

THIS PAPER is published every evening, Sundays excepted by JOSH T. JAMES, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. SUBSCRIPTIONS POSTAGE PAID: One year \$4.00. Six months, \$2.00. Three months, \$1.00; One month, 35 cents. The paper will be delivered by carriers free of charge, in any part of the city, at the above rates, or 10 cents per week. Advertising rates low and liberal. Subscribers will report any and all failures to receive their paper regularly.

The Daily Review has the largest circulation of any newspaper published in the city of Wilmington.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET. Election Tuesday, Nov. 4.

FOR PRESIDENT: GROVER CLEVELAND, of New York.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT: THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, of Indiana.

FOR GOVERNOR: ALFRED M. SCALES, of Guilford.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR: CHARLES M. STEDMAN, of New Hanover.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE: WILLIAM L. SAUNDERS, of Wake.

FOR STATE TREASURER: DONALD W. BAIN, of Wake.

FOR AUDITOR: W. P. ROBERTS, of Gates.

FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL: THEODORE F. DAVIDSON, of Buncombe.

COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION: S. M. FINGER, of Catawba.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE SUPREME COURT: A. S. MERRIMON, of Wake.

FOR ELECTORS-AT-LARGE: W. H. KITCHEN, JOHN N. STAPLES.

Mary Anderson's photographs have for some time had a wider sale in England than those of any other actress.

General Albert Pike, the eminent Free Mason, who has been sick for some time, is in better health.

Henry Villard was given a complimentary dinner by English admirers in London the other day.

A Louisville gentleman caught a severe cold while reading about the hardships of the Polar expedition.

Among other noted men, Thomas F. Bayard, David Davis, Hugh J. Jewett and Allen G. Thurman all have very large mouths.

General Robert Toombs, who is now seventy-four years of age, stoops considerably, has an infirm walk and a cataract growing in one eye.

Henry Ward Beecher has become a "wheelman." He has purchased a tricycle which he proposes to use for exercise around his Peekskill farm.

The time has come when California can turn the despised Chinaman to profit. The Mexican government has agreed to give a bonus of \$50 per head for imported Chinese.

The general opposition of the newspapers to Mr. Blaine's candidacy is likely to be intensified by a certain recent publication. If his letter of acceptance is four columns long, to what limitless columns and pages might not his messages extend?

We have received a beautiful picture of the Southern Exposition, which opens at Louisville, Ky., Aug. 16th, and continues until Oct. 25th. The view is of the main building, which is one of the largest Exposition buildings ever erected. It covers thirteen acres of ground, and will be lighted throughout by five thousand electric lights.

Lord Ronald Gower, a genuine lord, and a man of common sense, says about lords in America: It would be a good idea for Americans to adopt that every stranger announcing himself as a lord should, on his own evidence, be regarded as a rascal.

An attempt is being made in England, in a modest way, to utilize electricity as a motor for tricycles, the prospectus of a company having been issued. It is proposed that one hundred persons bind themselves to buy an electric tricycle at \$250, or, in other words, that shares of \$250 each be issued, each holder of a share being entitled to be supplied with an electric tricycle. The first machine to be produced is an electric tricycle carrying two persons and fitted with battery and motor sufficient to propel it on level ground at the rate of six miles an hour.

THE DAILY REVIEW.

VOL. VIII. WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1884. NO. 176

Japan sold to the people of the United States \$14,250,000 of goods in 1882, while this country's exports to Japan were but \$3,100,000, of which all but \$680,000, was petroleum. It is thirty years since Commodore Perry first opened Japan to United States commerce, yet the Jap has been able to maintain the advantage in trade, because he buys manufactured goods, not from us, but in the cheapest market.

Lord Rupertswood, of Victoria, is reported to be richer than W. H. Vanderbilt. He is worth more than \$200,000,000, and his wealth is rapidly increasing. He inherited a great estate from his father, including millions of cattle and sheep in Australia. His residence in Melbourne is said to be the most magnificent in the world. It cost \$4,000,000.

The report on the city companies says the London Truth, shows that £100,000 per annum is spent in eating and £175,000 in "maintenance." This latter item covers a multitude of strange practices. Generally a city company becomes the spoil of some particular family or gang. The solicitor is one of these favored individuals, the architect another, the surveyor another. When anything is to be done a committee is appointed, and the committee lunches and pockets fees. In this sort of nonsense and in feeding, £275,000 is annually expended, whereas all legitimate requirements might be covered by about £10,000.

LOCAL NEWS.

INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. F. C. MILLER—Conundrum American Legion of Honor W. WEEKS, Agt.—Notice. HEINSBERGER—Hammocks J. R. MELTON—Wanted to Buy C. W. YATES—We Want Your Trade MUNDUS BROS. & DEROSSET—Medicines SCOVILLE & CO.—Base Ball Match and Bicycle Race.

Clarendon Council, No. 67, A. L. of Honor, will meet to-night, at 8 o'clock.

For other locals see fourth page.

Another large consignment of Sash, Doors & Blinds at factory prices, just received at JACOB'S Hardware Depot.

Last night was the hottest that we have experienced this season, although we hear of some fortunate mortals who experienced no discomfort from the heat.

The family excursion on the *Passport* this morning was quite large, as are all the trips gotten up expressly by Capt. Harper. He is a popular commander, a good sailor and an accommodating, courteous gentleman, with whom it is a pleasure to travel.

Mr. J. B. Kaufman, Bourke St., Melbourne, Australia, writes that he suffered continuously for seven years with a sprained ankle, but, by a few applications of St. Jacobs' Oil, the great pain-reliever, he was completely cured.

Our good friend, Wade H. Harris, of the *Charlotte Observer*, who with his wife has been spending two weeks very pleasantly at Smithville and Wrightsville, passed through the city yesterday afternoon on the return home.

We invite the attention of our citizens to the fact that first quality shirts are being made to order at one dollar at the Wilmington Shirt Factory.

There was no City Court this morning and the officials at the City Hall were making the greatest efforts of their lives in a futile attempt to keep cool. By the way, the front of the City Hall is one of the coolest places in the city of a hot morning.

The excursionists yesterday had a fine time and all were delighted. They had plenty of good music, lots of innocent amusement, and breeze enough to counterbalance the extreme heat of the sun. They returned at about 7 o'clock last night, the Cornet Concert Club playing excellent music as the *Passport* came up to her wharf.

Personal. Mr. R. K. Bryan, Jr., of the *Fayetteville Sun*, gladdened our sanctum for awhile this morning by his presence. He is taking a short furlough at his old home on the Sound, but furnishes "copy" to his paper through the medium of Uncle Sam's mail.

Outlawed. A proclamation of outlawry was made yesterday by Justices E. D. Hall and J. C. Mills against Pompey Sneed, colored, one of the most notoriously bad characters in the county. Earnest efforts are being made for his capture, and unless he flees to other localities, his arrest will be merely a question of time.

Fruits and Melons.

Fruit of all kinds, melons and vegetables are being brought into market very freely, and they are very fine. We noticed on South Front street this morning a four-mule team loaded with melons and canteloupes, some of which were as fine as we have seen this year. The prices have now become quite reasonable, so that any one can indulge in a luscious water melon or canteloupe. Eaten in moderation—as all food should be eaten during this hot weather—they are healthy, and we all know that they are palatable.

The Hot Wave.

The hot wave is now upon us in all its intensity, but the indications are favorable for cooler weather by Sunday, if not before. The *New York Herald*, which has a weather bureau of its own, thick furnishes a great amount of valuable information regarding the movement, direction and velocity of winds and storms, predicts that the force of the heated term will have passed by to-morrow, and we hope that the *Herald's* prediction will prove correct.

The Foot Race.

There is quite a fair prospect that the foot race, spoken of by us yesterday, in which officer Woebse, of the police force, was designed to take a part, will come off before long, providing a suitable place can be obtained, where a price of admission may be charged, so that some profit may accrue from the gate money. We learn that one of our citizens is willing to walk with officer Woebse for \$50 stakes and that nearly that amount has been raised with which to back Woebse. The police are in earnest, and about the only requisite now to complete the arrangements is a suitable place.

Sales of Real Estate.

Mr. S. VanAmringe sold at auction to-day at the Court House door, the following properties: Block 489, Market street, sold to Mrs. Harriet Bellamy, for \$405.

One-fourth of lot, 33x165 feet, on Fourth street, between Queen and Wooster, to Henry Green, for \$62.

These properties belonged to the estate of Mary A. Bell, and on them are heavy arrears of taxes to be settled by the purchasers.

Mr. VanAmringe also sold for partition the home place of the late Thomas Smith, on Middle Sound, for \$1,500.—Mr. W. F. Alexander was the purchaser.

Fruit Fair and Concert.

Capt. R. P. Paddison, who has just returned from Goldsboro, informs us that the Fruit Grower's Fair, next week, is bound to be a grand success; that everything is going on swimmingly and that the display will be on a much grander scale than in any previous year. The concerts, on Wednesday and Thursday nights, will be participated in by some of the best musical talent of the State, and will be notable features of the Fair. We learn that some of the musical talent of this city have been invited to participate; one of whom has been obliged to decline on account of previous engagements. The prizes offered are intrinsically valuable and well worth competing for. We have not seen the published programme and consequently do not know the general style of the music to be rendered, but should there be any male quartette singing, the Arion Club, of this city, ought, by all means, to be there, as we feel confident they would compare most favorably with any like organization in the State.

A Souvenir.

Mr. W. C. Craft, Secretary of the Wilmington Steam Fire Engine Co., No. 1, has received a number of blue silk badges, sufficient for all the members of the company, which are intended as souvenirs of their recent visit to Newbern. They bear the legend, in gold letters; "Newbern Steam Fire Engine Company, No. 1, tender greetings to Wilmington Steam Fire Engine Company.

The victor is, who bears the trophy last. J. W. Moore—Chief. E. B. Hackburn—Foreman. Fred. Ulrich—Asst. Foreman. R. L. Hilton—Engineer. R. S. Burkhead—Treasurer. S. K. Eaton—Piceman. E. N. Pavie—Pipeman.

It is a neat affair and will be highly appreciated by our fire ladders.

Every Farmer ought to get a "Boys Clipper Plow," greatest invention of the age. JACOB is the Agent.

BY THE SEA WAVES.

A Backwoodsman at the Sea-Side—Wade Harris gives in His Experiences at Smithville.

Not one of our readers, after perusing the pleasant letter herewith appended from the pen of that genial gentleman Wade H. Harris, of the *Charlotte Observer* will quarrel with us for the space we have given to its publication:

SMITHVILLE, N. C., July 21, 1884.

I am at one of the pleasantest pieces of dry land that is to be found along the Atlantic coast; not so pretentious and gaudy as Cape May, or Coney Island, or Old Point Comfort, it is true, but as pleasant as any of them, and I want to catch the ear of my up-country friends that they may bearken unto good counsel and come down here for their summer trip. I want it distinctly understood in the outset, that I left my joking pencil at home, and what I shall say hereinafter, shall be the solid square facts, with no exaggerations, nothing overdrawn, nothing thrown in to mislead—but Smithville as it is. This old stub of a pencil that I found down in the lining of my waistcoat, is the one that I have always used in reporting sermons, and it is therefore above suspicion or reproach. I want to tell our people who live up at the foot of the mountains that this is the place for them if they want to get off from home during the hot months and drop anchor at a spot where there is rest and recreation for body, soul and brain. Here where the rippling waters of the Cape Fear melt into the blue waves of old ocean, where a cooling breeze unceasingly fans your brow, where mosquitoes are not, and where the eternal music of the surf breaks upon the ear as a soothing lullaby, here is the place for the mountain codgers to bide themselves to.

THE ROUTE.

Aside from its manifold attractions, one thing that makes Smithville more peculiarly the resort for our up-country people, is the ease, speed and comfort of the route over which it is reached. For the people of Charlotte and surrounding country, no place is more easy of access, notwithstanding the distance. One can take supper in Charlotte, sleep upon a comfortable mattress aboard the Carolina Central cars, wake up in Wilmington, go immediately on board the beautiful, safe and fast little steam yacht *Passport*, and after a short sail down the river, land at the hotel wharf in Smithville. The route is not only convenient, but it is pleasant. The enterprise of the Carolina Central Railroad authorities has done wonders in the way of making travel a pleasure. Their road is now equipped with elegant new sleeping cars, built in Wilmington, Del., specially for this road, and though lacking the finish and elaboration of the Pullman cars, they do not lack the comfort. The interior of the cars is finished in maple and walnut, with silver lamps and ornaments. Each car contains sixteen berths, as wide and long and as comfortable as an ordinary bed, so that the journey is not accompanied with weariness. One wakes up in Wilmington, fresh as a lark and in a condition to thoroughly enjoy the ride down the river. Another, and in these hard times, an inducing inducement, is the cheapness of the trip. In parties, the round trip fare is only about \$5. This includes the trip down and up the river. Unless anyone would want the railroad to give them a ticket, this is as cheap as could be desired. During the past year, the management of the Carolina Central road has made special efforts to bring the line up to the highest standard, and it is now not only one of the safest, but one of the best in the South. New steel rails have taken the place of the old iron rails, the trestles have been given way to solid fills and a sounder roadbed is nowhere to be found. New engines have taken the place of old ones and the passenger coaches are bright and comfortable, excellently finished and furnished. The Carolina Central of to-day is as superior to the Carolina Central of two years ago as the Richmond & Danville is to the A., T. & O., and our Charlotte readers know how that is. It had been two years since I travelled on the C. C., and the improvement was striking. It is a safe and pleasant road, its management is of the sort that not only shows a disposition to please the traveling public, but makes a faithful endeavor at all times to secure the greatest comfort and convenience to its patrons. The route, therefore, is the first and one of the greatest inducements for a trip to the sea coast. The others we will come to directly, if our stub holds out.

SMITHVILLE.

Standing beside the manly form of Capt. John W. Harper in the pilot house of the *Passport*, we caught our first glimpse of this delightful little place. To the left, the baldhead light house rose up like a long drawn out thumb chiseled in marble. To the right, on high sand hills, the white shingles on the housetops of Smithville glittered in the morning sun. In front the harbor was dotted with small sail boats, brigs from Germany, barks from Sweden, fruit laden sloops from the West Indies, barkentines from Italy. In the middle of the harbor lay the United States Revenue cutter *Coltax* and all around lay the white winged pilot boats. The first house to be noticed was the new pavilion, built over the water, a handsome two story structure, with the ball room, billiard room, bar, card room, reading room, lunch room, ice cream saloon and *etc. etc. etc.* hooks all under one roof. On the hill overlooking the pavilion is the new Hotel Brunswick, about which our people have heard so much. The hotel is a large structure, and so arranged that from every window a clear and unobstructed view of the ocean and river can be had. It may surprise those who have never been here, but it is true, that the menu of the Hotel Brunswick is a duplicate of that of the Hygeia Hotel. Not only are all the delicacies of the sea provided, but the land is called upon to contribute its full share to the table, so that if a man finds out that he doesn't like sea food as well as he thought he would, he will find other good fare in abundance. Clams and shrimps are delicacies that no one over-goes back on. So with oysters and fish. About crabs, dear friend, let me differ with you. They have them here in all styles and the guests seem to enjoy them, but the favorite dish is deviled crabs. I have heard of them often and last night I was introduced to them. They may be very nice and I don't doubt it, but for me, give me the devil and anybody may take the crab.

THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK.

It is the main attraction at Smithville. It is capable of accommodating one hundred and sixty people in as good a style as any watering place hotel. The rooms are large and airy and the whole house is supplied with electric call bells. The furniture is all new and the dining room is splendidly equipped with silver ware, handsome china and stylish chairs and tables. That the fare is good can be imagined by this supper bill which I submit as a sample of what is served daily. The dinner and breakfast bill is too long to publish; what they are may be judged from the supper bill following: Fruit—California pears and apricots, peaches, canteloupes; coffee, green tea, black tea, chocolate, milk, mixed tea; broiled—sirloin and tenderloin steak, ham, bacon, hog fish, spots, trout, sheep head, trout, spots, shrimps, ham, bacon; cold and miscellaneous dishes—roast beef, ham, mutton, tongue, crabs, shrimps, salads, ices, assorted cakes, honey; bread—hot rolls, biscuit, griddle cakes, waffles, loaf bread, dry toast, buttered toast, milk toast; fish, oysters and clams; ice cream. The hotel is leased the present summer by Mr. J. D. Sublett, who has been in the hotel business for the past thirty years, and who was lately connected with the Metropolitan and Grand Union, of New York. He is a very pleasant gentleman and is a thorough hotelist. Good water and polite servants make the attractions of the hotel complete.

LIFE AT SMITHVILLE.

The hotel, though, is not the only attraction at Smithville. There is the old garrison where one can sit for hours, with the salt sea breeze blowing into his face, and watch the moving ships in the harbor until tiring of this, he can go down and take a sail about the bay in one of the sail boats or sharpies, that are constantly ready to run up sail and merrily part the waves; or, tiring of this, one can get on the *Passport* and go over to Fort Caswell for a stroll along the beach, or a dip in the waves, or he can remain on the boat and take a ride ten miles out to sea and get so deathly sick that he wouldn't forget it if he lived ten thousand years. Ever been sea sick? Well, you just come down here and try it if you want to have fun. Capt. Brenizer can tell you all about it. Out over the bar last Wednesday he pumped and lusted until he fetched up some hard tack that he had eaten during the war, and then he knew that he had reached rock bottom. When he got back you could drop a marble into his mouth and it would go to his big toe. Some friend whom I have never been advised how to keep from being sick. He said if I would stand by the mast and read a paper, I wouldn't feel it. I pulled out an *Observer* and stood by the mast. Directly I felt my head going up until it apparently reached the top of the mast; then it came down and went among the pearls and other nice things at the bottom of the sea, then it came up and commenced going round and round like a piece of paper in a whirlwind, only it would go one way for one minute and the other way the next minute, and then I fell to the deck with a case of sea-sickness. All you want when you are sea-sick is for some one to pick you up and fling you just as far as you can send you overboard. The fish will come along and grind you up, and bye and bye you will feel better. They say, though, it is a good thing to get sea-sick, that you always feel better after it, (very true) and that it helps greatly to tone up your system. But we have strayed a little from the

ATTRACTIONS OF SMITHVILLE.

Aside from the boating, there is every other known attraction offered by a seaside resort. It is never hot here, but it gets warm at times, and then it is delightful to run down into the beach in front of the hotel and let the waves tumble you about. No danger of sharks coming along and taking a mouthful out of you; no danger of being carried out by an undertow and drowned. Children, maidens, youths, old and young, all gambol in the surf without fear or danger. Bath houses line the beach and the still water bathing is magnificent at high tide. Fishing is an amusement that none ever tire of, and right here it is the finest sport in the world, the fish being abundant and good biters. The finest fishing is to be had at

"THE ROCKS."

A spot where the hand of nature has been conquered by the hand of man, and the mighty waves of the ocean have been turned back upon themselves. "The Rocks" are at the new inlet, where the ocean, washing away the land, had made an entrance for its waters into the river, the effect being to

reduce the depth of the water on the bar at Smithville. This inlet has been closed by a rock wall that will stand as long as time lasts, a monument to the skill of man. The wall is one mile long, thirty-five feet high, eight feet wide at the top and one hundred feet wide at the bottom. It effectually bars out the sea water, and now a new wall, two miles long, has been commenced just below at Corneak Inlet. "The Rocks" are quickly reached from Smithville by the steamers or sailboats and after fishing a few hours one can return to the hotel and enjoy a good meal. There are several cottages and a small hotel at "The Rocks," and parties can remain there for several days if they so desire.

May, T. D. Love, of Bladen county, was in the city yesterday.

The receipts of cotton at this port to-day foot up only one bale.

Rev. F. W. E. Peschau, of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, will preach at the Front Street M. E. Church next Sunday night, services beginning at 8:15 o'clock.

Everybody in want of Paints, White Lead, Glass &c., should go to JACOB'S to get best qualities and lowest prices.

There is a glut of beef cattle in the market now and the prices are low. These facts should be known to our country friends, who should hold back supplies until the demand improves.

At a meeting of the National Democratic Executive Committee, held yesterday in New York, Hon. W. H. Barnum was reelected permanent Chairman and Mr. F. O. Prince was made permanent Secretary.

DIED.

PARMELE—In this city to-day, June 25th, 1884, at 8 o'clock A. M., of typhoid fever, Julia Fowler, infant daughter of Edgar G. and Lillie B. Parmele, aged 10 months. Funeral services will be held at the residence of the parents, corner Fourth and Princess streets, at 8 o'clock A. M., Saturday, 25th inst., thence to Oakdale Cemetery.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice.

STEAMER LOUISE WILL leave Wilmington every Monday day at 9 A. M. and leave Smithville at 4 P. M. until further notice. She will make her regular trips as advertised on other days. Jy 25th W. WEEKS, Agent.

Something New.

"THE DEMOCRATIC BOOM" IS THE Best Five Cents Cigar sold in the city and it is sold only at the NORTH STATE SALOON, where also you will find the best Clammer Whiskey at 10 cents a drink and the Coolest Beer in the city. J. M. MCGOWAN & SON.

Wanted to Buy

200 HEAD LIVE HOGS, FOR WHICH I will pay the Highest Cash Price. City Hogs preferred. Leave word at my Stalls, Nos. 1 and 3, New Market, where to call. J. R. MELTON.

Jy 25th Star copy sat & sun

Grand Base Ball Match

At Sea-Side Park, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 25, BETWEEN Clarendon and Sea-Side Park Base Ball Clubs. The best and only uniformed Clubs in the city. The game will be called at 4 o'clock. Accommodations to all guests. Grand Hop complimentary to the winners at evening. GRAND BICYCLE RACE AT SIX O'CLOCK. SCOVILLE & CO., Proprietors.

Hammocks.

JUST RECEIVED, THE THIRD LOT OF New HAMMOCKS, large and small sizes. BASE BALLS AND BATS, CAPS AND BELTS. Now is the time for you gentlemen to supply yourselves and be happy. SUMMER READING for everybody. Please call and make your selection from a large stock. At

HEINSBERGER'S,

July 25 Live Book and Music Stores.

At Cost!

OVER 500 BOXES TOBACCO AT COST to close out. Also, a large stock of Plug and Smoking Tobacco, at very low prices, from the Best Factories in Virginia.

Cigars and Cigarettes

By the million, at the Office of CAPE FEAR TOBACCO WORKS, Jy 25th No. 132 North Market St. Now is the time to give Smith's Worm Oil. Jy 25th

PLEASE NOTICE We will be glad to receive communication from our friends on any and all subjects of general interest but The name of the writer must always be placed to the Editor. Communications must be written on one side of the paper. Personalities must be avoided. And it is especially and particularly understood that the Editor does not always endorse the views of correspondents unless so stated in the editorial columns.