

THE SUN.



THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

"Let There Be Light: And There Was Light."

VOL. I.

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THE SUN.

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HOME CIRCLE.

An Express Messenger's Adventure.

I always knew I served the company in a dangerous capacity, but I had been an express messenger for so many years that I thought little or nothing of the risks I ran. My route was through a rough region, too, after I was changed from the Central Pacific to the Southern Pacific Road; a region but half-settled and civilized, where Indians and ruffians were as plentiful as Chinamen in Frisco.

My "run" was a long one, through a new country where railroad stations were often one hundred miles apart; and the loneliness of the scenery, combined with solitary confinement in an express car, which looked more like a cell than anything else, made four days of every week hang heavy on my hands, though I was often kept busy for hours at a time.

I generally had a mixed assortment of express matter, with plenty of gold and silver in bricks and specie; and occasionally, not much to my liking, a coffin or two going eastward, each enclosing a dead body. I would not mention this, but it is necessary, as will be seen further on.

I left Los Angeles every Monday morning at 9:30; and that I did until the following Thursday I did not leave my express car, having to go to El Paso and return for my week's work, a distance of nearly fifteen hundred miles!

This may seem a long "run," and so it was; but as the stations were few across the southern part of Arizona and New Mexico, I had opportunities to take my much needed rest, which I did after I became accustomed to the situation. I was always glad to get back to Los Angeles, however, for traveling ninety-six hours without any change is extremely tedious, even in a drawing-room car.

Imagine the contrast between riding that way and riding in a heavily-loaded express car, with two small barred windows to look out of, and you may form some idea of the monotony of my trip.

The miles passed slowly after I had assorted and billed the expressage; my pipe was kept burning, and the constant roar and rattle of the train sounded during the day, and lulled me to sleep at night, when the windows were securely fastened, the lamps lighted, and several rifles and revolvers hung around in case of an emergency.

I ran as express messenger several years without being in a railroad accident, or having the train stopped by robbers. Some of my brother messengers met with adventures on nearly every trip, but for a long time I was unmolested, until I began to disregard the danger altogether. During that time I became accustomed to every phase of my situation, and although my lonely life gave me a very silent and taciturn habit, I enjoyed my two days at Los Angeles, or at Santa Monica, scrubbing, as much as my more fortunate friends, who ran north over the Tehachaplast, and were at home every night, enjoyed their rests.

Train robbers had lately been frequent, and while I did not expect to be attacked, I learned to be on the lookout. I had a set of signals with the bell rope to let the trainmen know when I was in danger. Robberies were often made while the trains were in motion, and the express messengers were either bound hand and foot, or killed, the robbers

being desperate men who hesitated at nothing.

Occasionally, however, I did relax my vigilance, and slept as sound as at the hotel where I boarded. Finally my turn came.

The train arrived at Tucson one night nearly an hour late. There was a great deal of express matter to exchange, and for fifteen minutes I was kept busy loading and unloading bundles and boxes. The passengers walked up and down the platform to stretch their legs; the engine's safety-valve hummed with escaping steam, and the long train of cars, reaching the full length of the platform, presented a picture of bustle and activity.

When the last bundle was piled away, I had a chance to talk a few minutes with the expressman; then the train started, and I closed the door, locked it and turned to the boxes and packages that were scattered around. The first thing that attracted my attention was a long pine box.

I had not noticed it when it was loaded, and thinking it was a queer train for a funeral to start East, I examined the address. It was consigned to New Orleans. I entered it on the book with the other express, and for an hour or more, while sorting over the packages, I took no notice of my silent companion.

It was a common thing to have one or two funerals the whole length of the trip eastward, and I thought of this as I thought of others; "Some poor fellow who left a pleasant home to come here in search of a fortune, only to die on the alkali plains, without a friend."

And after I had shoved the box against the side of the car, I opened a bundle of newspapers and selected one to read. It was not very late, and tilting my chair against the side of the car beneath a lamp, I was soon interested in the news of the day.

How long I was in that position I do not know, but unconsciously I fell into a light sleep when I had finished reading the paper, I woke with a feeling of dread and fascination in complete possession of me. I did not move; I could not. Something held me almost breathless, and several minutes passed before I could open my eyes. When I did, my heart gave a quick throb!

The top of the pine box was partly raised, and the features of a man, shaded from the dim light, were revealed to my acute senses!

Even then, though greatly startled, I did not make a motion, and my eyes were not all but closed. Peering from the corner of one eye, I tried to make out his features, but saw nothing beyond the brutal eyes and half-savage mouth. In an instant it flashed across me that he was a train-robber!

He was evidently waiting to see if I was fast asleep, for he did not move during several minutes, keeping his eyes fastened on me with the steadiness of an animal.

I scarcely breathed. The rifles and revolvers were on the opposite side of the car. If I attempted to get them he would shoot before I made two steps. With my blood tingling and my ears strained, I waited expectantly for him to move, resolving to wait for a favorable opportunity to spring on him.

Probably there were a dozen more of his associates in the passenger cars, and as soon as he had secured his prize they would be notified and the passengers robbed. There was enough gold and silver in bricks in my car to make one man independently rich. The small safe was full of specie, amounting to \$100,000 worth.

With the thought of my responsibility came a feeling of resolution. I must do something without hesitation.

The dark eyes glared at me, but the robber never changed his position. I could read the meaning of their cold glitter, and I must act if I saved my life. I pretended to be awakened, by making two or three movements with my hands, and to my intense relief the cover of the pine box quickly and quietly dropped to its place. Without making any hurried motions, I rubbed my eyes, gaped once or twice, and slowly rose to my feet.

"Well, well," I said, aloud, "I've been asleep."

Then I proceeded to rummage around the car as if nothing had happened, but my nerves were not relaxed an instant. Before the train had gone five miles farther I had some nails in my pocket. A quick, careless glance showed me a hole in the side of the box through which the robber was undoubtedly watching every movement I made.

I did not go near the revolvers or rifles. It would have taken but a second for him to have raised the lid and shot me, and I knew he would do so if I approached them. Instead of that I carelessly assorted

a pile of express matter near the box, with a view to what I was about to do.

I was terribly excited, though I tried to appear cool. When I was all ready I threw several heavy packages on the lid, sat down on the box and hastily nailed down the lid. I heard a noise within and felt a pressure as my prisoner endeavored to raise the lid. The weight was too great, and I soon had all the nails driven in to hold him fast. He was secured, but to make sure of him I surrounded the box with heavy bundles and piled upon it the heaviest boxes the car contained.

I sat down for a minute to recover myself, then taking down a rifle, I cocked it loud enough for him to hear.

"How many more are there aboard the train?" I asked, placing my mouth to a crack between the bricks.

In reply I heard a muffled sound resembling a curse, and as all the holes through which he might shoot were covered with gold and silver, I put my mouth nearer and asked the question again.

I received no reply, and going to the other end of the car, I quietly opened the door leading to the platform. The night air rushed in and the noise of the train came with it, making a din in my ears. We were running at a high rate of speed around the hills that abound in that region.

I stepped to the platform of the next car. It was a smoking car. The train-robbers were already at work. Two men, in the forward end, within five feet of me, commanding a view of every passenger with their leveled revolvers, and two more were going down the aisle for the valuables.

It was a terrible moment to me. I felt a keen sympathy for the passengers, whose terror-stricken faces I could see in the dim light from the lamps, but I was helpless; doubtless a similar scene was being enacted in the other passenger and sleeping-cars.

I was hot and cold by turns. I watched the villains going coolly on with their work until I began to think of my own safety. Charley Slate, a brakeman, was bound hand and foot to the forward seat; in a few minutes they would finish their daring work and come to my car. I did not doubt that the fellow I had imprisoned in the pine box was an accomplice, and if they should find the door of the express car locked, they would break it open to see what had become of him, and kill me if I resisted.

This would enable them to take possession of the money, bullion and valuable packages, and escape. I knew that they would not kill any one if he did not resist; and inside of five minutes they would demand an entrance to my car.

Already the two robbers had nearly reached the farther end of the smoking-car; thousands of dollars were in my care; I must save it.

Without any more hesitation I stepped to the platform of my car, grasped the lever that operated the Miller coupling, and with a quick strong pull, separated the two draw-heads. I was not a moment too soon. Before the engine and express car had shot two hundred feet ahead of the train, the door of the smoking-car opened and the robbers stepped out. I heard their cry of rage, saw the flashes of their revolvers, and felt the bullets strike the wood-work behind me. Hurrying forward, I told the engineer what I had done.

He heartily approved of my action and his words reassured me. I had taken a desperate course, but I had saved a great deal of valuable property.

We hurried on through the darkness, and soon reached the next station, from which the news was telegraphed to the company's offices in San Francisco and Tucson. The robber in the pine box was then secured, but refused to say a word, and with a gang of track-men armed, we returned to where we had left the train. The robbers had departed, taking everything valuable with them, and the passengers hailed us with shouts of joy and sighs of relief.—*Youth's Companion.*

Finally the great agony is over and Mr. Blaine is the candidate of the Republican party for the office of President of the United States. We are sorry for it, and we believe the Republicans will all be sorry for it next November. Indignation of decent opinion at the ever-recurring nuisance of the Blaine candidacy, a revolt against the open shamelessness of the Blaine men and their methods and at their scheme of carrying things with a roar and not by reason, has made men feel that at last there was perhaps but one cure for all this, which was to have the Blaine element carry the convention and nominate their man, and see the man and the party buried out of sight by an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the people.—*Herald.*

FIELD AND FARM.

Col. Bill Arrp tells the Georgians what he saw in Wake county:—"Not long ago I was over in eastern North Carolina and I found the question answered in some places. I found some nice well-educated girls cultivating small fruits and vegetables for market. They didn't plow the ground but they planted and hoed and weeded and gathered the crop. I saw an acre of strawberries that two sisters had planted and they made a frolic of it, that is they went at it with a will and took a lively happy interest in it, and they gathered 4,000 quarts and said they would get a thousand more, and they packed them in the little baskets and the baskets into crates and sent them north, and their sales had averaged 30 cents a quart. Their total expenses for hire of help and cost of baskets and freight to market was \$200 and this left a thousand for their work and watching and constant care. Well those girls are proud and independent. Their father had five acres and he was making money—a good deal of money. I never saw a nicer business nor one so simple and sure. The land was poor and sandy. The rows three feet apart, when the plants get well set a plow opens a furrow close by on each side and this furrow is nearly filled with cotton seed and then the cart is thrown back on the cotton seed, after that the vines are mulched with pine straw and that is all. I never saw vines as small or berries as numerous. I counted 240 on one plant. They laid on one another. This vine had been picked three times and there were 240 left. They frequently picked a quart from 3 plants and left many not ripe. They pick till 8 o'clock in the morning and the girls averaged 15 quarts by that time. They begin again at 4 in the afternoon and get 15 quarts more. When they hire pickers they pay 25 cents a quart to girls and 2 cents to boys for the girls are more careful and do not mash the berries nor spill them and do not eat every big nice one they come across.

But this is not all. These girls have got a crop of raspberries just behind and they will make two or three hundred dollars off of them and they are growing currants and gooseberries and talk about going into potatoes and beans and grapes and all that, well why not? Fruit growing is a nice business for girls and so is raising vegetables.—*Farmer and Mechanic.*

Diversified Farming in the South.

W. S. Baron, of Bartow county, Georgia, writes to the Commissioner of Agriculture of that State as follows, concerning his farming operations:

"I cultivate eight acres of land as follows: Two acres in corn, peas and pumpkins; it makes me eighty to one hundred bushels of corn, twenty to thirty bushels of peas, and three hundred to five hundred pumpkins, weighing from twenty to fifty pounds each. One acre in sweet potatoes, making one hundred and fifty to two hundred bushels. One acre in turnips and Irish potatoes, about two hundred bushels. One acre in wheat, twenty-five to thirty bushels. Three acres in oats, from forty to sixty bushels per acre.

I keep two milk cows; the butter more than pays for their food, the buttermilk is fed to my hogs; thereby raising more than twice as much bacon and lard as I can consume. I keep money on hand and pay cash for everything I buy. I also raise a few extra fine beehives and milk cows for sale. I never carry my stock or provisions to market and ask a man what he will give me for it. As I never go in debt I keep my produce until people want it, and then they will come to my house and ask me what I will take for it. I am fifty-three years old. I live at home and do my own work. I have plenty to eat and wear and some for charity."

And the Commissioners replied to him, very pertinently.

"Pursued as you follow farming, it becomes the only perfectly insured business among human avocations. While God sends rain and sunshine to bless the earth, and the farmer feels that he must not only sustain his own family from the soil, but the non-producer by his surplus, there can be no such work as fail.

"With industry—sensible economy—cheap manure and plenty of it, and then abundance of house supplies, with our climate, water and other advantages, we will in the near future be the most comfortable and well-to-do people on earth. I wish you all success, and your example universal imitation."

For constitutional or scrofulous catarrh, and for consumption induced by the scrofulous taint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the mucous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin. †

GENERAL NEWS.

The Democrats at Savannah received the nomination of Blaine with great rejoicing. It looked like a Democratic victory.—*Wil. Star.*

N. W. Davis, of Buffalo, has obtained a verdict for \$8,000 against the Erie Railway Company for the injuries received by an explosion of gas in the smoke stack of an engine formed by using soft coal.

Andrew Brunon, the missing president of the Hot Springs, Ark., bank, which failed Tuesday, was arrested in St. Louis Wednesday. Brunon was accompanied by a lady named Mrs. Steel, of Peoria, Ill., with whom he was reported to have fled from Hot Springs.

The sixty-fourth annual session of the general convention of the church of the New Jerusalem in the United States, convened in Philadelphia Thursday. Delegates were present from Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maryland, New York, Maine, Massachusetts and Michigan.

James Coward, Boggan Cash's second victim, died on the 3d inst. He was shot on the 23d of February. He never murmured nor indicated that he was sent to his grave through a malicious motive. He was highly respected and resided at Cheraw.—*Star.*

Congress has passed a bill establishing a Bureau of Animal Industry. The most prominent duty of the department is to extirpate all forms of disease among cattle, hogs, fowls, horses, &c. Why did it not contain a provision to extirpate sheep-killing dogs?—*Pittsboro Home.*

When the fearful Titov disaster of last Summer, below Baltimore on the Chesapeake, occurred, Christopher Doyle greatly distinguished himself by saving fifteen lives. Well he is dead from drowning. He was boating, his hat blew off, he jumped over after it and was drowned.—*Star.*

A hundred head of imported Guernsey cattle were sold at Philadelphia Thursday. The highest price paid was for the seven-year-old Lady Emily Foley Second, a famous prize-winner at the many English shows. She was bought by H. Palmer, of Avondale, Pa., for \$1,900. Mr. Davis, of Baltimore, paid \$310 for Luke and \$425 for Darling's Jewel. A Wilhelm, of New York, paid \$425 for Cherry.

The late Judah P. Benjamin denied ever having lived in North Carolina, but Judah was mistaken and by many years.—*Wilmington Star.*

Yes, he was mistaken, as much so as Andrew Jackson was in regard to the locality where he was born. Gen. Jackson said he was born in South Carolina, but he was as greatly mistaken as was Mr. Benjamin. Neither were old enough, probably, to know as much about the matter as their mothers or "neighbors and friends."—*Home-Democrat.*

Blaine Reputed.

Boston, June 8, 1884.

The Massachusetts Reform Club at its meeting yesterday passed resolutions denouncing the nominations of Blaine and Logan, and voted to request the Independent vote throughout the country to join in active and immediate efforts to secure the nomination by the Democratic party of such men as can command their support, and failing in that to call a convention at the earliest practicable day to nominate candidates in full sympathy with the reform sentiment of the country. A committee was appointed with full powers to take such steps by correspondence or otherwise as it may deem best calculated to carry into effect the foregoing resolutions. The committee was authorized to increase its numbers, if desirable, and to co-operate with organizations of Independent Republicans and others to secure candidates pledged to reform.

On motion of Col. T. W. Higginson, the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the foregoing committee be instructed to call a meeting in Boston at as early a day as possible to express the opinion of the independent voters in this vicinity in regard to the recent Chicago nominations and to prepare for future action.

Dispatches were received from leading New York Independents requesting an early consultation in regard to taking decisive action toward repudiating the Chicago nominations.

The meeting was largely attended and letters were received from several prominent Independents who were unable to attend, all of whom condemned the Blaine and Logan ticket.

Dr. Worth Will Accept.

RALEIGH, May 28.

Geo. S. Bradshaw, Ashboro, N. C.: DEAR SIR:—In reply to yours of the 26th inst., I have to say that if nominated again I will cheerfully accept the position.

My earnest wish has been to be useful to the State, and if the Convention can find a man who, in its judgment, will fill the place better or one whose name will strengthen the party or the State more than mine, I will cheerfully abide by its decision. I have no claims upon the people except my constant and faithful performance of duty. I have never written a letter to, or asked any one to attend a Convention in my interest at any time in my life. I feel proud of having participated in the management of the State's affairs for the past eight years. I have given my earnest and special attention to the compromise and adjustment of the State debt, which resulted so well as to largely aid us in restoring the State to its present unexampled prosperity. After having been twice nominated without opposition, and my eight years' services known to the people, I do not feel justified in making personal appeals to be kept in office; but leave the party free to act as they think best.

There is so much money in the Treasury at present that I feel it would not be out of place in this letter to advise the people to be careful and not let any of the old Republican losses of 1868-69 get back while the money is on hand.

I feel very grateful for the honors conferred, and thank you for the interest you have always taken in me.

Yours truly,

J. M. WORTH,
Ashboro Courier.

Gordon Heard From.

A London special of Tuesday says: Sir Henry Gordon has been interviewed concerning his brother. He said the latest news received from General Gordon was to the effect that he had no fear as to his personal safety. He could leave Khartoum by a safe route any day, but would not until a better Government in the Eastern Sudan had been established and the safety of the inhabitants on the rebels assured. At the time of General Gordon's news to Sir Henry he was engaged in a project against the slave trade in the Upper Congo. General Gordon considered that a large British expedition was needless. He only wanted a few hundred English troops to co-operate with the gunboats after the rising of the Nile to clear the country of rebels from Berber to Khartoum.

In the House of Commons to-day Mr. Gladstone again declared that the Egyptian conference would be limited to a discussion of the financial situation. He promised to lay before Parliament before the conference meets whatever result may be arrived at from the preliminary interchange of views between England and France. No agreement, he said, would be concluded with France without reference to other Powers. The Government contemplated a European engagement and not a separate one with France. Although preliminary negotiations were taking place with France due regard had been given to England's rights and privileges.

Congressional Convention.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee for the Sixth Congressional District at Lumberton on June 10th, 1884, it was determined that a Congressional Convention for this District be held at Lumberton on July 30th, 1884, for the purpose of nominating a Democratic candidate for House of Representatives in Congress, and a Democratic Elector for this District and such other matters as may come before it.

Arthur only received 31 votes of the 73 votes cast by his own State. This shows clearly enough that he has no popularity. He had all the office-holders and their influence and you see the result. He could not possibly carry New York unless John Kelly sold out. He only got 11 delegates from Pennsylvania and 9 from Indiana. Without the negro vote how very weak he was.—*Wil. Star.*

A coincident-hunter calls attention to the fact that the name of "Blaine" is composed of six letters; that he was nominated on Friday (six letters), the sixth day of the month, the sixth day of the month and the sixth month of the year. Yes; and there are six letters in "humbag," six in "defeat" and six in "CHANGE."—*Es.*

Capt. Andrews, of Sumpter, S. C., 93 years old who started on foot to Boston a short time ago, arrived at New York on the 7th inst.

STATE NEWS.

A Miniature Whirlwind.

Persons on South Water street, in the vicinity of the market, shortly after 1 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, witnessed a curious freak of the elements. There was not a cloud to be seen, but suddenly there came a burst of wind that sent sand, pebbles and small particles of every description in a whirl. It struck a pile of shingles, some of which were hurled into the air to such a height that they were lost sight of. Men at work on the yards in the vicinity were so badly frightened by the commotion that was going on that they ran away from the spot. Gentlemen who witnessed the phenomenon say the air in that particular spot was full of fragments of various kinds, and pieces of paper, chips, etc., could be seen whirling in the air at a great height. The miniature hurricane, or whatever it may be called, lasted about five minutes.—*Wil. Star.*

A Mysterious Death.

Peter M. Tuttle, of Germantown, Stokes county, yesterday boarded the train at Kernersville and paid the conductor his fare to Greensboro. After the departure of the train from Salem Junction the telegraph operator at that place discovered a dead body on the track at that place where the train stops to change the switch, and upon an investigation it was found to be the body of Tuttle. It is evident that only the hind trucks of the rear car passed over his body, and how or why he got on the track under the car when the train stopped is a mystery. \$30 in gold and a tax receipt was found on his person. His remains were brought to Greensboro and are being held for further identification. Other developments will be given in our next issue.—*Greensboro Patriot.*

Travelers up the Western North Carolina Railroad were treated a day or two since to a most remarkable sight, being what they term a hail spout on a mountain side. The scene was witnessed one mile east of Marshall Station. Properly speaking, it was a water spout at the beginning, but before it ended it turned to hail. The spout broke out on the mountain above the railroad and came tearing down directly upon the track. As it swept down the mountain, it brought trees, timber, rocks and dirt with it, and lodged them in a confused mass on the railroad track. The hail, our informant says, could have been raked up by the basketful, the whole mountain side being as white as any snowfall could have made it. The hail storm, appeared, confined itself to the vicinity of the mountain in question, there being heavy rains, but only slight falls of hail on the neighboring mountains. It required several hours to clear the railroad track of the debris brought down by the hail spout.—*Charlotte Observer.*

The liquor license in this county is \$500 and in consequence we have only seven drinking saloons for over 7,000 inhabitants. No place in North Carolina can make so creditable a showing, and surely none can boast of so small a share of drunkenness as Winston-Salem. The latter portion of our community, although over a hundred years old, has never had a bar-room.—*Winston Sentinel.*

The steamer *Wace* has been raised far enough to start her on the way to this city, but she is so deep in the water, with her hold full of naval stores, that she has grounded on one of the shoal places, and will be detained a day or two longer before she will reach here.—*Review.*

The Wilmington *Review* says: "The committee having the matter in charge in this city to prepare our products for the approaching State exposition, are working energetically to make the display from Wilmington such as to reflect credit upon our people."

Dr. Wheeler has at last been confirmed as the Revenue Collector of the Winston District. We heard a prominent Republican say the other day that his appointment was worth 3,000 votes to the Democrats in this Congressional District and 500 in the county.—*Winston Sentinel.*

The track of the Western N. C. Railroad (Ducktown branch) has been laid ten miles beyond Waynesville, into Jackson county.—*Home-Democrat.*

Mr. Washington Duke of Durham, whom the Republican-mixed State Convention nominated for State Treasurer, declines the nomination.

Of 1,012 convicts in North Carolina, 894 are negroes.