

Carolina Watchman.

LOCAL.

THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1886.

PERSONS writing for information on matters advertised in this paper will please say "advertisers in the Watchman."

Subscription Rates

The subscription rates of the Carolina Watchman are as follows:

1 year, paid in advance, \$1.50

" paid in delayed 3 mo's, 2.00

" paid in delayed 12 mo's, 2.50

Rain: it rains every day.

Several communications received this, will appear next week.

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The condition of the public roads reminds one more of mid-winter than mid-summer.

Dr. Rumble's Sunday morning sermon was the subject of general complimentary remark. It was listened to by a large audience.

Rev. Mr. Wingard, a Lutheran minister from South Carolina, occupied the pulpit at the Methodist church here last Sunday night.

Georgia water melons have put in an appearance, and the desire of the small boy is to plug it with his jack knife, just to see the color of the meat.

There is nothing wrong about having auction sales on the streets, provided the pavement is kept clear, which is not the case on the Mansion House corner.

The 15th inst., is the day set apart for the meeting of old Confederate Soldiers. There should be a full attendance. The Court-house will be the place of meeting.

As was expected, the town was full of people last Friday, but strange to say, there were but few negroes present to witness the hanging. The crowd was largely white. Why this was so is not clearly known.

James W. Rumble, Esq., is acting Chairman of the County Democratic Executive Committee, and all communications on county political matters should be addressed to him at Salisbury.

The fourth of July was only celebrated here by the closing of the banks and post-office, on Monday. Otherwise the small boy had no indication that the natal day of his country was quietly passing away.

Leafy June indeed! Leafy June is better. July has made a fair start in the same direction. It never rains but it pours, and it never pours but it rains. It seems that the "showers" and "pours" are playing "tag" and neither will give up.

The Postmaster at Salisbury has received instructions to make up and receive mail on the day train of the Western N. C. R. R., to and from the following points: Statesville, Newton, Hickory and Asheville.

Mr. Medernach requests us to say that the photographs made by him of the Hook and Ladder Company, are on exhibition at Buehrmann's store, and that any member of the company may leave orders for them at A. Parker's store.

The well on the line between Mrs. J. Brown's and Mrs. Sarah Wilson's lots, in West ward, caved in last week, nearly swallowing the large well frame. It is quite a loss, since it furnished two families with water. It will probably have to be filled. The continual rains are supposed to have been the cause.

Rev. T. W. Smith, pastor of the Methodist church here, was a member of the council before which Rev. Bagwell of Winston, was tried last week, for immoral conduct. This court found him guilty of the charges preferred, and suspended him. He will no doubt be expelled from the church and ministry at the next session of the annual conference, which meets at Reidsville in December.

Grass! grass everywhere. The streets have grown up in weeds. The water ditches are filled with grass and holds the water. The town authorities do not feel, apparently, that they should spend the people's money for the purpose of cutting down the grass. But it is not a healthy condition and there is one effective means at command: "Sweep before your own door."

There is now a feeling among the majority of the citizens of Salisbury to continue any move toward making modern and substantial improvements in the town, and they will back, with their means and influence, any wise project looking to this end. The town authorities too, are in sympathy with the general feeling, and will, with proper encouragement, inaugurate a plan by which the things desired may be secured.

The continuous heavy and protracted rains have caused the farmers to be low spirited. Corn and cotton are in the grass, a great deal of which has never been worked since it came up, and the bulk of the wheat and oats harvested is still in the fields and sprouting badly. Take it all in all, it is a gloomy outlook for the tiller of the soil, and indirectly for everybody else.

Violations of the game laws are reported. It is said that wild turkey hens are being killed in the county, and that the nests of quails are being robbed and the eggs offered in market. One case where a turkey hen was killed and a brood of very small turkeys left to die. This destruction of game comes under the legislative act, and indictments are to be made when known violations have been committed. The law is a wise one, and should be a popular one, and doubtless is with the thinking land owner or farmer.

Personal Mention.

Miss Hope Summerell is visiting in Concord.

Miss Daisy Meroney is on a visit to friends at Winston.

Miss Carrie Murphy has gone to Philadelphia to visit Mrs. Noble.

Wm. F. Buckley, Esq., proprietor of Dunn's Mountain mine, is here.

Mrs. Steere and Mrs. Wells have gone to Petersburg to spend some time.

Mrs. J. D. Gaskill and daughter, Miss Mamie, are visiting friends in Winston.

Sidney Helling has returned from Roanoke College, Va.

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Rare Flowers.

Some kind hearted friend, (in California, perhaps), sent us a box of flowers which came to hand Monday, - the remains show that they were once very beautiful, but they faded badly in the mail bags on the road before reaching their destination. The box was broken down and twisted out of shape, and only the twine held it together. Nevertheless our thanks are as sincere as if they had come in due time and proper care.

New Tobacco Factory.

Messrs. M. L. Holmes & J. D. Gaskill have purchased the lot at the depot, formerly owned by the Salisbury Woolen Mills, and will proceed shortly to erect thereon a large tobacco factory—a four story building, 125x50—which, we learn will comprise the latest improvements in machinery and the various appointments in this line of business. The contract for the building will be let out at an early day.

Cotton Blossoms

are coming in. One came in on Wednesday last, June 30, from J. S. McCubbin's farm sent by Mr. Becker.

Another on Saturday, from Sapona, N. C., Mr. J. W. Haden's farm.

At yet it is doubtful whether or not early blossoms afford any indication of what this year's crop will be. Thousands of acres, owing to the long continued and excessive rains, are badly in the grass, and the plants will sustain other damage from the readers of this department.

The company own in fee simple, 700 acres, the mineral and water right of 800 acres adjoining and the water right of 2000 acres, also adjoining. The property lies 15 miles southeast from Marion, the county seat of McDowell, and on the waters of Muddy creek and its tributaries.

These three mines cover the "McDowell belt," or what is locally called the "Brackettown district." The whole region has been worked with more or less activity since its

MINING DEPARTMENT.

T. K. BRUNER, EDITOR.

The Marion Bullion Company.

The Marion Bullion Company owns lands in McDowell county where they are conducting large mining operations. The officers of the Company are Hon. Thos. J. Edge, president; Col. H. C. Demming, Secy. and general manager; Wm. Machlin, treasurer and Thos. H. Rice, superintendent at the mines. The offices of the company are at Harrisburg, Pa., where the Secretary and general manager resides. The mining editor of this paper visited the property last week in company with Col. Demming and Prof. J. W. Beach of Philadelphia, and found the operations and region full of interest. Some detail may prove interesting to the readers of this department.

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DISCOVERY IN 1829.

It was worked with much vigor up to 1849 when most of the mines in the east were abandoned, the miners joining in the general rush across the continent to the new gold fields of the west. Since this last date, the Marion Bullion Co.'s property has been worked considerably, (both in an organized way and by individuals who took the liberty—in the absence of any to say them may,) but it was left for the enterprise and energy of the present company to place the mines on the list of dividend paying properties.

They have between 25 and 30 miles of ditch lines, flumes and sluices. The water is caught on the sides of the South mountains and conveyed to reservoirs from which it is distributed in pipes to the hose lines. They use 11 and 2 inch nozzles, and move from 300 to 600 cubic yards of dirt per day, according to the character of the ground. At present they are operating in two valleys some half mile apart. The grit beds in each of these deposits are about 50 yards in width and lie from 8 to 20 feet from the surface. To remove this soil and wash the grit,

from

18 to 20 MILLION GALLONS

of water is used each day.

The main placer deposit is in the valley and bed of Muddy creek and is about 150 yards wide and some four miles in length. The hydraulic work spoken of above is being conducted in the valleys at right angles with the main deposit on Muddy creek. Of this latter, Prot. Brandley, an experienced mining expert, who made a careful study of the ground, estimates that two miles of Muddy creek valley contains \$60,000,000. This estimate does not include the branch hollows tributary to Muddy creek, on which the present work is being conducted. The resources of the place seem inexhaustible. Supt.

John F. Hodge, of eastern Rowan, in returning from Salisbury to his home last Saturday evening about six o'clock, attempted to ford a branch at Tobias Kestler's which is only a few inches in depth generally, but he was swept off by the strong current of the water into a ditch below, where the water was six or seven feet deep. He was thrown from the buggy in which he was riding, the buggy and mare lodging against the foot log, but he himself whirled off below. His struggle to recover standing ground was fearful in the extreme, and he was last saved by grasping a twig or weed under the water, by means of which he raised himself and succeeded in getting out of the ditch. On looking for his mare, only her nose was visible; but he succeeded in getting hold of the bridle and attempted to draw her head around and relieve her, when she made a desperate plunging and jerked the reigns off of his hand and went out of sight and drowned in a moment.

Mr. Hodge is devoutly thankful for his personal escape from a most unsuspected danger, and speaks of it as a warning which should be profitable to others, also; for it shows that the summons may come at a time when least expected.

A Narrow Escape.

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