THE JOURNAL.

NEW BERNE, N. C., JULY 28 1887.

Mr. ROBERT STRONG, at Kinston, is authorized to collect and receipt for subscriptions to the JOURNAL.

Mr. J. A. McGEE, at Seven Springs, is authorized to receipt for subscriptions to the JOURNAL.

TRUNKS, Curtains, and Table Oil-Cloth, cheap, at BIG IKE'S.

Fertilizers, Lime, Plaster, Cement, Glass, Paints, Varnish and Oil at low prices. GEO. ALLEN & Co.

FOR SALE—A large, well bound and handsomely illustrated Atlas of the World. Contains classified information upon nearly every subject imaginable. Can be seen at this office. 7d2w4t

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CITY AND VICINITY.

At all hazards F. Ulrich will sell you Hazard powder.

Sheriff Simson gives notice of Schedule B tax being due. Take notice.

Commencing October the 1st the citizens of Charlotte are to have the free delivery system of mail.

The North Carolina State Horticultural Society hold their annual meeting at Raleigh the 4th and 5th of August.

A colored military company is being organized here. Meetings and drills at the old plate factory foot of Hancock street.

"Charity and Children" is the name of a new paper published in Thomasville in the interest of the Baptist Orphanage there.

We are pleased to note the good patronage at Hotel Albert. The table fare still continues excellent, and the many conveniencies are all that could be desired.

The large double store on Pollock street being fitted up by Mr. John Dunn for his immense stock of confectioneries novelties, &c., is nearing completion.

The Chatham Record tells of a colored man by the name of Nat Freeze dying from overheat. It would have been more in keeping with the name had he frose to death.

Messrs. Willis, Edwards & Co., are constructing at their machine shops an immense 55-horse power boiler for a steamboat to be placed on Whiteoak river for Mr. Killey E. Terry.

Work on Federal and Church alliesy has wonderfully improved them. From a dirty, filthy and disease-breeding pass way, they have been changed to a clean, even and healthy appearance.

A friend writes us from Round Knob that they have to sleep under two blankets there. Most too cool, can you not strike a difference with us and make it more pleasant for both.

The Hornet's Nest Rifles of Charlotte passed up the road Wednesday morning from Morehead. Two other companies are still there, one from Fayetteville and the Reidsville Light Infantry.

New Berne has got it bad—a case of summer desertion. For the year round and taking in all considerations, we doubt there being a more pleasant habitation than our own dear "City of Elms."

The annual excursion of Hollowell & Petersons passed through the city Thursday afternoon on the way to Morehead. A large crowd was along, though not as many as usually go on these trips.

The steamer Elm City with all her appurtenances, tackle, &c., was sold at auction by virtue of a decree of the United States Circuit Court Thursday, B. F. Clyde was the purchaser at $5,000.

That is a very pretty pony phaeton turned out of the shops of C. T. Randolph for Mayor Meadows. Let us patronize home industries whenever it can be done and we will have more of them among us.

Mr. John Bangert was discovered down town Thursday about noon in an unconscious state. He had previously purchased a viol of laudanum and thought to have swallowed a portion of it. He was taken to the office of Drs. C. & F. Duffy and given medical treatment. He was much better in the evening.

At first a New Bernian wrote us from Round Knob that they had to sleep under two blankets there at night on account of its being so cool, but now another one of our citizens writes from Beaufort that the mountains are nowhere for he has to wear his winter clothes to keep warm. Wonder if he didn't forget to take along his seersucker?

In this issue appears the advertisement of Kinston College. Dr. R. H. Lewis, A. M., M. D., Principal. This is the eleventh term of the College, and under the skilled management of the Doctor, a ripe scholar and devoted instructor in the art of teaching, he has brought the school up to that standard which Eastern North Carolina may well take pride in. Five competent assistants are employed.

We are requested by Prof. Geo. W. Neal to say to his friends and patrons that he, with a corps of competent teachers, will open in due time a private school to meet the educational demands of the city and surrounding country. Prof. Neal is a ripe scholar and has had long expecience in training the youthful. Besides fitting them for the ordinary avocation of life, he also preproposes to prepare them, both male and female, for entering the junior classes in any of the colleges. Will open on or about the second Monday in September. Further particulars will be announced later.

New Steamboat for New Berne.

The Old Dominion Steamship Co. of New York has contracted with a Wilmington (Del.) firm for the construction of an iron hull screw propeller steamer for both passengers and freight, to ply between here and Norfolk. Her dimensions are to be: length, 190 feet; beam, 36 feet, and depth of hold, 10 feet and 8 inches. She will be supplied with a compound engine, with cylinders of 17 inches and 34 inches and a 28-inch stroke. Work will be begun at once.

Free Trade.

The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary. Medicines, no doubt has largely benefited the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with *Green's August Flower and Boschee's German Syrup*, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen, has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size. The *August Flower* for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the *German Syrup* for Cough and Lung troubles, have perhaps the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size.

New Firm.

Messrs. Willis, Edwards & Co. have reopened the machine shops recently operated by the late E. G. Cuthbert. These are young men who have applied themselves close to their trade until they now give notice, with added improved machinery, of their ability to do all kinds of work in brass and iron, boiler making, casting, etc. They guarantee to do good work at reasonable rates.

Bitten by a White-Oak Snake.

Mr. James Scott, superintendent of the farm near Riverdale formerry owned by Capt. S. H. Gray, was bitten on the finger by a large white-oak snake Thursday. He was out feeding up his stock and when putting some feed in a trough he felt something sting one of his fingers. Thinking it a briar scratch he paid little attention to it at first. In a short while it began to swell and become quite painful. He went back to the stable, and looking in the trough, saw an immense whiteoak snake which he at once killed. A frog poltice was applied to the wound. He then came to New Berne and went to Dr. Hughes, for treatment. He is thought to be out of danger.

Crop Prospects.

Most all of the few farmers that come to town now give good reports of their crops. Unusual as this may sound, coming from whom have been termed a class of "chronic grumblers" we believe it true. For the greater portion of the time the season has been most favorable and the farmers have remained home and no doubt attended to their duties. There has been the best of cause for their close application to business this season. One years experience is insufficient to make a man change his mode of life, in being more economic, striking harder and longer, and turning everything into something of account. The four years of poor crops in succession, which has caused a stagnation in nearly every line of business, has brought about this change, and it is our sincere wishes and belief that better times are near.

The West Point Cadetship.

The examination for appointment to the National Military Academy came off on Tuesday in Weldon. All the members of the committee were present, eight young gentlemen applied, and two of whom in the judgment of the committee, best fitted for the honor of cadetship selected, one as first chosen and the other as alternate. This result was forwarded to Hon. F. M. Simmons, who will in a day or two notify the successful applicant and bid him repair to West Point. The examination takes place the last of next month, so the fortunate young man will have but a short time to prepare for a rigorous examination. We were informed by Mr. Clement Manly, one of the examiners, that the preparation of the applicants was very good and creditable to the district and the State, some of the young gentlemen from Lenoir winning honors, especially for superb physical development. We wish the lucky young man, whoever he may be, to know that the victor in such a contest, where the judges look only for merit, wins high honor and it is demanded of him that he make good use of it.

Cadetship Appointment.

The two young gentlemen recommended by the committee to Mr. Simmons for appointment to West Point are Geo. G. Ransom of New Berne and J. B. Spilman of Halifax county. It was hard to decide the order in which these two young men should be chosen, but both could not be first, and Mr. Simmons has concluded to appoint Mr. Ransom with Mr. Spilman as alternate.

Both of the appointees will have to report to the Academy on the 26th day of August. Should Mr. Ransom fail either in the mental or physical examination, his alternate will be examined at once.

There were eight applicants, all of whom stood good examinations, but Messrs. Ransom and Spilman showed exceptional proficiency in the subject upon which they were examined.

We congratulate our young townsman upon his success. He is a young man of good talents and much promise, and will reflect credit on the State and district. He is a son of Gen. Robert Ransom, a brave soldier and true man.

Literary.

Scribner's Magazine for August contains a number of articles of interest. It opens with the fifth instalment of the "Unpublished Letters of Thackeray," which is illustrated with several drawings including a humorous equestriat figure of the author. The letters give a glimpse of the great London Exhibition of 1851 as seen by Thackeray, and an amusing account of a trip upon the continent with his two daughters. George Hitchcock, an American artist who has resided for a number of years in Holland, gives a delightful contribution on "The Picturesque Quality of Holland."

One of the most popular and widely circulated household papers published in the United States is the "Youth's Companion," of Boston. Its contents are always entertaining and of that order which is calculated to elevate, strengthen and build the character to a higher standard. Although it is the "Youth's Companion," its perusal is worthy that of older heads.

The Congregational Sunday School & Publishing Society began with this year the publication of a four-page weekly for youngest readers in the primary department of our Sunday schools, the name of "The Mayflower" being given it as appropriate to the "Pilgrim" Series of publications for Sunday schools of which it was to form a part. The Society has recently learned that a newspaper bearing the same name had for some years been published at Yarmouthport, Mass., by Mr. George Otis. This has led to a friendly correspondence, and Mr. Otis, with evident sympathy in the work of the Society, cordially acquiesces in the use which is made of the title, "The Mayflower," in connection with the juvenile publication above referred to. Acknowledgments are due to Mr. Otis for his great courtesy in this matter, and it should be clearly understood that his right to the title, "The Mayflower," as applied to a newspaper is in no way affected by this use which is made of it, with his knowledge and consent, by the Congrational S. S. & Pub. Society. Mr. Otis's "Mayflower" is an attractive weekly paper (secular) of eight pages, and is intended for the family. It has a large variety of reading matter adapted to old and young, is carefully edited, and its price, $1 per year, places it within the reach of many readers who cannot afford the higher priced papers.—Congregationalist, May 26th, 1887.

We understand corespondence is being had with Oliver Optic, James Otis, Horatio Alger, jr., and other eminent writers for the young, in order to secure their interesting contributions for the Mayflower. The Mayflower will be sent on trial for two months for only ten cents.

The Salvation Army.

The services of the Salvation Army Sunday were largely attended and much interest manifested. Their first meeting was at 7 o'clock in the morning, knee drill as they call it. Though the hour was quite early, a good number were present and a deep feeling of emotion was aroused. In making talks, some of the speakers, who had never been known to quail at these meetings, became speechless and sank to their seats in tears. Even one of the officers was so much overcome with grief that he had to succumb for the while. At the noon and three o'clock services another large crowd assembled.

At the evening services which are generally the largest attended, the crowd began to gather sometime before dark in order to get seats. It was only a short while before every place was filled and standing room was scarcely attainable. Warm as it was the audience remained there until after 10 o'clock.

The exercises, while at times amusing and bordering on the ridiculous, seem to be carried on in real earnestness and zeal. They consist principally in singing praises and getting the hearers to give in their experience. The officers make no attempt to preach a regular sermon or display at oratory in any way, but in their plain and simply way read passages from the Bible and discuss them to an audience that is, in all probability in the majority, unlettered and uncultured. They are a people that live mostly on the suburbs of the city, faces that are strangers at our church doors. The churches are open and invitations are extended and sent abroad. Are they heeded? Not by all. Hundreds in this very city are non-church goers. Does the Salvation Army reach any of them? It would seem so since they have been here about six months, held services nearly every day and sometimes four times a day, kept up a good attendance and at the same time interfering but little, if any, with the attendance of our regular churches. This has been too long a time to attribute the people going there as a matter of curiosity and because it was something novel. Will anything bring so many people out so often and for so long a time where there is no larger population than in New Berne except true religion? We think not.

Besides seeing, enquiring into the moral status of the business occupations, habits, etc., of those with whom the Army has been in co-operation with, reveal the most flattering results. Less money has been spent for intoxicating drinks, and more kept in the family for necessary comforts, their word has become more reliable, profanity has given way to more decent language, and numerous other vices have been lessened. Should not all these changes for the better be held up to, 'tis well to make the attempt, for never can they take place unless once begun. Some of our prominent church members have rendered the Army substantial aid and given their influence, honestly believing it was doing much good. We think so, though we do not approve of all their acts.

How Hot it Was.

At Wilmington steam was raised and the engine started on its own hook from the heat of the sun. At Weldon the mercury in the signal service thermometer climbed to the top and the machine "busted," but as to Raleigh, you can read the below taken from the News and Observer and see for yourself:

"Speaking about being hot," said the reporter, "the street railway expanded three inches out line a day or two ago."

"Yes," said the correspondent, "it was hot. "I saw a man take hold of the latch of a cellar door upon which the sun had been shining, and it burnt the skin off his hands."

The crowd began to show some nervousness.

"It was quite warm," remarked the secretary. "I saw some water exposed to the sun get hot enough to scald."

Prof. F. remarked that he had taken a "soft boiled egg from a basin of water on which the sun played."

The crowd commenced to expectorate vigorously.

"Speaking about eggs," said Prof. W., "you didn't hear about that crate sent to a merchant here on consignment, did you? When the crate was opened the chirping of chicks was heard. One layer of eggs was found to be hatching out, and in a few minutes fifteen well-developed orphan chickens picked their way through the shells. It was so warm you see it hatched the eggs."

The correspondent clutched wildly at the air. The reporter's lower jaw hung limp. (Calls for beer on ice.)

Quiet was restored. The correspondent took a long breath. He said, "Speaking about the hot weather and its effects, a man told me yesterday morning that a carp pond near the city broke the day before and the owner of the pond simply had to step out there and pick up a mess of nice boiled fish."

Prof. F. groaned, but he came to the front. "Yes," he said, "I heard about that. Right across the road from that place a man lives whose cows gave boiled milk custard for breakfast."

Prof. W. fell over backwards and asked for a fan. The reporter smiled grimly.

"The weather was mighty hot that day," said the secretary. "We tried to wash off our windows with muddy water thrown through rubber hose, but the heat evaporated the water and nothing but dry dust struck the windows."

Yells for water.

"The weather did have quite a powerful effect on water," said the correspondent. "I saw a couple of porters throw a hundred-pound block of ice towards the door of an express car and the agent like to have been drowned with water."

The reporter fainted. He recovered. He said weakly, "Did you hear of Mr. ——'s scheme. He had a steam grist mill. He took the shed from over the engine and dumped into the water-box a couple of tons of ice. He had no fire but got up steam in five minutes and ground corn and wheat at the rate of ——" "Kill him! shoot him! lynch him! go to Weldon! zip—whack—swish—kwopf—We can stand the truth but we'll be blamed if we are going to have any dod gasted reporters around here giving out their gas." The reporter picked himself up from the middle of the street and soliloquized on the incredulity and ignorance of the masses concerning solid facts.

Greatly Excited.

Not a few of the citizens of New Berne, N. C., have recently become greatly excited over the astounding facts, that several of their friends who had been pronounced by their physicians as incurable and beyond all hope—suffering with that dreadful monster Consumption—have been completely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the only remedy that does positively cure all throat and lung diseases, Coughs, Colds, Asthma and Bronchitis.

The Thistle on the Way to New York.

GLASGOW, July 25.—The yacht Thistle sailed for New York today. A gale was blowing when she took her departure and she proceeded under storm sails. Her crew numbered 21 men. Her owner and her designer will sail from Liverpool for New York on the steamer City of Rome during the latter part of August.

The removal of Prof. Sanborn, of N. H., after being pronounced incurable by a score of physicians, from Los Vegas, N. M., to his home, was effected by administering Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic, which has restored him to his former good health.

FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ROUND KNOB, July 23, 1887.

We intended returning to this the coolest and most picturesque of mountain retreats, where we could sleep much and write a little, on yesterday, but the temptation to spend a day at Battery Park, and the persuasive eloquence of Bob Furman, were more than we could stand, so we did not arrive until this evening and consequently have neglected writing as early as we promised. Recreation, and to meet the brethren of the press in convention, is what we left our post for, and who could get this and keep up the daily scribbling and thinking.

The convention was held at Hendersonville, a beautiful mountain town on the Asheville & Spartanburg road, about forty miles south of Asheville. Its streets are wide and level, and lined with aspen, chestnut and Balm of Gilead trees, not whitewashed. It is a town of hotels, boarding houses, and generous open hearted people, and if it had a Battery Park and more public spirit would soon compete with Asheville, the mountain metropolis, as a pleasure resort. Flat Rock, about three miles from the town, is owned by the Trenholms, Memminger, and other wealthy men of Charleston, South Carolina, and is one of the most beautiful spots in the South. A friend who rode out there says it reminded him much of the old English parks that he had read of, and that no man could spend money to more advantage than in adornment there. We hope he may yet get wealthy in the newspaper business and gratify his desire.

Judson College was the place of delightful investiture. It is a much building with a large hall, carpeted in a lovely green. The opening session was held on Wednesday, a day before many of us arrived. The details of the proceedings would not interest our readers, so we will only speak of the leading features. The address of President McRee is very favorably spoken of by the members. The concert given by the citizens of the town on Wednesday evening, complimentary to the association, was very much enjoyed. On Thursday morning horses and vehicles were furnished the members to visit the Bolston gold mines, eight or ten miles from town. Most of the members accepted the invitation and had a delightful trip, but we were satisfied with the situation and preferred remaining in town a day. Learning that Judge Boykin was holding court we sought the way to the court room where we found Solicitor Bower engaged, not in prosecuting himself for playing polka, but in prosecuting a poor wretch for murder. The prisoner was a white man and was a stranger in the community where he committed the murder. Ex-Judge Gudger was of counsel for the prisoner, having been assigned by the court to that duty. On the bench, by the side of Judge Boykin, sat Judge Lumkins of the circuit court of Ga., who is spending the summer in this lovely mountain country. He paid Judge Boykin a high compliment for his methods in dispatching business and impartial rulings. The presence of these two judges from different States led us to inquire into the work and pay of each and we soon ascertained that Georgia was much more liberal and just to her judicial officers than North Carolina. Judge Lumkins worked twenty weeks last year and the attorneys made up all cases for the supreme court. His salary is two thousand dollars per annum. Judge Boykin worked, in the same year, *forty-two* weeks and often had to work until midnight making up cases for the supreme court, and his salary is but twenty-five hundred dollars. Looking around the court room, we were struck with the great difference in the audience and that which assembles in our court room. There was but one colored man in the room—there was a large crowd—and he was stuck in one corner. If the color line should be drawn here in politics it would be as one-sided as James City.

At the afternoon session of the Association a paper was read by the Historiographer, Jordan Stone, Esq., in which he paid an eloquent tribute to the late Peter M. Hale. There was also a suggestion made, and a practical one we think, as to how to secure funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of Mr. Hale. We hope it may be carried into execution. A resolution was adopted commending the efforts of the Shotwell Memorial Association and promising to aid in the good work. A committee which had been appointed to consider the propriety of adopting uniform rates of advertising based upon circulation, reported favorably upon the proposition. It was discussed to some extent and final action was postponed until the next annual meeting, a committee being appointed to prepare a table of rates. We don't think any practical good will ever come of it. The owner of each paper must be the judge of the value of his own columns. If he does not know how to estimate the value of these he will sooner or later have to succumb to those who do know. At the evening session an essay on "The March of Progress and the lesson it teaches," was read by Mr. Wall of the Rockingham Rocket. It was an interesting paper. He was followed by Miss Hatchet with a well written poem on the "Old North State." The orator of the occasion Josephus Daniels of the State Chronicle, delivered a very thoughtful and elaborate address, taking for his subject "The Clergy, the Bar, and the Press." He He endeavored to show that the clergy once monopolized the power in government affairs; that the bar gradually wrung this power from the clergy, and that now the sceptre is wielded by the press. We cannot entirely agree with him in this last proposition. The bar still wields a powerful influence in governmental affairs, and it does this by controlling the press to a great extent.

On Friday the Association having closed its work accepted an invitation to visit Hot Springs. Of all the mountain scenery, except perhaps this in the vicinity of Round Knob, the most interesting is the trip down the French Broad river. But as we have a mountain correspondent whose powers of description far surpasses ours, and as he intends going over this portion of the W. N. C. R., we will leave this work for him. We will say, however, that those who have not traveled over this route will never properly appreciate it until they make the trip. Our day in Asheville, and other matters we will leave for the subject of another communication.

Our stay with the people of Hendersonville was pleasant and agreeable. This place ought to boom as a resort for health and pleasure seekers and we feel sure that it will in the near future. We were told in Asheville by a gentleman from South Carolina that Hendersonville was four or five hundred feet higher than Asheville, but Major Wilson, the man who did the marvelous piece of engineering at this point and sent the train whizzing through the Swannanoa tunnel, tells us that it is a mistake, he says that Asheville is the highest, and we are inclined to believe the man who accomplished such a feat in engineering as he did here.

Round Knob is a most delightful spot. We find it cooler here than at any point we have stopped. During the late heated term the mercury did not go above 72. This evening, Saturday, it is 72. The proprietor, Mr. Sprague, who married the daughter of our townsman, Maj. D. T. Carraway, is a capital hotelist. The table fare is excellent and one agreeable feature of the place is there are no flies to interfere. A road has recently been cut from here to Mt. Mitchell, and other paths are being made to the mountain tops surrounding the valley, and other improvements are being constantly made to make it attractive. Of the guest now stopping here we have met the following: Miss Cora Wilson, of Morganton, Miss Porter, of Charleston, S. C., Miss Averil, of Summerville, S. C., Miss Flanner and Miss Carraway, of New Berne, Miss Daisey Averil and Miss Bula Wilson. These are of the younger and livelier set. Mrs Major Wilson, Mrs. Major Atkinson, Mrs. Averil, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Carraway and Mrs. Homar make up the matronly group although the latter married lady should appear in this list, as she often does in the parlor, among the young ladies of the guest.

A Deadly Affray.

It was at the hour of midnight when all nature was wrapped in slumber that there came from the forest the dreadful sound of misery and distress to the hearing of a single person who was returning home from a visit to a sick neighbor. Rushing to his residence, snatching his gun from its place, and on to the dreadful affray he went unmindful only of the safety of this distressed being. His only guide was the sound of the misery and the little light he held in his hand. The awful groans and hallows became lower and lower, and lower still, as he approached nearer to the dreadful scene, he had pictured itself in his imagination as he was going through the dark and silent shadow of the woods covered in the midnight darkness of a clouded night. What an awful stillness pervades the gloomy scene around him as he approaches nearer and nearer the place where he knows not what will confront him and demand the countersign. The sound which was first heard there without sunk lower and lower until now it is but the faintest groan of a being who is yielding up its very life to the over(bear)ing demands of a superior.

At last the place is reached, and the villain, seeing that he is discovered in the fiendish crime which he has about completed, quits the struggle and rushes towards the intruder. Our neighbor stands firmly to his post of duty, never swerving, until at last the long and lank form of a black object appears just before him wailing and gnashing his teeth. For a moment safety seemed to demand an instant and rapid retreat, but justice, stern justice, demanded her rights and to the latter he yields.

The command halt was given but not heeded by the monster that seemed to be shrouded in the dark vail of sin and being bent upon further fiendish crimes. Click, click was the sound next to follow and the awful bumb of the deadly piece held by our friend was heard and for a moment, it seemed an age, he waited the result. At last the enemy fell Leavily to the ground and with a few parting groans departed this life near the sight of his fallen victim. Our hero stood throughout gazing around himself and crying aloud as did the one of old, "I'm monarch of all I survey." The facts are found by the jury as follows:

That half a mile from Pelletier's Mill, Carteret county, on Friday night, July 22d 1887, A. D., near the public road old Bruin while taking the life of a pig came to his death from certain shot from a gun in the hands of Mr. E. W. Watson. All praise to Mr. W. is the verdict of this jury.

New Berne District—Third Round.

J. T. HARRIS, P. E., Goldsboro, N. C.

Mt. Olive Ct. at Providence	July 30	31
Jones Ct. at Shady Grove	Aug. 2	3
Pamlico Ct.	6	7
Neuse Mission, North River	9	10
Beaufort Station	13	14
Straits Ct. at Summerfield	16	17
Core Sound	18	
Morehead Station	20	21
Goldsboro, St. John	24	

Wonderful Cures.

W. B. Hoyt & Co., wholesale and retail druggists of Rome, Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by R. N. Duffy.

Death of Mrs. Davidson.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., July 25.

Asheville mourns today the death of Mrs. Theodore F. Davidson, who departed this life after a long illness at her father's home at Alexander's yesterday. The funeral will take place at 2 o'clock today from the Episcopal church in this city.

Piles—Blind, Bleeding and Itching. Positively cured by Darbys Prophylactic Fluid. Bathe with a little of the Fluid added to the water. A single application will allay the itching, soothe all inflammation, deodorize all offensiveness and staunch the bleeding. Tetter and Scald Head are quickly cured by Darbys Prophylactic Fluid.

Papers with the Journal—Club Rates.

We have made arrangements with the following publications, among the ablest and most valuable of the country, whereby subscribers to the JOURNAL can secure any of the below named, at the following low rates, strictly in advance:

JOURNAL and American Farmer	$2.00
" Amer'n Agriculturist	2.50
" Southern Cultivator	2.75
" Demorest's Magazine	3.00
" Scientific American	4.25
" St. Nicholas	4.00
" Century	5.00
" Detroit Free Press	2.30
" Texas Siftings	3.25
" North Amer. Review	5.35
" New York World	2.50
" " Star	2.25
" Country Homes	2.00
" Home and Farm	2.00
" Southern Bivouac	3.00
" Courier Journal	2.50
" News and Observer	2.85
" Harper's Magazine	4.50
" " Weekly	4.70
" " Young People	3.10
" Atlanta Constitution	2.50
" Chicago News	2.25

Old subscribers receiving the JOURNAL, and desiring to have any of these papers, can, by making application to the office in person or by letter, have a statement of their account on our books showing what they will have to remit to entitle them to any of the above publications they may select.

FURTHER INDUCEMENTS.

Every subscriber to the New York World clubbing with JOURNAL receives a handsomely bound illustrated History of the United States.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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A Trip to the Pinnacle of the Blue Ridge and to Mitchell's Peak.

(CONCLUDED.)

The moon rose some two hours before day, and we had hoped it would make light enough on our path for us to move on, but it did not, and not until the roseate tints of coming daylight illumined the western skies could we see plainly enough to make a start. While a struggle was going on in the heavens between the light of the moon and that of the rising sun, we made one of Gen. Jackson's favorite movements at "early dawn," and resumed the journey.

No description of the scenery is within my power, and I will not endeavor to give one. Everything was wet with dews it had fallen during the still calm night. An occasional chirp of a bird was all that broke the solemn silence that reigned supreme, while we two climbing mortals seemed to be the only representatives of a sin-stricken earth in this delightful land of rest.

In the gray light of the early morning we soon felt a step after steep until the great gray rocks told us that we stood at the very portals of the distinguished conquerors, and the dark lines of the rudely constructed sarcophagus is right before us. A short but steep ascent places us on the top of the peak, and we rest—reclined limbs by reclining against the tree, of course.

A friendly cloud skirts along the eastern horizon and gives a little time before the sun breaks forth in the rich effulgence of a July morning. I say friendly, because it gives us time to step down to the spring and slake our insatiate thirst before the king of day shall beam forth in all his glory. It was twelve o'clock yesterday when we rolled along without water, and you may suppose that the desire to see the sun rise was having sharp competition in the desire to reach the spring.

Beneath a cedar tree gushes forth a clear, cold stream of water, and the world charm the admiration of any one, but the thrill of delight to persons so parched with thirst as we were, had to be enjoyed to be understood. It took but a few minutes to quench our thirst, take a hasty lunch, and hurry back to the peak to witness the grand display of the rising sun.

Here we are seated on the very summit of the peak. The sun is just getting above the cloud which has obscured it, and begins to shine with full force and effect. I pull off my shoes, not strictly in obedience to the command given to Moses, but in order that the warmth of the sun may fall much more direct upon my benumbed toes. Reclined on a broad rock with my feet stretched out in a manner to get the full benefits of the heat, I have laugh at much let it roam.

The graph says that we are a thousand seven hundred and eleven feet above the level of the sea. Let us consult our wearied limbs and recount the various ascents we have made we feel inclined to think it a typographical or typographical error, and we read eleven thousand seven hundred and six feet.

There was a supreme calmness prevailing all around, and if I had only the power to describe the scene it would give an additional pleasure to me, but the stereotyped phase must suffice: "It must be seen to be appreciated." We can see all around us. Nothing cuts the vision short of its utmost bounds. The earth beneath in every direction is wrapped in a beautiful covering of the whitest mantle that eye ever rested upon. One vast plain of beautiful snow seems to envelope the whole globe, level as a floor, with numberless mountains peeping through as green and blue as fancy can picture, present to our minds a paradise itself. Away up towards the firmament floats in sublime dignity great white clouds moved by currents of air so high that we feel none of the effect where we are.

Looking upon the enrapturing serenity that prevailed around us, and then at the grave of the great scholar and scientist, the mind reverted to the beautiful lines of Mackay:

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes."

Placing the conventional stones upon the tomb, and clipping a few modest daisies from a plat near by, and placing them upon the grave, we take the last lingering look and prepare to descend again to a world of toil and strife, for really my one feels up here as if it were a seventh heaven, the abode of celestial beings rather than that of fallen man.

The experience of yesterday urges us to get off in time to reach home before night, and we take our leave with reluctance. We do not start out so lithe and gay as we did yesterday morning, but our determination to go through is well grounded, and we have the advantage of knowing the route and a down grade much of the way.

We begin the descent and in half an hour reach "camp," where we spent the night roll up our comfortable, which we left here to dry, throw the unburnt logs out of the fire and blow the whistle for the grand start towards. Risking the consequences of infringing on the patent of the A. & N. C. R., we determine to run this road on "business principles," and make our "long and short hauls" in accordance with our own convenience, furnishing through rate regardless of the fourth, or any other section of the Interstate Commerce bill.

These peaceful clouds have become aroused by the current of air from the valleys below and are now climbing up in our faces and threaten to befog our route. Distant thunder intimates that the route today may not be so dry as it was yesterday. A slight shower—not sufficient to wet us—descends upon us as we climb over Potato-top but the shade that is afforded by the clouds is grateful to us and we are enabled by it to place our "rests" further apart, for be it remembered that much of the time consumed in climbing a mountain is devoted to "rests" and their frequency is greatly increased by the steepness of the climb and the heat of the sun. The rain is over and we are resting a reasonable speed on the journey. We have now reached the step which takes us to the pinnacle which is the last long climb to confront us. The mountains about Round Knob are now visible and I repeat with feelings of emotion a few lines of the hymn which Mrs. Nash used to sing so sweetly in the old church at home.

"As when the weary traveler gains
The height of some commending hill,
His heart revives, if o'er the plains
He sees his home, though distant still."

I shall never hear those lines again without thinking of the trip to Mount Mitchell as it was there I first felt the full pathos and effect of the poetic idea. Now we are at the foot of the pinnacle and we conclude to take a good, long rest before grappling with the last obstacle in our path. We have to go nearly to the top, but the "business principles" of our management deny us the pleasure of going up and we shall turn around that delectable height at the first offering of our route. The ascent from this side is not as steep as the descent from the other will be, but we try to picture to our minds that it is, and that a hard climb is before us; we think of Hemphill spring beyond, and arrange our schedule to be there for dinner at 3 o'clock. All these sugar plums were thrown in to arouse an enthusiasm somewhat suitable to the occasion.

Here, we go up! up! up! not so steep as we thought, but quite enough so for our tired limbs; here we rest awhile, and there, we rest again a little while, we are making good time and fancying our lot a fortunate one that the grade was not greater. My guiding star has distanced me a little, the fact is I feel a little rheumatic stiffness in the knee and then sometimes it seems that it is in the left but I'm a coming. There sets the star on a rock way up yonder waiting for me to catch up. Well I am a catching up at the best speed I can make; now I am up with him. Here we are, he says well I knew we are here and nowhere else, but says he here we are at the top! Now what's that delightful to the ears of a weary pilgrim? We are about 5,000 feet up in the air for 100 would take us to the pinacle, but "business before pleasure," and we must go down instead of up. The brakes are on and we take the downward track; hold! here we are, with railroad in full view; there's the Viaduct Hotel and all just as it was yesterday, but there is a kind of yearning to get closer to it so we go on. We are making good time now; down grade all the way; hey oh! we have passed the spring—back your engine, for we must go there and take lunch. Well, here we have that same cold sparkling water, the same beautiful park as yesterday, and we rolled in at 3:15 just 15 minutes behind the schedule time set up on the mountain. We take lunch, review the operations the campaign and in fact we formulate our official report. But two mistakes are discovered in the review and that is as few as could be in the enough of most gen rule and they not fatal to the object of the advance. An honest confession is good for the soul and we think in this case may be good for many others. In the first place we made a mistake in not beginning at the mistake was in not beginning at the road maker where the spring and long route were located. He tells us now that there are several scattered along so as to furnish a convenient and abundant supply of pure cold water. By these mistakes we suffered for ourselves and we felt the better for it and laughed at our sorry blunders.

The distance to the top is a long but any distance after 4 o'clock in second day of continuous walking is a right smart distance. We are much refreshed and stay down with enjoyable steps considering. Now we have again reached the region of Mill creek and the sound of water is cheering to our ears as we close in freshing to the eyes.

At Fred Cook's we find a shelter where we are received with cheers and also joined by the guest for our fatigued and been suffering said neglect and worn wilted collars, muddy shoes and heavily gait bespoke the arrival of few weather beaten tramps much more livingly than the return of sight-seeing tourists. The journey is ended, the trip has been made, and we are [illegible] all, go up for [illegible]

Lenoir, [illegible]

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