

Notice.

State of North Carolina, Buncombe county. By virtue of the power and authority vested in me as trustee in a certain deed of trust executed by J. H. McConnel and Ruth E. McConnel...



GOWN WITH POINTED FLOUCE FROM HARPER'S BAZAR

The circular flounced skirts of French gowns, promise to be very popular for a season. It is a dress which is calculated to appeal to a pampered palate—a crust of stale bread, the bones of a herring, nothing more.

Advertisement for Rosobids, THE CHEAPEST FIREWOOD, FOR SALE THROUGH All Coal Dealers, All Grocery Stores.

Advertisement for Turner's N. C. Almanac, Old Reliable for 1898. The only STANDARD STATE ALMANAC published.

Advertisement for Dr. Fischer, Dentist, Former demonstrator of operative dentistry at Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, Philadelphia.

Advertisement for Wm. W. West, REAL ESTATE, LOANS NEGOTIATED, J. A. TENNET, Architect and Contractor, SKYLAND INSTITUTE, Notre Dame of Maryland.

Advertisement for Acme Wine and Liquor House, MOTTO: "QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY." WE DEFY COMPETITION ON ALL KINDS WINES AND LIQUORS.

When Men Were Scarce

By Jeannette H. Walworth

CHAPTER XIV. CONTINUED.

They all had the same theme—admiration for their commanding officers. They all felt upon the lips of the lial devotion of Captain Belknap to Colonel Bascom. It was Neddie Matthews who told the most prosy story.

There lay on the table upon which little Potts was writing the fragments of his heart's affairs. It was not such as was calculated to appeal to a pampered palate—a crust of stale bread, the bones of a herring, nothing more.

It was of Reginald Belknap he was thinking. Two men who loved each other and would gladly have spent themselves each for his friend.

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.

Then the end of the matter. The black caps were drawn over the faces of the two men, the sheriff and his deputy had the men goodby, and retired from the trap. The signal was given, and then happened a thing, just for an instant like a flash of light, that I have never forgotten.

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, no doubt, the fall having been broken by the failure of the trap to fall clear. The bodies, the rush of blood to the hands behind them, swelling them to abnormal size, and making them puff out like balloons. But at last the bodies were still, and I left before they were cut down.

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.

formation of the public, hence all that could be done to lead to the conjectures of the multitude and take care of yourself. The interminable ring of that stable bell for Moses I shall never forget. It was a bell that was sure you were reinforced, the work was too heavy for one man. I should say without fear of being extravagant that five hundred horses were engaged on that day.

Off for the Gallows Field. Incredible as it may seem to some, I was timid and bashful then, not at all sure that I might not be run over by some "critter," as the horses were then called, and by no means sure that the miller might not conclude to fire on me for fun.

The store of James M. Smith was just opposite the old Buck, near where Frank O'Donnell's now stands. Its side was on North Main street and its front on Haywood road, now West College street. It was known as the "Freeze-Out" from the fact that "old Jim" had a large store of frozen goods in the store where the clerks had to sleep at night.

The Hanging Rehearsed. The store of James M. Smith was just opposite the old Buck, near where Frank O'Donnell's now stands. Its side was on North Main street and its front on Haywood road, now West College street.

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EXECUTION OF SNEED AND HENRY

By COL. A. T. DAVIDSON

This being the season of the anniversary of the centennial of Asheville, it will be in order for me to give some of my earliest recollections of men, places and events which came into my life in the past.

James Sneed and James Henry were arrested on a charge of highway robbery of a horse) then a capital crime. The victim was one Holcombe. The scene of the robbery, for which these men were executed, was at the Maple Springs, about six miles east of Asheville, where Mr. Folsom now lives nearly a mile from the water works, at the forks of the road where the Swannanoa road coming down the river joins the new road.

Henry and Sneed, fearing that Holcombe would have them arrested, as he had given up the horse unwillingly, started for Tennessee by way of the mouth of Hominy, leaving Asheville to their right, and were arrested near Spout Springs on the Back creek road, by Sheriff Deaver, then deputy sheriff.

The execution of Sneed and Henry, being the third event of the kind in Buncombe county, spread all over the western country, and the news of it reached me at my home on Jonathan's creek in Haywood county, when was a boy of 16. The two previous hangings which had occurred were of a man by the name of Delk, a white man, who was executed probably at about the time of my birth, and certainly previous to 1830, for the justice were still in the country and were not moved till that year. I know this fact from the further fact that my father, William M. Davidson, the son of the William Davidson at whose house the first 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 of Jasper Franklin, after he had crossed the ford to the Franklin side of the river.

A Great Event. Of course I determined to see the execution of Sneed and Henry, and it was arranged that on the morning of the 27th of May, 1835, I and my brother-in-law Paxton Cumming, a Methodist preacher, should leave our homes on Jonathan's creek for Asheville to witness the great event on the following day. It is this day that I have always known 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 he would in a few hours I will be in eternity. I saw this letter the other day, now in the possession of the Editor of The Citizen.

The morning of the execution impressed on my memory, was a soft and beautiful morning, with low fog hanging over the meadows and valleys, as is common at that season of the year. We left home at daybreak and before breakfast, for we were to ride horseback seven miles to Peter Shook's on Pigeon river, and from there we were to get breakfast and proceed with a party from there. But when we reached his house we found that the party had already started for Asheville, but as they expected us, they had left a good breakfast for us. This party consisted of Rev. R. W. Patten, the Methodist minister of Asheville, the circuit, and the father of J. M. Gudgeon's first wife, Mrs. Peter Shook, better known as Aunt Mahaly, Miss Elmira Shook, a beautiful girl, the daughter of Peter Shook's oldest daughter, to whom Miss Elmira Shook observed, young Esau was not altogether oblivious, and Taylor Shook, a son of Peter, who went about.

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 making my simple toilet, but immediately struck for the street. The whole front of public square were covered with people. It was about half past eight when the people had not yet slept much the previous night. The excitement was intense. People must have been coming in all along the day before that morning and it was an effort for the horses by drowning in the swift current. On the hill east of the ford of Pigeon was situated the Locust Old Field church, established by Humphrey Posey, Henry and John Howell, two brothers, and was the established church of the neighborhood, and was a long time the largest church in high repute. They planted a graveyard here, where most of the old worthies of that country rest. It is still used for that purpose, and it is worthy of that day and this. The same church still stands.

I got down here and Taylor Shook got up while I walked, "ride and be." We soon got to old Johnnie Hawkins, on the high road west of Asheville, for where W. L. Henry now lives, in front of his "old rode" house, except Taylor Shook. I remember passing the church on the top of the hill just above the Sulphur Spring, stopping at the spring and taking water to the lady on horseback and to the preacher. Don't remember seeing many people coming to Asheville as we came along. They probably came in next day.