ASHEVILLE CITIZEN.

R. M. FURMAN, JORDAN STONE, J. D. CAMERON, } EDITORS.

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The saddest tragedy of recent date that we can recall, is that one in Brooklyn. In all its features it touches the heart of all humanity. Two young girls in the bloom of health and beauty, and in the hey day of youthful happiness are cut off by the hands of one they knew and trusted, and perish through their trust in the faith of a friend. The narrative is simple, yet it stands unequalled in incident.

Two daughters of a wealthy Brooklyn wine merchant, Chas. F. Holz, recently returned from a summer resort, both slightly sick with malarial fever. A young physician who was engaged to be married to the elder, Marguerite, prescribed for both; but relief not being obtained as soon as hoped, consultation was had with another physician, upon whose advice a prescription was ordered from a convenient druggist, and filled. Powders, of which quinine was the prominent ingredient, were administered to each of the young ladies. In a very short time one of the sisters experienced strange symptoms, and medical aid was promptly summoned. The terrible truth was manifested at once. Morphine poison in its most deadly form, was proving its power. All that skill and science could do was done—all that love could suggest was done; for the distracted lover stood by the side of his dying affianced with frantic effort to recall her fleeting breath. Both sisters were beyond recall; and both, after a fight with death for many hours, yielded to his forces. The unfortunate druggist, hearing of the mistake, became at once distracted, and attempted suicide. His life was saved, but his mind has gone.

It was a happy German family, in which all the parties in the above tragedy were united by the closest ties of feeling. All were highly cultivated and enjoyed their common tastes with the warmth and freshness peculiar to the German character. The unhappy druggist was the most accomplished of them all, a close friend of the father of the family, a scientific man of wide repute; a systematic man of known particularity; a pharmaceutist of trusted caution. No danger was deemed possible at his hands. And in the dreadful result of his mistake confidence in him still stands unshaken. Neither the father, bereft of the dearest treasures of his heart, nor the lover, over whose life there falls a shadow never again to be brightened, hold him guilty of carelessness; only the result of momentary aberration, the result of intense engagement in weighty thought.

The result was the same as if from carelessness; and there is the danger that threatens in every household in the United States. Life is in the hands of any druggist and druggist's clerk. Physicians no longer compound or administer their prescriptions. They trust implicitly to the skill and faith of others. Most happily, we hear, in this State, of few of these mistakes. We will sound no warning to the large number of men charged with this momentous responstbility. But they themselves must be roused to increased caution when they see what was wrought by the hand of one of the most skilled and cautious of the brotherhood of druggists.

The murder of Davis, in New York, by Holland, the Texan, is one of the sensations of the hour, and is connected with a startling revelation of New York wickedness. Davis was shot down by Holland, in the act of attempting, with the aid af his brother, a confederate, to defraud Holland out of a good bargain he believed he had made. Davis had sold for $500 a package of money, $10,000, which was really good money, but which he represented as counterfeit, intending and carrying out his intention, to substitute, but dexterity acquired by long practice, worthless paper. Holland was up to the trick, and proposed to profit by his bargain even to the taking of life. He knew that the money for which he paid so little was good, and resolved it should not pass from him without opposition. He actually lost his money, has lost his liberty, and may forfeit his life, while Davis closes a long career of guilt by a violent end.

It is startling to see the coolness with which the villainies of Davis are dwelt upon. He is presented as eminently a proper man. He was well educated, he was well behaved, he did not drink, he dressed well, and he lived well, kept no bad company, and was rich. Yet he was a dangerous villian for all that. His whole life was devoted to tricks and fraud. He was a gambler, a bunco steerer, a shaver of counterfeit money; and there is hardly an editor in the South who has not received one of his seductive missives, telling him how he could buy a large amount of "good" counterfeit bills for a small sum of genuine money; and many a credulous victim throughout the country, bewails his own credulity and the loss of his money, but tongue tied when he receives his worthless remittance because he dare not expose his own complicity in attempted felony. But Davis' modes do not appear to be held as crime, and his brother, THE., boasts on the witness stand with unblushing audacity, how many times he played the trick which cheated Holland, and cost the life of his own brother. Perhaps the morality of Wall street is adopted as the standard by which that of the city is guided; and therefore, transactions which would be denounced elsewhere, receive easy countenance in New York.

In regard to Holland, he seems to have had little character to lose. He came to New York prepared to engage in an affair he knew to be felonious. His rough training on the western frontier, prepared him for any extreme of cool deliberate violence. There can be little sympathy for him, though there is enough to rouse indignation by the palpable attempt, by the prosecuting attorney, to excite a sectional feeling in characterizing the accused as the Texan murderer, and the Texan butcher.

Justice, we presume, will take its usual course in New York.

One of the most creditable acts of the administration was the order of Secretary Lamar and the President driving out the cattlemen from the Indian Territory, and the proclamation to Western cattle barons that they must take down the wire fences they have been so industriously putting around the public lands for the last ten years. These cattle barons would first obtain consent to permit their cattle to graze upon the public lands. The next move would be the putting up of wire fences. The would-be settler who sought to locate a home upon these lands in accordance with the laws of the United States would be first warned off, if he happened on the stolen domain of a Cattle Baron with a compassionate heart, but if he foolishly persisted in attempting to legally acquire a home from the land thieves a bullet from some cowboy hireling would put an end to him and his ambition. When the administration changed, all of the good portions of public lands were under the control of land thieves, backed and supported by powerful official and railroad rings at Washington. Nearly all of the officials of the Interior Department, from Secretary Teller down, constantly acted in sympathy with these rings, and were as much against the honest settler as if they were in collusion with the system of murder and robbery which practically closed the public lands to occupancy by poor people. All this now is to be changed. The poor people are to have a chance at last. Secretary Lamar has only begun the reform in the land system. It will not be complete until he has weeded out all of the dishonest officials still in the service who knew of and abetted the great wrongs of the public land system in the past.—*World.*

TIN ROOFS.—The storm at Charleston has taught an important lesson as to the value of tin roofs. It seems that the method of putting down tin heretofore in that city is very much of a failure. The streets of Charleston after the storm were filled with great coils of tin ripped from the roofs. The *News and Courier* makes a practical inquiry:

"As it is necessary to repair a great many tin roofs just now, it is suggested that a good opportunity is presented for skilled and ingenious roofers to try some experiments looking to improved methods of fastening the tin sheets to the wood work upon housetops. Whatever method is not usually employed, it obviously fails of its purpose at the time when fastenings are most needed. The problem, is, in brief, so to secure the tin roofing that a break at any one place shall not involve the rolling up or tearing loose of the whole area, and this ought not to be impossible of attainment."

The Washington *Star* says the Iowa republicans left nothing out of their platform but a demand upon the governor to call out troops to "put down the rebellion." It is probable that Sherman and Logan have drawn up platforms for all the republican state conventions something after the manner of the "patent insides" for the weekly papers.

Miss Sweet, pension agent at Chicago, may lose her office on one ground or another, but the pension office promptly and properly corrects the impression that it had charged fraud or negligence upon her in a recent publication concerning her use of public money.

The following communication by a citizen of Wake county to the "Raleigh Visitor" might give a hint to lawyers in other localities besides Raleigh:

"We have as clever and as good lawyers in Raleigh as can be found in any city or town in the State. But they are not near so prompt as they might be in attending court. Too much time is lost on account of their being out of place. For instance, this morning when Judge Clark took his seat on the bench he had neither lawyer nor jury. I have very little business in court, but generally look in the papers to see what has been done, and if our lawyers will stand up to Judge Clark, *who is always on time*, the papers will show each day a long list of business transacted."

A GOOD WORD FOR LAWYERS.—Bro. Boone, of the Durham *Reporter*, evidently has a high opinion of the legal fraternity. He says: "If there was ever a man who goes entirely without thanks, it is a lawyer who practices on a credit. He may gain or lose. He may make tremendous speeches, which may be praised by his client, but the money don't come. Talk about lawyers not being honest! Why they are the most honest set of men in the world. They are by far more honest than their clients, who come to them and only tell them their side of the matter and swear to it, and withhold the other side, though urgently solicited to tell the truth. Now the man or men who says that lawyers are not honest men tells an untruth, or don't know what they are talking about.

Plain words are best. A Washington man who starved as an advertised "chiropodist" is getting rich upon an announcement that he is a "foot doctor."

At the rate at which the Grant monument in New York is increasing, there is a possibility that the laying of the corner stone may be done, say about the time of the next centennial.

The Reverend Sam Jones says that next to a pretty woman, he loves a fast horse.