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ON CAROLINA'S HILLS

THE GRANDEST SCENERY TO BE WITNESSED EAST OF THE ROCKIES—COL. M'CLURE IN PHILADELPHIA TIMES.

I have seen the grand mountain views of every part of our continent east of the Sierra Nevadas, and must testify that there is no mountain scenery this side of the Rocky mountains that equals, or even approaches, the grandeur of the varied views presented here. From the southern portico of the Kenilworth Inn can be seen fully forty mountain peaks and domes, all of which are higher than Mt. Washington or any other mountain elevation east of the Rockies. Here is a complete circle of broken mountains far as the eye can reach, with Mt. Mitchell nestling among a family of undulating cliffs away off toward the rising sun, kissing the chilly breezes at an altitude of 6,711 feet above the sea; and directly toward the setting sun, more than one hundred miles distant, is Mt. Pisgah, with its beautifully rounded dome towering over its neighboring peaks to cast its long shadows over the foot hills and valleys below. Such a panorama of variegated mountain scenery is not to be seen elsewhere in all our boasted Blue Ridge and Apalachian ranges or in all the varied rugged scenery of the White Mountains of New England.

Asheville and its surroundings are a revelation to all when this matchless mountain view breaks upon them. It is now a hive of industry as well as the Mecca of pleasure and health-seekers in the South. Its altitude ranges from 2,400 to 3,000 feet above tidewater. The city, with its permanent population of 5,000, is the county-seat of the famous county of Buncombe, and it is surrounded by innumerable broken hills with frequent sharply-jutting peaks, all adorned by beautiful residences, while across the Swannanoa (the Indian term for beautiful river), is an enchanting view of mingled foot-hill farms and broken mountains. One prominent elevation some three miles from the river is the centre of the magnificent estate of George W. Vanderbilt, containing 7,200 acres in one body and employing from 600 to 1,000 men in beautifying it. The land alone cost $250,000 and his improvements are so colossal in conception as to find parallel only in the grandeur of the ancient Romans. His house is now in course of erection on the western slope of the central elevation, with a bewitching view of mountains, rivers, farms and city. It is 400 feet in length, with solid walls of fifty feet in height from the deer park on the western front to the first floor, and the lawn-tennis court alone, with its huge walls from thirty to fifty feet in height, would make a foundation for the grandest of the ancient temples in the Old World. A private railroad some five miles in length is kept busy transporting materials for the palace, for bridges, for roads, etc., and when completed the cost of the estate will reach $5,000,000. There will be one hundred miles of elegant roads traversing the Vanderbilt estate, of which thirty-eight will be macadamized, and scores of bridges of every conceivable form of exquisite architecture, will add to the beauty of the place. The building of the palace will be a five years' task, even with every branch of mechanism employed in its construction filled with workmen. This will be the most magnificent on the Continent, surpassing the oldest and largest English estates in natural beauty and with its game preserves equaled by few in any country of the world.

It is not surprising that thousands of visitors come from the sunny South in summer time to enjoy the bracing atmosphere and unrivaled beauty of these mountains, nor is it surprising that thousands come here from the North in winter time to escape the sudden changes and oppressive rigor of our winter climates. It is the one pleasure and health-seeking region that has all seasons for its worshippers. Its rides and drives of unequaled beauty; its dry, exhilarating atmosphere; its genial winters even among the mountain tops, and its pure breezes and cool nights in the heat of summer, make it an all the year resort for those who seek pleasure, rest, or fugative health, and it is evidently destined to become the great resort of the American continent.

PURE WATER.

Wil Messenger.

We are very much interested in pure drinking water. The first duty of a community is to secure pure water and in abundance. It is suicidal and criminal not to do this. If sanitary and medical science have established any one thing beyond all dispute it is that pure water is undoubtedly essential to personal health and that a great deal of sickness, and in many of its most serious forms, is directly traceable to bad water—to poisoned water.

We doubt, if properly analyzed, there is a well of water in Wilmington, or in ten miles of Wilmington, that does not contain poisonous matter that is destructive to health. There were several analyses made some eight or ten years ago, and all the wells were found to be impure.

It is well known to those who have intelligently and carefully considered the question that some of the abodes of men most noted for malaria, fevers sickness, death have actually been so changed under sanitation—have been absolutely so transformed by simply introducing pure water, that from being death-traps and fever beds they have become great sanatoriums (not sanitariums) of health and as such have been sought by the sick.

The sanitary journals deserve to be read by all intelligent people for their is very dense ignorance concerning hygiene and sanitation among otherwise intelligent people.

The simple laws of health are not understood by the masses. We call attention to the last number of the Manufacturers' Record, where our friend and brother journalist, the poet Randall, discussed at length and with acuteness and round knowledge of the matter in hand, this very important subject of pure water for the people. It is an admirable and able presentation of a subject that is second to none that can occupy the minds of our physicians, public authorities, householders, tax payers and health officials.

Mr. Randall says that both "experience and observation compel me to start out with what may seem an audacious declaration, that most of the preventable or zymotic disease of the world is ascribable not to what is popularly called 'malaria,' but malaqua—impure water." We wish we could produce much of his paper. It throws light just where it is needed. He urges filtering and boiling as the sure cure of impure water. Many of our readers in the past can bear testimony to how often we have urged this upon all. Do not even wash your face in impure water, much less drink it. You do this at your peril. Let it settle a time to boil, and if you can to filter before using. We must quote here from our friend's most timely discussion. He says:

"In every place on earth man can drink pure or hurtless water if so minded, for the most contaminated fluid may be rendered at least harmless by boiling and filtering. The Chinese, who are often derided, are far in advance of us in this particular, and have been for thousands of years. Millions of them living on or near great rivers which they know to be vast sewers drink of them impunity, because the raw material is boiled for their tea, which, by the way, they consume without milk and sugar. A high degree of heat acts as a germicide. Surgeons, well aware of this, plunge their instruments into boiling water, so that after operations upon certain patients all danger of blood-poisoning subsequently is obviated. Some years ago I had occasion to consult the vital statistics of san Francisco, and my remembrance is that the healthiest part of that city was the Chinese quarter, where nearly every hygienic law is presumably violated. It occurred to me that perhaps the Chinese owed their comparative exemption from disease to the fact that they did not drink water in its crude state, but as boiled tea."

MODERN GEOGRAPHY.

IN WHICH THE ANSWERS ARE SHAPED TO MEET PRESENT EXIGENCIES.

Galveston Tribune.

Of what is the surface of the earth composed?

Of corner lots, mighty poor roads, railroad tracks, baseball grounds, cricket fields and skating rinks.

What portion of the globe is water?

About three-fourths. Sometimes they add a little gin and nutmeg to it.

What is a town?

A town is a considerable collection of houses and inhabitants, with four or five men who "run the party," and lend money on 15 per cent. interest.

What is a city?

A city is an incorporated town, with a mayor, who believes the whole world shakes when he happens to fall flat on a crosswalk.

What is commerce?

Borrowing $5 for a day or two, and dodging the lender for a year or two.

Name the different races.

Horse race, boat race, bicycle race and racing around to find a man to endorse your note.

Into how many classes is mankind divided?

Six—being enlightened, civilized, half civilized, savage, too later, not worth a cent and Indian agents.

What nations are called enlightened?

Those which have the most wars and the worst law and produce the most criminals.

How many nations have the earth?

That's according to how you mix you drinks and which way you go home.

What is the earth's axis?

The lines passing between New York and San Francisco.

What causes day and night?

Day is caused by night getting turned out. Night is caused by everybody taking the street cars and going home to supper.

What is a map?

A map is a drawing to show the jury where Smith stood when Jones gave him one under the eye.

What is a mariner's compass?

A jug holding four gallons.

The Order of Knight of Labor is twenty-one years old.

The Seamen's Union of Baltimore, Md. is a thing of the past.

The green glass factory of Atlanta, Ga., has opened for the season.

THAT HORRID TOWEL.

Dow dear to my heart are the towels of my childhood;
Those snowy white towels that hung on the wall,
What pleasure and comfort they always brought to me,
As I wiped off my face with that towel on the wall.

In fancy I see it hung up on the wall,
While near it I see the white china washbowl,
And the pitcher of water so soft and so clean—
It makes my heart glad when I think of the scene.

I'm a traveling man now, yet I never forget
Those once happy days when I got my face wet,
No lint ever stuck to my hands or my face,
Nor were those white towels like a piece of sheet lace.

It's the towels in hotels in most country towns
That cause me grief and many deep frowns,
They simply portray to my own satisfaction
That the landlord's not noted for very great action.

His towels are his card on which he can bank,
And if you should use them they'll smell very rank.
Likewise is his butter, so also his cheese,
They all smell so strong that it makes me ke - neeze.

My advice to such landlords, all over each State,
Is to clean up your office and comb your old pate,
Hang up a clean towel at least once a day,
And the traveling man then will have nothing to say.

—[Charles Clifford Wayland.

Her Daring Protector.

"Billiger! Hark!"

Mrs. McSwat sat straight up in bed and listened to a noise she seemed to hear down stairs.

"What is it, Lobelia?" inquired Mr. McSwat drowsily.

"It sounds like somebody talking. Listen!"

Mr. McSwat listened. He, too, thought he heard something.

"I will see what it is," he said, speaking very loudly and moving very leisurely. "Don't be alarmed, Lobelia; we are well armed. Besides these two revolvers," he continued in a high pitched voice, intended to terrify any unauthorized persons that might be in the house, "I have a heavy cane and a large glass paper weight. Be calm, Lobelia!"

He crawled out of bed, collected his arsenal, and the procession moved down stairs in the following order:

Mr. McSwat, with revolver in each hand, heavy cane under his arm, and paper weight in pocket of his embroidered robe de nuit.

Mrs. McSwat, ready to scream, with front hair in curl papers, lamp in one hand, and bottle of camphor in the other.

At the landing half way down Mr. McSwat stopped.

"Lobelia," he observed sternly, "it will be necessary for you to go in front. You have the lamp. I'll protect you."

Mrs. McSwat took her place in front as directed, and the procession moved on again. At the foot of the stairs Billiger stopped and took up a commanding place near the hat rack.

"Now, Lobelia, go ahead with the lamp into this room on the left. I will remain here to see if anybody rushes out. If anybody does rush out," he exclaimed, grinding his teeth in a manner horrible to hear, "I will put 14 bullets through him, knock him down with this paper weight, and break every bone in his body with this cane!"

Mrs. McSwat went into the room on the left and looked around.

"Do you see anything, Lobelia?" asked her husband in a voice of thunder.

"No, Billiger."

"Go through the other rooms," he roared, bracing himself firmly against the wall.

While Billiger remained in the hall, armed to the teeth, pale with iron resolution, and trembling with ungovernable ferocity, Lobelia explored all the rooms and came back.

"Did you see anything?" he demanded.

"Not a thing, Billiger."

"Give me the lamp!"

He handed his weapons to Lobelia, took the lamp, and with dauntless bravery went through the rooms himself.

"It wasn't anything, Lobelia," he said with extreme disgust. "You didn't hear anything or anybody!"

The procession moved up the stairway on the return trip.

"You must try to overcome this timidity of yours, Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat as he put down the lamp and relieved his wife of her load of deadly weapons. "If I hadn't been here to protect you," he grumbled, crawling back into bed, "you would have frightened yourself to death."—[Chicago Tribune.

The Superior Cape Cod Poke.

"What are you givin' us?" yelled a down town grocer in an excited way Tuesday to an Auburn friend who had clambanged his hat down on his head and whirled him around so violently that he fell on a potato barrel and skinned his elbow.

"I'm takin' boxin' lessons," said his friend, "and that's the marine swing."

"That's it, is it?" said the grocer, as he grabbed the Auburn man, jammed him under a meat bench, kicked the visible portion of his anatomy, and hit him hard with a broom. "How do you like that? That's the Cape Cod poke, otherwise known as pot luck. Next time you come round with your new tricks just remember that there's a few of us old ones left who knew a twist or two when we were young."

Both men were flushed and both were mad and both smiled.—[Lewiston Journal.

Really Terrible.

"These women are enough to drive a man to despair. Lately I began a correspondence with a young lady, and spent a whole mark for a box of writing paper. But I had written only three letters when the false girl broke off the correspondence, and what am I to do with all the paper?—[Fliegende Blatter.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Confidence, like life, once gone, is gone forever.

The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity.

It is no shame to learn so long as we are ignorant—i. e., as long as we live.

"Our acts our angels are, of good or ill; our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

He who knows right principles is not equal to him who loves them.—[Confucius.

Let your zeal begin with yourself, then you may with justice extend it to your neighbor.

We are apt to fall into relapses; whereupon we had better overcome our sorrow than delude it.

Honor to him who, self-complete and brave,
In scorn, can carve his pathway to the grave,
And, heeding naught of what men think or say,
Make his own heart the world upon the way.

—[Lord Lytton.

Calumny would soon starve and die of itself if no one took it in and gave it lodging.—[Leighton.

No idlest word thou speakest but is a seed cast into time, and grows through all eternity.—[Carlyle.

A HURRYING LIFE.

A little while to pause and rest,
A little space to draw full breath—
Ah me! we are too sorely pressed
Who run for life or death.

In order to lay up treasure in heaven it is not necessary to prevent others with whom you have dealings from laying up a few shillings on earth.

More than talent, more than beauty, more than wealth, sometimes more than wisdom, good manners are the best letters of introduction and the firmest cement of friendship.

BLESSED IN BLESSING.

A poor man saved by thee, shall make thee rich,
A sick man helped by thee, shall make thee strong.
Thou shalt thyself be served by every lease
Of service thou hast rendered.

—[Browning.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The reported profits of the Methodist Book Concern last year were $$140,000.

The Boston Congregationalist Club will erect a new building, costing $100,000, on the site of the old structure.

The Baptist strength in Philadelphia, Pa., is 72 churches, 20 missions, 22,750 members, and 31,227 in the Sunday schools.

The use of stereopticons on mission ground is becoming more and more general, and especially in India is very advantageous.

One of the richest Episcopal churches in New York is devoting its strength toward the betterment of tenement houses. The work is a glorious one.

We are glad to see the *Congregationalist* call for the abolition of what it rightly designates as "the annual travesty of a summons to 'fasting, humiliation, and prayer.'" The day is made indeed a "fast" day of a very different kind from that in which it was first instituted, there being considerably more fun than fasting, more hilarity than humiliation, more potations than prayers. Certainly, such a misused day is harmful, especially to the young, and should be abolished.—[Christian at Work.

The Wesleyans and Congregationalists of London are relieving the outcast poor of the metropolis by thousands. In one week the London Congregational Union gave shelter to 3,447 homeless beings, most of them from the rural districts, for "over a third of the population were not born within its bounds." The "shelter" halls give "a little coffee and a few buns to the most needy" on Sunday, and then the gospel is preached to these people, who never enter churches, in the same halls where sleep and food have been afforded.

Forty Ton Boilers.

The heaviest boilers that have ever been built in Pittsburg, if not in the entire country, are a battery of seven submerged flue boilers that are being built by a Pittsburg firm for a large steel works in West Superior, Mich. Each of these boilers is 10 feet in diameter and 30 feet long, made of 1 inch steel, and containing 236 4 inch flues 20 feet long. These boilers weigh 40 tons each, and will have to be transported upon cars built especially for the purpose.

As Good as 50,000 Candles.

The new 14 story hotel in course of construction in Chicago will be supplied by 3,500 incandescent electric lights, the current being furnished by an electric company, but the wiring done in such a manner that an isolated plant can be put in at any time.

SHIP YOUR COTTON,

Peanuts and other produce to

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Snug little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Ross, Toledo, Ohio. See out. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Some earn over $100.00 a month. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 a day. All ages. Whether you have and start you. Can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Share all earn among them. Wonderful. Particulars free. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880 Portland, Maine.

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NOTICE.

NORTH CAROLINA. Washington County.

Stephen Johnston, vs Emma Johnston. In the Superior Court.

The defendant above named will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Washington county, being an action for divorce. And the said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear at the next term of the Superior Court of said county to be held on Monday 26th day of October 1891, at the Court House of said county in Plymouth, N. C. and answer or demur to the complaint in said action or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in complaint. T. J. MARRINER, C. of S. C.

9-11-6w

NOTICE.

The firm of Carrington & Co., of Danville Va., hold notes against me for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars which they are offering for sale. I hereby notify all persons not to purchase these notes as they will not be paid. RUFUS SWAIN.

Ce24t.