

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

An Ace Better.

One day there arrived at Prairie City a man from Grizzly Gulch—a bold, bad man, with long hair, a voice like the roar of a lion and a terrible thirst for rich red blood. He stood on the public square and whooped till he drew a crowd. Then he flung down his hat and cried out that Grizzly Gulch was full of bars and rattlesnakes and centipeds and alligators, but that every varmint and reptile fled in terror at sound of his footsteps. He said he had been scalped by Indians, run over by wild horses, struck by lightning, pursued by a prairie fire and drawn down by quicksands, but he still lived and was hungry for human ears fried in bacon grease. When things went his way, he was as good natured as a baby and would go a mile out of his way rather than disturb a sleeping coyote, but when things went wrong, then look out! He could remember the names of 21 men he had buried, and he had a poor memory at that. He was naturally a peaceful man, but once aroused he could not hold himself and would not be responsible for damages. The stranger continued talking in this strain for a quarter of an hour, by which time the crowd had taken his measure. He had stopped for breath and was getting ready to jump on his hat again when a man who had been leaning against the front of a shanty saloon lounged over to him and drawled out: "Stranger, whar did ye say ye hailed from?" "From Grizzly Gulch, sir, and Grizzly Gulch is the beginnin of Fightin creek!" "And ye've killed men?" "Acres of 'em." "And held towns?" "A dozen of 'em." "And yer name? What might yer name be?" "My name? Whoop! That ain't a critter in this hull kentry what don't tremble when he hears it! My name, sir, ar' Three Ace Jim." "So?" drawled the Prairie City man. "Waal, I'm sorry fur ye, really sorry." "Don't go fur to rile me!" shouted the stranger as he flung his arms about

Sympathetic.
"I was at the courthouse today," remarked Gilfoyle, "and I saw a man sentenced to the penitentiary for three years for bigamy."
"He had too many wives, eh?" replied Bickers. "That's my fix exactly, and I can sympathize with the poor fellow."
"You? Why, you have only one wife."
"I know it."—New York Sunday Journal.

Departed Grazing.
"Just 33 years ago today," said the old soldier, "the top of my head was grazed by a bullet."
"There isn't much grazing there now, is there, grandpa?" was the comment of the youngest grandchild, and as the old gentleman rubbed his bare poll he had to admit the correctness of the assertion.—Indianapolis Journal.

To Grow Up.
"Why do people take so much interest in what they call darkest Africa, anyhow?"
"I presume they have a kind of idea it would be a good thing to go there and grips with the country."—Chicago Tribune.

Moving the Well.
A family who have recently taken into their employ a rosy cheeked Irish maid of all work say that her blunders cause them amusement enough to compensate for any trouble they may entail. One day the man of the house stated in Bridget's hearing that he intended to have a woodhouse built on a piece of ground which at that time inclosed a well.

"And sure, sorr," said the inquiring Bridget, "will you be movin the well to a more convenient spot whin the woodhouse is built?"
A smile crossed her employer's face, and instantly Bridget saw that she had made a mistake of some sort.
"It's meself that's a fool, I'm thinkin," she said hastily, bound to retrieve herself. "Av coorse whin the well was moved ivery drop of wather would run out av it."—Youth's Companion.

A GREAT BARRIER.
It was the One Thing That Kept a Dear Friend Away.
My wife finished the note, with her forehead gathered into puckers as deep as though she were trying to make her accounts balance.
"What is it, my dear?" I asked.
"Why, it is from Mrs. Tucker," she replied slowly and thoughtfully, "telling me that poor Mary is dying and is extremely anxious to see me."
"Well, why don't you go at once?" I asked.

"Why, I don't see how I can," replied my wife.
"Why not?" I demanded impatiently. "It's broad daylight, it ain't raining, and you have a new dress and hat."
"Oh, I wouldn't ever think of such things with such a summons," protested my wife.
"Why don't you go then?" I urged.
"Or do you insist upon riding? Shall I go over and borrow Thompson's wheelbarrow and trundle you there?"
"Oh, John, I don't see how you can joke at such a time as this," responded my wife, almost in tears.

"Madam," I retorted, "you mistake; I am not joking. What feminine foolishness prevents you from immediately granting the last request of a very dear friend is beyond my poor comprehension, that is all. Will you kindly enlighten me?"
"Goodness knows," said my wife. "I'd go through fire and water for Mary, but under the circumstances I don't see—I really don't see how I can call there now."
"Why not?" I again demanded sharply.

"Because," explained my wife plaintively, "you see Mary owes me a call."
—New York Sunday Journal.

A Budding Philosopher.
"Say, paw, is it anything to brag about when you don't do something you can't do?"
"I'm inclined to think not. Why do you ask?"
"Cause I've just been reading that cherry tree story 'bout Washin'ton."
—Detroit Free Press.

Durability of Wood.
In very dry atmospheres the durability of wood is almost incredible. Pieces of wood, wooden caskets and wooden articles have been withdrawn from Egyptian catacombs of an antiquity 2,000 or 3,000 years antedating the Christian era.

Quinine and other fever medicines take from 5 to 10 days to cure fever. Johnson's Chill and Fever Tonic cures in ONE DAY.

"The stockholders in our bank held an extra meeting."
"Yes. What did they do?"
"They elected another board of directors to manage the two typewriter girls."—Chicago Record.

His Old Melody.
"I hear that O'Rourke has left the police force."
"Yes. A very queer case too."
"Why? What was the matter?"
"He got insomnia."—Cleveland Leader.

Classifying Them.
Tommy had had his eyes for some time on the visitor's hands.
"What great, big nails you've got, Mr. Millsaps!" he said. "They're regular tenpennies, ain't they?"—Chicago Tribune.

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Selma	26.25	19.25	13.80	13.80
Norfolk, Va.	27.00	19.80	14.40	14.40

Tickets at proportionate rates on sale from all stations.
A. On sale April 24th and daily on and after April 28, 1897, until and including Oct. 15, final limit Nov. 7, '97.
B. On sale daily on and after April 29th until and including Oct. 15th, final limit 20 days in addition to date of sale.
F. Rates in this column apply to Military companies and uniformed brass bands accompanying same moving in bodies of 25 or more on solid tickets, to be sold daily beginning April 29th and until and including Oct. 26th, '97, final limit 10 days in addition to date of sale.

G. Rates in this column apply to bona fide students and their teachers in parties of 25 or more on one ticket, upon written application of principles of Colleges, schools and Universities to be sold May 15th to June 7th, 1897, inclusive and; Sept. 12th to Oct. 25th, 1897, inclusive, final limit 10 days in addition to date of sale.
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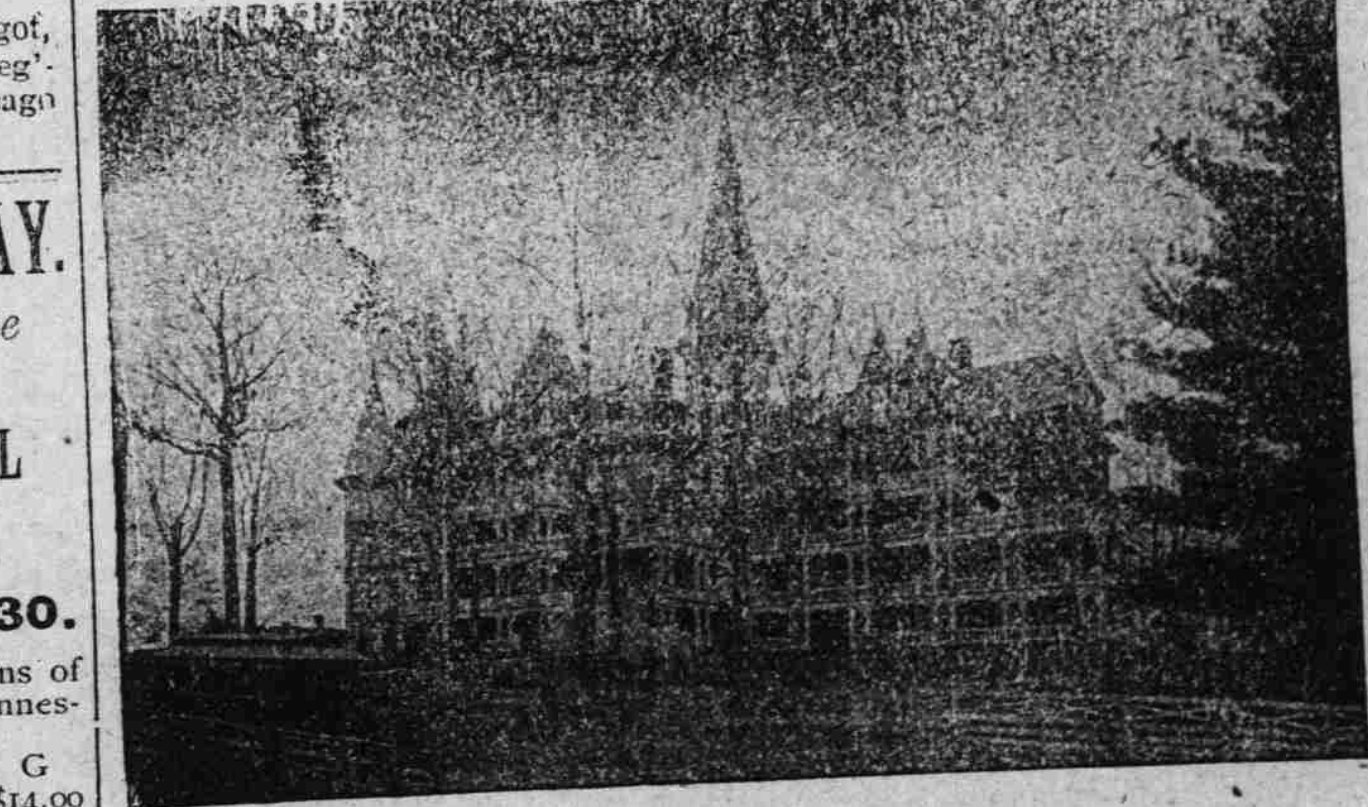
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"I'M FOUR ACE JACK," HE SAID AS HE TOUCHED THE STRANGER'S NOSE WITH HIS GUN.

"Who be ye that ye ar' sorry fur Three Ace Jim?"
"I'm Four Ace Jack," replied the other as he pulled a gun and touched the stranger's nose with the muzzle, "and as four aces allus beats three I reckon ye'd better travel!"
"Say," said the man from Grizzly Gulch after a long look around, "I've got pressin' bizness over at Cedar City, and if this yere crowd will kindly excuse me I'll be goin'!"
We watched him until he was half a mile away—watched him, with no man speaking a word. Then the man with the gun restored it to its holster and started back for the saloon with the muttered exclamation:
"Eah! He was only a duffer."

The Protectionist Performance.
The following is a part of ex-Congressman John De Witt Warner's criticism of the Dingley bill:
"As it stands the most brilliant part of the pending performance consists in eating the words of the same actors in the Fifty-first congress. The McKinley bill of that date was virtually entitled 'a bill to reduce revenues.' The Dingley bill is specially commended as a revenue getter. The McKinley bill pointed with pride to the poor man's free breakfast table. The Dingley bill puts upon sugar—a single item of the breakfast table—one-third of the total amount of the tariff tax proposed. The items which are supposed to help the farmer are good examples of so setting your trap as to 'catch 'em a-cornin' and a-gwine.' For instance, we have reciprocity in order to give the farmers a market abroad for what it is assumed they cannot produce for home consumption unless they are highly protected, as is done by another section of the bill."

ECONOMY in taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, because "100 doses one dollar" is peculiar to and true only of the One True **BLOOD Purifier.**

Reflections of a Bachelor.
When a girl says she's glad she isn't a man, you may be pretty sure she's bowlegged or something.
St. Peter couldn't have been married. If he had been, he wouldn't have the heart to keep any married man out of heaven.
It always makes a man mad to have his wife start to read over a lot of old fool letters he wrote her before they were married.
To a good many people home means a place where the husband can sit and smoke in his shirt sleeves and where the wife can go around with no corset on.
The reason why women are always so interested in a bride is because the married ones are wondering whether she knows as much as they do, and the unmarried ones are wondering whether they know as much as she does.—New York Press

Johnson's Chill and Fever Tonic is a ONE-DAY Cure. It cures the most stubborn case of Fever in 24 Hours.

"No," he said with the air of a man who feels it his disagreeable duty to deny a request, "it won't do to allow women to vote."
"Why not?" his wife inquired. "They are quite as competent to understand political questions as men are."
"I don't deny that, but there are other more practical considerations. Whenever there is an election, there are bound to be bets made. Now, when a man bets a hat, it never costs more than \$6 or \$8 if he loses. But if women got their sympathies aroused, there wouldn't be anything for them to do except to precipitate a panic by wagering bonnets that in the nature of things can't cost less than \$20 apiece."—Washington Star.