will lose fifteen million people. Besides plague, we are to have storms and tidal waves, mountains are to "toss their heads through the choicest valleys," navigators will be lost by thousands, owing to the capricious deflexures of the magnetic needle, and islands will appear and disappear in mid-ocean. All the beasts, birds and fishes will be diseased, famine and civil strife will destroy most of the human beings left alive by the plague; and finally, "two years of fire"—from 1885 to 1888—will rage with fury in every part of the globe. In 1888 the "Star of Bethlehem" will reappear in the Cassiopeia's Chair," the immediate results being universal war and portentous floods and shipwrecks. North America is again to be involved in civil war, unless a "Napoleon arises to quell it; but during these terrible days the Pacific States will be a perfect Paradise of Peace compared with the hellish strife that will be waging throughout the world." The few people that may manage to survive till 1887 will have reason to be thankful.

A FAMILY POISONED.—On Tuesday the family of Dr. John Hay Williams, of this place, himself included, was poisoned by drinking at breakfast some sweet milk, milked on the night before. With the exception of two persons, who did not drink the milk, the whole family was made deathly sick, as if from a poisonous dose of tartar emetic. Dr. Williams cannot explain the affair, there having been no apparent possibility of poison being placed in the milk, other than it must have resulted from something eaten by the cow. All parties had recovered yesterday, but the doctor, to test the matter drank of the milk again yesterday morning, though not of the same milking. —*Asheville Citizen*.

THE NEW "ANNIHILATOR."

Bright and early, before one tenth of the citizens of Detroit had shaken off the effects of the glorious Fourth, Professor James K. P. Burlingame made his appearance on several streets

in Detroit almost at the same moment. You would have known him to be a professor, even if you had seen him tangled up with a butcher-cart. That tall plug hat, carrying the stains of years—that linen duster girted at the waist—his long hair hanging down to keep his shoulders warm, was a dead give-away on his title. The Professor came here to dispose of individual rights to use his "Fly Annihilator," and he didn't let thoughts of the next Presidential election set him down on a bench. His piccolo voice inquired of a woman at the front door of a house on Congress street east: "Madame, have you ten seconds to spare this morning?" "No, sir," was the prompt reply. "Very well, then; you will miss seeing my Fly Annihilator," he remarked, as he walked off. "Thousands have missed it, to their everlasting sorrow—thousands have accepted it and been made happy for life."

"It's some kind o' pizen?" she called after him down the street. "Warranted free from all drugs or chemicals dangerous to the human system, and recommended to people troubled with sleeplessness," he called back, as he briskly retraced his steps. "I've got screens in every window and yet the flies get in," she continued, as he opened his satchel on the steps. "Of course they do—of course. A fly is like a human being. Bar him out, and he is seized with a desire to get in at any price. Tell him he can't and he will or break his neck. Fling away your screens and depend entirely on my fly annihilator, warranted to kill on sight, and can be worked by a child four years old. This is the application."

He took from his satchel an eight-ounce bottle filled with a dark liquid and provided with a small brush, and holding it up continued: "One twenty-five-cent bottle does for twenty doors, and I give you directions how to make all you want. No poison here—nothing to trol little children up to the cemetery?" "Why, you don't put in on the flies, do you?" she asked. "Not altogether, madam. Any child can use it, as I said before. Just watch me a moment." He swung the front door open, and with the brush applied the mixture to the back edge, giving it a thin coat from top to bottom. "Now then," he said, as he swung it back, "flies like sweet. This mixture is sweet. The fly alights on the door and you swing it shut, and he is jammed against the casing and crushed in an instant. Every door is capable of killing 1,000 flies per day. If you have twelve doors, your aggregate of dead flies will be exactly 12,000. When you have crushed about 2,000 on a door, take an old knife and scrape them off, and begin over again."

"Do you suppose—" began the indignant woman, but he interrupted with: "Don't suppose anything about it, except that it will mash flies and never miss. All you have to do is to open every door, apply the mixture and shut them in succession. If you have twelve doors and twelve children, you leave it all to the children. And only twenty-five cents a bottle."

"Do you suppose I want my doors daubed with flies and molasses?" she made a cuff at the bottle. "Just as you prefer, madam," he quietly replied. "Some do and some don't. Some won't have it at any price, and others even set up extra doors in the back yard in order to use lots of it. I'll warrant this liquid to draw 'em, if you'll only open and shut the doors."

"I won't buy it—I won't have it!" she shouted, as she jammed the broom against the door. "Very well, madam—very well. If you prefer a fly on your nose to one on the door I can raise no objections. Remember, however, that this is my farewell tour previous to appearing before the crowded heads of Europe, and you will not have another chance to secure the annihilator. All you have to do is to take your sewing or

your lap and open and shut the door at regular intervals. If my husband was here he'd— He'd buy the right for this country and make \$20,000 in two months; but as he is not here, we'll bid you good day and pass on. Sorry, madam, but some folks prefer to kill their flies with a pitchfork, and the man with pitchforks will call here in fifteen minutes."

Recent Industrial Progress.

Speaking of the revival of industry that has taken place since preparations for the resumption of specie payments were begun in the spring of 1877, Secretary Sherman said, in a recent speech: "In the production and manufacture of cotton the progress during the past four years has been unexampled, showing an increase of 30 per cent. The increase in the number of bales taken within the last two years over the two preceding years is 417,517, or more than 14 per cent. The present cotton year, ending in September, will show a more rapid rate of increase. The number of spindles has increased from 7,114,000 in 1870, to about 10,500,000 in 1878, an increase of over 47 per cent. The woolen manufacturing industry has recently received a strong impetus, which in a few weeks sent the price of wool 20 per cent. and greatly encouraged the business of wool growing, and started many of the woolen manufacturing plants that had been lying idle. The production of breadstuffs and meats has been enormously increased within the last year or two, and a ready market has been found for the surplus production. The net increase in pork packing is 38 per cent. The increase in beef production has been constant and progressive, stimulated by prices that have scarcely declined during the past two years. There has been a marked revival in the iron trade during the last two years. In 1878 the production of pig iron in this country reached its maximum, amounting to 2,868,278 tons. Under the influence of the panic it fell off to 2,093,298 tons in 1876. In 1877 it increased to 2,314,585 tons, and in 1878 to 2,577,861 tons. This year, it is believed, the production of iron will be as great as that of the most prosperous year in the history of this product."

The Red Spider of Roses.

H. M. Hill, Clancy, Montana, sends us a specimen of his roses, the leaves of which are seared and yellow, and asks the cause and cure. A careful examination shows that the plants have suffered from what is commonly known as the red spider (*Tetranychus telarius*). It is a true mite and not a spider, though belonging to the same subclass. Among the mites we find many species, some beneficial to many others noxious. In a list of the former we may mention the locust mite (*Trombidium locustarium*, Riley), which preys upon both the locust and its eggs. It is an important auxiliary in checking the multiplication of the Rocky Mountain locust. Another species (*Tropidion Americanum*, Riley) preys upon the Colorado potato beetle while still another (*Trombidium muscarum*, Riley) infests, in the larva state, the common house fly.

Among the noxious species are the tick mite, the figger or harvest mite of the more Southern States (*Uropoda Americanus*, Riley), and the one at present under consideration, the red spider. A curious fact in the life history of this tiny creature is that they are born with but six legs, though in the adult state they have eight.

The red spider, which is such a pest to the florist, thoroughly dislikes water. It cannot thrive in a humid atmosphere nor on plants often drenched with water. On the other hand it multiplies rapidly in a dry air, so that some florists consider it a certain evil that their plants are not receiving sufficient water when the spider appears. Drench the leaves of infested plants often in water in which is a little white soap. See that every leaf is thoroughly moistened, and repeat the sprinkling frequently according as the weather is hot and dry, and the pest will soon disappear. It is but on vines and shade trees only in the hot, dry weather of midsummer, and needs most watching there. *Scientific American*.

Kind words never die, and they are most fitting to be used in the presence of an old man, with white hair. —N. O. Pic.

We know a girl who will waste with a sweet smile in the hot sun for hours and not complain. But just ask her to hold on to the wooden end of a broom for a few minutes and she'll have a "South Carolina's model" postmaster. Fred Nix, who has just been appointed at Blackville. He has posted up the following notice on the postoffice door: "Post Office—Any one that wants to mail letters can sleep them under the door other conveniences will be made to-morrow."