

Press and Carolinian.

Volume 19.

Hickory, North Carolina, Thursday, June 13, 1889.

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H. A. MURRILL, Editor.

NOTICES.

New Advertisements.

CHANGE OF TIME—Highland.
HATS AND SHOES—Shuford & Shuford.
LIGHTNING RODS—E. L. Hawks.

Refreshing rain Tuesday night.
Seven new residents in Hickory in two weeks.

See Royster & Martin's window display of fancy shirts.
"Fancy belts" in all the new colors at Royster & Martin's.

F. B. Alexander is offering you some bargains on the 8th page.

Fancy shirts with collars detached for 49c at the white front, Hickory, N. C.

Lumberton voted on the license question on 3rd inst., and went dry, five to one.

The N. C. Press Association meets in Lenoir on the 17th of July—so says the Topic.

The last arrangement in Royster & Martin's show windows is very tasty and pretty.

The Reformed church was packed Sunday to hear a fine sermon by Dr. Clapp, of Newton.

Try Link McComb & Co., when you want good goods at low prices. They will buy your produce.

Claremont College commencement was the interesting program of last night we will give full account in our next issue.

Send in your job work. We are now prepared better than ever and guarantee you fine work at low prices. Satisfaction or no pay.

The best estimate based on a partial census at Johnstown is now that the loss of life there was between twelve and fifteen thousand people.

In the last "write up" Hickory had no one would have known but that our streets were all dark at night. We have electric lights Bro. Hardy.

When an editor puts a column on "Tight Lacing" on two pages of the same paper he must be thinking of "trying it on" as a remedy for short nations.

To-day Highland Academy brings to a close the work of another year. There is also a reception to be given at Claremont. See our next for particulars.

Those wanting lightning rods will do well to see or communicate with E. L. Hawks before purchasing. COMPETITION LOWERS PRICES.

Hickory Inn, Hickory, N. C.

A very handsome invitation has been received by us to attend the commencement exercises of Gaston college, at Haigler, S. C.

Ben. W. H. H. Cowles is to deliver the literary addresses.

We were requested to say that all friends of the college are cordially invited to attend all the exercises at Claremont. Judge C. A. Cilley will deliver an address to-day at 11 o'clock in the college chapel.

Mr. Jim Herman brought into our office last week a bug, which had sprouted. The "negro-head" bush comes from this bug, and the one Mr. Herman had was just sprouting. He is quite a curiosity collector.

Eight men and boys, each one armed to the teeth with guns, pistols and knives succeeded in capturing and bringing before the U. S. Commissioner last week two unfortunate mortals from the South Mountains.

Help The Suffering.

We are glad to see how readily and handsomely the people of this great nation have responded to the call for aid by the sufferers from the flood. Especially are we glad that many citizens of North Carolina have responded nobly to that call.

Is Hickory to stand idly by and render no aid to such sufferers? Is that the class of people in our city? You say you are sorry, and with long faces bemoan the fate of 15,000 people. Is the sympathy which a lot of empty words convey all you can do? Last week we made a call for help for the people of Johnstown, but as yet we have heard of none being tendered. Are you doing as you would wish to be done by? Are you showing your Sunday Christianity? We head the list with \$5 and will send all contributions to the proper authorities. If you have any Christianity and sympathy for suffering humanity, show it!

Why So Cretulous?

Why do our citizens continue to be taken in by men who want to write up Hickory?

They come here and some are always ready to send money away from home to pay for nothing. You can have every advantage at home that any other paper can offer you. Men come here and "write up Hickory" in half way style and it does not do us any good. They do not give us credit for what we have either in population, industries or the enterprise which holds Hickory to the front as a shining star. No one would every recognize Hickory from some of these descriptions as a town of great enterprise, progress and beauty or as a town doing more business than any town along the W. N. C. R. R. Townsman why get "taken in" so often.

It is Your Fault.

After many vain appeals to our delinquents we have sent a large number of accounts out for collection. We regret the necessity for this step but we have bought some new material and must collect what is due us to pay our own debts. We have adopted the cash system and in future there will be no more duns to bore those of our readers for whom they are not intended. The matter of sending out these accounts is merely a BUSINESS TRANSACTION and all we want is the money you owe us and we hope none will get angry because your account is sent you through a collecting agency. Please remit us as soon as you receive your account and then pay up for a year in advance.

Exhibition of Art.

The Art display presented to our citizens last Tuesday night in the art studio of Claremont College was very artistic and elicited much commendation from an appreciative audience. The pictures in crayon were specially fine and the young ladies while gaining much worthy praise for themselves have on account of the high order of their cultivation reflected much credit upon their instructors and upon Claremont.

To be able to buy your goods cheap and always get one dollar's worth for a hundred cents you must look over our advertising columns. They always tell. Shuford & Shuford have an interesting article this week. Read it.

THE FLOOD.

THE APPALLING HORRORS CROW WITH EACH REPORT.

15,000 Persons Perish Beneath The Murky Waters.

After the publication of many columns of description and details of the terrible flood in Pennsylvania, the reporters say the half has not been told. Those who read the most that is said of such scenes can have only an imperfect idea of the reality as viewed by eye-witnesses. The storm which originated the disaster raged most fiercely about Altoona and high up in the Alleghany Mountains. Hundreds of rivulets run from these mountains into the Conemaugh river across which a dam has been constructed to make a fish lake many miles long and in some places more than 100 feet deep. The dam gave way and the vast body of water added to that from other swollen streams went rushing down upon the unsuspecting city and town in the valley below. Here is an incident taken from the history of this flood, which for dramatic, thrilling and awful interest can hardly be equalled. It reminds one of "the voice crying in the wilderness" warning the people of their impending danger. The horseman did not, perhaps, stop to consider the cost to himself when he galloped through the streets to announce the coming of that tidal wave of death; he acted on the noblest impulse that ever transfigured human nature—the impulse to proclaim salvation to others at the possible expense of his own life. But read it for yourself and think better of mankind in the future:—

Just before the disaster of Friday broke upon the town a man riding down the road that passes through Conemaugh to Johnstown, like some angel of wrath of old, shouting his portentous warning, "Run for your lives to the hills!" "Run to the hills!" The people crowded out of their houses along the thickly settled street, awestruck and wondering. Nobody knew the man and some thought he was a maniac and laughed. On at a quick pace he rode and shrilly rang out his awful cry. In a few moments, however, there came a wave of rain down the broad streets, down the narrow alleys, grinding, twisting, hurling, overturning, crashing, annihilating the weak and the strong. Forty feet high, some say, thirty according to others, was this sea, and it travelled with incredible swiftness. On and on raced the rider, and on and on rushed the wave.

Dozens of people took heed of the warning and ran up to the hills. Poor, faithful rider; it was an unequal contest. Just as he turned across the railroad bridge the mighty wave fell upon him, and horse, rider and bridge all went out into chaos together.

On and over town and city went the merciless wave of devastation and death. Brick walls, railroad cars and engines and everything that stood in its way was swept down with the resistless current.

Death, ruin and destruction are but meager words applied to Johnstown proper. Weeping men, women and children are at all places looking for their dead.

From Kerwinstville to New Florence, bodies are being picked out of the every minute.

In the southeast part of the town is located the Irish Catholic church and convent. A remarkable story is told about these sisters. The Mother of the Convent saw the water coming, which, she says, was mountain high. She at once called all the sisters into the chapel. Here the dozen

NUNS BEGAN TO PRAY

as they possibly never prayed before, for protection from the waters. When the water struck the building it shattered the entire structure and every room in it except that in which the sisters were at prayer. The room is still standing, but it is liable to fall at any moment.

HORRORS BEYOND DESCRIPTION.

The horrors of this part of the town are beyond pen-pictures or description. What is just now going on can be best felt when it is told that a string of men two miles long are carrying coffins to the school house, where the hundreds of dead are lying. One after another the dead bodies are identified, and moment after moment dead women and children are being taken to the temporary morgue.

At ten o'clock a preacher addressed the crowd in front of the school house.

"Gentlemen," said he, "how many of you will volunteer to go to Prospect Cemetery and dig graves? A hundred said "I," and they started to make places in the earth to hold some of the bodies.

Where Woodvale once stood there is now a sea of mud, broken but rarely by a pile of wreckage. I waded through mud and water up the valley to day over the site of the former village. As has been often stated, nothing is standing but the old woollen mills. The place is swept here of all other buildings but the ruins of the Gantier wire mill. The boilers of this great works were carried one hundred yards from their foundation. Pieces of engines, rolls and other machinery were swept far away from where they once stood. The wreck of a horse carriage is sticking up out of the mud. It belonged to the crack company of Johnstown. The engine house is swept away and the cellar is filled with mud, so that the site is obliterated.

A German watchman was on guard at the mill when the waters came. He ran for the hillside and succeeded in escaping. He tells a graphic story of the appearance of the water as it swept down the valley. He declares that the first wave was as high as the third story of a house.

The place is deserted. No effort is being made to clean off the streets. The mire has found the grave for many a poor victim. Arms and legs are protruding from the mud and it makes the most sickening of pictures.

Kernville is in a deplorable condition. The living are unable to take care of the dead. The majority of the inhabitants of the town were drowned.

The sad story of Conemaugh is not without its deeds of heroism. The appalling scenes of horror developed during courage where least expected, while everyday heroes in the midst of the terrifying scenes usually degenerated into arrant cowards. Those who viewed the frightful scenes of fire and flood agree that the hopelessness of the situation was first fully realized by the women, and that in the tender sex was exhibited that dauntless courage which is born of resignation. Mothers coolly sacrificed themselves to the fury of flood or fire to save the lives of their children and loved ones. Not infrequently some pale faced woman, clinging with her child to the floating debris, realizing that the support was too frail for the two, would be seen to lift her precious burden high upon the floating

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PERSONALS.

Mr. Hardy, of the Raleigh Chronicle, was in the city this week.

Mrs. Ellen Smiley, of Moffatt's Creek, Va., is visiting Mrs. J. F. Murrill.

Mr. Herbert Chase returned last Monday from a trip to Linville City and Blowing Rock.

Mr. L. G. Hay and family returned to the city last Monday after an extended visit to S. C.

An invitation from D. L. Fry to attend the closing exercises of the Kentucky School of Medicine is at hand.

Miss Emma Council passed through Hickory last Wednesday on her way home from an extended visit to Salisbury.

Miss Emma Bonney returned home from Anchorage, Ky., last Friday. She has been teaching there for two years, and is home for the summer.

Dr. Beall, of Lenoir, N. C., passed through Hickory last Saturday on his way home from the Chapel Hill Commencement.

We are sorry to hear of the affliction of Col. W. W. Lenoir. He received a stroke of paralysis last Tuesday in his left side.

Mrs. Vardry McBee, formerly Miss Joyce Gwyn, wife of the late Rector of the Episcopal churches here and in Lenoir, came up from Lincolnton last week on a visit to her cousin, Mrs. J. G. Hah.

Col. Hilderbrand made a visit to Washington last week and returned with the scalps of three Catawba P. M's, dangling at his belt. We are much rejoiced that he spared the house of Jacob.

Mr. J. C. Fry, of Hickory, has accepted the position of superintendent of the Patterson Cotton Factory. Mr. Fry will move his family to Patterson and assume the duties of his new position about July 1st.

The C. S.

The "Constant Squatters" are working unusually hard at this season of the year; they are ready to throw cold water upon any business undertaking that may present itself they are also ready to advise strangers visiting our city that times are hard, and they will find other towns much more desirable to locate in. The "C. S." has become a dangerous rival to the "K. of R." (Knight of Rest) which has held full sway in our city, for some time; we would suggest that the "N. W." better known as never workers should look after their laurels or these two rival organizations will soon out do them!

Highland Exercises Changed.

A telegram just received from Mr. Busbee renders it necessary that the time of holding the closing exercises of Highland Academy be changed from the night of the 13th inst., to the afternoon (Thursday) at 2:30 p. m. The public will please take notice.

We have been trying to improve and will continue to improve the PRESS AND CAROLINIAN. In a few days a lot of new material will be in from the North and some few changes will be made for the better appearance of the paper. Send in your subscriptions and we will give you such a paper as you deserve. We can't do it unless you do.