

ASHEVILLE DAILY CITIZEN
THE DAILY CITIZEN, Democratic, is published every afternoon (except Sunday) at the following rates—strictly cash:
One Year \$6.00
Six Months 3.00
Three Months 1.50
One Month .50
One Week .16

MONDAY, JANUARY 16, 1893.

A Knoxville paper says, speaking of the Nicaragua canal:
It is estimated that the canal can be completed in five years and after that time can take care of the interest on the debt. It is calculated that the enormous profits will enable the canal to pay back the principal and interest within thirty years.

The government that would take such magnificent paying stock out of the hands of private parties—the United States gets \$80,000,000 worth of stock, the Knoxville paper says, for guaranteeing the interest on the bonds—ought to be ashamed of itself. It should keep its hands off and let private citizens enjoy so good a thing.

The bill favorably reported in the North Carolina Assembly to punish lynchings must have had other features to recommend it to the judiciary committee than the telegraph brings us word of. It is of course desirable, highly important indeed, to punish lynchings and to stop lynching, but wherein are the present laws at fault? Lynching is murder and there are laws to punish murderers. What more could be desired? The answer of course is, the necessary public sentiment that shall demand that the lynchings shall be brought to justice and suffer for their crime if they are found guilty. If the present bill tells how to supply the sentiment where it is lacking in any community, it will be very welcome.

THE MOREHEAD CITY NEWS tells of a wonderful catch of fish down that way last week, three men taking, at a single drop of their net, 10,000 pounds of fish. The Newbern Journal adds that one shipment of fish from Morehead City recently "was sufficient in quantity (allowing one pound of fish to each individual) to have furnished a meal to the entire combined population of Wilmington, Raleigh, Charlotte, Winston, Asheville, Newbern, Goldsboro and Durham." This is exasperating talk, in view of the fact that, in the face of the present continuous cold weather when fish can be shipped with perfect safety, Asheville has been but indifferently supplied. It is yet to be explained why this City is so poorly served with what should be cheap and plentiful. Many varieties of the better kinds of fish Asheville buyers never see at all. That the price is high is said to be due to the voracity of that unamiable monster, the Southern Express Company, but this fact does not account for the lack of variety.

STATE PRINTING.
The public printing mess is on again. It is the same old story—shall it be made a business matter or one of charity? Shall there be due regard for the interests of the taxpayer, and the contract to do the State printing given to the lowest responsible bidder? or shall it be given outright as a bonus or reward for enduring the journalistic rigors of Raleigh life? THE CITIZEN has all along taken the stand that the work should go to the man who would do it as it should be done for the least money. The last Legislature thought otherwise, and gave it to a good Democrat as a reward of merit, and the contract was sub-let to a firm, one of whose members is charged with having been tainted with Third partyism. The avowed object of this unbusiness-like move was therefore defeated in part.

One Raleigh paper—for which we have great respect and no little admiration—says, in advocating its claim to the contract:
"It is essential to the defence and advancement of Democratic principles in North Carolina that there should be published at this capital a staunch Democratic daily journal, well equipped and supported by the Democrats of the State."

Granted; but what of it? It is also essential to the advancement of Democratic principles that every town and village and cross roads in the State should have a well equipped Democratic journal. If the contract is to be used to support Democratic organs, pass it around. Let the poor fellow who, right this minute, is crying for cordwood and squashes, have his chance at this fat contract, worth \$2,000 to \$4,000 a year. He has labored in the back corners and in the out-of-the-way places, it is true; but his work tells for Democracy and he should have his reward. Arrange the names of the Democratic editors in alphabetical order, and, every two years, call one of us to Raleigh to sub-let the contract—keeping a sharp eye out for Third party men—secure railroad passes, and then go home, to return now and then to draw the profits. Some of us, well down towards the z's, would die of old age before the promised land opened upon our vision, but we could die all the more resigned, knowing that it had really headed our way.

No, gentlemen of the Assembly of the great State of North Carolina, you can do this thing in but one of two ways—right or wrong; and the right way is to save every cent of the people's money by giving the public printing to the responsible man who will do it for the least money. You were not sent to Raleigh to give bonuses to any one.

Republicans Fight For Once.
From the New York Staats-Zeitung.
For a long time the Republicans have prophesied that it would be a cold day when Illinois elected a Democratic Governor. They were right. It was 10 degrees below zero in Chicago on Tuesday.
Some Never Come Back.
From the New York World.
There is nothing strange about the story of two men of this town who went off on a spree and when they came to their senses found themselves in mid-ocean on an east bound steamer. Men who get so drunk they are apt to get half seas over.

THE TATTLER.
Some Things He Sees And Hears Worth Talking About.
Bill Nye came into town last week—and Asheville has had some of the "unpleasant" weather she has had for years. A little climate now and then does not create any considerable disturbance, but when it comes down like a wolf on the fold, brings its knitting, so to speak, and sojourns for a week or two at a time, why, that's different. Asheville people are unused to such snaps. The fact of the business is, there are by far too many people in Asheville who have come to believe that Asheville is conducted under some sort of special dispensation, and, therefore, doesn't need to keep a weather eye open. But by and by the snap comes along—and there you are. The weather will come, and there's no way of getting around it except by preparing for it.

When a snow visits Asheville, many of the poor people throw up their hands even before the command is given. There has been little saved up, and work has been suspended the family soon gets out of life's necessities. It seems never to occur to any of these able-bodied men that they might, if they cared, make enough to tide them over a snowy season by going over the city and sweeping pavements and porches. I've seen the time here when snow shovellers had to be employed, but don't think I ever saw one going about on the hunt for work. There is an ordinance against allowing snow on the sidewalks, and it seems to me a proper owner would rather pay the workman than the fine imposed by the city. The latter might make an example of a couple of firms near the square, and in this way promote the snow-shovelling industry.

The great-hearted women of the Flower Mission—Glod bless them! and a benediction on the heads of the noble people of Asheville who have contributed of their wealth and worldly goods, through the Flower Mission, to the combat against privation blighting hand which has been stretched over the poorer of Asheville's people! Full credit will never be given these benevolent ones, except by the recording angel, because they go about doing good unostentatiously, and the extent of their work is never known here, except by themselves. Citizens responded to an appeal in THE CITIZEN by sending checks for generous amounts, while one gentleman I heard of kept a coal wagon going continually to supply fuel to keep warm the ones who are never comfortably clad, even in the mildest winter weather. Acts such as these bring reward greater than any praise or compensation.

It seems to me that it would have been as little as the city could have done for her poor, to have given out the wood cut from the big trees felled recently on North Main street. There were several loads of wood, and I am sure they would have been gladly welcomed by many a needy family. However, a poor man didn't get it.

I see a joke going the rounds, rejoicing in the fact that elevators are going down. It should be remembered, however, that an elevator which goes down, pretty soon thereafter goes up again.

Certain recent happenings in Asheville at first glance impress one with the idea that the lion and the lamb are about to lie down together. Still, it is a very good idea to keep your eye on the lion, to see that he has no dark designs on the life of the lamb.

For the life of me, I don't see what objection our most worthy association of gentlemen called Aldermen can have to Shurtle's photograph cabinet, on South Main street. It is not dangerous by any means, and so far as looks go it is ornamental. Yet it must come under the ban, while new poles are put up anywhere and everywhere, and corrugated iron houses occasionally work themselves into the good graces of the Board. Matters like these are of great moment, however, compared to which P. M. B. Young investigations must take a back seat. But—if this suits everybody else it suits The Tattler.

SHORT STATE STORIES.
—Bryson City Times: Our esteemed fellow townsman and Representative, Hon. R. L. Leatherwood writes us that Col. Andrew, general agent for the receivers, assures him that in the spring good steel rail will be laid down and a first-class depot will be built at Bryson City.

—Shelby Review: The large building for the wagon and buggy factory of Harrison, Towry & Philbeck at New House is very nearly completed and the factory will soon be in operation. The main building is 40 by 60 feet, two stories. Ed. Harmon, who was shot by Mike Sellers, at the time he killed Lee Ward, some days ago, will recover.

—J. J. Bell, one of that fast disappearing class, the old stage drivers, died in Salisbury at the age of 80 years. He is said to have first applied brakes to stage wheels, but let some one take his invention from him, by neglecting to secure a patent.—Winston Sentinel. It was said of him, some 40 years ago, when the combination suggested did not appear as incongruous as it does now, that he could make a better prayer and mix a better toby than any man in Salisbury.
—Shelby Review: Gaither V. Hicks, aged 35 and having a family, in company with another man and two women of bad character, went to the house of Mrs. Polly Walker, a feeble old woman, 80 years of age, who lives alone near New House in the yard of D. W. Jones, and demanded supper for himself and companions. After eating the supper, Hicks at the point of his pistol drove everyone out of the house and assaulted the old woman. After beating her most brutally he ravished her and fled. He was arrested. Mrs. Walker may not recover.

AT THE BABY'S BEDTIME.
This is baby's bedtime;
My little one comes to me
In her snowy little nightgown
And kneels down at my knee,
And I fancy a sweet cherub angel
Is for a time my guest
As she says her little prayers over
With her hands upon her breast.

"Now I lay me," she whispers
In low voice, "down to sleep.
I pray the Lord—and the blue eyes
Half close—"my soul to keep.
If I should die—"oh, the shiver
At my heart—"before I wake,
I pray the Lord—and the eyelids
Drop low—"my soul to take."

Then I lift up the little one, clasping
Her close to my loving heart,
And give her warm, good night kisses
Till the closed lids break apart
As the leaves do, folding a flower.
And the sweetest of cherubs
Look up in their drowsy fashion
And smile at me angelwise.

"Dood night," she whispers me softly
And sleepily, with a kiss
That lingers with me in slumber,
And stirs my heart with bliss,
As I think of the little one dreaming
With her head against my breast,
Till my sleep is as full of rapture
As her dreaming is of rest.
—Eben E. Rexford.

A Strange Death.
Thomas Odell, a young man of twenty-two years, living seven miles back of Greenup, Ky., has met death in a strange manner. He had been a puzzle to physicians for several years. He was affected by what he ate to such an extent that when he indulged in beef eaten about an hour afterward he would become restless and wander out in search of cattle and bellow as an ox, and would get down on his hands and knees and eat grass like a cow. When he partook of mutton his actions were those of a sheep, and he would plaintively bleat like a lamb. When he ate chicken he would go out and scratch for worms, which he would devour with apparent relish.

After eating fish he would wander to the creek and go in swimming. One day his father killed several squirrels, of which the son ate heartily for dinner. He left the house shortly after and was followed by the father. The father saw him enter an oak grove, and soon saw his son jumping nimbly from limb to limb, at the same time barking like a squirrel. He called for him to come down, but this only seemed to make the boy want to escape, and he attempted to jump from one tree to another, but missed and fell to the ground, a mangled, breathless mass of humanity, and expired in less than five minutes.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Military Handkerchief.
Permission for soldiers to carry pocket handkerchiefs will now probably be given, for I see the war office authorities have sanctioned a military handkerchief being patented by Lieutenant Colonel Fulton.

On this handkerchief is printed all sorts of useful information concerning the use and construction of the Lee-Metford rifle, the alphabet used by army signallers, general rules to be observed in any position in which a soldier may find himself on campaign, the various bugle calls and other things, many of which are so nicely illustrated that it would be a thousand pities to use it in the manner naturally prompted by a cutting "mor-easterly."—Leeds Mercury.

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