

THE CAROLINA BANNER

TARBORO, N. C., CHRISTMAS, 1889.

The longest distance over which telephoning can be maintained is uncertain; 750 miles is a common daily occurrence, but two gentlemen quite recently carried on a protracted conversation between Charleston, S. C., and Omaha, a distance of about 1500 miles.

Manchester, England, is having a great ship canal constructed by a company who employ 12,000 men at the work, and in several years that busy manufacturing city will become a seaport. The effect of this upon Liverpool is discussed in England, and that port will doubtless feel the competition of Manchester. But Liverpool is busy with securing an abundant water supply from Wales. These new waterworks will include a wonderful aqueduct tunnel under the river Mersey, and the estimate of the total cost is \$8,500,000.

A rather curious illustration of the superstitious belief in signs and omens is just seen in the opposition to the name given the new cruiser launched the other day at the San Francisco navy yard. In honor of that city it had been decided to call the ship San Francisco, but no sooner was the name announced than the Navy Department began to get letters by the bushel, declaring that it was an omen of bad luck, and the vessel thus named would inevitably go to the bottom with all on board. The source of this superstition nobody appears to know. There are no records of naval disaster on which it might have been based. Whatever it was founded on, it had no influence with Secretary Tracy, who threw the letters into the waste basket, and telegraphed the officials at Mare's Island to stick to the name San Francisco. The cruiser is now afloat under that name, and the cranks are probably on the lookout for the news of a great marine disaster.

The rabbit problem still confronts the agriculturists of Australia. The American farmer knows no pest like the rabbit pest as it exists in that country. From a few English rabbits, imported some years ago, the breed has increased until vast expanses of the country are literally overrun with them. Apparently incredible stories are told of the number and ravages of Australian rabbits, but they are no exaggeration of the facts. The Parliament of the colonies always keeps the rabbit issue on hand as one of the standing orders of business, but it has never found a remedy. Some time ago it offered a prize of \$25,000 to any one that would suggest an effective exterminator. M. Pasteur, the French scientist, responded with a plan by which the animals were to be inoculated with a fatal infectious and contagious disease. But after two years of experimenting this has failed, and the Government has just withdrawn its offer.

Statisticians who devote their chief attention to population are raising the question whether the English-speaking people are not destined, in course of time, to overspread and rule the whole world. At present the people of the United Kingdom and the United States number about one-fifteenth of the total population of the earth, possess one-third of its surface and govern one-fourth of its inhabitants. They are increasing with a rapidity unknown to any other civilized race; and there is room enough in the territory still at their disposal to enable them to multiply at the current rate for another century and then be doubled, and still not be so thickly crowded together as the people of some old world countries—Belgium, for instance—nowadays. Calculated upon the most modest basis, the population of the United States by 1980 will not fall short of 480,000,000, and that of England, Canada, Australia and South Africa will at the very least, swell the aggregate to 713,000,000; while a generous estimate for continental Europe places its population ninety years hence at 534,000,000.

Miss Kate Drexel, the Philadelphia heiress to over \$5,000,000, who was admitted as a postulate into the severe orders of the Sisters of Mercy, has now taken the white veil, her first six months of probation having ended. This step is a new one toward the black veil, which, about three years hence, will separate her from the world for life. "It would be a mistake," says the New York Sun, "to attribute to undue influences the disposition Miss Drexel is making of herself and her millions. It is simply the natural development of the life she has led since her infancy. Her father was a deeply religious man. So was her mother, a Miss Longstreth, who died when Kate was only two years old, but found time to sow in her mind the seeds of a mysticism which was carefully cultivated since by her stepmother, a Miss Bourvier, whose family was of the strictest religious habits such as are still to be found in highly cultivated French families nowadays. Sister Drexel will devote her life to the education of Indian and colored girls, and a few years from now will probably be heard from as the Superior of a new branch of her order in India."

THE SANDBAG.

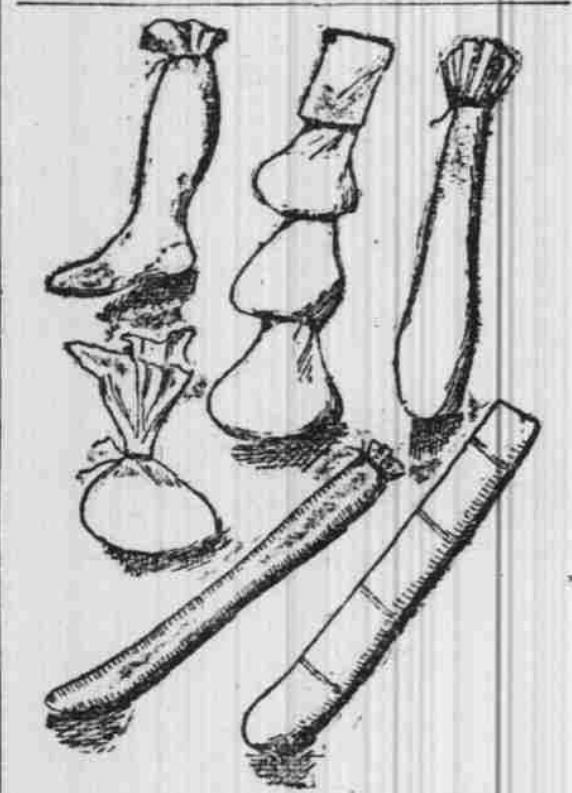
WORK OF A DEADLY WEAPON IN NEW YORK.

Inspector Byrnes Talks About Sandbags—How They Are Made—Other Strange Weapons Used By Footpads.

THE recent cases of sandbagging in New York city have caused a great deal of comment. Some weeks ago two men were struck down in prominent thoroughfares in the city by this silent weapon and died without being able to say anything about their assailants. Later two more men were assaulted in one evening.

Police Inspector Byrnes was seen by a reporter for the Mail and Express. He said that these recent cases of sandbagging which have excited the attention of the people of New York are but a revival of a form of crime which appears every fifteen or twenty years, and which is much more prevalent in other parts of the world than it ever has been in the United States.

"The principle of sandbagging," said the Inspector, "is the application of concussion to the human body in such a way as to produce a terrific shock without breaking or even abrading the skin. In America and England the back of the head and neck or the upper part of the spine are and have been the favorite points of attack by the criminals who employ this style of assaulting a man. The original sandbag was, as its name implies, a small bag filled with sand. The simplest one known to the police is a small



A VARIETY OF SANDBAGS.

strong stocking filled with sand. The advantage of this primitive affair is that, the moment after it has been used, the sand can be thrown away and the stocking kept without exciting any suspicion. Some are made in the shape of clubs. The material used is cotton or woolen cloth, bed ticking, crash, heavy silk, sausage skins, elk skins, leather, and even snake skins.

A number of famous sandbags, which have been captured by the police, are worthy of mention. One was a handsome elk skin, filled with sand, close to the end, and thence with bird shot to the end itself. This arrangement gave the effect of a slugsheet to the affair and added to the strength of the arm which wielded it the awful effect of a swift rotary motion.

"Another, owned by a French murderer, was of silk, handsomely embroidered and finished with silk-wound leather thong. A third, of Spanish origin, was of fine sheepskin, so carefully finished as to be as soft as the best chamois.

"The most impressive quality of the sandbag lies in its not abrading the skin of the person who is struck by it. There was a case only a short time ago where a man's skull had been fractured, and yet there was no indication of injury, so far as the cuticle was concerned, not even to the medical eye. The skull was very thick and hard, so that the blow must have required a terrific amount of force, probably representing the combination of a heavy sandbag and a powerful assailant.

"Sandbagging is not as rare as is commonly believed. Criminals, especially those of foreign origin, carry these instruments of death quite frequently. There is, however, a seeming periodicity in their use, just as there is in other forms of crime. There is something so brutal, ferocious and cowardly in sandbagging that it excites a feeling of disgust in minds familiarized with crime.

GOD BLESS US ALL.

God bless us all! With Tiny Tim
Till we finish with prayer and hymn,
While cheerily from lip to lip
The Christmas wishes glide trip;
God bless us all, the circle round,
At home, abroad, please God,
God bless His own on Christmas Day!

God bless the golden heads arched
Where ruddy hearth flames leap and glow,
God bless the baby hands that clasp
Heart fibres in their clinging grasp;
God bless the youth with eager gaze;
God bless the sage of lengthened days;
At home, abroad, please God, we cry,
God guard His own, 'neath any sky!

God ease the weary ones who bear
A sumbling weight of grief and care:
God give the wage no ill can spoil,
The honest loaf for honest toil.
We round the heart-felt prayer an hymn,
And breathe Amen with Tiny Tim,
As reverently, please God, we say,
God bless us all on Christmas Day!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

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UNCLE BOB'S CHRISTMAS.

He wants me to be married
on Christmas Eve," said Bertha,
with a quiver in her voice,
and a suspicious dimness in her eyes.

"And he's vexed, poor fellow,
because I won't promise him. But how can I leave Uncle Bob?"

Lilian put her hands tenderly on Bertha's shoulder.

"I would take care of Uncle Bob," said she, "even if you were gone."

"Do you suppose I wouldn't look after dear old Uncle Bob?" indignantly struck in Lotty, who was barely fourteen.

"If both of you want to go and get married, I am not enough to keep house for Uncle Bob! Look at that carpet! I changed the breadths, so that the worn spots should not show. See the wall-paper! I pasted on the fresh piece to hide the cracks, so that no one would know it wasn't new."

And Uncle Bob's coat—did you see how I had worked over all the button-holes, and mended the frayed elbows."

"Dear little Lotty," said Lilian, kissing the flushed cheeks of the baby of the family. "You are a perfect fairy, but you are such a mite of a thing, after all."

"Lilian is right," asserted she Bertha. "You are so little, Lotty. And Lilian is absent at her bonnet-frames making all day long. Uncle Bob grows feeble as he grows older. He must not be left. Oh, I can't be married this year!"

But Bertha never told her sisters how Allan Hapgood's last impetuous words had contained a veiled hint that this was the last time of asking; if she—Bertha—did not care for him, other girls might! His neatly-furnished flat, and his salary raised to a thousand dollars a year, need not go begging long!

The words had struck like barbed arrows to her heart, but they had not shaken her allegiance to poor Uncle Bob.

"I won't leave him now, of all times," said Bertha, to herself. "He loved me and cared for me—for us all, indeed—when I was nothing but a trouble and an expense. He brought us all up, and spent his substance on us, and I shall be ungrateful indeed to desert him when he is old and poor and feeble. I can earn something here at home, and be a companion for him still. Allan is young and brave-hearted. He will soon get over this disappointment. But Uncle Bob takes every little thing to heart. Oh, no, I can't leave Uncle Bob!"

And so Bertha Bloom settled herself down to the unenvied prospect of single-blessedness, and all for Uncle Bob's sake.

Uncle Bob was a lawyer's clerk. He had been a lawyer himself once, in Colorado, but his health had failed, his small investments had been taken to themselves wings, and he had gradually come down to the low estate of a clerk's desk and a clerk's salary.

Without his niece Lilian's wages and his niece Bertha's careful administration of the slender household funds, he must certainly have gone into bankruptcy.

But he kept his hat carefully brushed, wore a flower in his buttonhole when it was obtainable, and staunchly adhered to the traditions of his gentlemanhood. He still read the few lines daily in his Greek Testament that kept up the memories of his college days; he looked in at the windows of the book stores, and pondered wistfully on the books he would buy, if only he could afford it.

And, most pitious of all, he still preserved a curl of bright-brown hair in his pocket-book, and mused at times on what might have been, if Nell Sandford had not flung away his love, twenty-odd years ago.

"I think I did right," thought Uncle Bob, reverently kissing the curl, and replacing it in the worn compartment of the pocket-book. "It seemed hard at the time, but I've always felt that I did right."

"Want a shine, Boss?"

"I don't know. Do I need it?"—Lily.

Both Hands Were Engaged.

It was the afternoon before Christmas Day. The clerks at Jay & Jay's were always dismissed early on this day, and Uncle Bob came up with the rest to receive his monthly stipend—meek, bald-headed and respectable, with his spectacles shining in the level gas-jets.

"Oh, by-the-way, Mr. Bloom!" said Mr. Simeon Jay, the younger of the partners, detaining with a gesture the old clerk, as he would have passed on to the cashier.

"Now it's coming!" thought Uncle Bob, with a faint stir in his dull old heart vest!

"The increase of salary that I've looked for so long! They've waited until Christmas to give the thing more significance. It's coming now!"

He paused at the door of the private office, where there was such a flash of plate-glass, such a polished gleam of oak and mahogany and brass ornamentation.

Old Mr. Jay sat at a front of a blazing candle-coal fire, with a neatly dressed lady-client signing some papers at a table.

Uncle Bob was near-sighted, spectacles to the contrary notwithstanding, but he got a general impression that the lady-client was somebody very grand and splendid.

"I'm exceedingly sorry, Mr. Bloom," said Mr. Simeon Jay, smoothly, "but we're going to condense our business somewhat and consequently shall require your services after to-day. Here's your month's salary. I wish you a good afternoon—and" (speaking as if with an afterthought) "a very merry Christmas."

The next clerk was close on Uncle Bob's heels, and the man was passing on, with his money in his hand, before he fairly realized the blow that had fallen upon him.

Slowly he took his well-brushed hat and seely overcoat from the peg, and fitted them on; slowly he drew on the gloves which Lotty had so carefully mended for him at odd times, and went out into the fresh, crisp air, moving with machine-like steps.

A merry Christmas! Was it likely, under these circumstances, that his Christmas would be particularly mirthful? It had been a hard struggle to live, even with the aid of his salary; what would it be without?

Uncle Bob passed the high brick walls of the "Home for Old Gentlemen" in his daily way to the office.

He looked wistfully up at the gates to-night.

"It's a forlorn place," he said to himself, "but many better men than I am have been brought to it. I shall miss the girls, though—the little girls, who are so fond of their old uncle. And it would be a cruel thing to break up their home, but I don't see what else—"

"Holly, sir! Fresh holly for Christmas time!"

It was a blue-looking child, with her hawkeye head wrapped in a shawl, who accosted him.

Uncle Bob stopped and bought a few sprays, red-berried and moist, with melted snowflakes.

"I oughtn't to have done it, I suppose," murmured he—"not under the circumstances—but the girl looked so cold, and it's beginning to snow; and Christmas is Christmas, look at it how you will."

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

There is too great haste in occupying a house after its completion. In many places there is such demand for dwellings, and often business apartments, that as soon as finished they are occupied. This is especially true of small dwellings. There is more danger in this than is supposed. There is no health in dampness and mould under any circumstances, and in living apartments where tendency is toward poor ventilation, dampness of newly finished houses contribute largely to ill health. In the town of Basle, Switzerland, a regulation has been adopted which prevents newly built houses from being occupied until four months after completion. Under such circumstances, so long a time as above specified is not necessary, but it is often well to err on the side of safety. The size of the houses, its location, surroundings, the material used and the state of the weather enter into consideration of the time necessary in a new building should become sufficiently dry for occupancy.—Sanitary News.

A POISONOUS PRACTICE.

If housekeepers everywhere would start and maintain a crusade against the sale of undrawn poultry in the markets or by farmers it would work a most wholesome hygienic reform, says Good Housekeeping. It is a vicious practice, an abuse, in fact, that people have endured as they have many other abuses, because there is no remedy except in concerted action or legislation. It is impossible to keep undrawn poultry even a few hours without the beginning of putrefaction from the effect of the gases from the undigested food in the "crop" and intestines. The longer it is kept the more of the poison goes into the flesh, and, in the majority of cases, the poultry that reaches the kitchen from the market is actually unfit for food. Housekeepers could well afford to pay a larger price to have the poultry dressed immediately upon being killed—they pay for much weight that is thrown away, as it is, beside having left a mass of poisoned flesh. It is urged that some people prefer the flavor of undressed poultry, but that fact only makes the matter more alarming, since it indicates that we are cultivating a taste for putrid meat.

CHICKEN PIE.

There are many ways of making a chicken pie, but this is a good one: Cut up as for fricasse a pair of tender chickens weighing from six to eight pounds. Put them over the fire with a quart of a pound of salt pork, cut in very thin strips, and add boiling water to scarcely cover; simmer slowly until tender. Remove all the nicer pieces, the breasts of which make four pieces from each chicken, the first and second joints each cut into two. Leave the backs, the tips of the wings and the necks to simmer another hour, adding a minced onion and some parsley. Line a very large earthen pudding dish with good paste, lay in the pieces of chicken, strain over it the gravy, which you have thickened slightly, put on the top crust and bake until the crust is done. When taken from the oven pour in slowly some of the reserved gravy through the hole made in the top of the paste. Of course, all the larger bones are to be removed when the chicken is laid in the paste, and each layer must be seasoned with salt, pepper and minced parsley. It is good either hot or cold, and the day after the dinner you will have chance to sample in the latter state.

RECIPES.

Boiled Codfish—Soak in a pan of water over night, and simmer two or three hours, or until well done. Serve with drawn butter, with hard boiled egg chopped fine and stirred in; also garnish the fish with slices of hard boiled egg laid on it or around the edge.

Minced Veal—Take an earthen dish, and put in it a layer of butter, then over this place pieces of bread crumbs; over this place pieces of butter, then a layer of minced cold veal, with salt and pepper. When the dish is full, with a layer of crumbs for the top, pour over it an egg, beaten well, and mixed in half a cup of milk. Bake until brown.

Hashed Meat—Take the trimmings of sold boiled or roasted ham; chop fine and spread on delicate slices of toast, buttered, and place in the oven for about thirty minutes; beat up six eggs with half a cup of milk, put into a saucepan, add pepper, salt and two ounces of butter, and stir till it begins to thicken; remove from the fire, stir a little, then spread on the ham and serve.

Fried Chicken—Put equal quantities of butter and lard in a hot frying pan. If the chicken has been previously cooked it will need no more salt. Dredge in flour, and fry it to a nice brown in each side. Make a dressing by putting two tablespoonfuls of flour into the hot fat and stirring until browned; then add one pint of sweet milk, salt and pepper to taste. Serve in a gravy boat.

Fried Raw Potatoes—Pare and slice thinly into cold water some medium-sized potatoes, drain in a colander and put into a frying-pan in which is two tablespoonfuls melted butter or clarified drippings, or half of each; cover closely ten minutes, removing only to stir them from the bottom to keep from burning; cook another ten minutes, stirring until lightly browned. Sweet potatoes may be prepared in the same way.

Saratoga Chips—Thinly peel and slice on a slow cutter over a pan of cold water four large potatoes, using new when in season; salt the water and let stand while breakfast is preparing; take handfuls of the potatoes at a time, drain and dry them on a napkin; separate the slices and drop a handful at a time in boiling lard, with salt contact with each other; stir with a fork until a light brown or crisp, as desired; skim out, drain well and serve in an open dish. Are very good cold as well.

Somebody has taken the trouble to compute that the average consumption of salt by each grown person in this country is nearly fifty pounds a year.