THE DAILY CITIZEN
Delivered to Visitors in any part of the City.
One Month.....50c.
Two Weeks, or less.....25c.

THE DAILY CITIZEN.

BOARDING, WANTS,
For Rent, and Lost Notices, three lines or less, 25 Cents for each insertion.

VOLUME V. ASHEVILLE, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1889. NUMBER 95.

PLAINFIELD'S WOE.

THE DAMS BROKE AND THE FLOODS CAME.

Bringing With Them Desolation and Enormous Damage—Other New Jersey Towns Washed Out—No Lives Were Lost, Etc.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., July 31.—The damage by the flood is greater than was at first supposed. Eight dams in all were washed away near here. The water rushing through a break in the Feltville dam, carried away and completely obliterated two smaller dams below Seely's paper mill at Scotch Plains. The loss is $10,000. Scotch Plains is entirely submerged, but the loss is small. The damage in the business portion of Plainfield caused by the breaking of the tiers of the dam is not less than $3,000; fifteen large brick buildings are undermined, and in a dangerous condition. Somerset street is impassable, being washed away in great gaps. Every bridge in Plainfield, Fairwood and Warren townships is washed away. The loss to counties will reach $40,000 for bridges alone. New Brooklyn dam was swept away. Little damage was done because it is an open country. No lives were lost and no one was hurt. Had the break occurred at night instead of the afternoon, a different story would have to be told. It is believed that the loss in and near Plainfield by this storm will reach $150,000. The water has entirely subsided, and repairs are being rapidly made.

LATER—The first dam to break in the vicinity was at Feltville, five miles north of here. The break occurred at 4 o'clock and the rush of water carried away and absolutely obliterated two smaller dams below it at Seely's paper mill, causing a loss of $20,000. The water rushed on down to Scotch Plains completely inundating the village. Cellars were flooded and all the bridges were swept away. The Baptist church here is badly damaged, and the cemetery surrounding it is badly washed out, and in many places exposing the graves. A. D. Shepard's place was completely flooded, and the derby fur mill here lost $10,000 in stock and machinery. The great body of water divided, a part of it forcing its way across the fields until it reached Cedar brook, a little stream running through the eastern portion of Plainfield. The brook became a river and then a lake, and a portion of Plainfield's choicest resident locality was under water up to the first stories of the houses. Every household has its losses. The heaviest loser here is Job Mali, mayor of the town who owns more than one hundred of these handsome dwellings. His property is damaged to the extent of $20,000. The property of Leo Batt, electrician, is badly damaged and B. Bowers loses $5,000 by damage to his furniture. James H. Martin loses several valuable cows.

The Park Avenue Baptist church was threatened with destruction, its foundation was washed, but the building is safe, though damaged to the extent of $2,000. Many gallant rescues were made in this part of the town of people who becoming frightened attempted to leave their houses and were caught in the flood. Eugene Saum, assistant fire chief, was swept down the stream while out in a boat assisting others, but was rescued by means of ropes thrown to him. The breaking of the piers of the dam threatened to cut a big swath through the business portion of the town. The brook which runs through that part of the place is bridged over with buildings on Somerset street, but the space underneath was not sufficient to carry off the water, and it backed up into the street. Somerset street was six feet under water. Martin's blacksmith shop and several smaller buildings were lifted and thrown in a heap into the middle of the street. French's mill was undermined and stands suspended over a yawning gap. His carriage factory is tottering and may fall. Blimen's hotel stands with its foundation exposed to the very bottom. Hiram's carriage shop is badly damaged, and Ryerson's carriage repository was damaged to the extent $1,000. Among the losses are the following: French Bros., $6,000; L. M. French, carriage factory, $4,000; Homan's carriage factory, $3,000; Blimen's hotel, $5,000. In Somerset street there is a gully thirty feet wide and twenty deep. The gas mains are broken and sewers disconnected. The Music Hall, in which Dockstadter's troupe was playing, was damaged $4,000. The corner of the foundation is washed out, and the stage has sunk twenty feet. The breaking of Wilson's dam, in Washington Valley, let down an immense body of water to the dam at Wetumpka Falls. Little damage was done until the masonry, which was built supplementary to the natural falls, gave way, when a large mass of water, thirty feet high, fairly leaped against the falls. The masonry and rocks tumbled together, and what was once a picturesque resort, is absolutely gone. Coddington's ice house, barns and mills were swept away, involving a loss of $30,000. Stony Brook goes through a farming country, west of the town, so that the subsequent damage was slight. Of the fifty-two large bridges in Union county, thirty are said to be gone, involving a loss to the county of more than $300,000. No lives were lost and no serious casualties are reported. The loss of live stock is slight. Altogether eight dams in Plainfield and within four miles of the town, were washed away. The breaking of the new Brooklyn dam, two miles south, and the one at Cadmus' caused but little serious damage other than the washing out of the roads. The washout at the Berkman street railroad bridge caused great delay in travel, only one of the four tracks being safe.

NEWARK, N. J., July 31.—Reports from all over Essex county indicate that the damage by the storm which is still raging will be much greater than was thought last night. Bloomfield suffered most by the breaking of Fritz's dam. Fifty families were driven from their houses, but no lives were lost or injury inflicted. The water is subsiding this morning and the people are returning to their houses.

In Orange, the water is subsiding. A confectioner from this city, named Manchild, was driving across the bridge at Maplewood last night when the structure was carried away. He was carried down with the torrent, together with his horse and wagon, and was finally rescued by a crowd of men from south Orange. Trains on the Norris and Essex road are moving slowly through Orange. The greatest apprehension is felt at Millburn. A watch has been placed on the dam of the Orange reservoir, two and a half miles from town, and 200 feet above it. People are prepared to move at a moment's notice.

NEWARK, N. J., July 31.—The dam at Van Sycklemills pond, at Willburn, broke early this morning, and the escaping water drove hundreds of people from their homes. Household goods and other property were carried away. People fled in terror. It is impossible to drive over the thoroughfares.

THE BLACK DIAMOND.

The Canadians Accusing the Rush of Piracy.

TORONTO, July 31.—A special dispatch to the Empire from Ottawa says: "The latest account of piracy by the United States authorities in Behring Sea continues to be much discussed in official circles. A dispatch has been received at the fisheries department from Mr. Baker, M. P., giving additional particulars of the seizure of the Black Diamond. It appears that the vessel was seized when seventy miles from land. Mr. Baker says that a strong feeling of resentment and indignation has been engendered among the inhabitants of British Columbia by this wanton outrage, and that a meeting of the citizens of Victoria is to be held to express their indignation. This dispatch was under consideration by the council yesterday. Until the official report is before the Government no action can be taken, and the Minister of Customs accordingly telegraphed to the collector at Victoria to forward full particulars without loss of time. Collector Hamly's reply was received by the Hon. Mr. Bowell last evening, but it appears that the information which he has to give is no fuller than that already published.

Relief for the Starving Miners.

CHICAGO, July 31.—Congressman Lawler and other members of the Business Men's Relief Committee left this morning with additional supplies for the half starved locked out coal miners at Streator, Ill. A reporter talked with Mr. Geerahty whose business in Streater has been well nigh ruined by the miners trouble. Geerahty has been in Milwaukee for some days soliciting relief. We have two car loads of provisions to distribute to-day, said Geerahty, "but what will that amount to, when divided among 6,000 starving miners, the majority of whom are married men with families? It will scarcely last two days for the poor fellows. The condition of the men is almost indescribable. I can truthfully say, many people are actually starving. Babies and children cry for bread, and wallow in the middle streets; for their mothers have become callous to their cries, and do not seem to mind it. They say but little, and complaints are not frequent; they just keep silent in their misery. A few are very proud, and affect to be light-hearted, when they have not a thing to eat in the house. I tell you, it is horrible, and no one can realize the awful sufferings until he gets right in the midst of it. Business has gone to smash, and stagnation rules everywhere. Unless the miners are given work soon or further relief comes, you will soon hear of some deaths from actual starvation."

Getting Rid of Boulangists.

PARIS, July 31.—The Boulangists have thrown most of their defeat on deputy Turquett, who insisted that General Boulanger contest over 400 cantons. They held that the General should have become a candidate only in districts where his political strength was sufficient to warrant a hope of success. The government is more active than ever in the work in getting rid of Boulangist office holders. The mayors of Rennes, Antrain and Treignac, all Boulangists, have been ousted.

The Journal Des Debats says that the coup meditated by General Boulanger has failed.

Egyptian Warlike Operations.

CAIRO, July 31.—Col. Wolehouse reports that the main body of the insurgents under command of Nad-el-Jumis, is encamped on the hills three miles North of Ahu Simlelia. Nad-el-Jumis has formed water depots. Active skirmishing still proceeds between Egyptian patrols and the Dervish outposts. The Dervishes who had occupied the village of Toski, were driven out by the Egyptians, leaving the bodies of thirty-four of their number who had been killed. A number of Dervishes were captured. General Grenfell and his staff have left Korosko for Toski.

Scheme to Pacify Ireland.

LONDON, July 31.—Referring to the many remedies proposed for the prevailing discontent in Ireland, Lord Randolph Churchill, in his speech at Birmingham last night, recommended as a final solution, a loan of not less than £100,000,000 to enable tenants to buy their holdings, local bodies controlling rate collected revenues to become security for the payment of the loan. He pointed out that this scheme made it necessary that Ireland remain under the imperial parliament.

Mrs. Maybrick Pleads Not Guilty.

LIVERPOOL, July 31.—Mrs. Florence Elizabeth Maybrick, American, who is charged with having killed her husband, James Maybrick, by administering arsenic to him, was arraigned for trial today. The court room was crowded with people anxious to hear all the details of the case. When called upon to plead to the indictment, the prisoner replied, "not guilty."

Storm and Sinking of Steamboats.

ST. LOUIS, July 31.—A very violent storm passed over New Madrid, Mo., and vicinity Monday evening, doing great damage to the cotton and corn crops. Two little steamboats, the Arkansas City and the Carl Schurz, lying at New Madrid, were totally destroyed. Loss $14,000. The warehouses at Tiptonville and Luzelle landing were blown down.

A Negro Makes Game of Indians.

CHICAGO, July 31.—At Streator, Ill., yesterday, T. H. Tolliver, a negro of Nashville, Tenn., shot two Indians connected with a circus. The wounds of one at least will prove fatal. All the Indians were on a big spree the night before, and abused the negro in various ways, culminating in his shooting two of them.

German Emperor Visits England.

BERLIN, July 31.—Emperor William left Wilhelmshaven to-day for England. His Majesty was accompanied by a squadron of war ships. After the departure of the Emperor, the Empress returned to Berlin by railway.

John L. in the Toils.

NEW YORK, July 31.—John L. Sullivan was arrested here this evening upon a requisition warrant signed by Gov. Hill and taken to police headquarters in a close carriage to await the transfer to Mississippi.

Battery Park is crowded with visitors and the Swannanoa has only a few vacant rooms left.

Over seventy-five people are at the Mountain Park hotel at Hot Springs.

A BRILLIANT EVENT

Was the German at Battery Park Tuesday Night.

One of the most delightful germans, given in Asheville this season was that at Battery Park, Tuesday evening, led by Mr. Sam B. Waters and Miss Johnston, both of Charlotte, N. C. The beauty of the Old North State, Georgia, Tennessee, South Carolina, Virginia and Louisiana was well represented. About twenty couples participated in the dance, the chaperones being Mesdames McBee, Harwood, Jackson and Clark. The following is a list of the ladies, whose handsome costumes are also given:

Miss Johnston, Charlotte, N. C., white crepe wool and silk, pearls.

Miss Polk, Nashville, Tenn., white silk and tulle, roses.

Miss Sadie Tucker, Raleigh, N. C., vieux rose, risbin green, natural flowers and diamonds.

Miss Bessie Tucker, Raleigh, white silk and lace, diamonds.

Miss Clarke, Atlanta, Ga., white brocade silk, crystal front, diamonds.

Miss Katie Behan, New Orleans, white china silk.

Miss Behan, New Orleans, white crepe de chine, pearls.

Miss Penniman, Asheville, black tulle and silk.

Miss Miller, Raleigh, black lace, roses, aqua-marines.

Miss Connelly, Atlanta, Ga., white silk mull, cherry trimmings.

Miss Payne, New Orleans, white point d'esprit, diamonds.

Miss Newton, Norfolk, Va., black silk, en traine, diamonds.

Miss Washington, Nashville, Tenn., pearl gray silk, diamonds.

Miss Chaff, New Orleans, pink crepe de chine, roses.

Miss Harwood, Atlanta, Ga., shell pink silk and lace, diamonds.

Miss Frances Harwood, Atlanta, Ga., pink china silk, pearls.

Miss Maitland, Asheville, blue gauze and silk, pearls.

Miss Maitland, Asheville, white India silk, orange trimmings.

Miss Smythe, Charleston, S. C., blue silk and net, diamonds.

Miss Jackson, Atlanta, Ga., pink silk, roses.

The gentlemen were, Messrs. Sam B. Waters and Myers, Charlotte, N. C.; Frazier, Branch and Crump, Richmond, Va.; Frost and Smythe, Charleston, S. C.; Skinner, Sherwood and Higginbothan, Chicago; Merrimon, Raleigh; McNeely, Salisbury; Clarke, Atlanta, Ga.; and Murphy, Waddell, Fenner, Merrimon, Carson, Child and Price, of Asheville.

A Great Furniture House.

A happy business combination has just been perfected by which the firm of Mann, Johnson & Co., succeeds the old firm of Shepard, Mann & Johnson, and the Blair Furniture Company, consolidating the stocks of all these firms, and combining in its operations one of the largest and best appointed furniture houses in the South. It cannot be otherwise with the experience acquired, with the skill of workmen, the perfection of machinery, and facilities for obtaining material in the United States—a fact now fully recognized by the great furniture manufacturers of the North and Northwest. The beauty of the North Carolina woods is unequaled, and it is at once a pride and a luxury to come into possession of a set or even of a single article, of furniture made out of our North Carolina mountain wood, put up by the skillful and tasteful hands of the firm we refer to. And we speak not from a conjecture of what they can do, but with the knowledge of what they have done, all of which is widely known and approved.

Going on Well.

We are informed that the committee in charge of the scheme to purchase a lot to secure the investment of $50,000 by Mr. Demens for a very important industrial enterprise, report that they have secured $500 to perfect the plan. Now, close up the ranks.

We are also informed by the same authority that the purpose to aid the firm of Williamson & Hart, so largely sufferers by the recent fire, so far from being abandoned, is actively prosecuted, and that contributions are made to the fund for their relief as well as the Demens fund, in about equal proportions. There is no design to discriminate against the two former gentlemen, if the aid proposed be acceptable to them.

Won't Pay the Bills.

WASHINGTON, July 30.—Acting secretary Bachelor has issued an order suspending payment on all bills against the treasury department for telegraphing during the current fiscal year. This action is based upon a letter from the Postmaster General to the Secretary of the Treasury, in which he says: "Inasmuch as the question of fixing rates for the government telegrams during the current fiscal year is still unsettled, I have the honor to request that you will please suspend the payment of any telegraphic bills against your department, or any branch thereof, until the official promulgation by this department of the order fixing rates in question."

Bond offerings to-day $2100, all accepted at 128 for fours and 106⅞s, for four and halfs.

The Celebrated Pacer Dead.

JOLIET, Ill., July 31.—The fast pacing stallion Sir Thornton was found dead in his stall at the Joliet race track this morning. It is reported that the cause of his death was indigestion brought on by cooling off two soon after his remarkable performance at Aurora.

A meeting of the contributing members of the Mission Hospital will be held at the Hospital Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock.

EUROPEAN LETTERS.

THE FIRST OF THE CITIZEN'S SPECIAL SERIES

Treats of the Miseries of Mal de Mer, and the Trials and Tribulations of a Voyageur on His First Trip Across the Pond, Etc.

ON BOARD STEAMSHIP NEVADA,
July 8, 1889.

Editor Citizen:—A real nice company we are, as to-day assembled on deck and looking in all directions for a glimpse of terra firma. Not a sign to be seen in any direction to dispel the illusion with which one is apt often to flatter himself, that we compose the whole world. Not a sail dots the horizon. We may fancy that no other humanity exists outside of this ship, but that the heart of each *voyageur* is full of the dear ones, young and old, at home. Notwithstanding our crowded staterooms and unusual fare, we are all determined like Mark Tapley to be jolly under all circumstances. We will see how this holds when the wind rises, causing the ship to roll and that terrible *mal de mer* to appear. Anyone who can sustain his jollity under this trial will deserve a crown indeed.

Our ship moves very smoothly forward but is not as comfortable as we were led to expect, and slow to a degree. Already we regret that we had not advised you not to expect to hear of our landing before the 20th. The staterooms are small and poorly furnished, and terribly crowded. We, ourselves, are in one with seven jolly companions. Eight men in a compartment measuring 8x15 feet, and to live there for the next ten or twelve days! The ladies are equally crowded and very uncomfortable, but they are very brave, and do all in their power to keep up the appearance of enjoyment. Kind Mrs. Brodnax has already established a class of infants in French, ourselves included in the number, so that we may hope to take care of our sous in Paris.

Yes, we North Carolinians, enlightened by a few Carolinians, will survive the discomforts of this voyage, for a merciful Providence has blessed us with the promise of a fine spell of weather. The ocean is as calm as a lake; scarcely a perceptible swell. By a huge effort some of the party have gotton up an appearance of seasickness, but your correspondent is not equal to such a mental exertion, and therefore continues as well as if on the delightfully smooth streets of Asheville.

We were advised by a friend never to say on board ship "waiter" or "porter," but always "steward," and we have religiously done so, but sad to say, no responsive courtesy has followed this talisman. If ever we catch one of these long-legged dirty Scotch stewards at our home we will take our revenge by inviting him to take a walk over our city's sidewalks.

This delightfully beautiful ocean, whose tints of emerald tinged with golden sunshine, we have never seen adequately portrayed on canvass, but most nearly approximated by those sweet pictures of Mr. Church. How can our unskilled pen attempt to describe the sensations of this, our first voyage! Oh, heavens! just as we are beginning to get up a poetic furor there is the bell for lunch, and we must sink our high-flown thoughts to the level of hard tack and century-old butter and enter once more the arena in a struggle for life with our steward.

We will give you a few words more when we have finished gulping down our hard tack and our wrath.

BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

July 11.—How few of us realize the size of our continent! Here we have been sailing due east from New York for four days and nights, and this wretched ship is slow. We estimate that we have made successfully one-third of the distance to Glasgow, and yet here we are only south of Newfoundland, you might say still in American waters. The temperature is pleasantly mild, owing probably to the influence of the gulf stream, which is better than the disagreeable cold of yesterday. Our good party may be on deck and we trust will be in better health than yesterday. A sight of these magnificent waves and the drinking in of God's dear sunshine and pure air will do them good, and truly they get but little help from man in their agony, for the woful *mal de mer* has appeared, and most woful has been the tyrant's onslaught. Standing as we now do, taking a bird'seye view of the deck, we must wonder "Is this what one calls a pleasure excursion?" Probably fifty ladies, most of them teachers who have been working hard and need all the rest their short vacation can give them, to enable them to resume their arduous duties, many of them evidently in bad health, and at this moment undergoing worse sufferings than the most orthodox pains of Gehenna. Our very heart bleeds for them as with pale, distraught visage, each at intervals staggers to the taffrail in the vain endeavor to vomit the tacks of their shoes into the sea. At times we cannot refrain a smile as the proverbial "Oh, my!" comes up from one after another, but our smiles indicates no lack of sympathy, for indeed we would do all in our power to help them if we only knew how to begin. One sweet young girl faintly thanks us for bathing her aching head, and says: "Oh, please just let me die, and do nothing to help me. I am so miserable. My poor mother! Why did I ever leave her for this horrible voyage?" Yes, indeed, why? we wonder.

The cost on this ship is certainly low. Thirty-five dollars from New York to Glasgow is not much, but the accommodations are in proportion, and both rooms and table fall far short of our expectations from descriptions we have heard of an ocean palace.

Our people seem variously affected, generally intense nausea, and oft repeated and terrible retchings, but occasionally the symptoms are altogether different, being intense headache and icy coldness, especially of hands and feet. From this terrible pain one young girl has just become entirely delirious, frightening all around her terribly. We being almost the only well man, helped her to her berth, where one brave lady after another came to her help in the few moments intervening between their attacks of devotion to Neptune and his denizens.

Were it not for the intrinsic merit of our good people, especially the ladies, this sort of thing would be totally unbearable. But they are so sweet, long suffering and endure their troubles with so much fortitude and patience—a lesson indeed to us stern men which we may do well to copy.

Kind Mrs. Brodnax forgets her sickness in efforts to amuse and interest all around her. Her French class is, with us, the feature of the day. Please secure a French editor to translate our next letter, because you no doubt perceive how great difficulty we find in writing with our usual pure Anglo-Saxon accent and *nous avons peur que Le Citoyen ne comprenne pa notre langage Francaine.*

Of those most deeply touching our sympathy are Mrs. Keenan, of Wilmington, and Miss Hickey, of Danville, Va., both of whom have suffered most dreadfully, and still look fearfully. Much as we enjoy their company when well, we do indeed wish they were in their comfortable homes to-day.

Of the men we are the most fortunate, having entirely escaped seasickness, which we in part attribute to our well known wisdom on which the E. J. pleasantly remarked, but chiefly to the diet we have selected for our first trans-Atlantic *pleasure* tour. French brandy and hard tack has been our constant source of consolation and support. Our young companion, Erwin Studer, has been violently ill, and still suffers very much, but has been himself like a real man and made the best of his bad surroundings.

The miseries of *mal de mer* no one can even imagine save the sufferers. Not being one of the afflicted, we can only note the personal appearance of our poor friends which, indeed, touches us to the heart. We have never seen evidence of such intense nausea, and the stomach being empty, the retching is most painful. We fancy that a little pure, wholesome food might cause relief, even if at once rejected. We thought once of giving you a pen picture of us as we are, but it would be cruel. You must come and see for yourself, if you wish to, but we are inclined to think that you will consent to remain in ignorance, although for ourselves we do not regret it. It has been an experience for a lifetime, only we are glad we did not succeed in urging some of our friends to come too.

There are some redeeming traits, yes many of them. Everyone is so considerate and anxious to help each other, and so grateful for help when extended to themselves. Then, too, even the asthetic is not altogether wanting. For instance, it was lovely last night, as the poor sufferers were sitting on deck in the moonlight, and Dr. Marshall says: "Young folks, suppose we have prayers before we go to bed," and with ready consent the puny, seasick voices sweetly sing "Abide With Me," and our parson, without book or gown, commends us all to His care who can and will bring us to "the haven where we would be," but will it be with a grateful sense of His goodness, or will we forget Him when health and happiness returns? *Nous verrons.*

IN AN OCEAN FOG.

July 13—We have often heard a fog described, but only now have we experienced one, and we have concluded that it, like many of the curiosities of ocean life, is not worth experiencing. For forty-eight hours, it has surrounded us, as with a dark and misty pall; our progress has at times been very slow, the dismal fog horn blows every minute, at first it was distressing in perverting sleep, but we have become so used to it as to take it for a lullaby, and find ourselves watching for its return. The decks are soaking and slippery, but are preferred to the stuffy saloons and state rooms, to which latter we only resort on command of the stewards at 11 o'clock, and leave as early as a ray of light can pierce the dingy glass of the loop hole. A slight westerly wind pushes the fog along with us and only with a change of breeze can we hope for relief.

The officers of this ship seem faithful and competent, the captain has kept his post on the bridge unceasingly, and at each bells through the night the cry of the watchman assures us "all is well."

The purser is by all odds the most agreeable gentlemen we have met since we left New York. A Norwegian of extensive education, most courteous in manner, and doing his utmost to make us comfortable; it is ever a real pleasure to know such a man, and we do hope our acquaintance may be prolonged.

Even the pain and suffering of seasickness must have an end, the sea is smooth again, the ship rolls very little, our folks all brighten up; last night we took to the saloon and made it bright and lively with games and chatting. Once more Dr. Marshall reminds us to say "Our Father" and now we will see, as we suggested, all are bright and happy. Will they remember now? Yes the young girls lay aside their cards, the backgammon boards are closed, and almost a hushed silence prevails, but we must expect some young folks to be thoughtless, A few beardless men must give proof of their manhood, their amusement cannot be suspected even for a moment; an insolent steward accompanies the service with a popping of corks, but no matter, He will remember all His children and that is the main part after all.

STILL IN THE FOG.

Sunday Morning, July 14.—If we knew the name of this post-office, we would head this letter differently. The fog is still with us and surrounds the ship causing much discomfort on deck, and apparent anxiety, as evidenced by extra care on the part of our captain, but within all is brighter and happier. How wonderful it is that we can so soon adapt ourselves to surrounding circumstances. The ship, which on Sunday last we described as beastly, is to-day a haven of rest, which we hope will enable us all to lift our hearts to that Haven where we trust all, "the quick and the dead" will be gathered together in God's good time, in rest and felicity.

The decks are as sloppy, the stewards not quite as snucy, the state-rooms as close, the food a little improved surely, otherwise we cannot conceive how we could enjoy it as we do. The porridge, which one week ago, we rejected with the utmost contempt and scorn, is now a real attraction, strong enough to draw the laziest from their downy couch at seven o'clock.

Last evening we assembled in the saloon and enjoyed some sweet music from several young ladies. Miss Upchurch's sweet voice brought forth sincere applause, which she kindly recognized by giving us an encore.

Also some beautiful recitations were rendered with spirit, and on behalf of our party and State, we tender our thanks to Miss Wilson of West Virginia for her most excellent repetition of Laska, which being encored, gave us the pleasure of hearing well said The Shadows.

Then Mr. Harrell who presided as secretary of the Teachers Assembly assisted by Prof. Smith, read some extracts from an exceedingly bright journal, the Newfoundland Chautauquan of this day's issue, of which the editorial staff was composed of our young ladies, headed as we guessed by Prof. Winston of Chapel Hill, who notwithstanding his seasickness still painfully contriving, adds to the pleasure of all who can read him.

This most enterprising daily, might take rank with the best of newspapers, presenting its readers with full press dispatches, taken en-route from the cable which is "ten thousand Leagues under the sea" on which we are sailing, and such editorial advice, as THE CITIZEN may do well to copy, except that it would dread the criticism of its esteemed cotemporary the E. J. which you know never approves of good things.

The staunch steamship Nevada, contributed to the entertainment, ice cream and fruits which we much appreciated.

Well, we are dressed for church, that is to say we have obeyed our good wife's injunction to be sure to shave each day. When confessing our sins this morning our conscience smote us with the reflection that we had forgotten her commands, so forthwith we attacked our rough countenance with a rusty razor. Oh, how we longed for the manipulation of one of our tonsorial friends of Asheville! But bravely we proceeded with our task, and see what success has attended our efforts. Why, the bloody Wallace is put to shame by our streaming gore, and we are a worthy representative of the Black Douglass, who we learn to have been our progenitor.

Our throat is slashed from ear to ear,
And still the beard doth there appear.

But, however, we will not leap further into poetry, but taking pity on you will go back to philosophy, and say the stern rough character of the Scotch nation is no longer a matter of surprise to us. This kind of porridge, and one more such shave will make us as fierce as Julius Caesar himself. Moreover, a careful study of the Highlander's character has revealed to us a talisman by which we have been able to reach the heart and bring to light the hidden courtesy of our steward. We will give our discovery to the world, as it will not be patented.

We were anxious to take some food to a sick lady on deck, and asked for a spoon. "Oh, no; against the ship's rules; lost, I will have to pay for it."

"Sir," we replied, jingling a few sixpences in our pocket, "would a deposit of fifty sovereigns be sufficient to secure its return? If not, let us say 100—it is quite immaterial to us."

He cries "Take it, by all means, my dear sir. Is there aught else we can do for you or any of your friends? If so, command us, pray."

Au revoir.

OFF THE IRISH COAST.

July 17.—The longest voyage must have an end, and we are now assured that to-morrow we will see land once more, and press our mother earth with our delighted soles.

Our experience of a sea voyage has been a terrible disappointment to us. Its chief distinctive features, have been fog, and monotony. Had we been able to assemble in a comfortable saloon and to have some music, etc., the tedium would not have been felt nearly so much. No one feels disposed to read much and the subjects of conversation are exhausted, and even so distinguished a linguist as your correspondent finds trouble in making himself at all times interesting.

The continuance of the fog for six days and nights, we considered at the time rather trying but now look back upon it as a blessing in disguise, as it entertained us with the dread that our captain might miss his reckoning while the sun was obscured, and we be several thousand of miles out of our course, but now his calculations are verified and even this exciting topic is lost. On the whole our conclusion is that Europe must be very fine to pay for the discomforts of this voyage, and we cannot think it a desirable step for our teachers, nor do we think that one-tenth of the company would hesitate to give the full cost of their trip if it could only land them safely at home to-day.

So much time has been consumed in failure to start at appointed time and in extreme length of voyage, that their motions will be most hurried and scarce a satisfactorily glance can be had at those things which they have traveled so far to see and enjoy.

One of the curious things to us is the difference in time, as we sail eastward. At our rate of speed we estimate that we gain about one minute in each hour. So that our watch which still holds fast to New York time is something near four and a half hours slow at this time. Not remembering this we were startled this morning when we went on deck as usual at daybreak to find our watch marking 11.30 p. m.

For the first time in several days we are surrounded by a large number of gulls (sea gulls we mean, having plenty of ordinary gulls on board) which indicates our approach to shore. The fog has gone and the bright sun is delightful, provided one can get protected from the bleak wind. As cold almost as ours in December. Good-bye, a few lines from Glasgow to-morrow we hope. Will wind up this lengthy epistle. My right-hand neighbor at the table styles it: "The first epistle of Thomas to the Ashevillians."

T. W. P.

FOLKS YOU KNOW.

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

Mr. Geo. H. Smathers, of Waynesville, is in the city.

Rev. W. D. Akers and Chas. W. Malone went to Knoxville last night.

Mr. Eugene D. Carter, solicitor of the criminal court, has gone to Marion.

Prof. A. M. Carroll, of the city graded schools, has returned from a visit to Raleigh.

Mrs. Clark, representative of the St. Louis Republic, is in the city in the interest of that journal.

Mr. F. P. Minnaugh left yesterday for Columbia, S. C., to attend the funeral of his niece in that city.

Mr. A. W. Brownson, the clever office manager of the Mountain Park hotel, at Hot Springs, was here yesterday.

R. H. Sykes, wife and daughter, and W. C. Flower, of New Orleans, were autographed at the Swannanoa last night.

Rev. James Atkins, jr., has returned from an extended trip through Tennessee in the interest of the Asheville Female College.

Mr. W. A. Enloe, of Webster, one of the most prominent citizens of Jackson County, and Mr. Geo. A. Jones, of Macon, were here yesterday.

Rev. T. M. Jones, president of Greensboro Female College, and Miss Dora Jones, of the same institution, are at Hot Springs for a few weeks.

Miss Nannie E. Keener and Mr. W. Scott Brown, of Salisbury, are at the Swannanoa, as is also Mr. C. C. Daniels, editor of the Wilson Advance.

Will Meet This Afternoon.

The W. C. T. U. and the Y's meet together at Johnston Hall this afternoon at 5 o'clock to close up the business of the convention. A full attendance is desired.

Madison court is in session this week, Judge Walter Clark presiding. The criminal docket is quite heavy.

HANGED BY THE NECK.

TWO MURDERERS SWUNG OFF AT LOUISVILLE, KY.

Sickening Sight at the Execution of Dilger, the Police Assassin—The Rope Slips Over His Chin and He is Only Half Hanged.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 31.—Chas Dilger, the murderer of two policemen last August, and Harry Smart murderer of Meiseur Green and wife, were hanged at 6.05 this morning.

At 5.30 o'clock, deputy sheriff Henry Bell read the death warrant to each of the men, they standing handcuffed at their cell doors. The line of march to the scaffold was formed at 5.47 o'clock. Both of the condemned men walked firmly up the steps of the scaffold, Dilger leading the way unassisted. Father Nicholas read the service of the Catholic church, the crowd maintaining a breathless silence. Deputy sheriff Ragland meanwhile took his place near the trap rope. Both men were very pale during the reading of the service. At the conclusion of the service Smart and Dilger bade good bye to all the turnkeys. They then took positions on the trape. Smart laughed as he stepped upon the fatal door. Deputy sheriff Hikes pinioned them with leather bands. The rope was cut, at 6.04 o'clock exactly, and both men shot down through the traps. Smart turned around, and probably died instantly, but Dilger slipped through the noose, the rope catching him over the chin at the lower teeth. He was seemingly unhurt, and was drawn up by the rope until his shoulders came through the trap, when the deputies took him by the arms and pulled him upon the scaffold. Another rope was brought into service; and when the noose was adjusted, Dilger asked "what's the matter?" On being told the rope had slipped its knot, he said, "this shews I should not die." He placed himself upon the trap a second time by making two hops. The trap was again sprung at 6.09 o'clock and he was strangled to death.

When Dilger's body dropped, the end of the rope which formed the knot was seen to unravel, and the noose refused to tighten. The knot was so far untied as to be only held in place by one coil, and the rope was caught directly under the point of his chin. The scene was sickening. It could be seen at a glance that death would not result within two or three hours, unless something was done; and the strained breathing of the unfortunate man could be heard over the entire yard. The noise was a sharp rasping one, so peculiar as to render it hard to describe. Two of the officers leaned down through the trap, and, catching hold of the noose near the neck, drew Dilger back through the opening on to the platform. Another rope was quickly made fast to the crossbeam overhead, the drop being the same as before. This required in all five minutes, and the new new noose was then placed around Dilger's neck, the drop falling the second time at 6.08. The new rope also seemed reluctant to do its duty, and the knot slipped clear around to the back of his neck. It tightened, however, and the work was done. At 6.32 he was pronounced dead.

The Bell Ringers.

Another entertainment for the benefit of the Christian church was given by this company at the Farmers' warehouse last evening. Pretty much the same audience was present as that which witnessed the performance of the night before, and about the same amount of money was taken in at the door. This evening the company will give a recherche entertainment at the Battery Park, and manager Guinness promises to give those who attend an evening of real pleasure and enjoyment.

The Life and Writings

Of Gen. Thomas L. Clingman will be found to contain much valuable information respecting the topography and meteorology of Western North Carolina, treated in a familiarly scientific way. Besides these, there are literary and scientific addresses and political speeches, interesting pictures of the sayings and doings of a past, very active generation. Some days ago thirty or forty copies were accidentally unearthed here from a forgotten recess. They may be found at Morgan's book store.

Delayed Mails.

The westbound mail train over the Western North Carolina road did not reach the city last evening until long after eleven o'clock, and no mail was distributed at the postoffice in this city last night on that account. The Spartanburg train was also three hours late, and the train from Waynesville was somewhat behind time. Altogether, the Ashevillians were muchly put out so far as mail matters were concerned, yesterday.

The Soldiers' Fair.

The members of the Primary and other committees are requested to meet this (Thursday) afternoon at the residence of Col. A. T. Davidson on College street, promptly at 5 o'clock. If the weather should be too unfavorable, the meeting will be held on the first available afternoon thereafter.

MRS. W. S. CHILD,
Secretary of Primary Committee.

A Big Melon.

A watermelon, weighing seventy-five pounds, sent from Rome, Ga., and consigned to a lady in Asheville, was received at the express office in this city yesterday, and manager Atwell's mouth hasn't stopped watering yet for a slice of that melon.

A New Store.

Mr. Adolph Whitlock will occupy the new store adjoining Herring & Wenver's place, on South Main street, as soon as completed. Mr. Whitlock will carry a line of fine clothing and gents' furnishing goods. Success to him.

Attention, Asheville Volunteers.

You are hereby ordered to meet in the McLoud Law building, this (Thursday) evening at 8.30 o'clock. By order of the captain.

Avery Carter, O. S.

Postponed.

The dairy party for the benefit of the City Schools Library, which was to have occurred to-night, has been postponed until to-morrow, Friday night.