

# The Carleton Sentinel Supplement.

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1886.

## OUR SOUTHERN BUDGET.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE SENTINEL)

After leaving the elegance, the freedom, and the civilization of one of the magnificent Bay Line steamers at Portsmouth, it takes a very philosophical traveller to really be delighted with the first few hours' travel over the great Seaboard Air-line railway. Much of the first eighty miles is through a region that is uninviting, except to those who are in search of rich, black land. The acres lie level as far as the eyes can see them. Only a tithe of the land is cultivated, and this teems with tall corn and flourishing peanuts. Near the bay "truck" patches and strawberry farms are quite numerous. Much of this land has been re-claimed by drainage from the great Dismal Swamp, whose confines were made the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous story of "Dred." This may be the most healthful spot on the American continent; but one must not be blamed too severely if visions of ague and malaria seem to present themselves in every half-hidden marsh. We would like to look at this section differently, but we "ain't built that way." And yet, right in this very belt of country are Old Point Comfort, Portsmouth, and Norfolk, all renowned for their healthfulness. One has a long wait at Weldon, and then the scene changes materially. The banks grow red. Oak groves please the eye. The air seems to become rarer, and the traveller begins to realize that he is glad he is alive.

Twenty-one miles southward from Weldon, the first town of any importance on the Raleigh & Gaston road is reached. The town of Littleton pleases everybody. The houses and nearly all the outbuildings are painted, white is the prevailing color. Even the Railroad Company caught the inspiration, evidence of which is presented by two huge water tanks—one at either end of the town—which in their whiteness look like giant candles which have been burnt almost to the socket. Of course we get off at Littleton—almost everybody does—and in response to the invitation of a polite gentleman of color, we walk athwart across the greensward to the only hotel in the place, which is renowned for its palatable and decidedly sensible dinners. Some people smoke after dinner, and if you are so inclined you may sit on a wide, breeze-swept verandah and have a good time all by yourself. Then out for a walk. Littleton is built without regard to regularity of streets. The addition to the town, (how common it is for towns to have "additions"), is laid out regularly in blocks. Something better might be expected of a town that lies in two counties; yet, one can scarcely say what. The town is partly in Halifax and partly in Warren county, and has about six hundred population. Littleton lies exactly on the ridge between the Roanoke and the Tar rivers. It is a veritable water-shed. This can be better illustrated by saying that there is a store in the town that is so nearly on the ridge that water falling on its roof on the one side flows into the Roanoke river, and on the other side into the Tar river. Nature designed Littleton for a health resort. It is free from malaria production causes, and is surrounded with a dry, pure atmosphere. A case of diphtheria was never known in the town, while fever and pneumonia are very rare.

Besides the advantage of location, more than a score of very valuable mineral springs are located either within the borders of the town itself, or within a radius of four miles. The virtue of these medicinal springs is unquestioned. They have been analyzed, and have few, if any, superiors. Their waters are used freely, by the inhabitants for miles around, being carried away in bottles. So strong is the faith of the people in the wonderful curative properties of these waters, that one man offers to board patients free if his spring will not cure them of any disease for which the waters have been recommended,

principally dyspepsia; for this disease the water is said to be a panacea.

The roads are most excellent, being hard, and the country just undulating enough to make travelling a pleasure. The scenery is fine all about that section of State.

The quality of the land is most excellent. Anything can be raised on it. We saw grain growing there as fine as we ever saw growing in the North. Blue grass, like the famous product of Kentucky, grows spontaneously, and meadows could be, and are made there with no more difficulty than is required in the Northern states.

There are thousands of peach trees in this part of the state. Large vineyards show what can be done at grape growing. As fine strawberries as ever grew are cultivated here, yielding most profitably. This is, indeed, "a land of pure delight," where the laborer may "sit under his own vine and fig tree," enjoy good health, and see his crops yielding a bountiful harvest.

F. P. WOODWARD.

## A Female Sam Jones Excites Hoosiers

A special from Marion, Ind., gives an account of remarkable effects produced by the exhortations of a Mrs. Mary Mershon, of Pendleton, Ind., a disciple and convert of Mrs. Woodworth, a noted trance evangelist. Mrs. Mershon is about 60 years old, has a broad forehead, black hair and eyes and is of medium height. She has a pleasing and commanding presence and graceful bearing. Her theology is of the heroic order. The plain, unpretentious and eloquent preaching had its effect. The attendance increased. Her enthusiasm took hold of her hearers. The fame and report of the wild scenes enacted spread among the people and the attendance and interest were further magnified and multiplied.

The spectacle at times is wild, weird and unearthly. The most nervous and excitable soon succumb and go under "the power." They are stretched out in every attitude. They become rigid and their wide-open, staring eyes had a deathlike and unearthly expression, as though gazing upon scenes not presented to the eyes of mortals. Sunday night witnessed the wildest and most extravagant scenes yet enacted. The converts who were stricken down "by the hand of God" prior to their conversion, relate wonderful tales of being suspended by a hair over the pit of hell, of being fanned by the sulphurous breezes from the infernal regions, of looking into boiling cauldrons, of being nibbled at by the fiery serpents and grinning devils, of being saved by the outstretched hand of a pitying Providence. The meetings are still in progress and will continue for at least two weeks.

## A \$2,000 Fire at Macnaquac.

At noon on Thursday, the dwelling house, barns, sheds and all other outbuildings belonging to Mr. James L. Grant, Macnaquac, were totally destroyed by fire. It was a clean sweep of all the buildings on his premises. The fire is supposed to have caught from sparks from the kitchen flue. The greater portion of the household effects were saved. In the barns were stored a quantity of hay and other articles valued at about \$100, which were consumed. Mr. Grant had two barns, one of which was a new one. The dwelling house and one of the barns were insured for \$800 in the Northern. The total value of the property destroyed is estimated at \$2,000.—Gleaner.

The wife of Asa Turpen, a farmer near Princeton, Ind., sent two children of her husband by a former wife to the woods after berries; she then hung her babe by the neck until she supposed it was dead, then laid it in bed beside her seven year old daughter whose throat she cut from ear to ear, after which she went to the barn and hanged herself. She left a note saying that the devil had been after her for two months and she was unable to get away from him.

White India Linen for Summer dresses, something new, only 15 cents a yard, at R. B. Bel-yea & Co.'s.

## DREADFUL CRIME OF A BOY.

TOPEKA, Kas., July 17.—The trial of Willie Sells, aged 16, for the murder of his father, mother, brother and sister, will begin at Erie, this state, on Monday. The youth of the criminal, the number and relation of his victims, the entire lack of provocation, and the manner of killing, and all the circumstances of the case, make it almost unprecedented in the annals of crime. On the morning of March 8, Willie made his appearance at the farm house of a neighbor, Mr. Mendall, and in an excited tone, stated that a strange man had been at his home during the night and he thought had hurt his father, as he was lying on the floor with blood on his face. As this visit of young Sells was at 1 o'clock in the morning, Mr. Mendall questioned him closely. Willie said: he awakened and saw a man standing in the door, between the room in which he and his brother slept in and one occupied by his parents and his sister. "I got my clothes off the foot of the bed and was putting them on when the man turned looked at me and then ran out in the yard. I did not try to arouse my brother, but put on my pants and went into the room where my parents were sleeping to get my boots and overcoat. I saw my father on the floor with blood on his face, but I thought his nose was bleeding, as he was frequently troubled in that way, I put on boots and overcoat and went to see if I could find the stranger. When I passed out of the door he was standing in the yard, but he ran. I pursued him for half a mile, when he mounted a horse held by another man and both rode away as fast as they could go." Upon hearing this story, Mr. Mendall accompanied Willie home. When they arrived the boy remained outside and Mr. Mendall entered, and was confronted with the most horrible spectacle that can be imagined. The floor was covered with blood, in which he fairly had to wade; the ceiling was spattered and the walls stained. The old man Sells was lying on the floor with the whole back part of his head crushed in, and his throat cut so deep that the head was almost severed from the body. Near him, also on the floor, was the body of Mrs. Sells with her skull crushed and her throat cut in the same manner as the old man. A few feet away, in a bed in the corner, lay the body of Miss Ina Sells with her skull crushed and her throat cut from ear to ear, and in the adjoining room, in the same bed in which Willie had been sleeping, was the body of Watee Sells with a large gash in his forehead, one of his eyes chopped out, and his throat cut similarly to the others. Mr. Mendall found a large hatchet covered with blood and hair, lying on a chair, and about a foot from the body of the father was a butcher knife covered with blood. After a hurried examination, Mendall returned to the yard and told Willie of the crime. The boy said nothing and manifested no particular feeling. He accompanied Mendall to Mr. Rice's house nearby, where he went to sleep, or pretended to sleep, until morning. The officers, in the morning, made an examination but found no trace of the stranger, or horse tracks, although Willie's tracks were plainly indicated in the mud. Returning to Sells' house a wash basin of blood water was found on the stove in which the perpetrator had washed his hands. It was discovered that Willie had washed his hands and wrists, but above the wrists blood was found on his arms. There was blood under his finger nails also, and his underclothing was considerably stained. A purse containing \$200 under Mr. Sells' pillow and two watches hanging in plain sight were undisturbed, so that there is no probability that the crime was committed for the purpose of robbery. Previous to this horrible occurrence the boy had borne a good reputation, and to this day stoutly denies the perpetration of the deed, and affirms that if he committed it, it was in his sleep or while his reason was dethroned. It is said he was a constant reader of dime

novels, and had several times expressed a desire to become a hero.

## Literary Notices.

The *Pansy* (forty-eight quarto pages, illustrated) is in every particular thoroughly good. Its leading articles are contributed by Pansy (Mrs. G. R. Alden), Margaret Sidney, Faye Huntington, and the Rev. C. R. Livingston. It contains also an interesting letter from India, descriptive of "How Some Missionaries Travel," excellent short stories, poems, etc., etc. Ten cts. a number. \$1.00 per year. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers.

*Godley's Lady Book* for August is a bright and attractive number. The frontispiece illustration is a pleasing subject—a fair child having obtained possession of grandma's curls, is changing their snowy whiteness to a darker hue by immersion in an ink bottle; the utterly unconscious expression of any wrong upon the childish face is very taking. Various designs for colored and black fashions are given. Also an attractive colored and black work designs. The literary department is full and varied, "The Coronet of Thorns," by J. V. Prichard, is very exciting. "Found—Not Sought," a good translation from the German of E. Laddey, is concluded. "The Voice in the River," by Clarence M. Boutelle, is full of thrilling incident. Numerous other stories and poems, with a piece of Mikado music, recipes, household hints, dressmaking, fashion notes, etc., completes an especially good midsummer number. W. E. Striker, Philadelphia, Publisher. Price, \$2.00 per year.

The August number of *Harper's Magazine* is in every way a timely reminder of the midsummer season. This seasonableness, perhaps, impresses us most in Mr. Warner's delightful story "Their Pilgrimage," which this month takes us to Bar Harbor and Sulphur Springs, bringing the romance of the serial to a pleasant culmination in the latter place.

F. W. Burbidge, curator of the Botanical Gardens Trinity College, Dublin, contributes an exceedingly interesting paper on orchids, which is beautifully illustrated by Alfred Parsons and William Hamilton Gibson.

To all of that innumerable crowd of Americans which every summer crosses and recrosses the Atlantic, Mr. Charles Algernon Dougherty's lively sketches of "Transatlantic Captains" will be especially interesting. The paper is illustrated with thirty portraits. A large number of the travellers and invalids, and to these Dr. T. M. Coan's able article on "French Mineral Springs" will prove useful as well as attractive reading.

Edmund Kirke contributes an entertaining article on "Detroit, the City of the Strait," giving a thrilling account of its early history and rapid growth. The article is profusely and beautifully illustrated.

E. P. Roe, in Part VI. of "The Home Acre," gives some valuable information respecting the cultivation of the current. Mrs. Lillie contributes an entertaining short story entitled "De Barbadoes's Little Hour;" and Mr. John Habberton's brief paper, "The Penalties of Authorship," is a delightfully humorous sketch. Poems are contributed by T. B. Aldrich, Annie Fields, and Dinah Maria Craik.

The *Editor's Easy Chair*, by George William Curtis, Mr. Howell's *Study*, and the *Drawer*, conducted by Charles Dudley Warner, complete the entertainment of an unusually strong and attractive Number.

A few days ago, a gentleman driving near Monticello, past a small pond, noticed an unusual commotion among a large number of swallows which were flying over the water in all directions and uttering their cry when danger is near. In a few moments a large black crow came flying along, and his presence seemed to quiet in a measure the fears of the other birds. He made a grand swoop down to the pool, and on rising had a large water snake in his bill. The snake had a swallow by the leg in its mouth, but in turning to free itself from its black antagonist, the swallow escaped and the crow flew away with its prey, proving that the stronger often protect the weaker in the bird kingdom. —*Elmira Advertiser*.

A splendid Suit of Clothes at Hugh Hay's for \$4 75. Call and see them and be convinced that we lead in Clothing.