# (e) SOUTHERN BELL <br> <br>  

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## RESIDENCE TELEPHONES \$1 PER MONTH

JOHN H. WEAVER; Manager.

| By J. Noel Johnson. <br> ${ }^{6}$ EMME say it to ye in big letters, to see the whole meanin' at one peep. Ef you steal my Betty, an' run off and marry her, I'll fill your hide as full of <br> holes as a musical sieve!" Pitchfora to Thus spoke old Ben young Fred Peterson as the two stood in the road, on Kinniconnick creek, Ky., one May morning three years ago. The young man, tall and broad, graceful as the pine that, on the hill above them, swayed to and fro at the touch of the winds, met the blazing eyes of old Ben with a look of fearless mirthfulriess. There was no defiance or imconfronting a black cloud-light not afraid to meet the blackness. <br> "Oh, shucks! Maj. Pitchford, I know you are a bad man with a gun. I know you've got a quick temper, a cool nerve, I know you have got a skillful hand and a long bowie. You've got an icy heart in front of a foe, but a mighty warm one to those that have claims on your affection, and in short-ha, ha!-you would split the brain box of an enemy with great suddenness, but you would never, never shoot your son!-your son-in-law! er ha, ha, ha!" <br> swore it and Ben Pitchford ever tellin' a lie, much less swearin' one. I'll kill you if you steal my gal!" The lines of decision were stretched <br> Foiloge altreet and Court Squars. | tightly in that grim ond face. black eyes glittered like new dirks. "I'd like to know," returned the no resentment in his look or tone, "F like to know, Maj. Pitchford, what you've got against me? In what way have I ever offended you? I won't say I am good enough for your daughter. I can say, with man is. But I think that I am as good, in any light you want to look at me, as any other young man in these hills. Now, you know what I say is true. Now, tefo me-give me one to me." <br> "You know without me tellin' you," spake the old fellow, in low tones, em"Indeed, I do not!" protested the young man. been a Pitchfnow, eh, that there has years or more?" returned the old fellow, with a grin of mockery. <br> "Yes," said Fred, "I knew of the feud, but that is not an intelligent reason for your opposition." <br> "It hain't, eh? <br> No, sir; it might be good enough for savages or beasts, but-beg your pardon-not for civilized people.", <br> "Then I am a savage-a beast?" ut yot altogether, by any means, sir; are eternally disposed to keep alive savage, beastly practices." <br> "Your father, what of him?" <br> "He's in the same boat with you, if he wants to continue this abominable feud. Both of you are good enough, in your way-but you have some ways that fit you more for the Black Forest than for the sun plains of the nineteenth eentury. There is too much of The next generation will find the claw and fang extinct in both families," <br> "Do you mean to tell me, Fred Peterson, that you haven't a secret fang, eager tikin' for my gal alone keeps it out? Answer that!" <br> The answer is easy, sir; I am a graduate of the Transylvania university." "Edieation only wraps the fang with silk." <br> "It plucks out the fang." <br> "Your great-grandfather killed "Your grandiather killed mine." <br> "An uncle of yours killed my brother." <br> "A brother of yours killed my uncle." monia, la grippe, soose throat, coughi, colda, catarrlh, bronchitio ama lung trouble are to be suarded againgt, nothing purpose, or tur unuit an erooal aser One Minute Cough Cure. That is the one in bronchial troubles Instist vigorourisis upoat yoving it if "oomething eise <br> Dr. Dayid Kennedys FaVOPite ReIledy CuREs AI kNDNEKSTOMCHE <br>  cine, and the A. simmons wiver Mimpons. | "Forty corpses lay along the track of that feud." <br> "Yes, 40 " <br> "Now. what do you think of that?" <br> "I think it's high time to stop it. Yes, I think it's time to cut down the old tree that's borne so much fruit of blood and death, and make a wedding bonfire of the branches: That's just uhat Betty and I propose to do. We de- cided, long ago, before we graduated, that we'd close the book at the bloody chapter forever." <br> "You can't get my consent, suh." <br> "Ańd if you steal her, by heaven-remember my oath-I will kill you!" The two men instantly separated, each going his opposite way. <br> Fred Peterson was moving along the road with a long, graceful stride. The birds strove to catch him with love songs; the brook leaped up and shouted with merriment; the butterflies besprinkled the brown road ahead with many wivid colors, but he heard nothing, saw nothing. His vision was turned inward, where a great conflict was raging. <br> "I will have her, I will have her before another month!" he ejaculated. "Of course you will!". cried a sweet, merry voice from the side of the road. "Of course you will, or I'll sue you for breach of promise!" <br> The young man started from his reverie as if aroused from sleep by a of the voice with startled eyes, and beheld a wood nymph, calico clad, standing laughing at his confusion. <br> "Why, Betty, what are you doing there?" laughed the handsome man, moving toward her. <br> you want to be tour vows. But why do you know they run everywhere?" |
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## H. PETRIE.

Fashionable Tallor,
Before you invest your money on a spring suit this season look around first and see where you can get the best goods, the best trim minge and the best workmanship, and then buy your
suit. Init.
I would ask the Ladies before bay-
ing their spring suit to do the
same thing. ver Reing. 5 Patton Áve.


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