

# The Angel of Bald Mount.

BY MRS. M. C. HUSLANDER.

(Mrs. M. C. Huslander is the wife of W. S. Huslander, esq. She was born and educated in Juniata county, Pa., taught English and Latin in the Mansfield State Normal school seven years and has always been a great lover of the best authors. She has written in the form of editorials before, and has been the author of fiction, although she has often delighted guests at parlor entertainments by her well-told or well-written stories.)

AM NOT a story writer, neither am I a story teller, but a plain professional man whose business has given knowledge of some curious incidents, none of which exceed in interest my own family history.

No one suspects that I have a romantic streak in my make-up, and my son and his wife think that my excursions with my two grandchildren are uncanny, and they laughingly vow they must be discontinued. On such occasions we usually spend the day from early morn until the sun goes down, wandering about one of the most beautiful spots of Pennsylvania, the lofty, rugged Bald Mount.

The recent numerous changes in the mining interests of this valley have pulled away the rocks and the proprietorship of some property that had been ours through several generations. My story tells how this ownership occurred and after you have read it you will understand why I refused to sell for a number of years, and withheld my signature until I was called "insane" or "straitlaced" as the animal with the "early continuation" and I even heard it hinted that I showed evidences of approaching second childhood.

While on a business trip abroad several years ago, it was my pleasure to spend a day with some third and fourth cousins at a country house in Leicestershire, England. A lady in the family told me she possessed the key to an old cabinet which contained some letters written from America to her great-aunt Elizabeth. A glance through them showed me that my great-grandfather had written them to his sister Elizabeth.

As I said, I am not a story teller, so I will let the story tell for itself, leaving you to consider whether or not I am justified in teaching my grandchildren to love the great monument of their ancestors, proving that "Truth is stranger than fiction." I think, that you will be glad to know that I am trying to keep in my family the property a corporation forced me to sell, and that I do right to teach my grandchildren to love the place made dear by many associations.

Philadelphia, December 10th, 1772. I have just received your letter of the 10th. I have your good-bye that September morning, no thought had entered my mind that I would go to such lengths to escape the imprisonment in that barrister's office in London. I am trying to keep in my family the property a corporation forced me to sell, and that I do right to teach my grandchildren to love the place made dear by many associations.

I have joined a party of trappers and trappers and will soon start for some hundred miles into the interior and, perhaps, dear Beth, I may send you a handsome skin of my own trapping before a year is gone.

Were it not for the sorrow I am causing your father, I would be going with a blithe heart to the mountains. Turn his heart to me if you can, and make me seem not quite so ungrateful as he thinks.

We may not be in from the forests in several months, but write often, so I may receive no may letters as possible on my return.

Your affectionate brother,  
George Harcourt.

My Beloved Sister, I have the 10th I think I sent you that long letter, and ten in the wilderness, and the bundle of skins that it would be so long before I would write you again. I wonder if you received the packet and if you are wearing them. They are the last I appear to have. I had a prison among Indians, sick, a cripple, and in all about as unfortunate as a man could well be. Shall I tell you, will it help me spend some time, even if you never receive it, and I have a little hope that you may. One scheme party was captured by a body of Indians, who had ventured out for plunder.

## GET UP!

That's the morning call of Chanticleer. It's a welcome cry to a well man. But to a man whose sleep seems to have been only an unrefreshing stupor; who wakes in burning heat, with a throbbing head, and a bad taste in the mouth, it means only a new day's misery.



In such a physical condition health is most surely and swiftly restored by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It increases the activity of the blood-making glands, and every organ is benefited by the resulting increase of rich, pure blood.

"Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol and is entirely free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics. "Your Golden Medical Discovery" and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have been of great benefit to me," writes Prof. Pleasant A. Oliver, of Viola, Fulton Co., Ark. "Before I used the above mentioned remedies my sleep was no sound, digestion a continual failure, and I was in need of medical treatment for nasal catarrh. I now feel like a new man. Anyone in need of medical treatment for nasal catarrh, or any other ailment, should try Dr. R. V. Pierce. I know his medicines are all right in this class of diseases."

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, cloth binding sent free by the author, on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps, to pay expense of mailing only. In paper covers 21 one-cent stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

der, and we were disposed of by lot and separate. I did not fare so ill until in an attempt to escape I was run down and my ankle broken. I was thrown over a rocky and rode all day, and when we camped for the night I understood enough of the preparations to know that I was to assist at my own funeral next morning, and was of the opinion that it would be about the most comfortable thing that could happen, for I was suffering greatly from the broken and abused ankle.

"When I thought everything asleep but my wretchedly looking hand beckoned me, and I followed its direction quietly and soon found myself on a sled with some untidy-looking bundles. Another form appeared from the woods and the two immediately started on a silent trot down the slope. I followed them, not very long, while they followed with the sled. We came after a little to a river and embarked, sled and all, in a clumsy, wet boat, and struck for mid-stream.

I traveled two nights, lying in hiding in the daytime, and whatever attention I received was from that same big bony, rough hand. While I slept, food would be put beside me. After we left the river my fever became so serious that memory left me and the latter part of the journey and several days thereafter were luckily a blank. When consciousness returned, a white man was beside me. He told me the old Indian woman had brought him three days before and that to save my life he had amputated my foot just above the ankle and that was his first visit since that day, and he found me on the fair road for recovery. He said I was in a cave on the top of one of the highest spots in the country; that it was cold and I had better be content to remain there, as these faithful creatures saw fit to care for me. He said also that war was imminent, and that the people in the valley would have all they could do to keep body and soul together.

I begged for some writing material and he promised to procure it, but it was three or four months before I received this on which I am writing. One morning I awoke to find quite a supply of provisions placed near me. Deserted! Such was my thought, and as the second lonely day brightened, I thought best to try my strength. Guided by rays of light, painfully I crawled towards the opening and in attempting to see out, pulled down the hangings of skins placed there to keep out wind and cold. A light snow had fallen, the sun was shining brightly, the sky was blue. That moment's emotions I shall never forget. Heaven could not seem more dazzling. Talk of the expanse of the ocean. This was greater and more glorious. A great panorama of dazzling whiteness—it seemed there was not end to the view, and that one looked off to the end of the world. On one side sparkled the waters of a lake, on another what seemed to be a river far away, and remembering our boat ride, concluded that must have been where we left the water. As I looked out, and out it almost took my breath away. While I was looking I heard the welcome sound of voices and it seemed a rippling laugh. There was mutual surprise in two faces as back of a ledge came the women drawing a sled, heavily laden with gear.

I have been able to think of but one word to express what I saw and that is Angel. Never have I seen skin so fair, eyes so blue, hair so abundant and golden, and form so lithe. Exercise had heightened her color and snow had brightened her hair. Her dress, her moccasins, gauntlets, headgear and dress were of the finest workmanship. I took her to be about fifteen years old. The old Indian gave a grunt and soon had me back to my own bed, but I insisted on their bringing to the boat and going to where I could see them and help them what little my strength allowed. They were greatly pleased to see that I knew how to save the bird skins and claws and bills, all of which are used about articles of apparel.

It is now several months since the above occurrence and they have not been such lonely ones to me as you might think. My two faithful attendants have worked hours beside my couch, and such industry, such deftness, such economy I never could have imagined. Not a moment of time not an inch of material was ever wasted. Sometimes they are gone several days to dispose of their beautiful workmanship and always return with some little surprise for my comfort. I have fashioned me a crutch and have helped pick and dry horses, but the stump of my ankle is inclined to get sore so that Suse—as I have learned to call her—makes a cooling poultice for it. I am teaching them both to speak English, and I can understand much of their jargon already. They have both been angels of mercy to me, and I would indeed be an ingrate should I forget their faithful care.

They are preparing to go market soon and I may then have an opportunity to get this letter to the post. I wish you a fortnight since and every day we have journeyed to her grave returning each time more desolate than before. I shall soon accompany Henry and Elizabeth to Philadelphia and Henry will sail for England next week. I shall leave at the same time. I shall be called away, will you take her, dear sister, and be a mother to her? She would not be portionless. I shall return to my desolate home and live on the sweet memories of the past.

I have prospered greatly and am very happy.

Your loving brother,  
George Harcourt.

September 12th, 1808.

My Beloved Sister: It is with stricken heart I send you this letter. My beloved wife is now indeed the Angel of Bald Mount. She died for me a fortnight since and every day we have journeyed to her grave returning each time more desolate than before. I shall soon accompany Henry and Elizabeth to Philadelphia and Henry will sail for England next week. I shall leave at the same time. I shall be called away, will you take her, dear sister, and be a mother to her? She would not be portionless. I shall return to my desolate home and live on the sweet memories of the past.

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August 30th, 1808.

Dear Aunt Elizabeth: A week ago dear father was carried to his grave on Bald Mount and lies beside the one who has been my life without. Their graves have the grandest monument ever built by Divine Hand—the lofty, beautiful Bald Mount. I wish that from generation to generation my descendants might hold in veneration the wonderful monument to my noble mother, the Angel of Bald Mount.

Your affectionate nephew,  
Henry Harcourt.

Ringling Brothers employ over a thousand men, women and children. To feed this great company of people requires a daily average of 900 pounds of meat, 150 gallons of oil, and everything else in proportion. These supplies, as well as 10 tons of hay, 100 bushels of oats and 25 bushels of corn for the horses, have to be secured daily in the city where the show is exhibiting.

cell her, are not there often. They are acting as scouts and messengers for the American army. Angelica has learned to read and write and makes history a serious study. I have learned from Suse that Angelica is the daughter of an Indian chief, and his wife was a captive from near Quebec. Judging from some superstitious notions some trinkets belonging to her, she was of French family of distinction. Suse, a cast-off wife, at the death of the mother took possession of the baby Princess Solana and devoted her life to the child.

When the old chief was about to give his daughter as wife to a fierce and cruel young warrior who had lined his wigwag with scalps, Suse planned her escape. She burdened herself with me, hoping it would help her and the girl if they came among the whites.

Very truly your sister, I am your affectionate brother,  
George Harcourt.

September, 1780.

To Lady Elizabeth Mulford, of Mulford House, Leicestershire, England. My Dear Sister:

You have certainly given me great joy by letting your heart go just where it would. What a lucky dog Perley is to marry you besides all the other good fortune. I am so sorry to hear father is falling. Persuade him to add just a line to one of your letters to me. It would take such a weight from my heart if he would just write "Dear George."

Poor old Suse, to whom I owe my life, was laid away in her last resting place a few days since. She left herself falling, hastened to the cave-home, prepared her own grave and lived only a week, cared for by the Princess Solana. Suse, when dying, gave the princess a package containing her mother's name, the address of relatives, a letter from an officer's wife in Philadelphia asking her at the death of Suse to become a member of her household, and a wallet containing a considerable sum of money. Princess Solana, or Angelica, as I call her, is now in Philadelphia and is now at a young ladies school. Her beauty and grace will create a sensation if Mrs. G— introduces her to society.

I am succeeding better than I had hoped for. I own a horse named Perley and a tract of land in sight of Bald Mount, as it is now called. A letter to me a monument of the unselfish devotion of an old Indian woman. Wishing you many years of unalloyed happiness as Perley's wife, I am, as ever, your affectionate brother,  
George Harcourt.

August 12th, 1784.

Dear Sister: It is a sore grief to me that father is gone. I am so grateful to you for writing a word of love from him for me. Dear old gentleman, how just was the money will make me a wealthy man in this country and I cannot accept the generous offer of your portion, too. Of course, you are wealthy in your own right and Perley has no end of money, but my quiet life makes few needs than you can imagine. I shall buy and still be able to put up very respectable buildings on the land I have been occupying, for I want to live where I may daily look at Bare Top. I am preparing to journey to Philadelphia in December and will be married on Christmas day to my Angel of Bald Mount, the Princess Solana. Do not grieve that I marry thus. I shall never leave the country of my adoption, and I can assure you that my chosen bride would grace a palace in any land.

Your affectionate brother,  
George Harcourt.

Feb. 20th, 1785.

My Beloved Sister: Your gracious letter and munificent gift to my beautiful bride added much to the joy of our wedding day. Not many brothers can boast of such a truly loving sister as I have in you, dear Beth, and my wife rejoices in the kind words in which you welcome her as a sister.

Your gift enables me to add a very respectable library, some handsome maps and many articles of beauty and comfort to our new home and leave a nice bank account for future needs. We will leave Philadelphia before approaching spring makes travel next to impossible.

Your very loving brother,  
George Harcourt.

June 10th, 1802.

Dear Sister: We have just been celebrating Henry's birthday. He is fifteen years old. Next week our little Elizabeth will be ten years old. Our celebrations are always on old Bare Top. When Henry is twenty years old I shall send him to you for a year as part of his education. He is very like you, dear Beth, while our little Elizabeth is the counterpart of her beautiful mother.

I have prospered greatly and am very happy.

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# BANNER CITY OF VIRGINIA

FURTHER INFORMATION ABOUT RECONSTRUCTED RICHMOND

Her Schools, Industries, People and Expectations as They Promise to Influence the Coming Development of the New South.

Special Correspondence of The Tribune.

RICHMOND, April 5. TIME and space were allotted to me I would speak of other matters, but in this banner city of the new South, viz., the Jeff. Davis mansion, now used as a museum for Confederate war relics; the Old Monumental church; the Old Bell house, both of which date back a century ago, the latter to call the people together and to bed at the hour of nine; the postoffice and the custom house, built of James river granite, the solitary building in the midst of acres of ruin and desolation from the ravages of the late war.

The Seaboard Air Line, in order to reach a desirable location for a depot, had in fact to cut through the heart of the city and at great expense. Its depot is to be used jointly with the leading citizens, has this last year a new short cut from Richmond to Carolina, saving some forty miles and opening up a new territory southward, and is pointed to with pride as the crowning achievement of Richmond push and enterprise.

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PETERSBURG.

On the other side of the James river is Petersburg, where the lines of defence and attack extended to and ten miles beyond. On April 2, 1865, Gen. Grant, after some severe fighting, succeeded in breaking through at Petersburg, compelling the evacuation of Richmond and resulting in the surrender of Lee's army a week later at Appomattox. The telegram from Lee, which General J. E. B. Stuart followed and Richmond must be evacuated at once, was received by President Jefferson Davis during the Sunday morning service in St. Paul's church, April 2, 1865, and the Union troops entered the city the next morning to witness the great "reception" which destroyed the main business section of the city.

RECONSTRUCTION.

The financial strength and the marvelous development and growth of the business and manufacturing interests of Richmond since the war are a surprise to all northerners who visit the city. As has been stated, the end of the war left Richmond bankrupt, with large sections of her business quarters in ashes. Since that era of disaster her people have re-established and enlarged their business interests, rebuilt the burned sections and are on the road to unparalleled prosperity, beginning the new century as the acknowledged leader in the commerce of the "new south."

While tobacco and iron manufactures, the leading interests here, are staple and inherited industries, modern Richmond, however, has gone largely into diversified manufacturing, and many things that used to be called "Yankee notions" are now a large output of new Richmond factories. Many first-class tonnage originates in this city, and in any other south of the Potomac river, save New Orleans. Richmond has long been known as the largest shoe buyer of all the southern cities. Of late furnished me by the secretary of the board of trade and industry, the following summary: The five national and four state banks and a number of reliable banking houses represent a capital of \$24,117,496, and the four trust companies \$27,152,474, a total of \$51,270,170. The clearances of 1900 were \$175,533,845. There are 123 manufacturing plants, employing 25,562 operatives, with an aggregate capital of \$1,125,980, and with sales in 1900 amounting to \$48,861,861, an increase of over \$7,000,000 since 1898.

TOBACCO.

All the world is familiar with Richmond's pre-eminence in the handling, manufacturing and exporting of tobacco. Here are located some of the largest factories in the world. They represent the oldest and leading industry in the city. The tobacco industry is the backbone of the city's commerce. The city's population is 100,000, and the tobacco industry employs 25,000 people. The city's revenue is \$1,000,000, and the tobacco industry contributes \$500,000 to it.

PUBLIC UTILITIES.

The city owns and operates its gas works at a price to the consumer lower, it is claimed, than that of any other city of its size in the country. Richmond also owns its water works plant, which is operated by water power, and furnishes an abundant supply at a low rate. The city also owns the James river water works, which supply the city with water. The city's water works are the largest in the South. They have a capacity of 100 million gallons. The city's water works are the largest in the South. They have a capacity of 100 million gallons.

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RICHMOND WATER POWER.

The most novel and gigantic enterprise of the city is the harnessing by the Virginia Electrical Railway and Development Co. of the James river to supply the electric energy for electrical and manufacturing plants and any other purpose desired. A dam has been constructed across the river 1,700 feet long, with five to eight feet above solid granite, which controls the entire flow. A canal 2,000 feet long, with concrete masonry side walls and bottom, fifty feet wide and thirteen feet deep of water, carries 6,000 cubic feet of water per second with a velocity of six miles an hour. With its forty-one miles of underground conduits, or Edison tubes, and its six ducts under completion, the company will be able to furnish the 12,000 horse-power required by the electric plants and manufacturing interests of the city.

40 PILLS 10c

15 PILLS 5c

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WAR REMINDERS.

Richmond has many sad memorials of the late civil conflict. Conspicuous are the cemeteries of Oakwood, also Hollywood. In the former are the graves of 16,000 Confederate soldiers, whose resting place is nearest the battlefields made glorious by their valor. Hollywood is the most interesting spot around Richmond, with wooded glens and hills overlooking the rapids of the James river, and aside from its natural beauty the hand of art has done much to decorate and improve the grounds. Here lie the remains of President Jefferson Davis, also the daughter of the Confederacy, Winnie Davis, and the graves of Generals Stuart, Pickett, Wise and others known to fame now or in their day. On the hill overlooking the river are the graves of Presidents Monroe and Tyler; also, on the hill, is the Confederate section, marked by a massive pyramid and an obelisk. The most notable one is the Richmond locomotive works, with a capacity of 250 locomotives a year, and employing 2,000 men. The ship-building plant of the W. R. Twigg company, begun two years ago, is now constructing torpedo boats, mine destroyers and an armored cruiser for the government, and so I might enumerate still further.

JOBBING TRADE.

The growth of the wholesale jobbing trade of Richmond is perhaps more remarkable than the development of her manufactures. As already stated, after the war Richmond merchants had to start with practically nothing in the way of capital. They have since acquired large sections of their ruined city and to furnish stores for the handling of goods. Yet with a capital of \$10,000,000 they have done in 1900 a jobbing business of \$38,834,700.

RICHMOND'S PEOPLE.

A word regarding the citizens of modern Richmond. It is universally conceded that no city, or section of our country, today, can boast of more public spirit, enterprise and indomitable energy than has been shown by her citizens year after year for more than a decade. It is this energy, this public spirit, this enterprise and indomitable energy that has transformed her colored people from slavery to freedom slaves being a large source of her early wealth, left many of her best citizens bankrupt, disconcerted and discouraged. But it has produced a blessing in disguise, as many frankly admit, and under the new era of prosperity that awaits the New South, both peoples will be mutually benefited, white and blacks alike.

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While tobacco and iron manufactures, the leading interests here, are staple and inherited industries, modern Richmond, however, has gone largely into diversified manufacturing, and many things that used to be called "Yankee notions" are now a large output of new Richmond factories. Many first-class tonnage originates in this city, and in any other south of the Potomac river, save New Orleans. Richmond has long been known as the largest shoe buyer of all the southern cities. Of late furnished me by the secretary of the board of trade and industry, the following summary: The five national and four state banks and a number of reliable banking houses represent a capital of \$24,117,496, and the four trust companies \$27,152,474, a total of \$51,270,170. The clearances of 1900 were \$175,533,845. There are 123 manufacturing plants, employing 25,562 operatives, with an aggregate capital of \$1,125,980, and with sales in 1900 amounting to \$48,861,861, an increase of over \$7,000,000 since 1898.

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Here are located some of the largest factories in the world. They represent the oldest and leading industry in the city, and in its various forms of leaf and manufactured products the volume of business has reached in good years \$25,000,000. Since the war there has been paid in revenue tax some \$50,000,000, on an average \$14,000,000 yearly. The development of the cigarette and cigar business is beyond all precedent. Over \$3,000,000 are yearly paid for Richmond-made cigars and cheroots, the latest output reaching 900,000,000 cigarettes alone. In a word, there are 113 tobacco factories employing 6,825 operatives; with a capital of \$1,700,000, and with yearly sales of nearly \$12,000,000.

Next after tobacco come the iron and metal industries. All the world is not so familiar with their magnitude. Here are twenty-three foundries and machine shops, employing 2,000 men. The Tredegar iron works covers twenty-three acres and has one thousand employees, and the "Old Dominion," with its fifty acres, has a similar complement. During the civil war they were the great arms and ammunition shops in supplying munitions and other equipments for the Confederate army and in common with all other interests, they shared the destructive losses of the evacuation day. The next most notable one is the Richmond locomotive works, with a capacity of 250 locomotives a year, and employing 2,000 men. The ship-building plant of the W. R. Twigg company, begun two years ago, is now constructing torpedo boats, mine destroyers and an armored cruiser for the government, and so I might enumerate still further.

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While tobacco and iron manufactures, the leading interests here, are staple and inherited industries, modern Richmond, however, has gone largely into diversified manufacturing, and many things that used to be called "Yankee notions" are now a large output of new Richmond factories. Many first-class tonnage originates in this city, and in any other south of the Potomac river, save New Orleans. Richmond has long been known as the largest shoe buyer of all the southern cities. Of late furnished me by the secretary of the board of trade and industry, the following summary: The five national and four state banks and a number of reliable banking houses represent a capital of \$24,117,496, and the four trust companies \$27,152,474, a total of \$51,270,170. The clearances of 1900 were \$175,533,845. There are 123 manufacturing plants, employing 25,562 operatives, with an aggregate capital of \$1,125,980, and with sales in 1900 amounting to \$48,861,861, an increase of over \$7,000,000 since 1898.

TOBACCO.

All the world is familiar with Richmond's pre-eminence in the handling, manufacturing and exporting of tobacco. Here are located some of the largest factories in the world. They represent the oldest and leading industry in the city. The tobacco industry is the backbone of the city's commerce. The city's population is 100,000, and the tobacco industry employs 25,000 people. The city's revenue is \$1,000,000, and the tobacco industry contributes \$500,000 to it.

PUBLIC UTILITIES.

The city owns and operates its gas works at a price to the consumer lower, it is claimed, than that of any other city of its size in the country. Richmond also owns its water works plant, which is operated by water power, and furnishes an abundant supply at a low rate. The city also owns the James river water works, which supply the city with water. The city's water works are the largest in the South. They have a capacity of 100 million gallons. The city's water works are the largest in the South. They have a capacity of 100 million gallons.

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