

THE ASHEVILLE DAILY CITIZEN

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28 1894.

A St. Petersburg correspondent of one of the London papers says of the czar's bride: "She was very stately and beautiful, but somewhat weary and sad."

There is one omission in Postmaster General Bissell's annual report—he neglected to explain why the name of Appomattox postoffice was changed to Saratoga.

The explanation was given long ago. The name was changed because the people living there petitioned for the change and because one Virginia Congressman also asked that the change be made.

The Philadelphia Times says that "Miss Beatrice Harraden passed into celebrity on 'Ships That Pass in the Night.'" This looks pretty, but it isn't.

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The Charlotte Observer is the only paper that has a correspondent at the scene of the fire—Charlotte Observer. It is curious—in it—that THE CITIZEN should print a full list of the losses of the Marion fire Monday afternoon if it did not have a correspondent there.

NOT A CONSUL'S DUTY. I. Edwin Avery, clerk consular general, Shanghai, writes a very interesting letter to the Raleigh News and Observer, in which he says:

"[His] a wealthy Chinese merchant residence is just across the street from my office, and the rooms occupied by the women of the house front on the street and are only about 20 feet from the veranda of my office. No matter what time I go to my office in the morning I see them in these rooms, so I judge that they rise about daylight. Three of these women are the wives of the merchant and each has a female Chinese servant who is in constant attendance. Every morning I have an opportunity of watching them arrange their hair and point their noses about the street corners. After this is finished the women come to the windows which are low and broad, and here they remain watching the street scene until noon, when they have their meals served in their rooms. In the afternoon they resume their positions at the windows and they stay there laughing and chatting like so many nags until night."

The question before the court is, would it be considered just for a Chinese observer in this country to play the part of "peeping Tom" and report to a China paper that he saw American ladies at their toilet, and what they did. We think not. Mr. Avery has abused his opportunities.

A RED CLAY KEY NOTE. How North Carolina Farmers should Make the Earth Work for Them. W. E. Massey in Charlotte Observer.

The crying need of the South is good farming, with the intelligent use of the valuable recuperating crops of peas and clover, and with fewer acres in cotton, and more cotton per acre, we will be able to grow it at the minimum cost, and the price should again be better, we will have learned a lesson of profit, and will in the meantime have become independent of the cotton crop as a sole dependence.

And This is for Fun! Springfield, Mass. telegram. Bitterness was a physical woe, much to the surprise of everybody, and didn't kick the ball once. He was kicked in the eye some time, and now the sight has become impaired so that he cannot see without great difficulty. During the game he wore a huge visor over his eyes, but it apparently did little good, for he was next to being blinded all day.

His magnificent punning was also missed, and when he was carried off the field in the second half as pale as a ghost and writhing in agony everybody felt sorry for him.

The Currency Question. From the New York World. The currency question is financial and scientific rather than political. Neither party is agreed upon it. It has likewise international complications. Its right solution requires expert knowledge and a broad appreciation of the needs of the whole country. A non-partisan commission, large enough to be representative of all sections and all interests, examining the whole question thoroughly, could present a report which would give Congress a basis for intelligent and helpful action.

E. & W. Kaiser have introduced and calls at "The New Dentist," Hotel Berkeley.

TO SAVE THE COUNTRY.

And Richmond Pearson, "See He," Proposes to Stay Until It is Saved. From the Raleigh News and Observer, Tuesday.

That gentleman of "red-lattice" phrase, from his mountain-home to Raleigh a few days ago, and his wings were flayed with the frost-spangles of his dual heights.

In other words, he brought a cold snap with him. He brought also another snap of which he was the recipient on the 6th day of this month.

He sat yesterday noon before the big log fire at the Park hotel, thawing himself, and under the percolation, crackle of the flame which went even into his pin-fleas, he shook out all his icicles and was on the earth long enough to say simply that "I am here to save the country, and I propose to stay here until it is saved."

"But how will you go about saving the State, Mr. Pearson?"

"Well, I think there should be a modification of the election law, so as to make it tri-partisan in this necessary to register the will of the people. There should be an abolition of the present system of county government, whereby the voters are not appointed to collectors who make themselves obnoxious to the people. There should be an election of two United States Senators, an election of a railroad commissioner. Then we should all take a drink and go home."

"Do you intend turning out all the men in the public institutions as at present organized?"

"I should, of course, say that a clean sweep will be made in the penitentiary, but in many other institutions the present incumbents will be undisturbed. For example, take Mr. Murphy, in the asylum at Morganton. That kind of a man would be displaced."

"As to these Senators, it appears that your mind is pretty well made up on the two men?"

"Yes, I think it was a well agreed upon part of the program that Mr. Butler should go, and then Pritchard will be the other man."

"What does Pritchard represent, Mr. Pearson?"

"Mr. Pritchard represents the force of the party, the other, the 'leaves' the gentleman replied epigrammatically.

"Do you not know, Mr. Pearson, that Mr. Pritchard has written a letter in which he said that Mr. Ewart was his strongest rival, and yet that Mr. Ewart was his personal friend?"

"I did not know of the letter, but I believe that Mr. Ewart will vote for Mr. Pritchard, and that Mr. Pritchard will vote for Mr. Ewart. Ewart's own county is for Pritchard."

"Do you expect the Populists to stay with you in 1896?"

"I do. In order to keep them with us, we must give them as much to do for Congressmen, let them take four, and throw dice for the remaining Congressman. We will vote for the Republican President. All this was the plan and purpose of this whole thing, just as much as the election of Butler was a part of it. This movement has few leaders, but a flood of people," said the "red-lattice" speaker, dropping into epigram again.

Mr. Pearson talked Mr. Butler and the rest of the saints.

HANKS COMPLAINS. He Did Not Want Publication: Only Price of Publication.

SITIZEN EDITOR SIR:—I was considerably surprised, you had ordered charge me \$8 for printing that harmless little poem, more than I ever told you to publish the same. I just written you & asked you to rite me word, & then you sent me on & print the same at your own risk, that's a nice way er devin. Wy, Sir, spose you was to come out hear & ask me what I'll charge you fer to drink out my spring, which they haunt better mink water runs out the yeth, & me just stand thar & never say nuthin, & you git back up on you mewel & go off to Ashuil, & me send you a bill fer \$5, you wreck in life ever's, sek to kerlecked the same. No more talker.

Then again spose I were to go inter Jim Sawyer's Bank, & low to him what interest he charge fer a little munny, & he say he rite you word, & then him go & put me in the bank & put forty thousand dollars in a box fer me, & me to git the same whenever I want hit, & me not never know nuthin about hit, you wreck in line counter pay intrust on that munny, no more talker. I was to speck to a doctor & ask him what he wreck in make a man by longer as Hanksa Mink water will, & then come out tear & winter charge me 4,000\$ fer the same you wreck in him that munny. No Nive, he say ter him, says I, Dack, you jass lay down & drink the wuth of yo eggvise, dont stay thar more ten minutes, nuthin.

Which I haunt no man fer law sers, the meat you say, I tell you what I'll ew. Towit, if you printed all then papers fer me, send me all then papers, I j-dge you printed about ten thousand papers, now if you send me all then thousand papers, I'll pay you \$5 fer the same, of knot, Wy, you jess make the people what red the pone pay fer the same. I'm a law bidin man, but you can't run no hunt game on me. Yours tiller watter million time.

Dave Hanks. Kane Krenk, N. C., Buncombe Co. N. C., 1894, the November 24.

[Hanks has one on us. Papers sent C. O. D.—ED. CITIZEN.]

OVERDREW HER ACCOUNT. And, Woman Like, Blamed the Bank Men Therefor. From the New York Sun.

A citizen of large means wished his daughter to become acquainted with business methods, and placed a sum of money to her credit in a bank. One day she was informed by the teller that her account was overdrawn. The teller explained that the bank was perfectly willing to accommodate her, as her father was well known, and that it was desired simply to inform of the state of the case. She declared in surprise when informed of the fact, but said nothing, and taking the roll of bills handed her, was about to leave the building when an idea occurred to her—the idea, probably, that she had not displayed a proper knowledge of business in not commenting on the situation. She returned to the window.

"Did you say, just now, that my account was overdrawn?" she asked gravely.

"I did," replied the teller.

"Well, see that it doesn't happen again," it was her parting injunction, and she turned away without waiting for the teller's promise to carry out her instructions.

That We Are Now Doing

CURES OTHERS. For over a quarter of a century, Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been effecting cures of Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Consumption, or Lung Disease, and Lung Affections. Weak Lungs, Bleeding from Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, all Impaired Coughs, Consumption, or Lung Disease, and kindred maladies, are cured by it.

REDUCED TO A SKELETON. Mrs. MARY MULLA of Sardinia, Sicily, writes: "One of my children, a boy named 'Frankie,' was badly affected, and I was told that he would die. I bought a bottle of your Medical Discovery, and I soon began to see the effect of it. He is now well, and I am very grateful to you for your kind and helpful action."

As we are now making an entirely new and improved formula of our 'Golden Medical Discovery' we are greatly indebted to you for your kind and helpful action.

ARTHUR W. FIELD SPANGENBERG'S FAMILY SHOE STORE. LEADING JEWELER. COURT SQUARE.

WOMAN NO LONGER CHATTERS.

When She Has Anything to Say Now She Writes It. One of the joys of my childhood was to stand in front of a newspaper shop, with face close to the glass, devouring eagerly all the illustrated comic papers in sight. The news agent was often inconsiderate, in that the papers were folded in two, so that half the picture or the moral thereof was frequently missing. Then I used to pretend that it was a stupid joke, and I did not care to read any more. Even in those days the critical spirit of the age must have infected me, for I remember, says a writer in the New York Advertiser, a vague discomfort, due no doubt to the unexpressed idea that had it not been for talkative women and for warlike mothers-in-law, the editors of comic papers would be short of material.

Mothers-in-law have been grossly maligned, but we all know the identical woman. The disciplinary effects of matrimony with such a being are unrivaled. Concentration of thought cannot be attained more surely than by reading assiduously while the woman talks. One of two things is inevitable. You either quarrel violently or learn to read steadily through the noise, and to quarrel with people who know your private affairs is foolish, for it leads to a publicity which modest souls shun. The only thing to be done is to read with persistence. Practice renders this quite simple. When you are an expert you will find yourself throwing in a gracious "Yes" or "No" whenever the woman stops to take breath.

Owing to the vast increase in newspaper correspondence and to other literary causes, the voluble woman is rapidly becoming extinct. A few years ago almost all the writing printed, and consequently whenever a man was filled with exuberant vitality he wrote a novel or a poem. Thus he was able to remove the pressure from his brain, and—double joy—express his views without contradiction. If he could not get anything printed, he could still write. As a last resource, he could always write letters to the newspapers, sign them "Paterfamilias," "Pro Bono Publico," or "An Indignant Ratepayer." This kind of thing has a particular charm for some people; you can say so many nasty things about your enemies under cover of a swimming bath agitation or a schoolboard question.

For woman, till lately, there was nothing of this kind. Consequently her vitality bubbled over in foolishness, and her sex was stamped as a sex of talkers, through no actual fault of its own. Those women who did not chatter were either dull and unresponsive, or they were sensible and expressed their exuberance. As physicians might say, repression induced caustic speeches when the individual was off guard and thus women got the reputation of being scolds. Again, through no fault of their own, all this is being altered. Now, nearly every woman at least writes to the newspapers, and many write for the newspapers, and very well, too—sometimes, and so a blessed end is made. Journalism is a healing balm. The voice of the talkative woman will soon be heard no longer in the land and the comic papers will have to take a new line.

A FAMOUS YEAR. Some of the Distinguished Men Who were Born in 1809.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born on August 29, 1809. William E. Gladstone was born on December 29, 1809. That is a famous year in biography. Charles Darwin was born on February 12, 1809. Edgar Allan Poe was born February 19, 1809. Alfred Tennyson was born in the same year; so was Pierre Joseph Brounche, the French social philosopher. It is a year famous in the annals of military history, too, for Marshal Canrobert, the surviving French marshal, was born in that year; general; so was Frederick von Buss, the Austrian statesman, whose power in German affairs was eclipsed at Sadova. The Italian statesman, Rissoletti, was born in Florence on March 9, 1809. Park Benjamin, who died in 1861, was born in the same year. For Americans it will always be memorable as the year in which Abraham Lincoln was born.

The death of Dr. Holmes has called up a flood of reminiscences on the subject of old men. Titian, the Italian painter, was 100 years old when he died at Cadore, Italy. Donaldo, when past 90, and utterly blind, stormed Constantinople. Isaac Newton was 86 when he died. The French chemist, was 109 when he died in 1880. Cassius M. Clay, now living in Kentucky, is 84. Hamilton Fish, governor, United States senator and secretary of state, was another of the famous men born in 1809.

Each Nation for Itself. This large uncertainty which is now characterizing all things Russian adds a new element of confusion to the already complex and doubtful situation in the far east. It is understood here that England has made proposals for a joint action of the powers in the Pacific and has been refused by all save Italy. Whether this be true or based only on the general failure of the present foreign policy administration, it is clear, but the tone of the semi-official papers in Berlin, Vienna, and Paris alike, makes it apparent that nobody intends to risk a scorching for the sake of bringing the British chestnuts out of the fire. The issues involved in the China-Japanese struggle are too big and the chances of individual profit, in case of a general oriental breaking up, are too fascinating for any power to surrender thus early the advantage of a peace hand.

Did You Know. Cleverton—Your laundryman left your clothes in my room by mistake last night.

Dashaway—How do they feel?—Clothing and Furnisher.

When He Wanted to Call. She—When will you call and see papa? He (nervously)—I don't know. When will he be out?—Oakland (Cal.) Assn.

GOOD SHOE POLISH seems to be a necessity to keep ladies' and children's shoes looking right. If you are not satisfied with our polish after trying it, return it and get your money.

Makers of inferior polish don't do business that way, 25c. a bottle. To introduce a polish new to this locality, but well known North, the makers give with each one and a quarter gross (180 bottles) tickets numbered to 180 to go with each bottle. The winning number is in a sealed glass bottle, to be opened when all is sold, and will entitle the holder to the handsome silver plated tea set in the show window.

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AN EXTRAORDINARY PASTIME.

An Alphabet That They Considered a Pleasure to Learn. A general arrived from St. Petersburg in a garrison town in the interior of Russia to hold an inspection of the troops. After the review he stepped into the officers' messroom, where he noticed on the counter a row of bottles, to which, instead of the usual labels, white tickets, with a single letter of the alphabet on each, were affixed. The bottles stood in rank and file, and in alphabetical order.

"What does this mean?" the general asked the lieutenant who was showing him round.

"That is an officers' charade, your excellency," replied the officer, rather embarrassed.

The general continued his inquiries and elicited the following information: "Each bottle contains a different kind of liquor. At the meeting of the officers' club one of us mixes some of these varieties in a glass so that the initials spell a name, and the older and more experienced members of the club, after tasting it, guess what it is composed of and name the word intended."

"Very original idea," remarked the general. "And are you able to make a guess of that kind?"

"If it is your excellency's pleasure, I will try," the lieutenant replied.

The general went to the counter and mixed a glass, while the officer stood at the other end of the room with his face to the wall.

"Now, guess what this means," said the general as he handed the glass to the officer.

The latter drank it at one gulp, smacked his tongue and replied: "That was 'Anna,' your excellency."

" Bravo!" exclaimed the general. "It requires a lot of practice, ah?"

"Your excellency, 'Anna' is easy enough, but there is a captain in our corps whose even guess 'Nobushadnessar'!"—Tit-Bits.

Both the Same Color. While it lasted a big crowd had fun on Broadway near Chambers street recently. The proprietors of a big drug store in that vicinity thought there was a fire or something serious when a pushing, pulling mob crowded up in front of their doors.

The cause of it all was the sudden entrance of a young man clad entirely in white—white dress trousers, coat and vest, a white lawn tie, white shoes, white kid gloves and a white soft hat. He was advertising a clothing fire by distributing cards, but his conspicuous appearance attracted such a crowd that he got a little frightened and darted into the drug store, while messenger boys and about half a dozen "gentles" from Essex street made many and divers marks.

"How did mamma let 'im get out?" "Hello, Cholly, old boy. Who poured you into do pants?" "Say, whikers, you look like a vallerie gumdrop."

"Get on to see hooks." After while he ventured out, and the uproar became greater. An Irish truck driver pulled up his horses and took a long look at the figure in white.

"Wall," said he reflectively, "judgin from yer actions, me bye, yer liver's the same color as yer hat."—New York Mail and Express.

Having a Bully Time. Oliver Wendell Holmes was born on August 29, 1809. William E. Gladstone was born on December 29, 1809. That is a famous year in biography. Charles Darwin was born on February 12, 1809. Edgar Allan Poe was born February 19, 1809. Alfred Tennyson was born in the same year; so was Pierre Joseph Brounche, the French social philosopher. It is a year famous in the annals of military history, too, for Marshal Canrobert, the surviving French marshal, was born in that year; general; so was Frederick von Buss, the Austrian statesman, whose power in German affairs was eclipsed at Sadova. The Italian statesman, Rissoletti, was born in Florence on March 9, 1809. Park Benjamin, who died in 1861, was born in the same year. For Americans it will always be memorable as the year in which Abraham Lincoln was born.

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