

ANOTHER POMPEII.

A Volcano of Plume Rolls Over the Great White City.

THE WORLD'S FAIR BUILT OUT.

A magnificent but terrifying spectacle.

Chicago, January 9. The liberal arts building, the largest structure in the world, together with nearly all the main buildings constituting the world-famed "White City," were destroyed by fire last night.

The fire started in the Casino, just east of the agricultural building and south of the peristyle, and rapidly spread to the other buildings.

Directly past the scene of the great fire of the cold storage warehouse, hundreds of spectators hurried from trains into the celebrated court of honor. There, suddenly, the configuration came into view. Whirlwinds of blazing embers were being carried from the end of the court building, from the administration building, high over the liberal arts building.

The great golden statue of the republic could be seen lifting for liberty cap defiantly aloft through the clouds of smoke and flames. The fire had been burning less than an hour when a thunderous crash of falling timber and a tremendous shout from the crowd announced the collapse of the peristyle. A moment later, another terrific yell from the liberal arts building had caught fire and the whole exposition was threatened.

A dramatic incident marked the destruction of the peristyle. One of the leaders bearing a group of firemen fell with the columns, and one of the heroes fell from the top of the white marble structure. The firemen were suffering injuries more or less severe.

The sky was livid, brilliant at times, with falling sparks, showering the roofs of the art palace, women's building, and the various state structures with fire. Every moment added to the thousands who beheld the scene, and but for the terrifying spectacle and the danger to life and property, it seemed as if the greatest gala night of the World's Fair was on in all its glory.

A BRUTAL MURDER.

A German and His Wife Killed and Their Homes Filled.

BARRETT, O., January 14.—Henry Saner, a respectable German and his wife were murdered last night in their home, near Pinchotown, four miles north, and their son is missing. Their barn was burned and the house had been set on fire, but neighbors arrived in time to extinguish the blaze. Mr. and Mrs. Saner lay full length on the kitchen floor. Their clothing was burned from their bodies, having been saturated with oil. The neighbors put out the blaze and saved the bodies and the house from destruction. The floor was covered with blood which ebbed from eight bullet holes in the left side of Mrs. Saner's head and from a wound caused by a heavy blow in the back of Mr. Saner's head. A visit to the fire at the barn revealed nothing except burnt carcasses of horses and other stock. Many suppose the boy was burned in the barn. The coroner soon arrived and Saner's pocketbook, containing \$326, was found. It is believed the entire family was murdered and that robbery was the object.

HOWARD'S JAIL LIFE.

He Sings the Popular Songs of the Day.

JACKSON, TEX., January 15.—Rev. G. F. B. Howard, of claim agency fame, is still at the county jail. He has the freedom of the corridors, and his wife spends the days with him. He has plenty of opportunity to converse with his witnesses who are confined in court awaiting the special term of the federal court in February. The government is getting its evidence ready by that time. Howard seems cheerful, and hums the popular airs of the day as he walks up and down the jail corridor. A great many visitors apply for admission but the sheriff only admits members of his family. It is said Howard will write a book on his life.

Make Good Farm Labor.

RALEIGH, N. C., January 15.—Superintendent Leazar, of the penitentiary, says that the products from the five state farms this season were 1,190 large bales of cotton, 50,000 bushels of corn, 12,500 bushels of peanuts and 3,000 bushels of wheat. Freshets caused heavy losses of some crops. Superintendent Leazar says that the trouble has been that the acreage of land in cultivation has not been large enough and so he is increasing it 30 per cent this year. One thousand acres are in wheat. He asserts that there is no better way of employing negro convicts than on a farm.

RALEIGH, N. C., January 12.—In the superior court here Judge Hoke ordered a verdict of "not guilty" in a case where a man was indicted for obtaining a marriage license for a girl fifteen years old. The court decided that it is not a punishable offense to obtain a license for a girl over fourteen years of age.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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Sheep Sleep in the Hotel and the Houses Are Doing Badly.

Town Was Once Healthy and Prosperous—Built by William Zane, a Wealthy Philanthropist, the Town Once Became Extinct.

One cannot look with anything like regret upon the ruin and desolation that is making itself manifest every year in the beautiful city of Knotwell, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. One hundred and twenty-four miles from St. Louis, on a sunny southern slope of the Ozarks, overlooking the picturesque valley where the Beaver and Little Pine ripple tranquilly through rich farming lands, this decaying town stands. Twenty-five neat little cottages, five pretentious dwellings, a hotel, a mammoth storehouse, with public hall; a splendid smelting works, with ore sheds, office building, coal houses, a pretty little church—all stand silent and tenantless. The "Frisco" trains no longer stop there; they do not even stir the solitude with a whistle as they rush past.

About twenty years ago William James, a wealthy and philanthropic gentleman, for whom St. James, Mo., is named, in company with James Lunn, conceived the idea of building a smelter and surrounding it with a little town, with all modern conveniences, for the benefit of their works. The work was pushed and the smelter built at a large outlay. The storehouse, public hall, cottages and every building erected were substantially done. These residences were supplied with clear, cold water, brought from a spring one and a half miles up the mountain into a brick and cement reservoir, from which pipes were run into every house and regular hydrants supplied. Charcoal ranges were placed in the kitchens of the cottages and everything done that could be devised for the comfort of employees' families, not omitting a church and schoolhouse, large storehouse, public hall and free library.

The works started up in 1875 with two hundred men employed in smelting, mining ore and cutting wood and making it into charcoal for the works. There was taken from the Crimmons' ore bank, on Deaver creek, and for a time things went swimmingly. The town was in a healthy, happy and prosperous condition and was named Ozark. The smelter was known as the Ozark Iron works. Fully fifteen thousand acres of timberland were bought for the plant and for nearly two miles in three directions one can see where the oaks were cut away and find relics of the coal pits in which the wood was charred as fuel for the smelter and cabins of the workmen.

When two years had passed and Ozark began to be known in the world and envied, the ore gave out where an exhaustless deposit was supposed to exist. This was a calamity unexpected by the proprietors, and finding small deposits within a reasonable distance from the works, but were soon compelled to go to remote points for ore. Most of it was brought from a mine on the Cuba branch, a distance of forty-six miles by rail, which added to the cost of production of pig iron to such an extent that profits became infinitesimal for a time and disappeared, leaving the works running at a loss. During all this time the proprietors of the Ozark Iron works had experts prospecting for ore in the locality of their plant, but without success. After working and hoping for years, sinking money all the time, the seal of doom was set upon the little city on the mountain side that started out under promise of perpetual prosperity, peace and plenty. Mr. James was forced into bankruptcy, compelled to sacrifice his magnificent home and immense hay farms at St. James and begin to look around to save the remnants of his fortune, while James Dunn struggled a little longer with Ozark. Finally the fires were put out, the works closed and nothing was left to show for the million expended except the plant, which finally passed into the hands of a rich Hebrew in New York for a mere song.

This was ten years ago; and there it remains, deserted and decaying, a mark for the vandal, who has done his best to leave his impress upon the property. Every window is broken in the building and most of the sashes are smashed in. The steps have been torn away from the cottages, while brush and scrub oak almost hide them and the church from view. Sheep make their winter quarters in the hotel and the little ground-squirrels scamper through the empty houses. The water still passes into the reservoir, but the cement has crumbled away and it filters through the cracks and drips down over the bluff by the railroad. The cows are gone from the little church, while nude pictures and vile, obscene pencilling, profane the walls, as I emphasize the work of "vandalism. The present owner, who is said to have a love for ruins, cannot be induced to sell the buildings nor part with the smelting works, the agent of the plant, N. L. Knotwell, a hotel-keeper at Newberry, some time ago named the place after himself and put J. A. Chambers in charge of the ruins. "Knotwell" is a very appropriate name, sure enough, as one views the surroundings and considers the history that lies behind this peopleless place, fast disintegrating as the seasons come and go.—Chicago News.

"Wonder of Wonders."

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MARRIED THEM ALL.

Singular Matrimonial Adventure of a Pennsylvania Man.

For Sisters Success to the Woman's Choice—A Divorce Follows Each of the First Three, But Happiness Comes in the Last Venture.

Living in the mountains of this county is a family with a singular history in a matrimonial way. The father owns a little farm and four daughters, or did own the latter. A man named Phillips about fifteen years ago married the eldest of these daughters, and after a few years of married life the lady ran away with the husband's sworn enemy. He procured a divorce from her and wooed the second sister and took her home; but the next day the woman turned up at home and said she wouldn't live with Phillips, and after a time succeeded in getting legally free from him.

Then the third sister, undaunted by what had gone before, married the husband of her two sisters. Soon after this the fellow was sent to the penitentiary for an offense that kept him there three years, and when he came out he found that his wife's fickle fancy had strayed while he was absent and had fixed itself upon a neighbor, John Callahan. By law she was entitled to a divorce from her husband, as he was a convicted felon, so getting it, she married her lover.

In the meantime the first wife had found that the man with whom she had eloped would not marry her after Phillips had divorced her and returned home. Then Mrs. Callahan wandered back to her husband, for her husband number two would not support her. So in this way the old man had once more his four daughters in his hands and Phillips was still free.

The youngest daughter was now about eighteen, and she also fell a victim to the fascination the man Phillips appears to have exerted over them all at first, and becoming infatuated with him, consented to marry him. Phillips went to the father for the fourth time to ask for a daughter's hand and was told that he might have her on condition that he kept her.

Phillips promised that the ceremony was to take place the following night, when the ex-wives, growing jealous, armed themselves and swore that the marriage should never take place; so Phillips rode to town and swore out a warrant against the sisters, telling of their threats. The women were sworn then to keep the peace, but Phillips thought it prudent, however, to run away with his bride to Kentucky and marry her there. This time his venture seems to have terminated happily, for he has three children and is prospering.—Philadelphia Times.

THE MANCHESTER CANAL.

It May Not Prove a Financial Success.

Canal building is not all that it is cracked up to be. The people of Manchester have got their canal, but they are going to experience no little trouble in making it work. It looks as if the big work might yet turn out a white elephant on their hands. Ocean freights to Manchester, owing to the two days' additional time consumed in going through the canal, are six shillings per ton higher than to Liverpool, and between this fact and the lower railroad freight rates to be established between Liverpool and the manufacturing centers, together with the increased charges to be levied on freights from Manchester, it is expected that the canal may be rendered financially unprofitable. It is furthermore promised that the authorities of Liverpool will reduce their dock charges, and the transatlantic liners, whose material interests are also more or less involved in the continued preeminence of Liverpool as a seaport, may be relied upon in case of need to join in the rate war. The canal enterprise may survive and ride victoriously over all of these obstacles, but it is evident that its promoters have overcome the engineering difficulties of constructing the work only to find other equally formidable hindrances to contend with.—Toronto World.

Senator Hoar as a Wit.

Senator Hoar has a rather droll wit and has been known to say things upon occasion. Some one once asked him about a young man said to be from his city who was just then occupying a prominent pew in the amen corner of the public press throughout the country. "Why, no," the senator said, "he can't be from my town. I know about everybody there; I never heard of anybody there; I never heard of him before." As the other urged positively to the contrary the old gentleman reflectively admitted that "when he must be a young man of purely national reputation; he has no local status at all."

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SOUTHERN INDUSTRIES. Report of the Situation for the Week Ending January 2, 1894.

In its review of the industrial situation in the South for the week ending January 2, the Tennessean reports that the cotton crop in that section is generally good, but that the market is not so active as it was some time ago. The iron and steel industry is also reported to be in a somewhat better position than it was some time ago.

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