

The Asheville News.

"How to the Line. Let the Chips Fall Where they May." VOL. III. ASHEVILLE, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1883. NO. 31.

Advertising Rates table with columns for week, month, and year rates.

FATE.

Two shall be born, the whole wide world a part. And speak in different tongues and have no thought...

TINY'S OTHER ARM.

BY MABEL B. BEARDSLEY. Dear little Tiny! Her name was Christina, but she had the name of so long a name, and partly because of her small size, she was called Tiny. She was a sweet little girl, and could see clearly...

lady; and in fact she was so "cool" to Tiny (not speaking to her unless spelled). That the child would go off by herself and have quite little crying spells.

A PECULIAR INDUSTRY. Interests and details of the manufacture of collars and cuffs in the City where Ninety-nine out of a Hundred are Sold in This Country are Produced.

slang "they collar the cuff." On summer days, when starchy men fall prey to the heat, the laundry girls sit and labor in stifling steam with arms bared to the elbow.

Poetry and Potatoes. In Nassau street is occasionally seen the sharp features and bright eyes of Bloodgood H. Cutter, the farmer poet.

Snowflakes. Falling all the night-time, Falling all the day, Crystal-winged and voiceless, On their downward way.

A machine for pressing hops has recently been invented. America is the home of the hop-pressed.—Saturday Night.