

TERMS: One Year \$2.00, Six Months 1.00, Three Months .50. Strictly in advance.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE. TIME-TABLE WESTERN N. C. RAILROAD.

Table with columns: STATIONS, ARRIVE, LEAVE. GOING WEST. Salisbury, Third Creek, Statesville, Newton, Catawba Station, Hickory, Morganton, Bridgewater, Marion, Old Fort.

Table with columns: STATIONS, ARRIVE, LEAVE. GOING EAST. Salisbury, Third Creek, Statesville, Newton, Catawba Station, Hickory, Morganton, Bridgewater, Marion, Old Fort.

Trains pass at Hickory 9 a. m. Up-train takes the side track. Stand with train before time, the other train will wait one hour and then proceed.

Going West—Breakfast at Hickory at 8:30 a. m. and Dinner at Old Fort at 12:30 p. m.

Going East—Breakfast at Hickory at 8:30 a. m. and Dinner at Salisbury at 1:30 p. m.

Condensed Time-Table. In effect on and after Tuesday, May 26th, 1875.

Table with columns: STATIONS, MAIL, EXPRESS. GOING NORTH.

Table with columns: STATIONS, MAIL, EXPRESS. GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns: STATIONS, MAIL, EXPRESS. GOING EAST.

Table with columns: STATIONS, MAIL, EXPRESS. GOING WEST.

NORTH WESTERN N. C. R. R. (SALISBURY BRANCH).

Passenger train leaving Raleigh at 7:50 p. m. connects at Greensboro with the Northern and Southern lines.

No Change of Cars between Charlotte and Richmond, 28th July.

Seaboard & Roanoke R.R. Company. Office S. & R. R. Co., 100 N. 1st St., Raleigh, N. C.

ARRIVE AT PORTSMOUTH. Mail train, daily, 7:15 p. m.

ARRIVE AT WILMINGTON. Mail train, daily, 7:15 p. m.

ARRIVE AT CHARLOTTE. Mail train, daily, 7:15 p. m.

ARRIVE AT RICHMOND. Mail train, daily, 7:15 p. m.

ARRIVE AT GREENSBORO. Mail train, daily, 7:15 p. m.

ARRIVE AT WASHINGTON. Mail train, daily, 7:15 p. m.

ARRIVE AT BALTIMORE. Mail train, daily, 7:15 p. m.

ARRIVE AT PHOENIX. Mail train, daily, 7:15 p. m.

ARRIVE AT NEW YORK. Mail train, daily, 7:15 p. m.

ARRIVE AT BOSTON. Mail train, daily, 7:15 p. m.

LEADING BUSINESS MEN IN ATLANTA.

WEST AND EDWARDS, cor. Pryor and Line sts.—Wholesale Grocers. HUBBARD UNIVERSITY, cor. Broad and Alabama sts.—E. F. Moore, A. M., President.

SPARTANBURG BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

F. N. Walker, Main st., opposite Palmetto House—Dry Goods, General Merchandise, &c. W. D. Misher, Main st., opposite Palmetto House—Stoves, Tinware, Roofing, Gutters, &c.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

BEALE & MARTIN, Real Estate Agents and Land Brokers, Asheville, N. C.

W. W. FLEMING, Attorney at Law, Charlotte, N. C.

JOHN ROLAN, Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Asheville, N. C.

MURPHY, N. C., Practices in the State and Federal Courts, Claims collected.

WOODEN M. CLOUD & PULLIAM, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy, Asheville, N. C.

A. T. & F. DAVIDSON, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Bankruptcy, Asheville, N. C.

D. R. S. GRANT, DENTIST, Asheville, N. C.

W. B. & G. S. FERGUSON, Attorneys at Law, Asheville, N. C.

J. D. HYMAN, Attorney at Law, Hendersonville, N. C.

S. H. REED, Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Bankruptcy, Asheville, N. C.

F. P. AXLEY, Attorney at Law, Murphy, Cherokee County, N. C.

J. M. CUDCER, Jr., Attorney at Law, Marshall, N. C.

JAMES BUTTRICK, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER, Asheville, N. C.

H. A. CUDCER, Attorney at Law, Marshall, Madison Co., N. C.

WILL PRACTICE IN THE courts of the 12th Judicial District, the U. S. Court and the Supreme Court of N. C.

FENNIMAN & BRO., Importers and Jobbers of Hardware, Cutlery, Guns, &c., &c., No. 10 North Howard St., opp. Howard House, Dec 3 BALTIMORE.

T. A. WILLIAMS & CO., Wholesale Grocers and Commission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.

CHARLOTTE OBSERVER. TO ADVERTISERS.

Persons wishing to make their business extensively known among the merchants and people generally in Western North Carolina, will find the Charlotte Observer, published daily, a valuable medium for advertising.

WIESENFELD & CO., Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in CLOTHING, No. 242 West Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE.

Address of the Executive Democratic Central Committee to the People of North Carolina.

ROOMS OF DEMOCRATIC CONSERVATIVE CENT'L EX. COM., RALEIGH, June 1st, 1875. To the People of North Carolina: The General Assembly at its recent session called a Convention of the people to meet at Raleigh on the 6th day of September next, for the purpose of suggesting such alterations in our organic law as may be deemed wise and expedient.

NECESSITY FOR CHANGE. The necessity for changing many of the provisions of the existing Constitution is generally admitted, and is too apparent to require extended argument.

It is also hoped that a greater incentive to honesty and a purification of the ballot box might result from depriving those who are convicted of infamous crimes of the elective franchise.

CITY ORPHANS. Fatherless, motherless, Pity our tears, Pity our loneliness all through the Shelterless, comfortless, Out in the cold.

THE CONSTITUTION, THE CREATURE OF MILITARY LAW. This Constitution, the creature of Military Dictation, is born in the throes of a Military reconstruction.

METHODS OF CHANGE. Of the two methods prescribed for changing the Constitution, that by legislative enactment is expensive, uncertain and dangerous.

QUALIFICATIONS OF DELEGATES. It is useless, however, to seek to quiet the mere caviller; the keen opponent of some persons defy all law.

THE CONSTITUTION UNSUITED TO OUR CONDITION. That the Constitution contains some good provisions no one denies; it would be singular if it did not, but its abominable characteristics were so manifest that not a single conservative member of the Convention that passed it could be induced to affix his signature to it.

RESOLUTION. Resolved, That we recognize in our departed sister, a faithful and devoted Christian, an orderly and consistent member of the Church, and an affectionate and dutiful wife and mother.

RESOLUTION. Resolved, That we hereby express our sympathy with her bereaved husband and children, and numerous friends; and while we are the one hand, recognize the severity of their loss in her death, on the other, we would cheer them, that she left ample assurance that she died in the triumph of a Christian faith, and that their loss is her eternal gain.

RESOLUTION. Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the Church Book, and that one also be tendered to her husband and family.

RESOLUTION. Done by order of the Baptist Church, at Marshall, N. C., June 8th, 1875.

Mrs. Rose, of Connecticut, said she would hang herself if Rose wasn't home at eight o'clock. When he came in at night she was suspended to a beam, cold and dead, and he rubbed his hands and whispered: "There's a woman who couldn't tell a lie!"

Mr. Pishgah.

Mr. Ebron.—On the morning of the 28th of May last, a party of twenty, or more, could be seen winding their way towards Mt. Pisgah, for the purpose of viewing the mountains, valleys, and surroundings of this noble monument of Nature.

Mr. Pishgah.—In relation to the subject that Mr. Jos. Wilcox, of Philadelphia, named to you in regard to my finding a cast of the human form in a slab of burned clay, I will give you a brief but full history of all the circumstances on which that subject was called in 1871 a vandal—he was called an "archeologist," or some other big scientific name—made an ugly cut into the east side of that beautiful Indian earth-mound near the town of Franklin, N. C., and thus left its graceful outline badly damaged.

Mr. Pishgah.—I further remarked that I had evidence, satisfactory to myself, that some people peculiar in their customs, and distinct from any of the tribes of North American Indians, had at some period in past time inferred from their peculiar mode of sepulchre, or disposing of their dead; that they were crematists—that is to say, consumed the bodies of their dead by fire.

Mr. Pishgah.—By purchase the white man became possessed of that portion of land belonging to the Cherokee tribe of Indians in Western N. C., watered by the head branches of the Tennessee River, now embracing the counties of Macon, Jackson and Swain.

Mr. Pishgah.—This transferred in the year 1820, and I, then in my 25th year, commenced farming, in a small way, on the Sugartown Fork, eight miles southeast of Franklin. My farm was managed by an intelligent and faithful slave.

Mr. Pishgah.—My residence was then in Morganton, Burke county, and for ten years I saw my farm but twice each year. The autumn after the first crop I visited my farm, and it was then that my black man delivered the following strange narrative: When plowing in a bottom field, every time his plow passed a certain spot it produced a strange, hollow sound, and this induced him to dig down with his hoe for the cause.

Mr. Pishgah.—At the depth of 15 inches he struck a stratum of charcoal, and beneath it lay a slab of burned clay, 7 feet long and 4 broad. He cleared away the earth from round it, and with a hand spike made an effort to lift or turn it, expecting perhaps to find a hidden treasure under it.

Mr. Pishgah.—But in the attempt the slab broke up into sections of various sizes, and on lifting them his imaginary treasure all vanished, and "like the baseless fabric of a vision, left nothing behind." Nothing—I'll take that back; he did find something that caused him to tremble as if he had seen a ghost.

Mr. Pishgah.—It was a complete cast of the front of a human body on the under side of the burned-clay slab. I questioned my man in what way he accounted for this strange fact, and he replied: "It is the figure of some unfortunate wild man that the Indians captured, killed and then placed naked on his back in a grave, then covered the body with a sheet of soft clay mortar, then filled the grave with wood, and thus consumed the body." This slave was a full-blooded African, but a man of strong mind, and after he had showed the cast in the clay, and furthermore the casts of the hands on the reverse side that had pressed down the clay, I adopted his opinion as a correct one, and had no doubt of it for the next 25 years.

Mr. Pishgah.—About this time my eyes fell on an article in a newspaper, headed by a word that was new to me—it was "Cremation!" The first idea that it presented to my mind, was that the word referred, in some way, to butter making; but on reading, to my surprise, I found that it referred to a strange mode of sepulchre by burning the bodies of the dead.

Mr. Pishgah.—I read the article to my good old black servant, who had turned up the burned clay slab, and thus relieved his pious mind of a horror that had haunted it for 25 years from the supposition that he had violated the grave of some white man; but as it was an Indian it was, in his opinion, a different thing, particularly as he was a Crematist; and I finished his comment by adding—"and mottled-builder!"

Mr. Pishgah.—The farmers of Macon since that time have greatly improved in the science of agriculture, by means of improved subsoil plows and there are but few of them but what will tell you that he frequently, in plowing his fields, strikes a stratum of charcoal, and under it a slab of burned clay; but scarcely any of them suspect it as evidence of a cremative mode of sepulchre practiced by some strange people in some remote period in past time.

Mr. Pishgah.—I have met with but one man who had any idea that the slabs of burned clay held casts of the human body on the under side. He stated that his plow turned up a piece of burned clay with the cast of a human arm upon it. My further evidence that other tribes of savages has lived in the vicinity prior to the Cherokee is, distinct styles of pottery and weapons for the chase, or defence, and found that are becoming of exciting interest to the antiquarian and archeologist.

Mr. Pishgah.—SILAS McDOWELL. Uneasy rests the head that has no spring bonnet.

Mr. Pishgah.—Athletic sports for ladies: Jumping at conclusions; walking round a subject; running through a novel; skipping full descriptions; throwing the latchet; and, during the holidays boxing the ears of troublesome young brothers.

Mr. Pishgah.—A man boasting of his pedigree to another said that his father was elevated above the common herd of men. He was hanged.

Mr. Pishgah.—Sunday was a delicious day. It was a grand overture. The sunshine, the balmy and brilliant air, was as gentle as an angel's touch, and the birds melody thrilled earth and Heaven. Man walked forth into the country, breathing in the delicious fragrance, bathing his soul in the blessed sunshine, and rejoicing in the glad music of the birds. The next morning he was yelling at the top of his voice, "Where in thunder is that ar thick undershirt, Maria!—Charleston (Ms) Plaindealer."

Mr. Pishgah.—"Oh! my friends," exclaimed a temperance orator, "that I had a window in my heart, that you might all look in and see the truth of what I tell you!" "Wouldn't a pain in your stomach do just as well?" asked a small boy.

Mr. Pishgah.—The bottom has not dropped out of everything. We are sure of it, for we recently sat down on a wood bottomed chair on which a tack was standing on its head. We immediately arose with renewed confidence in our agility.

Mr. Pishgah.—Can you tell me when it is that a blacksmith raises a row in the alphabet? It is when he makes a p-oker and shovel.