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MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. LESTER WALLACK has retired from the stage for good. JOHANN STRAUSS has completed his new opera "Simplicius." SARDOU has written a five-act drama for Bernhardt, entitled Mesaline. A REAL cotton gin costing \$1,500 is to figure in a new comedy of Southern life. The summer night concerts at Madison Square Garden, New York, are very popular. MISS EMMA ABBOTT is to give a three weeks' season of opera in New York in January. An international congress is to consider at Paris the best means of preventing the burning of theatres. CLARA MORRIS opens her season, probably in her new play, "Hence," at the Grand Opera House, New York, October 17. A MOVEMENT is on foot to organize in New York a Wagner Society, having for its aim the promotion of progressive ideas in music. MRS. D. P. BOWERS intends to produce three new plays during 1887-'88, two being adaptations from the French. John F. Ritchie will manage her tour. MADAM JANASCHER'S injuries from a fall being of a more serious nature than at first supposed, by the advice of her doctors she has abandoned the idea of acting the ensuing season. FRANK W. SANGER has brought from England a new opera by the authors of "Erminie," entitled "Dick," and a comedy played by Willie Edouin in London, entitled "A Tragedy." ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, author of the famous tale, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," is coming over from England to be present when Mr. Mansfield produces the drama of that name in New York. MRS. POTTER'S latest play "Loyal Love," seems to be the flimsiest trash. Her acting in it seems to have been surprisingly good. The tone of the London papers is entirely changed. They have discovered not only great promise, but many actual merits in her work.

FREAKS OF LIGHTNING.

ONE stroke of lightning killed the five horses of Peter Goodhue, of Manston Prairie, Dak., and ruined his barn. LIGHTNING struck a flock of sheep belonging to W. A. Falsom, of Wilmington, N. C., and killed twenty of them. LIGHTNING at Gabriella, Fla., struck a tall pine, which it split from top to bottom. Then it jumped twenty feet to a barbed wire fence, cutting out the posts and ruining the fence for a hundred yards. W. H. BARNES, of Taylor, Ga., had just driven under an oak and was dismounting when he was knocked senseless by lightning. When he recovered consciousness the mule he had driven was dead and the oak was in a blaze. OSCAR BROWN, of Fergus Falls, Minn., sat in his house with his wife and children, while lightning knocked the plaster from the walls, burned all the picture frames, set fire to the doors, and raised hell generally, yet none of the family was injured. Two men in the section house at Dawson, Ga., occupied a bed, the bedboard of which was cut into kindling wood by lightning. Other furniture of the room was also knocked into fragments, and dishes were hurled in every direction, yet neither man was even stunned. WHILE Doyle Brown, of Talking Rock, Ga., was shoveling up chips, lightning struck the handle of the shovel and split it in two. The bolt then divided and ran through both of Brown's hands and arms, and passed out at the back of his neck, killing him. An old man twenty feet away was knocked senseless. THE Prison Mirror, which is edited and printed by the convicts in the Stillwater (Minn.) Penitentiary, invites President Cleveland to visit its "retired community" and expresses regret that the invitation could not be conveyed by a committee. LATEST intelligence is confirmatory of the great losses of sheep in Buenos Ayres within the past year. It is alleged that over 20,000,000 sheep have died, and the loss is estimated at \$30,000,000, which is at least twelve per cent. of the value of all the flocks.

THE MARKETS.

Table with columns for Market Name (NEW YORK, BUFFALO, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, WATERTOWN) and various commodity prices (Beef, Sheep, Hogs, Flour, etc.).

A FIGHT WITH THE UTES.

Five White Men Killed and Four Wounded in Colorado.

Chief Colorow's Band Loses Seven Braves and Two Squaws.

A Denver Dispatch says that the latest news from the seat of the Indian war shows the condition to be more critical, and increases the list of dead and wounded in the battle near Rangely, Col. From 500 to 600 Indians are reported camped on the ground of the recent battle, and Major Leslie, Sheriff Kendall's posse and Fritchard's scouts, reinforced by Sheriff Hooper, of Pitkin County, and Captain Denny, of Meeker, are fortifying Rangely. Rifle-pits are being made, houses strongly fortified, and every precaution taken for a regular Indian war. The State troops at Rangely are estimated at from two hundred to two hundred and fifty. Ranchmen, with their families, are still hurrying to both Rangely and Meeker. Four companies of colored regulars, numbering 165 men each, are reported near the State troops. The last courier brings what appears to be reliable information of the killing of five whites, four wounded, and seven Indians and two squaws killed and five wounded in the recent battle. Here is the total list of the whites killed: Lieut. Frank Folsom, of Aspen; Jack Ward, Deputy Sheriff, with Kendall's party; Wild Bill, or "Curly," a long-haired railway laborer, who was picked up at Glenwood and furnished with arms; two ranchmen, or cowboys, who joined the troops, but whose names are as yet unknown. Dr. W. G. Dumond, a dentist and member of Kendall's posse, was shot twice, it is thought seriously. Foutz, a member of the Aspen Company, was shot in the face, but will recover. Richard McCaffery, a member of the Leadville Company, was shot in the face, but will recover. Wild Bill, the second member of the posse to be killed, was a very little man about thirty-five years of age, with long, black hair. He had been employed on one of the railroads at Glenwood, and said, when attacked about his unique personality, that he had joined the troops for \$2 a day, and disclaimed any desire to fight the Utes, and did not believe he would have to do so. The boys had given him the soubriquet of "Wild Bill," and he was recognized as such by two ranchmen and a soldier, who found his body in a clump of willows, his hands clutching an old magazine rifle which he had picked up. Some of the boys had made a great deal of fun of him and had called him a coward, and he refused to do guard duty, but Bill did not deserve the title, as his bravery in the battle demonstrated. During the fight in the morning he was in the front rank, and told one of his companions that he had downed an Indian. In the afternoon the Indian posse stampeded and got between the troops and the Utes. Bill was attracted by a pretty brn-skinned horse, and dashing down from his position on the hill, essayed to capture some of the herd. The dash was so sudden that the soldier approached within thirty feet of the horse before he was stopped. The Indians thought he was trying to draw them up a little ravine a hundred yards away and fell back, but when they divined his intention, the figure on the roan horse, his long hair flying in the breeze and his gun raised above his head to frighten the horses, was pierced by half the dozen bullets fired at him. The other white men were killed by Indian pickets while attempting to stampede the horses. There are few men who can give a complete description of the battle. Every man who was there has great respect for the fighting abilities of the Indians, and that the troops gained a victory was due to the good judgment of Capt. Fray. Half an hour after the battle began a man was seen to dash from the cliffs opposite the willows. He had been a member of the flanking party which Leslie had sent to drive the Utes and had been surrounded. He beat an Indian to death and threw away his gun as he ran, and leaped from a rock to rock with the agility of a mountain goat. Once in the open space between the rocks and the willows and where the Indians had arranged an ambush, and which was strewn with guns and bodies and pistols and dead or dying horses, he dashed between the lines of the opposing sides and sped in the direction of the river. The boys whistled after him, but he did not heed them, and on reaching the bank of the river he plunged in and swam to the opposite shore, where he took to the brush and hid. This was the only case of desertion which occurred during the battle. As near as can be determined from the conflicting statements, there were from 30 to 25 Indians on the field. The 600 gathered there now came after the battle in response to the runners who were sent to the reservation. An Uncompahgre Indian known as "Gus" had a squaw and pappoose when the battle began, and in the first rush they became separated and in half an hour were more than a mile from him, and he was unable to find them with the little Indian babe clasped her in arms, was screaming and running wildly about. The Indian put spurs to his pony and dashed down the ravine in the face of a storm of bullets. At least three hundred shots were fired at him, but he was not hit apparently, and, reaching the squaw, he pulled her to the horse and galloped a half mile further on with his burden, and after placing her on the ground out of danger rode back to the top of the bluff. When he reached the summit he was seen to reel and stagger like a drunken man. During the excitement that characterized the opening of the fight, the party, dashed over the field from point to point, amid the ceaseless firing of 200 guns. Two of them were shot. On the day of the battle the whites were without food and fatigued out. On Wednesday, the day preceding the battle, there was a violent hailstorm, and in some places the hail was almost knee deep and the wind blew a gale. The horses were punished terribly and the men suffered much. The Indians had a great advantage in that their horses were fresh and that they had got out of the storm and were dry. Capt. Fray came into Meeker Sunday with a command to report. He said that White River Colorow, for whom the warrant was issued, and Uncompahgre Colorow were both present at the peace talk, and the Captain conversed with White River Colorow. The latter is nearly seventy years old, wrinkled and fat. He is deaf and his sight is impaired. In conversation with Captain Fray he denied his desire to fight, but said that if the white men did not go back there would be a big fight and that he could get a heap White River braves, heap Uncompahgres and heap Navajos who were young and wanted to fight. SHARKS are accused of causing the great scarcity of soft crabs in the waters of the Chesapeake Bay this season. They are unusually numerous and bold, and may be seen any day swimming about on the flats exploring the water-grass with their blunt noses. A HOMELY truth is better than a splendid error.

BILL NYE AS A DUELIST.

HE CHALLENGES AN EDITOR IN A TRULY CHIVALROUS WAY.

The Humorist Resents Some Remarks Made Upon His Hair—A Fierce Cry For Gore. The following copy of a letter has been handed to the New York World with a view to publicity: Mr. George W. Tidd, Editor Cranberry Palladium.

Sir: My attention has just been called to a printed statement made over your own signature some time ago, in which you spoke in a light and flippant manner of my hair. The remark was carefully worded, but calculated to cast obloquy and reproach upon me in the eyes of the public. I have spoken to several friends in relation to it, and they are of one opinion in the matter. They unite in saying that the term "Mexican hairless humorist" demands a challenge, to say nothing of the statement that "while on board a train which was robbed in Nebraska" I succeeded in "concealing my jewelry in my hair until the danger had passed."

For this, sir, I beg to state that my address is No. 231 1/2 Rue de Bowery, opposite the Place du Rahway Mysterie, and to ask that you will send me your own address. I forward this by the hands of a slow messenger boy, who will bring me your answer as soon as he gets thoroughly rested. I need not add that he is my friend and will act as my second, should you refuse to retract the statements referred to. You may also settle with him for this message and your own.

I will settle with you. I hope, sir, that you will excuse anything that may seem coarse or brutal in this challenge, for I desire only to take your life without giving you any offense, and I want to be polite like other duelists. May I ask, therefore, that at your earliest convenience you will name a quiet place, as free from malaria as possible, where we may kill each other undisturbed.

May I trouble you also, sir, to select two as dangerous weapons as possible, and also to bring with you the surgeon who generally sews you up at such times? The De Nyes have always been a hot-blooded race ever since they left France, and they can none of them brook an insult or bear to be trampled on.

When I first read your stinging insult in the paper I became delirious with passion, and although I am not related to the Knickerbockers, my breath came in short pants.

The De Nyes are pleasant people to meet, but the man who infuriates one of them is liable to meander up the fume in an oblique manner. Pardon anything, sir, in this communication which may sound harsh or clash with the smooth and scholarly style of assassination peculiar to the Code. I desire to meet you in mortal combat, but I want to do it in a polished way, and I desire to word this note so that it will read well in print, like other challenges.

I have consulted several friends about the prospect of our meeting in a duel at no distant day, and all of them seem to be highly gratified. It affords me great pleasure to note that I go into this thing with the hearty indorsement and god-speed of all, without distinction. If you would prefer to wait a few weeks, till the weather is cooler, so that you can lie in state longer, I will try to muzzle my wrath, but would advise you not to cross my trail in the meantime.

My second will no doubt inform you that I am an expert and deadly swordsman and will try to convince you that it will be best not to name the sword. Do not be too proud to heed his advice. I may save your life—and mine also.

I hope you will not treat this challenge lightly, sir, and try still further to heap ridicule upon an old and mildewed name by suggesting soft gloves or watermelons as weapons. Let us meet as gentlemen, sir—fire and fall down, stagger to our feet, lean heavily against a tree, mutter a few words in a hoarse voice, gasp two times in rapid succession, put on our coats and go home.

I feel almost certain, sir, that you will treat this note in a slighting and jaunty manner, but I beg that you will not do so. For the sake of the Tidds, who were always a plain but rather pleasant set of people, and for the sake of the De Nyes, whose only fault has been their fondness for fresh, hot blood, furnished by other parties; for the sake of all our ancestors, sir, let me beg of you to assist in making this duel a success.

If I have been brutal in the wording of this challenge, sir, or violated the Code, or misspelled any words, will you please have it corrected before you send it to the printer? I ask this favor of you in all sincerity and in as courteous a manner as possible, hoping that you will grant it promptly, and that you will lose no opportunity to do all the good you can during the next few days.

I have arranged all my earthly affairs with the exception of paying my poll-tax. I have turned off the gas-meter and am prepared for any accident, though the police have promised to come in and arrest us at any time we may agree upon.

In closing, sir, allow me to express the hope that you will surely be at the duel and that you will bring your dinner.

My second will offer you the choice of weapons, with an opportunity of retraction. If you enter into life and its enjoyments with real zest, I would advise you to avail yourself of the opportunity to retract, for, although sir, I would be a great deal happier with your heart's blood, the retraction will do me just as well and you need not humiliate yourself in writing it. I do not ask you, sir, to grovel. You can write a retraction which will not compromise you at all and yet one that will give me much pleasure.

In the meantime, sir, I shall remain at the above address, awaiting your decision, and whatever it may be, sir, I beg

to remain your most obedient antagonist and well-wisher, WILLIAM DE NYE, Formerly Duke of Sweetwater County and Referee during the Modoc War.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

By careful experiments M. Bloch has determined that it takes 1.73 of a second longer to hear a sound than to see a sight, and 1.21 of a second longer to feel a touch than to see a sight.

Chemical decomposition has been produced by pressure in the experiments of two Belgian chemists. Under a pressure of 6,900 atmospheres, at a temperature of 104 degrees, a pulverized acetate of copper and lime was slowly liquefied, and on removal of the pressure the surface of the instrument in contact with salt was found coated with copper.

The nutritive value of mushrooms has been investigated in Germany by C. T. Moerner, who shows that to get an equivalent of an average hen's egg a person must eat ten and a half ounces of Agaricus campestris, or no less than four pounds Polyporus oinus; and that nine pounds of the former variety, or sixty-seven of the latter, would be needed to equal a pound of beef.

Cotton, according to a scientific authority, is not a fibre, but a plant hair. It holds to be spun in a thread because of peculiar twists in each hair, shown by the microscope, especially in polarized light. Linen thread may be spun because the flax fibers have certain roughness on their surfaces which enable them to cling together. Hence it is impossible to make as fine linen as cotton cloth, but it is much stronger.

Among the many masses of meteoric iron which have been described, only nine, according to Prof. W. E. Hidden, have been seen to fall, the places and dates being: Agram, Croatia, May 26, 1751; Charlotte, Tenn., August 1, 1835; Brauman, Bohemia, July 14, 1847; Tabarz, Saxony, October 18, 1854; Victoria West, Africa, in 1862; Nejed, Arabia, spring of 1865; Nedagolla, India, January 23, 1870; Rowton, Shropshire, England, April 20, 1876; Mazapil, Mexico, November 27, 1885.

Electric lanterns will, it is thought, take the place, in course of time, of the ordinary mining safety lamps. A portable electric lamp can now be made, possessing the following features: Weight, about three pounds; illuminating power, five candles; size and shape, similar to present lamps; duration of light, ten hours; cost of repairs, charges of battery, and materials, two cents for ten hours; these facts showing that there is nothing to prevent its adoption as a substitute for the present lamps, and even for candles in many mines where they are still in use.

It has been laid down by M. Chevreul that the human eye cannot be long employed in the perception of a given color without tending to become insensible and to arouse an impression similar to that produced by the perception of white light. Dr. Beclard has also noticed that when the eye is directed for a time upon a colored field, the other eye being closed, if the eye which was open be in turn closed and the other opened a spectre of the complementary color will be perceived; thus, if the right eye has observed a red disk, the left being shut, a reversal of this state of things would result in the perception of a green disk by the freshly opened left eye. In virtue of the same property of the eye, when two tints are placed beside each other the nearest edge of the one will appear as though deprived of all the colored rays which it may have in common with the other. Analogous effect is produced with grays non-colored, that is to say, formed simply of white and black.

Turning Rags Into Rugs.

I was waiting for a train at Red Bank last week when there came trudging along a descendant of the law-giver with a heavy bag on his back. It was full of something knobby, and as he stopped to rest I asked him if he had been raiding a muskmelon patch. He grinned and opened his bag and showed me that it was full of balls of carpet rags. He had been gathering them up from the farm-houses, giving cheap trinkets, ribbons and other favorite feminine gear in exchange. When he took them home to Essex street his sons would weave them into rugs and sell them. There was money in it, he said. There was a profit on the trade and a profit on the sale of the rugs. And having rested, he went plodding off through the red dust, a type of the patient persistence of his race. He proposed to walk as far as Perth Amboy and fill another sack if possible before he wasted any money on a railway ride. "A man," said he, "has to be his own Anti-Poverty Society in these hard times," and I guess he carries his idea out.—New York News.

After the Battle.

Hundreds of bodies freshly smeared with blood of men who, two hours previous, had been filled with divers lofty or petty hopes and desires, now lay with stiffened limbs in the dewy, flowery valley which separated the bastion from the trench and on the level floor of the chapel for the dead in Sebastopol; hundreds of men crawled, twisted and groaned with curses and prayers on their parched lips, some amidst the corpses in the flower-strewn vale, others on stretchers, on cots, and on the blood-stained floor of the hospital; and still, as on the days preceding, the red dawn burned over Mount Sapun, the twinkling stars paled, the white mist spread abroad from the dark, sounding sea, the red glow illuminated the East; long, crimson cloudlets darted across the bright blue horizon; and still, as on days preceding, the powerful, all-beautiful sun rose up, giving promise of joy, love and happiness to all who dwell in the world.—New Princeton Review.

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