

The Weekly Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED IN 1852.

A NORTH CAROLINA FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NORTH CAROLINA PEOPLE, IN THE STATE AND OUT.

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DON'T FAIL TO READ
THE OPENING CHAPTERS
OF
MISS JONES' INTERESTING SERIAL
'JUST AFTER THE WAR.'

EDWARD A. OLDHAM,
Editor and Publisher.

VOL. XXX. NO. 18.

WINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1886.

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JUST AFTER THE WAR.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH.

Written for The Weekly Sentinel by Eleanor M. Jones, of New Bern, N. C.,
Author of "Miss Littlejohn."

CHAPTER I.

I am Priscilla Neville, with no thanks to them that named me, for such a name ought to belong to a six-foot, five hundred pound, red-haired old maid. I can't get any sort of a decent nick-name out of it, though I've tried by the hour.

Cilla might do, but my brother Archie, who thinks, because he is sixteen years old, that he's got all the education of the Caesars, (I suppose they had a great deal, people talk so much about them, but I don't know, I'm sure. Nobody's living who knew them, and I don't believe all I hear. I don't study much anyhow, and history is my abomination, I get things mixed up in such style,) says, "yes Cilla is the very name for her, and call Belle," (my only sister—thank heaven!) I do spell so dreadful that I paid a girl at school two pears to tell me the other word, and found out it was "Charybdis." He said we were a nice pair, and that would suit exactly. I would ask, but I feel certain that they were two awful men, who fought all the time, and ate people, and perhaps eat each other, and fought in bull-fights, and did lots of dreadful things. If Belle and I were to try to eat each other, I do wonder which would enjoy the meal the most. I know she'd find me awful tough.

Sometimes I feel mad enough with her to destroy her in some way, she is so provoking. I would like to know if all girls have such trouble with their grown sisters as I do. I do wish she would go into a place where Nuns stay, (I forget what they call it) or get married, and leave, so I could have some showing.

I'm only fourteen I know, "too young," as she says, "for beaux," heaven knows I don't want a pair of pants tagging after me wherever I go, but I would like at least to peep into the parlor once in a hundred years, without her simpering voice saying, "Priscilla, mother wants you."

It nearly kills me with laughter, the difference in Belle, when company's there; but she wouldn't melt in her mouth then, and those men think she's a saint, and I'm a spit-fire, because I let out sometimes and tell on her, that's why mother is forever and eternally wishing for me, and which I know is all her manufacture to get rid of me. oh! miss, didn't I have my own fun the other night, when that upstart James was here, when you couldn't fix the lamp, and I had to be called upon then to do it, (and by-the-way I notice I'm mighty apt to be wanted when work is to be done; our dainty Belle stands in mortal dread of ruining her white hands,) and finding he took a sort of fancy to me, I got up a brisk conversation with him, and told him how you made your hair curl in those little tony cork-screws all over your head, which you are so outlandish proud of, and that you could not spell a bit better than I can, if you have been off one year to Staunton and think yourself so smart, and I had determined to put a stop to that fellow's coming here by telling him you were engaged to Joel, if mother had suspected my staying so long wasn't for any good, and called me out.

Yes, that very sister of mine, with her silly airs, high notions, and monstrous amount of conceit, keeps me in hot water all the blessed time.

Here she is nineteen years old, engaged to Joel Newcome, who was to have been our brother anyhow, if Fanny, the oldest girl had lived, but she died seven years ago, and I can remember how sad he was then, and how I peeped through the shutter, when he went to look at her in her coffin, and I saw him lean over her and kiss her, and take her hand and rub it gently, and then he took some white jessamine and put it in one of them. Then after the funeral he used to come so often and talk about her, and so I've got used to seeing him around, and feel exactly like he belonged to us, and next to Father, Mother, Jack and Jamie, I love him better than anybody else.

None of us ever thought of his fancying airy, good-for-nothing Belle. He saw too much of her behind the curtains, but bless your life, when he came home from the war, with one arm left on the battle-field, she showed so much pity for him, and petted, and made so much of him, "which treatment," Archie says, "no man can stand," he ended by getting in love with her, and she did the only sensible thing she ever did in her life, when

she got engaged to him, but ever since she's led him a dance, as if she was sorry for it, has more beaux than ever and positively declares she is not engaged to Joel, and doesn't care anything for him more than as a friend, and they believe her, and I've come to think she is telling them the truth, for I can't see how a woman, if she does love a body, could take pleasure in making them suffer any pain.

Poor Joel, I suppose she makes it all right with him, for after they've been together, he always seems so happy, and then gets gloomy again when he sees her dashing around with those other boys. If I was in his place, I'd manage her; I know her, she likes to have all, she don't want to lose him or the others either, so as long as she's single, she can be called a belle, but I'd put a stop to it if I was Joel, I'd find somebody who would like me and I'd show her she wasn't the only woman in creation.

If she ever does lose Joel, good bye to her good fortune, for she'll never have another as nice a beau mark, my word for it if I am only fourteen.

Belle is lucky sure as she's born; she's got the good looks (though I don't admire blondes) the prettiest of the family; she's worn out all the family lace and other finery, and made the jewelry so common that when I come on, people will say, "heavens why don't those Nevilles bury that stuff, and give folks a rest."

But if I am ugly and have a horrid name, there's one consolation in it, I'm named after father's old aunt, who lives way off yonder in Connecticut, who's got money, and who's had the sense never to marry, so I expect to be rich some day.

I told Adelaide Hazlitt, a new girl at school, who's always bragging about her rich relatives in Germany, that Aunt Priscilla was worth a hundred thousand dollars, and was going to leave it all to us.

I hadn't heard anybody say so, but she couldn't be so very rich under that much, and I know father lays store by what he's going to get, as he's very particular about writing to her, though he don't talk much about her; Belle's told me nearly all I know about it.

But I have been sort of sorry for telling Ada without knowing exactly, but it is too provoking not to be able to brag with the rest, but I never told a story yet that I didn't get paid for it in some fearful way.

Liberty Hall is the name of our new home, where we've been living just one year, at least its name I've given it, and I find folks are falling into the habit of calling it so.

I thought that name suited it, not because the great Declaration of Independence (I'm up there, know all about that,) was signed here, but because I'm vowing declarations of independence all the time, and with doors and windows always as wide open as they can be, our house does seem to invite you to come in, and do as you please, which everybody does, and the animals too for that matter, since the parlor rug is Nick, the dog's favorite resting place, while Frisk, our cat prefers the piano, being of a high-minded family, whose dead and gone ancestor came from Gibraltar. The chickens whenever they're tired of the yard, occasionally promenade through the passage; and it is a noted fact, that Dixie, the cow, being thirsty, and finding the trough empty, paraded herself up the back steps into the porch, and took a good drink out of the water-bucket. I must say that since then, there hasn't been as much liberty for her.

Our old home was twelve miles from town, where we now live, and there we were all born. Robin, the oldest, who went off to the war, and never came home any more, and the worst, whom we never heard was killed, only we know he is, or he would come back to us. Oh, the uncertain feeling was awful at first, our looking for him, and never hearing or seeing him. Now we've sort of gotten used to it, only sometimes a sudden sound will make mother listen, and her face turn right red.

Then Fanny, our oldest sister, who died at sixteen, was born there, and Jamie our oldest living, likewise the comfort of our life; old, staid, tender-hearted Jamie, just twenty-one, but as prudent and careful as father himself.

Next came Miss Fanny, coquetting, lazy Belle, and then the great critic of the century, the wonderful know-everything, who talks about big

men as if he had been to school with every one, and stood better examinations and was supposed to know more than anybody who's ever lived, I mean my perpetual tormentor, Archie, who, because he is named after father's little brother, whom he accidentally killed, while they were once playing when they were little fellows, is his favorite of us all; and though he's wild, father doesn't admit it, and its pitiful to me to see how much he hopes in Archie's future, when to me it seems like he will go to the dogs. Father thinks keeping him near him about the farm, for ours is one, right on the edge of W— in the good old State of Virginia, will keep him steady, but Archie has a roving fancy, wants to go to sea, and frets and fumes a great deal under father's management; he reminds me of a restless horse some



HON. GEO. HEARST, CALIFORNIA'S NEW SENATOR.

one is trying to govern; some day he will run away and smash up hearts like everything.

I came after him; was born first day of January, 1852, and now in August, 1866, am fourteen years, and nearly eight months. That same Archie says that I think I was the only person ever born on New Year's Day, but I reckon everybody feels like I do about their birthday; somehow that day does seem to belong especially to a body.

He puts on more style, if possible, on his birthday, but then he's privileged being such a grand critic.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HON. GEORGE HEARST.

The Democratic Senator From California Who Succeeds Senator Miller.

Hon. George Hearst, appointed successor of the late U. S. Senator Miller, of California, is one of the wealthiest residents of that State. He went to that country in 1850 and began there as a common laborer. He was successful from the start, and when accumulating some money he formed a partnership with Messrs. Haggin and Tevis.

The trio grew rich rapidly through pumping and buying claims. They own the largest and most profitable mines in Butte City, Montana, and are interested in others as in Arizona, Colorado, Mexico, Idaho, and California.

Mr. Hearst is considered the most expert judge and prospector of mines, on the Pacific coast, and it is said that his opinion in regard to a mine is seldom at fault. He is fifty-five years of age, tall and well formed, but without superfluous flesh. In 1862 he aspired to the governorship of California, but General Stoneman secured the nomination and was elected. When Leland Stanford was made Senator, Mr. Hearst was the Democratic caucus nominee.

He is the owner of 40,000 acres of land in the neighborhood of San Luis Obispo, and is sole proprietor of the Examiner of San Francisco. At the time of his appointment he was in Mexico, although his family was sojourning in Washington.

Go Head, Brother,
From the Wilmington Review

We need in North Carolina a few more newspaper men who are able to do their own thinking and not borrow their opinions from a city daily.

What Becomes of Good Journalists,
From the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Some Chicago papers refer to Sam Small as a "reformed journalist." This is wrong. When journalist reform they become newspaper men.

THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

CLEVELAND'S LAAOR MESSAGE FAVORABLY COMMENTED ON.

The White House Extension Bill Passed by the Senate—The House Again Flooded with Bills—Col. Cowles Assails Himself—Congress will Probably Adjourn About First of August

Special Correspondence of the Sentinel.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—The President's labor message proved quite refreshing. So many had attempted to say so much, and, in the end, had said so little, that people were tired. Grover Cleveland goes straightway to the point; he never stops to say what he has been to you nor what he has done for you. He is confident you will believe what he says because he is an honest man. Grover Cleveland means

is quite generally conceded that time enough has been lost to re-organize the common school system of the country. But day after day we have been informed of the committee's "bitter quarrels," and personal animosities. And what seems more ridiculous, in the end, the committee drew around its unprecedented proceedings the impenetrable curtain of secrecy. It was not too hastily concluded that the dignity of one or two Congressmen is ten times more important than the welfare of the rising generation.

SENATOR INGALLS has been working like a Turk on the Committee on District of Columbia. He has done more genuine hard work than any man in the Senate. We had occasion to ridicule several of the Senator's measures, but we have learned that he was not altogether responsible for the aesthetic onslaught, though quite respectable for being a Republican. Then, too, Senator Ingall's will always be queer and uneven; he has a queer and uneven head.

SENATOR HOAR, that big, round, boy faced Senator, with hair as white and soft as snow, that reminder of Horace Greeley after a shave, was born and bred on the niceties of the law. He is always rising; he can't sit still; he rises on anything and sometimes on nothing. Whitthorne's credentials read "for the unexpired term" of Senator Jackson. Senator Hoar rose like a blooming flower. The credentials should read "until the next meeting of the legislature." Senator Hoar bloomed brightly. Senator Harris rose; he uttered but a word; it was the law. Senator Hoar withered. But he was quite satisfied, he had risen. SHADOW.

IN CHATHAM AND ALAMANCE.

The Sentinel Traveler Takes a Ramble Through These Counties.

SILERS, N. C., April 29.—After a few days ramble through a portion of Alamance and Chatham counties we find ourselves at the flourishing little town of Silers, where we have the pleasure of meeting and exchanging greetings with many of our old friends from Chatham and Randolph counties. Not having visited this section within the last two years, we are surprised to see such vast improvements in and around this rapidly growing town. We find here a number of young men of energy, who are leaving nothing undone that can be done to create a market at this place for all the products of the farm and garden. Among the many other enterprises they have a large and substantial tobacco warehouse, and through the untiring efforts and good management of its manager, O. A. Hanna, Esq., it obtains a fair portion of the tobacco trade of this section, and we are pleased to note the fact that farmers obtain as good prices for tobacco here as anywhere in the State. Owing both to the great quantity and the inferior quality of the present crop, prices are ruling rather low everywhere for common grades. Those who have succeeded in making a fine quality of the weed have been rewarded for their labors.

At Ore Hill, three miles south of this place, we also find a prosperous and thriving community. Here we met warm friends who showed their appreciation for THE SENTINEL and its representative by giving us their names and the cash. Among the "big" prospects ahead for this place is that of working the immense beds of iron ore deposited here. These deposits have been examined recently by the most competent experts who pronounce the quality of the ore the very best for making Bessemer steel rails, the quantity being almost inexhaustible. We understand that a syndicate of capitalists have an eye to the early opening and working of these immense stores of wealth which will give employment to a large number of hands, thus throwing life and energy into the whole community. We also note considerable improvement on the line of the C. F. & Y. V. R. R., south of Greensboro. At Swepsonville, a nice little cotton manufacturing town, fifteen miles south of Graham in Alamance county, we took transportation on a tow boat, manned by four gentlemen of color, who in the short period of three hours landed us safely at Col. Holt's factory on the N. C. R. R., a distance of about five miles. Notwithstanding this exceedingly rapid transit, we were enabled by skill and close attention to business to hold on to the ship and to take in some of the scenery as we passed at snail like rapidity. At Haw River, we find Col. Holt among a large number of hands busily engaged in building another cotton factory near the site of the present one. Alamance county though small in territory, we understand has within her borders eighteen cotton factories and all in operation at this writing. This county, we believe pays more tax into the State treasury, according to population, than any other in the State.

TOO MANY FRIENDS has always been one of the misfortunes of the workingman. He has relied on their efforts instead of his own. They have fought for his support; they have cut each other's throats in the name of honest rivalry. And so, it appears, this great, honest, self-sacrificing friendship is not above suspicion even in Congress. It is a pity some men are friends of the workingman. We do not mean Mr. Springer; he is harmless as a kitten. But Foran, and one or two others, ought to have something else to do than come to Congress and eat dog like "dog eat dog."

THE EDUCATION BILL.

is another victim to self-sacrificing friendship and personal ambition. If

FROM MRS. JARVIS.

AN ENTERTAINING LETTER FROM THE AMERICAN MINISTER'S WIFE.

A Charming Description of Her Brazilian Home—A Terra Incognita to Many of Our Best Informed People—Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis' Health—Yellow Jack—Remarkable Beauty of the Country—The Towering Mountains Which are Often Likened Unto the Alps of Switzerland.

[We feel sure that every one of our readers will peruse with rare pleasure the following extracts from a letter written to the wife of the editor of THE SENTINEL, by Mrs. ex-Gov. Jarvis, from her far off South American home. The letter was dated March 10th and arrived in Winston April 9th, having been in transit one month (save a day) from the time it was mailed at Pretopolis.]

* * * For, as this truly wonderful land—partly from that marked lack of intercourse, which only exists between the United States and Brazil—is almost a "terra incognita" to many of our intelligent and cultured citizens. I find many, many things here, not only in the remarkable beauty of the country, topographically, with its towering mountains, not like the frigid "Alps," so oft described, clad in their icy shroud of perpetual snow grim appalling emblem of death, where even the wild antelope dares not climb; but whose tapestries are a perpetual living green on which, as Miss Marineau so beautifully wrote of another tropical clime, "You can bathe your eyes with a delicious sense of rest," until you feel as though you would like to nestle your face against their soft bosom and fall asleep.

Then the low lands, have indeed from new year to new year, all the blended colors of some gorgeous piece of eastern tapestry—only now and then a new shade is dextrously interwoven; as the buds and blossoms of my myriad species of vegetation, belonging to the different seasons, open their sweet lips, and send up their perfumed breath, in grateful incense to the Giver of all good.

The moss rose, the Marshal Neal, and the heliotrope grow in the hedges around all the yards, and ornate makes in every way such a lavish display in vegetation and fruits of every kind that it is hard, even for the well and strong, who live here, to do much else than sit under their own vine and fig tree, and dream away their lives.

You can readily see how the incentive to work may be wanting among the unambitious, poorer classes, when broadcast over the land fruits of every description hang upon burlap branches of trees, or rot in the sun, not a healthy diet perhaps—may, even one which makes of the poorer classes ready victims to many ailments, chiefest and worst of which is the yearly visitation of "Yellow Jack" to their crowded cities, though this yellow fever is not such a scourge here, as in its occasional visits to our cities, as the treatment here is very sharp and vigorous, and we find a much larger percent of persons attacked by it restored to health.

Then the people, themselves, their habits and manners of living, are as much unlike our own, as could well be among the intelligent descendants of our common forefathers. And some day, when, if ever I do, I recover my strength, I may write your husband a long letter for publication in THE SENTINEL, promising to throw some interest into the narrative, which I am unable to do now.

[Some weeks ago] I was taken quite sick with a sort of intermittent fever, (from acclimatory causes), which has left me very much enfeebled, though, I am thankful to merciful providence, and a good physician who does not speak a word of English that I feel better from day to day.

My husband had an attack of the same kind, but his robust constitution enabled him to pull up more readily, and he is now entirely well, though he has not followed the general habit of the country—to grow stouter, having to the contrary, reduced, very considerably since he left the United States.

We are still at our summer quarters in the mountains, keeping away from Rio during the yellow fever season, and I fear it will be two or three more months before we can return to Rio, but after the 21st of March, the weather begins to get cooler here, and the winter is delightful anywhere.

Let Us All Give Thanks,
From the Wilmington Star.

Raleigh, as usual, proposes to furnish two of the three Supreme Court Judges. So glad that it does not propose to take all three.