

See Our Overcoats, Pea Jackets, Mackintoshes, Melissa and Rigby Waterproofs, Winter Suits, Etc.

B. WILLIAMS & COY, 97 JOHNSON STREET

NYE ON HIS ESTATE.

A New Windmill and a Plumbers' Picnic—A Few Facts About Windmills

And a Rule for Calculating the Horsepower Advantages of City and Country.

(Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.)
ARDEEN, N. C., October, 1892.

October is the choicest month in the year in these parts. Geraniums and ham should now be potted for winter. The farmer now looks over his cows and selects the milk cows from the others because they are more apt to produce milk. Corn should be housed and plowing done. Here we have a light, calcareous soil, which is soothing to the base of the peasant, and sometimes produces a large green worm called the tobacco worm.

He is not so plentiful in this state as formerly, having gone farther south, where he can get his tobacco cheaper. Here, too, he found a good deal of com-



THE SNUFF DIPPER.

petition. The tobacco worm has no other occupation on earth than to eat tobacco. Here he found that others had already entered the field before him and under-stand to snuff entirely upon tobacco and rest.

Therefore the tobacco worm is less plentiful now in North Carolina than formerly. Tobacco is also 25 per cent. less in quantity here this fall than formerly, but of good quality. The brightest and most fragrant tobacco for smoking is grown in this state. It smells as sweet as clover and is not injurious to health.

Snuff is not grown here, and so sometimes when there is a blockade or wash-out on the railroad snuff cannot be readily landed at our doors, and there is a great deal of suffering. Nobody nose how much there is.

Snuff is not administered up the nose here, however, among those who use it, but is kept in a neat little bonbonniere, or gourd, and a small wooden stick made of birch, chewed into a brush at one end, is ever and anon dipped into the snuff and then chewed thoroughly or rubbed back and forth over the gums.

Only the hot polliu use snuff here—the hot polliu lady, I mean. If you see her coming down a street of brilliant autumn coloring, a somber figure in the gaudy perspective, you will notice that she dexterously jerks something out of her mouth and conceals it in her apron, trying as you pass to look all wrapped up in the contemplation of nature.

She has just removed her snuff stick, or, as I may say, half in jest, the handle of the dipper is removed. Here one finds among the peasant children hardly done with their milk teeth using snuff in this way. So we have the Little Dipper and the Big Dipper.

The snuff stick or brush is left dangling in the corner of the mouth as little young children in the absence of the mother hold a corner of cloth that has been wrapped around a bit of sugar, "and the same with intent to deceive."

Arden is not a large place, but it is a good site for one. There are two general stores and a blacksmith shop. Lately there is a shooting scrape on Saturdays.

Since I have been digging my well I have put a good deal of money in circulation. This has made much time in western North Carolina, and some lawlessness. Human life at one time was so lightly valued while this stream of gold was flowing in that I had to shut down work on my well till times should tighten up a little.

Lately I have been putting in a windmill at the estate. This, too, has let a flood of wealth into the channels of trade. Eggs went up to 85 cents, and good eggs were worth a shilling.

I had been reading about windmills and determined to buy one. At first I thought I would buy one of those dear old windmills of Southampton and Europe which the artists rave about, but this one will be dear enough by the time I get through with it.

The mill arrived last April and was put on the ground early in that month. A plumber from Asheville was employed to put it up. Eight men were sent out here by train to put the mill up. They did not know how to put up a windmill, and so a preparatory school had to be opened here to give instructions. I paid the tuition. Special trains carried my plumbers to and from Asheville. It was a pleasant sight to see those plumbers on their way, with bright, expectant faces, toward the place where they were learning how to plumb at my expense.

The scheme was spoken of around here as "Nye's Fresh Air Fund." Every little while I could hear one say, "There goes the plumbers' picnic."

I live fourteen miles from Asheville, and ran out of town one day. This caused much adverse comment among the plumbers, and before could be smothered by kind words some nightingales' tongues, with as just on them, were scorched a little by our chef, and I could

see that the plumbers in a well bred way were irritated. This grew till the following week, when their discontent became so great that they suddenly put up the mill and went away. I did not think at first that they would ever go. But they did.

Possibly the windmill also may do so some day. I thought that as soon as the plumbers stood back from and gave it might go, but it has not. A well known physician and scientist here says that so much of the climate is required by the invalids who come here that there is not enough left to run a windmill.

I am arranging now, however, to club with Mr. Beale, a neighbor of mine, who owns a bicycle with pneumatic tires, so that we can get our wind elsewhere in large quantities for filling his pneumatic tires and running my windmill the year round.

The mill looks very picturesque when in motion, but it takes the time of a man and team to run it while they ought to be doing something else.

Windmills were first used in the Twelfth century. In Holland they are used yet, the scientists say, in draining the polders and grinding the trass. I have about decided to drain my polders and grind my trass by hand. My windmill makes a good place to dry clothes on, and nothing could be better to keep butter in than my well.

Windmills are extensively used in California about Stockton for irrigation, and a big farm or vineyard there looks like a large bed of them in full bloom. But here the wind is not strong, and an effort to raise it, I find, is only partially successful.

I read of a windmill in Faversham that in ten weeks raised 21,000,000 gallons of water from a depth of 109 feet, thus saving 100 tons of coal, or say \$550. In fifty-two weeks this windmill would have saved \$2,860. This with what vegetables we can raise here would almost run our house. By taking a boarder or two one could retire from active work and thus avoid attracting unpleasant comment.

The post windmill was the earliest windmill and had to be pulled about to face the wind. It was succeeded by the smock or frock mill which consisted of a stationary tower and movable gearing for the miller. The American windmill is said to be the best made, and even mine, I am sure, would work if air could be supplied. An asphyxiated windmill is a sad sight.

For finding the horsepower of windmills I give the following rule. It is for the old mill with sails, but might be fixed up to apply to American mills:

Let a equal number of sails.
Let V equal velocity of wind in feet per second.

Then the horsepower of the mill is:

$\frac{1}{2} a V^3$

In other words, this is the number of horses it will take to work the mill on a still day.

If the campaign is over and the rainbow retrievers and spellbinders get home, and prices are cheaper on such labor, I am going to try a joint debate on this windmill, if everything else should fail.

The well is still dark and cheerless. A large blacksnake tried to cross it two weeks ago, but missed his footing and fell to the bottom, a distance of over 100 feet. When we got him out he was out of his head at first, but finally recognized me, smiled faintly and died.

SMILED FAINTLY AND DIED.

The Evening Telegram has recently requested a brief expression of opinion from city, suburban and country residents regarding the relative merits of the three. I have tried them all and though of course I have not tried all cities, all suburbs or all countries, I am free to state that the suburb is in my opinion the least desirable place of residence. The city is an excellent place for the residence of those who prefer to reside there, but there are very few men in my acquaintance who do not dream and hope for a quiet home in the country some day.

If one lives in the country he may go to the city for a visit and enjoy it much more than if he lived there. If he lives in the country he may have a dozen neighbors whose friendship he values more than that of a whole city full, for they are naturally more near and more intimate. Five minute calls are extended into friendly visits of an hour or two, during which thoughts may occur and be given expression.

One may also have his old, good and tried friend come to see him and stay a fortnight.

People, however, are not alike, and so while I may enjoy chasing the curculio out of my orchard or an afternoon and a good book under the shade of a mountain mahogany or a few plunks on the lute when the bulb sings in the black gum tree, others may sing to the swift rushing elevated car platform, with con-

gested traffic passing toe and fro over their feet, enjoying it thoroughly. There are people who need this sort of excitement, and there are people who crave exciting and immoral books, sensational papers, views of the morgue, cheap dramas and rum, but to the quiet and thoughtful man, who loves to commune with nature and be where he feels free to remove a woodtick by rolling up the leg of his trousers in the presence of the squirrels and robins only, the roar and the rush of the city, the strain of nerve, brain, muscle and soul, weary and sadden him.

When I was in New York the other day to pay my club dues and get a new set of double harness and a red plow for my farm I went upstairs to the Twenty-third street station of the Sixth avenue elevated, and as I half way I heard an approaching train. You have all been at that point on the stairs where you thought by hurrying you could make that train, and if you did not you might miss a Washington train at Jersey City.

I am a great admirer of a dime, got my ticket and without my change or my breath made a jump at the iron gate of the car as it slowly moved away. It was the old story. I tried to look like one who did not care especially for that train, though my mind was concentrated on my breath as it went. I looked up at the gateman to watch his ghoulish triumph as usual while the train moved on.

He slowly opened the gate and said: "Hoot. Mr. Nye! Hop on, but be careful about your change."

Many will not believe this, but it is true. He was a man of forty to forty-five years of age, with iron gray hair. I wish that I had taken his number. I thanked him heartily and wired my agent up town to add \$2,000 to the former price of my Eighty-third street property.

Bill Nye.

P. S.—I have been told since that the above was a sporadic case and likely to develop into an epidemic. B. N.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

Which is Capable of Wonderful Development—Victoria to be the Headquarters.

Portland cement had been for a long time considered a product peculiar to the district from which it takes its name, but its manufacture in other quarters has dissipated the fallacy, and although the Portland brand still rules the market, it is a well established fact that it is an artificial compound. The chief factors in high grade cements are limestone and a peculiar quality of clay, which are thoroughly ground, chemically blended, and subjected to kiln treatment.

Mr. F. G. Jordan, C. E., has been trying some very interesting experiments at his residence, Queen's avenue, of late, and the third of the series, perfected yesterday, so far as the kiln process is concerned, convinced him that he can produce an article vastly superior to any cement imported.

Weight, firmness, tensile strain and strength are the ordinary tests to which cements are submitted to ascertain their worth, and to all these Mr. Jordan's product has been submitted, and in no particular has it been found wanting. After the kiln process is completed, the cement is in the manufacture of cement, and knows a good thing when he uses it. With his somewhat crude appliances he has been able to produce a cement weighing 132 lbs. to the bushel—this is manufactured in England averages 112 lbs. Some samples shown to a *Colonist* reporter yesterday, which had been mixed and dried, were so hard that the point of a penknife would scarcely make a mark on their surface. The dry process is that adopted by Mr. Jordan as the most expeditious and cheapest. There is a peculiarity in his treatment; it is to the superior quality of the materials used that he ascribes the success, and these materials are to be found in unlimited quantities in the immediate vicinity of Victoria. Not alone is the cement produced superior to the imported article, but it can be manufactured and sold from \$2 to \$2.50 per barrel cheaper. Mr. Jordan is prepared to practically demonstrate all he claims for this home-made cement, and if he can produce such good results with the improved plant now in use, it is not difficult to estimate what can be achieved with the perfect machinery now used in the manufacture of this important article of trade. The experiments have proved eminently satisfactory, and it now only remains to have the cement used and tested, and with a verdict in its favor a great industry will be opened up, with Victoria as its head quarters.

THE IONA'S OFFENCE.

To be Judged To-morrow—Passengers by the Danube-Marine Movements.

The case of the Iona was made up to-morrow for hearing, and it is believed that, so strong is the evidence against the steamer, that no defence will be made. She is charged with carrying passengers without a license. The passengers, or cargo, in this case, it will be remembered, were Chinese, who were being smuggled to the other side.

INCOMING PASSENGERS.

The steamship *Unatilla*, which left San Francisco for Victoria yesterday, has the following saloon passengers on board for this port: T. Harper, Mrs. S. Lerry, Mrs. Laird and daughter, S. J. Goodfellow and four children, Mr. C. W. Craig, W. Palmer, A. McNab, Lee Yik Soon, H. P. Ramage and F. Kidlaw.

LUMBER LADEN FOR SYDNEY.

The U.S. schooner *Lyman D. Foster*, Captain Dwyer, has finished loading her cargo of lumber for Sydney at the Woodville Saw Mill. She has 821,488 feet of rough lumber, 768 bundles of laths, and 5,000 pickets, the whole of which is valued at \$7,817.

MARINE NOTES.

The boiler which was taken out of the hull of the little steamer *Burt*, yesterday, is to be utilized in supplying steam for the wreck *San Pedro*. *Spratt's Ark* will come from the creek to-day and take the boiler on board.

SUPREME COURT.

IN CHAMBERS.
(Before Mr. Justice Crooks.)
November 4.

RITHEAT & CO. VS. WHITELAW—Application to add the Pacific Improvement Co. as defendants. Granted; the costs to be the costs in cause.

REDEFERN FASHIONS.

"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever." But You Can't Expect It to Talk.

The Girl Who Talks—Dinner as a Means of Pumping a Woman.

New York, Oct., 1892.—There is probably no man in New York at the present time who has not passed through the pleasant and expensive experience of taking a lady out to dinner. She may be his type writer (but more probably she is some other man's, as "too much familiarity breedeth contempt") or a swell shop girl, or she may be an actress whom he is temporarily smitten with, or she may be a lady whom he is taking about as his affianced wife, with nothing but roses about it, or she may be one of the parties in a Platonic friendship of which the man is the other party.

As it is well known that "stolen kisses taste the sweetest," it is quite unnecessary to say that dining out with the girl whom you would not introduce at home is probably more pleasurable than with the girl whom your family have known from infancy.

If you are a practical nature and a bit of a philanthropist you will prefer to take out a girl who does not care to disguise the fact that she has an appetite, a girl who does not fear sumptuously every day. You will prefer the girl whose appetite is occasionally sharpened by real hunger, for you will feel that your generosity is not being wasted. But this will not be enough for you, a good appetite is a pleasant thing to contemplate, but it is not enough to spend a whole evening with. There never was a man—I am not including the saint—who took girls out to dinner for nothing. Sometimes it is for love they do it, sometimes it is for show they do it, sometimes for amusement, sometimes it is part of a scheme.

To those who are in love, the dinner is a small and insignificant detail as long as they are near enough to speak low and look into each other's eyes, the menu is merely a printed card containing little of interest to them. But it is not of these that I write.

When it is a mere matter of show it is a more difficult task to understand. There are many strange things in life, and one of the strangest is the man who willingly dines with a handsomely dressed dummy. She sweeps into the restaurant, there is a rustle of silk, and a soft swish of velvet, a waft of some delicate perfume, and the obsequious waiter bows low, as he pulls out her chair and slavishly removes her wraps. Unwrapped she shows a superb figure and a beautiful face, and the removal of her gloves shows white fingers tapering beautifully and with diamonds flashing constantly. The waiter is just as quaint, but will take no notice of the splendor except it is to be entertaining as well as beautiful—at any rate if he

ence on her. But if the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, the way to a woman's secrets is something the same kind of a route. Many a precious secret has been worked out of a weak woman by the means of a good dinner, a few compliments—and a clever scheming man!

A word about evening gowns before anything else. They really will be old-fashioned—quite old-fashioned. Redfern has just now in his salon a gown which any beauty might have worn at any of the salons of the first Empire. It is a red undeniable Empire. Rich old gold colored velvet is used as a sort of festoon to drape over the outline on the bust. Thick lace falls from this, very full over the shoulders to form a berthe, and the bodice is a study in the art of drapery. The lace over the bust is a study in the art of drapery. The lace over the bust is a study in the art of drapery.

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don't really know this type, but of course to some men it must be invaluable. While the Platonic pair go out they generally enjoy themselves, or the one who is really Platonic does. There never was a so-called Platonic pair where both were free from any warmer feeling than what the name suggests. But when a pair go out as brother and sister, they behave as such, only more so. Their talk is free and unrestrained, and their opinions are exchanged with many jokes and pleasantries.

There are cases when girls have been taken out merely as a means of finding things out. A good dinner, sparkling wines, music, compliments, flowers and kisses, have been used as a sprat to catch a mackerel on many occasions. A good dinner is supposed to have its peculiar influence on men, and no man who has any tact will dare to suggest to a lady before dinner that food has an equal influence on women.

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NEWS OF THE PROVINCE.

Landslide on the C. P. R.—Mayor Haslam to Run Nanaimo Electric Light Works.

Shipping Damaged by the Gale—Twelve Months for Burglary—The Texada Mines.

(Special to the *Colonist*.)