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OBSERVATIONS.

The Charleston artesian well gives two hundred and eighteen gallons per minute.

Edwin Booth is spending the summer in a French flat on Madison avenue, New York city. He prefers it to a watering place.

Two of Robert Burns' nieces, Agnes and Isabella, live in a pretty little stone cottage in Ayr, Scotland, in sweet simplicity and quiet.

The third term party is beginning to inquire in a very peremptory manner, why the greatest living American was not "gartered" while in London.

The oldest inhabitant is generally a little confused in comparing the state of the weather, but meet him on the corner and he remembers that he was never so thirsty as at the present time

Whenever a newspaper says a kind word of a man, that man never discovers the favor, but if a newspaper handles a man a little roughly the man finds it out by eight o'clock the next morning.

In the near future the bore, instead of carrying an autograph album, will leave a phonograph concealed upon his person, which he will produce at the unhappy moment and request his victim to shoot a few words into it to remember him by.

President Hayes can't travel so far as General Grant, nor as fast as Dom Pedro, but he can say more foolish things in a shorter distance, and upon slighter provocation, than both of them put together.—Hawkeye.

Years ago some one made the enquiry, "What becomes of the pins?" We have a question to ask and hope all will not speak at once. One enquiry is, "What becomes of all the first honor men turned out annually by our various institutions of learning?"

The Baltimore Gazette excuses the monster proportions of a Texas convention, when it is considered that the commonwealth is six times larger than New York State, considerably larger than France, and two hundred times the dimension of Rhode Island.

The son of old John Brown lives on the Isle of Gibraltar, in Lake Erie. He is tall and muscular, with tawny and white overgrown beard and blue eyes, a check shirt and a torn chip hat. He is said to resemble Edwin Adams as Enoch Arden. He is rather lazy, and his sole don't do as much marching as the old gentleman's.

GLEN ALPINE SPRINGS.

A Good Hotel—Excellent Water and a Delightful Climate.

GLEN ALPINE SPRINGS, July 28, '78.—When I left our city I promised to give you a description of the Glen Alpine Springs, which heretofore have not been known to our people. I arrived here last Tuesday at 5 p. m., after riding three hours in the Black Maria, formerly John Wadsworth's excursion hack. Instead of two horses I was drawn by four bays; up and down hill, over not a rocky road, and feared no danger when I noticed what driver had the reins. He was a mountain man, who stands six feet two in his boots and polite and accommodating in proportion to his size. Mr Pearson, one of the proprietors, met us with a smile, and we felt at once like we were at home.

Mr Editor, to give you a description of this place would take too much space in your valuable paper. Therefore I can only give you a short account. The hotel is surrounded by mountains from four to seven hundred feet in height, and has a fine breeze most of the time—a dry atmosphere. Doctors would perish here. I asked one of the mountaineers how far you would have to send for a doctor in case of sickness. His reply was, "We have no sickness, and a doctor would starve to death unless he cultivated the ground."

The water has lithia and other minerals. There is also, one mile from here, a sulphur spring, not as strong, however, as Wilson's. Invalids or pleasure seekers don't need water here, as the atmosphere is sufficient. I only intended to remain a week, but have concluded to stay another. Board, beds and accommodations are as good as one can expect, and better than at any other springs I have ever visited in this State.

We made an excursion trip on foot, a few days ago, to Raven's Cliff, the highest spot in the neighborhood.

On a clear day you can see in four different States, and the scenery is grand. S.

"THE LAND OF THE SKY."

A Trip to the Mountains via the Air Line and Spartanburg and Asheville Railroads—Description of the Route and the Scenery.

Editor Charlotte Observer—

Having just returned from a delightful trip over the Spartanburg and Asheville Railroad to Hendersonville and the famous Flat Rock region, I desire to lay before your readers a few scenes that passed in review before me. They may contribute in a measure to the entertainment of some who may not be so fortunate as myself; and may induce others to choose this charming route in leaving the middle section of the State for the pure air and delightful scenery of the west. From Charlotte, as a starting point, the first decided advantage gained is a rapid and easy transit over the Air Line Railroad which, as has often been claimed for it, is certainly one of the best equipped roads in the South. Seventy-five miles spanned in a little more than two hours. Just think of it! And yet so smooth is the road bed, and so pliant and flexible the manifold springs that underlie the luxurious palace coaches, that few jars are experienced, and sweet and refreshing sleep is successfully courted. At Spartanburg only a half hour is lost in waiting. Then away speeds the iron horse, impatient to climb among the clouds that envelop the lofty peaks of the Blue Ridge.

En passant, I must refer to one of the most pleasing features that met my gaze on the Spartanburg and Asheville Railroad. Having once been a farmer boy, it could not fail to elicit my ardent admiration. Near Campbell's Station, fourteen miles from Spartanburg, an immense field of waving corn lies along on either side of the South Pacolet river, and is a beautiful and refreshing sight. Of a dark hue, bearing not the slightest indication of prevalent drought, and stretching up and down the river almost as far as the eye can reach, it suggests very strikingly the seven years of plenty, which, under the successful administration of Joseph, filled the granaries of Egypt. Near the foot of Tryon Mountain Vaughn's creek is spanned by a trestle which is, perhaps, the highest in the South. Ninety-seven feet of space intervenes between the track and the gurgling water below. Timid ladies please make a note of this, and when you cross be sure to take your stand upon the rear platform, and gaze down into the abyss, and you cannot fail to experience sensations of awe and wonder.

Next in order is the "Horse Shoe" trestle, which is beyond Tryon Station and bridges Mill creek, a small tributary of the Pacolet, through whose delightful valley the railroad has gained access to the summit of the Blue Ridge. This trestle, the most wonderful one I have ever seen, forms a curve of eleven degrees, is some four or five hundred feet in length, and in the highest place about sixty-five feet above ground. Standing on the rear platform as the train sweeps over and around this graceful curve, you take in, at a glance, a grand panorama of wondrous and striking beauty, in whose formation the resources of nature and art have happily combined. The Pacolet Valley, as seen from the passing train, abounds in lovely views. Every variety is presented. The mountains loom up in all their grandeur; the vale beneath reposes in the soft embrace of the filmy, yet almost transparent, mist; the rippling stream kisses the feet of the towering monarchs of the west; the noble hemlocks shield the quiet vale from the piercing rays of a July sun; all nature wears a face of beauty and breathes an air of fragrance.

From following a steady grade of eighty feet to the mile we come now to Melrose, three miles from the summit, whence it becomes necessary to increase the grade to *two hundred and thirty-seven feet* to the mile. The question of grave import to the corps of engineers, who had successfully laid out the route thus far, was: "Can it be done?" Two issues were presented. One was to go straight forward to the summit; the other, to pursue the eighty foot grade in a circuitous route through Howard's Gap, a distance of ten miles, or more than three times greater than the direct line. To the praise of Col Coleman, the chief engineer, be it said, the short route was chosen, and each succeeding day witnesses the steady climbing of the train, burdened with precious live freight, to the very crown of the Blue Ridge.

In less than two weeks passengers for Hendersonville and Asheville will be landed seven miles further on, and within six miles of the former place.

This brief and cursory sketch I have penned with the view set forth at the outset. I will close by saying that if you wish to breathe pure atmosphere, be fanned by delicious breezes, drink cold water, enjoy wholesome and tempting fare, buy a return ticket from Charlotte to Hendersonville via the Air Line and Spartanburg and Asheville Railroads, and, my word for it, you will not be disappointed. F.

AN INCIDENT IN NAPLES.

Insult to an American Lady Promptly Resented—Gallant Conduct of Columbia Tourists.

[Cor. of the Columbia Register.]

NAPLES, ITALY, July 10, 1878.—The wide circulation of your valuable paper is such that it has been considered to be proper by a number of Americans now in this city to give your readers an account of the shameful treatment of a distinguished American lady by one of the proprietors of the Hotel Royal des Etrangers, one of the largest hotels in this city, and of the just punishment which he received at the hands of gentlemen who were ready to peril their lives in the cause of right and truth against imposition and oppression upon an unprotected lady.

Miss Mary Custis Lee, a daughter of General Robert E Lee, arrived here a few days since in company with some lady friends from Malta, who registered at the above named hotel. It appears that during the night of the 8th instant, the mosquito bar around the bed ignited accidentally from a candle, which Miss Lee had lighted. In a few moments the flames spread and caught the lace curtains, and the room was soon enveloped in flames, which Miss Lee heroically endeavored to suppress but without success, and fearing that the hotel might be burned, she gave the alarm of fire, which soon was heard by some gentlemen, who were occupying rooms on the same floor, when ex-Judge Samuel W Melton and Mr W A Clark, of Columbia, S C, were the first who came to the rescue of Miss Lee, and succeeded in saving her money and valuable jewelry from the flames. The morning following the fire, Miss Lee expressed her willingness to pay all damages, though the fire had occurred from accident. The proprietor taking advantage of the lady, demanded 2,000 francs, which was a preposterous and enormous charge for the damage. A gentleman from Ohio, a Mr Poland, a guest of the hotel, who has been vice president of an insurance company for a number of years, estimated the damage at $70. The friends of Miss Lee at once demurred to this enormous charge. The American consul, Mr Duncan, at this place was exceedingly kind, and protested against the payment of any sum. The proprietor now being foiled in his disgraceful effort to overcharge for damage occurring from accident, became insolent and spoke in a manner which reflected upon Miss Lee. The insult was quickly resented. Mr Clark, of Columbia, S C, struck him over the head with an umbrella. In a few moments the proprietor was surrounded by a number of Italians, who were clerks, waiters and attaches of the hotel, but they were met by Judge Melton, Col. John T Sloan Jr, Mr D P Jordan, of South Carolina, and Dr I B Roberts, of Georgia, who by their courage and determination caused them to stampede and call for the police. A large crowd soon assembled about the hotel. The proprietor was denounced by Colonel Sloan for his conduct towards Miss Lee, who challenged him to go into the garden and answer for the same with swords or pistols, which the proprietor declined to accept.

It would be well for all Americans to avoid this hotel when coming to Naples. HAL.

Delicious Cookery.

Light, white, wholesome biscuits, rolls, bread, and elegant cake, crullers, waffles, doughnuts, muffins, and griddle cakes of every kind, are always possible to every table by using Dooley's Yeast Powder.