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"THE OLD NORTH STATE FOREVER."

H. A. LATHAM, Editor.

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NO. 5.

Consumption cured. Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

AN OLD ROAD MADE NEW.

Great Improvement in B. & O. Equipment. New Route to the West.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has prepared to handle a large business while the World's Fair is in Chicago. The terminals at Chicago are capable of accommodating a very heavy traffic. Important changes have been made for the handling of a large freight and passenger business to the West from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. New equipment for the handling of freight cars, extra side tracks, and interlocking switches. The new line between Chicago Junction and Akron has shortened the distance between Chicago and Akron from twenty-five miles, and between Pittsburgh and Chicago fifty-eight miles.

The distance between Chicago and Pittsburgh and Cleveland by the construction of the Akron line and the acquisition of the Valley R. R. (Ohio) is about the same as the Lake Shore from Cleveland to Chicago. The alignment is to be changed and grades reduced to a minimum of 26 feet. It is expected that within twelve months the old Baltimore and Ohio through line between Chicago and the Atlantic Ocean will have passed away and the new line via Pittsburgh will be established with no greater grades or curvature than any of the trunk lines.

Work is progressing rapidly east of Pittsburgh to meet improvements making it possible to use the Washington branch with the Philadelphia Division, and to do away with the present line via Locust Point. Forty new and powerful locomotive engines have been recently added to the equipment, and others are in process of construction. The permanent improvements now under way and in contemplation involve the expenditure of some five millions of dollars.

WINKLEMAN'S SPECIAL.

The need of a reliable remedy for diseases of summer is universal. For the household, office, farm, travelers by sea and land. Winkelman's Diarrhoea and Cholera Remedy has proved its irresistible worth. It is the prompt cure of all disorders originating in the stomach and digestive system. Cholera, morbid, Diarrhoea, Cramps, etc. Serviceable to all conditions and always ready for use.

LIST OF PATENTS.

Granted to Southern inventors this week. Reported by C. A. Snow & Co., Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, Opp. U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

C. H. Allen, Sr., Chattanooga, Tenn. Boiler-furnace. P. P. Ambler, De Funiak Springs, Fla., Propeller. G. K. Bagby, Newbern, N. C., Dental articulation-cup. J. F. Davidson, Edgerly, La., Car-coupling. W. H. Havens, Gainesville, Ga., Chain-dasher. W. H. Fitzgerald, Monroe, N. C., Bed-burce. L. S. Franklin, Parkersburg, Va., Horse-checking device. C. M. Graves, Eddyville, Ky., Car-coupling. J. F. Harvey, Green Brier, Ark., Clamp. J. H. Hogg, Civil District No. 16, Ouion county, Tenn., post-driver. E. M. Ivens, New Orleans, La., Baling press. A. F. Jackson, Oklahoma, Ter., Plow. J. C. Lador, Wilmington, N. C., Labeling or mailing machine. T. J. Mitchell, Vinita, Ind. Ter., Tickle-head for movers. T. W. Louisville, Ky., Pipe-coupling. J. A. Parker, Morrisville, N. C., Cultivator. A. Phillips, Baltimore, Md., Milk-can. R. R. Scotts, Knoxville, Tenn., Furnace. J. V. Stribling, Richmond, S. C., Shutter-worker. T. A. Teat, Waukeenh, Fla., Fly-trap. J. W. Tew, Rome, Ga., & J. D. Riggs, Ala., Switch. J. W. Turner, Jones Mill, Ala., Artificial stone. R. G. Ward, Charleston, S. C., Automatic supply-tank for locomotives. J. Wylie, Ireland Hill, Ala., Churn.

BEAUFORT COUNTY BANK.

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CRUMPLER AND POTTS.

General Insurance Agents, WASHINGTON, N. C.

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The best of Companies represent.

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Pure Havana Cigar!

W. C. MALLISON, Washington, N. C.

TENNYSON'S DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

Second Essay of a Series of Three by the Students of the Literary Class of Henderson College.

Apart from its high literary excellence, Tennyson's Dream of Fair Women forms a notable collection of pen pictures delineated with the wonderful inspiration of the poet and grouped with that exquisite art which bespeaks him not only poet and painter, but historian and art critic as well.

What Michael Angelo the painter was to architecture, this and much more is Tennyson the poet to historical criticism, as we shall presently see, as we follow him through the mazes of "a dream that was not at all a dream."

We are not quite sure when the poet's arm was lifted to head down a cavalier bearing in his saddle bow a lady from a leaguer'd town, that Mary Queen of Scots was shadowed forth, yet the hint is so suggestive of the strange, sad story of the Scotch queen, that we must perforce believe it was she and not the bride of young Lochinvar who waked the poet's ire.

A queen before she was a week old, betrothed when she was six, a wife at sixteen, we may easily believe after the training she had received under the Guises in the frivolous, intriguing court of France, that Mary would not scruple to indulge illicit love for Rizzo, to be the murderer of Darnley, the partner of Rothwell's light from the "leaguer'd town," the bitter enemy of Knox, and, lastly, the promoter of the conspiracy against Elizabeth, which brought Mary's own head to the block in 1587.

Mary's peer and prototype in love and beauty and misfortune, is Helen of Troy, that "daughter of the gods divinely tall and most divinely fair." For her, many drew swords and died; for her, all Greece wore the garb of mourning and the waters of the Xanthus were red with Trojan blood; yet, with all her faults and frailties, we could ill afford to lose her from the precious setting wherein poets and painters, from Homer to Tennyson, have enshrined her.

Had there been no beautiful Helen, the stolen bride of Paris, there would have been no Iliad and Homer, that morning star of song in ancient Greece, would have been dumb as well as blind. With no Helen, there would be no fiery Achilles, no dauntless Hector, no stern Agamemnon.

With no Helen, there would be no tender Andromache, no faithful Hecuba, no chaste and chastened Iphigenia, who alone in pagan myth and story is worthy to stand on the light-kissed peaks of the ages with that fair Hebrew maiden who knew, "How beautiful a thing it was to die For God and for her sire."

Just as the daughter of Agamemnon was the sacrifice of fate and duty, so Jephthah's daughter was the free will offering of love and faith; the same in outward seeming, if not in spiritual significance, the two maidens epitomize the virtues of their respective races and stand for what is most worthy of imitation among the heroines of Grecian and Jewish civilization.

Between these twin, in the grouping of the poet's dream, stand Cleopatra, the most gorgeous expression of effete paganism, the crowning effulgence of a civilization that died with her. This civilization of the Ptolemies, that had built the Pyramids and swayed the destinies of the world so long, that was about to pass away, and in passing, left us a creation, strange, absorbing and majestic. Cleopatra was essentially a woman, and in all the short comings and excesses of her life, she sinned and suffered by virtue of her womanhood, as only a woman could and did sin and suffer.

Strange, it was, that with only warriors for lovers, she worshipped no god but Eros; strange, that she who conquered Rome's conquerors succumbed only to the little blind god's skill, and stranger still that she "who governed men by change, and so swayed all moods" should have loved her Roman Antony, her mailed Bacchus when dead, so absolutely, so unreservedly that disdaining to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottle free at drugstore. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a Cough, Cold, or any trouble with Throat, Chest or Lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottle free at drugstore. Large bottles 50c. and \$1.

Mark Antony's very own.

Her cruel taunt to Rosamond
"O you lovely maid,
You should have come to
Fulvia's waist and thrust
The dagger thro' her side!"

gives all too plainly the Poet's estimate of the "world's beautiful rose, passing sweet ere while, now, naught but odor-vile."

But History tells us this English Fulvia, Queen Eleanor herself was anything but a tame and passive sufferer by Rosamond's charms for, following the silken cleft that guided the king to Rosamond's secret bower, the proud queen offered fair Rosamond Clifford the choice between death by poison or a dagger.

As a foil to the lurid splendor of Cleopatra's life and the rich exuberance of Fair Rosamond's charms is grouped a trio, Margaret More Roper, Joan of Arc and Eleanor, the wife of Edward I, of England whose love, patriotism and loyalty have long been famous in song and story.

Margaret More Roper's devotion to her good and gifted father is a theme worthy any pen or pencil, nowhere except in her own heart and in her father's Utopia could such life-long love have found a place. "Her murdered father's head" plucked at her own life's risk from London Bridge, kept near her life through, and finally buried with her, attests the strength and depth of her devotion.

More like the creation of the poet's fancy than a veritable actor, arises Joan of Arc, that Light of ancient France. In the threefold character of saint, warrior, martyr, she fulfilled her mission. By years of holy vigils and prayers, she was trained for great work; at the head of the armies of France, she drove back the English invaders and restored Charles to his throne. Her mission completed, she fell into the hands of the English to be by them burned as a witch and sorceress, thus passing through the fire's ordeal to a canonized saint's reward.

Eleanor, worthy spouse of the noblest and best of the Agevin rulers of England, is intentionally and artistically reserved by the poet for the most effective place in his Dream of Fair Women. This chaste queen, this loyal wife, this holy woman, in her tripple character, is left with the captain of the Poet's dream shining resolutely upon her, to be to us, whether queen, wife or woman our model and example forever.

"Not learned, perhaps, save in graco us household words,
No angel, but a dearer being all dipt,
In angel instincts and angel's words,
Interpreter between God and men."

AND THERE STANDS DIXIE.

WHY THE SOUTH HAS NOT FELT THE HARD TIMES AS THE NORTH.

It is pleasant to know that the South has learned the lesson of business so well, and applied them so faithfully at the right place, that when commercial distrust is making a record of failures and bankruptcies elsewhere comparatively few disasters of the kind are reported from the South. This cannot be because little was ventured, for there has been activity in a variety of enterprises at the South. It must be because the South, under the same unfavorable conditions that applied to the West and Northwest has had the prudence to hold herself sufficiently in check and to keep herself solid and solvent.

The experience of 1890 was not thrown away. That severe attack of the speculative fever cleared out the adventurous and forewarned the sagacious. Considerable sums were lost, and many worthy enterprises will for some time to come suffer from the sad experience of investors in cornfield town lots and electrified swamps. But the people never lost faith in their resources or confidence in themselves and the future. They have had the good sense to take a broad view of the financial situation. They have silenced the blarney agitators who roared up and down their land two years ago, scattering seeds of visionary theories and plucking good sense by the beard as a slave of the money power. The South was not to be driven pell-mell into camp by political guerrillas with axes to grind. It looked abroad to get its bearings, and getting them, had, as usual, the manliness to shape its course accordingly.

The same good sense that took in sail when financial storms began to blow, and that neither ran blindly upon the rocks of bankruptcy on the one hand nor desperately upon those of agrarianism on the other, is making converts every day in the South to rational, conservative views of the best public policy to be pursued by the nation in the monetary crisis.—Louisville Courier Journal.

The Cost of War.

The friends of peace are wont to groan whenever the ingenious inventor devises some new weapon of offensive warfare and to moralize afresh over the probable result of increased capacity for slaughter. But if they would view the matter aright they would see that these inventors are really the friends of humanity in truest sense, and that all these improvements which have been made and are making in the machinery of whipping armies and navies out of existence are the best protection the world has against war in the future.

The truth is that war is getting to be so costly and destructive that nations can no longer afford to indulge in it; and every forward step of the inventor only makes it more costly and deadly. In the olden times when two armies could fight for weeks at a nominal cost for support and with scarcely any loss of men or munition, war was a pastime in which the poorest nations could indulge for years. But in these modern times when the cost of equipping an army is something frightful, and when the arms of precision war men down like grass, when there are guns in the navy which cannot be fired except at a cost of thousands of dollars, rulers are extremely cautious about going to war or provoking their neighbors to do so. And the more deadly and costly warfare becomes the less danger is there that nations will resort to it.

Yet it does seem as if the nations might come to some agreement as to the point where progress in deadliness and costliness shall be assumed to have gone far enough to justify an agreement to dispense with war for the future. Otherwise the nations will go on long after war becomes a practical impossibility, constructing impenetrable armor for warships and irresistible projectiles to pierce it. That is the course that naval architecture and the art of gunnery are taking. First comes the inventor with an armor plate that no shell can pierce and next the gunner with a shell to pierce it. And the indications are that if a truce is not called this will go on ad infinitum long after the point has been reached where no nation will dare to trust the strength of its armor through distrust as to the force of the other nation's shells or to trust in its shells lest its opponents may have achieved newer and more impenetrable armor.

Such seems to be the lesson of the recent trial of armor plates at Washington when at 850-pound steel Carpenter shell was driven against a nickel-steel plate 17 inches thick with a sufficient force to move 21,000 tons through one foot of space. The plate was uninjured except for a hole which barely left the point of the projectile through into the wooden backing while the shell was in perfect shape to be fired again. The cost of the test was \$25,000; and the figures may well be taken into serious consideration by any small nation which contemplates getting itself into trim for a naval fight.—Detroit Free Press.

Sleep With Head to the North.

The old-time superstitious belief that human beings should sleep with their head toward the north is now believed to be based on a scientific principle. Some French savans have experiments upon the body of a criminal who suffered death, and these tests go to prove that each human body is in itself an electric battery, one electrode being represented by the head and the other by the feet. The body of the subject upon which the queer experiments mentioned above were made, was taken immediately after death and placed upon a pivot board, free to move in any direction. After some little vacillation the head portion turned toward the north, and then remained stationary. One of the experimenters took hold of the pivot board and turned it so that the head pointed south, but upon being freed it almost immediately resumed the first-named position—turned until the head pointed north. To prove that this was neither accidental or coincident upon muscular twitchings as some have suggested, the board was repeatedly turned half around and then freed, but always with similar results.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester" a lamp with the light of the morning. Catalogue, write to Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

POEK CREATES A PANIC.

A Wild Scene on the Chicago Board of Trade.

CHICAGO, August.—The cloud that has been hanging over the provision pit on the Board of Trade broke to-day, causing a panic, the like of which was never seen there before. Pork was the cause of it all. At the opening this morning Secretary Stone announced that the provision brokerage houses of J. G. Steever & Co., E. W. Bailey & Co., and A. C. Helmholtz were unable to meet their contracts.

The sound of his voice had not ceased to reverberate in the lofty room when bedlam broke loose in the provision pit. The other pits were deserted; the complained-of dullness in pork vanished, as a roar went up from the widely excited crowd. September pork, which closed at \$19 per barrel yesterday, was first offered at \$18.75, then \$18, then \$17.75, \$17.50, \$17, \$16, and so on down by quarters, halves and dollars till the price touched \$10, a clear descent of \$9 within a little over half an hour.

Brokers shouted themselves hoarse and red in the face in their frantic efforts to protect themselves, and fairly tumbled over each other in the struggle to let a bidder have mess pork at his own price, in quantities to suit. At the bottom the deals seemed to be about all settled, and the market for the first time showed any signs of strength. Operators began to see that pork at \$10 per barrel with hogs at the ruling price was cheap, and they began to buy. The price began gradually to crawl up, touching \$11, then \$12, and at 11 o'clock the pit was again quiet and the market steady at \$11.75.

BIG FAILURES ANNOUNCED.

Just as matters had settled down, and things began to look serene, a series of hundred claps fairly shook the Board of Trade building. The failures of the North American Provision Company, one of the great packing firms of the city; of 'Jack' Cudahy, the heavy packer and daring operator in hog products, and of Wright & Haughey, heavy receivers and shippers of grain, were announced, creating the utmost consternation, and prices began to tumble all over the floor of the Exchange.

Cudahy was largely interested in the North American Provision Company, and when its failure was announced that of Cudahy was looked for, and it was not long to wait till it came. After that the failure of Wright & Haughey was not unexpected, as they were interested with Cudahy in his deals. Cudahy has been carrying a large amount of lard, and in addition has dealt rather heavily in ribs. The sudden slump in pork this morning caught him unprepared to meet the declines in lard and ribs which accompanied it, and he was forced to the wall.

The amounts involved are believed to be very large. The North American Provision Company alone is capitalized at \$250,000. The John Cudahy Packing Company, which has its main house here with branches at Louisville and Nashville, is owned by Mr. Cudahy, but its affairs are separate from Mr. Cudahy's private affairs, and so far there is no indication that it is involved in his downfall.—Philadelphia Times.

Blotches, Old Sores, Ulcers and all skin eruptions cured by P. P. P., the greatest blood purifier of the age.

Rheumatism and Syphilis yield readily to P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium).

If you are troubled with Dyspepsia, Stomach Disorder, or Liver or Kidney complaint, try P. P. P., and you will rejoice in the art of self defense; There's the girl who's good at riding and the girl who takes to striding over leagues of dale and mountain with energy intense; There's the girl who worships rowing, and the one who's fond of showing a marksmanship astonishing in a person of her sex; There's the girl who's always ready, with a nerve both true and steady, when woful dangers threatens or difficulties vex; But despite the manly carriage and the open scorn of marriage, which the independent ladies seem to think so very nice; You may, perhaps, have noted that they're very seldom quoted as having lost completely their inherent fear of mice.—Detroit Tribune.

The Silent City.

Many stories have been written about mirages and delusions, but none more interesting and curious than that of the Silent City, Illusion, which makes its appearance near the Pacific Glacier, in Alaska.

The discovery of this wonderful mirage was made by the Indians who often tell of the city which was built in the clouds. The mirage can be seen in the early part of July from 5 to 6 p.m. It rises from the tide of the Pacific glacier.

It appears like a heavy mist and soon becomes clearer and one can distinctly see the spectre city, well-defined streets and trees, spires, huge and odd-shaped buildings, which appear to be ancient mosques and cathedrals.

It is a city large enough to contain 25,000 or 30,000 inhabitants. As yet no one has been able to identify it, although several have claimed to recognize the place. There is no city like it in Alaska, nor in any country about it for thousands of miles.

Some claim it is a city in Russia others say it is a city in England, but no one can tell what or where it is.

The mirage was given the name of "Silent City," as it appears to one like a dead city; there is nothing to indicate that it is the pictured reflection of an inhabited place.—Ex.

Summer Suggestions.

Do not make too many visits, and where you go be sure that your visit is a convenient one. Do not entertain too generously; summer should be a time of rest, and it is difficult to rest with a house full of guests.

Before going for a mid-day sail rub your face, neck and hands with a simple cream and powder gently with cornstarch. Wipe the powder off, and on returning wash the complexion well in warm water and with castile soap. Camphor and buttermilk both give relief from sunburn.

Place a large dish of water in a room where the heat is very oppressive. Change once or twice, and the temperature will be perceptibly lowered, says a writer in the Ladies' Home Journal.

Sponge your babies with cold water at bed-time. Give your children water to drink during the hot weather. They need this to make up for loss of perspiration.

In washing summer frocks, if the colors run, put half a cupful of salt in the last rinsing water. For innumera in summer time take a cold bath at bed-time. Press towels, folded as usual, through your clothes wringer and save your laundress.

Have mercy on your cooks in your arrangement of meals for hot days. Bathe daily. Have your house gowns made with open necks and elbow sleeves. Save your steps. Allow double the amount of time in catching boats and trains that you do in winter. Eat your meals slowly. Drink milk slowly. To wash summer silks remove all grease or other spots with soap and water before proceeding. Make a solution of a teaspoonful of ammonia and a little soap in a pail of water, and in this dip the silk again and again until the dirt is removed. Do not ring out, but press between the hands. Rinse in water from which the chill is gone, and hang in a shady place until partly dry, when lay between two cloths and press with a hot iron.

Hard to Conquer.

There's the girl who's stuck on fencing, and the girl who's just commencing to be somewhat interested in the art of self defense; There's the girl who's good at riding and the girl who takes to striding over leagues of dale and mountain with energy intense; There's the girl who worships rowing, and the one who's fond of showing a marksmanship astonishing in a person of her sex; There's the girl who's always ready, with a nerve both true and steady, when woful dangers threatens or difficulties vex; But despite the manly carriage and the open scorn of marriage, which the independent ladies seem to think so very nice; You may, perhaps, have noted that they're very seldom quoted as having lost completely their inherent fear of mice.—Detroit Tribune.

The Novelty Works.

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Is Life Worth Living?

That depends upon the Liver. If the Liver is inactive the whole system is out of order—the breath is bad, digestion poor, head dull or aching, energy and hopefulness gone, the spirit is depressed, a heavy weight exists after eating, with general despondency and the blues. The Liver is the housekeeper of the health; and a harmless, simple remedy that acts like Nature, does not constipate afterwards or require constant taking, does not interfere with business or pleasure during its use, makes Simmons Liver Regulator a medical perfection.

"I have tested it personally, and know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Throbbing Headache, it is the best medicine the world ever saw."—H. H. Jones, Macon, Ga.

Take only the Genuine, which has on the wrapper the red **SS** Trade-mark and Signature of J. H. ZELLEN & CO.

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All who desire anything in my line will do well to call and see me. S. MILLES.

For more information, write to S. W. F. SMITH, WHEELER'S THEATER, CHICAGO, ILL.