EXECUTION OF SNEED AND HENRY

By COL. A. T. DAVIDSON.

it will be in order for me to give some

James Sneed and James Henry were arrested on a charge of highway roblers (of a horse) then a capital crime. The victim was one Holcombe. The some of the robbery, for which these men were executed, was at the Maple Spring, about six miles east of Asheand nearly a mile from the water works, at the forks of the road where the Swannanoa road coming down the

Henry and Sneed, fearing that Holombe would have them arrested, as he had given up the horse unwillingly, started for Tennessee by way of the nauth of Hominy, leaving Asheville to their right, and were arrested near sulphur Springs on the Bear creek road by Shep Deaver, then deputy sheriff. The execution of Sneed and Henry

being the third event of the kind in Buncombe county, spread all over this vestern country, and the news of it reached me at my home on Jonathan's creek in Haywood county, when I was a boy of 16. The two previous hangtors which had occurred were of a man by the name of Delk, a white man, he was executed probably at about the time of my birth, and certainly pre lous to 1820, for the Indians were still that year. I know this fact from the further fact that my father, William M. Davidson, the son of the William meeting to organize Buncombe county was held, and Goldman Ingram, grandfather of John L. Cathey, clerk of the superior court of Buncombe county at this time, arrested Delk at the Little Tennessee river near where it is now spanned by the iron bridge east of Franklin, after he had crosed the ford to the Franklin side of the river. Franklin is stuated on or near what was then the ald Indian town of Eunee. I do not remember for what he was excented, nor how my father came to arrest him unless it was the custom of good citizens generally to arrest or folments they had knowledge. Delk was hanged in the gorge south of and beow the postoffice, probably about the site of the old Johnston well, now vis-

The second execution was of a ne gro, whose name I forget, about 1830-2 or 3, for burning the barn of a man on Mud creek in the neighborhood of Fidelio Patton. He was hung in the "Gallows Field," east of the hollow in which Sneed and Henry were hung but on the slope of the hill leading into the same hollow. It must have been near the present site of North Asheville Methodist church. Jasper Bell, who is now living in Asheville, and a brotherin-law of the late Nicholas Woodfin, was a boy of about ten or eleven years when Sneed and Henry were hung. He saw that event and also the hanging of the negro, some few years before. He thinks that Nat Harrison was she when the negro was hung, and Wiley Jones sheriff when Sneed and Henry were hung

ible from Patton avenue.

A Great Event. Of course I determined to see the ex-

ecution of Sneed and Henry, and it was arranged that on the morning of the law Paxton Cumming, a Methodist preacher, should leave our homes on as creek for Asheville to wit ness the great event on the following day. I fix this time by the fact that I know that I started the day before the execution, and Sneed or Henry wrote a letter to his wife dated in the Asheville jail in which he said "In thirty-six hours I will be in eternity." I saw this letter the other day, now in the possession of the Editor of The Citizen. The 27th of May, 1835, forever im-

norning, with low fog hangbeautitu ing over the meadows and valleys, as is common in that season of the year. We left home at daybreak and before breakfast, for we were to ride horse back seven miles to Peter Shook's or Pigeon river, near Clyde, where we were to get breakfast and proceed with party from there. But when we ceached his house we found that the carty had already started for Ashe-He, but as they expected us, they had it a good breakfast for us. This parconsisted of Rev. R. W. Patty, the dethodist minister in charge of the ircuit, and the father of J. M. Gudger's tirst wife. Mrs. Peter Shook, better known as Aunt Mahaly, Miss Elmina shock, a beautiful young lady, Peter oldest daughter, to whose manifold charms I observed, young as was, the said staid Methodist preach was not altogether oblivious, and Taylor Shook, a son of Peter, who went

As my friend Robert Henry said of the event preceding the battle of Cowan's Ford, when the school master had left a jug of whiskey at the school house, "we dispatched" the breakfast, overtook the party at the crossing of Pigeon, at what was then called the Alexander ford, now Canton. An iron bridge for wagons now spans it, but for years before and since the war, there was no bridge, and the ford was extremely dangerous in high water. Francis, my law preceptor rove in there once and lost a pair of the horses by drowning in the swift urrent. On the hill east of the ford Pigeon was situated the Locust Ol Field church, established by Humphrey Posey, Henry and John Howell, two brothers, and was the established hurch of the neighborhood, and was a long time and still is, held in high repute. They planted a graveyard wire, where most of the old worthles of that country rest. It is still used for that purpose, and it is worth, of that day and this. The same church still

I got down here and Taylor Shook got while I walked, called "ride and We soon got to old Johnnie Hawkins's, on the high road west of Asheville, where W. L. Henry now lives, in Taylor Shook. I remember passjust above the Sulphur Spring, stopting at the spring and taking water to breacher. Don't remember seeing many They probably came in next

At Asheville.

west of the French Broad river and looked down and saw the splendid iver, and the long narrow bridge, then known as Smith's bridge. I was carried away completely. It was the largest

This being the season of the anni- jon the west side of the river. We came Melke's house stands, and where he old log Baptist church used 55 stand. at my earliest recollections of men, I then began to see signs of "town" by parts and events which came into my that time, and my eyes began to shine. I remember distinctly to have seen the fields about the present station of the railroad. Branan Patton lived there we could not see from that point, but my young eyes. we could see the curling smoke of the evening meal ascending from the habitation. These places were pointed out to me by Paxton Cumming, who had this near where Mr. Folsom now lives ridden this circuit and knew all the points of interest round about. We calle on by the Haywood "Road," not and entered Main street passing by the Villa, just north of Patavenue. The Haywood road came into Main street opposite the front office of the old Buck Hotel, about where West College street now enters it. There was a large sign in front of the notel of a big buck with a heavy head f horns on it. I remember it distinct-

Here our company parted. All but Mr. Cumming and myself, who pu' up it the "Buck," went down on South Main street to Stanifer Rhodes', whose nouse stood near where Church street ow enters South Main. He had marfed Peter Shook's wife's sister, well known as Celia Rhodes, a remarkable

and strong woman. what the old stable bell was like. One dug, and this was how it was explainof them was attached to the sign post ed to me that it had not been comof the Buck, and I remember it well. pleted by the time we reached there: It was the first I had seen of its class." Some negroes had been employed to It was an ordinary bell, but it was attached to one end of a curved steel deep in the excavation, they were sudstrip, which when shaken would cause denly confronted on the brink of the the bell to ring and vibrate for some grave by what they took to be the devil time after the shake had been given to himself, who sternly demanded to know the strip. I had not been long in the what they meant by digging the gray hotel before I was attracted by the of men who were still alive? The neopparently well fitted for the duties of the grave diggers. went back to the Buck, where we got no one was turned away. The Hanging Rehearsed.

side was on North Main steet and its front on Haywood road, now West College street. It was known as the mounted the scaffold with the prisonstore with eyes as big as saucers, eltement of the most intense character. Where in the world did all the money ome from to buy all those goods. If only I could get behind the counter and run my hands into the sugar barrels and get my stomach full of the desired, and Sneed spoke first. He was mortal that I am, refused him the meed hought I should be happy ever after- ing young man, with a clear of South Main street, where Haywood, and I was bound to see every one from that county. I spent about an hour there, and afterwards ame up the street and got into a store, oners were to be hanged. The noose was given a sharp jerk by nen hanging to one end of it, and if I am not mistaken Dr. Hardy and asked Holcombe if that was no got into the attic of the Buck with Mr. Cumming, being a man of distinc- Holcombe to know him. tion, got a better bed. I did not go to leep before I became convinced that Asheville, was a big place—the hub of the universe, in fact-and I have not hanged my mind since. It was always It was always so far ahead of anything within sixty miles of it that here was absolutely no comparison.

was always something worth ad to pass the mountains in those lays, for the west was being settled. It is so yet, and the railroads all have o come by Asheville

The Day of the Hanging. The next morning, before good light, that stable bell began to ring again, and I woke up. I wasted no time in makstruck for the street. The whole front and public square were covered with people. It was only just about dayight then. The people had not slept nuch the previous night. The excitement was intense. People must have been coming in all during the night. The crowd was a mixed one. There were several thoughtful and sober peoole, but there were also toughs rushing about, drunken men, women and children in their country finery, and a general holiday air everywhere. I saw the wore uniforms. There had been a ru-Tennessee friends to rescue the prison-

fort was made in that direction how-I remember distinctly to have seen the evening before in the parlor of the Buck hotel Gov. David L. Swain, who Will memory sometime rekindle the me for dinner. All rode horses ex- was then governor, and who had been pressed to respite the prisoners to look ing the church on the top of the hill further into the justice of the execution or for a pardon outright, but the governor left in the stage before day the lady on horseback and to the that morning and was not present at the hanging. I heard of a petition bepeople coming to Asheville as we came ing circulated by Mrs. Perkins, a sister of James W. Patton, for the pardon of the prisoners, and there was one expression in it which I have remembered ever since. It was to the effect that o son of a woman should suffer the Gov. Swain was censured for leaving

when he did by those who wanted a

formation of the public, hence all that ould be done was to listen to the conectures of the multitude and take care of yourself. The interminable ring of that stable bell for Moses I shall never forget. It rang all day. Moses had to e reinforced; the work was too heavy for one man. I should say without fear of being extravagant that five hundred horses were carried to the stable from that bell during the morning. The crowd was estimated by men of judgment at from 5000 to 8000 people. It must be remembered that there were few wheels in the country then, and most people came on foot or on horseof the centennial of Asheville, straight up the hill to the top, where back. Many came from long distances. Though I believe that the prophecy of Zebulon Baird had come to pass that the mails should be carried into Asheville on four horse coaches. But there were not many wheeled vehicles and the roads were execrable. It was decidedly the biggest day that Asheville then. Aunt Mary Smith, Dan'i's wife, had ever seen, and I don't believe that aved above on the river, whose house Bryan day equalled it-certainly not in

Off for the Gallows Field-Incredible as it may seem to some, I sure that I might not be run over by some "critter," as the horses were then called, and by no means sure that the militia might not conclude to fire on been seen to put spurs to his horse me for fun. So a boy and I went to see and gallop toward the spot where the gallows field. We went down North their colors had just gone down in Main street by the old Sam Chunn tanyard about where Merrimon avenue low comes into North Main street, near where the Woodfin stables used to be. The old road then ran directly over the hill to the branch. Then we went down the branch 200 or 300 yards and turned to the right in the gorge, and there stood the gallows, grim and forbidding. The beam from which the ropes were to dangle was in place and the trap doors were there too, and the steps leading to the platform. There was a double grave half finished on the hill near by. It had not been finished. But only the Not many people now living know lowest vaulted place remained to be inging of this bell, and the old darky groes ran and could not be induced to who answered it, coming out to take return. The devil was really George he horses of the travellers who were Owen, a harmless and inoffensive old onstantly arriving to witness the wit and joker from Haywood county the morrow. That darky's who had tarred his hair and beard and ame was, I think, Moses, and he was disfigured himself as much as possible strong, broad-backed negro who was for the purpose of having his fun with

where they were stored away in that something to eat. The crowd still had old hotel I cannot now conceive. But not left the square. But at about 2 o'clock is started, but I'had again gons ahead of it and was advantageously The store of James M. Smith was just stationed on the slope of the hill about sixty paces from the gallows. Here they came, thousands of eager and ex-

Freeze Out" from the fact that "Old ers. There were two long sermons, one limmie" was afraid to allow any fire by Rev. Joseph Haskew, then a young in the store where the cierks had to man, and the other by Rev. Thomas sleep at night. I went through that Stradley. There was praying and ex-

The prisoners were then given an opsweet stuff just once in my life, I a bright-faced, clean shaven fine look- of a decent farewell because he did not vards. Then I went to the jall before it voice which could be heard at a dis ecame too dark. It stood about where | tance without effort. He said in subhe present entrance of the Palmetto stance that he had been a wild, wick on a knob about twenty feet higher making money by every turn and was than the present site of the Vance not slow to use his profession in tricks nonument. There were many people at cards to procure money from the iground the jail. Wiley Jones was norant and unsuspecting, but that he boking after things generally, had done nothing to deserve death. He did not see the prisoners. It was too said he felt this, He had never taken lark. I still continued my perigrina- human life and had never taken any bout town, and went down to man's property by force. He said it is ohn W. Osborn, who kept the leading a clear and ringing voice and attracted nerchant tailor shop of the town at | general sympathy. Henry came on the Mrs. Hilliard now lives. He was from shouldered strong man. He impressed which I do not now remember, where tractly what he said. I am informer given to the rope with which the pris- that Henry called for Holcombe th prosecuting witness against him, an was made, the rope thrown over a that Holcombe came to the stand, and ence as to how he obtained the horse pronounced it sufficient for its purpose, the way of it? This Holcombe deni d esse Smith, a small son of J. M., and how it was. I do not remember seeing dept with him on a pallet on the floor. anything of the kind. I did not se impression was then and has been would not face the men.

Then the end came. The black caps seing here. It was a funnel through happened a thing, just for an instant which everything had to pass if it only, like a flash of light, that I have passed the mountains, and everything never forgotten. The trap, which consisted of two doors meeting in the middle, and working from the sides on hinges, fell at first with a great crash, dignity. as the trigger was knowked out. But they did not fall clear down, but only part of the way, so that it was possithe men to touch them with their shoes. This they did repeatedly, trying my simple toilet, but immediately ing to regain a foothold, but the doors were soon entirely beyond their reach, and they were fairly suspended. But I can still hear those poor feet in their blind effort to cling a little longer to

> When the trap finally fell clear it was with a loud noise, and it was then that its destination, and the girls must share George Owen, who was near me, said, with her every atom of pleasure or of a distinct and bass voice,

G-0-n-e! Then began the death struggle. They spun round and round. There was a drawing up of the shoulders and of the arms, and both died by strangulation, Asheville company of militia formed in no doubt, the fall having been broken heart, with "M. P." rudely carved on a hollow square about the jail, in com- by the failure of the trap to fall clear, its face; three tiny golden disks with of Col. Enoch Cunningham, to Sneed died first. The tremer of the keep back the crowd from the jail. The bodies, the rush of blood to the hands militia had guns only, but the officers tied behind them, swelling them to abnormal size and making them puffed nor that there would be an effort from and red. But at last the bodies were still, and I left before they were cut | ing eyes. ers, hence the militia turnout. Ao ef- down. And so the scene closed.

The day is long past, and the scene is afar . Yet when my head rests on its pillow

That blazed on the breast of the bil-A. T. DAVIDSON. Asheville, N. C., Feb. 17, 1898.

The letter to which Col. Davidson refers in the foregoing highly interesting sketch, was printed in 1835 at Rutherfordion, N. C., by Roswell Elmer, jr., as part of the confession of the death menalty for the foal of an ass. and is in part illegible. The confessions of Sneed and Henry were mainly biographical records of centinued trans-I may have got breakfast but I don't gressions, but in the case of both Henremember it. It was impossible to get ry and Speed concluded with expres-The bridge was kept by William Irwin, I think. He lived at the same old
house which stood there till recently remarks the jail to see the prisoners besions of faith in Christ and a meeting in a better world. Both men were married.



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CHAPTER XIV, CONTINUED.

En join there were 19 letters, writ ten by as many enthusiasts to their loving friends at home. Jessica read every one of them. Some of them she read more than once, not for the elegant diction of them or for their vivid descriptions of the great battle, but because some word of praise, some expression of tenderness, in them for her father touched her more nearly than others. They all had the same theme-admi-

ration for their commanding officers. They all dilated upon one phase-the filial devotion of Captain Belknap to was timid and bashful then, not at all Colonel Eastom. It was Neddie Matthews who told the most prolix story.

He told how, when the battle was at its bottest, Colonel Bascom had a cloud of smoke; how Belknap galloped after him to turn him back; how the two men were inseparable in camp or on the field; how that intrepid dash of the colonel's had swept him from the sight of his men forever; how the next that was seen of Belknap he was being borne to the rear badly wounded; how when questioned about the colonel he had wept like a child while telling about seeing him reel from the horse that had been shot under him.

It was the same story in all of the letters-the story of two brave men out



It was of Reginald Belknap he was of thousands of brave men; two men who loved each other and would gladly have spent themselves each for his

"They loved each other," said Jessica, bending her head to catch the waning light for a third reading of Ned-

"What more could a man do than this, that he would have given his life portunity to make any remarks they for his friend, and I, oh, most superior come up to my standard.

It was of Reginald Belknap she was thinking and of his deathless devotion to her father after she had folded up the letters, and, with hands clasped about her knees, she sat still on the terrace steps, with the setting sun shedding its

CHAPTER XV.

One day old Timothy Drew, with much expenditure of breath and not a few imprecations upon the folly of people perching their houses on terraces high enough for eagles' nests, found his way into Miss Melanie Potts' presence, carrying a small parcel.

In those stagnant days a parcel of any sort was an event and an object of legitimate curiosity. Old Timothy Drew delivered this one with an air which said plainly that he expected to be enlightened as to its contents.

Miss Melanie turned it over and over, looking at the address from every pos sible point of view, touching the tightly drawn strings that bound it with reverent fingers. Presently in an awestruck voice she said: "I do believe it is from my brother

Lester The handwriting looks like his since that Holcombe was called for but at its worst, and he always was so precise about knots. Timothy answered suggestively:

"Shouldn't be surprised if it were from little Potts, though the Lord only knows how it got here. I reckon there the men goodbye, and retired from the ain't but one way of making sure, and trap. The signal was given, and then | that's by ontying them knots. I'd like mightily to hear how the little man is getting on. Want any help?" Miss Melanie drew her parcel farther

back from his proffered aid with cold

"I will wait until the Misses Potts get home, thank you, Timothy. They are in attendance on a meeting of the L. S. A. S. I am much obliged to you for bringing it, Tim. "Not for worlds," Miss Melanie told

single one of those knots with an alien eve resting on them." By devious ways, passed from hand to hand, the precious package had reached

the girls later, "could I have untied a

pain it might contain. It contained very little in a material way-three black finger rings, with gold hearts and arrows imbedded in them by way of setting; a carnelian three dates engraved on them, respectively standing for the birthday anniversaries of the three women who examined each article of the package with stream-

But it was over little Potts' letter that they wept most copiously, Miss Melanie insisting that he must be very miserable indeed because he wrote so cheerfully, which was rather astute of the little woman.

"It is impossible for me to say," lit tle Potts wrote, "how this package is to reach its destination, if it ever does. I comfort myself by thinking that if it is lost the world will still wag on.

"I wish I knew how it was wagging with my three dear ones just now. Several prisoners are to be exchanged tomorrow, and among them is a young fellow from Mississippi, the northern part, who expects to be sent to his home as unfit for further service. He will leave us pretty well laden with letters and just such foolish little parcels as this. I am glad he is going to be released. He is not strong, and this climate is trying to him."

Will you visit N at Hotel "Empire. Here little Potts had stopped in the

writing of his letter to tie a piece of old carpet about his neek to protect it from the cold blasts that were shaking his enfeebled little frame as with a chill.

"When I tell you what the rings and other things are made of, I am sure you will be proud of me, although I may come in for a scolding too. You see, my dears, there is not much dandyism among this colony of southern gentlemen rusticating at Johnson's island, and such requirements of an effete civilization as gold studs and sleeve buttons are ignored among us."

A wan smile flitted across the little man's thin face as he wrote that sentence. It would never do to tell Melanie and the girls that he had no shirt to wear the studs with, for of course they could never be brought to consider him a gentleman again.

"Therefore I have converted mine into little souvenirs for you three. I hope you will observe the niceness of the workmanship. I think it rather creditable to an amateur goldsmith; but then, you know, I always was a conceited fellow, ready to place the highest possible estimate on my own performances.

"The black rings are cut from the horn buttons of my overcoat. Now there you go, Ollie! I can hear you even at this great distance declaring that your papa must have become a regular slouch, going about with his overcoat unbuttoned, but you must bear in mind that my life at present is somewhat more sedentary than it used to be at home, and an overcoat is something I have rare occasion for."

"Happily," he said to himself, "seeing that mine went to make leggings for that poor devil of a consumptive menths ago"-

"The gold disks I made out of my three studs, hammering them flat and engraving the dates of three birthdays that have been kept this year without any gift from me for the first time on record, but I thought of each one of you, my darlings, very tenderly on your birth dates, and I asked the dear Lord to let this be the last ones we should ever spend apart. What glorious little feasts Aunt Mellie used to get up for us on our birthdays! I don't feed quite so high now, but perhaps that is so much the better for my liver."

There lay on the table upon which little Potts was writing the fragments of

'Poor papa!' or 'Poor brother!' seldomest. The little hearts and arrows im bedded as settings to the rings were made from my gold sleeve buttons. Now I believe I have accounted for all of my amusements are rather limited, and all the men are making trinkets of seme sort to send home when they can.

detained much longer. The fact of my ger of stretching the edge of the ruffle satin for waist-lining and drop-skirt being a Union man from the outset in putting together. In this model the flounces are attachmust tell in my favor as soon as I can get at the right cars. I know this is bearing very heavily on you, my dears, but we must be patient.

"Yes, patient, O Lord, if only I can keep life in this failing body to carry me back to them." Little Potts laid his head down on the table and wept. There was no disparagement to his manhood | hidden dangers ! in those tears. He had but just dragged through a fierce attack of prison fever, tender sympathy! and the spirit within him was aweary. "I heard a grievous piece of news

yesterday." He resumed his pen reso lutely. "A new batch of prisoners was brought in. They were men who were when nature fails to assert itself, developengaged in the battle of Chickamanga. One of them tells me that my dear, dear friend Bascom was slain in that

"I cannot tell you how this dreadful news has depressed me. I loved Bascom. all such cases. Sold by druggists for \$t. He was a good man. I never knew a better. He was apt to be a little rash at times. I am afraid he was when he came to his death. But, after all, it was a splendid way to die. Of such stuff are heroes made, and I bare my head in reverence to him.

"I am not over well supplied with stationery and find myself reduced to crossing this. Julia will recall how I used to scold her for crossing her letters from school. Ah, well, I've been sent to school myself since then, my loves, and some of my tasks have been rather hard to learn. Goodby and God bless you." He threw down the pen and sat staring at the closely written sheets with despairing eyes. He dared not trust himself to go on. Something would be sure to creep in which would mar all his heroic attempts to write cheerfully. He fingered the flimsy sheets of paper contemptuously. What would Mellie and the girls think if they knew that he had bartered a week's rations of coffee for the stuff to write to them upon? They should never know from

him what a lingering agony the days were to him. His letter was written. His parcel was delivered to the prisoner for whom the gates were about to open, and then little Potts threw himself upon his prison bed with a groan of physical pain. The emotion resulting from putting himself in communication with his home brought on a return of his fever. "I think," said Julia, looking doubt-

fully from her aunt to her sister, "we ought to ring the bell again." "The courthouse bell?" "Yes."

"What for?" "To let them hear about papa."

Miss Melanie made a gesture of passionate impatience.

"They don't want to bear about him. Everybody has forgotten his very existence. Nobody has given a thought to him since the last pound of meal was

given out in his name." "Oh, Aunt Mellie, what dreadful ingrates you make them all out!"

"No, I don't make them out to be anything. They are just on an average with everybody else. We treated him like a malefactor ourselves. How can we expect others to take any interest in

They listened. The courthouse bell was ringing at a great rate. The three women donned their hats in excited | As they ran down the terraces side by side Miss Melanie wondered if Timothy Draw could have been officious enough to tell about their parcel; but they were soon mlightened. TO BE ONTINUED

w York? If so, stop See page 4.



GOWN WITH POINTED FLOUNCE FROM HARPER'S BAZAR

The circular flounced skirts of French ed to a seven-gored foundation skirt his prison breakfast. It was not such as gowns, promise to be very popular, which may serve besides for a plain was calculated to appeal to a pampered since they are sheathlike at the top, foulard, cotton, or wool skirt, as well palate—a crust of stale bread, the with a lower circular flare, which gives as for a drop-skirt. This seven-gored palate—a crust of stale bread, the bones of a herring, nothing more.

"The carnelian heart I carved out of my watch scal. As there is but one I send it to that one of you who has said, 'Poor papa!' or 'Poor brother!' seldom.

with a lower circular flare, which gives as for a drop-skirt. This seven-gored model is one of the most popular for ness to impede in walking. These flounces rise gracefully towards the back, where they sweep outward from a tiny cluster of gathers below the foot, the bottom flounce having sufficient extra width to flare easily.

waist band.

The simpler forms of these skirt The bodice of this gown is very be models are used for crash, as well as comingly designed, with tucks at the for silks and wools, while more elabonic. rate costumes are composed of sev- it. The addition of a narrow circular I believe I have accounted for all of my valuables. You can't imagine what a resource we find this sort of work. Our

make by amateur dress-makers, al- with rows of the new serpentine black though they require some care and pa- velvet ribbon-a Paris novelty of the "I know you are anxious to hear when I am coming home. There is a good deal of red tape about this institution, but I don't think I can possibly be the pattern of this gown furnished by Harper's Bazaar, there is little dan-tire costume, eighteen yards; silk or

Circular flounces are not difficult to Skirt, corsage and sleeve are bordere fourteen yards; velvet ribbon,

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Notice.

State of North Carolina, Buncomb By virtue of the power and author ity vested in me as trustee in a certain deed of trust executed by J. H. McConnell and Ruth E. McConn wife, to secure to Ulysees Doubleday (now dead) the payment of the note, principal and interest in said deed of trust set forth and described, defau having been made in the principal and interest of said note, now due and payable, and having been requested by the owner and holder of said note to exe-cute the power of saie contained in said deed of trust, I will sell, to the highest bidder, for eash, at public out-cry, at the front door of the court use in the city of Asheville, North Carolina, on Monday. THE 28TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1898 to satisfy said note and interest, the following described piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in the

city of Asheville, county of Buncomb

and State of North Carolina, bounded

Beginning at a stake in the north

margin of Seney street, the southwest corner of a lot this day quit-claimed to the said J. H. McConnell by said Ulysees Doubleday, and running thence north eighteen and one half degrees west (18½) with Sam Redmon's line two hundred and nineteen and one half (219%) feet to a stake, sixty feet from a twelve foot alley; thence eastwardly and parallel with said alley one hundred and fifteen feet (115) to a stake; thence south eighteen and one half (18½) degrees east to a stake one hundred and fifty (150) feet from the point where the line if continued would strike the north margin of Seney street; thence eastwardly parallel with Seney street seventy-five (75) feet to a stake in Caroline Redmon's line; thence with her line southwardly to a stake at a point sixty-five (65) feet from the point where the line if continued would strike the north margin of Seney street; thence westwardly parallel with the north margin of Seney street seventy-live (75) feet to a stake; thence southwardly and parallel to Mrs. Caroline Redmon's line sixty-five (65) feet to the north margin of Seney street; thence with said margin of said street westwardly to the beginning.
Sald deed of trust is recorded in the office of Register of Deeds of Buncombe county, North Carolina, in Book of Mortgages and Deeds of Trust &c.

24, page 445, et. seq. This the 28th day of January, 1898. GEO. F. SCOTT.
Trustee. HENRY B. STEVENS, Attorney.

Sale of Valuable Land.

United States of America, Western District of North Carolina, Fourth Ciruit. In the Circuit Court, in Equity .-The undersigned will sell by public auction in front of the County court nouse at Asheville, North Carolina, on MONDAY, THE 4TH DA YOF APRIL, 1898, at the hour of 12 noon, on terms nere nafter stated, the following propercy, to wit: A certain piece or parcel of and lying and being in the County of Buncombe and State of North Carolina, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beinning at a stake in the east margin outh of the Rambranch, it running with the east margin of the said road 8. 1 degree 45 minutes W. 299.65 feet to a stake; then S. 5 degrees E. 260 feet to a stake; then S. 38 degrees 42 min-utes. E. 43.6 feet to a stake in the orth margin on the Swannanoa river road; then with north edge of said oad S. 80 degrees 13 minutes E. 42.3 ie t o a stake in the west line of the Kenilworth Park; then with the west line of aid Kenilworth Park N. 9 degrees 35 ninutes W. 949.3 feet to a locust on the op of the ridge; then N. 85 degrees 10 inutes W. 628.6 to the beginn aining sixteen (16) acres.

The above sale is by the virtue of a decree made by his Honor Charles H. imonton, Judge, and filed February 5, 1898, in a cause pending in the above ntitled court in which cause George L. uist and Samuel Lord, trustees, are omplainants, against William E. Breese, defendant, to which proceeding

eference may be had, The terms of the sale are as follows: ne-third cash, and the balance on a redit of one and two years in equal in allments, secured by the bond of the ourchaser and mortgage of the premes; said premises to be insured and olley assigned to protect mortgage ound to bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, payably annually rom date of sale, purchaser to pay all taxes payable after date of sale, and to pay the Standing Master the expense of aking title; said purchaser also shall

ndersigned. CLEMENT MANLY. Standing Master in Chancery. -19d4t-sat

have the privilege of paying cash. For further particulars apply to the

Notice.

By virtue of the power contained in certain judgment rendered at the December term, 1897, of the Superior court of Buncombe county, N. C., in the case wherein L A. Harris, is plain tiff and S. O. Deaver, executrix, is defendant, I will offer for sale at the court house door in the city of Asheille on Monday, the 7th day of March, 1898, to the highest bidder for cash the following described lands, to-wit:

Situate lying and being in the County of Buncombe and State of North Car lina, on the waters of Big Ivy, and bounded as follows: Beginning on A. L Logan's line, south bank of Big Ivy, nd then running a south course to O. F. Davis' line; then west with the exreme top of the ridge to the sand pit gap; thence northwardly with the wagon road to Big Ivy; then up said stream to the beginning, thirty (30) acres more or less. This

Jan. 11, 1898. J. McD. WHITSON. 1-12d30t

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