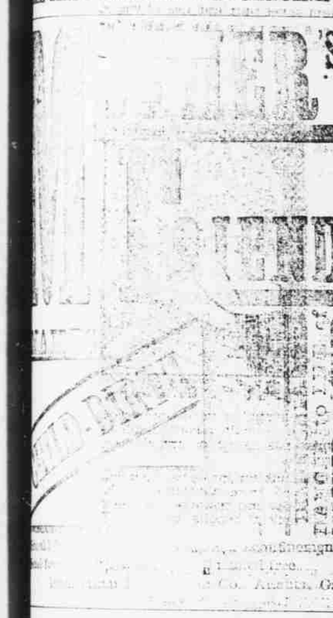
THE MORGANTON STAR.

VOL. III. MORGANTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1888. NO. 46.

NO HOUSEHOLD SHOULD BE WITHOUT

The majority of the ills of the human body arise from a diseased Liver. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness, by giving them a healthy liver than any other agency on earth.

BE SURE THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE.



J. W. CAMPBELL & CO.,
Lumber Dealers,
MORGANTON, N. C.

HOW SISK WAS TRAPPED.

HE MEETS WITH AN ADVENTURE WHICH CAME NEAR COSTING HIM HIS LIFE.

Uncle Bartlett Sisk, of Burke County, Figures in a Boston Paper.

Mr. John W. Hays, who was with the U. S. Geological surveying corps which was camped in this county for several weeks last summer, writes to the *Youth's Companion*, a paper published in Boston, as follows:

Just upon the flanks of the Blue Ridge Mountain, near their culminating point in North Carolina, is found the wildest and most picturesque scenery east of the Grand Canon of the Colorado. Here the Linville River, rising upon 'Grandfather Mountain," has torn a gateway through the barriers of the outlying hills, a thousand feet deep and many miles long. Within this gorge, great jagged boulders lie scattered among the weather-carved natural "castles"; while on both sides of the gorge dense forests and tangled thickets of laurel extend back for miles into the mountains.

Here the shriek of the locomotive has never been heard. From far below comes up the solemn roar of Linville Falls. Ravens croak among the cliffs, eagles still circle about the high peaks, and wild animals hold undisputed possession of forest and canon.

At the lower end of the gorge and just upon the brink of its high wall, rises Table Rock Mountain, the most imposing object in all this wild landscape. The "Rock" proper is several hundred feet high and springs abruptly from the shoulders of the mountain, two thousand feet above the bed of the river. Three of its sides are sheer precipices, the other is practicable by a steep, tortuous path.

But the most peculiar feature of this sharp pinnacle, is a very narrow rift which extends almost through its entire breadth. One might fancy that the scimetar of some angry mountain manitou had mistaken this towering mountain for the head of a rebellious Titan, and cleft it open from top to base. This deep, dark chasm is known as the "cellar."

A daring climber may descend into it by the ragged ledge at the inner end, and then through the narrow passage, find exit out upon the shoulder of the mountain. Yet in many places the rift is but three or four feet in width.

It was in this "cellar" during the autumn of 1883, that an old mountaineer, named Sisk, met with an adventure which came near costing him his life.

In November the writer, with a party of topographers, was in camp at the foot of the mountain, upon the edge of the canon. Before entering the wilderness we had employed this man, Sisk, as a guide. He was, as he styled himself, "the unanimous pilot of all them hills." For years his chief occupation had been guiding tourists up the mountain and through the tangled laurel thickets to the great falls at the head of the canon; but, unlike most of the mountaineers of this section, Sisk was no hunter. Occasionally he trapped a covey of wild turkeys along the river bottom, or, shot a deer that had ventured out of the woods to graze among his cattle, but bears and panthers were his particular aversion and terror.

"I ain't never kill a bar, he said, "an' I aint hankerin' arter 'em nuther. I'm like a mule—run ef I jis' smell the varmint's track."

One morning, while in our service, he had been ordered up to Table Rock, to erect a "signal" for our triangulation.

"I don't want narry a rifle," he replied, to a friendly suggestion, as he was starting off with axe on shoulder. "I aint huntin' varmints, an' ef any o' them wants me, they'd better keep in good runnin' order."

He made the toilsom climb to the summit, and after erecting a tripod of the stunted firs, as directed, lay down on the rocks in the shade, to eat his dinner and rest before returning.

It was a beautiful day of late autumn. The mountains were yet glowing with the rich colors of the maple, and the whole wide landscape was bathed in the soft haze of Indian summer. The old man lay watching the blue smoke as it curled up from the cabins in the valley, and listening to the roar of the falls rising monotonously from the great canon below.

Near by, the stony face of the old Grandfather Mountain was thrust up through the clouds; and far away to the eastward stretched the farm-dotted plain, till it blended with the azure; but presently the sound of the river grew faint and the landscape faded dreamily away, as the old man, hot and tired from his climb, fell asleep.

He had probably been sleeping for an hour or more when he was wakened by a cold touch on his hand! His arm was behind him and he could not see what had touched it, but instantly thinking of rattlesnakes, he lay still, knowing the reptile would crawl away if he did not move; but a moment later, a bear's black, shaggy head bent over him, and its cold nose touched his cheek. The old man's heart gave a great leap, and his hair almost raised his fur cap from his head; but either from fear or because he did not know what else to do, he lay quiet, and scarcely dared to breathe!

The bear walked round in front of him, evidently uncertain as to the nature or condition of its "find." It would approach cautiously, sniff for a moment, and then draw off and squat upon its haunches as if trying to decide what the game was.

It repeated this manœuvre several times, when on moving around it brushed against one leg of the tripod and tumbled down a great bough of the fir which Sisk had placed in the forks above to make the signal.

The brush fell plump upon the bear's back. Started by this unexpected attack from above, it backed off suddenly, growled and showed its teeth.

Sisk meantime had been enduring an agony of terror, expecting each moment to feel the sharp teeth seize him, and yet fearing to move.

But he had seen the brush fall and marked the bear's hasty retreat; and now his sense of humor got the better of his fear, and he roared out a loud "*haw-haw!*" The bear responded with a still more savage growl, and the spell being now broken, Sisk leaped to his feet and ran.

He gained the further end of the rock where it was lowest and where there was a natural path, and without a moment's pause bounded down the steep side in headlong flight—where he should he land upon at the foot of the boulder but the old bear's cubs! The bear had evidently clambered up here for a look around, perhaps for food, and left her cubs in this apparently safe place. The babies had curled themselves up like little puppies and gone to sleep in the sunshine. When Sisk landed among them they set up a frightened crying, and then in an instant the old man heard the claws of the mother bear scratching the rocks behind him.

He started to run again, when his foot tripped, and, falling, he rolled over and over, down amidst brush and boulders.

Had he not fallen in with the cubs, it is probable there would have been no trouble with the old bear; for bears in these mountains rarely attack a man unless they are first molested, or think themselves in danger; but the cries of the little beasts had brought the old mother after him, and as he glanced back he was again filled with horror to see her coming down the slope of the "table" at a lumbering gallop. It is surprising how rapidly bears can move, notwithstanding their awkward, shuffling motion.

When Sisk looked around he saw that fast as he had run the old bear would overtake him. He cast his eye about for a tree; but the stunted firs upon the mountain would scarcely sustain his weight.

Then he thought of the "cellar." By this time he was near the shoulder of the mountain, whence he could run round to the entrance of the great rift. It was a dangerous hole to enter, at best; but hoping to throw the bear off his track, Sisk doubled rapidly round the angle of the precipice, on his left, and running along darted into it, and though the cleft was but a track, scarcely six feet wide, and in some places not so wide as that, he worked his way on for thirty or forty feet, clambering over rocks. Turning then, he saw to his horror the bear had followed him round and was boldly coming in after him!

Seeing that it would be impossible to retreat much further, Sisk now climbed upon a large stone which lay in the cleft, and determined to make a stand with his knife; but having got on the stone, he caught sight of a niche or shelf in the rockey wall, six or seven feet over the stone, and summoning all his strength, managed to draw himself upon it and out of the bear's reach.

The beast came forward to the boulder, but could get no further. At first he tried to clamber up to Sisk's perch, but after tumbling back several times, became quiet and sat watching him. Meantime the cubs came whining to the outer end of the cleft.

Evening was drawing on, and Sisk, exhausted from his exciting run, with no prospect of immediate escape, tried to compose himself on the ledge for the night; but, turn as he might, he found it impossible to get comfortable. The niche was not long enough for him to lie down upon, nor broad enough to make a comfortable seat. There was nothing he could do but cling on and wait for the bear to go away.

All night long he remained there in a half stooping position. It was a damp place too; water drops trickled over him and dripped from the walls above him. Through the long hours of darkness he could occasionally hear the old bear snuff and her claw scratch and the rocks rattle as she moved about.

When morning at last dawned there were two pair of eyes hungrily watching him, instead of one; for the cubs had come in and joined the old bear in the "cellar." The situation now began to look serious, for the old creature seemed to have no intention of raising the siege.

It had turned cold during the night too, and the mountaineer shivered, and was ravenously hungry. He began to look about desperately for some means of escape. Above him towered the rough walls of the crevice, showing between them, high overhead, a bar of light, and thirty or forty yards away, he could look out through the rift upon the yellow shoulder of the mountain.

He calculated his chances of being found. It was not probable that any one would be on Table Rock at that season of the year, and even if any one were to come, the chances were against his being discovered in that dark hole. He handled his knife, and thought of attacking the bears; but his un te fear of "bars" withheld him from an encounter.

All that day he sat crouched upon the shelf, wet, cold, and hungry. Occasionally the bear would walk toward the open end of the cleft, and Sisk would begin to hope the siege was over; but at the least movement on his part, she would rush back.

The day was waning again, and the wretched guide wondered what was to become of him. His eyes roved up the narrow walls above his head, and yet again he marked how close they were. Then the thought of climbing up between them crossed his mind. For many feet upward there were no projections and few crevices, but might he not press firmly against both sides, and thus sustain himself while working his way upward?

The rock was slippery with moss and trickling water, and he knew that it was a hazardous undertaking; but it seemed to be the only chance. Determined to make the effort, he leaned over and pressed his hands against the opposite wall; then moving one foot at a time, he carefully and slowly crept up.

From directly beneath, the bear watched his movements narrowly. Inch by inch he raised himself higher, pressing with hands and feet upon both sides, and avoiding as much as possible the slime patches on the walls. It was a tiresome strain upon both muscles and nerves, and had not an occasional cranny afforded him a moment's rest, he could never have sustained himself.

He had worked upward for a distance of about thirty feet, and his task was becoming a little easier, owing to more frequent cracks and projections on the wall, just as he was beginning to take heart, a large "scale" of rock on which he was resting his weight gave way, and down he went with the rock into the chasm!

The bear was directly below, and first the heavy sheet of stone and then the mountaineer fell plump on her! Her hideous yelp made the whole "cellar" echo! Though badly grazed, and bruised somewhat, Sisk fortunately broke none of his bones, and terrified by the bear's unearthly yell he scrambled to his feet and dashed out of the rift, kicking over the cubs as he ran! From the noises behind he felt sure that the old bear was pursuing, and he bounded down the mountain-side towards our camp.

We had been searching for him all day; for when he failed to return the previous evening, we knew that some mischance had befallen him. His axe and cap were found upon the rocks under the signal; but though we had searched for him along the foot of the "Table," and among the "chimneys" in the canon, no one had thought to look in the "cellar."

On our way back to camp, after our fruitless search, we suddenly heard his shouts, and a moment later saw him leaping down the mountain like a wild goat.

Help! Help! Shoot her!" he vociferated.

But there was nothing in pursuit of him.

It was too dark then to ascend the mountain; but the next morning we found the bear lying in the cleft partially beneath the sheet of rock, dead of a broken back! The cubs escaped us into the laurel.

Sisk did not recover from his scare for some weeks, and, in fact, would never venture out of camp afterwards unless well armed.

THE DOCTOR SAYS: "I recommend and USE FOR

That Wonderful Combination

TAYLOR'S CHEROKEE REMEDY of SWEET GUM and MULLEIN.

"It does more than any prescription written; both plants are highly medicinal."

N. B. The Sweet Gum comes from the Southern Swamp and is highly Expectorant, while the Mullein is Pectoral; and thus combined they are simply A PERFECT REMEDY.

A COLD neglected leads to serious results. CROUP attacks your home without warning. WHOOPING COUGH is annoying and painful, ALL yield readily to the seemingly MAGIC POWER of Taylor's Sweet Gum and Mullein. BRONCHITIS and ASTHMA left unattended to, will lead to CONSUMPTION, and these quickly relieves and positively cures.

INSIST ON HAVING IT.

Dr. Quillian, the leading physician of Great Britain on Throat and Bronchial Troubles, recommends Mullein as fifty per cent better than Cod Liver Oil in Consumption. Keep it in the house.

IT IS PLEASANT AND PALATABLE and is the best known remedy in the world for all Throat and Lung troubles. It will stimulate the throat and enable you to throw off all obstructions easily, allaying expectoration and relieving the cough at once. Ask your druggist for it. 25c. 50c. & $1. sizes.

If he does not keep it, we will pay, for one time only, express charges on large size bottles to any part of the U. S. on receipt of $1.00.

The WALTER A. TAYLOR Co., Atlanta, Ga.

FOR ALL BOWEL TROUBLES and Children Teething, use that great Southern remedy Dr. Biggers' Huckleberry Cordial. 50 cents at Druggists.

TAYLOR'S PREMIUM COLOGNE IS THE BEST.

ARE WE GUILTY?

we have been accused by some of our competitors of selling certain goods at ridiculously low prices in order to "bait" the public. We intend to put as low a price on all our goods as a "live and let live" policy will justify; and as the liberal patronage extended to us indicates that our alleged practice of "baiting" is satisfactory to the "biters," we shall continue to throw out large quantities of the same sort of "bait"—in the shape of all classes of Hardware at lower prices than ever, at

SHUPING HARDWARE CO.

Great bargains in all kinds of Hardware at

SHUPING HARDWARE CO.

Don't buy a Turning Plow until you have seen the new "Daisy," and you will have no other. Sold and warranted by

SHUPING HARDWARE CO.

Now is the time to look around and see where you can purchase the best Force Feed, Grain and Fertilizer Drill, and don't forget that the "Empire" is in the lead—either one- or two-horse—at

SHUPING HARDWARE CO.

"Lookout" Stoves, manufactured from the best Tennessee charcoal iron, the best known; every stove warranted to be perfect in all its operations, and at prices which place them in the reach of all, at

SHUPING HARDWARE CO.

Country Merchants will do well and save freight by buying their Hardware of

SHUPING HARDWARE CO.

Now is the time to buy Hardware cheap. If you don't believe it try

SHUPING HARDWARE CO.

Call at the Shuping Hardware Co. and see the best Three-Roller Cane Mill in the world, for the price.

Don't forget the fact that the Ready Mixed Paints are sold and warranted to give satisfaction by

SHUPING HARDWARE CO.

Shuping Hardware Co. are in the lead for low prices on all kinds Hardware, Stoves, Mowers, Farming Implements. Don't forget to call and see them, and save money by taking advantage of their big offers.

W. W. SCOTT, JR. W. C. ERVIN.

Scott & Ervin,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Lenoir, N. C.

Special attention to conveyancing, collections and to the business of Executors, Administrators and Guardians. Office in the court house opposite Sheriff's office.