

CAROLINA MOUNTAINEER.

VOL. 4.

MORGANTON, N. C., SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1883.

NO. 51.

1883. 1883.

SPRING AND SUMMER.

Office of WALLACE BROS.,

Statesville, N. C., March 1, 1883

To The Trade:

We take pleasure in informing you that our

SPRING & SUMMER

S - T - O - C - K

IS NOW COMPLETE.

Our Stock this Season is unusually attractive and complete complete in all departments; well assorted, new and seasonable, embracing everything necessary to the full and complete outfit of the retailer.

Extending to you a cordial invitation to visit us, and hoping to secure your orders through our traveling salesmen, We are, very truly yours, Wallace Bros.

P. S. All orders by mail will be filled upon the same terms and receive the same attention as buyers in person.

THE MOUNTAIN HOTEL,

J. A. HUNT, Proprietor, Morganton, N. C.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

COMMERCIAL MEN.

A Good Table, Comfortable Rooms, Polite Attention, Reasonable Rates. Special Terms by the Month.

Important Notice to Farmers of North Carolina!

In order that all may be able to use Baugh's Special Fertilizer for Tobacco and Grain, we are now selling it direct to farmers of North Carolina, at the following Reduced wholesale prices for Cash:

| | |
|-----------------------|---------|
| Three per Single Ton | \$35 00 |
| Three (3) Tons for | 100 00 |
| Five (5) Tons or over | 33 00 |

Per Ton of 2000 lbs. in good bags of 200 lbs. each on board cars or vessels at our works.

We Guarantee the following analysis:

| | |
|--------------------------|------------------|
| AMMONIA | 5 to 6 Per cent. |
| AVAILABLE BONA PHOSPHATE | 10 to 12 " " |
| SULPHATE OF POTASH | 4 to 5 " " |

This article has been used for years in North Carolina with excellent results, and we think it will pay all Tobacco Growers to use it liberally.

Address all orders and inquiries to
BAUGH & SONS
103 SOUTH STREET BALTIMORE, MD.

HOWARD & PRESNELL,

DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

MORGANTON, N. C.

ARE constantly receiving new and seasonable goods, which they are offering at the most reasonable rates. Call and see them, and you will convince that they cannot be undersold.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

W. C. ERVIN, EDITOR.

SATURDAY, -- JULY 28, 1883

MAUD MULLER'S RAKE.

Maud Muller worked at raking hay, And cleared her forty cents a day. Her clothes were coarse, but her health was fine, And so she worked in the sweet sunshine. Singing as glad as a bird in May, "Barbara Allen" the livelong day. She often glanced at the far-off town, And wondered if eggs were up or down. The sweet song died of a strange disease, Leaving a phantom taste of cheese, And an appetite and a nameless ache, For soda water and ginger cake. The judge rode slowly into view, Stopped his horse in the shade and drew His fine-cut, while the blushing Maud Marveled much at the kind he "chawed." He was "dry as a fish" he said with a wink, And kinder thought that a good square drink Would brace him up. So the cup was fill'd With the crystal wine that the eld sping spilled. And she gave it him with a sun-browned hand "Thanks!" said the judge, in accents bland. "A thousand thanks, for a sweeter draught From a fairer hand"—but then he laughed And the sweet girl stood in the sun that day, And raked the judge instead of hay.

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

J. W. Hays in Raleigh Observer.

They have turned their attention from local politics to improving and beautifying their homes, enlarging and cultivating their farms and utilizing the boundless resources of their native hills. Where this has occurred the people have thrived and the valleys have bloomed with beautiful harvests. They literally flow with milk and honey. Had the inspiration of Moses turned him into the channel of discovery he had led the children of Israel dry-shod through the Atlantic straight to the western valleys; and he might have made the trip too in less than forty years. Such is the condition of the valleys of Watauga, Valle Crucis, the seat of old Bishop Ives' Jesuit school, the Happy Valley, the Valley of the Roan, all filled with thriving farms, comfortable farm-houses and a happy industrious people; and last but not least, "shady."

This little valley lies just over the "line" between the Iron and Holston mountains. Were it in Abyssinia we might well believe it to have been the fabled home of Rasselas. Closed in on every side with lofty mountains, which for but a few clefts high up on their sides would be impassable, it seems shut in from the outside world. It is called "Shady" since morn and evening the shadows of the tall mountains fall across the whole valley prolonging the freshness of morning and the dreaminess of evening and twilight. Yet nowhere does the sun shine more brightly than it shines in Shady, and nature seems to rejoice more in its few hours of sunshine where, nestling snugly in the arm of the encircling mountains the chilling winds pass over it untouched. Spring loves to nestle there when the peaks around are covered with ice and snow, and autumn lingers there longest after the hillsides are bleak and bare. Climbing slowly up the Holston mountains, winding through the rocky passes, toiling over huge boulders and fallen trees, the debris of many a mountain storm, suddenly the wildness of the mountains is behind us, and like a vision from old fairy land spread at our feet. Have we rubbed the magic lamp? Have we stepped with Aladdin into the magicians enchanted garden? Over the valley a bridal veil and beautiful as a bride it blushes with the first warm kiss of the rising sun. The mountains around glow with a mellow purple light, while through the dark passes on the east the Blue Ridge may be seen in the distance rising peak behind peak and range after range, growing fainter and bluer till far away the delicate tint of the hills is blended and lost in the azure of the morning sky. It is the time of the

Indian summer, the first light frost has touched the highest peaks and crowned them as with a halo. The morning breeze catches the yellow maple leaves and whirls them away, away, scattering them like flecks of gold upon the meadows far beneath. Down through the valley a mountain stream winds among green meadows and groves of tall white pine. There is something inspiring and life-giving in one of these mountain streams, it is so fresh and pure; it seems so full of life and purposes that one cannot behold it without becoming imbued with something of its spirit. It is something to do that must be done, it must get to the sea. If mountains are in the way they are levelled, if valleys they are filled. It is in a hurry. It leaps from its spring with an exclamation; it seems to rejoice in the light and the air and the sunshine; it feels young and fresh and strong, and starts on its journey with a skip and a bound, rejoicing in the very exuberance of health and spirits. Away it goes laughing down the mountain side, rushing, rearing, tearing over rocks, growing at fallen logs, bounding into cascades, gleaming, sparkling in the sunlight, foaming, sputtering, fuming, scolding at obstacles, wrenching them off but to show its might, whirling into eddies, gathering strength, then onward again—hurrying, hurrying on to the sea. * * * It is a picture well worth the pencil of a master; it is a living poem that would touch and move hearts that poetry has never yet reached; for there is that in the everlasting hills which moves upon the beholder as nothing else can do. As we ascend these lofty mountains we feel as the Greeks did when they ascended Olympus—we are touched with awe, we bare our heads as in the presence of the infinite. The conflicts of mythology, the hatred of parties, the petty bickerings and littleness of sects are left far behind, buried and lost in the fogs and mists of the valley, while alone, far up the mountain with the broad expanse of earth below us and the blue dome of heaven above, the soul feels in the immediate presence of its own nature's God, and bows in humble adoration. There the great organ of nature, touched by unseen hands, pours out its richest grandest strains, filling the listening soul with thought and dreams too deep for human utterance, lifting it up from the world and bearing it away in its swell of infinite melody.

VALUE OF COW PEAS.

Southern World.

An experienced farmer writes thus in regard to cow peas: "What you call cow peas are abundantly raised here, but are called stock peas, for all manner of stock eat and thrive upon them. For horses they serve the place of hay and corn, and these will grow fat and do work fed on nothing but pea hay. There's nothing better for milk cows, producing the largest quantity of the richest milk. They are better than corn and hay both for beef cattle. As a pasture for hogs, nothing can excel the pea field. While the pea-pods are just yellowing and not yet dry, and peas in a ripened green state, they form a fine dish for the dinner table. The poorest, most exhausted land will produce fine peas. They do best for hay on medium land. On rich land they produce too much vine. In this latitude the peas are sowed broadcast from May 29th to June 20th. Like all other crops, the preparation of the land has much to do with their growth. Keep the land clear of weeds by occasional ploughing until, say, the first of June, then break the land well, harrow and sow the peas broadcast, one bushel to the acre, then put them in with a very light plowing or a harrow and log—so they are gotten under the ground, it matters not how. For hay the bunch pea is preferred, because it is easily garnered, stands up and does not run on the ground like the vine pea. When ripe, and before

the pea is dry enough to shell easily, they are cut with a sythe or a mower, and are raked, dried and kept as other hay, care being taken not to put them in large heaps until thoroughly dried. The vine pea is better where the land is pastured.

The vine sometimes grows forty feet in length. The amount per acre produced is simply immense. The speckled or whippoorwill pea is always a bunch pea. There is also a black pea that is a bunch pea. All black peas last longer and stand the winter better than the red or speckled peas, sometimes lying on the ground until March without rotting. As a green manure to plow under nothing excels them.

I know of one field which had been so totally exhausted that it would produce nothing but crawl grass. The crops of peas grown and plowed under in two years, and seeded, in wheat the second year in October produced twenty bushels of wheat per acre."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

There are now 10,000 cigar makers in New York city on a strike.

F. B. Stanwood, the new editor of the Boston Advertiser, is a nephew of ex-Secretary Blaine.

The expenses of the recent coronation ceremonies at Moscow amounted to about £7,700,000 about £2,000,000 more than the estimates.

It is said that more beer is drunk per capita in Milwaukee than in any other city, and that the suicide rate there is double that of any other city.

By recent assessments, the value of property, real and personal, in New York is found to be almost exactly ten times that in Washington. The increase in New York for the last year was about \$45,000,000.

Ex-Secretary of War Belknap leads a lonely, but correct, life at Washington. Mrs. Belknap spends much of her time in Europe, but when in this country lives in Philadelphia.

It appears that the total number of watches made in Besancon last year was only just short of half a million, or nearly 50,000 more than 1881. Eighty-six per cent, of the watches sold in France last year were made in Besancon.

The American printing house for the blind, just dedicated at Louisville, is the first building ever erected in the world for that sole purpose. It stands in a large yard, surrounded with trees, and is of brick, three stories high with an ample basement.

And now the dress and cloak makers in thirteen of the thirty manufacturing in New York are on a strike. The strikers say they will win to their side the employees of all the other firms. They say that in many shops only \$1.50 is paid for making a cloak which sells for \$100.

Gen. Tom Thumb's last appearance on earth took place on Thursday, at Bridgeport, Conn., where his remains were interred. His wife was present and fainted at the grave. There were 10,000 people present, one-fifth of whom were boys and girls. A report says: The face of the dead dwarf looked perfectly natural. The body was dressed in a broad-cloth suit. Blood stone studs ornamented the shirt front. On the left coat glittered a gold badge engraved with the thirty-second Masonic degree. A white lace veil was spread over the face. On the lid rested the Knight Templar chapeau and silver sword of the General. The scabbard was inlaid with chased silver and the hilt was of silver and ebony. The weapon was only twenty inches long. Beside the hat and sword rested a floral anchor and cross intertwined, sent by Mr. and Mrs. Phineas T. Barnum. At the foot lay a square and compass of white roses presented by Mr. William K. Higby, and a cross of flowers, the gift of the Hamilton Commandery of Knights Templar.

FANNIE MILL'S FEET.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

SANDUSKY, JULY 17.—Fannie Mills has the biggest feet in the world, so far as known, and they are still growing. Your correspondent came here on purpose to see the wonderful sight which would under ordinary circumstances, be a very indelicate proceeding. It seems strange and rather unusual in a young man to travel 200 miles to see a pair of feet, and those belonging to a woman.

Fannie Mills is 22 years old, and resides on the dairy farm of her father, George Mills, two miles from Sandusky.

Your correspondent called at the Mills home at evening, and the head of the household was standing in the yard. His greeting was kindly and he entered into conversation on the subject of his daughter's big feet. He laughingly remarked that people generally didn't believe the seemingly incredible stories concerning Fannie's immense pedal extremities, but to prove that they were really so large he invited the reporter into the house to see for himself. The young woman was called by her father and wobbled, rather than walked, into the front room. She wore a long gown, which was scarcely sufficient to hide the deformity. She sat down in a chair and exposed her feet to view. It is almost impossible to exaggerate the marvellous sight. She removed her shoes, and then great white pillow cases, which were worn as stockings. The feet look like two immense hams. The toes are irregular, and the little toes are represented by two little knobs. There are no toe nails, although the places where they should be are clearly defined. Your correspondent undertook the delicate task of measuring the feet. The right foot is one foot six inches in length, and the left one inch shorter. Over the instep of the right foot is twenty-one inches, and over the other one inch less. The big toe of the left foot is eleven inches in circumference. The right foot is longer than the left by an inch, but the latter is heavier and thicker. The feet are respectively seven and eight inches wide. From this actual measurement of Fannie Mills's feet any one can readily imagine what marvellously large shoes she must wear. Heretofore they have been manufactured in Albany, N. Y., but a Sandusky shoe firm has the lasts and a pair of shoes on exhibition, which have attracted great attention. Her feet have increased in size since the display in the shoe store window was made.

The left shoe is 16½ inches long, the right 18 inches in length; the left is 7½ inches wide and the other 8 inches. The right instep of the shoe measures 19½ inches, and the left 17½ inches. Fannie Mills weighs 109 pounds, and, although delicate-looking, says she has good health. It takes two calf hides to make her a pair of shoes, and all her vitality goes to sustain her massive limbs and feet. The girl had unusually large feet when she was born, and they have continued to grow alarmingly fast ever since. The girls of Chicago, whose big feet are proverbial must now surrender the palm to poor little Fannie Mills, who bears her hard fate cheerfully.

Articles of incorporation of the Delmonico Company, having for its object the building and leasing of hotels in the United States, were filed in New York Tuesday.

Pastor Powell, who supplies churches at Brooklyn and Sheephead Bay, found railroad fare expensive and bought a tricycle. With this, although a heavy man, he makes the five mile journey over a dirt road in about half an hour.

DEEDS, REAL ESTATE AND CHATEL Mortgages for sale at THE MOUNTAINEER office. All kinds of Blanks will be printed on short notice and at reasonable rates.