

The Bryson City Times.

STATE LIBRARIAN

BRYSON CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1895.

NO. 4

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Prompt attention to all calls,
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Will give prompt attention to all calls,
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Prompt attention to all calls in town or
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WORK AND PRICES
GUARANTEED.

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NEAR DEPOT.

Bryson City, N. C.
New management. Newly furnished.
Accommodations for commercial men.
Reasonable.

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Drummer's Home,

Bryson City, N. C.
Clean rooms and the best fare.
\$1.50 per day.

W. F. COOPER, Proprietor.

Bryson Hotel,
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Location perfect, table the best,
pleasant summer residence in West
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WAYNESVILLE,
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**Rooms 1.50 a day. Good fare and nice
service. Polite attention to all.**

WESTERN HOTEL,
Located on Public Square.

SHEVILLE, N. C.
Lodging 25 cents.

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**Central abscession and cranio-
tripis; phenological hair cut-
and hydropathical shaver of
Dr. Work physiognomically
studied.**

. H. SITTON,
CITY BUTCHER and
DEALER IN COUNTRY
PRODUCE

TRESPASS NOTICE!
No hunting, fishing, timbering
or cattle herding or grazing will be
permitted on the lands formerly known as
"Whittier Tract" in Swain county ex-
cept by written permission.

GO TO TEXAS.
The Texas and Pacific Railway is
the route to this land of plentiful
game, where the poor become rich.
For further information write to J. J.
Word, 36 Wall St., Atlanta, Ga.,
A. A. Gallagher, 103 Read House,
Atanonga, Tennessee.

**Many Persons are
suffering from
rheumatism or
household
chests. The
Bitters
will cure
it.**

HOME NEWS.

Don't let your subscription lapse. Your subscription expires with the date after your name. Renew it.

Ask yourself this question: "Have I paid my newspaper subscription?"

Mayor Everett has gone to Atlanta.

The injunction suit has again been postponed.

Miss Queen Cooper, of Whittier, is in town.

Messrs. Coffin and Newby went to Asheville this week.

D. W. Wilber, of Waynesville, was in town this week.

Among the much needed improvement here is a town hall.

Mr. Morrow, of the firm of Morrow & Rosevear, was in town this week.

A K. of P. lodge has been formed here, but the officers have not yet been installed.

Old Charles Willade, a good for nothing, is in Nantahala this week, and I'm glad of it.

Mrs. James H. Merrimon, of Asheville, died Monday of lung disease in Orlando, Florida.

The mill of H. M. Gee & Sons on Alarka has started up again. Mr. Harry Gee left for there Monday.

The people of Bryson City should pull together. There is something ahead of us. Why not go after it?

With the disappearing snow comes the inspiring smack of the base ball. We are promised a good nine this year.

Mr. John Richardson, a practical miner, who has spent many years in the Rockies, is with us probably to stay.

The Bryson City Mfg. Co. sent half a ton of Excelsior to the Skyland Furniture Co., Asheville, yesterday.

Jesse Gunter, of Steeple, Graham county, moved here yesterday. He occupies the Elmore residence near the depot.

Mr. R. H. Pender will go on Alarka Monday to resume operations at his saw mill. He hopes to make good time now.

Gentle Anne greets you this morning with a pleasant smile, but she greatly deprecates the misconduct of her immediate predecessor.

Mr. Chas. J. Morrow who, some time ago, was taken to Asheville quite ill, is much improved and hopes to return to Bryson City now very soon.

Mr. Linden M. (Cody) McKee, the popular agent at Sylva, paid our town another visit Sunday. Surprise parties are in order now, so look out for cake.

The work of enlarging and remodeling the Estella will soon be under way. It will be a valuable and much needed improvement.

Manager A. J. Gardner, of the Hazle Creek Timber Company, was in town this week. It is rumored and feared that friend Gardner will make Chattanooga his headquarters.

Capt. Payne of the Southern Railway, is in town and will complete the work of beautifying the grounds around the new depot. A flower garden filled with odoriferous March roses is anticipated.

Last week some scoundrel threw a stick through one of the vestibule windows of the Baptist church. If you can give any information leading to the criminal's identity, D. K. Collier, J. M. Allen, or J. S. Elliott, will be glad to know it.

Whittier Tract in Swain county except by written permission.

All trespassers will be prosecuted to the extent of the Law.

W. A. Tuckasee Land & Timber Co., B. A. Chew, Manager, Bryson City, N. C.

Read This, Business Men.

The following from the Cherokee Scout is so very appropriate for this town that reproduction is irresistible. Listen:

"Within the past few weeks the Scout has received no less than twenty-five applications for sample copies of the paper from the North and West. Some of them were from farmers, truck growers, mechanics, merchants and bankers. One lady in Connecticut wanted the paper to see some names of real estate dealers and contractors. She will look in vain for them, although there are several here. Immigration is coming South, and unless we all pull together we'll be left in the cold."

This is exactly the case here.

If you business men wish people to know you are living you must advertise yourselves. But if you wish to remain buried for fifty years more, no exertion whatever is required—just go on as you are.

Hospitality Predominates There

A more thoroughly enjoyable occasion, perhaps, never has been indulged in by the young people of Bryson City than the trip to Yellow Hill on the 23d. The party was cordially received by the officials and shown through the grounds and buildings by the affable L. S. Shelton who always goes his full length for the comfort of visitors.

The program of the evening consisted of school exercises in the celebration of Washington's birthday, the chorus singing of national airs, the delivering of patriotic speeches and the rendition of soul-inspiring melodies. In the conduct of the exercises the efficient Dr. Oberlander was indispensable, and his support, by the principals was better than good.

While the exercises were all well rendered, yet the work of little Miss Smith, in her crayon recitation, "The Story of the Goose," deserves special mention.

After the exercises that delightful host, Mrs. T. W. Potter, let the way to her home where the reception was enjoyed by all.

It was very much regretted that Superintendent Potter was called away on special business and could not return in time for participation in the general festivities.

Mr. Potter has the interests of the Cherokees very much at heart, as improvements on the reservation and his untiring efforts in securing the increased appropriation amply attest. Either Cherokee or any other school should pat itself on the back and feel satisfied so long as T. W. Potter is the man at the wheel.

One of the most striking features of the evening was the efficiency displayed by the Fourth Regiment Band. It is composed of 21 Indian boys, ranging in age from 15 to 6 years, the majority being under 12.

When the leader says "Play," every little fellow starts instantly, and in harmony, good time and distinctness are noticeable to the end. Prof. Edwin Schanaudore, under whose tutelage the band has been trained, is the ace of trumps.

The party returned to Bryson City the following morning.

Among those present were Miss Lipscomb, Miss Cooper, Misses Fannie and Bertie Cooper; Professor James Edwards, Messrs. John Everett, John Morrow, B. A. Chew, McClain, McLean, Martin, Lipscomb Welch and Haywood.

It was the unanimous wish of the party that Washington's birthday would strike Cherokee every fifteen minutes.

SEE THIS SPACE?

You read it, others say advertising don't pay.

Greatest on Earth

James M. Brooks, Washington avenue, St. Louis, Mo., makes affidavit that he suffered from rheumatism for years, until persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that by its use he has been fully restored. He says the remedy is the greatest on earth. This is high praise, but fully warranted by other natural cures. If you want to be cured, send to the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Co., 103 Maiden Lane, New York, and they will send you a free copy of the book "The Great Blood Purifier," which will cure any ordinary case. As he wanted.

THE CLOTHESLINE WAIL

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

Too much cooperation among near neighbors is a dangerous thing. So Mrs. Murray and Mrs. O'Neil learned, to their sorrow.

And yet, what else could they have done? It is a serious matter to be a washerwoman, and live in the fourth story of a tenement. When each moved in she was shown her clothesline, running over a pulley fastened outside her window, and across the alley to another pulley in an opposite window.

Each room had two windows, and Mrs. Murray was told that the north clothesline was hers, while Mrs. O'Neil was put in possession of the line connecting the windows to the south. One morning Mrs. Murray leaned from her window, as she was hanging out part of her last washing, and called to her neighbor over the way, who was doing the same:

"Mornin' to ye. Me own name's Mis' Murray."

"An' mornin' to ye, I'm sure; an' I'm Mis' O'Neil."

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mis' O'Neil. D'ye know, Mis' O'Neil, ever since I moved in I've been a-wantin' to use the half of your clothesline that you can't use."

"Why, an' me the same, Mis' Murray, for I've often a big wash that I can't begin to d'ry on me one line, an' the clothes get sour a-langin' indoor."

"Well, then, Mis' O'Neil, if you're agreed, you let me know when you're ready to start out clothes on your line, an' I'll start at the same time on the other half of it, and you may do the same with mine, so we'll make each line carry double."

Twice a day since then, and often three times a day, would sound across the alley a "Re-e-e-e-e," Mis' Murray, or a "Re-e-e-e-e," Mis' O'Neil, and then, in the midst of puffing clouds of steam, our laundry-women would fill one clothesline, Mrs. Murray sending her clothes to Mrs. O'Neil, whilst Mrs. O'Neil, on the return half of the same line, was sending hers to Mrs. Murray. Next the other clothesline would be filled, and the flapping garments would gather in what sunshine and pure air they could from Skin alley, until the next wash was ready.

This arrangement soon ripened into a friendship, and many were the hearty bits of cheer, the secret confidences and the merry whiffs of Irish banter sent to and fro along the clotheslines. But, alas! Were there ever two neighboring families, bound together by a clothesline or some less material tie, that never found the line somewhat strained, the bond tense and ready to break? Cooperation will be free from peril—in the millennium.

One morning Mrs. Murray observed that her neighbor was rather reserved, and said very little, being intent on getting her clothes on the line with the greatest possible expedition. When she looked more carefully at those clothes Mrs. Murray gave a great start and her brow clouded darkly.

There was no doubt about it, her neighbor's washing was that of Mrs. Bentley, Mrs. Murray's best customer. Ah, here came the handkerchiefs, big B's in the corners. And no one could ever mistake that pillowsham. As the clothes jerked nearer Mrs. Murray she took up a handkerchief, examined it, and glanced sharply at her neighbor. But Mrs. O'Neil turned away. Thereat Mrs. Murray shut her window with a bang.

Now it happened that day that Mrs. Murray wanted the clotheslines unusually early in the afternoon. Probably her wrath had assisted her muscles. And when she was ready to take in the dry clothes from the lines Mrs. O'Neil was not. Indeed Mrs. Murray, peering with blazing eyes into the dirty windows opposite, could see nothing of her neighbor. "Gone a-gad-dle! Be not again to wait on the likes of her!"

With nerves trembling with excitement and passion Mrs. Murray began to pull in her clothes, viciously jerking the line through the pulleys, and, of course, knocking it as the line went through, all of Mrs. O'Neil's washing. Down fluttered the B's, and the white and the black for Mrs. Bentley's.

That was at noon, and after Josie had smiled and waded her thanks across the alley, and kissed her hand to her poor crippled friend, and bussed her hand to Marguerite, and kissed her aunt a score of times, and Ned had at last forced her to go lest she should miss the train—after all this, Mrs. Murray sat down to her lonely dinner and ate it very thoughtfully.

The thoughtfulness continued as she washed the dishes, and even as she took the steaming clothes from the boiler and vigorously rubbed them in the suds and ran them through the wringer. The next day the clothesline partnership was again established.—Chicago Interior.

From that day as may well be imagined there was no more partnership in clotheslines. Each woman was seriously inconvenienced, but each would sooner lose her stout right arm than propose cooperation again. Such would have been the condition of affairs to this day had it not been for Josie Murray.

And who was Josie Murray, do you ask? She was Mrs. Murray's niece on a visit from the country, as pretty and lovable a piece of pink and white as you can well imagine.

Now Mrs. O'Neil had a little daughter who was a cripple. She went stumping around on crutches or sat pale and with her eyes shut in a padded chair. Her name was Mary. "Good's a ghost," Mrs. Murray often said of her.

Josie had not been in the tenement five minutes before she spied her poor neighbor and her warm, Irish heart went out in sympathy to the cripple. But Mrs. Murray would permit no advances, telling Josie with many embellishments the history of the clotheslines. Nevertheless, Josie pondered sorrowfully and long over the pallid face opposite and at last hit on a plan of operation about which she discreetly said nothing. First, with her staidy pencil she painfully printed this letter:

"Dear Mary I'm sorry for you and I want you to have me do what I can to help you. I'll send you a new pair of crutches and you may have her every afternoon from Josie."

Then, choosing a time when both her aunt and Mrs. O'Neil were out, she fastened Marguerite, dressed in her finest, to the end of Mrs. O'Neil's clothesline.

About two o'clock Mrs. O'Neil began to remove the clothes from the line to put out the second set. She was doing the work mechanically and did not notice the doll till she took hold of it.

"Saints preserve us!" she exclaimed, almost dropping the doll as she removed the clothespins. "What under the canopy's this?" She read the note. She looked at the opposite window and saw a pink and white face all smiles, with two blue eyes dancing with delight. Josie nodded gayly, and what could Mrs. O'Neil do but nod back?

For the rest of Josie's visit the doll made regular trips back and forth on the clothesline. It was the first toy Mary had ever had, and the pleasure she took in it was something wonderful and pathetic. The little cripple sang to it, and danced it, and hugged it, and went through all manner of plays with it, now for the first time getting a glimpse of the happy childhood that she had never had. And Josie stood at her window and watched it all rejoicingly, while even Mrs. Murray cast a pleased glance over the way now and then, when Mrs. O'Neil was out.

But the days quickly passed, and Josie must go back to the farm. She trembled with joy at the thought of father and mother and the children and all the dear farm animals, each one of the latter being known to her by its own name; but—what about the doll? This is what—written more slowly than the first note, and kept over night, before Josie could quite make up her mind to send it:

"Dear Mary I am going to the farm and I want you to have Marguerite, but I can't send it to the city, so I'll send it to you and live in the city with my dear Mary from Josie."

This note was carefully pinned to the beloved doll, and all the doll's clothes, except those it wore, were rolled into a neat bundle. The line chanced to be unoccupied, so over went the gift, Josie cringing out as it reached the other side. "Mary! Mary! Here's Marguerite, come to stay. Good-by, Marguerite, dear. Be a good girl."

Well, that morning there was a flutter of happy industry across the way, for Mrs. O'Neil had two jobs to manage, her unflinching washing, and something else; something over which Mary was as merry as she. About noon, just as Josie was kissing her aunt good-by, while her big brother Ned, who had come for her, stood waiting for her with her little valise, Ned's hand held over on Mrs. O'Neil's clothesline came a covered basket, while Mary called shrilly from her window. And in the basket was a big apple turnover, and a marvelous cake, with white frosting on top, and with red frosting trimmings, while the center waved a plume of green tissue paper. And on the corner of the basket was a slip of paper with these words:

"The thoughtfulness of Josie, and the cake for Mrs. Bentley's."

That was at noon, and after Josie had smiled and waded her thanks across the alley, and kissed her hand to her poor crippled friend, and bussed her hand to Marguerite, and kissed her aunt a score of times, and Ned had at last forced her to go lest she should miss the train—after all this, Mrs. Murray sat down to her lonely dinner and ate it very thoughtfully.

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Model Steam Laundry

Call on J. A. Brown, Agent

McCLAIN'S LIVERY STABLE.

BRYSON CITY, N. C.
EVERYTHING FRESH AND NEW

B. A. McClain has opened a general livery and feed stable in Bryson City, and he comes well prepared to furnish stylish and pleasant driving horses and comfortable new carriages at

★ Living ★ Prices! ★
A trial will convince you that my horses are the fastest and prettiest livery stock that Tennessee produces.

Give me a chance. Very truly yours,
B. A. McCLAIN.

SHIP YOUR EGGS, BUTTER, POULTRY

And other Produce to
Davis, Hill & Co.,

308 10th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

You will receive highest Cash Prices. We buy outright or handle on commission.

"Quick sales and prompt returns." Commission for handling goods, five per cent. "Send for our price list."

BUILD YOUR HOUSE

Lumber Cut to Order

By R. H. PENDER at his saw mill on Alarka.

Special attention will be given to cutting framing according to measure—all lengths up to 30 feet. Any kind of wood.

Red and White Hickory and Oak for timber and wood.

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You read it, others say advertising don't pay.

PURE ARM AND HAMMER SODA

is the whole story about

in packages. Costs no more than other package soda—never spoils.

Made only by CHURCH & CO., New York. Sold by grocers everywhere. Write for Arm and Hammer Book of valuable Recipes—FREE.

ELKHART CARRIAGE and HARNESS MFG. CO.

Have added to our equipment for 21 years, saving them the dealer's profit. We are the oldest and largest manufacturers in America selling Vehicles and Harness this way—ship with privilege to examine before you order. We pay freight both ways and deliver free. Warrant for 2 years. Why pay an agent 25 to 5000. Farm Wagons, Wagonettes, Milk Wagons, Delivery Wagons and Road Carts. Write for 25c, 1000's 1000's.

WHOLESALE PRICES. Spring Wagons, \$35 to \$50. Wagonettes, \$45 to \$60. Farm Wagons, \$65 to \$100. Top Buggies, \$37.50. Milk Wagons, \$45 to \$60. Delivery Wagons, \$45 to \$60. Road Carts, \$45 to \$60. Write for 25c, 1000's 1000's.

Write for Arm and Hammer Book of valuable Recipes—FREE.

Address W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.