

THE MOUNT AIRY NEWS.

VOL. 17.

MOUNT AIRY, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1896.

NO. 8

Suffered Eighteen Years.

Patience Deprived and Sleep Come.

Mrs. Julia A. Brown, of Covington, Tenn., whose husband has chosen of the electric light plant at that place, has been a great sufferer. Her nervous and nervous system are both described by her as follows:

"For 18 years I suffered from nervousness and indigestion. I tried every remedy recommended by friends and doctors, but I could get no relief at all. Two years ago, while being treated by three local physicians, Dr. Harriet, Miles and Shedd, they



Mrs. Julia A. Brown.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, was then able to get to sleep until now, and I had a good night's sleep. I had a deep heavy pain in my left side, now most noticeable, but after taking one-half bottle of the Nervine I could sleep all night, just as well as ever did. The Nervine is the only remedy that gave me any relief whatever. I am now well and strong, and I thank God every day for my life for Dr. Miles' Nervine.

Mrs. Julia A. Brown.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at 25 cents a bottle, or it will be sent prepaid, on receipt of price by Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Nervine Restorative.

W. B. BROWN.

ROTARY PUBLIC.

OFFICE WITH GEO. W. SPARGER.

Mount Airy, N. C.

S. P. GRAVES.

Attorney-at-Law.

MOUNT AIRY, N. C.

W. S. NEEDHAM.

Attorney-at-Law.

Pilot Mountain, N. C.

GEO. W. SPARGER.

Attorney-at-Law.

MOUNT AIRY, N. C.

DR. C. W. BANNER.

DENTIST.

Mount Airy, N. C.

J. H. Blakemore.

PHOTOGRAPHER.

MOUNT AIRY, N. C.

GROCERIES. GROCERIES!

L. B. ALBERTSON.

MAIN STREET, MOUNT AIRY, N. C.

Granite Rock Work.

JOS. NATIONS.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry

E. A. HANNAH.

Coffins, Caskets,

Barial Robes, Slippers, &c.

AS WE SOW, WE REAP.

Hard Times the Legitimate Effect of a Single Gold Standard.

Day by day, as failures occur and stocks go down, it is a favorite thing for the gold men to attribute these events to "free silver" and tell us this is what it means. Wait until the silver comes and then judge it by its works, but in the meantime, our dear gold standard friends, take your medicine. You are not experiencing the effects of the coming of free silver, but are experiencing the legitimate and inevitable effect of parting with it in 1873. The hurt to silver, though thirty millions a year, is but the "fly on the wheel." When silver was thrown out of its work as money, turned into a commodity and reduced in price year by year a constantly increasing and appreciating gold standard, every other product and commodity was broken down with it. The whole base upon which all the securities that Wall street deals in, and billions more that do not come to Wall street at all, has been undermined and crumbled by loss of products on production, by low prices brought on year by year by the growing "standard of value" that in 1873 was substituted for our monetary unit of silver.

We have seen low prices in the foundation and are reaping them in the superstructure. We are getting, not the coming of silver, but the legitimate ending in failure of the gold policy. It has run us to the limit in our basic operations and now the enormous and towering structure of debt built upon labor, now profitless labor, is feeling the effect of weakened foundations, that is all. Railroads cutting rates until increased business only means increased deficit, factories piling up products, or shutting down, or selling at cost and a little under in order to prevent deterioration of machinery by idleness, the disorganizing of working force, and, worst of all, the loss of channels of trade built up during many years and now the most valuable part of their capital, are all experiencing what the gold policy has done for them and by which they will attribute their troubles to the true cause. When they do there will be a heavy reckoning.

When silver comes rising prices will set in and slowly and surely we shall get back to profit for production, good times, solvency for all that has not previously succumbed. But before that comes a good many industries and interests will have perished by the wayside.—New York Daily Financial News.

Giving and Receiving.

We must bless if we would receive a blessing. We must pour the water from the cup if we would have it filled again. Life is an exchange of bonnies, a transfer from one hand to another. Earth gives her portion to the flowers, they send their fragrance unto man and man gathers them, decks the path of friendship and makes hearts sweeter with their rich fragrance. The sky is mellow for the passing cloud that lowers beneath it. The cloud receives the glory from the orb of days. All things are tributary to one another. The glow worm lights a traveler's path; the pebble turns the tide. Kill the fish the river; rivers send their vapors forth and again fill the mill. If love flows our soul into our neighbors, something must be dislodged within the breast. It may be envy, pride or hate—what matter—only it will be sweetest strain of gratitude that will gladden some ear, though not our own. We are but workers, but not like earthly laborers waiting for our pay. It comes in God's time and always at the needed moment. Keep the waves in motion. Roll the ball of love heavenward. It will strike many hearts and gather accelerated speed. Pass the cup around. Bid the thirsty drink, for dust will gather on the cup that stands unmoved, and the water it holds will become unfit for one or another's use.

An incident similar to the following could have occurred nowhere on earth, outside of Chatham county. The Record tells about it: A mule belonging to Mr. Walter Clark, of Oakland township, was killed one day last week by a very strange accident. Mr. Clark was riding the mule with a loaded gun on his shoulder, when by some means the barrel of the gun broke loose from the breech and fell to the ground, and the tube striking a rock caused the lead to shoot off into the mule's body, killing it almost instantly.

Mr. J. W. Herring, a butcher of Phoenix City, Ala., says, May 14th, 1896: "For five years I had indigestion, which continued to get worse till my suffering was intense. I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get relief, but grew worse until the fall of 1895, when I commenced to use King's Royal Germaner. I took only three bottles, but began to improve from the first use of it. I bought it of Dr. D. E. Morgan, and he can tell about my case. I cheerfully recommend Germaner as the best medicine for indigestion and dyspepsia." New package, large bottle, 108 doses, \$1. For sale by Taylor & Banner and D. A. Hons on.

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NORTH CAROLINA NEWS.

STATE ITEMS OF IMPORTANCE GATHERED FROM OUR MANY WIDE-AWAKE EXCHANGES.

The Greensboro Patriot says Mr. James Hurst, section master on the Southern Railway at Gibsonville, died last Thursday about noon after an illness of four weeks with typhoid fever, and was buried at his old home, Brassfield, just this side of Raleigh, the following evening. He stood well in his community. A wife and young son survive him.

Five car loads of excursionists from Mt. Airy and along the route, spent Saturday in the city. A number paid their respects to the Republican. A more whole souled, hospitable people never lived than those who dwell in the big hill country above us, and it is always a pleasure to meet with them. The visitors with whom we encountered pronounced their trip a pleasant success, and we trust Mr. Paddock, the manager, can say the same thing.

It is well enough for a boy to be progressive and to learn how to earn his own livelihood, but he should be a little more cautious as to the way he makes a few extra pennies and have a little more regard for honesty than the boy who a few nights ago was selling the Chicago World, whose heading, "The papers were so folded that the purchaser would not readily see the 'clipped' page, evidently done that the heading might be returned to the publishers, to show as unsold or surplus stock, for which he was not required to pay. By so doing he netted the receipts of the entire evening's sales. Truly, this is a great day for schemers, fakes, and frauds, and the small boy is up with the procession.—Greensboro Daily Record.

Mr. Mike Bird, baggage master on the Carolina Central, is in a bad fix. Several days ago a jug was put on his train at Shelby, which he was told contained mineral water. After leaving Shelby Mr. Bird got thirsty and concluded to have a drink of the water in the jug. He turned it up to his mouth, but in an instant dropped the jug like it had been fire, and in another instant was in excruciating agony. The jug did not contain water, but a powerful acid. Wherever it touched his mouth or face the flesh turned perfectly white. Mr. Bird suffered terribly. At Cherryville the train was held until a doctor could be gotten. Fortunately, he did not swallow any of the acid, realizing as soon as he took it into his mouth that it was not water.—Charlotte Observer.

News reaches us in an indirect way, of one of the most outrageous affairs we have heard of in a long time. We do not know any of the particulars, neither do we know any of the names of the parties, but the way we heard it is this: Last Saturday while thrashing wheat about three miles beyond Taylorsville, on the Statesville road, a little boy who was cutting the binds made a mischief and cut the feeder across the back of the hand, making a very ugly wound. Filled with excitement together with madness, the feeder grabbed the boy and threw him into the machine. Before the machine could be stopped, half of the boys body was torn to pieces. Two of the poor unfortunate boy's brothers were present, and when they saw their little brother murdered in cold blood, they sprang at the murderer, dealing two blows with a pitch fork, one in the stomach, the other in the chest, either of which would have been fatal. He only lived a few minutes.—North Wilkesboro News.

Excitement in Yadkin.

Mr. F. S. Shore, of Yadkin county, was in the city yesterday. From him it was learned that there was considerable excitement Saturday in the Mann section. Two strange men went to the home of Mr. Hiram Pender and entered the bedroom through a window. Mr. Pender was away from home. The wife, daughter and a Miss Phillips were in the house and when they heard the men entering they began screaming. This frightened the supposed robbers who fled to the woods. In going out of the window they broke several glasses.—Winston Sentinel.

A Butcher's Experience.

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SOUTH AFRICAN RUINS.

Buildings at Zimbabwe That May Be of King Solomon's Time.

It would seem that at some far distant date a people more civilized than any of the present Kaffir tribes had penetrated into the region now called Mashonaland and had maintained itself there for a considerable period. Remains of gold workings are found in many parts of that country, and even as far as the southwestern part of Matabeleland—remains which show that mining must have been carried on, but primitive methods no doubt, but still upon a scale larger than we can well deem within the capabilities of the Kaffir tribes as we now see them. There are, moreover, in those regions, and usually not far from some old gold workings, pieces of ancient buildings executed with a neatness and finish, as well as with an attempt at artistic effect, which are entirely absent from the rough walls, sometimes of loose stones, sometimes plastered with mud, which the Kaffirs build to-day.

These old buildings are, with one exception, bits of wall inclosing forts or residences. They are constructed of small blocks of granite of the size of a brick, and are usually ornamented with a simple pattern, such as the so-called "herringbone" pattern. The one exception is to be found in the ruins of Zimbabwe, in southern Mashonaland. Here a wall 30 feet high and from 6 to 12 or 14 feet thick incloses a large elliptical space, filled with other buildings, some of which apparently were intended for the purpose of worship.

There are no inscriptions of any kind and few objects, except some rudely carved heads of birds, to give any indication as to the ethnological affinities of the people who erected this building or as to the nature of their worship. Such indications as we have, however, suggest that it was some form of nature worship, including the worship of the sun. We know from other sources, including the Egyptian monuments and the Old Testament, that there was from very early times a trade between the Red sea and some part of east Africa, and as we know also that the worship of natural forces and of the sun prevailed among the early Semites the view that the builders of Zimbabwe were of Arab or some other Semitic stock is at last highly plausible.

Two things are quite clear to every one who examines the ruins and compares them with the smaller fragments of ancient buildings already mentioned. Those who built Zimbabwe were a race much superior to the Bantu tribes, whose mud huts are now to be found not far from these still strong and solid walls, and those other remains scattered through the country were either the work of that same superior race or, at any rate, were built in imitation of their style and under the influence they had left. But whether this race was driven out or peacefully withdrew or became by degrees absorbed and lost in the surrounding Bantu population we have no data for conjecture. If they came from Arabia, they must have come more than 12 centuries ago, before the days of Mohammed, for they were evidently not Musalman, and it is just as easy to suppose that they came in the days of Solomon, 15 centuries earlier.—James Byroo, M. P., in Century.

Death in the flames.

There was a fatal fire in the buildings at Nos. 465, 467 and 469 Greenwich street, New York, Tuesday, occupied by the A. K. Warren electric repair works and a number of smaller firms. In the excitement attending the outbreak it was at first reported that at least thirty lives were lost. Some of those reported lost were afterwards accounted for. The accurate number of victims will not be known until the ruins are searched. It is believed, however, that the death list will prove to be fifteen or twenty.

While the firemen were fighting the flames the bodies of two victims could be plainly seen on the fire escapes. Five men and boys were injured while escaping from the burning building. They were taken to Hudson's mangled and burned.

The supply of brandy will be cut short in the Piedmont section this year. Scarcity of fruit is the cause. Last year there were over 300 brandy distilleries in Wilkes county alone. This year there are less than 25.—Winston Sentinel.

A CLEAR HEAD;

good digestion; sound sleep; a fine appetite and a ripe old age, are some of the results of the use of Tuttle's Liver Pills. A single dose will convince you of their wonderful effects and virtue.

A Known Fact.

An absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, malaria, sour stomach, dizziness, constipation bilious fever, piles, torpid liver and all kindred diseases.

Tuttle's Liver Pills

Prepared and Bottled by Dr. J. C. Tuttle, Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

THREE HIGH POINT GIRLS VISIT TO THE "DEVILS DEN" IN CARROLL COUNTY, VA.

(Representative High Point Enterprise.)

We wish you and some of your readers could have been with three High Pointers to-day.

Misses Welch, Rankin and myself, who, with Mrs. Harvey, of Weldon, N. C., Mrs. Capt. Johns and Mr. Perie Johns, of Mount Airy, went up to the "Fancy Gap," to Mitchell's Peak, Carroll county, Va. The scenery up the "Gap" was grand and we never tired of feasting our eyes upon the beautiful panorama before us. The road is a single track, only room at certain places for vehicles to pass. On one side the mountain towered above us, great cliffs of solid rock, covered with moss and fern, and down, down, on the other side, thousands of feet to the valley below, countless mountain peaks dashed down the side of the cliff and broke into spray over the precipices. We passed an old mill where the water from the mountain has enough force to turn the big wheel—the fall is so great. We reached the summit about 11 o'clock and ate our lunch near Hotel Mitchell. The spring at this place is a large one, cold as ice. As we stooped to dip our gourd into it we uttered an exclamation of surprise, for we thought the spring was for water, and we couldn't be convinced until some one dipped the water from its clear sparkling depths. After riding across the top of the "Peak" some distance we started about to the "Devil's Den"—the greatest curiosity in all the mountain region. The scenery from the cliff is unsurpassed.

How the cave got its name, or when, nobody knows, but it has been explored for one hundred years. Surely no more fitting designation could have been found for an evil influence seen to hover over the place. North Carolina girls are no cowards, however, for it took both grit and nerve to begin the descent, a single misstep meant death; the abas in the cave below looked like double basins a thousand feet from us. After lumbering down the sheer side of the "cliff," we reached the entrance to the "Den." As the torches were lit, we had a glimpse into the awful darkness. We didn't know exactly whether we were frightened or not, but we grew very quiet, and some of our party wouldn't venture.

Winding through narrow passages, down, down into the darkness, we came into the first room, or cave, and looking above us, saw the cliff, solid walls of rock, 300 feet high, great boulders hanging in mid-air, seemed as if they would fall and crush us. At one pass, just below this room, the entrance was a crevasse between two shelving rocks, scarcely two feet across. We had to push along with our hands and faces close to the rock—not room enough to lift our heads for a breath of air. This pass was about 10 feet long; so, squeezing, pushing, crawling on our hands and knees, climbing down ladders and heavy steps we reached the bottom, 600 feet from the entrance. On side of this cave was a small opening, hardly large enough to crawl through; we threw rocks into the darkness and could not hear them fall. As we stood huddled together, in this last room, the torches dim light threw fantastic shadows upon the rocks, a laugh sounded like a fiendish shriek as it echoed and re-echoed through the subterranean depths, reminding one of "Dante's Inferno," and we felt almost as if we had "left all hope behind." One of the girls, fearing the proximity of "Evil," cried, "Oh! I see two great big eyes, oh! but we convinced her, that 'angels, such as she,' would not be harmed.

The rocks contain mica, and the water standing in myriad drops up the sides of the cave glistened like silver and gold.

The ascent was tiresome, and we were glad to reach the entrance and see the light of day. The atmosphere was about 40° in the cave and the cool breeze upon the mountain seemed warm to us after wards. This marvelous cavern is 15 miles from Mount Airy, N. C., over a good graded road. Safe guides are in attendance at all times to accompany visitors (for a small sum) through the "Den." All tourists to this side of the Ridge should visit this spot.

As we drove down the "Gap" in the twilight, conflicting emotions filled our hearts, and we were devoutly thankful that we had been kept from accident, we had been to the top of the "Ridge," 4000 feet above the sea level, and down into the very bowels of the earth. The pure air, sparkling water, cold as ice, the hospitality of the people make this a "home fit for the Gods."

The heart that is not thrilled by the beauty and grandeur of the scenery is hard, indeed. We reached home weary and worn with our long day. The party voted that an account of the trip be sent to the Enterprise. Hoping you can imagine you are enjoying the mountain breeze with us, we bid you adieu. Very truly,

NANCY E. MATTHEWS, Mount Airy, N. C., July 29, 1896.

Great sales prove the great merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and great merit enables it to be a powerful and wonderful cure.

I. O. O. F. COLUMN.

Our Duty as Charitable, Loving and Fort-bearing Odd Fellows.

There must be something more in a secret society than an imaginary virtue—there must be something tangible, something real. We claim that our Order contains a substance in its well arranged system of charities, in the assistance it lends to a brother in distress, and in its fatherly protection of the widow and the orphan. If these are not matters worthy of our earnest consideration, where on the face of the earth shall we find them? To relieve a sister in distress, or dry the orphan's tear, is a work that the angels of heaven would not scorn to do, and how much less ought we, who are mortals here below. If the widow's tears, or the orphan's prayers are anything, or weigh anything in the balance against the few paltry dollars we pay into the treasury, or the few hours we spend each week in the lodge room, then are we amply repaid.

Men have given their lives to charity, nor shrunk from the self-imposed duty. We are not called upon to do that, but a mere trifle in time, and a mere pittance in money will do the noble work. Philanthropy and philanthropists may weave their fine-spun theories of charity for the million, but it is the man who puts his shoulder to the wheel that does the real work. Theories are cheap, but it is practice that is expensive. A man may be continually talking of his plans for the amelioration of the human race, but it is he who early and late, in sunshine and rain, is found helping up the wounds of his fellow-mortals, that ought to receive the glory. We cannot always give, but we can always, and on all occasions, speak words of comfort to the afflicted ones, who so much need this kind of sympathy.

In this great and good work none are too high, none are too low, none are too poor to engage. Every man and woman under the canopy of heaven has a power, a capacity, a gift, with which God has endowed him or her, which when properly exercised, will bless the needy, soothe the angry, excuse the faulty, bind up the broken-hearted, rise up the bowed down, console the desponding, comfort the afflicted, strengthen the weak, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, reclaim the wanderer, tender assistance to the destitute. The handing of a cup of cold water to the dying, or the contribution of "two pites" to the hungry, may, by some be deemed an act of charity upon a small scale, but it may prove to the recipient of more real, intrinsic help than the treasures of earth. He who waits to do a great deal of good at one and the same time, may never do any.

To visit the sick is the first and chief command of Odd Fellowship, and a faithful performance of this injunction has done more to increase and build up the Order than the discharge of any other duty enjoined in Odd Fellowship. In the infancy of the Order, when opposition and prejudice was most prevalent, and dark foreboding of the early extinction of an institution whose meetings were held in secret, and of whom the outside world could learn nothing that transpired in their lodge rooms, then it was that visiting the sick and its attendant duties exhibited to the world the true character and moral grandeur of our beloved Order. Now, if the faithful performance of this important duty—enjoined by the laws of Odd Fellowship—has worked such beneficial results for the Order, is it not safe to presume that the neglect, or failure of officers and members to carry out this injunction, this fundamental principle will work disastrously to the Order, and retard the growth and usefulness of our institution.

Our by-laws provide that when a brother is reported sick, the relief committee shall visit him, or cause him to be visited; and if his case requires it, a nurse shall be provided, whose duty is to render every assistance required. To defray the expenses of said nurse, a tax is imposed on each member. Now, this is a very proper provision, and right and proper in itself; but the trouble is, that the members imagine after they have done this, that their duty ceases, and therefore neglect the first and chief command of the Order—visit the sick. To say the attention paid by the officer, whose position and obligations make it their imperative duty to render such assistance, is not appreciated, would be uttering what is not true; but I know by observation and experience, that the voluntary visits of members (dropping in from time to time, to inquire, "How is brother John to-day?") are more highly appreciated on account of their being voluntary, and divested of all official formality, and speak to the heart of the sensitive brother, telling him he is not forgotten—that the lessons of the Order are not empty sound—that faith and charity do combine to bless the mind with peace and soften the heart with sympathy.

Then let us not neglect the performance of a duty that costs so little and accomplishes so much good. Let us remember that we are