

# The Enquirer

VOLUME XI.

LENOIR, N. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1886.

NUMBER 50.

STATESVILLE, NEW YORK.

## THE VETERAN'S PIPE.

W. C. Ervin in Detroit Free Press.

Drawn are the curtains, brightly glows the fire,  
The shaded lamp sheds forth a mellow light;  
Without the last soft beams of day expire,  
The hills are sleeping in the arms of night.  
The easy, chair the sippers, both invite  
My weary limbs, and now with fancies ripe,  
Leave me alone with memory—and my pipe.

Look how the spirals of the vapor cloud  
Carve the portrait of my master there,  
The wiseness funny, so beautiful, so proud,  
The sunny ripples of the golden hair,  
The half closed lips, as tho' they breathed a prayer,  
You wept my darling, when I said "good bye,"  
And went to battle and—you heard—to die.

The wounded captive sought his home again—  
Another heart had claimed you for its own,  
And you were happy in your new love then,  
While from my life I thought all joy had flown,  
And sought this room, where friendless and un-  
known

I bowed my head beneath Pale's cruel stroke,  
And hid my woe in solitude—and smoke.  
But, all to-night again your form I press,  
Again I hold you close to my embrace,  
Your sunny hair I tenderly caress,  
And shower kisses on your upturned face  
As last I did at our old trysting place,  
White moonlight shimmered o'er the harvest ripe,  
What's this? A tear? Some new it—but my pipe.

OLD BACHELOR'S VERSUS OLD MAIDS.

Peck's Sun.

Old bachelors is different from  
wot old maids is. An old maid is  
always tryin' to get over bein' an  
old maid, but an old bachelor don't  
worry himself, 'cause he knows he  
kin let up bein' an old bachelor any  
time he wants to; but when an  
old maid gets in the habit of bein'  
an old maid she most always finds  
it hard work to break off. An old  
bachelor has a heap more fun than  
a married man does anyhow 'cause  
he kin do just as he darn please and  
that's a fun enough for anybody. Pa  
sez a married man is a good deal  
like a sewing machine—'cause he is  
generally run by a woman. I guess  
that's pretty much so; but an old  
bachelor ain't run by anybody; he's  
just as free and contented as a pol-  
lywog in a mud puddle, or he would  
be if he old maids and widders and  
such like would only let him alone;  
but they won't; just as soon as an  
old bachelor comes anywhere in  
sight they take after him like our  
old dog takes after a tom-cat, and  
once in a while they ketch him, but  
not often.

I never knowed of but one old  
bachelor wot the wimmen was too  
many for, and there was some ex-  
cuse for him, 'cause the woman wot  
surrounded him was a widder. Pa  
sez a man can make out to hold the  
fort agin an old maid, but when it  
comes to widder a feller might as  
well surrender first as last, 'cause he  
can't help himself, any more than a  
woman kin help talkin about the  
neighbors.

Pa's youngest brother, Uncle Bill,  
is a bachelor. He lives out west on  
a cattle ranch. He came east last  
spring to see pa, and stayed mor'n  
a month. He would have stayed  
longer if it had'n been for Aunt  
Hannah. She fell in love with Un-  
cle Bill as soon as she seed him. You  
sez Uncle Bill is awful nervous and  
bashful. He is so 'fraid of girls and  
wimmen that he doesn't look at 'em,  
only ma.

Uncle Bill ain't half as  
much afraid of ma as pa is. It's  
kinder curious but it's so. 'Tother  
day when that pretty Holmes girl  
took dinner at our house pa wasn't  
at home, so ma asked Uncle Bill if  
he would wait on the folks. Uncle  
Bill is always willin' to 'commo-  
date a feller, so he took right hold,  
but he was flustered 'cause the Holmes  
girl was there that he hit ma on the  
ear with a dish of green peas, and  
about a pint of 'em rolled down the  
back of her neck. Uncle Bill tried  
to 'pologize, but ma told him not to  
mention it, 'cause it was all right,  
and accidents would happen even in  
the best regulated families, or some-  
thing like that. But if it had been  
you who acted as careless as that with  
green peas, ma would have blowed  
him up sky high and no mistake.

But the way Aunt Hannah acted  
about Uncle Bill beat anything I  
ever did see. She follered him a-  
round and smiled at him, and reed-  
ed off poetry to him from mornin'  
to night, and it made him so nerv-  
ous that I guess he often wished he  
was dead, and I shouldn't wonder a  
bit if he wished she was too. It  
worried him so after awhile that he  
spent most of the time in the cow-  
stable, so I reckon Uncle Bill felt  
kinder safe out there. I thought  
Aunt seemed kinder discouraged a  
bout the way Uncle Bill shied when  
he see her comin', but she didn't  
let up on him a mite; her motto  
seemed to be: "If at first you don't  
get married, try try agen." So she  
kept tryin'.

One day a Gypsy family came a-  
long, and asked pa if he'd let 'em  
camp out by the roadside, a little  
ways from our house; pa told them  
they might if they wouldn't burn  
up the fence nor steal nothin'. They  
sez they wouldn't burn no fences,  
and as for stealin', the gypsy man  
sez they never looked so much as a  
hairpin in all their born days. Well  
they camped out, and all they had  
to do was to stop the horses and un-  
hitch 'em, 'cause they camped in  
their wagon that looked like a ba-  
cker's cart, only a good deal more so.

Aunt Hannah and me made the gyp-  
sy folks a visit that afternoon. They  
were glad to see us, and after we  
had talked awhile one old woman  
wanted to try our fortunes. I told  
her I didn't want her to tell mine  
'cause pa wouldn't like it. The old  
gypsy looked right cross at me when  
I sed that, so I went over to where  
a man was feedin' the horses and  
talked with the man a few minutes  
and then looked 'round to see where  
Aunt Hannah was, and my stars!  
There wasn't Aunt Hannah crawl-  
in' under the cover of the gypsy's  
wagon! I waited until she got in  
out of sight, and then I went 'round  
the back of the wagon and peeped  
in; there was a little hole in the wa-  
gon cover and I could see first rate.  
There wasn't anybody in there only  
Aunt Hannah and the woman wot  
told fortunes. She was showin'  
Aunt Hannah some green powder in  
a bottle, and I heard her say:  
"Yes mum, all you have to do is  
jest to put four ounces of this won-  
derful powder into his tea or coffee,  
and he'll love you devotedly as long  
as he lives."

"How much does it cost?" sez  
Aunt Hannah.

"Ten dollars, mum," sez the old  
woman.

"Ain't it awful dear?" sez Aunt  
Hannah.

Sez she:  
"No mum," sez the fortune teller  
"you sed, mum, as how the feller  
owned a big ranch in Texas, mum,  
ten dollars is mighty little pay for  
becomin' the missus of a big ranch  
in Texas, mum."

"So it is," sez Aunt Hannah, sez  
she, an' I seed her give the gypsy  
woman a ten dollar bill.

"Sorry I can't come to your wed-  
din' mum," sez the old woman, sez  
she, as she handed Aunt Hannah a  
bottle of green powder, "but we  
mean to travel along in about an  
hour, mum, and I wish you much  
joy, mum."

I didn't wait to hear no more but  
went back to the horses, and pretty  
soon Aunt Hannah crawled out of  
the wagon, and we started for home  
we got there jest as they was gettin'  
ready to eat supper. When Uncle  
Bill came in from the cow stable,  
where he'd been all the afternoon  
'cause he thought Aunt Hannah was  
in the house, we all sat down to the  
table. Ma didn't feel well and so  
she asked Aunt Hannah to pour out  
the tea. That jest suited Aunt  
Hannah, 'cause it give her a good  
chance to put the green powder into  
Uncle Bill's tea.

I kept one eye on her, and when  
nobody wasn't lookin' I seed her  
pour the powder out of the bottle  
into Uncle Bill's tea cup, and then  
fill the cup with tea. Aunt Han-  
nah kept her eye on Uncle Bill af-  
ter she handed him his tea. I guess  
she expected he'd ask her to marry  
him just as soon as ever he drunk  
it; but he didn't. When he got  
outside that cup of tea, he looked  
into the cup, and turned as white  
as a sheet, then he groaned orful  
and fell rite back in his chair.

"What's the matter, Bill?" sez  
pa. Uncle Bill groaned some more  
and pointed to the tea cup.

"I'm poisoned," sez he.

Pa looked into the cup, and then  
jumped up and hollered:

"Paris green, by the jumpin'  
Johnny Rogers! Run and tell Dr.  
Killemeoff to come at once! Run  
Bennie, Run!"

"It is too late, my dear brother,"  
sez Uncle Bill in a feeble voice, "I  
shall be dead before Killemeoff can  
get here. Let Bennie have my gold  
watch and my ivory handled bowe-  
knife. Good by, my friends, I am  
going," and Uncle Bill shut his eyes  
and fell back in his chair. When  
he did Aunt Hannah let out an or-  
ful screech, and hollered loud  
enough to wake the dead:

"Oh! William, dear William,  
don't die; live for me, your own  
Hannah. Oh save him somebody.  
He ain't poisoned, it ain't Paris  
green, it's only a love p-w-der. I  
put in his tea to make him love me,  
the Gypsy told me it wouldn't hurt  
him. She said it was harmless."

When Uncle Bill heard wot she  
sedhe sat up in his chair and looked  
at Aunt Hannah across the table  
about two minutes, then he put one  
foot agen the edge of the table, and  
pushed it till Aunt Hannah fell over  
backwards in her chair, then Uncle  
Bill gave the table another push,  
and turned it right over onto Aunt  
Hannah.

When me pa and ma got through  
pickin' up the broke dishes, and  
scrappin' butter off Aunt Hannah,  
we found that Uncle Bill had pack-  
ed his valise and started for Texas.

Origin of the Plug Hat.

Boston Bulletin.

It is a curious fact, unknown to  
the vast majority of people, that the  
first silk hat was made about fifty  
years ago; that, like as many other  
articles which are common and  
every-day use it was of Chinese ori-  
gin. The story runs that a French  
sea captain on the coast of China, de-  
siring to have his shabby beaver hat  
replaced by a new one, took it ashore  
and as they had not all the material,  
they made him a silk one instead.  
This, it appears, happened in 1832,  
and he carried the hat to Paris the  
same year. Here it was immedi-  
ately copied, and in a few years became  
a regular style.

## A DAKOTA LIGHTNING ROD AGENT.

As far back as the oldest inhabi-  
tant can remember, our newspapers  
have, from time to time, spoken of  
the frightful gall of the lightning  
rod peddler; but most people have  
imagined that the stories were ex-  
aggerated, and while there might be,  
a slight smattering of truth in them,  
the lightning rod agent was, never-  
theless, a very much abused party.  
But gentle peruser, those articles  
which you have chanced to scan,  
have not told the half of it. People  
who seem to know all about it,  
say that his satanic majesty is not  
as dark completed as he is calcim-  
ined. While this may be correct it  
would be untruthful to say the same  
of a lightning rod peddler. He is  
just as much blacker than he is  
painted as you can possibly imagine,  
but for fear there may be one or two  
christians among them it will prob-  
ably be safer to say that "there are  
of course exceptions."

The writer recently spent a week  
at Alexandria, Dakota, to which  
place he was hastily summoned by a  
brother editor, and numerous farm-  
ers. The fiery untamed prairie  
chicken they said, was tramping  
down their grain and had actually  
become so bold as to walk through  
the main street of the settlement,  
scaring the children and women  
folks, and otherwise making distur-  
bance. Now, of course an appeal  
of that kind could hardly go un-  
heeded, and so with a borrowed dog,  
shot gun, and his aged father for  
company, he left his quiet little  
home, bade his friends a tearful  
farewell and struck out boldly for  
the wild West. After a journey be-  
set with danger and hardships—on  
a Pullman sleeper—the little party  
were at last dropped off at Alexan-  
dria, where they were welcomed  
with open arms by the friends whose  
piteous prayer had been so quickly  
answered. There was no time to be  
lost as the chickens had been rein-  
forced by the jack rabbits, and the  
country was in immediate danger of  
being spoiled for any future use. So  
next morning bright and early a  
small party was formed, consisting  
of three shooters, and two drivers,  
and before the sun had hardly had  
time to wash his hands and face in  
old Lake Michigan, the wagon with  
its blood-thirsty occupants was rum-  
bling madly over the prairie, headed  
for the famous "Jim" river. Early  
in the day the astonishing discovery  
was made that one of the drivers  
was a lightning rod agent, and fur-  
thermore he was fully equipped for  
business, for underneath the seats  
could be seen a bundle of rods,  
while between his legs he held a  
mysterious box. He didn't look at  
all devilish; in fact there was a  
mild-somebody-ask-me-to-drink-ex-  
pression on his face. It was not  
long, however, before his true char-  
acter cropped out, for when the  
wagon suddenly hove in sight of a  
farm house, a wild, wicked glitter  
came into his eyes, while a fiendish,  
diabolical laugh escaped his lips.  
Each looked in the direction in  
which he was gazing, and the cause  
of his secret pleasure was only too  
apparent, for the top of that farm  
house and barn looked as though it  
had been raining lightning rods and  
they had all stuck up there.

At first not a word was spoken,  
but gradually as the house disap-  
peared from sight, the hard expres-  
sion relaxed and his face became  
natural again. "That," said he,  
pointing his thumb over his shoul-  
der in the direction of the house,  
"is one of my victims. I have been  
in the business off and on ever since  
I was a kid, have tried all the differ-  
ent dodges, but my last one works  
to a charm, as you probably noticed  
back yonder. Heretofore three rods  
to a house has been my limit, but I  
have got 'em now where the hair is  
short, and I can put up just as many  
rods as I see fit." There was some-  
thing so mysterious about the fel-  
low, and the box that he held so  
tenderly between his legs, that it  
cast a gloom over the crowd, but  
finally the writer determined that  
he would find out how he worked  
his little racket and asked him to  
describe his method.

"Why," said the agent, "its sim-  
ple enough, I just carry the light-  
ning right along with me, and sim-  
ply demonstrate to a farmer what  
the effect will be if he gets struck.  
There is a house over here to the  
right that I haven't tackled yet,  
and if you would like to see me con-  
vince the old scarecrow that owns  
the place that he needs my goods  
bad, why, say the word and I'll show  
you how its done."

Everyone agreed that it was a glo-  
rious opportunity, and so the horses  
were turned in that direction. As  
the team drew up in front of the  
door the owner came around, seven  
behind the house, followed by seven  
dogs and a tame badger. "Wall, I  
swow," said the farmer, as he sized  
up the crowd, "Say be you tow-  
erists?"

For a moment the writer was dizzy  
by the idea that he should be taken  
for a tourist completely took his  
breath away, but as soon as he was  
able he explained to the farmer that  
he was only a common American,  
and then the lightning rod man got  
in his work. "Say," said he, turn-  
ing to the farmer, "Don't you know  
that you are running a great risk  
not putting up lightning rods on  
your barn and house? Why, man,

I tremble for your safety; come, let  
me show you what I've got here in  
this wagon." And before the farm-  
er could unfold his face to make a  
reply, the man was out of the wagon  
and had his rods spread out on the  
grass. "S'no use," said the farmer,  
beginning to back off, "you can't  
talk me into buyin' any of them fix-  
ins, I've been thar."

"Yes, I understand that," an-  
swered the agent, "but I never take  
no for an answer. I've dealt with  
nearly every man in this territory  
and nobody has ever tried to get  
their money back yet. What? You  
still insist that you don't want any  
rods? Do you understand how it  
feels to have a streak of lightning  
galloping up and down your person?  
Just hold this a moment and I'll  
endeavor to explain." At this he  
opened his box and pulled out a  
small electric battery. "Now, my  
friend," said he, "you just hold  
those two little pieces of brass till  
I'll try to give you a clear idea of  
what lightning is." The farmer  
smiling in a bashful way took hold,  
and the agent began to turn. Down  
came the farmer on his knees, and  
his eyes bulged out so far that a pair  
of pants could have been hung on  
them. His hair stood out straight  
and stiff as if it were frozen, and  
the yell that he gave was something  
terrible to hear. That same cold,  
wicked glitter again showed in the  
agent's eyes, and the farmer could  
see no mercy there. Finally he be-  
gan to let up a little on the crank,  
and the farmer was allowed to  
straighten out. "Now," said the  
agent, "this is lightning on a very  
small scale, and you will probably  
agree with me that the sensation is  
anything but pleasant. By the way,  
how many rods do you wish on your  
house?"—here he gave two or three  
fast turns of the crank. Again the  
farmer let a yell that could be heard  
in Alexandria, and said between his  
chattering teeth: "Put up all  
you've got, if lightning is anything  
like this, gave me the whole bunch."

The agent was left behind to put  
up his rods and the party drove on,  
after promising to call for him, at  
night. Now, if this is a sample of  
the lightning-rod agents that infest  
our great and glorious country, no  
wonder the people take to the woods  
when they see one coming. The  
agent told the writer next day that  
he didn't intend to sell any more  
rods, till he got his pup trained. If  
he only sticks to that, the farmers  
that have so far escaped him will be  
safe, for no mortal man could train  
that pup. It has a nose like a hog,  
and a head with a big hollow on top  
showing where its brains ought to  
be. The pup doesn't know its own  
name, and the only way he gets it to  
follow him is to let it get hungry,  
and then carry a bone in his coat-  
tail pocket.

Building up the Country.

BY PROF. G. G. GROFF.

Franklin Press.

I think the value of many farms  
would be greatly increased, if the  
bushes were kept cut in the old fields  
and in the fence corners. And when  
they are cut let them be thrown into  
the ditches and gullies, that these  
may fill up in time. After traveling  
a good deal through the South, I  
think it is these old neglected fields,  
almost more than anything else,  
which keeps good farmers from oth-  
er States from coming in and set-  
tling in the South. Let them be  
taken hold of, and see what a change  
will come over the face of the coun-  
try.

I would suggest to farmers who  
cultivate steep hill-sides which tend  
to wash, that they try the plan of  
terracing their fields. This is easily  
and cheaply done. Commencing at  
the bottom of the hill, plough a  
land of any desired width, then  
leave a space from 6 to 10 feet un-  
ploughed. Plough another land,  
and leave another space unploughed,  
and so on to the top. The great  
advantage of this plan is that the  
grass and weeds on the unploughed  
portion, catch the descending soil,  
and prevent it from, in time, all  
reaching the bottom of the hill, and  
also the formation of gullies is pre-  
vented. This plan is very exten-  
sively adopted in Georgia in recent  
years.

I will not say one word against  
your schools, for I think the State  
is doing nobly, under all the dis-  
couraging circumstances, and I only  
make the suggestion that too much  
dependence should not be placed  
upon State aid. I think every school  
should partly be supported by local  
taxation. This will give the people  
a greater interest in their schools,  
attendance will be more regular,  
term-longer and more good result.  
Good citizens of Europe and the  
North always look very carefully at  
the schools of a region in which  
they are seeking homes. In any  
territory with good schools will soon  
have a reputation as a good place in  
which to live.

By taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla  
many a poor sufferer who submits to  
the surgeon's knife, because of ma-  
lignant sores and scrofulous swell-  
ings, might be saved, sound and  
whole. This medicine purges out  
the corruptions which pollute the  
blood and cause disease.

## Latest From the Volcano.

Hilo, H. I. July 29 1886.

EDITOR GAZETTE.—I made my  
first visit to Kilauea, last week, re-  
maining there from July 19th to the  
24th. I visited the crater twice  
first on Wednesday the 21st, and  
again on Friday the 23rd. On the  
first visit I was in the crater from  
10 a. m. until 8 p. m.; and the  
second, from eleven a. m. until two  
p. m.

It is impossible from a mere des-  
cription to give any accurate idea of  
the location of the places where li-  
quid lava is seen in the crater. I can  
tell what I saw, but any figures of  
distances and size are mere esti-  
mates of the eye and probably quite  
imperfect.

The molten lava is visible in three  
different places, all of which I vis-  
ited. Two of the three places are  
quite difficult of access, the approach  
being a circuitous route up and  
down over masses of loose rocks, and  
possible only in the day time. These  
two places are quite near each other  
in the neighborhood of what was  
formerly the New Lake, though  
some little distance south. They  
can hardly be called "lakes"; I  
should call them wells. One of  
these is where liquid lava was first  
seen after its first disappearance in  
March. This is somewhat irregular  
in shape, being perhaps thirty feet  
wide and 60 to 75 feet long and not  
less than 100 feet in depth. To ob-  
tain a view of the bottom one must  
go to the very verge of the well and  
look over, and this can be done with  
safety at only one point. Immedi-  
ately beneath this point at the bot-  
tom of the well, but where it could  
not be seen without too great a risk  
there was an immense noise and evi-  
dence of intense activity. Over the  
portion of the bottom of the well  
that was visible, the lava was hard-  
ened except in one place where it  
could be seen as it was puffed out  
and thrown up a little distance every  
few seconds.

The other well was nearly circular  
in shape, perhaps 30 feet in di-  
ameter and 100 feet. This could be  
approached only at one point, and  
this point was on the leeward side,  
so that the fumes of sulphur diox-  
ide would one to remain there only  
a few seconds at a time. At the  
bottom of the well a partial cover  
was formed, perhaps 10 feet across,  
and in this the lava was boiling with  
intense violence, now and then  
throwing up a spray of lava quite a  
hundred feet to the mouth of the  
well and almost into the face of one  
standing on the edge and looking over.

The third place where the liquid  
lava could be seen in the lake be-  
low the west wall. It is possible to  
get down to the edge of this lake  
and obtain coiled specimens but it  
is extremely hazardous undertak-  
ing. There are or were two  
lakes here but they seem to have  
merged into each other, the activity  
being confined to the part last for-  
med. Small lava flows were constan-  
tly breaking out and in the evening  
there was a general breaking up of  
about one third the surface. This  
lasted only a few minutes but was  
followed by quite extensive lava  
flows. I saw no fountains and no  
caves here. The best point for ob-  
serving this lake is 800 or 1,000 feet  
distant. One can get on the edge  
of the perpendicular wall immedi-  
ately above it 150 or 200 feet, but  
this is unsafe, as lands slides are con-  
stantly taking place at all points.

When I visited this lake two days  
later, its surface had evidently risen  
and it was more active than when  
I saw it before.

There were signs of activity in  
other places but no fire could be  
seen. About the middle of July  
some lava reappeared in Halemau-  
mau but it has not continued in ac-  
tivity.

The activity of Kilauea is evi-  
dently increasing, and while the sight  
at present is well worth seeing, there  
is promise of even much more in the  
future.

Oil on the Water.

Another instance of the marked  
benefits resulting from the use of  
oil on troubled seas was afforded by  
the recent experience of the steam-  
ship Werra, of the North German  
Lloyd's Line, which was disabled in  
mid ocean during her last trans-at-  
lantic voyage. The steamer had  
been taken in tow by the Venetian,  
and all went well until the evening  
August 3, when a strong gail pre-  
valued and heavy seas were constantly  
breaking over the bow of the Werra,  
endangering the tow lines, and  
threatening the loss of the tow.  
The captain of the Venetian caused  
an oil bag to be hung from each side  
of his vessel and dragged some dis-  
tance astern. The result was al-  
most immediate, and the sea be-  
came comparatively smooth around  
the disabled ship. The officers of  
the Werra were for some time igno-  
rant of the cause of their relief. At  
the exchange of signals on the fol-  
lowing morning, they reported that  
after the oil bags had been hung out  
their vessel experienced much bet-  
ter weather, not a drop of water  
breaking on board, and the ship  
being in all respects more comfort-  
able.—Scientific American.

## Pimples, Boils,

And Carbuncles result from a debilitated,  
impoverished, or impure condition of the  
blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla prevents and  
cures these eruptions and painful tumors,  
by removing their cause; the only effec-  
tual way of treating them.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has prevented the  
usual course of Boils, which have pained  
and distressed me every season for sev-  
eral years.—G. Seales, Plainville, Mich.

I was badly troubled with Pimples on  
the face; also with a discoloration of the  
skin, which showed itself in ugly dark  
patches. No external treatment did  
more than temporary good. Ayer's Sar-  
saparilla effected

A Perfect Cure,  
and I have not been troubled since.—  
T. W. Boddy, River St., Lowell, Mass.

I was troubled with Boils, and my  
health was much impaired. I began  
using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and in due  
time the eruptions all disappeared, and  
my health was completely restored.—  
John R. Elkins, Editor Stanley Observer,  
Albany, N. C.

I was troubled, for a long time, with a  
humor which appeared on my face in  
ugly Pimples and Blisters. Ayer's Sar-  
saparilla cured me. I consider it the best  
purgative in the world.—Charles H.  
Smith, North Craftsbury, Vt.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla  
Is sold by all druggists. Ask for Ayer's  
Sarsaparilla, and do not be persuaded to  
take any other.  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Price 25¢; six bottles, \$2.

The Groves in Watuga.

Of the three brothers who moved  
from Davidson to Watuga 100  
years ago, Richard Greene seems to  
have been the oldest. Through the  
kindness of Mr. Stephen Bingham,  
I was permitted to examine the old  
church book of Three Forks church,  
which now worships in a neat house  
by New River, 24 miles from Boone.  
This church was organized in 1790  
with 7 members, and first on the list  
stands the name of Richard Greene,  
and lower down the name of Ellen-  
der Greene, who was probably his  
wife. A little further on I found  
mentioned the reception by experi-  
ence and baptism of Jeremy Greene,  
his brother, and Joanna Eggers, his  
sister. This church book is a rich  
mine for some Baptist antiquary to  
explore.

The fourth son of Richard Greene  
was Amos, who had twelve children,  
and moved to Rutherford. There  
are in that county and Cleveland  
persons of the name who are prob-  
ably descendants of this Amos.

Richard Greene's daughter Nelly  
married Baker, and they with their  
twelve children moved to Ohio, but  
left their name in "Baker's Gap"  
across Stone Mountain, leading from  
Beaver Dams to Tennessee.

My grandfather, Joseph Greene,  
was the sixth child of Richard  
Greene. He first married Sherer  
who had one son and one daughter.  
The daughter, Sally, married Ran-  
som Hays, and many of their chil-  
dren and grandchildren are scattered  
over Watuga, one of their daugh-  
ters being the wife of W. L. Bryan,  
the popular proprietor of Bryan's  
Hotel at Boone.

Robert Greene, the son, married  
first Elrod, afterwards the widow  
Moore. It has been only a few  
months since he died at his home  
on Mulberry, and a month or two  
ago his widow died. His only living  
son is L. L. Greene, Esq., of Boone.

After the death of his first wife,  
my grandfather married Elrod, and  
had eight children, of whom my  
father, David, was the fifth. The  
only surviving son is Adam, the ol-  
dest of the eighth, who is enjoying  
a hale old age on Watuga river, at  
the mouth of Beaver Dam creek,  
and to him and his wife I am in-  
debted for most of these facts. The  
sister next younger, Margaret, who  
married Jeremy Greene, died the  
first of July. Another sister, Mary,  
who married McCannless, was living  
in Nebraska about a year ago, but  
since then has not been heard from.

A twin brother of Joseph Greene  
was Benjamin. They married sis-  
ters and always lived on adjoining  
farms. It is said that they always  
shaved together, using the same ra-  
zor, the one going to the house of  
the other. Benjamin Greene had  
one son and four daughters, of  
whom the only survivor is Mrs. Sus-  
an Pennell, living near Moravian  
Falls. His son, Alexander, lived  
and died near the old homestead.  
His daughter Chancy married Lot  
Estes, Esq., a prominent citizen of  
the Globe; Elizabeth married Har-  
rison Edmiston, who formerly lived  
on Mulberry, now on New River,  
near Boone; while Mary married  
Coffey and was the mother of Pat-  
terson Coffey, a prominent citizen  
of Mulberry.

A few more facts I shall reserve  
for another letter.  
G. W. GREENE.  
Ayer's Sarsaparilla acts directly on  
the liver and biliary apparatus, and  
drives out the malarial poison which  
induces liver complaints and bilious  
disorders. Warranted to cure, or  
money refunded.  
A NEW SUMMER HOTEL.—S. M.  
Dugger's new and beautifully situat-  
ed hotel at the foot of Beech Moun-  
tain, Banner Elk, Watuga county,  
N. C., accommodates all first-class  
persons at 50 cents per meal, \$1 per  
day, \$6 per week and \$20 per month.  
Plenty of maple syrup, buckwheat  
cakes and cool milk are among  
the articles at hand. For further  
particulars address the proprietor at  
Banner Elk P. O., N. C.

WALLACE BROS.

General Merchandise

PRODUCE DEALERS,

Headquarters for Med-

icinal Cruds, Roots,

Herbs, Berries,

Barks, Seeds,

Flowers, Gums & Mosses,

STATESVILLE, N. C.

WALLACE BROS.,

General Produce Dealers

Commission Merchants,

304 Greenwich St.,

New York.

WOMEN

Reading reserved strength, or who suffer from  
indigestion peculiar to their sex, should try

BROWN'S

IRON

BITTERS