

The Morganton Herald.

VOL. V. MORGANTON, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1889. NO. 38.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., N. Y.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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Business Generally.

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EVERY & ERVIN,
Attorneys-at-Law,
MORGANTON, N. C.

Practice in the courts of Burke, Caldwell, McDowell, Mitchell and Catawba, and in the Supreme Court.
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THE PIEDMONT BANK

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Conducts a general banking business. Inland and foreign exchange bought and sold.
Banking hours 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

DR. I. P. JETER,

DENTIST,

MORGANTON, N. C.

(Graduate of the University of Maryland) offers his professional services to the citizens of Morganton and surrounding country as a first-class Dentist.
No charge for examinations.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

Office at Mountain House.
June 20-21.

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INSURANCE AGENTS,

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NEW YORK LIFE,
Assets \$93,000,000.
CONTINENTAL FIRE
of New York,
Assets \$5,028,344.69.
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N. C. BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

OF CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Authorized Capital, \$5,000,000

Incorporated under and in conformity with the laws of North Carolina.

A Chance for All to get Homes,
Farmers, Merchants, Clerks, Mechanics or Professional Men.

THEO. GORDON, Local Agt.,
Morganton, N. C.

Notice!

Alfred Hawkins, Adm'r of Thomas Hawkins,
Against
Elias Hawkins and others, Heirs at Law.
Superior Court. } Before Clerk.
Burke County. }

By virtue of an order in the above-entitled case, we will, on Monday, the 23rd day of December, next, offer at public sale, at the court house in Morganton, a tract of land lying near Morganton, as the property of Thomas Hawkins, deceased, containing 14 acres, more or less, and on which there is said to be a VALUABLE GOLD MINE.

Said land is re-sold by virtue of a ten per cent. bid placed on former sale, by S. M. McDowell.

Terms: 1. The bidings will be opened at \$182.00. 2. Twenty per cent. cash in hand. 3. Six months on balance, and bond and security. 4. Title retained until all the purchase money is paid.

This 20th November, 1889.
JOHN T. PERKINS,
S. C. W. TATE,
Commissioners.

OLD NORTH STATE.

Happenings of the Week from Highlands to Hatteras.

It is rumored that Judge Gilmer, of the Superior Court, will resign about January.

The Statesville *Landmark* does not think Iredell's cotton crop more than equal to a third.

The cyclone last week in the eastern counties is said to have blown away entire fields of cotton.

The Lenoir *Topic* says Mr. Thos. B. Hendrix, of Wilkes, lately dug up the skeletons of 17 Indians on the banks of Elk creek.

A seven-year-old daughter of John Russell, of Cabarrus county, was burned to death Sunday while playing too near the fire.

Samuel Gardiner, of Montgomery county, was found dead in bed by his wife. The bursting of a blood-vessel was the cause of his death.

The Wake Forest and University boys played a match game of football at Chapel Hill last Friday. Wake Forest won by a score of 18 to 8.

A match game of football played at Raleigh Friday between teams from Wake Forest and Trinity Colleges, was won by Trinity, score 8 to 9.

The County Commissioners of Yadkin County have ceased to give any aid to paupers except such as are in the county poor house. In this way they saved more than \$600 last year.

Mr. F. A. Dickens, of Cid, N. C., writes the *Raleigh Chronicle*: "Miss Westmoreland, aged about 17 years, living about one and a half miles out of Thomasville, in this county, hung herself Nov. 21st. Cause unknown to writer."

Mathew Banks, colored, was hanged at Elizabeth City Friday in the presence of about two hundred people, of whom only two were negroes. The crime for which he was hanged was an atrocious assault on Florence Swain, aged 15, in July.

The Governor has commuted the death sentence of S. W. Jackson, convicted in Halifax county of murder and sentenced to be hanged December 19, 1889; and has pardoned Geo. W. Wilkins, sentenced to fifteen years in Green county for larceny.

A negro was arrested at Spring-hope, Nash county, for hog-stealing. While under arrest he tried to escape. A white man, J. W. Valentine, fired at him and the load of shot entered the negro's head, killing him instantly. Valentine made his escape.

Samuel C. White, ex-cashier of the defunct State National Bank, has secured 500 signatures to a petition for executive clemency. He has affidavits from many persons to the effect that Cross and not White forged the names to the notes, and that Cross so admits.

A twelve-year-old boy was killed near Falkland, Pitt county, in a very peculiar manner. He was fastening a house from the inside, intending to make his exit through a window left open for that purpose. In getting out of the window the sash fell, catching his neck against the window, in which position he strangled to death.

A Wake county woman, says the *Raleigh Chronicle*, tied \$200 in greenbacks in a small cloth bag and hung it in her smokehouse for safe keeping. It disappeared and upon taking up the smokehouse floor she discovered that rats had carried it off for nests, and all but \$19 was cut into such small pieces as to be utterly worthless.

At a camp-meeting near Asheville, Aug. 24th, Wm. Fore and Amos Lunsford got into an altercation, in which Fore was struck in the face by Lunsford with his fist, and thereupon the former drew a huge knife and while being repeatedly struck, stabbed his antagonist to death. The case was tried at Asheville last week and Fore convicted of murder.

There was a shooting affair in Clines' township one day last week very similar to the famous Parker-Stack affair at Rutherford College, though happily not so serious. Mr. Miles Huffman about eight o'clock at night was entering the door of his residence when a bullet, fired by some one secreted near by, struck him in the left shoulder, just about the collar bone. The wound is a painful one, but the doctors who probed for the ball were not able to determine whether it had entered very far, or had rebounded. One day last week in Clines' township two of the sons of Mr. Daniel Carpenter were sitting around the fire handling a revolver when it went off. The ball struck one of them in the abdomen and inflicted a very serious, if not fatal wound. When we last heard from him, the doctors were doubtful of his recovery.—*Newton Enterprise*.

Sketches from the Far West.

NO. V.
Written Specially for THE MORGANTON HERALD.

SUMMER RAMBLES—continued.

If Manitou is the Switzerland of America, what place in Europe may stand side by side with Ouray? It is Manitou exaggerated and idealized. Straight-walled and towering mountains shut in the town in a horse shoe enclosure, with a narrow neck of valley where the Uncompogre river sweeps its way out to the long spread, sunny, and fertile plain beyond. On entering the town, you would think you might reach your hand out from a window of some of the houses, and touch the mighty mountain walls. From the window you strain your neck to see the top, and its immensity strikes with awe, yet from that stand point you see only to the first offset. There are places in those mountains which by horizontal measurement are not an eighth of a mile from the town, where snow is perennial, and a new fall in August is no rarity. The people are energetic, keen, and shrewd at business, and rather noted throughout Colorado for administering the law without red tape. The first hotel of the place, the Belmont, would be a good hotel in any city. Built of stone and well designed, its exterior has a fine appearance. Inside, the chambers of the upper floors open on corridors that look down over the grand hall of the first floor. Almost any point will afford an extended outlook, or by utilizing the columns, a sheltered place for making observations, or—according to the taste of the individual—a somewhat Spanish arrangement for luxurious flirtations. The dining room lies beyond this system of galleries, is very high of ceiling, lavishly decorated with carved wood, and high on one of the walls, is a small, much ornamented gallery, for musicians. This hotel was finished and opened to the public, on 4th of July, 1887. It prided itself among other things, on the variety and delicious quality of desserts at dinner. The pastry cook was a colored man, a genius in his profession. One night during the small hours, this cook being freed from duty, was taking an outing on the street. One of the dining room girls was doing the same, with an escort who was no friend to pastie. Smitten by jealousy, or from what strange prompting no one knows, he drew a revolver and shot the girl dead. Arms of the law were at hand, and he was promptly arrested and placed under bolt and bar. A band of incognitos who have acted on similar occasions, went to the jail, tried to break it open and get the prisoner. Failing in this they secured hogheads of oil, saturated the building from roof to foundation. When daylight dawned, scarcely five hours from the shooting, nothing remained of jail or pastry cook, but a smoking heap of ashes.

Next day your correspondent took stage for Dallas, from which point begins the staging to Telluride. Some two or three miles before reaching Dallas, we pass throughout a colony of prairie dogs. It is a bright mid day in September, and they are taking a benefit. If any one doubts the existence of *Comedy* as an element in nature, untouched by the art of man, let him go through a colony of prairie dogs under the same conditions. They are all out and above ground with the field to themselves. Suddenly an innovation approaches. Every little fellow of the whole city full, at the same instant scampers behind a mound or a log or a stone, and using it as breast works of defense, stands on tip-toe, stretched to his utmost length, and straight as a pole, peeping over to see what is coming. This peeping attitude assumed by so many, yet each with a funniness all his own, is ridiculous beyond expression; it must be seen to be appreciated. We enter Dallas, a town of five houses, each one apparently, being a saloon. WILD QUILL.

Rapid Transit.

Detroit Free Press.

"Talk about fast running!" said the Michigan Central man, "you ought to see our Limited full head. Why, we pass the telegraph poles so fast they look for all the world like comb teeth!"

"Oh, that does very well," responded the Wisconsin man, "but we can go you one better, I guess. Just as one of our slow trains was pulling out of Neenah, the other day, I undertook to slap the ticket agent and I hit a man at Waupac. Goin' down now to settle a suit for assault and battery."

On a pretty girl saying to Rufus Choate, "I am very sad, you see," he replied:

"Oh, no; you belong to the other Jewish sect. You are very fair, I see."

An editor, puffing air-tight coffins, said:

"No person having once tried one of these coffins will ever use any other."

PLUCK WILL WIN!

How a Burke County Boy Won His Way to Fame.

Raleigh Chronicle.

Among the young men in North Carolina under thirty years of age, the *Chronicle* does not know one who bids fairer to win success and fame for himself and the State than Mr. W. G. Randall. His struggle against poverty and other disadvantages, and his victory over them, if minutely told, would read like a romance. More than ten years ago he had formed a taste for Art, and the desire to become a great artist, and every energy of his being has been bent in that direction. His life thus far presents an example of industry, economy, courage and determination almost without a parallel. Yet it was not until within the last few months that he has been enabled to devote his entire attention to his chosen life-work for which nature has so richly endowed him. He is a native of Burke county and is just twenty-nine years old.

Just ten years ago he left his mountain home in Burke county for Chapel Hill afoot. He walked to Winston, rode from there to Hillsboro on the train, and walked from Hillsboro to Chapel Hill. He had only thirty cents when he reached there. Mr. Randall kept in a little note book a sort of diary of that walk and we give a few extracts:

November 10th—Started to Chapel Hill; travelled till midnight; slept in Perkin's school-house.

Nov. 11—Started before day; ate breakfast on a log eight miles from Lenoir. Passed through Lenoir about 10 o'clock. Children get scared at us. [A friend on his way to Trinity College was with him.—*Editor*.] and thought we were tramps. Dined three miles from town and took a nap. Got to Mt. Edmund Tilley's at 3 p. m. and staid all night.

Nov. 12—Started at 7:30 a. m. Passed through Moravian Falls, 2:30 p. m., and passed Wilkesboro at 4. Got turned off from four houses. Got to Mrs. Gray's, a widow, about 7 o'clock and staid all night. Travelled twenty-nine miles.

Nov. 13—Started at 7:30 a. m. and walked hard all day. Got to the Yadkin river at 11 a. m. Stopped at sundown where shingles had been made.

Nov. 14—Got up about midnight and walked to Huntsville—about eleven miles. Lay on a hill near the mill till day. Got the miller to put us across the river. Got to Winston at 2 o'clock p. m. Took the train at 5 o'clock and arrived at Greensboro at 7 p. m. Jim left on the train for High Point at 8:30. Slept in a vacant lot in a pile of leaves.

Nov. 15—Left Greensboro at 8:30 a. m. and arrived at Hillsboro at 11 a. m. Walked to Chapel Hill. Mr. Randall's purpose was not to enter the University at once. He knew that he was not prepared for that, as the writing and spelling in the diary show. His education thus far had been obtained almost solely from the public schools of his county. He hoped to get work of some kind about the University so that he could spend odd times in preparing to take a regular course.

There was a preparatory department in the University then and fortunately Mr. Randall was able to borrow a few dollars to pay his board and entered this department. He boarded from then until June for less than \$3 a month. As might be expected his progress in studies was rapid, and in September, 1880, he entered the regular Freshman class. He continued at the University until June, 1884, when he graduated almost at the head of his class. He held the position of Librarian for several years and was at one time President of the Dialectic Society. During his course he had been doing work in Art, and had made quite a number of portraits for which he received fair prices. He was not yet able, however, to make a living by Art. So in the Fall he opened a school in Marion, McDowell county, where he was very successful for two years. All this time he had been working with a view to completing his education in Art, and in October, 1886, he went to the National Academy of Design, in New York, where he spent one year, completing the course that the average pupil there spends from three to four years in completing. Besides this, in three months after entering the Academy of Design he received the appointment to a position to teach free hand drawing in a school for boys on Fifth Avenue, having been recommended for the position by his instructors. This took only four hours a week of his time but it more than paid his expenses while in New York. After completing his work in New York he returned to North Carolina and did some portrait work in the Western part of the State.

In September, 1888, he began work in the University of South Carolina as Instructor in Free-

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

What is Being Said and Done in the Nation's Capital.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30, 1889.

Secretaries Noble and Tracy have locked horns again for a fight, and many think the result will be the retirement of one or the other of them from the cabinet, perhaps both. To the student of politics a contest between two such men cannot fail to be very interesting, representing as they do the extremes of the republican party. Mr. Noble was selected personally by President Harrison for his present position, and has always belonged to the conservative or silk stocking wing of the republican party; while Mr. Tracy came into the cabinet as a personal representative of the craftiest politician in the country—Ex-Senator T. C. Platt, of New York—and belongs to the working wing of the republican party. President Harrison's personal inclinations are all undoubtedly with Mr. Noble, but owing to his susceptibility to the influence of the powerful members of his party it is doubtful which Secretary he will in the end sustain. The trouble between the two gentlemen comes from the Pension office, which continues to be a veritable thorn in the side of the administration. Secretary Noble has asked for the resignation of five of the prominent officials whose pensions were re-rated during Tanner's regime. One of them happens to be a special friend of Secretary Tracy's, and that gentleman advises him to refuse to resign and promises his help to aid him in keeping his position. The result is that not only Mr. Tracy's friend but the other four officials whose resignations were asked, have refused to resign, and they, together with all the other re-rated officials have formed a combination and propose to fight for their places, and as all of them have friends—some of them big ones—Mr. Noble will find that he has undertaken a large contract. Mr. Noble in asking for the resignation of these officials was undoubtedly endeavoring to do the administration a service by trying to stave off a Congressional investigation into the Pension office and its methods, but it is likely to result in bringing about that very investigation.

There is little outward change in the Speakership campaign. Mr. Reed left hurriedly for New York last Thursday evening and the rest of the candidates have been puzzling their brains ever since to find out who he went for. They are all afraid of Reed though they will assure you that they have got him beaten. Mr. Blaine, who has not been personally friendly towards Mr. Reed for some years, promised that gentleman's friends last Summer that he would do nothing to prevent his being elected Speaker. He has kept that promise up to this time, though great pressure has been brought to bear on him in behalf of one of the other candidates. The caucus will be held next Saturday and unless Mr. Blaine shall break his promise my next letter will chronicle the nomination of Reed for Speaker.

Gen. Crook, the Secretary of War, and Capt. Pratt, superintendent of the Carlisle Indian school, expect to visit Mt. Vernon barracks, Alabama, during the latter part of December for the purpose of deciding whether Geronimo and the other Apache Indians now confined there shall be removed.

Verily the democratic cup of joy is full almost to overflowing. Mahone and Foraker have been put on the shelf, and now comes news to the republican Senators that Ingalls will probably be defeated for re-election to the Senate. "Too good to be true," is the general democratic comment on the last item.

The local republicans are very much worked up over the rumor that Bruce, the negro ex-Senator, is to be appointed Recorder of Deeds for this city. If protesting to the President will prevent, the appointment will not be made.

Honors are now easy between Senator Quay and Mr. Wanamaker, as the President has followed the Quay slate in making the rest of the Philadelphia Federal appointments.

It begins to look as though President Harrison proposed to pigeon-hole the report of the Civil Service Commission handed him nearly a week ago. It recommends the prosecution of several office holders for violating the law against soliciting campaign contributions from office holders. The Commission is anxiously awaiting the President's decision in this matter.

A strong effort will be made this winter to have Congress adopt the English idea of a postal savings bank, to be conducted by the Postoffice department.

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Sidewalk Letter.

Editor Herald: We attended the "Fair" meeting last Monday and we were truly glad to see so much interest manifested. Our prediction is we will have a Fair next Fall, and that it will be a grand success, and why should it not be? We have the material—both men and means to make it a success. Now we are not a farmer, but the farmer's weal is ours. We buy our supplies from the farmer and of course we had rather use a first-class article than second or third class and frequently no class at all. Holding fairs excites emulation with our farmers and each man strives to raise the largest and best of farm products for which he gets a better price and it is more satisfactory to the buyer for we had rather pay 10 cts per pound for nice corn-fed beef than try to masticate the tough steak of a pennaroyal steer at five cents.

How it would improve the looks of things for our farmer friends to have commodious barns filled with provender for their improved stock, with good fences, nice and comfortable dwellings, riding to town in their carriages if they wish. When 8 head of fat cattle will make a car load, and sheep and cattle and fat horses dot the verdant pastures of Burke county. This is no highly drawn picture but a thing that can be realized, and the county Fair is a great lever to work out this desirable end.

The ladies, too, God bless 'em, can give great assistance in the matter for what will or can succeed without the co-operation and assistance of God's best work. The men bring in the delicacies, the luxuries and articles that beautify and adorn. Their part is equally as important as that of the sterner sex, and we know their department will be all that will be required or expected of them for they never fail in anything they undertake unless it is sometimes trying to make something out of a worthless husband.

Therefore let one and all work for the Fair and try and make it a grand success.

JOE ROBY.

New England Building and Loan Association.

Boston Herald.

At the meeting of the Manchester (N. H.) Building and Loan Association, Wednesday evening, there was a lively demand for stock in the seventh series, now open, and 160 shares were disposed of. The total number of shares issued is 1638. There are 351 pass books out, held by about 300 individuals. Nearly all nationalities, except Chinamen, are represented as shareholders. More than half the now shareholders are women, many of them mill girls, who invest from \$1 to \$10 a month. There are also physicians and men in prominent positions in the corporations and elsewhere who have shares as an investment. The loans on real estate aggregate \$28,385. The dues paid on shares the past six months amounted to \$8845, the premiums to \$815.75, and the interest to \$677.75.

At the meeting of the Newport (R. I.) Building Association Friday evening \$2000 was loaned at 6 1/2 per cent.

The Bangor Loan and Building Association held its monthly meeting at the common council rooms in City Hall Monday evening. Fifteen hundred dollars was bid off in loans at a premium of 25 cents a share to four parties. This association has been in existence about three years, and has over 600 shareholders. The plan of the organization is that of a co-operative bank. In case of one man who has built a house, the family lives down stairs, the other part they rent, and the rent pays the monthly payments, so that the man gets his house for nothing.

The Casco Loan and Building Association of Portland has sold 2695 shares so far. Last Saturday evening five loans were made, aggregating \$5200, at a premium of 50 cents.

"I have paid more rent than the house costs which I am living in, and I don't own a single jot of it," was the remark of a tenant.

By the old system of house tenancy, the many pay rent for the benefit of the few; through the Building and Loan Association the many combine together so as to put the rents into their own pockets.

It is a noticeable fact, says an exchange, that the man who naturally takes to real estate, either as an investment or as a safe way to husband his earnings, is generally counted among the winners. He may not be able to count his gains with the same frequency as does the man who speculates in stocks, neither is he compelled to estimate his losses as often, nor is he so frequently worried with financial embarrassment. The characteristics of the two men are entirely different. There is an air of solid comfort and equanimity about the man who owns land and houses, while the stock speculator's face and manner are indicative of his extra-hazardous calling.