

The Tarboro' Southern.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT; THEN GO AHEAD.—D Crockett.

VOL. 72. NO. 10.

TARBORO', N. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1894.

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A DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sheep Sleep in the Hotel and the Houses Are Decaying.

Town Was Once Healthy and Happy—Built by William James, a Wealthy Philanthropist—The Iron Ore Remains Exhausted.

One cannot look with anything like regret upon the ruin and desolation that is making itself manifest every year in the beautiful city of Knottwell, 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 Piny ripple tranquilly through rich farming lands, this decaying town stands. Twenty-five neat little cottages, five pretentious villas, 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 work. 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 Beaver 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 timber land 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, but they went ahead prospecting 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 then 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, which 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 pews are gone from the little church, while nude pictures and vile obscenity defile the walls, as if to 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. Knottwell, a hotel-keeper at Newberry, some time ago named the place after himself and put J. A. Chambers in charge of the ruins. "Knottwell" is

HOME-MADE PORTIERS.

A Very Pretty Effect from Old Silk Rags.

How to Work Up Little Scraps Into a Decoration for the Home—Something New in Fancy Work for the Woman.

Perhaps not many women know that beautiful portiers may be made from old silk rags. Many correspondents have asked for information on the subject, says Maria Parlow, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Suppose you have a bag in some closet where you put every scrap of silk you come across, such as trimmings cut from dresses when dressing old ribbons which children may have worn in their hair—soil and faded it may be, yet serviceable when washed; such curtains, worn and faded; covers of parasols; in fact, anything in the way of silk, satin or velvet. Nothing is too old to be used. A miscellaneous lot will give your portieres the Oriental look you desire. But the sewing of them will try your patience. Cut all but the very thin silk, the velvet and the satin, one-third of an inch wide, the velvet, satin and thin silk two-thirds of an inch wide. Do not begin to sew until you have a big basketful cut. Mix your colors well before sewing them. Lay the end of one piece flat on the end of another, lapping half an inch, and sew all around the four sides of your lap, using a number sixty thread and a running stitch. Fasten firmly on the back and get the package of good dye to color it. Excellent success may be had with the yellows and reds. You have old black silk velvet. It looks well as a strip from six to nine inches from the top of your curtain. Old silk stockings weave in beautifully. You should cut them from the top round and round the leg, and you have it all done without any sewing. Cut this material a little wider than the plain silk, because it will stretch. It will take one pound of silk for every square yard of portiere. You want them woven, say fifty-four inches wide and three yards long. For a pair of curtains of that size you want nine pounds of silk. The arrangement of the coloring in the strips may be pretty safely left to the taker. You can, if you choose, take cut pieces of all your colors and sew or paste them on paper in just the design you desire to have followed. Such part of the tinsel braid as you do not use in your black silk you may send to the weaver in order to have a few rows woven in now and then through your curtain.

GOETHE AND REVOLUTIONS.

The German Philosopher's Indifference to Politics.

Goethe's wide grasp of the physical researches of the day and his intense interest in scientific progress was kept up to the last. The weight of four-score years had not the effect of narrowing his outlook. There is a well-known and very characteristic anecdote of him in the evening of his life which may be recalled as illustrating in a few lines what he was and what he was not.

It was the last of August, 1830. The news of the French revolution had reached Weimar that morning and all was in commotion. On entering Goethe's room his secretary, M. Sorot, was accosted with the exclamation: "Now, what do you think of this great event?" "A frightful story," answered Sorot, "but which ministry what was to be expected but the expulsion of the royal family?" "We do not appear to understand each other," said Goethe, ever indifferent to politics, even when boiling up into revolution. "I am speaking of the contest so important for science between Curvier and Geoffroy St. Hilaire, which has come to an open rupture the yesterday." "Goethe, it must be remembered, considered the question at issue as a matter of the greatest importance to the future of science. He was greatly rejoiced over the fact that the youthful physicist, St. Hilaire, had shown himself so powerful an ally of his own fixed idea of the synthetic manner of looking at nature. It was a fine burst of Goethe's enthusiasm when during this same interview with his secretary, he exclaimed: "What is all intercourse with nature if we merely occupy ourselves with individual material parts and do not feel the breath of the spirit which proscribes to every part its direction and orders or sanctions every deviation by means of an invisible hand? I have exerted myself in this great question for fifty years. At first I was alone, then I found support and now, at last, to my congenial minds."—Temple Bar.

A DIFFICULT TASK.

How the Minor's Ledge Lighthouse Was Built.

Work could be carried on only from April to September, the sea being too rough at other times to admit of the workmen gaining a footing on the ledge, or even of approaching it with safety. The first blow was struck Sunday morning, July 1, 1865. The building of Minor's Ledge lighthouse was a work for humanity, and therefore Sunday, the first day the weather had been propitious for beginning operations, was utilized. The weather allowed of only one hundred and thirty working hours at the ledge that summer. Preparing a partly submerged rock to receive the foundations of a granite tower is quite a different matter from digging holes in the ground on shore. Guards in boats constantly plied around the ledge to pick up workmen who might be washed off into the sea, and their services were frequently required.

Not until July 9, 1867, could the first stone be laid. During that season there were again only one hundred and thirty working hours at the ledge. Anticipating such a contingency, Capt. Alexander had picked out a force of good all-round workmen, so that when work had to be suspended on the ledge the morale of his force would be maintained by keeping the men occupied on shore in shaping the granite blocks for the tower, and fitting the courses of a model, so that no time would be lost in correcting errors after the blocks had been shipped to the ledge. As a matter of fact, work on the model disclosed several miscalculations which would have caused annoying delay had they not been discovered in time to be rectified on shore. The tower was completed September 16, 1869, in 1,102 hours and 21 minutes, at a cost of \$300,000. In shape it is the frustum of a cone, one hundred and fourteen feet and one inch in height, including the lantern.—Gustav Kobbe, in Century.

AN INVALID'S BEAUTIFUL CHARITY.

Mrs. Mary Merrick, of Washington, the daughter of the late Richard Merrick, a well-known lawyer of that city, carries out from her invalid chair, to which she has been bound for years, a beautiful charity.

She has inaugurated what she calls the Christ Child society, a sisterhood whose object it is to enact its namesake at Christmas to the poor little waifs of humanity whose lives are barren of all holiday joys. Any such child brought to her notice, personally or through a note addressed to the Christ Child to her care, is looked after. The brightest time of the year to this cheerful philanthropist is the last few days before Christmas, when her home looks like Santa Claus' headquarters and her heart and hands are busy with the plans for the near holiday.

What He Meant.

Foreigner—What do you mean by saying that things are "as thick as hops?"

New Yorker—I mean they are packed as close as people in a private ballroom in New York.—Life.

AN EASTERN OREBUS.

The Luxury and Elegance of the Nizam of Hyderabad.

The nizam of Hyderabad is one of the most remarkable rulers in the world. He is a handsome man of nearly thirty years of age, with cameo-like features and a brown beard, an Oriental from head to toe.

The luxury and elegance with which he surrounds himself are indescribable. His menage costs him annually one million dollars, and the banquets which he gives are magnificent. On the enormous table served up on these occasions is of massive gold, and the guests appear arrayed in costly silks, studded with gems, each one of which is worth a fortune. The nizam's gown, of snow-white silk, is encrusted with jewels, long ropes of pearls depend from his neck and arms, and strings of emeralds hang from his belt, while the buttons on his wonderful garment are pearls set in diamonds.

This extraordinary monarch lives for pleasure only, and his enormous revenue, amounting to thirty million dollars, is nothing more than pin money for his highness.

The laws of the land do not permit the nizam to marry, and this is the only law to which he is forced to submit, the other laws being made for his subjects only. To compensate himself for the denial of Hyman's bliss, he keeps a harem of five hundred women, who come from every corner of the globe, according to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

When one of these women is dismissed she receives a handsome competency.

The capital of the territory of the nizam is very striking in appearance, the palace, the mosques and the handsome pile of buildings erected for the British residents towering above the outer wall.

The nizam's principal palace is situated in the heart of the city, and is guarded on all sides on account of the fabulous wealth which it contains, the value of which is estimated at forty millions of dollars. It is the largest collection of jewels in the world.

The crown contains the largest diamond extant, the Nizam, which weighs four hundred and fifty carats, and is worth four millions of dollars. The nizam of Hyderabad, besides being an all-around sport, is a very daring tiger hunter, and is noted for some wonderful feats in that direction.

A BURIED FORTUNE.

The Good Luck of a Minnesota Man.

John Daszkowski, a resident of Winona since 1873, has just received from Jastrzebnia, West Russia, news that one thousand dollars was recently dug up on his old home place. In 1792 the Daszkowski family was rich and powerful, owning the above named village in the province of Berent-Danzig. Laurus Daszkowski, brother of John Daszkowski's grandfather, was a wealthy bachelor, drafted into the Russian army, where he was killed. Nothing was ever known as to the whereabouts of his wealth, which was all in cash. John Daszkowski, with his three brothers, fell heir to the estate, and twenty-five years ago John sold his portion to one John Szaleski and emigrated to America, settling in Winona.

He received word from the man who purchased his farm that in digging around the roots of an old pear tree a badly decayed half-bushel measure, containing golden ducats and silver thalers had been unearthed. The coins are all of ancient date, and aside from their intrinsic value—about \$1,000—are valuable to numismatists. Daszkowski, who is now a prosperous citizen of Winona, intends to prosecute a thorough search over his old home farm to find the rest of the money which was buried by his ancestor, and the recovery of a portion of which was made known to him only through the honesty of his old-time friend and neighbor.—Winona (Minn.) Dispatch to St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Dresses Make Carriage.

"How well Maud carries herself this year!" said the mother of a half-grown girl rather enviously to a friend whose little daughter was most beautifully erect.

"Yes; I must say she has greatly improved," answered the other, contentedly, "and I took great credit to myself about it. I tried every thing, dumbbells, calisthenics, braces; nothing did her any good until finally the happy idea occurred to me to test the moral effect of clothes. I gave her very pretty frocks, discarded the loose blouse waist altogether, and had everything fitted with the greatest care. And it really wrought a miracle. Like every true woman she loves pretty clothes, and the soon took pride in the fit and appearance of her frocks, while I spared no pains in showing her how the nicest-looking dress may be quite spoiled if worn by a dowdy, round shouldered person. Certainly, the prescription has worked wonders, and I do not believe if I moderate my tactics, now that I have seen my case, that I will find that I have fostered an undue love of apparel."—Min.

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CARE OF THE TEETH.

How Decay May Be Prevented from Setting In.

Teeth Powders That Should Be Avoided—A Recipe for a Very Helpful Preparation—The Brush—Taking Acid Medicines Through a Tube.

The chief causes of decay in the teeth are an accumulation of tartar about their necks and the retention of small portions of food in the interstices between the teeth, which by decomposition, sets up an acid fermentation that reacts on the elements of which the teeth are composed, disintegrating them and setting up decay. The great thing is then, by perfect cleanliness and other means, to remove these deposits before they have time to work mischief. First, as to the proper powder to be used. Many of the advertised nostrums contain acid materials which, though they thoroughly clean the teeth, do so at the expense of the enamel, which they tend to dissolve. Astringent washes habitually used, and strong alkaline washes are injurious, as also are tooth powders containing gritty materials which scratch and roughen instead of polishing the enamel, such as charcoal and astringent barks in powder. For ordinary purposes any preparation containing a gritty substance or a bleaching agent to whiten the teeth is decidedly injurious and should be avoided. If a tooth wash is preferred it should be slightly alkaline, soapy, aromatic, slightly astringent and pleasant. Good soap, unfortunately, is not pleasant, but it is very efficient. A little of the white Castile soap taken upon the brush or a saponaceous dentifrice may safely be used. In addition to the soap, some precipitated chalk or other non-gritty material is useful. There is nothing that will surpass the following: It is saponaceous, detergent, odoriferous, aromatic and withal safe and pleasant: Ossa Sepia (levigated), powdered Florence orris root, powdered starch, of each one ounce; powdered white Castile soap, three ounces; otto of roses, eight drops; and add keep in a covered jar for use. It is not a bad plan to wash out the mouth each time after taking food with a little slightly alkaline wash. As, for instance, a few grains of carbonate of soda in a wine-glass of water, to which may be added half a teaspoonful of sal-volatile. Next as to the tooth brush. This should be selected with care. It should not be too hard, but rather of a medium character, so too wide, yet having proper regard to the formation of the mouth and teeth, and the bristles should be long and elastic; preferably, they should be unbleached. The movement of the brush should be upward and downward (vertical), in order that the interstices should be well cleansed. When acid medicines, fruit or drink are taken, the teeth are set on edges, and the acid has a destructive action on the teeth. To prevent this, acid medicines should be taken through a tube, and the mouth rinsed by an alkaline wash, as before mentioned.—N. Y. Ledger.

EX-EMPRESS OF CHINA.

A Lady Who Manages Things and Who Settles Governmental Policies.

The great respect in which the young emperor of China holds his mother, who for more than twenty years directed the destinies of the Flowery Kingdom, adds much to his popularity. According to Ostasie-Lloyd, his majesty pays a visit every day to the palace in the Chong-ching, where his mother resides, about ten miles from the capital. The conversation, as a rule, is devoted to political questions. The Franco-Siam trouble was the subject of a recent consultation. After the young ruler had reported to his mother that Siam, although a tributary state of China, had for years paid no money nor excused herself for not doing so, he asked her what stand China should take in the controversy. According to the Lloyd the ex-empress replied: "Siam pretended, as long as she considered herself rich and powerful, to despise China, declining the protection of a foreign power. She chose her role voluntarily; let her, therefore, reap the natural consequences of her acts. We have everything to lose and nothing to gain by intervention in the affairs of Siam, and at the least it would be a thankless undertaking. The first duty of your majesty lies in looking after the safety, the wealth and the welfare of your own people. We have enough to do for ourselves, without troubling ourselves with the affairs of other countries. As the matter now stands, and until your majesty has strengthened inwardly your own empire, it would be pure folly to interfere in the affairs of other countries."

Bagged a Golden Eagle.

Mr. Ziba Scott, the most famous hunter in Spring Brook township, Pa., always goes prepared for bear when he is hunting deer or birds in the wild regions of Panther creek and Shiny mountain. While shooting ruffed grouse not long ago Mr. Scott met with a remarkable surprise. He saw the bushes move a short distance away, and, imagining that a bear was the cause of it, he took the bird cartridge out of his gun and put in one loaded with buckshot. Mr. Scott was ready for him then, and creeping closer, with his gun at full cock, he spied a huge pair of wings flapping in the brush instead of a bear. He blazed away at the owner of the wings and killed the finest specimen of a golden eagle that has ever been seen in this part of Pennsylvania. The eagle was tearing at the carcass of a hawk when Mr. Scott shot it. It had a spread of wings of seven feet, four inches and was perfect. Mr. Scott brought the big bird to Scranton and sold it to Dr. Isaiah F. Everhart, the amateur bird and animal collector, of Franklin avenue, near Spruce street. Dr. Everhart got Taxidermist George Friant to mount the eagle with a rabbit in its talons.—N. Y. Sun.

Two Full Moons in One Month.

An odd little astronomical fact in connection with the year that is just closing, and one which has not been noticed, perhaps, by one person in each ten thousand of the entire population of the country, is this: Two months of the year, January and April, each had two full moons. July, 1890, was equally as well provided for, but none of the months of 1891 nor 1892 exhibit this lunar peculiarity.—St. Louis Republic.

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