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Fisherman and Farmer.

ELIZABETH CITY N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1900.

ONE DOLLAR per Year, in Advance.) The Official Paper of PASQUOTANK and CAMDEN Counties. (ESTABLISHED 1886.

CITY DIRECTORY.

Mayor. T. B. Wilson.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

J. B. Flora, M. N. Sawyer,
J. C. Commander, J. L. Sawyer,
B. F. Spence, W. H. Weatherly
Bryant Freeman.

POLICEMEN.

W. C. Dawson, Chief.
A. C. Bell, P. H. Ives.
Health Officer, Dr. H. T Aydlett.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

COMMISSIONERS.

G. M. Scott, Chairman,
S. N. Morgan, Elisha Lister

SHERIFF.

N. G. Grandy.

C. S. C.

W. H. Jennings

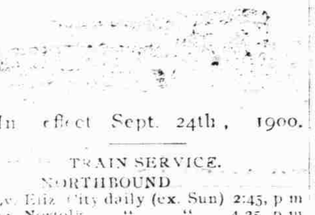
REGISTER OF DEEDS

W. B. Culpepper.

TREASURER.

W. A. Foster.

Norfolk & Southern R. R.



In effect Sept. 24th, 1900.

TRAIN SERVICE.

NORTHBOUND

Lv. Eliz City daily (ex. Sun) 2:45, p m
Ar. Norfolk, " " " 4:25, p m
Lv Eliz City, Tue. Thur. & Sat 9:30, a m
Ar Norfolk " " " 11:00, a m

SOUTHOUND

Lv. Eliz. City daily (ex Sun) 11:40 a.m
Ar. Edenton " " " 12:40, p m
Ar. Belhaven " " 5:20, p m
Lv Eliz City Tue Thu & Sat 5:55, p.m
Ar. Edenton 6:55 p m

☞ Trains stop at all intermediate stations.

STEAMBOAT SERVICE.

Steamers leave Edenton daily (except Sunday) 12:45 p. m. for Plymouth, Jamesville, Williamston and Windso.

Leave Edenton Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 12:45 p. m for Chowan River landings; and Friday for Scuppernong River.

Steamers leave Elizabeth City for Roanoke Island, Oriental and New Berne, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday 6:00 p m: connect with A & N.C. R. R and W. & W. R R. for Goldsboro and Wilmington, &c.

For Scuppernong River Monday and Wednesday 12:00 noon and Friday for Pasquotank River landings 12:30 p m.

Steamers leave Belhaven daily (except Sunday for Washington, N.C., and 5 a. m., Tuesday Thursday and Saturday for Aurora south Creek Makleville etc.

For further information apply to M. H. Snowden, Agent, Elizabeth City, or to the General Office of the N & S. R. R. Co., Norfolk, Va.

M K. KING, Gen M'g'r. H. C. HUDGINS, Gen Ft.&Pass.Agt

MANTEO ITEMS.

Mr. T. R. Creef is quite sick

Mr. Sam Midgett came in Monday with his father's vessel and the sails all blown in pieces He had been for a load of wood, and was caught in the Sunday storm.

Miss Mary Wood, of Bellcross, is teaching the North end public school of this place.

The W. F. M S. has changed their time of meeting to the second Sunday in each month, and will meet Sunday at the church.

Tuesday was election day, and Thursday is the time for court to convene.

Sunday was such a bad, stormy day that all had to stay in doors, it being too bad for any services of any kind.

Owing to the Preacher having to be away from Croatan on Sunday, Mr. John Hunter Midgett and Mrs. Swain were married on Thursday night last, instead.

Mr. Louis Hooper returned home on Saturday with his vessel, from Norfolk, where he has been to carry a load of shingles

E.

Editor's Awful Plight.

F. M Higgins, Editor Seneca, (Ills.) News, was afflicted for years with Piles that no doctor or remedy helped until he tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve. He writes two boxes wholly cured him. It's the surest Pile cure on earth and the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25 cents. Sold by Standard Pharmacy druggist.

FATAL RIOT IN DENVER.

TWO MEN KILLED AND FOUR OTHERS WOUNDED.

A Clash Between Members of the Police Force and a Posse of Deputy Sheriffs at a Polling Place—A Negro Deputy Sheriff and a White Police Officer Lose Their Lives—State Troops Under Arms.

Denver, Col., November 6.—Two men dead and four wounded, one of whom will probably die, was the result of a clash which occurred early to-day between members of the police force and a posse of deputy sheriffs at a polling place at Twenty-second and Larimer streets, in the down town district. Allen, a negro deputy sheriff, was shot and instantly killed and Stewart Harvey, white, a special policeman, died late in the afternoon at a hospital.

Before a ballot was cast in Denver to-day trouble between the police department and the Sheriff's office, which had been predicted, had begun and one man dead and five seriously wounded was the result. Fifteen hundred special policemen had been sworn in for the day and about one thousand special deputies. At 7 o'clock Special Policeman Charles F. Carpenter and C. W. Green were sent to the Second and Larimer streets to supervise the opening of the polls in District 2, Precinct 4. Several special deputies were present. Orders had been issued by the Fire and Police Board to refuse to recognize the authority of the deputies and to arrest any who in any way interfered with the police. Under these instructions Officer Carpenter ordered the deputies to retire one hundred feet from the polling place. Hampton Jackson, colored, resisted and, drawing a revolver, began shooting. One bullet struck Carpenter's arm and a second his foot. Policeman Green came to the rescue of his companion, striking Jackson on the head and arm, fracturing his skull and breaking his arm. The blow broke the officer's oak club.

Shooting by the deputies became general, while the special police, who were armed only with clubs, were at a disadvantage.

At this moment City Detective Carberry ran up and opened fire with his revolver. Deputy Sheriff Charles Allen, colored, fell dead at the first shot.

A score of shots were fired by the deputies, and Detective Carberry and Policeman Stewart Harvey, white, and Richard Harriman, colored, were shot, the former in the right shoulder and the latter in the left arm. It is not known whose bullets wounded them. Special Policeman Green was shot in the back. None of these was fatally wounded.

Although troop C, Colorado National Guard, assembled early at the Armory and remained under arms throughout the day, and it was understood to have been the order of Governor Thomas, the Governor this afternoon positively denied having issued such orders and the officers of the troop refused to say by whose orders the troops were assembled. Mayor McCurry, chairman of the Honest Election League, this evening offered a reward of $5000 for arrest and conviction of the men who killed Charles Allen.

OTHER RIOTS.

Philadelphia, November 6.—Shortly before noon a small-sized riot broke out in the fourteenth division of the Fourth ward, where Congressman McAleer resides. A number of negroes entered the polling place and attempted to vote. Their votes being refused they drew revolvers and a number of shots were fired. "Paddy" McBride, a pugilist of some note, judge of the division, and said to be an adherent of Congressman McAleer, was badly injured about the head by being struck with a revolver, and Hugh McCloskey, another McAleer follower, was arrested. Three of the negroes were also locked up.

Wilmington, Dela., November 6.—A riot occurred in the third election district of Wilmington, which resulted in the destruction of the polling place. The district has a large negro vote and as the officers were nearly half an hour late in opening the polls, about a hundred negroes assembled in line waiting to vote. As the doors opened they saw a white man, James McHugh, who had gotten in ahead of them, attempting to vote. This infuriated them and, rushing in they assaulted McHugh and the inspector, James Dugan, cutting both seriously. Policeman Sherry was also cut in attempting to restore order. The negroes destroyed the polling booth and the registration books disappeared in the melee.

Brazil, Ind., November 6.—In a riot at Caseyville, early to-day one man was killed. Eight men were severely wounded. Politics led to the fight. About fifty men became involved in a political discussion in a saloon during the night. The Democrats and Republicans finally separated, only to come together later outside the saloon. Some one shot Graves with a shot gun. In an instant many weapons were brought into action. Over 200 shots were fired.

THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.

The Pontiff Exhorts the World to Seek the Redeemer of Mankind.

Rome, November 6.—The Pope has addressed to the Bishops an encyclical, dated November 1st, on the Redeemer. The Pontiff says he rejoices at the assemblage of Catholics from all parts of the world in Rome in Holy Year, which, he adds, demonstrates that the people are marching toward Christ. He exhorts the world to seek the Redeemer, which, the Pontiff points out, is the road to truth and life, adding:

"As Christ's coming to the world reformed society, the latter in turning to Christ, will become better and be saved by following His doctrines and divine law, by discountenancing revolt against the constituted powers and avoiding conflicts."

If the people acted so, the encyclical continues, they would all love one another as brothers and obey peaceably their superiors. Neglect of God, the Pontiff further says, has led to so many disorders that the peoples are oppressed with incessant fears and anguish. He concludes with urging the bishops to make known to the entire world that the Redeemer and Saviour of mankind alone can bring salvation and peace.

ANIMAL TALE FROM THE SEA.

Engineer's Account of His Wonderful Python and Monkeys Asleep on the Steamship Indravelli.

(New York Times.)

Chief Engineer John Drew, of the British steamship Indravelli, which arrived here from Singapore on Saturday, has a penchant for snakes, monkeys, and wild animals generally, and, according to his own account, must have transformed that vessel into a veritable menagerie. No land-lubber as yet has been permitted to see them, but if the privilege was denied to those whose curiosity impelled them to board the Indravelli yesterday, it was for the good and sufficient reason, advanced with much urbanity by Engineer Drew, that they were asleep.

The collection, Mr. Drew says, includes a python, twenty-six feet long; three tailless black Javanese monkeys, which he has named McKinley, Bryan, and Irishman; twenty-three other monkeys, with tails but minus cognomen; ten squirrels, and a Japanese poodle.

"The python," said he yesterday, "is a wonder, and I believe he is the largest in captivity. He is from the jungles of the Straits Settlements, and had only been a prisoner for three weeks when I secured him. He hasn't given me a bit of trouble. He's been asleep all the way from Singapore to New York except for a few minutes on one or two nights, when he roused himself sufficiently to swallow some chickens, a duck, and a rabbit. He swallows them alive, and they go down very slowly, and the men who have watched him say that it takes two or three days for the food to reach his digestive organs. He's so long, you know. He caught cold on deck one day and lost his color, besides suffering from cataracts over his eyes as a result of the exposure, but a few days in the engine room fixed him up all right. He is green, red, blue, white, and several other colors. He is really a beautiful reptile. I wish you could see him.

"The monkeys, though, are the cream of the lot. They are all from Java, and lively times on one or two occasions have we had with them. If it hadn't been for Irishman I don't know what might have happened. Irishman is the funniest looking monkey that ever lived, and at the same time the smartest. He is cross-eyed, and some of the men say that when he becomes sad or homesick the tears instead of crossing down his cheeks run down his back, but he is all right, nevertheless. He's on guard duty now or I'd bring him up. His companions, you know, are wild as yet, and his duty consists in looking after them and seeing that none of them gets into mischief. He has a great respect for the Captain. Whenever he happens to pass his way Irishman, like a well-drilled soldier, immediately stands at attention, and when the Captain gets abreast he salutes him with military precision. No member of the Scots Guards could do the act better. McKinley and Bryan are fine monkeys, too, being over four feet in height.

"One day when we were about six days out of Singapore the bottom of the monkey cage fell out, and we had a lively time. They climbed up into the rigging, invaded the officers' and men's quarters, and for many hours everybody was climbing, running, and jumping trying to recapture them. One fell into the funnel and was cremated, another got mixed up in a steam-pipe and was scalded to death, while two others jumped overboard. They were a vicious lot, and many a scar was left on the ship's company as a result of the jail-breaking. Fortunately a monkey's bite is not dangerous or this story might never have been told.

"As to the squirrels, they are Oriental in species, and in color and size, and length of tail, most beautiful; the poodle is like all other poodles, except that he's Japanese. An orang-outang was also among the original collection, but he died a few days out of Colombo."

WHAT'S IN A NAME, SAY YOU?

Although the present fashion of christening children with family surnames is much to be commended for many reasons, says Truth, it carries with it some awful possibilities unknown in the days of Mary Anns and John Henrys. A glance at the following list, each name of which is genuine, will illustrate sufficiently well the possibilities of nomenclature resting with parents in their choice of names for the men and women of to-morrow:

Edna Broker Mothershead.
Marian English Earle.
Sawyer Turner Somerset.
Will W. Upp.
Nealon Pray Daily.
Owen Taylor Money.
Benton Killin Savages.
Ima Little Lamb.
Broker Husbands Hart.
R. U. Phelan-Goode.
Marie A. Bachelor.
May Tyus Upp.
I. Betty Sawyer.
Mabel Eve Story.
Will Waltz Wither.
Waring Green Cotes.
Iva Winchester Rifle.
Etta Lotta Hammond-Degges.
Barber Cutting Man.
Weir Sick O'Bryan.
Makin Loud Noyes.
Hurd Copp Cumming.
Rodenor Pullman Karr.
Doody Spies Sourwine.
Knott Worth Reading.

AN AWKWARD REASON.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"And did you make up your bed every morning, as I told you?" inquired the loving wife the day of her return from a fortnight's visit.

"N-not exactly every morning, my dear," stammered hubby.

"But I said every morning."

"B-but I didn't suppose it was necessary unless I slept in it!"

Which was, to put it mildly, a somewhat awkward excuse.

CHANGES.

(St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

The Summer by us
Softly crept;
First thing we thought of
It was Sept.
Full soon the streets will
All be blocked
With freezing rains—a
Sign of Oct.
Then we will hug the
Parlor stove—
A sure and certain
Of Nov.
Then will come Christmas,
Time of peace,
All in the crowning
Month of Dec.
What then? Ah, merci!
Unto man
Another century
Comes with Jan.

McKINLEY RE-ELECTED

And the House Doubtless Republican.

SCENES AT HEADQUARTERS.

The Result Decisive and Known Early in the Night.

Hon. H. L. Maynard Elected by a Big Majority—Maryland and West Virginia Remain Republican—Kentucky Close and so is Nebraska.

New York, November 6.—Midnight—It became evident at a very early hour this evening that the election of McKinley and Roosevelt was assured. At half-past 8 o'clock returns from nearly two-thirds of the election districts of Greater New York had been received, indicating beyond question that Bryan and Stevenson could not expect more than 25,000 or 30,000 plurality in this Democratic stronghold, and unless there was a landslide in the outside counties beyond all reasonable expectation, the pivotal State of New York had declared in unmistakable terms, although by a greatly reduced majority, for the Republican candidates. As the night progressed it only served to confirm this judgment.

The returns from Illinois betrayed a like condition. The Republican plurality of 1896 was greatly reduced, but it was still far too large to be overcome.

On the other hand, the returns from Indiana, Michigan, the two Dakotas, Utah and Wyoming, as well as Nebraska, seemed to indicate strong Republican gains over 1896. Delaware, Maryland and West Virginia had given decisive Republican pluralities.

The count in several of the far Western States was naturally so delayed as to give little indication of the outcome there, but they had ceased to have a determining effect, and before 10 o'clock the Democratic leaders had given up the contest, and it was announced that Mr. Bryan had gone to bed and was sound asleep.

The whole story was easily and briefly told. The Republican ticket would have a larger electoral vote than four years ago, but in the larger States of the East and Middle West the pluralities had been greatly reduced. Massachusetts had fallen from 174,000 to 30,000, New York from 268,000 to 135,000, and Illinois from 142,000 to 100,000 or less.

The roll call of States at this hour is apparently as follows:

STATES:	Bryan	McKinley	Unreported
Alabama	11		
Arkansas	8		
California		9	
Colorado	4		
Delaware		3	
Florida	4		
Georgia	13		
Idaho			3
Illinois		24	
Indiana		15	
Iowa		13	
Kansas			10
Kentucky			13
Louisiana	8		
Maine		6	
Massachusetts		15	
Maryland		8	
Michigan		14	
Minnesota		9	
Mississippi	9		
Missouri	17		
Montana	3		
Nebraska			8
Nevada	3		
New Hampshire		4	
New Jersey		10	
New York		36	
North Carolina	11		
North Dakota		3	
Ohio		23	
Oregon		4	
Pennsylvania		32	
Rhode Island		4	
South Carolina	9		
South Dakota			4
Tennessee	12		
Texas	15		
Utah	3		
Vermont		4	
Virginia	12		
Washington		4	
West Virginia		6	
Wisconsin		12	
Wyoming		3	
Total	142	266	33

If all of the unreported States should turn out as Democratic, a highly improbable contingency, it would not change the result. The latest returns from Nebraska indicate a Republican plurality.

The Fifty-seventh Congress seems to be Republican by a substantial working majority.

The Gubernatorial tickets have apparently followed the national, and Odell is elected in New York, and Yates in Illinois.

New York, November 7.—At 12:30 this morning National Committeemen Manley, Bliss and Gibbs held a conference at the conclusion of which the following statement was given out:

"On the returns received at Republican headquarters up to this hour the Republican National Committee claim to have elected McKinley and Roosevelt by an electoral vote of 284, with the possibility of twenty-one votes in addition, making a total of 305. These twenty-one votes consist of the thirteen votes in Kentucky and eight in Nebraska. The States we surely claim for McKinley and Roosevelt are California, Connecticut, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Maryland, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming."

The committee then closed their desks and left for their homes.

Princeton, N. J., November 6.—Former President Grover Cleveland arrived here from New York at 12:57 today, was driven at once to a polling place, and voted. He then proceeded to his home.

HE WAS DESERVING OF SYMPATHY.

Young, married, studious, visionary and very absent-minded, he approached the young lady at the counter as though walking in his sleep, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Please let me see a sample of your left-hand pockets," was his surprising request.

"Beg pardon!"

"Sample of left-hand pockets."

"Beg pardon," and the clerk showed how tall and dignified she could be. "Possibly you want me to show you some button holes, needle eyes or invisible perforations for embroidery."

"No, I think not. I recall none of these on the list. I'm acting for my wife, you know. Charming woman, but so unpractical. Thinks that the house must be attended to, no matter what becomes of the shopping. You have no left-hand pocket?"

"No pockets of any kind. Possibly you wanted the opening to the pocket or a pump for inflating the pocket," and the several clerks who had gathered round, looked at everything but the customer.

"It might be. I confess that I'm a little uncertain as to just what my wife did ask me to get. Come to think of it, I have a list. Forgot all about it; butter, vegetables, oysters, sweet potatoes, ah! here it is, 'sample, left hand pocket, two yards.'"

"Then feel in your left-hand pocket," laughed the clerk, and all the other clerks laughed.

He did. There was a sample of narrow ribbon. The combined talent of the clerks matched it, and the customer wondered why they all beamed so benignly on him.

MUSICAL SUNDAYS AT "VINEACRE."

"Sunday is a great day at 'Vineacre,' the home of Ethelbert Nevin, the composer, at Edgeworth, Pennsylvania," writes Willa Sibert Cather, in the November Ladies' Home Journal. "All the relatives and all their friends troop into the big, rambling old house, and Mr. Nevin plays and sings for them all day long. He has a choir of little girls, selected from among the neighbors' children, who practice with him every Sunday evening before the lamps are lit. After they are hustled off to bed he sits with his old boyhood friends singing the old songs they used to sing together when he was just 'Bert,' and telling stories of those good old days in Edgeworth. These musical Sundays are never interrupted at 'Vineacre,' and in all of his wanderings in Europe Mr. Nevin always kept the day as they kept it at home. Music is a necessary feature of daily life there. Mr. Nevin's father is himself a composer and writer of verses, and the first grand piano that was ever shipped West of the Allegheniles was carted over the mountains for Ethelbert's mother, then Miss Elizabeth Oliphant, of Uniontown, Pennsylvania. When, a few months ago, his mother was dying, she would not allow this musical routine, this old habit of song, to be broken. On the night she died, sitting in the room next to hers, he played to her as he had done since he was a boy."

WINTER SKIRTS.

Plain skirts are considered very smart, but that does not by any means signify that trimmed skirts have gone out of fashion. Quite the contrary, for the dressmakers are all busy turning out skirts that show the greatest quantity of fine work, and it really must needs tax the ingenuity of the designers to evolve so many new ideas all the time. A good illustration of this is shown in a satin and net gown that is made of a delicate shade of rose pink. The body of the skirt is of rose pink accordeon-pleated net trimmed with two wide bands of silk or satin of exactly the same shade cut out in pointed scallops at both sides. The points of the scallops are held together with bands of pink ruching, and on the foot of the skirt between the points are large flowers of exactly the same shade of pink. The waist of the pink net has a fichu of the same, and a dainty trimming of lace just in front, while a high draped belt of green velvet carries out the coloring of a pink rose, which was evidently the plan of the gown.—Harper's Bazar.

WOULDN'T LIVE MOUSTACHELESS.

(New York Sun.)

Solomon Solowitz, a fish peddler, who was known over a large part of the East Side on account of his remarkable moustache, committed suicide yesterday after the moustache had been pulled out by the roots in a rough and tumble fight. His wife says that the loss of his moustache was the cause of his act.

"It has been growing since I was a boy," he said, when he came home, bruised and bleeding, after the fray. "It is my whole honor." Immediately afterward he drank two ounces of carbolic acid.

It was a remarkable moustache, so long that Solowitz could tie it in a knot behind his ears.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE IS LOGICAL.

Every word in the Chinese language has a logical reason for its existence and peculiar formation, and each word consists of either one individual character or a number of them combined in order to make a complete word. Take the word field, a square, a square divided into sections or lots. When the word man is written by the word field the combination makes the word farmer, indicating the avocation of a man who is associated with fields and agriculture. Still more suggestive is the Chinese word truth, sincerity, faithfulness, honesty. It is formed by the combination of a man and word, thus expressing that one form of honesty consists in a man standing by his word. The word for box is indicated by a square having four sides of equal length, while a prisoner is literally a man in a box, a fact which is often grewsomely illustrated in China when a criminal is sentenced to death, and is carried to the place of execution in a square box.—Frederic Poole, in the October Ladies' Home Journal.

SENATOR HANNA VOTES.

Cleveland, O., November 6.—Senator Hanna arrived this morning from Chicago and was driven directly to his home on Lake avenue. Subsequently he went to Precinct C, of the First ward, where he deposited his vote. It required only a few seconds for the Senator to mark and fold his ballot, which was taken to mean that he had voted a straight ticket.

GREAT SAND-SUCKING.

Work of a Government Dredge in Deepening the Channel of the St. Johns River.

(Florida Times-Union and Citizen.)

One of the most powerful dredging machines in this country is deepening the channel of the St. John's river, and at the rate it has been working for the past ten days, it would not take long to have deep water from this city to the bar. The dredge is the Government steam sand-sucker Cape Fear, commanded by Captain W. A. Crawford, and hailing from Southport, N. C. The amount of work that is being done by this dredge is remarkable, and it is so much more rapid and complete than the work accomplished by the old-time steam shovel that a statement of figures would make a person not acquainted with what it does sceptical, but the figures show what is being done and what can be done by this powerful piece of machinery.

For the past ten days the dredge has been at work on the White Shell shoal, a stretch of shallow water covering an immense sand bar, nearly opposite St. John's Bluff, and near the Sisters. During the time that work has been going on, a stretch of sand 200 feet in length, 100 feet wide and three feet deep has been removed, making in all 2222 cubic feet of sand that has been sucked up from the bottom of the river to make a channel.

In order to take up this quantity of sand, powerful engines have been employed continually during each day. The sand is sucked up by power generated by two compound engines of 100 horse power each, coming through two pipes, each ten inches in diameter, which carry it to a compartment in the forward part of the dredge capable of holding 350 cubic yards, or about 400 tons of sand. This compartment is always filled, either with water or sand. As the sand is thrown into it, the water rises and goes out through two overflow pipes on either side of the vessel into the river. When all the water is out the bins are full of sand, which are then dumped. The dredge is run to shore, or where the dumping ground may be, and the sand is allowed to go through the bottom by means of two large gates that are opened by loosening four large screws, one man having charge of each screw. When these gates are opened the sand goes out of the bottom and the compartment is immediately refilled with water. This dumping process is repeated as often as the compartments are filled with sand. It is necessary to have the bin filled with either water or sand, in order to keep the stern from sinking, as all the heavy machinery is placed aft.

The force with which the sand is sucked up is terrific; it gushes up continually, reminding one of an enormous boiling spring, throwing out sand and water. The machinery used in the sucking process, as well as the engines that drive the dredge, are very powerful, but are packed in a small space, to give all the room possible to the placing of sand. The capacity for sucking is 3000 cubic yards a day, and this can be kept up day and night if necessary. The tug engines are of 150 horse-power, being of the compound type, one located forward and the other aft.

It is interesting to witness the work of the dredge, to see the large boat push forward, making her own channel, fill up with sand, back out and go to the dumping ground. On account of the deep draft of the boat, it is impossible for it to be pushed ahead over the bar on which work is being done, but backs out of the channel it has made, and then, after freeing itself of the load of sand, goes back in the same channel and pushes it further. When the work was first commenced on the White Shell shoal, it was impossible to work on low tide on account of the shallow water, but the work that has been completed has been done in such a satisfactory manner that a channel sufficient to allow the working in low water has been dredged, and there is no delay experienced now. The work is being inspected by Captain James V. Wilson, who has charge of the measurements, and superintends the dumping.

The Cape Fear was built in 1895 by the Hillman Company, of Philadelphia, and was constructed for the express purpose of deepening the Cape Fear bar and the Cape Fear river from Southport to Wilmington. When this work was completed several months were spent deepening Cumberland Sound bar, and from there this powerful machinery was sent to Jacksonville to deepen the St. John's bar and river. The dredge cost $57,500, and has paid for herself several times.

WHY HE WANTED THE QUARTER.

A tattered and torn, red-faced stranger slouched up to me on Front street the other evening, says a writer in the Worcester Spy. Before he opened his mouth I knew that it was a "touch," but I couldn't get away and had to hear him out.

"Say, young feller, if I was ter tell yer that I wanted a quarter ter get a square meal you'd think I wanted the money ter buy rum with, wouldn't yer?" That's just what I thought and I so informed him and started to pass on.

"And if I was ter be frank and tell yer that I wanted the quarter to buy whiskey with you'd tell me that you didn't care to encourage the drink habit I suppose?" he broke in. I again answered him in the affirmative, and started to move on.

"And if I told yer that I wanted that quarter to buy food for a starvin' wife and twenty small children you'd put me down as a liar, wouldn't yer?" Again I said yes, and again tried to get past him.

"Well, young feller, I want that quarter ter hire a truck man to take my mother-in-law's trunk down to the depot. Do I get it?"

"I was phased for once, and before I knew it had dug into my jeans and discovered a lone nickel. I compromised with him for that amount, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

FINE MORTUARY OPPORTUNITY.

In advertising his business for sale, an English undertaker says:

"Sanitary arrangements much neglected; mortality from fevers excessively high; total death-rate 10.7 higher than any town within radius of fifty miles; one trade competitor (carpenter) only. Excellent opening for energetic man willing to put his heart into the business."

MR. CROKER VOTES.

New York, November 6.—Richard Croker, leader of Tammany Hall, surprised the election inspectors in his district by walking into the polling place five minutes after the poll had opened. Mr. Croker's ballot was No. 8, and ballot No. 9 was handed to his son, Frank, who accompanied him.

BLACKSNAKE BIG AS A LOG.

The Marvellous Serpent Squire Hollis of Steuben County, Pa., Tells About.

"The most wonderful den of snakes anywhere, I guess," said Judge B. Jugg Wright of Steuben county, "lies off to the south of old Steuben, in a big stretch of deep, dark woods in Potter county, Pa., known as the Black Forest. It is a blacksnake den. A year never goes by that one or two immense blacksnakes are not overpowered by superior numbers of lumbermen or bark peelers over there, as they are always prowling about looking for unwary teamsters and unsuspecting persons afoot. I don't suppose there's another spot on this continent where such monstrous blacksnakes can be found. I don't know what it is that makes them grow so big there, but my opinion is that the locality is so wild and hard to get at that the snakes have undisputed opportunity to reach a patriarchal age and take on size with their years. I believe the snakes would get just as big everywhere if they could only get the time.

"There is no doubt in my mind that some of those blacksnakes in serpents were born long before the country was settled. I have seen them with their faces as wrinkled as a walnut and with long gray hairs on the sides. My brother-in-law, Squire Hollis of Woodhull, tells about one he killed down there once that had a big lump on its side. He cut into the lump six inches or so and found a flint arrow head at the bottom. There could be but one explanation of the presence of that arrow. The snake had been struck by an Indian some time. As there hadn't been any Indians hunting with bows and arrows in that country for ages, of course the snake must have been a lively native before the days of the white man. There's not a man living who knows how many years before that, either. Squire Hollis thinks, and I feel sure that the snake was a good deal more than a hundred years old, and it was as hale and hearty as a young one could be.

"I say Squire Hollis killed that snake, but that is hardly a correct statement. He was lumbering over in that region and had a lot of men hewing for rolling down a steep slope into the creek. Accidentally a log got loose and away it went down hill and gone maybe half way down and had fallen on tremendous indignant when the snake came crashing out of its resting place where it had been hiding and rushed right out in the path of that flying log. There is no telling what the snake thought the log was, but he was evidently in a state of superior fury at it, for he stopped and raised his head up and waited the coming of the log. The log kept right on and struck the snake with all the force it had accumulated. The crash was terrific and the log stopped as if it had run right up against a rock. The Squire was down on the hill and found the log capped up against the snake, and he didn't see yet that if he hadn't seen it he would hardly have known, which was the snake and which was the log, they were so near of a size. The snake was dead, from the shock, though, and Squire Hollis has never ceased to regret his foolishness in rolling it on the creek after he had cut the lump and found the arrowhead, and letting it go that away without measuring it. Course he never could tell how long the serpent was. The Squire says, though, that if the snake could have been seasoned and sawed up it would have cut up into as nice a pile of sixteen foot boards a foot and a half wide as any one ever sought. That snake, of course, was an exception to the ordinary run of Black Forest snakes, and from what the Squire says, there isn't any doubt at all in my mind that it was the founder of the blacksnake family in that country. There wasn't a gray hair on him, though, and his teeth were as sound as a pebble."

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

(New York Press.)

Care will only kill a cat, but it will give a woman wrinkles.

All the plain women in a church resent it if the new minister has got a pretty wife.

Jonah probably bragged all the rest of his life about how even the whale couldn't keep him down.

Whenever a woman imagines her own funeral, she has a picture in her mind of some man "weeping his heart out" in a corner.

A woman's maternal instinct is never fully developed till she has had a rubber plant die or has ruined an oleander in a green tub.

One touch of nature takes the whole world in.

A man's feet make his photo; a woman's shoes make her feet.

When a girl is really in love her nose turns cold whenever she passes him.

A man died a few years ago and accused the devil of inventing the "salad sandwich," and he hasn't let up on him yet.

The two most useless things in the world that a man has to put up with are the flap with a buttonhole in it on the front of a shirt, and a church wedding.

The women allow themselves lots of privileges. They will get themselves photographed with low-cut dresses on and no sleeves, but a man can't even have his picture taken in his dress suit.

THE PRESIDENT CASTS HIS VOTE.

Canton, O., November 6.—President McKinley cast his ballot at 9:40 o'clock this morning. The President greeted the knots of people gathered in front of the house and accompanied his hearty hand-shake with a pleasant personal greeting. Down Market street he and Judge Day walked, and the President was kept busy raising his hat to the many greetings along the way. The windows of one of the factories was crowded with workmen who gave him a cheer as he passed along to the polls.

At the voting place quite a crowd had collected. The President shook hands with some of the officials and then stood while the questions required by law were asked. With the questions answered, the President stepped into the booth and remained fully a minute scanning the ticket. He marked it so as to vote the entire Republican column. Judge Day then voted and the party started back to the house, receiving further friendly demonstrations along the way.

GOV. ROOSEVELT CASTS HIS BALLOT.

New York, November 6.—Governor Roosevelt voted at his home in Oyster bay at 10:30.