

NO ELECTION NEWS HERE.

THIS IS NEUTRAL READING MATTER.

One of Those Rare Coincidences That Surprise and Amuse—Watch is a Compass, Did You Know?

From the Lowell Citizen. A young lady visiting in Lowell tells a good story of one of those rare coincidences that first surprise and then almost inevitably amuse.

Her sister, who went to Colorado for the benefit of her health, was sojourning at Manitou, and there one day fell into conversation with the gentleman on the piazza of the hotel. They had not met before.

They were admiring together the snow-capped pyramid of Pike's peak, towering in majesty before them, peering in the blue of the empyrean with its shaft of glittering white. They agreed that never before had a more beautiful and inspiring sight met their eyes.

"I suppose," at length remarked the gentleman, smiling, "that the mountain has a peculiar interest to me from the fact that my name is Pike."

"Naturally, it would," returned the lady, "and I may say that my own enthusiasm is greatly due to the fact that my name is Peak," and it was.

Just Natural.

From the New York Sun.

A little comedy was enacted in a store. The place was one where nothing but ladies' underwear of the most exquisite description is sold. The young women who act as clerks are noble specimens of physical girlhood. One of these, a perfect legendary Amazon in point of figure, was waiting on a very scrappy and flat customer on the day in question. That useful, but very unromantic, item of feminine structure, the corset, was undergoing a careful examination by the purchaser, who finally settled upon a pair that was valued at the superlative figure of \$40. After saying that she would take them, she looked carefully at the glorious shapelessness of the girl who was waiting upon her, and said:

"You have an admirable figure. I presume you wear corsets from your own stock."

"Oh, no," replied the girl, "I could not afford to do that."

"Indeed," said the customer, "Why, I should not think such a form as yours could be attained without the aid of the most expensive corsets. Pray tell me, how much do yours cost you?"

"Nothing," replied the clerk with a blush.

"Oh, you have them given to you?"

"No," responded the girl, "I understand you then."

"My corsets are—well, madam, I never wear any," explained the confused clerk.

This ended the conversation. The rich woman paid for her corsets, and left the shop wondering why the world is made so unequal as it is.

A Blood-Tingling Ambuscade.

Capt. King in November Outing

The rocky walls of the canyon resounded with the crash of a score of firearms. The driver, with a convulsive gasp, toppled forward out of his seat, his hands still clutching the reins. One of the troopers clapped his hand to his forehead, his reins falling useless upon his horse's neck, and reeled in the saddle as his charger whirled about and rushed, snorting with fright, down the narrow road. It is the instant of the firing the leaden missiles had torn through the stiff canvas cover of the ambulance, and Sherrick, with blanched face, leaped from the rickety vehicle and plunged heavily forward upon his hands and knees. Two of the troopers sprang from their saddles and, crouching behind a boulder across the road, opened fire up the opposite hillside. The sergeant and his comrade, bending low over their horses' necks, came thundering back down the canyon just in time to see the mules whirl about so suddenly as to throw the ambulance on its side. The iron side was huried into the shallow ditch, the wagon bed dragged across the prostrate form of the paymaster, rolling him over and over half a dozen times, and then, with a wreck of canvas, splinters, chains and traces clattering at his heels, the four mules went rattling away down the gorge.

Advancement in Nursing.

A movement is on foot in England for an exhibit of all the new apparatuses which have been devised for the benefit and relief of invalids. It is to be under the charge of the English Association of Trained Nurses, and will certainly be instructive. Nursing is now recognized as an art and a profession. If one should consider for a moment the class of nurses which an invalid may now summon to his aid, and should look back to the days of Sary Gamp and Betsy Prig, he may be able to comprehend what such an exhibition will signify.—New York Tribune.

His Head Perforated by Lightning.

A terrific rain and lightning storm visited this vicinity July 3. A great deal of damage to crops was done in the towns of Fremont and Spenser. Leonard Pratt, a farmer living about two miles north of Rosenberg, while walking along the road near his place, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. A hole was made in his head by the lightning, and the strings of his shoes were cut as smooth as though done with a knife. No injury was done to his clothing.—Lexington (O.) Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

One Error in This.

From the London Truth.

A few days ago I was standing by an American gentleman, when I expressed a wish to know which was north. He at once pulled out his watch, looked at it, and pointed to the north. I asked him whether he had a compass attached to his watch.

"All watches," he replied, "are compasses."

Then he explained to me how this was pointed the hour hand to the sun, and the south is exactly half way between the hour and the figure XII on the watch. For instance, suppose that it is 4 o'clock. Point the hand indicating 4 to the sun, and II, on the watch is exactly south. Suppose that it is 8 o'clock, point the hand indicating 8 to the sun, and the figure X, on the watch is due south.

His Doubt Dispelled.

From Puck.

Iowa lad—"Papa, is a saloon a wonder?" His father—"Yes, my son; a saloon in Iowa is certainly supposed to be a wonder." Iowa lad—"That accounts for it, then. I was reading the other day that a lot of tourists 'drank in all the wonders of our glorious prohibition state,' and I couldn't make it out."

A Good Father.

From the Pilegnde Blatter.

"Now, children, I tell you, you must never steal. When you want new clothes the way to do is to buy them on credit. Then you will always be well clothed, you won't have paid out any money for them, and you will always be looked on as honest, respectable people."

The Dutiful Son.

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"I say, father, I don't think you ought to whip me so hard; you know it will tire you, and you have John and Dick to whip after you get through with me, for they were just as bad as I was."

Another Boy Prodigy.

In Bridgeport, Conn., is a young Polish boy named Paul Zilzisky who has been performing wonders. His personal appearance is described as unprepossessing. He has a low forehead, with hair growing down to his eyebrows, is rather sleepy looking and stammering in his movements. But whenever his father asks him a question relative to number he at once brightens up and becomes excited. The father said, "Paul, how many beans are there in this handful?" The boy at once commenced to dance around the store, and became greatly excited at his father thrust his hand into a barrel of beans, took out a handful and threw them down in a corner, where they lay scattered about. The lad leaped into the air, and almost before the beans touched the floor shouted in reply:

"The beans were carefully gathered and counted, and while this was being done the boy grinned and waited. The result showed him to be correct to a bean. He relapsed into his usually sleepy manner again. The father then asked a handful of oats and put them in a cheap tin on the counter. "Paul," said he, "how many oats?" The boy again began to dance, leaping about the room, and in a moment he again found to be correct. Next the father seized a half filled pail of water, and asked the boy, "How many cubic inches of water in the pail?" The boy stood it up with his eyes and quickly answered, "A hundred and forty-four."

A careful computation proved the boy to be right. Other wonderful answers were given, always in an excited manner. After each and every successful answer the same doleful expression returned.—Cor. Boston Herald.

An Ancient War Ship.

Dredging operations now being carried out at Santander, Spain, have resulted in the discovery of the well preserved wreck of a war ship of the Fifteenth or Sixteenth century. She must have been in her present position for 400 years, and was partly covered by a deposit of sand and mud. Divers have brought up guns which bear the initials of Castile and Aragon, the scroll of Isabella or the crown and initial of Ferdinand.

This ship would appear to have been employed as a transport, and contained some of the arms and accoutrements of the army of France and Italy, who formed part of the famous expedition against Naples under Gonzalo de Cordoba. She probably foundered while entering the port of Santander on her return from Italy, laden with trophies and plunder. Among the coins recovered are some bearing the image and superscription of Charles VIII of France and others issued by various contemporary Italian states.—New York Telegram.

How Paradise is Really Lost.

"Where was the Garden of Eden?" one of the interesting questions asked by Mr. Hornum at the recent meeting before the Victoria Philosophical Institute, Sir G. G. Stokes, M. P., in the chair. Mr. Rassau has been recently excavating Babylonian and Assyrian sites, but he has not found the Eden site and he showed how utterly impossible it was to fix the locale in a land where volcanic action and physical alterations had in many places changed the courses of the rivers in past ages. In this sense it is really "Paradise Lost."—London Telegraph.

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A KENTUCKY "WARNING."

Late one afternoon in September I reached the cabin of John Hungerford, in a cove of the Kentucky mountains. The family consisted of father, mother and three small children, and there were many comforts about the place. Hungerford was an industrious, hard working man, and one of unusual intelligence for a mountaineer, and the wife and children were far above the average. They extended a right royal welcome, and we had been visiting away for two hours when a woman rode up on a mule. The beast was badly blown and wet with perspiration, and the woman must have come with important news. Now we developed a trait peculiar to all the southern mountaineers. They are game to a man—and woman. They are the coolest people in the face of danger or ever saw.

"Howdy, John?" queried the woman as she drew rein at the door, and as Mrs. Hungerford appeared she added, "And howdy, Mary?"

Both answered that they were well and John inquired:

"How are all you'uns, Sarah?"

"All able to dig, thank, John."

"Cocoa and larders turnin' out well?"

"Reckon they be, what little we've got, but barks and roots pays better. Cullin' any this fall, Mary?"

"Not a bit, Sarah."

"Haven't heard from them'uns, I reckon?" queried Hungerford after a long pause, during which the woman tried to stifle a sob.

"Mebbe. Who may be'm on?"

"Stranger from the north."

"Sartin'?"

"I'm shore."

"Will be back with ye—stand to your back in case of trouble?"

"Haven't mentioned, but I reckon."

"Well, then, they'uns is coming up to night to put on the hickory."

"Hu! Who said it?"

"Heard it at the corners. It's shore. Bassetts is gwine to lead 'em. Ar ye prepared, Jim?"

"Reckon."

"And Mary?"

"She'us in a hurry."

"Well, then, that's all I've got to say. Hope you'll hurt they'uns till they'll be have themselves. Good-by, John—good-by, Mary."

She was off with that. I had a dim suspicion of what was meant, but the coolness of the trio puzzled me. When she was out of sight I asked:

"Is it trouble?"

"Stranger," replied Hungerford, as he pulled a twig off a bush and bit at it. "I've been warned away."

"How—why?"

"Took sides with the Oldhams against the Bassetts, and the Bassetts have warned me to leave."

"And as you have refused to go they are coming to take you out and switch you?"

"Exactly—if they kin'."

"And are they coming to-night?"

"I reckon."

"And you?"

"I shud be ready."

We sat in silence for a moment; I looked up at Mrs. Hungerford, but she was sewing away and trotting her foot as placidly as if danger was at the other end of the world. The children soon began a game of tag, and the husband softly whistled as he switched the twig over the ground.

"Great heavens! but you take it coolly," I exclaimed as I eyed everything.

"Stranger," answered Hungerford, as he turned to me, "I need some body to back with me to-night. I shud be ready."

"You don't know the Oldhams from the Bassetts. 'Deed you may have stayed with an Oldham last night. You don't want to mix in, and yet?"

"I don't want to kill or be killed, but can't I help you some other way?"

"You kin. He'us in all right. Mary I knew he'us was."

"Glad to hear," she briefly replied, not even looking up from her knitting.

Hungerford took the whole matter as coolly as if it was an ordinary business transaction. There was only one way by which his cabin could be approached. It was arranged that I should secrete myself in the cove behind the one hand, and his wife in the smoke house on the other, and at the proper moment this flank fire would have its effect.

Hungerford was to hold the house, and he was the only one who was to shoot to kill. As he said it wasn't my fuss, but it wasn't human nature to leave him to fight a mob alone. When all had been arranged we went into supper, and after the meal a double barreled shotgun was got down and loaded for the wife. The husband had his army musket, which he loaded with buckshot, and I had my revolver as a weapon. As we finished our preparations and sat down on the door step the wife, carelessly inquired of her husband:

"'Jwine to shoot to kill, John?"

"Reckon I orter," he replied.

"And me?"

"That's recording. Mebbe you'll have to."

"The stranger?"

"Oh, he'll fire high."

"Pap, can't I shoot?" asked the eldest, a girl of 10.

"Shet, Tilly!"

The children went off into a corner and rejoiced that there was going to be "a fout," but by and by grew sleepy and went off to bed. Up to 10 o'clock we talked of everything but the coming event. At that hour Hungerford said:

"Reckon it's time. They'll be here by 11."

The wife tied a shawl over her head, picked up and examined the gun and walked off to her station with never a word. I went over to the shed, took the place picked out for me and five minutes later all was darkness and silence. It was just about 11 that I heard the low hum of voices and the footfalls of men, and ten minutes later four or five of the gang of twenty came directly up to the shed and leaned against it as they inspected the house.

"All armed alike," whispered one.

"We can deal them as kin," said another.

"There's to be no let up, boys!" cautioned a third.

"We must switch him till he gives in. We've had enough fooling."

"What of the wife?" whispered the first.

"Blas't her! She's as bad as he is! Let's give her a taste of the gad, too!"

"Agreed!"

One of them went away to call up the crowd, and in a few minutes all were assembled. Then I gleaned from their whispers that John Hungerford was to be whipped to death, and that his wife was to receive less merciful treatment. They even planned to fire the house, and wipe out the whole family root and branch. At a signal all advanced, and five or six men jumped against the door. It was barred. Then a voice called:

"Open, John Hungerford! We've come for ye, and we are bound to have ye!"

The words were answered by a shot from the house, and then the shotgun roared from the smoke house. I elevated the muzzle of my revolver and fired six shots over the confused and flying crowd, and next moment all who could get away were gone. Hungerford came out with a lantern, and by its light we saw two dead men and three wounded. The wife had also shot to kill. One of the wounded was just speaking. The other two, who were strangers to the family and belonged in a distant village begged for mercy and promised all sorts of reformation in the future.

In the morning, as I was ready to go on, there were three dead outside the door and the two wounded were groaning with pain. The nearest doctor was five miles away, and I was to stop and leave word for him. As I left the house Mrs. Hungerford said:

"Thankee, stranger, and we won't forget it."

And the husband said:

"It wasn't your fuss, of course, but what a shame to have wasted all them bullets!"

"Good-by, and God bless ye!"—M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

Another Clue.

Street and Smith's Good News. Chicago Detective—"Who are you?" Stranger—"My name is Tascott." "Let me see—see, I'm hunting for a man named Tascott." "He's just gone up the road." "Thank you."

Accommodating

Visit to southerners at least those from Texas—are not at all pleased with the rush of northern railroads, if we may believe M. J. Martin, of that state. They are used to a very different sort of doings. By way of illustration the major tells this story:

I remember that a woman one evening asked the conductor of a train in my state to stay at a certain place all night. She wanted to spend the night with some friends, she said, and if he didn't oblige her she should have to wait twenty-four hours for a train.

The conductor said he hated to be obliging to a lady, but he didn't like to delay the other passengers. Finally he agreed to talk it over with them, and we decided that if her friends would give us lodging and breakfast we wouldn't mind an extra day spent on the way.

The train waited half an hour while she got off and consulted with her friends, and just as we were about to leave the place she came and told us that they had agreed to the terms. The train in the engine were hauled, and the fire left on the track. Next morning after a comfortable night spent in the farm house, we left the place twelve hours late, but about accommodating railroads!—New York Tribune.

Room for Suspicion.

The Rev. Sampson Doolittle lives in the suburbs. The other evening he met Brother Reachup in a back street, strolling carelessly along with an empty bag on his shoulder.

"Hi, Bre'r Reachup," said the Rev. Mr. Doolittle, "what'yo' gwan so sly wid dat bag dis bon in de ebarnin'?"

"I hopes yo' don't spee' for after chuckens, Bre'r Doolittle," exclaimed Brother Reachup indignantly.

"Sho!" replied the Rev. Doolittle. "Did I say I spees yo' ob dat? But I got 'em by'n to say, Bre'r Reachup, an' dat is, of I draps into yo' house (think) an' dinnah an' axes yo' for a wing an' a piece ob de livers an' de piece dat goes ober de fence here, wid plenty ob gravy, an' yo' says yo' hain't got no chicken. I'll spee' yo' ob peevin' in, Bre'r Reachup, dat's wat I will!"—Chicago Special Press Bureau.

What a Dollar Will Do.

Four gentlemen sit down to dine in a hotel. They sit for some time, yet none of the waiters pays any attention to their wants. They are hungry. After a moment's consultation each of the famished guests lays a dollar beside his plate. There is a marked change in the behavior of the waiters. The four gentlemen eat a hearty meal. The waiters become interested. The four leisurely pick their teeth and calmly put their dollars back into their pockets. They even smile. The waiters don't.—Jury.

Antiquity of Wearing Mourning.

The custom of wearing mourning for deceased relatives and friends is of extremely ancient origin, dating back to a remote period of history. Even semi-barbarous nations observe this time honored fashion, although, as a rule, they do not mourn in dismal black as does the enlightened Christian.—Jenness-Miller Magazine.

HOME COMING.

Back after journeying leagues of gulfed sea, Back from long terraces among climes remote, I did not guess what heats of amity Lay hidden among the hearts of those my friends, Ahemmo has clothed me with a purple state, Crowned me, and scuppered me a transient king With those I love and those I had dreamed till now Was half so rich in love's warm royalties!

While clear through every greeting, equable As breezes through a grove of sister trees, One bland familiar human impulse floats!

Different, indeed, the welcome had I feared Back from that vaporous voyage we all must make Sooner or later to the unknown world! How then the faces leaned toward mine would flash!

With every glance, now! How faint would flash!

My hand victoriously! How intense, then, Eyes for larger love, would they not beam! And, oh, how still would be the eye of mine! Worth them upon me, their own eyes would beam!

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ASHEVILLE SODA WATER FACTORY, 217 Haywood Street. All WATER THOROUGHLY FILTERED on the Premises. Vichy and Seltzer Water in Siphons.

The Popular Cocoa of Europe. The Coming One of America. Rich, Digestible, Stimulating, Nourishing.

Van Houten's COCOA. "BEST & GOES FARTHEST"

Tutt's Pills. This popular remedy never fails to effectually cure Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, And all diseases arising from a Torpid Liver and Bad Digestion.

AT THE LEADING JEWELRY STORE. Plated Jewelry, Including fine Brooches, Buttons and Bracelets.

THE SUN. 1891. Some people agree with the Sun's opinions about men and things, and some people don't.

TO WEAK MEN. Suffering from the effects of youthful excess, early decay, nervous weakness, indigestion, etc., will find a reliable restorative remedy in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

NOTICE. State of North Carolina, Buncombe county. Superior Court, December 10th, 1890. N. Murrough, plaintiff, against Jennie Murrough, defendant.

MILLER BROS. STEEL PENS. Are AMERICAN, and the BEST. LEADING BUSINESS PENS. No. 87 Falcon. No. 4 Carbon Stub. No. 99 Markham. No. 28 University.

TO THE MERCHANTS OF WESTERN N. C. We wish to say that we have secured the services of MR. O. H. HENRY.

WILSON, BURKS & CO., Importers and Wholesale Grocers, oct 20 d1w w4t Baltimore, Md.

WINTER OFFER. BUT in August, September, 10th October and pay when you please.

THE SUN. 1891. Some people agree with the Sun's opinions about men and things, and some people don't. DEMONSTRATE KNOW THAT for twenty years the Sun has fought in the front line for Democratic principles.