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It is estimated that the value of the land contained in Central Park, New York city, which originally cost \$6,500,000, is now worth, at least, over \$100,000,000.

The New York Commercial Advertiser states that at Roundout-on-the-Hudson a man died, leaving a property valued at \$2000. This was partly mortgaged.

Denel A. Long owns more stock-gumming "barber shops," asserts the New York Graphic, than any other man in this country. He has about 200 scattered in different parts of the United States.

The Buffalo Courier presents in a lucid manner some important facts about oleomargarine. The official figures show that the average monthly production of oleomargarine during the eight months of 1887, ending the year 1888, was 1,889,349 pounds.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat says: "By the intended New Hampshire Constitutional members of the Legislature will be paid a certain fixed sum, \$200 each, whether the session is long or short."

The most picturesque figure in the recent great chess tournament in New York city, thinks the Sun, was Master McLeod. It is possible that this youth may answer the ever-recurring question in chess circles: "Will there ever arise another Morphy?"

The report of the President and Treasurer of the Women's Silk Culture Association of the United States for the past year, made to the Commissioner of Agriculture, has been printed. The Government appropriates for this association \$5000 annually to foster and encourage the development of the silk growing industry.

FIGHT IN A MENAGERIE.

A Tiger Tears a Bear to Pieces and a Leopard Kills a Wolf.

While keepers were removing the wild beasts in a museum on Grand street, New York, to their summer quarters in Philadelphia, the black bear escaped from its cage and caused a panic.

Meanwhile the entire menagerie had been converted into a perfect pandemonium. The lions, already excited, began to roar with excitement and fiercely jumped against the sides of their cages.

The lioness, who had rushed from the cage to assist the men who were fighting the tiger, had partially unfastened a partition between the leopard and another cage which held a wolf, and while wildly rushing to the end of his den the leopard perceived this opening and rushed into the adjoining cage.

As the lioness was rushing to the aid of the leopard's back while he was crouching for a spring, the leopard leaped at the forehead of the lioness and the wolf mania was again and again at his spotted hide, and the cage was filled with fur and blood.

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THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.

Poem by John G. Whittier Read at the Great Centennial Celebration.

The reading of the following poem by John G. Whittier formed part of the Centennial exercises at the Sub-Treasury in New York. Mr. Whittier's age and infirmities prevented him from being present to read his poem in person.

O City sitting by the Sea! How proud the day that dawned on thee, When the new era, long desired, began, And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salutes spoke; The resonant bell tower's vibrant stroke, The voiceful streets, the plauding-robust halls, And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from St. Paul's!

How felt the land in every part The strong throb of a Nation's heart, As its great leader gave, with reverent awe, His pledge to Union, Liberty, and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard, That vow the sleep of centuries stirred; In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of Honor sold A century's sins over his history told, Above the wrecks that strewed the unscarred past, Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just, The one man equal to his trust, Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good, Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace, As possible the world's release, Taught prince and serf that power is but a rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

That Freedom generous is, but strong In hate of fraud and selfish wrong, Freedom that turns her holy truths to lies, And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice Let thy great sisterhood rejoice; A century's sins over his history told, Above the wrecks that strewed the unscarred past, Was the long dream of ages true at last?

NORTH AND WEST.

NEWSY ITEMS BY TELEGRAPH.

Being a Condensation of the Principal Happenings in Different States.

POSTMASTER EDWARD S. JONES, of Ashbourne, Penn., shot and killed a burglar who was trying to break into the postoffice.

JOSEPH LUTROS, aged fifty-five, and A. LEWIS, aged forty, who were engaged in a quarrel in the street, were both killed by a bullet fired from a distance.

THE body of Mr. James C. Anthony, a brother of the late Senator Anthony, was found floating in the river near Silver Spring, R. I. He had committed suicide.

JACOB D. SHAFER, a wealthy farmer, sixty years of age, who was residing in York, Penn., was found dead hanging to a tree near his house.

A RECEIPT was given to Chief Justice Fuller by the Bar Association of New York City.

EVERY man in Pittsburgh engaged in the building trades, with the exception of the bricklayers, went on strike and work was generally suspended.

IN a collision between trains at Hancock, N. Y., due to the carelessness of an Erie railroad conductor, a car was thrown into the Delaware, and ten passengers were hurt.

MANAGER HAIN, of the Manhattan Elevated Railway, New York city, has said that about 2,848,000 fares were taken during the three days of the centennial. This is an average of 782,000 a day, and specifically Monday, 765,000; Tuesday, 825,000, and Wednesday, 783,000. Estimated in dollars the returns were \$117,300.

THE Southern Society gave a dinner at its new club-house in New York city in honor of the centennial of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

THE BIG PARIS BANKER.

He is Examining Some of Our Railroads--What He Thinks About Them.

Baron Erlanger, the Paris banker, who has come to America to look at our railroad systems, said the other day to a Chicago reporter:

"I have just completed a ten days' trip over all the Southern roads in which I am interested, having come to America expressly for this purpose."

"He was asked: Are you willing to state the result of the recent meeting at Cincinnati, which, it is said, looks to other investments by you in Southern lines?"

"Not just yet," he replied. "We did discuss several projects, but none of them are sufficiently developed to warrant me in making them public. There has got to be continued building in the way of connections and new lines, but anything we did I must, in fairness, first submit to my London associates for their approval before making public."

"It is true that you have been dissatisfied with the management of the roads, and regret your investment?" was asked.

"Well, it has been a long fight and a hard one. For a long time we have worked up hill. We knew all along that we were placing a great deal of money into something we had never seen, and that the return was not what the capital invested warranted. Now, however, I think we have turned the corner, and I am satisfied entirely with the outlook."

"The South," said the Baron, "certainly has a great future. I realize that the war meant and how it must have stunned every tendency toward development, but when I saw the coal and iron fields, the timber and stone supply, the agricultural resources, and the quick enterprise that is at work with them, I don't see how I could have other than great confidence in any investment there. In railroad building I believe there has been too much progress in the West and Northwest, but not in the South, which is yet a tempting field."

"What will be the nature of your future investments here?"

"I can't say just now, but I am so impressed with the opportunities in the country that ultimately, when my boys reach manhood, I shall probably organize our business here in the shape of a branch house. I shall certainly come back to America as soon as I can. I am charmed with it, and want to see all of it."

Over the Cross-Tie. JACKSONVILLE, TAMPA AND KEY WEST.—John H. Bland has been appointed Florida purchasing agent, with headquarters at Jacksonville.

QUEER HARBOR BOATMEN.

CIRCULAR TRADER OF ROWBOAT OWNERS AT NEW YORK.

LINE PASSERS, Rich Junkmen and Thirty Rowboatmen--Watchmen Who Look Out for Dock Thieves.

A middle-aged man, whose face was bronzed and bronzed by exposure to the sun and wind, sat alone in a big Whitehall boat which gently rose and fell in the waters of the Bay, quite close to Governor's Island.

The boatman, now sending his craft forward a few paces, and then back again. All the time he kept his eyes fastened on a thin streak of ink smoke which followed, like the tail of a kite, the funnel of a steamer just leaving Quarantine.

Passengers on the Staten Island ferries and other vessels, crossing the Bay wondered who he was. They had seen him, or some one who resembled him, in the same place day after day, sometimes in the morning and again in the afternoon.

They knew he was not a fisherman, for he was always resting on his oars, except when it became necessary for him to pull out of the way of a passing vessel. If any of the curious ones had taken the trouble to watch the boatman from a steamer which was coming up from Quarantine, they would speedily have learned his occupation.

As the steamer came nearer to the city the man seemed suddenly imbued with life. He grasped his oars and rowed quickly to it, and fastened to the tug that was towing it up the bay. It was evident that whatever his work was it had not yet begun, for he seated himself in the stern of his boat, and folding his arms, calmly gazed at the jolly-looking seaman at work on the steamer.

When the vessel was within a short distance of her pier in the Erie Basin, the boatman cast loose from the tug, rowed to the bow of the steamer and waited until a line had been thrown into his boat.

Making it fast to one of the boat's seats, he rowed to a pier, passed it to a longshoreman, and quickly pulled out of the way of the steamer, which was soon pushed and drawn in next to the dock. The boatman's work in passing the line occupied about fifteen minutes. For this he received \$3. The instant he received the money he was off in his boat again to wait for another steamer which had just been reported off the Highlands. He was a "line passer," and although it was not absolutely necessary for him to meet the steamer, the fear that a rival might get ahead of him forced him to be the first in the field.

There are several men who follow this trade for a livelihood. They seldom become wealthy, but all of them live comfortably on their earnings.

Most of these line-passing boatmen have secured the patronage of particular lines of steamers, while the rest depend upon chance jobs for a living. While the charges for passing a line to the shore is \$3, boatmen are sometimes forced to take a smaller amount for the job. Many of the transatlantic steamship lines employ their own passers, who are paid a weekly salary; but enough tramp steamers and sailing vessels arrive each day to give the free lances of the trade plenty to do.

THE MAYOR KILLED.

While Attempting to Arrest a Colored Desperado.

A tragedy occurred near Covington, Tenn., which resulted in the killing of W. T. Douglas, mayor of that city. It seems a warrant had been issued for the arrest of Henry Donaldson, a negro, charged with attempted rape on a white woman.

Mayor Douglas was one of the posse of ten men who went to the negro's house to effect his arrest. They found his cabin closed and called upon him to open the door. Receiving no answer, they gave warning that unless the door was opened they would break it down and inform him that they had a warrant for his arrest.

Just at this point a gun was thrust through the door and discharged. The contents struck Douglas, who was in front, killing him instantly. Being dead, and fearing another discharge, the posse immediately retreated, and Donaldson succeeded in making his escape. He is still at large. Mayor Douglas was very popular. He was about 27 years old, and leaves a wife to mourn his sudden death.

If Donaldson is caught the law's delay will hardly interfere with his immediate trial outside of a temple of justice.

Pension Fraud Extraordinary. ST. LOUIS, Mo.—The principals in an extraordinary pension fraud case were arrested in different parts of the State. Jacob Little, a Union soldier, died in Andersonville prison, and in 1871 his widow was awarded a pension of \$36 a month.

She married a man named Barnes and died in 1875. Barnes took his wife's pension papers and came to Pettis county, Missouri, where he married a widow named Rogers. He induced her to sign a statement to the effect that Little, who she had successfully and drew the pension. Barnes died in 1877 and the widow married a man named Ritt, who was soon in possession of the pension story.

She wanted to quit drawing the money, but Ritt compelled her to continue the fraud until they separated about a year ago. Then she ceased drawing the money, and the Government, desiring to know why the money was not drawn, started an investigation. After six months hard work the conspiracy was unearthed, and Mrs. Barnes was arrested at Somerset, Ozark county, and Ritt was taken into custody in this city.

The Congressional Library. The Congressional Library at Washington contains 115,781 volumes and the pamphlet number 200,000. This, of course, is the largest collection of books in the United States. It is over twice as many as are included in the Astor Library, which, according to last accounts, the total footed up about 230,000 books, and it is five times as many as the Chicago Public Library can boast of, where there are somewhere in the neighborhood of 140,000 volumes. One-eighth of the books in the Congressional Library belong to the Law Department, and this division of the library is more frequently consulted than any other. There have been over 7000 volumes added to the library during the last year and nearly 12,000 volumes to the general library. This makes make a total increase of 19,000 books. The Toner collection has been supplemented during the last year by the addition of 114 books and 796 pamphlets.—Mail and Express.

The Opening of the Exposition. Surrounded by his ministers and many distinguished guests, President Grant stood under the great dome of the exposition building formally to declare it open. The preliminaries had been auspicious. The ceremony at Versailles, while not of the first importance, was dignified and discreet. The military display, which was inferior to many I have seen in Paris, was wise and carefully given the visitors an opportunity to see the charms of the most beautiful spot in Europe, whose natural loveliness is not overmatched by its historical oppression, in which romance and tragedy are so strangely commingled. The speeches by the president and others were characterized alike by tact and taste and without a solitary marvellous incident.

Swindled Out of \$6,000. A special from Washington Coast house, Ohio, to the Press says that Samuel Coffman, a very wealthy farmer living near there, was swindled out of \$6,000 by two confidence men. Both were apprehended, but one made his escape. Coffman is eighty-one years of age.