

BLOCKED THE TRACK

A Great Case Before Squire Angier This Morning.

Major Guthrie Objected to the Mayor's Proceedings.

AND THE ENGINEER PAID THE COSTS

A Big Fight Between the Blaine and Harrison Forces Now on at Minneapolis.

A case full of interest was tried before Squire Angier this morning. It seems that Jake Price, who has charge of the switch engine on the R. & D., left a string of freight cars near the market house. It seems further that a city ordinance says that if trains are left for a period of time longer than five full fleeting minutes, the engineer who leaves the cars there shall be yanked up and made cough into the general fund of the municipality the sum of ten dollars and trimmings.

J. W. Hutchins, the butcher, was going home, it seems, and he had a cake of ice in his hands, tied with a string. He claims that he waited for the train to pass so long the ice melted and finally the string melted.

Colonel Hutchins at this time grew indignant. He went and had the policeman arrest Price, and the trial came off this morning.

Colonel Hutchins and his driver were the witnesses for the prosecution, while Colonel Price was the other witness.

Major Guthrie, who represents the R. & D., appeared for Price, and Colonel Justus Parker, representing the city, appeared for the defied and outraged municipality.

Squire Angier toyed with the Goddess Justice, who is barefooted, and the case commenced.

The evidence of Hutchins was positive that the train was on the crossing 15 or 20 minutes, while Price swore that it was not there over five minutes.

Speeches were made, and then the court, to get the things down right, asked Mr. Hutchins how large a cake of ice he had.

"I paid for ten pounds," said the Colonel.

"Do you reckon that there were ten pounds of it?" asked the court.

"I refuse to estimate myself or an ice man," responded Hutchins.

At this juncture the court sent Officer Woods out with a requisition for ten pounds of ice and a string.

As we go to press the court is holding the ice in his hand in the sunshine, trying himself to see how long it takes it to melt, while Major Guthrie is contending that this is a cooler day; that the ice man for once in his life if never before had given too full weight; that the string is of a different variety, and that the whole rip-roaring, jam-jamming business is irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial.

SOLD OUT.

S. Hershheim Bros. & Co. Sell their Cigarette Business.

The Western Tobacco Journal says: "One by one they fall, not by the wayside, but into the hands of the American Tobacco Company, and at a good fat price. The cigarette branch of S. Hershheim Bros. & Co., of New Orleans, has been sold out to the American Tobacco Company, and one of the strongest props to the anti-trust partisans is knocked out by this transfer. The price is not definitely given, but it is put from \$300,000 to \$500,000, with the probabilities of the amount being nearer the first named amount. It was really believed that the Hershheims were in dead earnest in their opposition to the American Tobacco Company, and that nothing could seduce them from the fight they were giving the American Tobacco Company in the Texas territory, and which brought on the indictment of Messrs. Duke and Marburg, of the latter company.

"It looks as if the American Tobacco Company is determined and prepared to keep the cigarette field clear of any important competitor, and that other methods falling a liberal price will be paid. But while a good price has been paid for the Hershheim business, it is more than likely that the fight they gave the American Tobacco Company in Texas cost them, as well as that Company, considerable money. Who will be the next one to join the great Company.

HE WAS IN LUCK.

The Great Luck Which Befell Mr. Luck in the Way of Whiskers.

The following society and news item is copied from the Salisbury Herald: "Mr. Felix Luck, a former typo on The Herald, spent a few hours in the city last night calling on friends. He now sports a fine moustache and has grown much handsomer. He was en route from Asheville to Charlotte.

AN AMERICAN BILLIONAIRE.

Growth of the Mammoth Vanderbilt Cash Ball as it Rolls Along.

Boston Globe says: Ten years ago John Swinton made the somewhat notable prophecy: "The 19th century will witness an American billionaire."

At that time the richest man in the nation was credited with being worth \$60,000,000 in hard cash. To-day we are told that young William H. Vanderbilt, who has just died, was the prospective heir of \$110,000,000.

In connection with the demise of young Vanderbilt, the New York World enters into some very interesting computations of the prospective wealth of this great family, allowing its investments to continue as substantial as they now are, and substituting for the enormous profits now returned from its great railway properties the modest rate of five per cent.

Two years ago the wealth of the Vanderbilt family was thus summarized: Cornelius Vanderbilt, \$110,000,000; William K. Vanderbilt, 85,000,000; Frederick W. Vanderbilt, 16,000,000; George W. Vanderbilt, 15,000,000; Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard, 12,000,000; Mrs. W. D. Sloane, 12,000,000; Mrs. H. McK. Twombly, 12,000,000; Mrs. W. Seward Webb, 12,000,000.

Total \$274,000,000. That this wealth has since grown to be \$300,000,000 is stating it very conservatively. The estimated income per annum is \$15,000,000. At current rates of interest this fortune, if kept intact, will in twenty-five years have grown to be nearly \$1,000,000,000.

The enormous pile of money comprised in \$1,000,000,000 is hardly realized by most people. What a figure a billionaire would be may perhaps be best understood by saying that such a man, if his wealth were all concentrated in these parts, would hold a clear title to the whole city of Boston proper—meaning all the lands and buildings as they stand.

It is by no means certain that John Swinton's prophecy will not materialize before the century closes. The interest on the Vanderbilt wealth at five per cent. would make it at the end of five years \$340,000,000; in ten years, \$448,000,000; in twenty-five years, \$941,000,000; in fifty years, \$3,000,000,000.

AT RANDOM.

'Twould be a great jolt if old COLONEL POLK would captain the calamity howlers. They would keep up their cheer by drinking much beer. And rushing the Omaha growers, but then he will hardly play that kind of a joke on the dear people.

In defending ENGINEER PRICE for blocking the crossing, MAJOR GUTHRIE made a point by saying that the D. & N. had stolen their sidetrack territory and consequently it was necessary to block the track sometimes.

A strange case. COLONEL PROFESSOR SHEPPE last night got his foot caught in a frog, and the frog died.

JOHN R. HUTCHINGS says that he would not live always. Well, that ought to settle it.

"Bow" HARRIS, who has been in Australia two years, will leave for that country again in a few days.

A snake will wiggle, A girl will giggle, And a jackass longs to Bray. The wild bird flies, The dead beat lies, And the jackass will not pay.

Several fishing parties went out this morning, and the stories they will tell upon their return will be placed on ice for future generations to hear.

COLONEL ALBRIGHT will bet the ginger bread against the cider that HARRISON is nominated. If he bets a large chunk we shall have him removed for offensive partisanship.

Now if COLONEL POLK would withdraw himself from the alliance party and consolidate with the Russian nihilists, all would be forgiven.

COLONEL A. F. LLOYD has a new snake story, but he will not tell it to anyone. He says he heard it in confidence and cannot divulge the horrors of the plot. It is to be regretted that all snake stories are not told in confidence.

COLONEL HENRY BLOENT'S flower garden of words does not need any weeding.

LOOK out for bold burgle men—they are on the war path.

COLUMBUS, it is said by those who should know, discovered America.

THE new cotton factories will be built in a short time. This is not guesswork—it is a solid fact.

THE New York Sun still calls CLEVELAND the Stuffed Prophet. But the Sun can't knock the stuffin' out of him.

THOSE who expect to win a fortune on the fall campaign had better read the stars very closely. There are two or three hens on now, and confusion is ahead.

THE policemen pulled an engineer for blocking the crossing. We do not know whether this particular one was guilty, but we do know that very often crossings are blocked cars standing still for ten minutes at a time. Let the good work go on.

PROF. JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, the new president of Cornell university, was once a clerk in a village store. It is an achievement to have climbed from that humble position to distinction as one of the ripest scholars of his time and to the presidency of a great university before having reached the age of forty.

A SUSCEPTIBLE JURY.

The Omaha Bee says: The susceptibility of legislators to the blandishments of railroad magnates is well known, and juries have sometimes been suspected of having been influenced by gratitude or expectation in cases where a railroad corporation was concerned; but the jury that acquitted John C. Newton in the federal court at Des Moines and then accepted an elaborate banquet at the hands of the defendant will have to be awarded the palm. Newton, who is vice president and general manager of the Des Moines and Kansas City railroad, was tried before JUDGE WOOLSON on the charge of conspiracy to pad the mails for the purpose of defrauding the government. Whatever the merits of the case may have been it is evident that the jury did not regard the defendant as a victim of groundless prosecution for it took from 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon until 10 o'clock Thursday night to reach a verdict of acquittal. The banquet followed, and it appears that the railroad man and the twelve men who had acquitted him "got together" in fine style. On the following morning JUDGE WOOLSON called the jurymen before him, and after giving them a severe lecture discharged them in disgrace, and then he told Mr. Newton that he would order the verdict set aside and try him over again if it were allowable.

It is not assumed that these jurymen were venal nor that they intended anything wrong in allowing the acquitted man to express his gratitude in this way, but the incident shows how easy it is for men of wealth, and particularly those representing great corporate interests, to make themselves solid with people who are simple minded enough to be caught by their gentle allurements. The lesson enforced by JUDGE WOOLSON was a wholesome one.

ALL AT IT NOW.

The New York papers are just now engaged in the task of defeating HILL. They are also engaged in the business of electing him. With equal perseverance they are electing and defeating CLEVELAND at intervals. So also is BLAINE presented and withdrawn with charming regularity, while HARRISON is made to go in on the first ballot, and then again we receive assurance that he is not in it on any ballot.

And so runs the world away. The truth of the business is, the different New York papers, unless 'tis the Morning Advertiser, which is independent, are personal organs, and each one howls for its man, regardless of prospects or conditions.

It is a game of bluff and guesswork. The able editors shut their eyes and writes as suits them best.

Accordingly there is more doubt thrown upon the case than what a day will bring fourth.

Wait for the Minneapolis, Chicago, and Omaha conventions, and then we may all know how things have stacked up. The signs of the times have been torn down and facts have been perverted by ambitious and sensational newspapers.

ON TO OMAHA.

COLONEL POLK announces that five full coaches will carry the North Carolina delegation to Omaha, to be present at the calamity convention.

It is strange how the impoverished farmers pay out their money to follow POLK.

The natural confusion in their vague and scattered ideas makes them blindly confound the original of a leader with the spurious and disgraceful representation of him. And when he fits here and there with bands and special trains, with crowds notified to meet him, and he proclaims his anarchical platform, he must soon learn that common folks are getting along to where they will detest his pageantry and supercilious hypocrisy, all at their expense.

They are allowing the scales to fall from their eyes, and after November they will find that POLK has deceived them, and the fear that he would at last betray will be realized.

NEW INDUSTRIES IN THE SOUTH.

The record of new industries in the South, as is given by the Manufacturers' Record in its issue of June 3, shows the following important items. A \$100,000 and a \$25,000 machine works company, an \$18,750 machine company and a \$25,000 cotton compress company, all at Birmingham, Ala.; a \$100,000 heat and power company at St. Augustine, Fla.; a \$25,000 lumber company at Atlanta, Ga.; a \$100,000 hedge fence company at Savannah, Ga.; a \$125,000 plow-line company at Talbotton, Ga.; a \$50,000 publishing company at Covington, Ky.; a \$10,000 saddlery company, a \$100,000 manufacturing company and a \$10,000 manufacturing company at Louisville, Ky.; a \$25,000 leather dressing company at Baltimore, Md.; a \$160,000 electric light and water company at Newbern, N. C.; a \$60,000 cotton mill company at Shelby, N. C.; a \$10,000 creamery company at Waynesville, N. C.; a \$25,000 soap refinery company at Dallas, Texas; a \$25,000 cotton seed oil mill company at Flattonia, Texas; a \$100,000 wharf and warehouse company at Norfolk, Va.; a \$30,000 tobacco manufacturing company at Louisville, Ky.; a \$25,000 saw mill company at Jasper, Tenn.; and a \$10,000 manufacturing and a \$150,000 machine works company at Baltimore, Md.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

As will be seen in another column, L. L. POLK has withdrawn his paper, The Progressive Farmer, from the official recognition of the Farmers' Alliance. He says that the state committee has attempted to bulldoze and subsidize him, and that he proposes to conduct a paper that bows to no man. Accordingly he tenders his resignation as the official shrieker for the calamity howlers. Of course he remains president of the national alliance party—but the signs of the times are refreshing. It is apparent now if never before that the more conservative alliance men are disgusted with his ultra propositions; his anarchy is not the kind that suits them; that POLK has steered his ship against a rock and that breakers are ahead.

This is the first wedge which will ultimately burst the party—it is the gladdening tidings which THE GLOBE predicted a year and a half ago.

POLK has a following, and this cannot be denied. He is of course a bigger man away from home than he is at home, but down here he has a large following that will go to the end with him.

The new faction inside the party—the conservative crown—will not longer follow the self chosen leader, and thus again will be emphasized the proposition that a house divided against itself cannot stand.

The alliance party in North Carolina is in the throes of dissolution.

TWO DIFFERENT MINDS.

Minds differ. Hearts change. Men and women die, but razor back hogs still root and the wild ass brays. This is a logical proposition, and we challenge contradiction. But what we want to write is this. HENRY BLOENT is perhaps the most flowery writer in the South. He weaves his thoughts from a loom of words which all of us could use—but he fashions his fabric of thought in a different style than any other man. For instance, he calls this a HEART THROB.

We have been most fondly dreaming so-nigh of a little maiden, who is indeed an elegant and bewitching poem of the most exquisite grace and loveliness, and upon whose entrancing charms the heart floats in dreamiest spells of fondest raptures. Changing the metaphor, she is indeed a magnificent little jewel, without a blur or blemish; and he, who wins her, will have the regal wealth of the grandest cardroom in his keeping, for she has all the charms and all the noble virtues and all the wooing graces that give a glory light to earth and an enchantment to existence for her pure life the sweetest raptures give, and mortals learn of her how God's own angels live.

Now, if he had been writing this, we should have said it in an entirely different way. Had the form of a giggling girl appeared before our vision, we should have written:

A BUSTER.

After swiping a half dozen hard boiled eggs and going to bed with our boots on about 2 o'clock this morning, we dreamed of a small sized gal who was indeed a cross between a rocky poem and a gob of blank verse which makes us tired—a parody, ungainly, disjointed hum of trilling and jam-up grace and awkwardness. She was a hummer, a whizzer—a mocking bird with pin feathers and a scrumptious gallery of gew-gaws—sweeter than a wad of ginger bread, and a three-pronged charmer from the backwoods. She was as sound as a dollar and not a blemish on her. She was neither spring-baited, spavined, nor had she tuberculosis. She was, briefly, a cuss, and the pelican who whispers his red hot words of love into her waxy ear, will be a three-times-winner. He will have his arms full, as she weighs about 300 pounds, and her one wooing grace is that she goes barefooted and dips snuff. She is a daisy, and don't you forget it!

BUT HOLD ON.

SENATOR VANCE don't seem to resign, neither does he fulfill any of his promises made just before he was re-elected.—Progressive Farmer. The editor of The Progressive Farmer knows very well that SENATOR VANCE's health is not good. He further knows that the senator has never failed to fulfill any promise he ever made to the people of North Carolina. Knowing both to be true, and yet he does not scruple to publish the senator as in the clipping we give. Of course SENATOR VANCE will not advocate the St. Louis platform, nor will he introduce into the senate or advocate any bill on a line with it, and that is why COLONEL POLK's third party organ sees nothing commendable in him.—State Chronicle.

But, my dear MR. JERNIGAN, did not SENATOR VANCE pledge himself to give support to the wild-cat and infamous sub-treasury job? He said he would support it if it was constitutional, you will say. But how does he know whether it is constitutional or not—and why does he not make an ass of himself in trying to find out, in order to amuse the calamity howlers?

COMMENCE NOW.

THE GLOBE learns that a new candidate for state printer will announce himself later on; that already he is trying to set pins to capture this winter's legislative election.

THE GLOBE hopes that this vicious and iniquitous law which authorizes the payment of from three to four thousand dollars a year to a middle man, for doing nothing will be abolished, and the money thus needlessly squandered will be saved to the taxpayers.

The papers of the state should raise their voices against it now.

COLONEL POLK withdraws his paper. It seems, indeed, that the colonel is going backwards.

AS THE BALL ROLLS.

Be not discouraged. Keep a stiff upper lip and push on. Durham is certain to double in population within the next two years. This is not speculation or theory—the evidence to sustain the proposition is in sight.

When the Erwin cotton mills get under way, and they are sure to be built, that means scores of new people to operate them.

When BRODIE DUKE's cotton mill gets in motion—and brick are being burned for the construction of it—that means that more men and women will find employment.

When Trinity college opens, and that will happen in September, that means 500 new people for the town.

And all these things will attract other enterprises—and we know that other manufacturing industries are contemplated.

All the factories here are constantly increasing their working forces, and new men must come.

When it is remembered that 250 dwelling houses have been erected within the last year, and not a house in the city vacant, it shows on its face that people are coming—and that those here have faith in the city's future.

No town in North Carolina, unless it is Winston, has made such forward strides as Durham during the past year.

A case in point as to Durham's growth: C. T. POSTLEY came to Durham in 1875—seventeen years ago—and there were but few buildings in the city. Not a brick had been put in a house except for chimneys.

Go take a look to-day.

Do not figure on seventeen years because then the South was just recovering from the greatest misfortune that has ever befallen any country.

A half dozen years, it may be safely said, has builded Durham to her present dimensions.

And it must also be remembered that just as the town got on her feet and was giving her people a something great

the big failure came, and for two or three years the bottom was out of everything—the town was as flat as a flounder.

But there was grit and enterprise and some money left, and on what seemed a hopeless ruin, men with brave hearts turned loose again.

Durham is in a better condition to-day than ever in her history—the growth is gradual—but it must be certain.

NOT A BIT OF IT.

BOB FURMAN, who was nominated for state Auditor by the democratic convention, advises COLONEL POLK and BROTHER BUTLER, in his paper, to go to Paris and study farming. We allow no one to excel us in the generous work of giving good advice and we therefore suggest to BROTHER "BOB" that he go north and study the art of rowing. He may have occasion to take a little trip up "Salt river" sometime, and this accomplishment would come in handy, you know.—Progressive Farmer.

Not a bit of it. If any man is elected auditor this fall, THE GLOBE will wager a copper that that man will be BOB FURMAN.

We are not in politics, but BOB FURMAN stands as good a chance as ELIAS CAHR, and all admit that CAHR will be strong.

The people will never endorse the destruction anticipated by the St. Louis platform.

AN UNSOLICITED OPINION.

The Davidson Dispatch says: "We noticed in Sunday's Raleigh News and Observer quite an extended write-up of the Keeley institute, located in Greensboro. It was all gotten up by an eyewitness; and from what he could see the Keeley institute is an agency for great good in our State. We have noticed that some have risen up and denounced the cure as a fraud; but as long as it goes on doing the good work we know it has done in many cases, we bid it God-speed. Over 250 patients have taken the treatment, and only 8 have returned to their cups. That record is sufficient, it seems to us, to commend it to the good people of the state.

THE man who keeps an ad. in the paper the year round will always have customers. People like to be publicly invited to visit stores. They do not like to go to places unless they know that they are welcome.

COL. JOHN L. SULLIVAN made a speech in Boston the other day. The gentleman from the bean district was cheered to the echo by the cultured audience on the harbor.

A HINDOO TEMPLE.

RITEs AND CEREMONIES BY WHICH THE IDOL IS HONORED.

A Complex Institution Over Which the High Caste Brahmins Exercise Supreme Authority as Receivers, Trustees and Ministrants—Their Methods.

The Hindoo temple of any size or pretensions is a complex institution. It is a group of buildings inclosed within one or more walls. It possesses certain privileges, granted by native rulers in days gone by and still respected by the present government. It enjoys what may almost be termed a royal revenue from houses, lands and offerings, and it possesses hoards of treasure in jewels, gold and silver vessels and coins. The property is in the hands of trustees, who are elected or who claim an hereditary right to the office.

These have power over an enormous wealth. Under unscrupulous trustees valuable jewels have disappeared or been replaced with glass. Pots of silver and gold coin have been refilled with copper. Rich lands have been let at a nominal rent to their relatives, and offerings intended for the temple have been appropriated personally. Occasionally a trustee is prosecuted for his dishonest practices, but it is not often that he is punished.

The erection of the Hindoo temple is the work of a slow system of evolution. Some holy man perhaps dies on the spot, or he has an ecstatic vision of the god in one of the incarnations. The space is invested with sanctity and an image set up to the deity. The landowner straightway builds a small shelter over it to propitiate the god in his favor. The ground around the edifice is next inclosed with a fence.

By and by the shed is removed and something more pretentious and lasting erected. The Dewan, or prime minister of the province, makes a pilgrimage to the shrine and leaves a rich offering in the hands of the Brahmins, who have instituted themselves as receivers, trustees and ministrants. More offerings come, offerings in kind as well as in jewels and money pour in, and new buildings are erected. Courts, halls, galleries, a tank, pillared platforms, walls, gateways and towers slowly grow around the shrine—the center point of the edifice. Other shrines of affiliated deities may group themselves near the original, but the mulasthanam is always the same.

It holds the image of the deity to whom the temple is dedicated, and it is the scene of daily ceremonies. At all risks it must be jealously guarded against the intrusion of any but the twice born. When Clive took the temple of Sriengham—the largest in southern India, and a powerful stronghold in those days—2,000 fierce Rajputs stood before the door of the Mulasthanam, declaring that the Europeans should only pass in over their dead bodies. Their superstitions were respected, and Clive left the fanatics in possession.

It is not necessary to consider more to consider than his religious scruples. The restitution of the divine or mantric essence is a very expensive and intricate process, requiring large sums of money for its different rites. At Vellore there is a handsome temple which was desecrated years ago by the Mohammedans. They killed a cow in the Mulasthanam. The building now stands empty and unoccupied and the European may go into outer and inner court as he pleases. The Mulasthanam is a small hall, richly decorated with carvings. It contains nothing but a stone dais, on the face of which is a tortoise in outline.

The image rested formerly on the tortoise. There is a small gutter around the platform, which conducted the sacred water—used for the ablutions of the idol—into a reservoir outside. Pilgrims drank of this water eagerly in belief of its miraculous powers of healing and purification. The temple would probably be used again by Hindoo worshippers if money were forthcoming sufficient to restore the divine essence.

The idol is not usually made of wood or stone. It is moulded in an amalgam of five metals—gold, silver, brass, copper and lead. In size it is smaller than the human figure. It is not called a "Swami" until the mantric essence has been infused into it by the proper ceremonies. These are performed by the Brahmins, who claim the power of placing the essence in any object, animate or inanimate that they choose. Sometimes the object is a man, the chief trustee or "Moktesoor." He is then said to be divine, and is called "Swami," and moreover, is worshipped as a god. The daily ritual which concerns only the idol, takes place inside the shrine at intervals during the day.

No worshippers are present except those who are taking part in the function. The image is tended in every minute particular as though it were a living human being. Nothing is omitted. It is washed with water from the sacred tank. It is dressed and fed. It is supposed to take pleasure in the company of the dancing girls; it sleeps and wakes, and finally is put to bed. During its toilet hymns of praise are sung, lamps are lighted, camphor and incense burned, and the tomtom is frequently introduced. Part of the revenue of the temple goes for all of this, and a great many Brahmins find their occupation and their living in it.

The ritual of the festival is much more imposing. The image is covered with plates of gold and loaded with jewels. It is carried in procession upon a huge car, surmounted with a throne of silver. It may now appear before the eyes of all, and it makes a slow and magnificent journey around the outer courts of the temple—which are open to all casts—and through the town. Offerings in kind and in money and jewels are received. The dancing girls are to be seen, their charms enhanced by rich silk and gold; they are the daughters and wives of the god, and the children of the devil. The value of their charms goes to swell the offertory considerably.—Chambers' Journal.