Paine's CELERY COMPOUND

CURES	PROOFS
Neuralgia	"Paine's Celery Compound cured my nervous sick headache." Mrs. L. A. Brewster, San Jacinto, Cal.
Nervous Prostration	"After using six bottles of Paine's Celery Compound I am cured of rheumatism." Samuel Hersenger, South Carolin, N. H.
Rheumatism	
Kidney Diseases	"It has done me more good for kidney disease than any other remedy I have used." Geo. Eamer, Sioux City, Iowa.
AND All Liver Disorders	"Paine's Celery Compound has been of great benefit for torpid liver, indigestion, and biliousness." Elizabeth C. Usher, Dresden, Vt.

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Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XLII. MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1888. NO. 49.

SUITS for damages growing out of recent railroad disasters are the heaviest ever brought in the same connection, and will be fought on both sides with unusual tenacity.

EMPEROR WILLIAM proposes to fix upon January 18 as the date of his coronation, that being the anniversary of the day of the crowning of his grandfather at Versailles.

IF Stanley ever returns alive he will be the most amused man to read the descriptions of how he and his expedition had been frequently murdered in the wilds of Africa.

THE blunder of a town without fire apparatus was illustrated during a fire in Highland Park, Ill., Saturday, by its destruction, the people only being able to save part of their furniture.

THE President has set apart Thursday, the 29th day of November as a day of Thanksgiving by the American people. In accordance with customs, the Governors of the several States will name the same day, which will give it the usual National effect.

THE negotiation of a new extradition treaty with Great Britain which will put a stop to the flight of American criminals to Canada is urgently demanded. The present state of affairs is a disgrace to our civilization and a premium to rascality.

THE MAN WHO OFFERED BRODIE five hundred dollars if he would leap off Poughkeepsie bridge should be sent to jail. That would put a damper on this kind of "sport," which is surely more cruel than that of shooting live pigeons.

EMPEROR WILLIAM II has done a wise thing and a proper thing in rebuking the press of Berlin for its unkind expression concerning his father, Emperor Frederick. The general impression heretofore has been that the tone of the press was not displeasing to him.

MR. GLADSTONE continues to be one of the most wonderful of old men. His Birmingham speech seems to have elicited the admiration of those even who disagreed with him in his arguments and conclusions. Few men of his age would be able to withstand the physical fatigue of standing up to address an audience for two hours.

IT is a notable fact that in cases where disaster or death occurs at a railroad crossing, coroner's juries investing such accidents say that the fault is not because the companies do not vigilantly guard and watch against such occurrences, but because the crossings exist, and the public are not prudent and careful enough in their use.

Two hundred million dollars for defenses on the frontier of France against possible attacks from Germany—that is the proposed expenditure that agitates France. Such works would get rid of a surplus if France had any, but there the surplus must first be created by additional taxation. And, after all, the defensive works may be of no use as was the case with Metz in the late war.

THE gift of $1,000,000 by David Hand, of New Haven, Conn., for the education of Southern negroes is a wise and generous beneficence, bestowed within a field that is rich in possibilities. None will recognize its value more clearly than the people of the old slave-holding States, who as they reach out to an industrial future are confronted by a difficult and peculiar race problem.

CAPTAIN THOMPSON, whose vessel the steamer Benvenue, was caught in the recent great typhoon in the China sea, says of the centre of the typhoon: "It was filled with lightning, and a heavy roar made it impossible to distinguish the noise of the wind from that of the thunder. The smell, too, of electricity, like the smell of burning sulphur, was so intense as to cause an almost overpowering sensation of suffocation, and the biscuits and food not washed away by the storm tasted so of sulphur as to be unfit for use."

THE Missouri Court of Appeals has given great joy to the railway deadheads. It has affirmed the judgment of a lower court, which decided that notwithstanding the holder of a free pass agrees to assume all risks of accident, yet it is the duty of the railroad company to do all that human care, skill and ingenuity can devise in the way of safe coaches, tracks and machinery and to keep the same in proper repair, and even if the passenger were a free rider they were liable for damage that might follow a disregard of these precautions.

WILL IT BE ANOTHER MANDEVILLE CASE?"—Germany's Chancellor does not read Irish history to advantage, at least for the current year. Professor Geffcken is suffering from being locked up, as Mandeville did, although there is no reason to suppose that scant food and jail clothing have anything to do with increasing it. It is curious to note that Geffcken's offence is only that of making public a part of the late Emperor Frederick's diary. This is one of the offences where a part is greater than the whole. Mandeville, the Irish political prisoner, it will be remembered, was released before he died, but it is for the future to tell whether Germany's political prisoner will have even that much of consideration for his feeble health.

—According to Johann Faber, the famous manufacturer of Nuremberg, the people of the United States use, in round numbers, about 100,000,000 lead pencils every year.

By the Fire.

When daylight darkens in the skies,
When evening shadows fall,
Alone, I watch with dreaming eyes
The firelight on the wall;
Alone, I listen to the feet,
That in continuous stream
Pursue each other on the street
And mingle with my dream.

None of them stop, with swift desire,
To enter at my door;
I trim my lamp and stir my fire
For homeward feet no more.
Yet, with a trick of listening,
Caught long and long ago,
I seem to hear the welcome ring
Of some I used to know.

Where are they wandering to-night:
What breadth of land and sea
Lies dim and empty of delight
Betwixt my love and me?
Perchance, with green earth overspread
He sleeps a dreamless sleep,
Or tossing waves above his head
Their ceaseless murmur keep.

Never an echo from his heart
Has found its way to mine;
Yet, as the red coals drop apart,
With shifting gloom and shine,
His face looks through the dancing fire,
Wild dreams dance through my brain,
He comes with all the old desire
And clasps me close again!

O vision sweet, that day dispels!
If it could truly be,
No creature on the round earth dwells
That might not envy me.
Sometimes I think—but why recall
A thought too vain to last?
The firelight flickers on the wall,
The footsteps have gone past.

THE REV. MARK AVERY.

Old Mr. Bittleston had a charming house and grounds on the Thames, near Marlow, including a pretty eyot. One sultry afternoon he was enjoying a placid doze in a shady arbor near the water's edge, when he was aroused by the splashing of oars, and behold! a young man in a boating costume, in the act of alighting upon the lawn.

Mr. Bittleston sprang to his feet in an instant, prepared to lose his temper on small provocation. He knew the stranger's errand, for he received half a dozen promenade visits of this kind in the course of the day. When the young man drew near, he proved to be rather a mild looking youth, who wore spectacles, and seemed diffident and very much embarrassed.

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to the proprietor of this island?" he inquired, politely lifting his straw hat from his head.

"Yes; the island belongs to me," said Mr. Bittleston, shortly.

"Will you permit me to hand you my card," said the stranger, producing a card case.

Mr. Bittleston felt somewhat mollified by the young man's polite and respectful demeanor, and he took the card. It bore the following inscription: "The Rev. Mark Avery, 14 Hayter St., St. George's in-the-East."

"Oh, you are a clergyman!" remarked the old gentleman, who had a good old-fashioned regard for "the cloth."

"Yes, in spite of my dress, which is decidedly anti-clerical," said the young man, smiling. "I suppose you can guess why I troubled you. We are on our way to Oxford, and I wished your permission to camp out on your island for the night with my friends."

"I'm sorry to say that I've been obliged to put a stop to that," said Mr. Bittleston; "I'm afraid that I cannot make an exception in your case."

"I hope you will, sir," said the parson, persuasively; "I plead not so much for myself as for my companions. They are both very worthy young men, and this little trip, which I have organized, is a pleasure which they have never before experienced. One is a pupil teacher at our schools, and the other is assistant in the night school. They have both earned a holiday, and I wish to do all I can to promote their enjoyment."

"You will find plenty of accommodation at Marlow, at all events," said Mr. Bittleston.

"Undoubtedly; but, the fact is, we cannot afford to pay for it," remarked the Rev. Mark, candidly; "my companions have no money, and my own purse is, unfortunately, very narrow."

"Oh, then you are paymaster?" said the old gentleman, whose kind heart was touched by the parson's artless confession.

"Yes; it is my treat, in fact," answered the Rev. Mark, smiling. "Of course, if you object to our landing on your island, we must try elsewhere. But it is a convenient spot, and I hoped to prevail on you—"

"Well, well, for this once I will make an exception," interrupted Mr. Bittleston, unable to resist any longer. "I must ask you to fix your camp in the most remote corner of the island, and not to damage the underwood. When you take your morning bath, please bear in mind that the windows of my house overlook the island."

"We will do nothing that can possibly offend you," returned the young man, offering his hand to Mr. Bittleston, who grasped it in a friendly fashion; "I am exceedingly obliged to you, believe me, for your kindness."

"Don't mention it," said the gentleman, walking by the parson's side across the lawn; "any little thing we can do for you, or supply you with, do not hesitate to ask for. Have you any fresh milk? I know that it is a commodity which is generally in request."

"Thank you. We won't trespass further on your kindness," returned Rev. Mark, heartily, "we have our provisions."

"Would you and your companions come and dine at the house with me to-night?" inquired Mr. Bittleston, who was a hospitable old gentleman, and had taken rather a fancy to the young man; "my wife and daughters would be pleased."

"You are extremely kind, but the fact is, my companions, though excellent young men, are not quite refined enough to sit at your table," said the Rev. Mark, cautiously lowering his voice, so that the occupants of the boat should not hear him. "For myself," he added aloud, "I should only be too pleased; but, unfortunately, I have no clothes but these I stand up in. We are only away for the inside of a week and must be back on Sunday."

"Never mind your clothes," said old Mr. Bittleston; "we shall be quite alone to-night, and my wife and daughters are accustomed to see guests in boating costume."

"In that case, I shall be only too happy," said the Rev. Mark, as he stepped into the boat. "What time do you dine?"

"At seven you will hear the gong," answered Mr. Bittleston, from the bank.

As he spoke, he glanced at the young parson's companions. The latter were very unprepossessing young men, and would evidently have been out of place in a gentleman's dining-room. On seeing them, it occurred to Mr. Bittleston that he had been a little too precipitate with his invitations; and it was partly owing to reflections that he took down the "Clergy List" on reaching the house," and diligently searched for Rev. Mark Avery's name. He found it duly recorded, and learned that the young man was curate of St. Blaise's Church, one of the largest and poorest parishes in the eastern part of London.

The parson made his appearance at dinner and created a favorable impression. He won Mr. Bittleson's heart by taking an immense interest in the house and grounds, and insisted on being shown over them. His tales of the suffering poor of his parish, and his modest reference to his own arduous life, elicited the sympathy of the ladies; and, in fact, the evening passed off so well that, on his rising to leave, old Mr. Bittleston pressed him to remain a day in the neighborhood, so as to visit the church and other objects of interest.

"No, thank you. I'm afraid we must not linger," he said, shaking his host warmly by the hand; "we have our work cut out to row to Oxford and back to town by Saturday, sure. I must think of my companions."

"Well, at all events, come and have breakfast with us to-morrow," said the old gentleman, in a pleading tone.

"We must be several stages on our road before your breakfast hour," he said, as he saluted the ladies in turn.

"By the by," he added, addressing Mr. Bittleston, "there is one small favor I venture to ask of you. May I leave a portmanteau here, and fetch it on our way down on Friday or Saturday next?"

"Certainly—certainly!" replied the old gentleman, promptly.

"I find we have a good many things we should need, now that the weather has set in fair," he explained; "there are always some cooking utensils we can dispense with. It is desirable to lighten our boat, and by leaving the portmanteau here, I shall have an extra excuse for calling on our way back," with a polite glance at the ladies.

"We shall be delighted to see you," said Mr. Bittleston, "and if you leave the portmanteau at the house to-morrow morning, it shall be taken good care of."

Rev. Mark then took his departure.

Next morning the party had left when the family came down to breakfast, but the parson had entrusted the portmanteau to one of the servants. The following day he wrote a few lines to Mr. Bittleston from Reading, sending a piece of music which he had recommended to the young ladies to get, and begging that she would accept it, as he happened to come across it in a music shop in the town.

The little act of politeness excited less attention than it might otherwise have done, because the letter arrived while every one was in a great state of excitement, the discovery had just been made that a large quantity of jewelry, plate and other articles had been abstracted from a safe in Mr. Bittleson's sitting-room.

The loss was so considerable that Mr. Bittleston immediately telegraphed to Scotland Yard, not caring to entrust the matter to the local police. In response a detective appeared upon the scene, and made a careful inspection of the premises. The safe was uninjured, and the lock had not been tampered with.

"It was cleverly done, but there was no magic done," said the inspector, a sharp-eyed little man named Hardiss; "the lock is a very ordinary one, and has evidently been opened with a key."

"But who could have done it? I am about the house and grounds all day, and nobody could have got in and out without being observed," said Mr. Bittleston, in a great fluster.

"It's a case of burglary," answered the inspector. "There are no signs of a forcible entrance having been effected, but some of the windows on the ground floor have no shutters, and may have been unlocked."

"Then you don't suspect any of the servants?" said Mr. Bittleston; "indeed, I can answer for all of them."

"Well," said the inspector, shrugging his shoulders, "I can't express any opinion at present. Have you had any stranger in the house lately.

"No," said Mr. Bittleston, adding, as he remembered the Rev. Mark Avery; "by the by, a clergyman dined here a night or two ago—a curate of a London parish. He was the only visitor the last few days."

The inspector asked no questions about the parson, but Mr. Bittleson resolved to make a journey by the East end, and ascertained beyond a doubt that the Rev. Mark was the person he represented himself to be. He had no difficulty about this, and had the satisfaction of feeling upon his return that he had not committed an indiscretion.

It so happened that when he called at the Rev. Mark Avery's address, he met his friend's vicar coming out of the door. Mr. Bittleston easily ascertained that the young curate had gone on a boating expedition to Oxford with two companions, and this evidence appeared quite conclusive. He made a clumsy excuse to the vicar to account for his solicitude, and made his way home feeling ashamed of himself.

The following evening Inspector Hardiss called to report progress, and to ask a few further questions. Mr. Bittleston was out in the garden, and the officer joined him on the lawn.

"It's a puzzle, and that's a fact," said Hardiss, when his inquiries had been satisfied. "I've come to the conclusion it has been in the neighborhood, and it's downright impossible that any one could have got away with the swag without being noticed in a little place like this."

"Where are the things then?" inquired Mr. Bittleston, testily.

"Not very far off, I can't help thinking," replied the inspector; "with your permission I will search the premises thoroughly, including the garrets and cellars."

While the inspector was speaking, Mr. Bittleson's youngest daughter, a girl of fourteen, came running across the lawn.

"Papa," she cried, "isn't that Mr. Avery? He is rowing stroke in that boat; and he has evidently forgotten the house, but his portmanteau is here."

"By Jove! I believe it is Avery and his friends," cried Mr. Bittleston, as the boat swept quickly past the lawn in midstream, at the best pace the oarsmen could command. "Hi, you! Confound him! why can't he look around? Boat ahoy!"

But though Mr. Bittleston had good lungs, and though a broad sheet of still water is an excellent conductor of sound, his voice failed to attract the attention of the occupants of the boat, who were straining every nerve to reach the next lock. While Mr. Bittleston was still shouting, they began to disappear from view around the top reach, without once turning their heads.

"Silly fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Bittleston, in a state of excitement, as he hastily descended from the garden seat on which he had beed standing. "He must be deaf and blind too! Here, Ada, quick! Tell Robert to run to my room and bring Mr. Avery's portmanteau. Lend me a hand, inspector. If we look sharp we shall be able to catch him up at the lock."

He led the way to the boat-house, followed by the inspector. But by the time the boat was ready and the footman had appeared with the portmanteau, several minutes had elapsed.

"Here, Robert, put the portmanteau in the bow and jump in," said Mr. Bittleston, impatiently. "I want you to row me to the lock as quickly as you can."

"Let me lend a hand," said Inspector Hardiss, divesting himself of his coat in a very business-like manner.

The party started down stream in pursuit, Mr. Bittleston steering, and frequently bobbing up and down in his excitement to try and catch sight of the boat ahead. In spite of their efforts, however, they found the lock gates closed against them, and the parson's boat out of sight. An abrupt turn in the river at a short distant already hid from view the boat just relieved from the lock.

"Of that a mistake!" exclaimed Mr. Bittleston mopping his forehead, as he stood on the banks of the lock. "Boat with three gentlemen just gone through, Smithers?" he said to the lock-keeper.

"Yes, sir, but they are coming back. They pulled their boat round by the back water, and went on shore, after asking me to keep an eye on it till they returned," said the man.

"Oh, that is all right," said Mr. Bitleston, in a tone of satisfaction. "We will get back, Inspector, to attend to business. Hill bring up that portmanteau, Robert. Smithers will you take charge of it and give it to the Rev. Mr. Avery, who is one of those three gentlemen, with my compliments?"

"I think you mentioned my name, sir," said a voice from the lock, proceeding from one of the occupants of a boat which had just entered.

"Not that I am aware of," said Mr. Bittleston, politely. "The gentleman I refer to was the Rev. Mark Avery."

"I am the Rev. Mark Avery," said the stranger, promptly.

"The gentleman that I mean is the curate of St. Blaise's Church, in St. George's-in-the-East," said Mr. Bittleston, feeling confused.

"Then there is no doubt whatever that you mean me," returned the stranger, with a laugh in which his companions joined.

Mr. Bittleston started and stared at the young man, who bore his gaze unflinchingly. This Mark Avery was a tall, powerful, black-whiskered young fellow, totally different in appearance from the slim, modest, retiring youth who claimed the same appellation. It crossed Mr. Bittleson's mind that the party in the lock were having a joke at his expense, and he was about to resent the impertinence in very forcible language, when the inspector, who had been standing by, touched him on the arm.

"That is Mr. Avery, sure enough," said the officer; "I've seen him before. That being so, I think we had better see what is inside the portmanteau. It's precious heavy," he added, seizing hold of it with sudden interest.

Mr. Bittleston was too much nonplussed to interfere, besides which, he began to entertain disquieting suspicions. The inspector proceeded with great dexterity to unfasten the straps of the portmanteau and in the twinkling of an eye had mastered the lock with a large stone. Upon his opening the lid, an excited exclamation burst from the bystanders, for the contents of the portmanteau proved to be the whole of the articles of silver and jewelry which had been stolen from Mr. Bittleston's safe.

"Hanged if I didn't think this was it!" ejaculated the inspector. "You put me off the scent by leading me to believe that the parson who dined with you was an old friend. You never told me you had entertained a stranger who had left his baggage, or I should not have wasted the last day or two."

"I had no idea that—that the young man was a swindler," murmured Mr. Bittleston.

"I can see the game as clear as daylight," said the inspector. "Having reconnoitered the premises, he and his pals do the job neatly in the night. He knows the difficulty of getting away with the swag, and thinks he may be stopped and searched by the police, in consequence of having been to the house the day before the robbery. So he left the things with you, and meanwhile he has made every arrangement to dispose of them."

"How fortunate! How miraculous!" exclaimed the old gentleman, beginning to realize his good fortune. "But how was it he didn't claim the portmanteau after all?"

"I rather fancy he caught sight of me on the lawn and sheered off," said the inspector. "This is about the meaning of it, and, what's more, I can make a very good guess at who it is. I shall not wait here for him, for he won't come back; but I think in the course of a day or two I shall lay my hands on him and his pals too."

And he did.

Silver Bowls for Fruit and Salads.

Silver fruit dishes are in the shape of low bowls, and are generally round, although some oval and flaring forms are seen with waving fluted ornament. These bowls have sometimes bulging sides but they are usually straight, and have a band like effect. This band is enriched with repousse ornament, designs in outline and polished against an oxidized background, and ornament modeled in relief and applied. Some beautiful designs of this kind are seen in which chrysanthemums with detached petals are carefully drawn from nature. The sugar bowl and creamer usually accompany them, and they are all luxuriously encased.

Silver salad bowls are plainly distinguishable by their ornament. They are more irregular in form than fruit bowls. The edges are curving and crumpled in leaf like suggestions. Crab sea weed and bits of net inclosing shells and marine forms are among the designs.

—F. B. Harper has sold the produce of Belle Knight, the dam of Lavinia Belle, for more than $30,000.

TENNESSEE MOUNTAINEERS.

A Mountain Trip From Hagerstown to Cranberry, N. C.

Correspondence of the Public Ledger.

We came through from Hagerstown, stopping en route long enough to take in the most interesting features of a country rich in historical associations leading backward to colonial days, and found ourselves at Johnson City, a prosperous and growing town on the Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia Air Line. Our point of destination being Cranberry, we were transferred to the narrow gauge road of North Carolina and East Tennessee, that magnificent triumph of engineering skill, built by the Cranberry Iron Company through the narrow gorge of the Doe river, and after passing a few straggling villages, called into life by this modern industry, came to Elizabethton, the second oldest settlement in Tennessee, and were standing face to face with two phases of our modern American civilization.

The quaint town seated low on the banks of the beautiful Watanga river was put to sleep more than 50 years ago, and has never since been able to shake itself free from slumber, and we could not help thinking, after an observation of two days, that stagnation is its essential characteristic. It has Indian legends, revolutionary traditions and later historic memories softened and colored by romance, and the traveler will find it worth while to stop long enough and make the easy ascent of Lynn Mountain, one of the isolated knots which are characteristic features of this peculiar country, where he may look down upon an ideal valley once the bed of a crystal lake—now rich with deepest pastures and soft with wooded uplands leading off to swelling hills and washed by two beautiful runs, and fed, guarded and strengthened by a long line of bony mountain ridges.

Cultivated through a hundred years, these fertile fields still yield, without being artificially fertilized and with very indifferent farming, a succession of crops that would exhaust our thin northern soil in a single season. Looking down upon this beautiful habitable land one feels there is an untamed strength yet to be conquered by the industry of man, when the forests shall be subdued and the mountains are made to give up their mineral treasures and the lowlands yield their full abundance, and we prophesy, if we might say the time is not far off, for the energy and capital of the North united to the enterprise of some of the native inhabitants, are pushing new railroads into the heart of the mountains, which will bring this region into direct communication with the most thoroughfares of the world, and lead forward to its gradual and sure development.

Again picking up our route of travel and passing a few more villages, where enormous stacks of lumber and great logs tell the prevailing industry, we were fairly within the narrow gorge of the Doe river, shut in by high mountains and precipitous cliffs, where every exposed escarpment and railway cutting give evidence of the peculiar geologic conditions that place these rocks among the primary foundations of the earth through which this now quietly flowing river dug its bed ages ago, leaving after it a barricade of towers and bastions, which engineering genius has subdued to its purpose and where the sound of the whistle is the voice of the conqueror.

One fair, wild scene succeeds another. Magnificent moss-covered cliffs lead into a deep tunnel and out again upon a sweet, sunlighted valley sparkling in beauty, bound by walls of deepest green, its foreground made up of picturesque log cabins of the mountaineers, and the women and children gathered in the doorway or at work in the garden, tell that even these pathways of majestic loveliness and wild grandeur have been through generations the background of human lives.

After a succession of tunnels and bridges we came to Roan Mountain Station, a neat and prettily built town, which is the point of departure for Cloudland Hotel, on the top of Roan Mountain, 6300 feet above the level of the sea, and the highest human habitation east of the Rockies. The higher mountains now recede into the far distance, the country grows gentler, we pass Elk Park, an industrial little town, which only five years ago was planted on a green hillside, and are at the rustic station of Cranberry Inn, having passed over a stretch of road not surpassed in rugged picturesqueness by the great Dingwall Railway of Scotland.

Cranberry Inn, so aptly called the "Cottage Beautiful," and to which we would like to add the Cottage Bountiful, is an ideal mountain lodge, nestling among the wooded hills, a blessing not only to the traveler, who may come for a night, but a retreat from summer heat to those in search of beauty, comfort, ideal cleanliness and all the gentler refinements of a summer home. Here one may dream, rest or work. The stimulating quality of the air, unlike the languid heat of the valley, is a tonic to wearied brains and overtaxed nerves. Here the hay fever patient forgets his discomforts and malaria makes no more ravages upon its victims. The wooded hills, glens, dells and mountains sides, rich in flora, tempt one to exercise, and the buoyancy and lightness of the atmosphere make long pedestrian excursions charming.

Cranberry Hotel is unexceptionably the place to settle down in homelike security, leave one's heavy luggage and make excursions to different places of interest, these excursions being made easy by excellent saddle horses, teams of mules, tents, comfortable wagons and all other requirements for long mountain rambles.

A ride of four hours brings us to the top of Roan, Grandfatther Mountain or the Balds of the Yellow, while a longer or more extended tour may include the noble Black Mountain, the Cana Valley, Bayly Mountain, the mica region and the solitudes of the Blue Ridge. And so charming are all the seasons here, and so deep the sources of delight when the whole heart of nature sheds forth her great beneficence one scarcely knows which months are the loveliest when June's radiant skies make the landscape luminous with beauty, and the laurel and rhodendron convert the woods into a paradise of flowers, or when the mellower glories of autumn cover the mountains and the forests are dyed in crimson and gold.

The development of the cranberry region is due to the efforts of the Cranberry Iron Company, made up principally of Philadelphia stockholders and which has already been called "The first wedge of civilization fairly driven into the northwest mountains of North Carolina." Whatever may be the resources of this mountain of iron, which scientific investigation and practical use have found equal to the best magnetic ore of Sweden, the regenerating power which the industry has introduced into the country can scarcely be calculated. Already a few years of wise management and judicious work have changed a condition of semi-barbarism to one of rational care—taking industry with its accompanying moral stimulant.

Not longer than five years ago twenty-one murders were committed in Mitchell and its neighboring counties in less than eighteen months, and in nearly all cases of disagreement pistols or knives settled the dispute. Illicit whiskey distilleries were hidden away among the mountains, which, in their turn, fostered the lowest social degradation. Idleness was the characteristic condition of the community, if so dignified a name can be applied to numbers of straggling, single-roomed log cabins, where men, women, children and pigs were huddled together in an atmosphere of dirt that fostered the extremes of immorality.

Money was almost unknown. A few herbs growing wild on the mountains, the native fruits produced by a prolific soil, were bartered for the barest necessities of life. A few hours' work was paid for by an old coat or dress, and a pistol or knife would dig a garden or plant a patch of corn. Knowing this, one may imagine the result, when honest work came to receive its equivalent in generous wages and a well-filled store house supplied the increased necessities of an industrious life.

It had its effect—in creating wants, fostering self-respect, arousing ambition for cleanliness and cultivating a taste for the useful and ornamental arts.

Ignorance followed in the wake of idleness, and native ability expended itself in cheap bargaining, political gambling, and social enmities. Within five years both secular and religious schools have been planted, teachers selected, and often paid for by the large-hearted, far-seeing men who are pushing this iron industry, and who, though in search of wealth through their gigantic mineral enterprise, recognize that education and Christianity are the most potent influences to lift men into the full daylight of modern civilization. And their united and continuous efforts have already brought new life to the people, notwithstanding their past social degradation, have responded to the humanizing influences, and have developed capabilities and an aptitude for learning which, in individual instances, have been almost phenomenal. We have invariably observed, in talking with the children along the roads, or in making visits to the humble log cabins, not only the beauty and intelligence of their faces, but the quickness of perception and native wit shown in their answers to questions, which would be hard to find in our own native mountain population.

More than all, there is an encouraging feature in this social reform, found in a certain inborn integrity of the mountaineer's character, which, though often distorted and overlapped, like the primary rocks of his own mountains, rocks, is not wholly destroyed, and instances are not rare where men have risen above their surroundings and have lived honest, noble lives, in the midst of almost universal degradation.

No one is able to foresee what this highly favored country, now in the dawn of development, may yet become. For, though its mineral wealth is enormous, its agricultural possibilities are equally valuable, and upon them its future prosperity will, in a large measure, depend.

We are told by a gentleman who has had a long northern experience in farming, and who is the owner of a tract recently purchased and now being cleared for cultivation, that the soil and climate are favorable to the most intelligent and scientific modes of farming. Mountaineers are waking up to the opportunities that surround them, and the demand for small farms is felt. The consequence is that the large North Carolina land-holders, burdened by possessions that yielded no revenue, are surveying their old tracts, dividing and selling them off, and the sound of the falling trees in these great forests tells that the old order of things is slowly passing away.

Fashions in Jewelry.

A gold ball, having upon the front a pansy in delicate enamel, is the newest thing in earring covers.

Moonstone heads of a pinkish hue, set in an engraved gold dollar, have been adapted to earrings.

A silver trowel, with a cut in the centre to hold the leaves, is a new book mark.

Whistles are made of two coins placed back to back, and can be easily carried in the pocket.

For infants' use is a small silver implement in the shape of a snow plow, to take the place of fingers in taking food from the plate.

A thistle made of silk floss and sprinkled over with diamonds, resting on a plain gold leaf, makes about as handsome a hair ornament as has been seen.

Among the most curious designs in brooches now in the market is one in the form of an open album, showing a small photograph in each side. Another is a gold knife-edge bar, in the centre of which is perched a "polly," radiant in colored enamel and attended at each end by a smaller specimen of the feathered tribe, all with tiny diamond eyes.

All the semi-precious stones, such as quartz, tiger's eye, Labrador stones, uncut topazes and amethysts, besides aquamarines, yellow diamonds and garnets, continue to be largely employed by jewelers. These are set in bracelets and small round brooches encircled with diamonds. They are also similarly employed as ornaments for the hair, when they are mostly chosen conical in shape. They appear, too, in the handles of umbrellas and sticks, and, finally, in the tops of scent bottles.

Among the handsomest presents received by the Princess Letitia on the occasion of her marriage to the Duke of Aosta, was a diadem ornamented with 1200 diamonds. Another costly diadem of pearls, having in the centre one enormous diamond, was presented by the Empress Eugenie.

A toilet set consisting of 10 pieces of massive silver plate, delicately hammered and chiselled, and then gilt, was one of the most conspicuous presents. The set includes a mirror supported on an eagle with extended wings, a pair of bon-bon boxes, and two oblong boxes ornamented by branches of myrtle, a couple of trays for letters, a pair of candelabra with three branches, each resting on an eagle, and a basket delicately chased with garlands of roses and violets.

IDEAS ARE WORTH MONEY.

Make Them and You Can Sell Them for Big Prices.

A half dozen of the most successful men were recently asked what chance young men have to get along in the world these days, writes a New York correspondent, Mr. Jay Gould, Mr. Russell Sage, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, Dr. Norvin Green and Charles A. Dana said the outlook was never so good as now.

"What one quality should they possess to succeed best?" was asked each.

Russell Sage replied, "Caution;" Jay Gould, "Perseverance;" Dr. Green, "Hard work;" Mr. Bennett, "Enterprise;" Mr. Dana, "Brains."

Perhaps Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of the *World*, summed it up in the best way:

"My dear sir," he said to an applicant for a position on the *World* some time ago "what can you do?"

"Anything," was the cheerful reply.

"Yes, but you must certainly be able to do one thing better than another."

"Oh, yes," was the response. "I can write well on most any subject, am a good executive man and am fertile in ideas."

"Oh," was Mr. Pulitzer's reply, "fertile in ideas." And he drew his chair up closer to his visitor and peered anxiously into his face. "Then you are just the man I want. How many good ideas have you lying around loose that I could utilize in increasing the circulation of the *World?*"

"Oh, I could give you twenty," was the calm rejoinder.

"Twenty," said Mr. Pulitzer in astonishment.

"Yes, sir, twenty."

"Well, now try it. Go home and write me out twenty good ideas or suggestions for increasing the circulation of the *World*. Send me your list to-morrow. I will pay you $100 for each idea I accept. My check for $2,000 will be mailed to you at once for 20 accept them all, and I hope I can, for we need new ideas here all the time, and then we can make a permanent arrangement. I will pay you $100 a week for a good idea, and you needn't come to the office, either. Yes, I'll do more; I'll buy you a fine pair of horses, so that you may drive around town and enjoy yourself in the park. Your fortune is made if you can do as you say."

The young man did send in his ideas, carefully written out, and they were promptly returned to him as worthless. Instead of riding through the park in a luxurious coach he is now holding down a chair in a Bowery cheap lodging house.

He possessed brass, but not brains.

The Cost of Love.

"One of the worst things we have to contend with in our business, so far as our unmarried male and female employees are concerned," said a dry goods man, "is love. When a young lady, say in the hosiery department, falls in love with a nice young man in the dress goods department, or any other departments, for that matter, there is trouble ahead for the employers. If the young man should happen to return the young lady's affection the trouble is doubled. How does this make any difference to us? Well, in nine cases out of ten the tender passion unfits its victims for work in the same dry goods store. This is especially so in the case of the young ladies. Once they get in love with a young man at another counter their minds, instead of being at their own counters, are continually at the young man's counter. The result of this is that the young lady often maid is absent-minded and inattentive to business. I have seen many a bright young woman who was very valuable to us become utterly worthless behind her counter simply because she got to thinking more of a good-looking young man at some other counter than she did of our business."

"It's the same way with the young men, too. When they get too far gone there is only one thing left for us to do, and that is to discharge them and fill their places. I confess I always regret to take this step, and I never do it unless in self-defense. But when the trouble reaches a certain stage there is no alternative. Of course we go about it in a roundabout way, and never give the real cause for dispensing with their services."

Value of the World's Railroads.

The railroads of the world are to-day worth from twenty-five to thirty thousand million dollars. This probably represents one-tenth of the total wealth of civilized nations, and one-quarter, if not one-third, of their invested capital. It is doubtful whether the aggregate plant used in all manufacturing industries can equal it in value. The capital engaged in banking is but a trifle beside it. The world's whole stock of money of every kind, gold, silver and paper, would purchase only a third of its railroad.

Yet these facts by no means measure the whole importance of the railroad in the modern industrial system. The business methods of to-day are in one sense the direct results of improved means of transportation. The railroad enables the large establishment to reach the markets of the world with its products; it enables the large cities to receive their food supplies, if necessary, from a distance of hundreds or thousands of miles. And while it thus favors the concentration of capital, it is in itself an extreme type of this concentration. Almost every distinctive feature of modern business, whether good or bad, finds in railroad history at once its chief cause and its fullest development.

We've Said the Same.

Now and then we see a boy smoking tobacco in the street.

We saw three boys between twelve and fourteen years old doing so in the Bowery, New York. Two of them had burning cigarettes in their mouths, and one of them smoked a pipe. They were out showing off.

"Don't learn to smoke, boys!

It is a poor and foolish habit.

It is a wasteful habit, in which good money is spent for bad weed.

It is an unwholesome habit, harmful to the lungs, which take in the air defiled by it.

It is a habit that often gives offense to the fair sex and to the mothers of many boys.

It is an unclean habit.

So, dear boys, don't learn to smoke!

—A St. Paul woman, while waiting in a dentist's office to have a tooth pulled, fell on her knees and prayed to heaven to give her strength to undergo the ordeal.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Hal Clayton, a full blooded California Indian, recently astonished the editor of the Elko (Cal.) *Independence* by calling at the office and ordering a supply of visiting cards.

—Edison, the electrician, is said to be collecting the yells of his baby daughter on the phonograph, with the intention of grinding them out for her fortune when she becomes a young lady.

—A city in Japan will open a bric-a-brac show under the rule, "No article admitted that is not more than 1,000 years old." No exhibition of that sort could be held in the United States with American bric-a-brac.

—A cane made by prisoners confined in the State prison at Carson, Nev., was sent to Senator Stewart. The cane is composed of 5,674 pieces of wood and thirty-five different varieties are used in its construction coming from all parts of the globe.

—Humanity is an afflicted race with the errors and casualties of a material civilization. In the United States there are 33,878 deaf mutes; 48,928 blind; 40,495 prisoners; 76,885 idiots; 88,665 paupers, 91,997 insane.

—Mrs. John A. Markle, of Fond du Lac, Wis., who has not spoken above a whisper in twelve years, went out shopping, and while examining some goods was surprised to find that her voice had returned in full volume.

—The best pald drummers travelling for Chicago houses are five men in the grocery trade, who receive salaries of from $8,000 to $10,000 a year. There are perhaps a hundred traveling men in the Lake City who make $5,000 a year, but the average is not above $4,000.

—Claus Spreckels's new beet sugar factory at Watsonville, California, is running day and night. A San Francisco correspondent states that "Spreckels will probably establish several other refineries in different parts of California."

—The obelisk to be erected on the summit of the Ortler in commemoration of the 40th year of the Emperor Francis Joseph's reign is nearly ready for removal from Innsbruck. It will stand on the highest point of the Emperor's dominions—over 12,000 feet above the sea level.

—A lawsuit in New York has developed the fact that "after the owner of a lot in Cypress Hills Cemetery has buried a deceased member of his own family in it he is absolutely forbidden, by a law under which the cemetery is incorporated, to ever transfer or sell the lot outside of his family."

—A correspondent of an exchange writes: "Apropos of left-handedness, I should like to see a satisfactory explanation of the fact that women always, with exceedingly rare exceptions, button from right to left, and men from left to right. Personally I have remarked only four cases of exception to the rule."

—Crooked and Straight are the names of a pair of clergymen in charge of an English church. Lock and Key were long familiar names over the door of a hardware store in Louisville, Ky. Scarcely less appropriate were the last named parties to their business than were the famous U. Ketchum & I. Cheatum firm of lawyers.

—Clara Morris began her theatrical life in Cleveland, O., where she was employed in cleaning the theatre, adding to the meager income thus obtained by appearing at night in the extra ballet, for which slight histrionic effort she got $6 a week. She worked her way up by degrees until Augustin Daly saw her, and then she began to grow famous.

—A philanthropic Mme. Batif