

EUROPEAN LETTERS.

GAY PARIS, THE PRIDE AND GLORY OF FRANCE.

The Tomb of Napoleon and the Remains of the Louvre—Grandeur of Notre Dame and the Old Cathedral of St. Etienne.

PARIS, August 22, 1889. Editor Citizen: Les deux cœurs se reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ces Parisiens que j'ai tant aimés.

To-day we read these last wishes of one of the world's greatest men, as we stood within a few feet of his mortal remains, resting as he desired, on the banks of the beautiful Seine, and surrounded by every evidence that the French people loved him whether his professed love for them was sincere or not.

The tomb of Napoleon is in all respects appropriate to be the resting place of the great general. Its brightly gilded dome flashes in the sunlight, as though to commemorate the splendor of his wonderful achievements, while the sombre colored marble of which the monument is composed exemplifies the sad ending of a life, in exile, far away from his home and his people.

We could not but ask ourselves, how many of the thousands who flock to this spot and gaze upon all that is left of Napoleon Bonaparte reflect that this is but a sermon on the text of King Solomon, "All is vanity."

For the past fortnight we have enjoyed the most marvelous views of God, as seen in the mighty snow-capped Alps, overlooking the calm peaceful lakes at their feet. To-day we have been engaged in the consideration of the most beautiful works of man, as they abound on all sides of this, the most beautiful city of the world.

Although we have all heard Paris so described again and again, it is impossible to realize its exquisite beauty short of a personal visit. One is impressed by this upon first arrival—there seem no "slums" to fret the traveler, such as usually abound near the railroad stations. Even the older portions of the city are made of well built houses, while the newer parts we do not think can elsewhere be equalled.

We cannot tell the impression the Tuilleries might have made upon our mind had we seen them, but what is left, the Louvre, in all its mighty expanse of building, fills us with amazement nearly approaching awe, and teaches us how little we knew when we used to think that our public buildings in Washington were the greatest in architecture.

For a description of this palace of marvelous beauty we are at a loss at what point to begin. Naturally we are disposed to enter into statistics, so many feet or metres, but that would never satisfy us, and hence we content ourselves with a surety the largest building we ever saw, it is a secondary thought. Its admirable proportions seem to draw every part near to the beholder, and the distant statuary seems just at hand, but when approached by many hundreds of people, the perfection in detail of each piece is brought to view, one begins to realize the marvelous skill of the designer.

The beautiful gardens which now take the place of the Tuilleries, which the Commune destroyed, make a lovely foreground to this magnificent rectangle of which three sides remain perfect, and extend to Le Place de Concorde, once the site of the dreadful guillotine, of which the exact spot is marked by an Egyptian obelisk, not so large as ours in Central Park, but much better preserved, as its hieroglyphics, and finally out of place, as we think, in its present position.

These works of antiquity would possess great interest, if restored to their original pedestals, and would appreciate them, but here in New York, a genuine crowd, of whom we are one, surround them, and their flimsy jokes seem almost sacrilege. Surely some more suitable work could be suggested to preserve the spot on which the poor Queen Marie Antoinette was murdered.

It is curious what an effect is produced upon the imagination as one stands upon the very spot made famous by history and fiction. Perhaps we had not thought of "The Tale of Two Cities" for months, and yet as we stood at this place we fancied we could see the roll of thunder, and see brave Carton descend, holding fast the hand of his poor little companion and offering her comfort to the very last, and then stepping forward to give his life for that of his sweetheart's husband, and Madame Defarge's companions counting the guillotine fall as they did their knife. "Twenty-one! twenty-two! twenty-three! Vive la République!"

These French are curious people. In the eyes of the women one can see the spirit which produced the Revolution and the horrible Commune, while a crowd of men follow our carriage for squares, crying aloud "Vive L'Anglais," in hopes that an American may reward their patriotism with a centime.

If the French people do not impress us favorably, we must accord them the just praise of having produced the most wonderfully beautiful buildings. We have this moment emerged from the Hotel de Ville and are full of its grandeur, so full is our weak brain, that we in vain try to write our thoughts. We can only say that we feel not the oppression which attended our visit to Westminster Abbey, but have sensations of delight, although inexplicable.

An ascent of the tower is made by climbing three hundred and seventy-eight steps of stone, and in places they are as dark as Egypt, but the view obtained from the top amply repays the fatigue. The most attractive to us is the graceful curve of the flying buttresses, rising from either side to support the ponderous roof of the nave. To these to advantage one must look down from above, as otherwise only one side can be seen at a time, but from the tower both sides are taken in at a glance, and the tout ensemble is wonderfully, exquisitely beautiful.

The whole city, too, is spread out below us, and we see no cause to climb the dizzy height of the Eiffel Tower, although it is indeed a wonderful exemplification of engineering skill. The panorama as we have just seen it is truly lovely. The bright silvery waters of the Seine divide to take, as it were, this grand old church into its arms, and reunite above and below the island on which it is located, while beyond its line the Hotel de Ville is seen, around which we have just driven, amazed at its wondrous loveliness.

The number of statues and paintings is absolutely bewildering, and not being educated to an admiration of high art, we must confess to feeling sometimes an intense weariness. Thus today we were glad to leave the gallery of the Palace de Luxembourg, where the high art prevailed, adorned in all its nakedness, and to revel in real enjoyment in its lovely garden, where sweet flowers seemed to

THE CHIEF CHARMS

OF ASHEVILLE IN THE LAND OF THE SKY.

The Pleasant Impressions the Queen City of the West Made Upon the Mind of a Journalist Pleasantly Expressed.

According to promise, we make a few extracts from a closely printed letter of four and a-half columns in the News and Courier. Selection is difficult where all is good. The first paragraph explains very closely that uncertainty and contradiction of impression made upon different observers, or at different towns:

ASHEVILLE, N. C., September 2.—Ten thousand artists within the past half century have, with distant approaches to success, endeavored with pen or pencil or brush to reproduce the Cloudland, and especially Asheville and its vicinity. It would therefore be to pile Pelion upon Ossa, or rather Beaucatcher on Pisgah, to add anything to the volumes of rhapsodies that have already been written, or to the piles of pictures that have already been painted on this single, fascinating subject. It is the land of which the illustrious Chateaubriand said on his return to France that it could boast of mountain scenery which no other European peaks to cross the Atlantic to see. The obstacle in the way of success, once for all, has been that the Asheville of to-day is not the Asheville of to-morrow; the picturesque of the environment as an ever varying quantity, the special attraction of this hour will be gone before the artist has time to study it for reproduction; in truth, the faith of nature changes more rapidly and absolutely than the positions of the hands on the face of the clock on the city square.

This is why the person who goes to Asheville for the first time will be disappointed at all the circulars, and novels, and sketches, and newspaper screeds, finds himself in a land of imagination. Even the person who goes to Asheville for the second or third or fourth time is no better equipped than the pioneer as to what he knows about the city and vicinities. The impossibility, or rather the impracticability, of the conditions is, therefore, the reason in chief why it is not now attempted to send the sunsets and sunrises of the Blue Ridge by mail, or to telegraph the elusive pictures in the sky, or the equally evanescent lights and shades in the valleys or along the encircling hills and mountains.

A CHIEF CHARM. The chief charm of Asheville for the public is to be found in a consideration which lies at the surface, though perhaps but few have given it thought. Fully nine-tenths of those who frequent the place in summer are from the larger cities of the Union. Both men and women go there primarily for the climate and with the hope of finding it a place of personal and social interest. Whether in the finest of the hotels or boarding houses, life within doors no matter how pleasant cannot be so essentially the country as sought as a set-off to the more domestic atmosphere which must pull on the taste of the most confirmed society folks, and there is no place in the world where it is easier to step from the city to the country than in Asheville. The rural places in the immediate vicinity are pretty, and short trips on the Western North Carolina Railroad in either direction from Asheville, take the tourist through the grandest of mountain scenery. But apart from the railway travel there are excursion parties almost every day in the season to the scenic spots, and the other way around, a short jaunt in a wagon, a carriage, or a cart, takes one from the city to the wildest of natural and primeval forest; and the same jaunt transports one back into the heart of the city. In the city, with the club and the other ways known to men, the day never dreads, as it might do at a resort which is in name and in fact only a summer resort. The male half of the fashionable world is not content to live where there is only a fine climate and a cool temperature. The resort must have sufficient interest in the way of city life to make it at all endurable, and the more metropolitan are the ways and means, the more likely will that sort be to attract the moths and butterflies of fashion. Asheville, as has already been noted, is well equipped to be the home of men, both of fashion and wealth, and women, too. It has been found that its climate ranks high as the winter climate for Northern people, and of recent years the Battery Park Hotel has been crowded to that season. This fact has established to the satisfaction of the public, it is said that a great many private individuals from the North are prospecting for places whereon to build. Many have already built houses of their own, just as the wealthy have done at Thomaston, Georgia.

NO TRICKS OR TRAGEDIES. The cost of living at Asheville in the summer is a very variable quantity, ranging all the way from \$5 a week to \$50 per week. The season has no effect on prices of anything. Hark back, carriage hire, etc., are the same all the year around. There is no attempt to charge extra for the season. The visit of extraordinary people with unfathomable pockets. Extortion is not known. Competition protects everybody, and if it did not there is a very excellent police force in the city. As a general rule the traveler is rather taken care of than otherwise.

THE HOTELS. To speak about Asheville society and omit the Battery Park Hotel would be to shut one's eyes to the "light on the hill." The Hon. George B. Ryan, who is spending the summer here, summed up the Battery Park hotel's history when he said: "This place is all of a creation, with Colonel Coates the creator, and my friend, J. B. Steele, as the practical force." The creation, however, has been so frequently described that anything said about it nowadays is totally unnecessary.

Down at the Swannanoa, that other fine hotel of Asheville, there has also been a fine season. The Rawls Bros. were known to Charlestonians long before there was a Battery Park hotel, and they kept up their reputation, notwithstanding the powerful rival on the crest of Battery Porter. Their hotel has been full, and society there is just as gay as sociable folks, and a big lot of them, can make it. At the Grand Central hotel there is also a crowd, and of course, the boarding houses are full.

THE BOARDING HOUSES. To live at a boarding house is after all a boon when notes are compared after the season. The surroundings are not always gorgeous, but there is scarcely any difference between a first-class boarding house in Switzerland and one in Western North Carolina. The only practical difference between the hotel and

A COLLEGE CELEBRATION.

THE PRESIDENT DELIVERS A STIRRING ADDRESS.

Twenty-five Thousand People Commemorate the Founding of the Famous Pennsylvania Presbyterian Institution, Etc.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., September 5.—The celebration commemorating the founding of Log College in Bucks county, occurred to-day. A number of addresses were delivered by eminent educators, the last of whom was Rev. Richard Mell-voim, of Hampden Siddey College, Virginia. At the conclusion of this address, President Harrison was introduced. The assemblage at this time numbered 25,000 or more; and this vast audience rose en masse and repeatedly cheered the President as he came to the front of the platform. Mr. Harrison, when the applause ceased so he could be heard, spoke substantially as follows:

"I have had illustrated to me here to-day one of the consistent graces and tenets of the Presbyterian church. Nothing I assure you, short of the robustness of the doctrine of the perseverance of saints in the person of our distinguished brother chairman, who has just introduced me, could have overcome the difficulties which seem to be in the way of those who attend the celebration. I have also had illustrated, I repeat to say, another of the results of persistent Presbyterianism. I never at any time promised to make any address here one day to say so. There are many embarrassing things to be encountered in this life; among them there is none more embarrassing than being associated on a platform or sitting at a table next to gentlemen with manuscripts in their pockets when one is not similarly provided. [Great laughter.] I thank you for your hospitable treatment of me and mine to-day, and I must say I have much pleasure in being here, for every impulse of pride which stirs your hearts moves mine. I am glad to stand here at the source of a great movement. I have seen the Mississippi river pouring out its enormous waters into the Gulf of Mexico, and had the pleasure of standing at the source of the great Missouri; but what is force and energy implied by these rushing streams when compared with the movement inaugurated here? [Applause.] I am glad to be here to help celebrate one of these great impulses springing from all beginning, and yet how far reaching in its results and effects! I don't want unduly to exalt the Presbyterian church; and yet I think historians who have been untouched by partisanship testify that it has been a beneficent presence in our world. Let us take no backward steps. Let us continue to merit the favor of God and do His work until the world shall cease to move. Steadfastness is our characteristic. Our enemies have called it obstinacy, and there are occasions when even that trait and that characteristic have served us. Let us, my friends, continue to be steadfast to faith nurtured and strengthened on this sacred soil."

In concluding his address, the President said: "Let me kindly thank you for this most cordial and brotherly greeting. Let me wish that this day will close as auspiciously as it has opened. Let me hope that the scholarly addresses which you have heard read from manuscript [laughter] will convey new thoughts to your minds, and that you will carry away from here pleasant recollection of the day's celebration."

At the close of the President's address, there was a scene of wild excitement for the next few minutes—men and women cheering and waving handkerchiefs, and in other ways demonstrating their approval of the chief executive's sentiments. After the singing of the hymn, "Nearer my God to thee," the morning exercises closed at 1:30 o'clock.

The President and party were escorted to a special tent prepared for them, where a beautiful lunch was spread. The tent was beautifully decorated with flowers, and, in addition to the Presidential party, all prominent members of the presbytery were invited to the table. The lunch was entirely informal, and, at its conclusion, the President, Mrs. Harrison and the Rev. Mr. Scott entered their carriage and started back to Wanamaker's, at Jenkintown, at 2:30 o'clock. The vast assemblage gathered around the carriage and cheered the President as he drove off. It is understood that Harrison will remain there until to-morrow, when he will return to Washington, where he will remain until Monday, and then go to Deer Park, Pa. Mrs. Harrison will remain the guest of Mrs. Wanamaker until Monday, when she will go direct to Deer Park from Jenkintown.

SAVANNAH'S TRADE.

SAVANNAH, Ga., September 5.—The Morning News will publish to-morrow a complete review of the trade and commerce of Savannah for the last twelve months. The total business of the year footed up \$109,000,000, about \$3,500,000 increase over 1882. The naval stores trade was \$3,000,000, an increase of \$100,000 over last year. The grocery trade was \$19,750,000, and the liquor, tobacco and produce trade \$8,750,000. The dry goods trade was \$3,500,000. A million and a half dollars in building improvements are in progress. The prospects for next year's trade are that it will be the largest ever known. The splendid condition of crops in this section of Georgia and the prospect of a prosperous year for farmers. Savannah has never had a better outlook than it now has. Everything points to the coming year as the most prosperous ever known in this part of the South.

GRATIFYING INCREASE IN THE SOUTHERN CITY'S BUSINESS.

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UNEARTHING OF BANKING FRAUDS IN LYNCHBURG, VA.

BALTIMORE, September 5.—A special from Lynchburg, Va., to the American says: A daring banking fraud has been unearthed in this city. In December last, Judge Latham, of the corporation court, charged extortion to certain parties to conduct the American Insurance and Banking company, with a capital of \$100,000. In January business was begun with R. M. Brown, of Lynchburg, president; C. C. Wellner, secretary and treasurer. The two mentioned, Morton Brown, of Galo, Va.; W. H. Wellner, of Lockhaven, Pa.; and H. J. Brown, of Lynchburg, Pa., as the Board of Directors. A lively business was carried on until recently, when the commonwealth's attorney secured sufficient evidence to induce the grand jury to find indictments against Brown and Wellner for fraud. To-day, when the officers went to serve the warrants on the indicted parties, it was found that they had skipped.

BASEBALL YESTERDAY.

At Baltimore—Baltimore 5, St. Louis 5. At Washington—Washington 4, Chicago 1, 9th. At Philadelphia—Philadelphia 3, in fifth, Cleveland 0. At Boston—Pittsburg 10, Boston 4. At New York—New York 3, Indianapolis 5. At Brooklyn—Brooklyn 6, Cincinnati 3. At Columbus—No game to-day on account of rain.

SHE PASSES OVER NIAGARA FALLS.

BUFFALO, N. Y., September 5.—An unknown woman committed suicide at Niagara Falls this morning, by jumping into the water above the falls. She was apparently about twenty-five years old, had red hair, and wore a black dress. She was alive when she went over the falls as she was seen to raise her head. At New York—New York 3, Indianapolis 5. At Brooklyn—Brooklyn 6, Cincinnati 3. At Columbus—No game to-day on account of rain.

VERY FINE OYSTERS.

Fresh From Norfolk and Served at Strauss' Last Night.

What the "watahillion" is to the "colored brother," the oyster is to the white man. A "coon" in the perfect enjoyment of good health will roll back his eyes till the whites thereof resemble a mill-pond of milk, work his ears like a fly-fan, open his mouth till it presents something of the appearance of the entrance to the Mammoth cave, and gaze upon a "million" till its green rind turns pale. He will feel it and thump it, turn it around and examine it; lift it up and then put it down, dance over it, cry over it, smile over it and sing over its fondle it, and pet it, till his soul is worked up to such a frenzy of delight that only the opportunity and ability to get himself on the outside of the luscious fruit will bring him back to anything like a normal condition. Such is the "coon" and "de million."

The white man's love for the bivalve, while not so outwardly demonstrative as that of the negro for the melon, is none the less secretly intense, and a first-class fry or stew, or broil or roast, or even a dozen raw, will make him feel better than if he had just met an old friend whom many years had separated from his presence. He smiles on all he meets, and is at peace with all mankind just after a bait of fine, fat oysters such as Strauss, the South Main street restaurateur, served to his friends last evening, and will continue to serve to them every evening hereafter throughout the season. Those we ate last night were unusually large and fat so early in the season, and were almost as fresh and sweet as if they had just been opened. They were shipped from Norfolk, Va., and Mr. Strauss told us they were the finest that could be procured in that market.

ABOUT THE SEWER.

The Last Payment on Its Construction Made Yesterday. Contractor John J. Jacoby left the city for Gordonsville, Va., yesterday, having received from the city treasurer the last payment on his contract for the construction of the Asheville sewerage system, amounting to \$2,395.25. This sum represents the ten per cent. of the whole bid of \$23,955.55, which was reserved by the city until the lines had all been laid and the contract complied with.

In talking with city clerk Miller yesterday afternoon, that gentleman said: "So far as Mr. Jacoby's work in constructing the sewerage is concerned, I think he has given the city an excellent job—there is no cause for complaint whatever, and there is no reason why it shall not stand first-class, the uses for which it is constructed. It is a very fine piece of work."

There is over twelve miles of this sewerage in the city, and with the exception of a few short lines to be added as necessity or convenience shall demand, Asheville has all the sewerage she will require for some years to come. The pipe used is the very best quality of the vitrified article, and every length, joint and "Y" was thoroughly tested and examined before it was placed in position.

Mr. Jacoby had the contract for laying the whole line, and it is the opinion of experts here in such matters that he not only gave Asheville a good job—but the very best job that could be done in sewerage construction.

AN ACCIDENT TO A FREIGHT TRAIN NEAR COOPER'S YESTERDAY.

The westbound mail train over the Western North Carolina road from Salisbury was an hour late in reaching the city yesterday afternoon owing to an accident which befall a freight train on the same road, near Cooper's station, nine miles east of the city. The accident was caused by the giving away of one of the trucks of the freight train, about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the derailment of another car from the track. No body was injured and but very little damage was done beyond the smashing up of the faulty truck. An engine, carrying jacks and other apparatus, was immediately sent to the relief of the disabled train from this city, and in a short while after its arrival the wreck was cleared away, the track opened, and travel was resumed. The rumor that one of the trainmen received serious injuries by reason of the accident was totally unfounded, as not a single person received a scratch.

TO PAY FOR THE ORGAN.

The officers and teachers in charge of the Sabbath school of the Doubleday Methodist church will hold a festival and fair in the church building Tuesday evening next, beginning at 7 o'clock. The affair is gotten up to secure a fund sufficient to pay for the new organ which has recently been placed in the above named edifice, and we hope the expectations of our Doubleday friends will be fully realized, and the amount desired easily raised.

MANAGERS' MEETING.

The managers of the Mission Hospital are reminded of their meeting on Saturday afternoon at 5 o'clock. The meeting will open promptly at 5, as much important business must be transacted.

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

TWO MEN KILLED OUTRIGHT—OTHERS INJURED.

The Horrible Accident that Befell Jetty Laborers in the St. Johns River While Sealing Up a Can of Deadly Dynamite.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., September 5.—A terrible explosion occurred at the mouth of the St. Johns river by which two men were killed and several more injured. Capt. R. G. Ross in charge of the Government jetty work at St. Johns bar, has been engaged for several days in blowing up the submerged wreck of the old Dutch brig Nevada which lies, for years, obstructed the channel off Mayport. He had in command Capt. A. Moore, with a crew of twenty men, two of the men, R. T. Moore, son of the captain, and a grandson of Powell, (colored) were soldering a twenty-five pound can of dynamite, when it exploded with terrific force and blew both men to atoms, only one toe of Moore being found after the explosion. Engineer Dunn, of the lighter was badly wounded in the side and arm. Capt. Moore was blackened by the explosion, and badly shaken up, but is not seriously injured. He is, however, in a state of mind almost bordering upon insanity by reason of the terrible fate of his son. The explosion was heard for miles around, and caused an upheaval of water and tremor of the earth which created considerable alarm. The steam tug, Robert Turner, went hurriedly to the scene of disaster, and then blew whistles of distress which brought the Government steamer and others to the rescue, and carried Dunn to Mayport where he could receive medical treatment. The lighter was boarded immediately after the explosion to ascertain what other damage was done; and everything was found one mass of wreck and ruins. The machinery of the jetty lighter and engine was completely demolished. A big hole was found on the deck of the lighter, and the crew badly demoralized. Search was at once instituted for the remains of the men, but without further success. Moore's vest and pants were subsequently found among the floating wreckage, torn completely to shreds. The accident attracted a great crowd of people to the shore, and the greatest excitement prevailed. Capt. Ross, the contractor, had gone to St. Augustine to spend the day where Capt. W. M. Black, United States engineer in charge of the jetties, has his headquarters. He was at once communicated with, and will do everything possible under the circumstances for the relief of the wounded. He is expected in Mayport to-night. Moore, the white man killed, was twenty-two years old and unmarried. This is only a first serious accident to occur at these jetties since the work began several years ago.

FOKLS YOU KNOW.

Who They Are; Where They Are, and What They Are Doing. Mr. J. Taylor Amisless leaves on the noon train to-day for Baltimore to attend the great exposition. He will be joined in that city by Mrs. Amis which has spent the summer with her parents at Bridgeport, Conn. After doing the exposition Mr. and Mrs. Amis will go to Front Royal, Va., where they will spend several weeks with Mr. A's parents.

Capt. R. T. Grinnan, of the famous Bingham school, was in the city yesterday, shaking hands and renewing acquaintances among the former Binghamites whose homes are in this city. Captain G. is a thorough scholar, and an accomplished gentleman, and a great favorite with "his boys," as he calls his pupils.

Master Victor E. Whitlock left yesterday for Chapel Hill, where he will enter the Freshman class at the State University. He is the son of A. Whitlock, Esq., the well-known clothier of this city, and will make his mark, as a student, at our honored and beloved university.

Mrs. F. W. Blair and wife, of Ardhalde; Mrs. J. C. Robbins and daughter, of Lexington; Mrs. A. Tate, and Miss Lula Tate, of Graham, were among the North Carolinians, registered at the Grand Central last night.

George C. Harris, of Salisbury, master mechanic of the Western North Carolina railroad, is in the city. He is accompanied by Miss Harris, and both are the guests of Mrs. Halyburton, on Grove street.

Capt. Thos. W. Patton and Erwin Sluder who have been doing Europe for the past seven weeks sail from Havre for home to-day. They will probably reach Asheville about the 17th instant.

Mrs. J. L. Minnugh and children; Mrs. M. A. Tozier and Miss Blanche Jones, of Columbia, S. C.; and Mrs. F. W. Johns, of Jackson, Miss., were at the Swannanoa last night.

R. C. Cammack, Esq., a prominent citizen and wealthy brother of Atlanta, is at the Swannanoa. His wife accompanies him, and they will remain here several days.

Mr. John J. Jacoby left yesterday for Gordonsville, Va., where he has a contract to construct an extensive line of sewerage.

Mr. Arthur Arrington of the Interstate Immigration Bureau left for his home at Raleigh last night.

Dr. Geo. W. Puresly left for Chapel Hill last night and will be absent from the city several days.

Mrs. Joe Person and the Queen. Mrs. Joe Person, of Kittrells, N. C., whose wonderful remedies have become famous throughout the length and breadth of the Union, is in the city. She is a remarkably accomplished and excellent lady, and is exceedingly popular wherever known. North Carolina tourists returned from Europe say the Queen of England is almost a perfect image of Mrs. Person, the only apparent difference between the two ladies being the greater freshness of Victoria Regina.

For This Week. Mrs. Alice Reynolds and Mrs. Weaver are the managers in charge at the Mission Hospital for this week.