

Carolina Watchman.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1885.

The Asheville Citizen of the 19th inst. gives its readers, in a very pleasant way, nearly a column and a half of the subject of Railroad Shops. The editor of the article was summed up thusly: The time has come for a change in the location of the Western railroad shops; the present location is too far out, and necessitates the dragging of all the crippled rolling stock for a long distance, which is both inconvenient and expensive; some central, converging, unavoidable point—Asheville—should be selected, where the work could be done cheaper, &c.

This is an old and familiar subject to our people, and they do not look with any apprehension on the Citizen's strong appeal, and no fear is entertained of a removal of the shops.

The truth is apparent to all; the Western road is beginning to be a great factor in the Richmond & Danville system; business along the line has increased regularly and with an appreciable ratio since its consolidation with the Spencer system.

Much larger forces are now engaged in the shops; the buildings and surroundings present a more animated and busy appearance to the passer-by, and altogether, it impresses one as being a very busy place. The work, under the excellent management and superintendence of Capt. G. W. Gates, M. E., is being conducted in the most satisfactory and exemplary manner. So there is no reason for a change. It was claimed that the management would change the location of the shops because there was no room for expansion—the landholders adjoining holding prices beyond reason. This was all error; for the railroad owns more land there than they need, and have been induced to part with some building lots near the location of the shops.

It may be that the business of the road is increasing so rapidly that the capacity of the shops here is overstrained. In such event, provision must be made, either by enlarging the works here or by building branch shops elsewhere. In case this latter is determined upon, or deemed advisable, it will then be time for the good people of Asheville to move.

Asheville is a live, active town, and the WATCHMAN is always glad to know of any improvement or new enterprise tending to build up her waste places, at the same time, our people are not yet willing to part with any of their industrial institutions.

Cluverius was sentenced to death for the murder of Fannie Lillian Madison on last Friday. His counsel are working for a new trial.

Cleveland is not such a slow coach after all. Up to the present time he has displaced between thirty and forty thousand Republican office holders.

J. A. Lefevre, D. D., the new President of Davidson College, is in the city, the guest of Dr. Kumpke.

Mr. Dean, a stranger, is quite sick at the Boyden House.

Minister Jarvis sailed for Brazil last week.

On the 24th Gen. Grant's condition was somewhat improved.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Rome, June 24.—A fearful explosion occurred to-day in a powder mill at Lucca. A number of people were at work at the time and very few escaped death or serious injuries. The bodies of 12 killed have been recovered.

CHOLERA'S PROGRESS IN SPAIN. Madrid.—There were 855 new cases of cholera in the infected districts of Spain Monday and 346 deaths. In the cortes yesterday it was announced that the practice of inoculation with cholera microbe would be allowed to be continued as an experiment, a favorable report having been made upon the subject.

ARREST OF AN ENGLISHMAN BY RUSSIANS. Bombay.—Rumors are in circulation here that the arrest by the Russians of a clerk of the British Consul at Roshd, Persia, while bearer of a note from the Consul to the Russian commander at Sarrakha, was a deliberately designed and carefully planned affair on the part of the Russians. The arrest excites indignation in certain quarters.

THE OUTGOING AND INCOMING MINISTERS. London.—The Gladstone ministry went to Windsor Castle to-day and formally delivered up the seals of office. Soon after, the members of the new ministry, formed by the Marquis of Salisbury, arrived, and went through the ceremony of accepting office from the Queen and receiving the seals, making acts of obedience by kissing the hand of her majesty. Great crowds of people were assembled at the railroad depot upon the arrival of the train bearing the new ministry. The Marquis of Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote were loudly cheered. Lord Randolph Churchill, on the contrary, was received with mingled cheers and groans.

MUZZLING THE PRESS. St. Petersburg.—The government has issued an order forbidding newspapers to make any reference whatever to the action of Russia in the Afghan affair.

THE NEW MINISTRY. London.—The members of the Cabinet proper are Lord Salisbury, Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Sir Hardinge Gifford, Viscount Cranbrook, Lord Harrowby, Sir Richard Assheton Bruce, Col. Frederick Stanley, Right Hon. William H. Smith, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord George Hamilton, Lord John Manners, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Hon. Edward Stanhope, the Earl of Cairnarrow, and the Hon. Edward Gibson.

THE WHIPPING POST.—Baltimore, June 24.—Henry C. A. Myers, convicted of a crime, was whipped six and a half dozen lashes to-day at the hands of the sheriff. Since recent convictions whipping being in the decreaser at Baltimore.

HOMeward.

My trip homeward from the Crescent City was by a rather circuitous route, and included nearly four days on the Mississippi river. The "CITY OF NARCISSES," an elegant new river steamer was advertised to start, June 9, at 5:30 p.m., on her third trip to St. Louis. I determined to become a passenger and immediately began preparations in anticipation of my departure. The day soon came around, and at half past four o'clock I left what I had long called home—a pretty mansion, surrounded by blooming magnolias, orange trees and flower beds, in the garden district—and soon found myself aboard the Natchez. Here I found the celebrated Mexican Band, seventy-five strong and all rigged out in new dusters. It immediately occurred to me that there was one passenger who must take the dust of that steamboat ride, for I had no duster. A comforting thought was suggested: that by the absence of so essential an article for protection against dust on a steamboat, I might escape being mistaken for a Mexican.

Taking a seat on the fore deck I surveyed the surprising crowd as it swayed to and fro. Next to me were French, Spanish and Indian women, picturesque in the extreme in their attitudes, curious head dresses and baskets of fruit. One stood with her nose empty basket hanging down her back, the handle resting on her bosom. The basket's dark interior made a suitable and artistic background for her deeply wrinkled, bronzed face, and lean shoulders. A faded red handkerchief served as a head dress, and her lank, half-bare arms were resting a-kimbo. She was a study, and so was the whole scene. The wharf was crowded with men and women who seemed only waiting to wave a handkerchief. Heavily loaded wags were moving slowly along the wharf. The occasional cracking of the lazy driver's whip would only result in frightening a flock of well fed pigeons from under the wheels, while the more persistent and careless English sparrow would only dodge the falling hoofs of the mules and continue his feeding regardless of surroundings. While I was feasting on this scene the boat's bell sounded. There was a rush among the crowd, the passengers to get aboard and the visitors to get ashore. In the hurry, an old lady running for the gang-plank, fell, and as she was lifted up her daughter caught sight of her swelled and bleeding face and screamed in fright. They were landed; the weeping daughter clinging to the mother, who stood as if stunned while the blood trickled down her aged face. The crowd saw them not. The mate cried: "Let loose there!" The great engines began to groan, and the wharf seemed receding. The Mexican orchestra was playing a sweet serenade; the crowd stood bare-headed and waving their hats, the swelling cheers mingling with the music. Directly the music ceased; tender farewells could still be heard floating from the yet uncovered crowd. The Mexicans leaning far over the deck rail shouted back their *Adios!*

The city, its noise, its tall spires and slowly ascending columns of smoke now began to fade. The last rays of the sun lent a spark to the gilded balls on the higher church spires, and the tops of the smoke columns were tinged with red. The square tower of St. Patrick's Cathedral stood like a column sentinel, yet dimly visible. Now all is gone—lost to vision—and nothing remains of the city save in memory.

The trip up the river was very interesting, and doubly so since I had the good fortune to be with Capt. H. E. Bixby, who figures so prominently in Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi." He is a remarkable man, fully preserved; though soon to celebrate his sixtieth birthday, he stands perfectly erect and is but little gray. He is an oracle on all matters pertaining to the Mississippi, and is the toast of all the river people from St. Louis to the Gulf.

There were cards and chess, checkers and cigars, music and books on board. With these time's swift wings were hastened, and the weeks glided by. About 8 o'clock p.m., on Friday, the "Natchez" landed at Memphis. The bluffs were crowded with people who fired salutes to the foreign band, and induced them to go ashore and give a concert. Here I parted company with the boat and the deep olive complexioned musicians, and after spending a day rambling over Memphis, took the train for the Mammoth Cave.

I did not enjoy the ten-mile stage ride from Cave City; for it was raining real hard and the antiquated old coach which the driver said did duty in Kentucky before the days of railroads—leaked like a sieve. The broken glass in the windows permitted free access to the winds and pelting rain. There was no extra charge for this unexpected luxury, nor any apology from the urbane manager of this comfortless line for the soiled and moist condition of our garments, occasioned by his carelessness.

This did not interfere with our plunging at once into the cave. A small party—four in all—stood watching old "Nick" the guide, as he prepared for the walk in the dark recesses of this largest of caves. He is a marvel, so to speak, and is fully equipped with lanterns, jokes, fire-works, cavernous lore and patience. He ushered us within the iron gate—always locked to prevent the hiding of escaped criminals, &c.—where the strong current blew our lights out. He told us that "in the winter the current blew in, and in the summer, out," the direction of the current depending on the temperature of the atmosphere. Before reaching the "Rotunda," our lamps are relighted and we move along subject to the whims of old Nick. He next points out the old salt-petre vats. The cave is very rich in nitrous earth, and during the war of 1812, it was a chief source of supply for saltpetre, necessary in the manufacture of gunpowder. Passing these—I shall

only advert briefly to a few of the most interesting points—we proceeded to the "Gothic Avenue," where "Register Hall," "Gothic Chapel," "The Arm Chair," and "Lover's Leap" were pointed out. Retracing our steps to the main cave, we continued the journey, passing the "Standing Rocks," "Grand Arch" and "Giant's Coffin" to the "Acute Angle." From this point, which was illuminated with magnesium light, we changed our course and soon came upon the roofless remains of one of the stone cottages used some forty years ago as a sanitarium for consumptives. They had been induced to go there for the pure, oxygenated air, and the even temperature, which is said not to vary more than one degree from a normal 64 degrees Fah. This experiment was not a success, as might have been predicted; for sunshine is most essential to health. Passing the cottage we were soon ushered into the "Star Chamber." This is one of the most interesting and beautiful points in this great cavern. I will quote from Mr. Hovey, as my experience was almost identical with what he describes:

"A strangely beautiful transformation scene is exhibited in the Star Chamber, a hall from 200 to 500 feet long (according to the place you measure from), about 70 feet wide at the floor and narrowing to 40 at the ceiling, which is 60 feet above our heads. The light gray walls are in strong contrast to the lofty ceiling coated with black gypsum; and this, again, is studded with thousands of white spots, caused by the efflorescence of the sulphate of magnesia. The guide bids us seat ourselves on a log bench by the wall, and then collecting our lamps, vanishes behind a jutting rock; whence, by adroit manipulations, he throws shadows, fitting like clouds athwart the starry vault. The effect is extremely fine, and the illusion is complete. The ceiling seems to have been lifted to an immense distance, and one can easily persuade himself that by some magic the roof is removed, and that he looks up from a deep canon into the real heavens.

"Good night," says the guide, "I will see you again in the morning!"

"With this abrupt leave-taking he plunges into a gorge, and we are in utter darkness. Even the blackest midnight in the upper world has from some quarter a few scattered rays; but here the gloom is without a gleam. In the absolute silence that ensues one can hear his heart beat. The painful suspense is at length broken by one of those outbursts of laughter that come when least expected; and then we ask each other the meaning of this sudden desertion. But, while thus questioning each other, we see in the remote distance a faint glimmer, like the first streak of dawn. The light increases in volume till it tinges the tips of the rocks, like the tops of hills far away. The horizon is bathed in rosy hues, and we are prepared to see the sun rise, when all at once the guide appears, swinging his cluster of lamps, and asking us how we like the performance."

Next we visited the "Wooden Bowl Room," "Black Snake Avenue," "Side Saddle Pit" and the "Bottomless Pit." These pits were illuminated with fire-works. Passing through the "Labyrinth" and taking a stroll through "Pensico Avenue," we come to the "Scotchman's Trap." The guide looked at me and smilingly said: "Next we go through 'Fat Man's Misery,'" but we soon emerged from that serpentine winding into the hall of "Great Relief" where we straightened up and took a short rest. Our next route lay by the "Dead Sea," passing this and the "Cascade" we stood by the river "Styx."

Here we had another brilliant display of fire-works and the effect of genial light on the bare, rugged walls encircling this subterranean stream was most pleasing. At this point we were near 300 feet from the surface. Returning we made the ascent through the "Corkscrew," though a somewhat dangerous and very laborious climb, it was preferable to "Fat Man's Misery" and the "Valley of Humility." The guide reported that it was near 11 p.m., and we reluctantly turned toward the exit. A few steps beyond where we emerged I was made painfully sensible of the almost suffocating odor of vegetation. The air within is so much purer than that without, that it is customary to rest near the exit where the air mingles. This was neglected and the result came near causing vertigo.

My absorbing propensity for the study of rocks led me to make this journey, but I shall not attempt a description of the formation and its geological relations, as that would prove uninteresting to a majority of those who see this paper.

The remaining part of the trip to Salisbury was devoid of incident. One thing, however, should not be forgotten, and I think it will be well to relate—purely as a warning.

I started on this trip with a bandbox. It was tied to the handle of my valise. As I started a friend suggested that I "would have plenty of company on the trip" and it was a correct saying. I had a time getting aboard with that box, and I was fully determined to give or throw it away, but when I was all fixed in my state-room, the box was no trouble and I did not think of it again until I reached Memphis. Here, it was unjust in getting ashore and one side of it was washed, in the transit to the hotel. I was getting mighty sick of that bandbox, but I had brought it more than eight hundred miles, so I concluded to stay by it. At Cave City my feelings were lacerated by having it badly mashed as I got off the car. Some of the passengers laughed, and the girls on the hotel balcony sent four or five silvery ripples afloat on the balmy breeze; yet I cared tenderly for that box. Getting into the hotel I made this firm mental resolution, and vowing to keep the resolution I affirmed that the vow should not be broken, namely: that I would under no circumstances carry for myself, or any other person, male or female—a possible reservation here—

any box of whatever kind, on any journey, long or short. I did not take it to the cave. I thought it would keep at the hotel. Getting aboard the cars it had another knock. There was an umbrella and a walking cane stuck under the straps of the valise, and the box tilted to one side so that it was almost impossible to miss a car door with it. After many ups and downs, knocks and mashes the box was landed in my room. I concluded to give the hat a good brushing and throw the much bruised box away. For this purpose I opened the box and found—nothing in it.

Washington Letter.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.] WASHINGTON, D. C., June 18, 1885.

The new Cabinet officers and the Chiefs of Bureau under them are very much embarrassed by their inheritance of asylums for the aged, blind and deaf. The Government officers are these asylums, and there are in them hundreds of superannuated men and women who do actually no work. They were not remarkable for energy and efficiency even in their prime. Now they are sans eyes, sans ears, sans everything but pocket. They go to the Departments day after day as has been their custom for years. They sit at their desks and do nothing, but once a month, when pay day comes, they are each handed one hundred dollars in crisp new notes. I have in my mind an old man both blind and deaf, who is daily brought to and taken home from the Patent Office by members of his family in order that he may draw the pay he is absolutely incapable of earning. If these superannuated people should be discharged, they would doubtless die from the shock, and more or less suffering would be entailed upon their dependent families. But it is nevertheless a gross wrong to the tax payer and a subversion of the purposes of the Civil Service to make the Government offices an asylum for this class. The Government pays thousands of dollars yearly for rent of offices, and the rooms of many Departments are overcrowded with desks. It would be in the interest of economy to pay these old and helpless people to stay away from the Departments so that competent men might be placed at the desks which they only encumber.

There is another class that ought to be discharged. The Departments were filled with pretty women by a system fostered and practiced by the Republican party. There is not a Republican Senator or ex-Senator who has not lovely proteges, and some of them have dozens, in the Government offices here. They were not appointed under civil service rules, but in direct contravention of civil service principles—because they were pretty and helpless, or because they were sisters, cousins, aunts, and mothers-in-law. To say that they are not efficient is putting it very mildly. Ten good clerks, such as are found in the business houses of the city can do more and better work than one hundred of these women, and will be glad to do it for less pay than the women receive. The fact is that the civil service has been most shamefully run down at the heels as well as at the head during the long ascendancy of the party of moral ideas and loose practices.

During the last three and a half months great progress has been made in the neglected and belated work of many Government offices, but the best results cannot be hoped for until radical changes have been made in both the men, women and methods of the worst demoralized Civil Service under the sun.

Proof that a new era has opened in National affairs is seen every day here. The last Republican Senate succeeded in passing a subsidy bill of \$400,000 in favor of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. Mr. Vilas has been looking into the subject, and he finds that the present rates paid for the mails are ample. As the act of Congress is not mandatory, but merely gives him permission to spend the money, the P. M. General will, with the approval of the President, expend not one cent of the appropriation. This will be very fatiguing and nauseating to the Pacific Steamship lobby, but will save the tax payers the sum of \$400,000. This is only one instance. But wait until the account is made up at the end of President Cleveland's term. There will be literal "millions in it" saved to the country.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the Boston Advertiser says one of the Chicago politicians who threatened the President with his vengeance for not appointing a ward under the United States marshal, charges the administration with the responsibility for the failure to elect a Democratic Senator from Illinois. According to this gentleman he had made a regular contract with a Republican member of the legislature by which the latter agreed to vote for a Democrat for Senator on condition that he should be permitted to control appointments in the Chicago post office. It is reported that when appealed to, the president and the postmaster general both declined to be parties to any such arrangement. This may be a grave charge but we fail to see in that light and we venture to say the administration can stand the like indefinitely.

COL. JNO. N. STAPLES' eloquent address at the laying of the corner stone of the Greensboro court house (a report of which appears in the columns of the Workman) contained a fine tribute to President Cleveland and the administration, which was received with great applause. Everything goes to show that the dissatisfaction said to be in North Carolina if it exist at all, does not reach the people.

SEVERAL interesting changes in postal methods will be made next week. One of the most important of these will be the introduction of the immediate delivery stamp. On and after July 1st, a special ten cent stamp may be attached to a letter, which will assure its immediate delivery in any town of over 4000 people, or in the country within one mile of a post office. In such a case this letter does not require the person to whom it is addressed to come around for it, but it is delivered immediately to him; and in towns where there is a delivery it does not wait the regular mail carrier's rounds but is sent by special messenger to its address. The advantage of this can be seen at once. A letter sent to Morganton or Plymouth, or to any small town in this State, is apt to remain in the office several days until called for. At the expense of ten cents one can assure its reaching its destination at once, and ahead of the regular mail. A letter dropped in the city post office at 10 a. m. will reach its destination, if this special stamp is attached, before noon whereas, without it, it would not get there until three or four in the afternoon.

Probably still more important is the increase in the limit of single rate letters from one half an ounce to an ounce. Now all letters that weigh over half an ounce have to pay two cents for each additional half ounce. After July 1st the postage will be only two cents up to an ounce, and two cents for every additional ounce. Heavy letters, therefore, will pay only about half the former postage.

The other regulations going into operation July 1st affect newspapers only, and are not of importance to the general public.

Durham.

The Enormous Sales of Leaf Tobacco. Special Dispatch to NEWS AND OBSERVER. DURHAM, N. C., June 20.

The sales of leaf tobacco on the warehouse floors last week and this aggregated 1,100,000 pounds. The money paid to farmers last week was \$78,000, this week \$65,000; a total of \$143,000 distributed among the farmers of the bright tobacco belt during the last fourteen days.

An elegant ball and german was given last night at the hotel Claiborne, complimentary to many visiting young ladies among them, Misses Rosabelle Engellhard, Minnie Rogers and Sallie Carter, of Raleigh; Lucie Parr, of Baltimore; Fannie Bailey, of Reidsville. The german was gracefully led by Master John Engellhard. Many Raleigh people, now residents of our town, graced the floor with their presence.

Speaking of the business outlook, the Nashville American says: The prospects for large cotton and tobacco crops is the one hopeful feature in the future outlook. These are mainly export crops and always distribute among the masses the largest amount of money. This goes to buy supplies and increases the demand for the products of the factory, which demand awakens new life in nearly all productive industries. After all it may be said that a failure of crops or a failure in the demands for crops works disaster to every branch of industry. Whatever, therefore, stimulates agricultural development and a demand for agricultural products gives the greatest possible relief to the country and puts all the wheels of industry in motion; feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, relieves the distressed, restores confidence, builds up new industries and works out prosperity for the whole country.

MORTALITY AMONG CONFERENCE MEMBERS.—A gentleman of this city relates the remarkable fact, in alluding to the death of the late Rev. L. H. Gibbons, that during the session of the North Carolina Methodist Conference in Wilmington, last November, five ministers sat down to his table at one meal, four of whom have since died. The five were Revs. L. H. Gibbons, J. W. Lewis, C. H. Phillips, B. C. Phillips, and R. P. Troy. All but the last named are now dead. Seven members of the Conference have died since its last session, together with Bishop Linus Parker, who presided.

Receiving the Great Statue. NEW YORK, June 19.—The lower part of the city had quite a holiday appearance to-day, being decorated with flags and bunting from the battery to the city hall, along Broadway, the route of the procession in honor of the arrival of the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World." Up toward the statue of Washington and Lafayette were adorned with bunting and evergreens. All along the river front the shipping was adorned with flags of all nations.

At 9 o'clock the steamer Atlantic, having on board the aldermen, the committee of the chamber of commerce, and the American committee went down the bay to meet the Isere. Among others on the boat were Senator Wm. M. Evans, Mayor Grace, General Charles P. Stone, President Adolph Sanger, of the board of aldermen, and Louis de Beban. As the Atlantic steamed down the bay she was greeted with blasts from a hundred steam whistles. Flags floated from all parts of Bedloe's Island when the steamer passed. When the Atlantic reached the Isere the former's passengers mounted to the deck of the latter vessel and were received by the officers and men of the Isere with marked courtesy. Gen. Stone and Com-mandant Saunier had a hurried consultation, after which the main brass was applied by the members of the several committees and the Frenchmen. It was 11:30 when the signal gun on the Dispatch boomed out that everything was ready for the start. The sailors on the Isere hoisted the anchor, and the band on the Atlantic played the "Marseillaise."

Soon volumes of smoke were belching from the funnel of the Isere, and she headed for Bedloe's Island, amid the most tremendous cannonading ever heard in New York harbor. The scene was a most magnificent one.

COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS.

ROYAL (Absolutely Pure).....
GRANT'S (Alum Powder).....
RUMFORD'S, when fresh.....
HANFORD'S, when fresh.....
REDHEAD'S.....
CHARM (Alum Powder).....
AMAZON (Alum Powder).....
CLEVELAND'S.....
PIONEER (San Francisco).....
CZAR.....
DR. PRICES.....
SNOW FLAKE (Graft's).....
LEWIS'.....
PEARL (Andrews & Co.).....
HECKER'S.....
GILLET'S.....
ANDREWS & CO. "Regal".....
BULK (Powder sold loose).....
RUMFORD'S, when not fresh.....

REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS.

As to Purity and Wholesomeness of the Royal Baking Powder.

"I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder, which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances. E. G. LOVE, Ph.D."

"It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure." H. A. MOTT, Ph.D."

"I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the market. I find it entirely free from alum, terra alba, or any other injurious substance. HENRY MORRIS, Ph.D., President of Stevens Institute of Technology."

"I have analyzed a package of Royal Baking Powder. The materials of which it is composed are pure and wholesome. S. DANA HAYES, State Assayer, Mass."

The Royal Baking Powder received the highest award over all competitors at the Vienna World's Exposition, 1873; at the Centennial, Philadelphia, 1876; at the American Institute, New York, and at State Fairs throughout the country.

No other article of human food has ever received such high, emphatic, and national endorsement from eminent chemists, physicians, scientists, and Boards of Health all over the world.

NOTE.—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative worth of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by Prof. Schellier. A pound can of each powder was taken, the total leavening power or volume in each can calculated, the result being as indicated. This practical test, for which Prof. Schellier only proves what every observant consumer of the Royal Baking Powder knows by practical experience, that while it costs a few cents per pound more than ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, and, besides, affords the advantage of better work. A single trial of the Royal Baking Powder will convince any fair-minded person of these facts.

"While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a higher degree of strength than other powders ranked below them, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous."

GREAT REDUCTION

IN PRICES AT

M. S. BROWN'S

Shoe and Clothing STORE.

JUNE 17th, 1885.

I HAVE FROM THIS DATE MADE A

GREAT REDUCTION

in prices on all my Clothing, Shoes and Hats

STRAW HATS AT COST.

—Come and see what bargains I am offering!

M. S. BROWN.

KLUTTZ & RENDLEMAN

Are Agents for the well known

Elkin Valley Woolen Mills,

which guarantee satisfaction total customers.

Bring in your Wool early and have it made into goods ready for winter.

May 12, 1885. 30:2m

WANTED! ACTIVE AND INTELLIGENT AGENTS in every town and county to sell our **POPULAR NEW BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS**. Bibles, Ministers, teachers and others, whose time is not fully occupied, will find it profitable to correspond with us. To farmers sons and other young men just coming on the field of action, this business offers many advantages, both as a means of making money and of self culture. Write for terms to **B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1013 Main Street, Richmond, Va.**

WOMAN'S

"Grace was in all her steps, beauty in her eyes, in every gesture dignified and true!"

Cartersville, Ga. This will certify that two members of my immediate family, after having suffered for many years from numerous ailments, and having received no benefit from any of the various medical doctors, were cured by the use of Dr. Bradfield's Female Regulator. It is a truly wonderful and well merited remedy, and is called "Woman's Best Friend."

Your Respectfully,
J. W. STRANGE.

Send for our book on "The Health and Happiness of Woman." Mailed free. **BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR.** Atlanta, Ga.

HEALTH RESTORED

THE FIRST WHEAT.—Baltimore, June 24.—The first wheat of the new crop, 40 bushels, was sold on change to-day at \$2 per bushel. It was grown in Lancaster county, Virginia. Another lot of inferior quality, grown in Middlesex county, Virginia, sold at \$1.50 per bushel.