

Press and Carolinian.

Volume 19.

Hickory, North Carolina, Thursday, March 21, 1889.

Number 12.

H. A. MURRILL, Editor.

POINTERS.

Job work at New York prices.
HICKORY P'T'G CO.

The latest shapes in fine silk hats at Royster & Martin's.

Newton is considering the question of lighting that town by electricity.

The Shelby Aurora says there will be no open barrooms in Shelby this or next year. Good.

The Landmark says J. B. Conley remained in jail one night before giving bail.

Prof. Ford, the elocutionist entertained large crowds at Lenoir Monday and Tuesday nights.

Hickory is no longer a town—but anybody would note that. The new charter made it the City of Hickory.

It looks like spring at the white front clothing emporium,
Hickory, N. C.

Correspondents must write their communications on good paper, and intelligibly, or, at least, in a legible hand.

Mr. Isaac Hartsell has bought out John Lattimore and will run a first class restaurant at John's old stand.

It is becoming more evident every day that the man from Indiana is President, not the man from Maine.

The item in last issue about a man sucking 6 dozen eggs should have been credited to the Shelby New-Era.

Why don't Hickory put in water works? This is the one much needed addition to Hickory's long list of improvements.

PAY UP. We must have money to give you the paper we are. Your acct will be given out for collection if you don't let us hear from you.

Never before, we learn, has Asheville been so full of visitors at this time of the year. Nearly every State of the Union, Canada and some other foreign nations are represented.

Dr. W. D. Whitted, an aged and very highly respected citizen of Hendersonville, and the father of Mrs. J. W. McMillian of our city, died on the 9th inst.

There is not a town in the State as large as Hickory that has not a Y. M. C. A. Many smaller towns have them and why not our Young Men organize one?

Large crowds gathered in town last Thursday to hear the trial of Dr. Abernethy, but were disappointed. Col. Folk waived preliminary examination, and his client gave bond for \$1,000.

The Asheville Citizen has suspended its visit to this office. We miss it very much and hope the suspension will not continue.

It is the neatest and newsiest daily in the State and we like to read it.

The "Second Pastoral Conference" of the Concordia District of the Ohio Synod, will meet March 22, in the Lutheran Seminary at 9 a. m. There will be sacramental services on Sunday, preparatory sermon on Saturday at 2:30 o'clock; also services on Sunday afternoon and evening.

If all of our subscribers who owe us will send us \$1.50 we will be satisfied for the present.

Change of Proprietors.

At the last meeting of the stock holders of the Hotel Co. Mr. Frank Loughran, of Asheville, leased the Hickory Inn for a term of five years to commence April 1st 1889.

At Mr. MacAvoy's request, the stock holders, though hating to give him up, released him from the terms upon which he took charge of and opened in first-class style the Hickory Inn. Mr. MacAvoy has contracted to run The Masconome, of Springfield, Mass., and under the existing circumstances—not being able to properly attend to both—he in justice to himself and the company gave up the Inn to Mr. Loughran.

Mr. Loughran is a man of high standing and much prominence in Asheville and we heartily welcome him as a citizen.

The hotel will be, where it is possible, improved and will be run in the same first-class style as heretofore.

The star of empire moves from all points of the compass toward Hickory—and why not? With our many advantages over any other town in the State—our railroad facilities, our hotel, our electric lights, the low prices of real estate, (for prices apply to Cline & Murrill) our many manufacturing interests—Piedmont Wagon Co., Phoenix M'f'g Co., Hickory P't'g Co., steam tanneries, flour mills and many other things, and our many enterprising merchants—see supplement.

Our mineral water can't be beat, neither can our climate and we predict a brilliant future for Hickory.

A Coming Man.

Mr. W. A. Hoke, has been appointed a Commissioner to represent the State at the Inauguration Centennial celebration at New York. We heard one of the wisest men in the State say on Monday that Mr. Hoke was by all odds the ablest and clearest headed young man in North Carolina. And the Chronicle knows that he is as honest and courageous as he is able and clear-headed. He will one day be Governor of North Carolina. Mark the prediction!—State Chronicle.

We have noticed with great pleasure the stand Mr. Hoke took in the Legislature and are glad to see that others give testimony of his ability and honesty. His one bill to make the penitentiary self-sustaining was worth more to the State—the tax-paying people—than everything else done by the whole Assembly. We now nominate Alex Hoke for the next Senator from Lincoln and Catawba.

What Were Their Names?

The Raleigh Prohibitionist says one Senator was "publicly drunk" on a railroad train, and another or the same one "had delirium tremens" and one of the Representatives was publicly drunk at the Yarboro House and vomited from the back porch in full view of the persons in the office. Tell their names so that their constituents may know how they have been disgraced. We don't believe there is a county in the State that would return such men to the Legislature if they knew of their conduct. At any rate their people should be informed so that they can act advisedly in future.

All the "New Fads" in clothing and gents furnishing at
Royster & Martin,
Hickory, N. C.

HIRAM F. HOVER

Again On The War Path.

Mr. Hover is well known here. Two copies of the Atlanta Journal, dated March 9th and 12th, now in this office, give accounts of his mischievous teaching of the negroes in that city. The Journal sent a reporter, but he was informed that "no reporters or any white folks were wanted there." This had been anticipated, and a reliable colored man had been engaged to take notes for the Journal. He told the negroes they had been swindled and cheated by the "so-called best people," (meaning the white people of the South), and if they, the negroes, "had their rights every foot of land, every mansion on Washington and Peachtree streets, every factory and everything" would be theirs, and the "best people of the South" would have nothing they could call their own. After a lot more of such stuff, he said "some parts of all governments ought to be destroyed," and this was in reference to keeping the negroes out of the property now belonging to the whites. He said this was anarchy, and if he was in Chicago they would want to hang him, as they did "those grand, noble men, who resisted the supremacy of accumulated wealth," and proceeded to eulogize the anarchists who were hanged in Chicago. He told the negroes he was sorry he was a white man, that "poor white trash" are such fools they could not see into his plan, which he then proceeded to explain to the negroes, to be the "equal distribution of the wealth, which is accumulated in the hands of a few, among the several members of society, by legislative enactment if possible, by revolution if need be." He said he did not advise this, because he might be shot or hanged for preaching anarchy "as Jesus Christ was hanged for preaching anarchy," and much more such stuff as proves the man to be a fit subject for the penitentiary or insane asylum.

Since he was shot in Georgia he has been North, and last fall just before the election he came back here, where his wife has been since they first came to this country. She says he robbed her of everything of value he could carry, and she wishes he was hanged. As she knows more of him than anybody else it is more than likely he ought to be hung, and the Georgians show great forbearance in not doing it, after knowing his conduct.

The Judge Was Puzzled.

A witness was called on to testify as to the soberness of a certain party on a certain occasion, in the court room last week. The witness answered that the party was "as sober as a Judge." There was a giggle in court, and the witness, remembering where she was, turned round, looked at His Honor, and then as if to recant her former declaration, said very plainly, that the party was "perfectly sober." His Honor is considerably puzzled to know whether the delicate reference was intended as a compliment or not.—Wilkesboro Chronicle.

Don't throw this week's supplement aside till you have read every word on it. It is important, and every one will find something to pay for the time of reading it.

Don't fail to see Royster & Martin's \$1.50 "stiff hat."

The Happy Valley.

You who have inhaled the aromatic atmosphere of such places know what it is to so live; to you who know nothing of such high life, I say draw on your imaginative powers for parts of the picture of the "Happy Valley" wherein my descriptive power falls short of its duty.

About twenty miles from the top of the Blue Ridge—somewhat in the northwestern part of this State—after some miles of rough, winding and hilly road have been traversed, there suddenly bursts upon the weary traveller a beautiful scene—a Garden of Eden. At a certain point one of the small ranges of mountains, which form themselves into stepping stones to the top of the Ridge, seems to part and form two separate ranges. Here you see stretched out before you one of Nature's beautiful panoramas—a long low level valley extending beyond the range of the eye and bespeckled with cultivated fields and beautiful plats of grass shining with a rich velvet sheen, which bespeaks the fertility of the underlying soil.

Here it is that one, while enjoying a rest from the toils and cares of the busy, bustling world and feeling safely ensconced within the mighty walls formed by the mountains which tower around and impress one with a feeling of seclusion and safety—here it is, I say, that life is enjoyed in a paradisaical way. Here it is that one gives himself up to dreaming and to the idle, though beautiful, task of castle building, and placing therein—in his deluded imagination—the fair goddess of his choice; and under such circumstances and surrounded by beauties of paradise, who can say the man is to blame for hoping too much? Here you listen to the sighs of the trees, the song of the birds, you note the rippling sound of the sparkling Yaddin as it wends its winding way over rough and rugged rocks which form its bed, you breathe the atmosphere soporific and linger in the uncertain light of the pale moon or listen to—

*"Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek
And made hell great what love did seek."*

as they come floating to you from some beautiful siren who inhabits the Happy Valley. What manner of man is he who is not entranced and who would not prefer a life of such dreaming to an awakening to the task of coping with the cold selfish and scornful world.

A place where one can live—not merely exist—and enjoy and realize what to live means and thank an Omnipotent God for a life which elsewhere would be merely an existence. Such a place is, and such is life in this fair garden where one can wish

That he exiled might be,
And live forever in the Happy Valley.
H.

Died.

On Sunday last, in Richmond, Va., Miss Sallie Chandler, formerly of this place. For several years internal cancer had been preying upon her system, and went to Richmond a month ago and sought relief at the hands of Dr. McGuire. A surgical operation was found necessary and performed, to which her life succumbed three weeks later.

Boys! Boys!

A little fisticuff occurred last Friday night between two of our town boys, Bob and Jake. Bob paid \$5 and costs for his exercise and Jake paid nothing. Nobody got hurt.

PERSONALS.

Mr. F. L. Clue was on a flying trip to the North last week.

Mr. J. C. Martin returned from New York last Friday.

Mrs. O. M. Royster and Mr. Geo. Royster are visiting relatives in the eastern counties.

Mr. and Mrs. MacAvoy, Mr. Chapin and Mrs. Boughton spent several days at Hot Springs this week.

CROSS AND WHITE.

Their Case Called up in the United States Supreme Court, and Postponed till October.

News and Observer.

WASHINGTON, March 18.—The case of Cross and White was called today in the Supreme Court. On motion of Mr. W. R. Henry the case was put off until October. Col. Davidson will move to-morrow for a certain day in October, which motion Mr. Henry will oppose.

Whitelaw Reid.

News and Observer.

WASHINGTON, March 19.—The President to-day nominated Whitelaw Reid, of New York, to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to France.

Shingle Mill Burned.

Mr. Julius Propst's shingle mill, operated at Bridgewater, together with fifteen hundred blocks, was destroyed by fire on last Tuesday, between 12 and 1 o'clock, while all but two of the employees were absent at dinner. Very little, if anything, was saved; all the machinery was in the fire.

It Will Be Democratic.

We learn that Jake H. Hallyburton will publish a newspaper at Hickory instead of Glen Alpine as first reported. Lenoir Topic.

Then it will be Democratic. Brother Hallyburton's politics having changed several times in the past, when he was here last week, one of our Catawba Dutch Democrats asked him what would be the politics of the new paper, and was told if it was published at Glen Alpine it would be Republican, but if in Hickory it would be Democratic. Come in Brother, the Democratic doors are always open, and "While the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return."

To Advertisers.

We have now the largest circulation—1920—of any paper published in this county or any adjoining county, and it is to your advantage to consider this when desiring to advertise.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., March 14, 1889.—The youngest couple ever married in this State were made man and wife last night at Keyser, Mineral county. Their names are Chloe Poland, aged thirteen, and Joe Snow, aged fourteen. They had been lovers for four years, and after frequent entreaties received parental consent to marry. The bride was attired in a short dress.

Read "Miss Lou," E. P. Roës latest, at the Book Store.

WANTED.—Good farm hand. Must understand milking.
Ed Shuford.

The Azor Shell house must be sold. Apply to
Cline & Murrill.