

# THE TRI-WEEKLY EXAMINER.

VOL. I.

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## THE EXAMINER.

PUBLISHED TRI-WEEKLY AND WEEKLY, BY  
**NUTTALL & STEWART.**

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J. S. McCUBBINS or  
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Salisbury, July 15, 1869—18-1m

From the Augusta, (Ga.) Chronicle, July 25.

## A TERRIBLE DOMESTIC TRAGEDY IN GEORGIA.

On yesterday we came into possession of the particulars of a most singular and fearful tragedy, which recently occurred in one of the mountain counties of this State. The gentleman from whom we received the information has requested us to give neither the name of the county in which the horrible scene took place nor the names of the actors in it; in the first place, because the families of the parties are among the best and most respectable in the county and should not be subjected to this additional mortification for an act which they can in no manner be held responsible, and in the second place, because publicity would now in no way subserve the ends of justice, as the guilty party has already expiated his crime by so fearful a punishment.

In one of the mountain counties of Georgia there live two families, each before the war noted for its wealth and refinement. Since the war the families (whom we shall call respectively R. and L.) though they had, like nearly every one else, lost everything by the conflict, still retained the high position in society which they had for so long a time held. One of them, the L's, lost several of its members, as well as its fortune, by the war, and at the commencement of our story consisted of Mr. L., a gentleman fifty-five years of age, his wife, nearly the same age, and an unmarried daughter of about twenty-five. Within a quarter of a mile of their house lived one of the R's a young man who had recently married a very beautiful young lady of the county, and having left the paternal mansion was farming by himself on a small tract of ground. The two families lived some distance from the county town in a sparsely inhabited section of country, and being each the nearest neighbor of the other, were of course on terms of great intimacy. Between the young wife and the daughter of Mr. L. a fast friendship was soon formed, both being nearly the same age and of similar tastes and dispositions, and relying upon each other for company in the daily absence of the two gentlemen, who were engaged in superintending the business of their farms.

A few days since Mr. R. informed his wife that he had received a letter, which would compel immediate attendance in Atlanta, where he would have to remain for several days, and as it would be inconvenient for him to take her with him to that city, advised that she should ask her young neighbor to stay with her during his absence. The next morning he set out in his buggy for Atlanta, and his wife during the morning went over to L's house for the purpose of inviting her young friend to stay with her. When she arrived there she told the young lady of the absence of her husband, representing how lonely she would find her house at night from the fact that she employed no house servant, and her cook together with the few laborers employed on the farm, slept at the "dwelling house," nearly half a mile from the "negro" house, and ended by asking Miss L. to spend the nights with her until her husband returned. The young lady, after consultation with her mother, readily assented to the proposition and promised to come over during the afternoon. Having accomplished her purpose and feeling very much relieved in mind, Mrs. R. returned home and spent the day, performing the usual household duties. When the morning had passed and the afternoon came and then the sun set without bringing her friend, she felt no alarm, but thought that the latter had decided not to come till after tea, when her father, across the field, which separated the two houses, would escort her. Accordingly the evening meal was eaten, household affairs arranged and the cook dismissed for the night to her distant cabin at the "quarter." About nine o'clock Mrs. R. began to feel a little uneasy, as Miss L. had not yet come, when a servant came up to the house and brought a note from her expected friend, stating that she would be unable to spend the night with her, as she had promised, for her father, from some cause or other, had positively refused to give his consent to the arrangement. After delivering the note the servant took his departure, and the brave woman prepared to spend the night by herself. Feeling that she had a protector in a large and very fierce yard dog belonging to her husband, she took him into her bedroom, and, after securing the house, lay down and resigned herself to sleep.

About twelve o'clock she was awakened from her slumbers by a noise in the house and the angry growling of the dog, and discovered that the hall door had been forced and that some one was standing at her room door seeking an entrance. Speaking as loudly as her fright would let her Mrs. R. asked, "Who is there?" A man's voice which she did not recognize replied by telling her to "open the door." Again she asked the same question and again received the same reply, the stranger adding that if she refused he would "break the door down." During this dialogue the dog, still growling, crouched upon the floor as if ready to spring. Thinking to intimidate this man, who sought her ruin, Mrs. R. cried to him that if he forced the door she would shoot. Laughing scornfully the ruffian threw his weight against the door, burst it open and entered the room, when, quick as thought the savage dog sprang toward him and fastened on his neck. The man, astonished at this sudden attack, attempted to kill the dog with a knife which he held in his hand, but unsuccessfully, and the powerful animal dragged him to the ground, still retaining his hold upon his throat. Stunned at first by this unlooked for deliverance, the woman in a few seconds regained her presence of mind somewhat, ran screaming from the house, never stopping until she arrived at the place of the L's, where her cries soon aroused the family. Her tale was rapidly told, and the servants were preparing to go to the scene of danger, when suddenly Mr. L. was missed, and his wife, almost on the instant, as if struck by a sudden presentment,

screamed "Merciful God I must be my husband!" With a cry of horror the party set forth, and ran as fast to the house of Mrs. R. as the latter had run away from it a few minutes before. Arrived there they found the man still on the floor and the dog still grasping his throat. Beating him away from his prey they found the suspicions of Mrs. L. but too correct; it was her husband; but the teeth of the dog had done their work and he was dead.

It appears that he had returned to his home at five o'clock on the previous evening, and hearing of his daughter to spend the night with the young wife, he positively refused to allow her to do so, assigning some frivolous cause for the refusal. That night he left home, saying that he was going to set up all night with a sick neighbor who lived some miles distant. It is supposed that he concealed himself in the woods until midnight, and then, influenced by unholy lust, forced an entrance into the house of R. to violate the person of the wife of the latter. When the case became known the most intense excitement prevailed in the county, and had not Providence punished the criminal he would probably have been hung to the nearest tree by the enraged populace.

## AN INTERPRISING PEOPLE.

The people of Chicago are certainly an enterprising people. In early marriages and earlier divorces; in real estate speculations and huge concert halls; in surpassingly horrid murders and unparalleled domestic scandal; they have long been a head and shoulders above their less lively neighbors of "Boston" and "Gotham." And now they have added another laurel (the sweetest of all) to the wreath that has hitherto encircled and ornamented "Shikaggo's" fair young brow.

It is now reported that a company has established a manufactory in that city for the purpose of distilling alcohol and extracting soap grease from the ordinary city garbage. The process, which is patented, consists in taking the garbage just as it is hauled off in the city carts, dumping it into tight tanks, and boiling it six hours at a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit. The whole mass is then dissolved and run into tubes and fermented by the aid of yeast. The soap grease and impurities rise to the top of the tubs, and are skimmed off, and the residuum is distilled in the regular way. According to the estimates of the inventor, each barrel of garbage will yield three pounds of soapgrease and four gallons of proof spirits. The grease is as good as that obtained in the usual way, but the alcohol betrays its origin by an odor which requires further processes for its removal.

What do the fogies think of that? Isn't it progressive? True, "the alcohol betrays its origin by an odor," &c; but what of that?—Benzine, or imphtha, or prussic acid will "kill" that "rank, outrageous smell;" and then we shall have a brand something like this: "Pure Shikaggo Alcohol, Distilled from Best City Garbage."

What is garbage? Worcester and Webster say it is "the entrails of an animal; offal; refuse." And bear in mind, gentle reader, that the word "Refuse" "covereth a multitude of" old shoe soles; boot heels; decayed vegetable matter; chicken heads; old rags; tobacco quids and "old soldiers."

We should like that garbage alcohol just as the fellow liked hash, because he "always knew what he was eating."

No doubt the Chicago chemist, distillers and rectifiers can inform the seeker after science precisely how many ounces of alcohol are contained in one pair of old boot legs; and how many pounds of soap grease and alcohol are combined in one defunct Thomas' cat.

Imagine a penniless Chicago toper going around chewing boot-legs just to get up a little steam! Or a careless druggist of that same favored city mix up a dozen or two kittens in his mortar in order to supply a pressing demand for alcohol!

If this isn't an age of progress, and if Chicago isn't ahead of competition, then we are no "judge of small matters."

Just as soon as the Chicagoese discover the proper method of distilling alcohol from Peruvian guano we shall take pleasure in chronicling the fact. In the meantime, just think of the old boot-legs and the deceased Thomas' cats; will you.—*Wilmington Star.*

EDUCATING GIRLS.—It appears from a recent report on Technical Instruction in Germany and Switzerland, that there is an institute at Vienna at which the daughters of officers with limited means and large families are educated, so as to be able to take situations as governesses in wealthy families. The pupils are seventy-eight in number, and the expenses of the establishment is defrayed by the government and private benefactions. Girls are admitted from six to eight years of age, and remain until they are twenty. The pupils are distributed into four classes, and each class has two divisions. The directress of the establishment has under her orders four sub-directresses, a mistress for needle work, and a mistress to teach house keeping. Give us a few such schools in America.

AN EARTHQUAKE PREDICTED.—A very general excitement has been caused in Peru by the publication of the prophesy of a German astronomer asserting that on the 10th, 11th and 12th of August of this year, preliminary shocks of earthquake will be felt in Peru and Ecuador, to be followed on the 20th of September or October by a move of the earth in that region, and along the line of the Andes mountain generally, that will be perfectly appalling in its effects. The prediction has, it appears, created wide spread terror among the Peruvians, and many families are now preparing to seek places of greater security. The astronomer cannot ascertain to a certainty whether the grand rupture will occur in September or October, but that it will be on or about the 20th he is confident. He affirms that he has predicted earthquakes before with perfect accuracy.

From the Detroit Free Press.

## A REMARKABLE NEGRO—THE PRINT OF A WHITE HAND OVER HIS HEART—AN OIL SKIN BAG AROUND HIS NECK.

Yesterday afternoon, near the foot of Cass street, a negro who had lately arrived on a vessel, disrobed himself and proceeded to take a swim under the dock. After disporting for a while, a strange mark on his left breast caught the eyes of some idlers, and as he came out to don his garments, an investigation revealed a curious freak of nature. While the rest of the body was coal black, a spot just over the heart was a perfect imitation of a small hand, and the finger and thumb, which were denominated very distinctly, were as white as the skin of any Caucasian. The palm of the hand was there, four fingers, spread apart, the thumb partially bent down—in fact, just as if a child of six or eight had laid a hand on the dark skin and buried its impress into the flesh. During the conversation which ensued, the man stated that the mark was one of distinction; that Providence had placed it there as a sign that he would be a great doctor and spirit medium; and perform wonderful charms and cures.

Around his neck was an oil skin bag, holding, perhaps, half a pint, and in this, he stated, were charms that would keep away evil spirits, and protect him from sickness and death. He refused to let his questioners see the charms, but allowed them to handle the sack, the contents of which felt like glass, nails, pebbles, &c. The negro was said, a great "fetish man" among his race in Buffalo. If anything ailed one of them, he could produce a cure by letting them hold the bag in their hands; if they lost any property, he slept with the bag under his pillow for three nights in succession, and on the third night he was sure to dream just who took the property, if it was stolen, and where it then was if it had been lost.

He said he could detect a man who wanted to steal, by just "gitting his eyes on him so—" and he crossed his huge optics and squinted over the crowd in a way that made an old peanut woman drop her basket from fright. Whether or not he observed any would be thieves among the spectators did not transpire, as the "fetish man" felt compelled to go aboard his vessel just then. How the singular marks came on his breast he could not tell; it was there when he could first remember. By touching the white skin of the finger imprints, one could see a red spot appear after the touch, and see almost in the delicate vein which traced through them the blood passing back and forth. Another feature, and one most difficult of explanation, was the statement of the man, that whenever he caught cold the fingers twitched and clenched, as if it was causing him intense pain.

## KATE STUART.

A Miss Lewis, of Massachusetts, we believe, has recently achieved great and merited distinction by rescuing some unfortunate person from a watery grave; and the papers have generally paid their homage to her heroic action. Nor is this all. Our Northern brethren, being of practical turn of mind, have made her the recipient of many substantial tokens of appreciation in the shape of greenbacks, and jewels of gold and jewels of silver, so that her heroic action has been rewarded by praise and presents.

This was all very well. She deserved both; and we give her our applause very heartily; but at the same time there is a maiden in North Carolina who disputes the palm with her. Who is she? You never heard her name. Of course not, for she happened to be born on the wrong side of the Potomac. We answer our own question, and say that the heroine of whom we speak, is Miss Kate Stuart, of Smithville.

The other day she rescued a daughter of Captain Hunter, of the steamer Fairbanks, from drowning, by plunging in boldly and bringing her to land at the peril of her own life, and we put the case on record that the noble action may not go altogether unremembered.

That she is thoroughly deserving our praise is shown by such facts as these, that when the yellow fever and small-pox prevailed in epidemic form at Smithville, she devoted herself like a second Florence Nightingale to the work of nursing the sick, while, after the disaster at Fisher, she devoted every moment to the consolation of our dying and the care of our wounded soldiers. To show, in short, how entirely unselfish this heroic woman was we quote the Raleigh *Sentinel* as our authority for the statement that when our prisoners were removed to the North she gave them the "last gold dollar that she had in the world." To such a woman words of praise are nothing. She has a still, small voice in her own bosom which speaks to her in tones of approval which are sweeter than all the fine phrases which Humane Societies could utter; and she feels in her heart that she has laid up treasure in heaven by her modest and unobtrusive imitation of that Master whose life she has taken as her guide. Let the name of Kate Stuart be numbered among those who have been ornaments to their sex and country!  
*Norfolk Virginian.*

The following curious and characteristic legend is inscribed in French on the tombstone of Martin Ferrol, a celebrated French taxidermist who died at Bourgoigne, in 1849, at the age of one hundred years:

Here lies a Centenarian.  
Martin Ferrol.  
A distinguished Naturalist, born at St. Cyrille (Landes) August 12, 1749; Died at Chateau-la-Garenne, in Bourgoigne, on the same day of the year 1849; And therefore exactly one hundred years old. An enthusiastic zoologist and determined misanthrope.  
He sought the friendship of beasts as zealously as he disdained that of men. Forgetting that Christ died for the latter. By his side has since been laid The bones of his sister Esbottie; Her flesh having been devoured by ants, in accordance with her own wish.

From the Detroit Free Press.

## STREET ETIQUETTE—WALKING WITH LADIES.

Only villagers or persons with rural ideas any longer contend that ladies should always be given the inside of the pavement in passing. The rule adopted in cities is to turn to the right, whether the right leads to the wall or to the gutter, and an observance of this common sense rule would obviate much unpleasant "scrubbing" by over-gallant gentlemen who persistently crowd for the outside of the walk. Another common custom, and required by fashionable etiquette, and one which is nearly as inexplicable and absurd as the practice of a whole string of men sitting out of a church pew, making themselves as ridiculous as an "awkward squad" practicing at "catching step," in order to give a woman the wrong end of the pew, is that of a man; when on a promenade or a walk with a lady, to keep himself on the outside of the pavement. A little exercise of judgment will convince any person of the utter uselessness of this bobbing back and forth at every corner. The common rule is this: If a man and woman are walking she should always be at his right arm, whether it be toward the inside or outside of the walk; then the woman will not be shoved against the passers.

FAN FLIRTIATION.—For the benefit of our young lady readers, some at least of whom are not supposed to be posted in the mute language of the fan, we give the following directions for carrying on a flirtation:

Fan fast.—I am independent.  
Fan slow.—I am engaged.  
Fan with right hand in front of face.—Come on.  
Open and shut.—Kiss me.  
Open wide.—Love.  
Open half.—Friendship.  
Shut.—Hate.  
Swinging the fan.—Can I see you home?  
Fan by right cheek.—Yes.  
Fan by left cheek.—No.  
To carry in the left hand.—Desirous of getting acquainted.  
Carry with handle to lips.—I will flirt with you.

## FAILURE OF AN INSURANCE COMPANY.

The Baltic Fire Insurance Company, which failed day before yesterday, began business in 1864 with a capital stock of \$200,000, and from the start has been unsuccessful, never having paid a dividend, and each year showing a larger expenditure than receipts. Of course its collapse was but a question of time. The attention of Mr. Barnes, the superintendent of the insurance department, having been called to its condition, he was induced to make an examination of its affairs, which resulted in the disclosure of a deficiency of over \$80,000, and he immediately issued an order that the stockholders should make this amount good, or wind up the affairs of the company. This they refused to do, the stock having been unproductive for five years; and the company almost entirely dependent upon the brokers for patronage they concluded it the wisest course to wind up the affairs of the company and retire from the field.—*N. Y. World.*

## MAKING LOVE WITH UMBRELLAS.

A certain dramatic writer, being caught in a rain shower, took refuge under the portico of a handsome dwelling in New York. As soon as he had taken the position a window was opened and a lovely female face appeared, which seemed to beam sympathy and anxiety. She soon retired and sent him an umbrella by a servant. He at once felt deeply in love; and thinking from her anxious looks that the feeling was reciprocated, called on her in the morning, sent up his card, and gave into her hands a very costly umbrella he had purchased in the place of the old shabby one he had borrowed, and then wound up by making a profession of love. The young lady, without even noticing the exchange that had been made, perceiving how her act had been misinterpreted, naively replied, "I feel it to be my duty to undeceive you sir. At the time of the shower I was anxiously expecting the arrival of a gentleman who is, I confess, very dear to me, who wished to see me in private, and my only motive in sending you the umbrella was to get you off the step."

## A SAD ACCIDENT.—NEW YORK, July 31.

About dusk last evening, a whole family, consisting of a man and his wife, two daughters about 15 and 17 years of age, and two little children were observed rowing up the North river in a small boat. When opposite Bull's ferry the boat capsized, and the whole appeared to be thrown into the water. Two men immediately went out to their rescue, but before they could reach the party the man and woman and the two eldest daughters sunk. The two little ones, however, were found in the boat, which had righted, but which was half full of water. They were rescued and brought in safe to shore. Both were too young to give their names. The men who rescued them were unable to ascertain the names of the family. One little girl could only say "mamma" and "papa." They were safely cared for, and efforts are being made this morning to find out their names. It is reported that the parties reside on the brow of the hill at the upper end of West Hoboken, and that the husband is a druggist, doing business in Brooklyn.

## EIGHT MEN REPORTED KILLED.

CHICAGO, July 29,  
A terrible riot is reported on board the steamer Dubuque, at Hampton, on the Mississippi river, about ten miles above Rock Island. A number of raftsmen, who took passage on the boat at Rock Island, insisted on being allowed to occupy the cabin, and being refused, commenced a row, which became general, not only with the crew but the passengers. Eight men are reported killed. The Sheriff of Rock Island was telegraphed, and immediately started for the scene of action with a large force.