

TALKATIVE WOMAN.

THE LURKING DANGERS OF LETTER WRITING.

The Malignity and Ill-Breeding of Mrs. Canfield, the Kansas Correspondent—The South on Perilous Ground.

WEAVERVILLE, N. C., August 30. Some poet wrote about the quiet retreats of the ocean. The realness of this mountain region recalls the play on the mind. Frar Tuck's favorite saying "Pax Vobiscum" seems peculiarly applicable to the mountaineers of a far famed Buncombe. At first glance, a stranger would conclude that nothing short of an earthquake would disturb their serenity, and he would be about right in his conclusion. But recently the peace of the whole Southern people, including Buncombe, has been rudely and criminally broken, and, astounding as it may seem, by a woman! Some witty person once demonstrated that there were no women in Heaven. How did he do it? By quoting the scripture that says, "There was silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour!" That was his major premise, as the syllogists would say. His minor premise was "suppressed," to use the language of the logicians, but when expressed in plain English it ran this wise: "No woman ever did keep silence for half an hour." The conclusion was inevitable: "Therefore there are no women in Heaven." That preacher and his logic have never been ranked among my favorites. But I think that if Mrs. Canfield of Kansas had had her memory jogged with that uncharitable piece of reasoning she would never have written that famous, or rather infamous, letter from Nashville, which has set the South aflame and the world agog. To say it exploded with the suddenness and unexpectedness of a dynamite bomb in a prayer meeting, or a clap of thunder from a cloudless sky, is putting it mildly. The people were first dazed, then outraged by it. To them it sounded like a fire bell at midnight—like the rattle of a venomous snake.

Her letter has been a dangerous business so far back as history can remember. For some unaccountable reason people appear more reckless in letters than in conversation. "Walls can hear" and "pitchers have ears" are axioms of general acceptance, and whose wisdom is commonly acted on. A woman will talk on off to one side and then look all round carefully to see if any eavesdroppers are within earshot before commencing anything of importance. I have heard my husband laughingly assert that he had one friend up in "grand and historic old Pike" who was so cautious and so fearful of others hearing what he had to say that he'd take you out on a raft in the middle of the Mississippi, and then, with hand to mouth, whisper the momentous fact that your house was on fire. That man is simply the average citizen exaggerated to a degree. But just as Mrs. Canfield's prototype must have had all his circumstances seem to vanish. In the slang of the day, "the bride is golden," "I speech is silver" and "silence is gold," then not to write private letters which may be published and being published, may cause suffering and pain, and red ink should be certainly classed as "a diamond of the first water."

To go no farther back than our own country, a private letter, unwittingly published, caused Aaron Burr to kill Alexander Hamilton at Blomont West. A letter kept Martin Van Buren from the nomination for the Presidency in 1844, and gave it to that distinguished son of North Carolina, James K. Polk. And, in passing, I will say that if any politician needs confirmation of the doctrine of the necessity of being wise as a serpent, let him read Senator Benton's account of the conspiracy to extract that fatal letter from the Sage of Kinderhook, who was popularly credited with his full share of serpentine astuteness.

The same year another great statesman, Henry Clay, wrote a letter on the subject of Texas. "The immediate Annexation of Texas," which forever put a quietus on his presidential hopes. After that letter killed him dead as Julius Caesar, he declared that he'd rather walk a thousand miles to communicate a fact by word of mouth than write a letter which would be read to a "burnt shield dreads the fire."

To come down to "the history of our own times," we all remember the famous postscript, "Burn this Letter," of Bob Ingersoll's "planned kingdom." In the glorious campaign of 1876, it was this "Letter" which became so crucial as "My Dear Fisher," and since the Illinoises are determined to find parallels between the illustrious Kentucky Whig and their idol, they might put the likeness in this shape: "Mem.: First, point of resemblance. Neither could be President, seeing that both committed political anti-kick but writing letters; third, here all resemblance ceased."

Take another "example to our purpose quite," as Robert Pollock would say—Field Marshal Murat Habakadad. It was a "bare bodkin" that did the work for him. It was a steel pen. Not content with having a whole daily newspaper to express his opinion in, he carried on a rushing correspondence with Mr. Secretary Chase, in which he, with perfect abandon, ran amuck on all the Republican worthies, including many who are now ranked among the Republican saints—Lincoln, Grant et al. omnia. The grandson of his grandfather nominated the field marshal as minister to Germany. Everybody said the brilliant faber-slasher had earned the place by faithful party service. When the president change! some enemy rummaging in going pigeon holes, unearthed those savage and forgotten letters, and lo! Murat was knocked out as completely as the great apostle of the Boston Culi knocked out Jake Kilrain at Kiebing. He must, after he recovered his breath and senses, have recalled these famous old lines:

"If no soon, I am done for,
What was begun for?"

I might fill columns with obituary notices of suicides who took the letter route. But enough. This recipe for getting rid of a pestiferous public character seems never to fail: "Shoot into him one of his free and easy, happy go lucky private letters—loaded, but not intended for publication."

But "to return to our mutton"—Mrs. Canfield, of Kansas. She may have learned this bad trick from that brilliant male scold—John James Ingalls, the tutelar Republican saint of Bleeding Kansas. He is much given to "getting his foot in" by way of private letters—unintended, but not intended for publication. He used to recall the hubbalo created during the Chicago convention last year by his "some fellow like Phelps for vice-president" letter. And for two months he has been busy explaining that another of his letters is a forgery.

So Mrs. Canfield followed the bad ex-

ample of Hon. John Jenks and poured out her inward soul in a vitriolic letter to a friend in Kansas—who perversely published it.

Now, our conscience-keepers to the northward have, first and last, had much to say about "the plantation manner" of the Southern. But I undertake to say that no Southern in all the hoary registers of time ever committed a worse breach of manner (or morals either) than this same Mrs. Canfield, wife of the ex-chancellor of the Kansas University. Why, even the Arabs, the descendants of the Southern, who have against every man, recognized the sacred rights of hospitality, which this Kansas female hatelite has violated. Even the robbers of the desert hold inviolable the persons and characters of those with whom they have tasted salt. But not so with Mrs. Canfield. There she was an honored and petted guest of the generous and cultivated white ladies of a famous Southern city—her husband one of the chief officers in the great National Teachers' Association. Entertained in homes owned and managed by people of culture, she writes from one of these homes that she has been, after the manner of Captain Cuttle, "making notes" of things, which in a general way is a laudable performance. But what is the particular thing she notes with glee—that the negroes are increasing faster than the white—than her own kin, race and blood—rejoicing at a fact, which, if it be a fact, most of very necessity, bring sorrow to the heart of every lover of his country and his kind. But what else? She hopes to live to see the blacks in the majority, and if this, her blessed consummation, cannot be fully accomplished in her day, then she hopes—what? Certainly the strangest and most unattractive hope that ever dwelt in human heart or found utterance in any of the languages spoken by the children of men. She hopes to be permitted to look down from a corner in Heaven! Think of that! Oh! Christian people—look from a corner in Heaven! The Heaven of peace and love and righteousness—oh! behold what? "Black heels on white necks!" What a strange and revolting conception that woman must have of the doctrines and teachings of the meek and lowly Nazarene—whose central thoughts were love and charity and forgiveness! Who declared that people must become as "little children" before they could enter the kingdom of heaven? What an amazing picture she draws of heaven's place in which she will be provided with an eligible corner, from which she will be enabled to gratify her inhuman prejudice and to sate her unmitigated hate by gazing with gloating eyes upon the unutterable sufferings and agonies of the children of the very people whose gracious and elegant hospitality she was at that particular moment betraying and abusing. Tell it not in Gath! Proclaim it not in the streets of Askelon! that the gratification of malice shall be one of the employments of the saints in heaven. It appears to me that royal Tom Hood must have had Mrs. Canfield's prototype before him, when he wrote

"Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity—
Which is so rare in our country's good."

Why, the old Norse idea of heaven as a place where we would forever drink ourselves blind drunk out of the skulls of our enemies slain in battle was superior to Mrs. Canfield's for how, by even the most latitudinarian construction can the white people of the South in the year of our blessed Lord and Master 1889 be considered as the enemies of this Kansas woman? Her hopes are as revolting as the performances of Mrs. Tarquin, Lucretia Borgia, or Mrs. Macbeth. Even Herodias demanding of her husband the head of John the Baptist on a charger does not equal this wholesale hate of Mrs. Canfield, for Herodias did have a cause of quarrel against John, and Mrs. Canfield has none—can have none, against the white people of the South.

Macaulay in closing his essay on Barrere boasts that he has traced the ignoble Frenchman on a pinnacle of infamy from which no succeeding writer will be able to take him down. I think that Mrs. Canfield, of Kansas has performed the same feat for herself.

If she is so much in love with "our brother" of the South in the year of our blessed Lord and Master 1889, let her take up her abode in Hayti or Africa. And, then, in her next letter, she might adopt to the exigencies of her own case, these lines from a composition by certain eminent citizens of Botany Bay:—

"True patriots see for it be understood,
We'll look out for our country's good."

It is certainly to be hoped that, conscience stricken, she may be induced or impelled to take this course.

To us up in Missouri, where the whites outnumber the blacks ten or twenty to one, such a course, such an unreasoning malignancy as Mrs. Canfield's only excites our disgust; but, down here, where the negroes are as plentiful as the Caucasians, such such a course as hers causes a feeling close akin to alarm. Since the days of Ned or Fred or Nat Turner, the mad, mad, mad, mad negro insurrection has ever been before the eyes of the white people of the South. To-day the fear of African domination stalks abroad at noonday. It may be a pleasing prospect to Mrs. Canfield and her ilk, if indeed she is not the only one of her kind in the South, but it is dreadful—that's the only word to express it—to those who have had a taste of it and know what it means. Like Banquo's ghost it will not down at anybody's bidding.

The whites and blacks of the South understand each other far better than they can be made to understand either. It is a tremendous task they have before them—to work out a common destiny as distinct races and equal before the law, in the same country. DeToqueville, the great French philosopher and historian, said that a superior and an inferior race of people could not live together permanently as co-equal citizens, and many people believe him. He furthermore declared that in such a case a war of races to the death was inevitable. Some people believe that. But here these people, both white and black, are confronted by a condition which is not a theory, and so far as I can judge the vast majority of both races—the industrious, intelligent and patriotic portions—are endeavoring honestly and faithfully to work out the great problem for the good of all. The part of wisdom and decency and philosophy is for outsiders to let them severely alone, for outsiders can't solve the question or remove the difficulty or lift them out of the hole. They must be their own physicians. The situation is delicate and perhaps perilous. Ben Hill once declared that France was on a powder magazine with a million idiots striking matches all around. He need not have gone across the sea to find that state of affairs. It was at his very doors. The people of the South are on the powder magazine and all they ask is that such enthusiastic fanatics as Mrs. Canfield keep their matches at home or do not ignite them close to the powder house.

The truth is that in the South, as a rule, the people spend little time in "nursing their wrath to keep it warm." They are too busy for that. The spirit of progress is abroad in the land. They are just waking up to a realization of the vast material wealth of which they are possessed—natural resources, which, when developed, will make the South the richest land which the sun visits in his daily course. They are intoxicated with joy at the prospect. And if these people, once so generous and so prodigal, are to be the Scrooges of the future, it is more likely to be accomplished by the great born of the wealth now within their vision than by all the homilies and lectures of all the negro-phobists from Martha's Vineyard to the Aleutian Islands.

The Governor of North Carolina once said, or is said to have said, to the Governor of South Carolina: "Usa long time between drinks." Undoubtedly it will be a longer time till the race question is finally settled. *Ad interim*, Mrs. Canfield might spend her time profitably in reading the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer. If she has any time left she might put it in studying a handbook on etiquette. Or she might vent her spleen by blowing up the Kansas radicals, who bonned her distinguished husband out of a fat place for teaching his pupils the same old truth, that a high protective tariff is but another name for high way robbery. In this latter performance she would be doing the country, if not God, a service, and would have the sympathy of several million American citizens.

MR. PHILIPS DECLINES.

News From the Republican Brethren at the Capital.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 31.—[Special.]—Hon. S. F. Phillips has declined the Venezuela commissionership offered him recently by the President, and Hon. D. L. Russell, who is now in this city, is prominently mentioned for the place. It pays \$5,000 per year. Sentiment North Carolina politicians here say that Judge Russell is not only prominent but is well qualified for the position at the hands of his party.

W. S. O'B. Robinson is here and is sanguine of success in securing the eastern district attorneyship. Mr. Beverages of Raleigh, has just retired from the contest, and Chas. A. Cook, of Warren, is Robinson's only rival in the field. It is but due Congressman Ewart to say that the recent removal of the internal revenue collector's office for the western district from Salisbury to Stateville was made at the protest of that gentleman. The power behind it all is Dr. J. J. Mott, whose building the collector will rent. There is also some political significance in the move. Ewart wanted it to go to Asheville, and refused to endorse it unless it left Salisbury. Mott scores a big victory.

A FATAL WRECK.

A Stock Train and an Excursion Train Crash Together.

MIDDLEBURY, Vt., August 31.—An excursion train to Burlington from the horse breeder's meeting at Rutland, and a stock train bound for Middlebury, crashed together last night, four miles north of here, near Brookfield. Both engines, one car and part of another car of the excursion train, and ten or twelve stock cars loaded with hogs, were wrecked and piled into a heap. The excursion train, and one passenger whose body was under the train and cannot be identified. Engineer William Emery, of the excursion train, is dangerously hurt. Engineer William Clifton has three ribs broken; fireman Farnsworth has his right leg smashed, and is badly cut; conductor Hays was badly cut about the head. Three of the stock train crew, and Charles and Arthur Hunt, of the New Haven passengers on the stock train, are seriously injured.

Immigration to be Encouraged.

CHICAGO, August 31.—A dispatch from Jackson, Miss., says: The committee on memorials and legislation made their report to the State alliance yesterday, and it was adopted. It contains the following recommendations to the Legislature: That money be appropriated by the State to encourage foreign immigration; that so much of the convict labor as is necessary be employed in running a bagging factory as a State enterprise; that railroads, banks, etc., be required to pay an ad valorem instead of a privilege tax; urging a law establishing a State agricultural bureau, and providing for the teaching of agriculture in the public schools; that the next Legislature call a constitutional convention; that a law be adopted requiring inspection on the hoof of all beef cattle.

Baseball Yesterday.

At Washington—Washington 15, Philadelphia 10.
At Pittsburgh—First game: Pittsburgh 1, Chicago 9. Second game: Pittsburgh 11, Chicago 11—tie.
At Cleveland—Cleveland 2, Indianapolis 3.
At New York—New York 9, Boston 9—tie.
At New York—First game: Brooklyn 11, Kansas City 4. Second game: Brooklyn 8, Kansas City 2.
At Columbus—Columbus 4, St. Louis 11.
At Baltimore—Baltimore 12, Louisville 3.
At Philadelphia—Athletic 7, Cincinnati 2.

Hot Weather in the West.

TOPEKA, Kan., August 31.—A hot wave struck the State Thursday. Very little rain in the past two weeks. A scorching heat following four weeks of exceptionally cool weather drying vegetables very quickly.
DES MOINES, Iowa, August 31.—The last days of August are notable for excessive heat. Thursday the thermometer reached 102 degrees.
MADISON, Wis., August 31.—Yesterday was the hottest day of the season, the mercury registering ninety degrees.

The World's Cotton Supply.

NEW YORK, August 31.—The total visible supply of cotton for the world is 834,735 bales, of which 469,825 are in Liverpool and partly to favorable crop advances. There was a slight rally today owing to rumors of considerable shipments to Liverpool to be made next week. The present stock here being only 20,236 bales. Houses with foreign commitments were buyers of September which is the most interesting option just now though October also attracts considerable attention. Receipts at ports 5,828 against 3,174 this day last week; and 4,600 last year. Cotton on spot nominal, middling uplands 11 1/2, gulf 11 1/4.

Contract Closed.

Knoxville Journal: Wm. Kenefick, of Kansas City, closed a contract to day with McDonald, Shea & Co., for fifty miles of grading on the Three C's railway, commencing at Miamopolis, Virginia, and extending west. He left tonight for Kansas and will ship thirty car loads of stock at once.
There has been about eighty miles of grading, trestling and masonry yet. The sub-contractors will commence work at once.
James Berry, who has control of the hanging industry of England, is willing to come to this country and execute every condemned criminal in the United States for \$2,500. This is certainly a low figure, but there is a law in this country against the importation of pauper labor. James is a hucksterly fellow who so do without.

The Secretary of the Treasury yesterday accepted \$100,350, four per cent, at 1.28; \$19,450, four and a half per cent, at 1.0675.

STONEWALL'S DAUGHTER.

THE REMAINS ESCORTED TO LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

Where They will be Interred Beside Those of Her Distinguished Father To-Day—Numbers of People Gaze Upon Her Features.

LEXINGTON, Va., August 31.—The party with the remains of Mrs. Julia Jackson Christian arrived here in a special car on the Richmond and Allegheny railroad this evening. The remains were met at the station by a large party, and taken to the Presbyterian church, of which her father was a member when he lived here before the war. The casket is a most notable affair, handsomely designed, trimmed in gold and silver, and draped with the finest black, and a profusion of flowers was heaped on it. The church is dimly lighted, and the casket is open, showing the face of the dead. Many citizens in all creeds of society are visiting the church to take a last look at the remains. Mrs. Thos. J. Jackson, widow of Stonewall, and mother of the deceased, and the two motherless babes, and a number of prominent citizens, including the mayor of Charlotte, and Mrs. W. H. Christian, father of the husband, are here. By the way, a programme of arrangements, the funeral will take place Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The services will be conducted by Rev. Thos. K. Preston and Rev. Ebenezer Junkin, of Houston, Texas, a relative of the Jacksons. The party will return to Charlotte Sunday night on a special train.

A. & M. COLLEGE.

A President, a Native of Virginia, Elected.

RALEIGH, N. C., August 30.—The Trustees of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College met here to-day in special session to elect a president of the college. They chose Col. Alex. O. Holliday, now president of the Florida Agricultural College. He is a native of Virginia and is an able man.

The Executive Committee presented the following names as candidates: John E. Kelly, of Moore county, N. C.; Colonel Alexander O. Holliday, of Florida; J. L. Stewart, of North Carolina; George A. Purinton, West Virginia; and G. W. Miles, Jr., of Virginia. Some other names were presented by members of the board and the merits of all were carefully discussed.
The buildings of the North Carolina College are nearly completed, and the first session begins October 3.
The board of trustees of the State University authorized the faculty to tender the medical department of the University to Richard White, who is at the University of Virginia, who is said to be an exceptional scholarly and brilliant man.

STATE NEWS.

The following items are gleaned from the letters of the Raleigh correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch:
Hiram F. Hoyer, a labor agitator who has caused much dissension by his speeches in various parts of the South, has returned to Hickory. His wife has been divorced from him and refused to admit him to her house. Hoyer forced an entrance and whipped her. He was taken before the Mayor and was fined \$10. Not being satisfied, Hoyer informed the Mayor that he had inflicted the punishment on his wife. The Mayor then sent him to jail for sixty days for contempt.
The damage to the factories near Rockingham by the cloud-burst will exceed the first estimate, it is stated. Besides the loss inflicted upon the factories, and the railways of the Carolina Central and the Palmetto), the county of Richmond suffers largely on account of bridges swept away on several streams. Some dams were cut to save them. The factories were of stone, and one is said to have cost \$20,000. This was swept away.
Steven Jacobs and Purdie, the Robeson county murderers, have been formally by proclamation outlawed. Out of their crimes has grown the greatly exaggerated statement that there was a reign of terror in Robeson county. It is true that the county is perfectly quiet here, and there is no threatened uprising of the Croatan Indians.
A considerable quantity of extra long staple cotton, known as Bailey cotton, was planted this season, and is growing very well. It is claimed that it will yield on Island cotton, and that it will sell at fancy prices. The staple is remarkable, as is also the silky appearance of the fibre. The cotton gets its name from its discoverer, a Harnett county negro, Hector Bailey, and was discovered by him five years ago.
The fourteen hundred acres of valuable land Clinton county, which the State University by Miss Mary Smith has been cut up into lots of one hundred acres, and will be sold for \$14,000.
Frank Stack, of Union county, has been arrested on a bench warrant charging him with killing Robert Parker at Rutherford College three weeks ago.

Sun Cotton Review.

NEW YORK, August 31.—The Sun's review of cotton says: Futures were 1 to 4 points lower, and partly in decline in Liverpool and partly to favorable crop advances. There was a slight rally today owing to rumors of considerable shipments to Liverpool to be made next week. The present stock here being only 20,236 bales. Houses with foreign commitments were buyers of September which is the most interesting option just now though October also attracts considerable attention. Receipts at ports 5,828 against 3,174 this day last week; and 4,600 last year. Cotton on spot nominal, middling uplands 11 1/2, gulf 11 1/4.

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Weekly Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, August 31.—The weekly bank statement is as follows:
Reserve, increase, \$2,438,975
Loans, decrease, 6,247,000
Specie, decrease, 1,687,500
Legal tenders, decrease, 97,200
Deposits, decrease, 3,394,700
Circulation, increase, 53,300
The banks now hold \$4,594,500 in excess of the 25 per cent. reserve.

Indulgence to Mrs. Maybrick.

LONDON, August 31.—Mrs. Maybrick is permitted by the prison authorities to take exercise in the prison yard. Her health is improving. She maintains her cool demeanor, and seems to be settling into the routine of convict life.

The London Strike.

LONDON August 31.—No settlement of the strike is possible to-day. The dock companies express their willingness to consider further authorized proposals from the men.

The Weather To-Day.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 28.—Indications for North Carolina—Fair; stationary temperature; easterly winds.

DEATH OF MRS. CHRISTIAN.

The Last Illness of the Daughter of Stonewall Jackson.

The profound reverence for the great Confederate General was emphasized everywhere by the interest felt in his daughter and only child. Since she has died, both are gone, and the hero passes away into the realms of history, no longer brought back to us, or close to us, by a living link. We know the following particulars which we take from the Charlotte Chronicle of yesterday will have a deep and mournful interest to many of our readers:
About three weeks ago, Mrs. Christian became sick with a malignant type of typhoid fever, at her home on West Trade street. The battle for life was bravely fought with an inherited fortitude, and it was not until Tuesday evening that her recovery was pronounced hopeless. The tidings that she was dying spread through the city like wildfire, and on all sides were to be heard solicitous inquiries concerning her condition. Everything that skill and patience and hope could do to preserve life was done in vain. She expired at six o'clock yesterday morning, without a struggle. Mrs. Christian was conscious to the last. The day before she died was the first birthday anniversary of her baby, and even in her extreme illness she remembered the event. The baby was brought in at her request, and she kissed it and blessed it, even as her illustrious father, when on his death bed, was cheered by her smiling baby face, and called her "Little Darling."
All day long, as she lay in a grief-stricken house, throngs of grieving friends and relatives came to take a last view of the departed, and to offer consolation and sympathy to the afflicted mother and husband. The house was filled with flowers, tokens of affection from sympathizing friends. Over the mantel, in the room in which she lay, was a beautiful picture of the immortal Jackson, with his martial insignia upon him. Directly underneath was a picture of a fair headed girl, his daughter, in bridal costume, wreathed in lovely flowers. On the floor was a painted portrait of the immortal Jackson, with his martial insignia upon him. Directly underneath was a picture of a fair headed girl, his daughter, in bridal costume, wreathed in lovely flowers. On the floor was a painted portrait of the immortal Jackson, with his martial insignia upon him. Directly underneath was a picture of a fair headed girl, his daughter, in bridal costume, wreathed in lovely flowers.

The funeral services were conducted at the First Presbyterian church yesterday afternoon with military honors. All the stores in the city were closed in honor, and thousands came to pay a last tribute to the memory of the dead. Both sides of Trade street were lined with people as the funeral procession filed slowly by. At the head, with slow and measured tread, marched the Hornet's Nest Riflemen, with muffled drums and bayoneted guns. The flag all tattered and torn in Confederate service, was draped inerap. Following the soldiers were the pall bearers, the hearse, and then carriages containing the relatives of the deceased. At the church marched the soldiers, and the funeral cortege entered the church, and the body was laid in state in the front of the church, filling in one by one both sides of the aisle. The floral decorations in the church were magnificent. In the midst of cases of the most beautiful flowers, and crossed with flags, and bayoneted guns, was placed the coffin, directly in front of the pulpit. Behind the pulpit, and stretched out in all its magnificence, was the grand old flag of the Stars and Bars, the flag in which Stonewall Jackson's body was wrapped in the last funeral rites.

THE CITY CHURCHES.

Special Announcement of Special Services To-Day.
At the French Broad Baptist church at 11 o'clock this morning divine service will be conducted by Rev. W. H. Osborne. At the evening service Rev. Dr. Carroll will officiate and administer the rite of holy baptism.
The sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered at the Central Methodist church at the morning service to-day, and at night the sermon will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Rankin. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

THE CITY CHURCHES.

W. H. Malone goes to Elizabethtown, Tenn., to-day on professional business.

SPEAKING AT WAYNESVILLE.

Governor Fowle Among the Orators of the Day.
Our attention has been called to the fact that His Excellency Governor Fowle was omitted from the list of speakers at the afternoon meeting of the veterans on Thursday. The fault was not ours. We expressly stated that we left the grounds at or before 3 o'clock; at all events before the speaking had begun. We knew, on the information of one of the committee, that to ex-Governor Jarvis had been assigned the delivery of the memorial address. We could, therefore, safely say that Governor Fowle and Justices Davis, Shepherd and Avery were on the ground and might be expected to speak, we could not say that they did so, nor could we get a word of certain assurance as to the arrangements for the afternoon. We wrote our account in yesterday morning's paper without a word of the additional information promised. Nor did we learn until yesterday by persons who reached here Friday night that Governor Fowle and the other gentlemen did speak, and that the speech of the former was elegant and eloquent. The omission of his name is the subject of regret, but not of apology. The fault is not ours.

THIRD ANNIVERSARY

Of the Great Earthquake Shocks of August 31, 1886.
Last night recalled the fearful earthquake of the 31st of August, three years ago, memorable event here where no damage was done but where everybody and everything was shaken up and the streets filled with a surprised and terror-stricken population. It was an experience only a very few had ever had before, and which no one will ever invite again. For when the accounts began to come in of the horrors at Charleston and Summerville, every one realized how very narrow had been the limit between our escape and their disaster. Possibly, neither we or they will ever be subjected to the terrors of the same phenomenon. A quiet equilibrium had been for many ages the normal condition of the Atlantic slope; and it was probably only the adjustment of some old displacement to its true position in relation to its environments that caused the disturbance, amounting almost to a cataclysm. In all probability this generation will have no such close familiarity with the earthquake again; though it is natural that apprehensions should be awakened by very slight causes.

THE BELL RINGERS.

The farewell concert of Guinness and Armstrong's Swiss Bell Ringers company given at Battery Park last evening was attended by a fair audience composed mainly of the guests at the hotel. The performance was creditable and appeared to be highly satisfactory to those who were present. The company will leave for New York to-day.

FOLKS YOU KNOW.

Who They Are; Where They Are, and What They Are Doing.

Senator M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, arrived in the city last night and is occupying quarters at the Battery Park. The courtly and chivalrous statesman from the Palmetto State is in perfect health and vigor and was the center of an admiring circle of friends at the big hotel during the evening.
Mayor Blanton returned from New York yesterday. During his visit to Gotham his honor was made welcome by mayor Grant and a number of Tammany braves high in the councils of the wigwam, who showed him the "sights of a big city" and asked him to "come again."

Judge J. B. Kershaw, wife and daughter, of Charleston, S. C., are at the Swananoa. Judge Kershaw will be remembered as the jurist who presided at the celebrated trial of Dr. McJow for the murder of Captain F. W. Dawson in Charleston a few months since.
Mr. H. P. Clarke, of Cumberland, Md., who for several months past has presided over the prescription department at Grant's Pharmacy, this city, leaves for his home to-morrow.

John Denke says, that when a cat gets warm she purr-spires, and our devil has risen to remark that this joke is fetched. The latter is the saving clause in this joke.
Hon. Kope Elias, of Franklin, and Solicitor J. M. Moody, of Waynesville, were at the Grand Central last night en route to Brevard to attend Transylvania court.

Chas. Engle leaves this morning for Hendersonville where he will permanently reside in future. The friends of "Charlie" will miss him much at Strauss'.
Z. J. Whitfield, representing the Southern Voice, a prohibition journal published at Bethel, this State, is in the city in the interest of that paper.
H. A. Lindsay and Norman McLeod have to-morrow for a three weeks' visit to Minnenpolis and other cities in the Northwest.
Judge Walter Clark was in the city yesterday en route to Brevard, where he opens Transylvania superior court to-morrow.
Max Marcus leaves for Greenville, S. C., to-day, from which place he will leave Wednesday for New York.

Charlie Jordan is home again from an extended visit to relatives and friends at Charlotte.
Dr. J. L. Beerton, a prominent physician of Hendersonville, spent yesterday in the city.
Ex-Governor B. F. Ligon and wife, of Montgomery, Ala., are at the Battery Park.
W. H. Malone goes to Elizabethtown, Tenn., to-day on professional business.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED.

THE SENSATIONAL DISPATCH FROM DURHAM, N. C.
Turned out to be 'Unfounded and Grossly Misleading Concerning the True State of Affairs at Oxford—Mayor Smith's Denial.
OXFORD, N. C., August 31.—An Oxford special sent from Durham, N. C., on the 27th inst reported a threatened race conflict at this place on account of the arrest of two negroes for shooting officer Whitfield, who attempted to arrest them for creating a disturbance. The following denial has been sent out by mayor Smith:
"I desire to correct the sensational telegram sent out from Durham in regard to the shooting of officer Whitfield. The facts in the case are as follows: Charles Thorp and John Ragland, two negroes, were playing cards near the jail when a dispute arose over the game, Ragland alleging that Thorp owed him a dollar. On Thorp's refusing to pay it, Ragland drew a pistol, and putting it to Thorp's head, told him if he did not hand it over, he would kill him. Officer Whitfield arriving on the scene at the time, attempted to arrest Ragland; and the negro resisting the officer, knocked him down twice. Arising the second time the negro drew his pistol on the officer and emptied its five chambers, one ball only taking effect in the fleshy part of the officer's arm below the elbow. The desperate negro then ran at the top of his speed, hotly pursued by several officers and citizens, who captured him near the Horner school. The negro was brought to town and lodged in jail to await a hearing before a magistrate. The threats of lynching alleged to have been made are unfounded, and in justice to our colored population, I will state no attempt was made to rescue the negro Ragland, or were any threats whatever made."

A DESOLATE HOME.

Death of Mrs. W. F. Randolph Yesterday Afternoon.
THE CITIZEN is deeply grieved to announce the death of Mrs. Jennie Virginia Randolph, wife of W. F. Randolph, Esq., of this city, which occurred at her residence 60 Beaufort street, yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Randolph was thirty-three years of age, and has been a resident of Asheville about five years, coming here with her husband and children from Washington City in 1884. During her residence here she has been an acute sufferer from that fearful malady, consumption, the effects of which brought about her sad demise yesterday. Mrs. Randolph was a most excellent and amiable christian lady, and in her death Asheville has lost one of its best and noblest women. Besides her husband, there are five small and interesting children to mourn a kind and devoted mother's departure from this life. Her body will be buried in the cemetery.

THE CITY SCHOOLS.