

LOCAL BRIEFS.

Mr. A. J. Bailey, of Jarrets, is visiting his mother near town.

Mr. J. W. Crawford, of Old Fort, is in town this week.

Mr. Z. V. Crawford, of Old Fort, gave us a pleasant call Monday.

Mr. A. H. McFadyen, of Clarktown, N. C., is in town this week on business.

Mr. J. S. Brady, a prosperous merchant of Old Fort, was in town Monday.

Buckingham's Eye for the Whiskers does its work thoroughly, coloring a new brown or black, which, when dry, washes off, and does not soil linen.

Young M. Perry, of Rutherford College, is teaching the public school at Round Hill.

There are, day after day, wagons loaded with fine walnut and popular lumber coming into our town. Indeed this is God's country.

Sheriff and Mrs. Pritchard, of Bakersville, passed through Marion Saturday on their return from the Atlanta Exposition.

Mr. Len Hardy, of the Raleigh News and Observer was in Marion Friday and Saturday in the interest of North Carolinians' best daily.

Mr. J. W. Bailey, of Bakersville, passed through Marion Saturday on his way home from the Atlanta Exposition.

J. G. Grant is McDowell's active real estate agent. If you want to sell, buy or lease property in Marion or surrounding country call on him.

Now is the time to get ready for the rain and mud of the winter season. Go to McCall's Gunny at once and buy a Mackintosh and pair of rubbers. None others so good or so cheap in town.

The Missionary Society of the Methodist church of this place will hold a meeting on next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. All members are urged to attend, and all other persons are cordially invited.

Mr. L. C. Neal returned home Sunday, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Prof. Ambler, whose condition we are glad to say, has improved very perceptibly since her arrival at Marion. Mr. Ambler was very low when she arrived here.

The new Catalogue and Art Souvenir of the Southern Business College, of Asheville, N. C., is perhaps the most attractive ever sent out by any school in the State, and all who expect to attend a Business College soon should not fail to send for one and investigate this splendid institution.

Owing to the smallness of the audience Mr. Dugger declined to deliver his lecture last night, but being positively requested by the persons present, consented to deliver it tonight, Thursday night. Mr. Dugger was accompanied by his wife and several other persons, and all were most cordially invited to this opportunity of hearing one of his best lectures.

The wife of Rev. Churchill Satterlee, rector of the Episcopal church of Morganton, died Sunday morning of last week.

The late Rutherford Democrat says Andrew Bradley, 15-years old, went hunting on Monday last week and did not return. Search was made for him and he was found dead. The evidence showed that he had been killed by the accidental discharge of his gun.

Rutherford College Fund comes to a close.

1000'S, 500'S, 100'S AND 50'S ANNUALY BOUND OVER FOR \$100 EACH IN HEAVY PUNTS BONDS.

The trial of Prof. W. E. R. and A. T. A. generally who stood charged with threatening the life of A. C. Gutter, was held last Friday in Morganton before Judge James Beck and Satterlee and the following facts were developed.

Miss Viola Gutter, daughter of the plaintiff testified that on the night of Oct. 9th. She was aroused by the breaking of glass and she looked out of doors but saw no one, but, on the following morning an obscene anonymous letter was found in the yard which she identified before the court.

On the following Sunday night the family were alarmed by pistol shots and her father becoming frightened on the house for assistance. Shortly after her father left the front door was knocked at, and on opening it she saw the three Abernathy brothers.

They inquired for A. C. Gutter and she told them he was not in. Here Prof. L. B. Gutter used a "damn," or two and Prof. Will volunteered to furnish a corpse for a funeral and after chatting in an expressive manner for about twenty minutes left.

She further testified that the three were drinking.

Rev. T. H. Edwards swore that Prof. Will told him that they would have broken Gutter if they could have found him. Several others swore that threats had been made on Gutter's life.

The Abernathys offered no evidence in their defence and were each required to give a justified peace bond of \$100. They will each have to file a bond for their appearance at the next term of the Superior Court.

W. S. McElroy, State Sheriff T. M. W. and Mr. M. McDowell were the first to announce for the three \$1000 exemplars and instructors.

Two Made One.

Old Fort Cor. of the Marion Record.] After his attention had been attracted after several happy hours of courtship, after his affections had been won, after her hand had been asked for, and the consent of parents had been procured, Miss Mattie Krause was married to Mr. John Hawkins, at 4 p. m. on the 7th inst., at the home of the bride's father.

After Mr. A. B. Halford tied the everlasting knot, the invited guests partook of the richest of wedding suppers, and everything went off O. K.

We wish for the newly married couple all the pleasures that life can afford.

A Cousin.

A Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Gaillette, Druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery saved my life. I was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for months, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I used for a bottle and began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store without it." Get a free trial at Morphew & White's drugstore.

Obituary.

Sister Elizabeth Norton was born August 12th, 1837, and died October 28th, 1895, aged 58 years, 2 months and 16 days. She was happily married to Mr. J. F. Norton in the year 1871, with whom she lived in perfect peace, happiness and harmony until separated from him by the cruel, cold hand of death.

Sister Norton was converted, and joined the Methodist church, while young and active, and for many years was a faithful, earnest and efficient member of the same. During her life she was true to her vows, always willing to respond to the calls of her church and to contribute to the support of its ministry. Her active mind, earnest heart and kind hands were often employed to make the heart glad and the home of her pastor happy.

'Tis hard to give one up, one whom we had been with so much and one that we tenderly loved; but "God doeth all things well," and our prayer should ever be, "Not my will, oh God, but thine be done."

We know this dear beloved friend can never come back to us, but, by the grace of God, we can go to her. We would point the bereaved husband and friends to her God for consolation in this dark hour.

T. J. R. Marion, N. C., Nov. 12, '95

Card of Thanks.

Marion, N. C., Nov. 12, '95. Dear Record.—Please allow me space to say that I have just passed (on the 10th inst.) my 62nd birthday, and while not aware that any others than myself were giving it a thought, on Monday night all at once my recollection was disturbed pleasantly, by the entrance of quite a number of old, middle-aged and young ladies and gentlemen, and gave me such a pounding as will not soon be forgotten, but that will fill a place on memory's page that old time with all of its varied vicissitudes, of trials and triumphs, joys and sorrows will never erase. I hope however by close attention, good nursing, and careful diet I may recover from the effects produced on myself by the pounding.

It may appear a little strange to the thoughtful for me to do so after such treatment, but I do most heartily ask a return in like manner by the party at no distant day. Yes, come again, and may the choicest blessings of the Great Giver of all good, both temporal and spiritual, rest upon each one. Thank's dear brethren and sisters.

Your Loving Pastor, M. M. Sanderson.

Good Roads.

Mr. Sheppard M. Dugger is a few of the citizens of Marion in the Court House last night for the purpose of discussing with them the practicality of constructing a turnpike road from Marion to Cranberry, by way of the celebrated Linville Falls, and for the further purpose of considering the value of such a road to the town of Marion. There were several leading citizens present, who manifested quite a good deal of interest in the proposed road.

Through the beneficence of Mr. Dugger a charter was secured from the last General Assembly of North Carolina for the Marion, Linville Falls, and Cranberry Turnpike Road. Mr. Dugger himself framed the charter and procured the passage of the act granting the same.

There will be another meeting of the citizens this evening at three o'clock in the interest of the road. Mr. Dugger is anxious to meet every citizen that feels an interest in the material prosperity and future development of Marion and the surrounding country.

Perhaps nothing has contributed so much to developing and enriching the counties of Caldwell and Watauga, and other counties around them as the excellent system of turnpikes in those counties. What McDowell needs above all things is good roads.

FREE MEDICAL REFERENCE BOOK

(64 pages) for men and women who are afflicted with any form of private disease peculiar to their sex, errors of youth, contagious diseases, female troubles, etc., etc.

Send 2 two cent stamps, to pay postage, to the leading specialists and physicians in this country. Dr. BATHWAY & CO., 22 1/2 So. Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.

We Pass This Way But Once.

We have not passed this way before And we shall not pass again; Make the most of time, the most of life, And mind not the mingled pain.

If the path is bright and flower-strewn, Take in all the fragrance sweet, Thank God for the joy that comes to you In paths marked out for your feet.

If round the hearth an unbroken band Make up the circle of home, Oh, love them to day, and love them well Ere this angel of death shall come.

You will not pass this way again; Be sure that you pass not by The old and tired, the sick and weak, And those not ready to die.

You will not pass this way but once, You'll not live this day again; Take in the rapidly passing hours, Lest you long for them in vain.

Look out for flowers along the way, And heed not the sifting dews; There are stars above the darkest night, And sure is the coming morn.

You will not pass this way again; Take some weary ones by the hand, And lead them into the narrow way That reaches the better land.

And if the gathering storm is heard, And the waves beat wild and high, Look up for help to the far-off hills, And watch for the bright sky.

Look up through tears, for on beyond Is the gleaming, golden shore; We can bravely bear a little while, For we pass this way no more.

—Mrs. H. F. Thomas.

Many people, when a little constipated, make the mistake of using saline or other drastic purgatives. All that is needed is a mild dose of Ayer's Pills to restore the regular movement of the bowels and nature will do the rest. They keep the system in perfect order.

DOWN ON THE FARM.

By Mrs. A. B. Williams. "When a child I used to dwell In a home I loved so well; In my dear old happy home Down on the farm."

The soft notes of the maiden's voice fell on the evening air, and as its sweet cadences entered my window, I was transported in fancy to my old Plantation Home.

What tender memories the song recalled, when in childhood we frolicked and played with never a care for the morrow! We enjoyed in innocent glee the far too happy present. Those halcyon days were always too short.

A very small boy was our preacher, and, although we could not understand his negro dialect, his gestures were so frank and inspiring we thought him a good one. He preached and danced for amusement—the person who could assume either calling with dignity and grace, and give entire satisfaction to his congregation.

The dear old black mammy—what an important place she filled in our homes and affections! How we loved her and how she loved us! How distressed she was if any thing threatened us with danger, and how faithfully she has stood by us through all our after life, entering into our joys and mingling her tears with ours in all our troubles!

The old plantation home was dotted with log cabins; and the occupants, the negroes, when the day's work was over, would gather with their musical instruments and sing their songs, and dance and play by the light-wood lute.

"In the evening, by the moonlight, We could hear those banjo strings ring;

In the evening, by the bright light, We could hear those dorkies slugging."

What a great occasion was a wedding among them! What mattered it that the bride abstracted the master's best clothes for Cuffy to wear to the marriage feast! He was gone the worse for the negroes, the best of them, committed at it, their excuse being that every thing "belongs to the state" (estate).

Oh! when the "big mectin" days came every energy was given to excitement which they called religion. How they would preach and pray, shout and clap their hands, sing, too, which was their best accomplishment. It was no unusual thing for a negro to get so much religion that he would shout his clothes in tatters.

The oldest man on the place was Uncle Linus, and the negroes called him "Grand-daddy." He was sick and his master went to see him. He asked, "Linus do you know me?" He did not answer, but looked up with that vacant stare that precedes death, with no sign of recognition. "Linus, he asked again, "do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" A look of intelligence came over his face, and for the last time he caught his master's hand and shook it with rapture. Linus died, and when the news spread over the country, the negroes for miles around assembled to have a torch-light procession, which made the burial services most imposing; and as they bore his body to its last resting-place on the hill-side, guided by the flickering light of the pine-kots, their weird songs mingling with the moaning of the pines, the impression they left on our childish mind was of the deepest awe and solemnity. The funeral sermon was not preached until months afterwards, (which custom is still kept up to this day) and the negroes in large numbers and holiday attire again assembled to enjoy the occasion.

A little incident in Sunday school I remember. The teacher asked: "Who was the oldest man?" and one little black acrobat: "Grand-daddy." Oh, those happy days at the old home on the farm, where we frolicked and played, rode horse back and rowed in the boats, fished for minnows in the brook, climbed trees and bent the vines for swings just as nature intended us to do—where the house seemed made of rubber, and there was plenty of room.

Alas, the serpent in the shape of Sherman's Army invaded this peaceful home and those happy days were over.

The slaves rejoiced in their freedom, but frolicked no longer, for they took upon their shoulders the burden of life; and, with their ignorance and shiftlessness, have not made the good citizens they might be.

The old home still stands and of it sings its lullaby to other children. The ones who used to assemble nightly under the dear old roof are scattered far and wide with homes of their own. The brook flows on. To me it only murmurs: "passing away;" and the silent halls echo—"where are they?" The planter, the dear old master, the friend of the slave, has gone to his reward, but of all places in memory's sacred keeping the dearest is the old home.

"Where I passed life's golden hours Roaming wild among the flowers, In my dear old happy home Down on the farm."

WANTED—AN IDEA Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,000 prize offer.

We Are of the Lord's Own.

"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." My, but aren't we Democrats great favorites?—Durham Sun.

A Butcher's Experience.

Mr. J. W. Herring, a butcher of Phoenix City, Ala., says, May, 14th, 1905: "For five years I had indigestion, which continued to get worse until my suffering was intense. I spent hundreds of dollars trying to get relief, but grew worse until the fall of 1899, when I remembered to use King's Kidney Pills. I took only three bottles, but began to improve from the first use of it. I thought it from Dr. D. E. Nozick, and he can tell about my case. I cheerfully recommend Genetator as the best medicine for indigestion and Dyspepsia." New package, large bottle, 1.00; one a \$1.00. For sale by Morphew & White.

"My God Abernathy" would be a mild exclamation for Senator Vance if he were alive, after reading the proceedings of the trial of the Abernathy professors in Morganton. One of these professors wrote a book under the title "The Hell You Say," and was reported to have in preparation another, "In a Devil of a Fix." It seems that the titles of these novels are to have a personal application.—News and Observer.

EXPECTANT MOTHERS.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" Robs Confinement of its Pain, Horror and Risk.

My wife used "MOTHERS' FRIEND" before birth of her first child, she did not suffer from HAZARD or PAIN—was quickly relieved at the critical hour suffering but little—she had no pains afterward and her recovery was rapid.

F. E. JOHNSON, Esq., Atlanta, Ala. Sent by Mail or Express, on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Book "To Mothers" mailed free.

SHARPEFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Year Round

Some Medicines belong to one season and some to another. DR. KING'S ROYAL GERMETUER IS IN SEASON ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

IN THE SPRING

It purifies the blood, removes languor and depression, invigorates and exhilarates the whole system.

IN THE SUMMER

It overcomes the relaxation and debility caused by hot weather and corrects feverish troubles that are so prevalent then. Besides, it makes the most delightful and refreshing drink.

IN THE FALL

When malaria "rides on every passing breeze," it is the great preventive and the unerring cure of troubles resulting from that cause.

IN THE WINTER

It does these things, not in a feeble and uncertain way, but with assured and triumphant power.

Keep It in the Home at All Times. Sold by Druggists, new package, large bottle, 50 Cents, One Dollar. Manufactured only by THE ATLANTA CHEMICAL CO., ATLANTA, GA. Write for 16-Page Book, Mailed Free.

For sale by Morphew & White.

Cane Mills.

COOKING STOVES

Hardware

at W. P. JONES, HARDWARE STORE.

CLOCKS! Beauty Adds Charm to usefulness. That is why we are careful to select pretty designs in Clocks. BUT, pretty isn't if pretty doesn't, so the movement must be as good as the case is pretty. We have an expensive line of Clocks, but what we have are splendid values. If you need one come and see what we have, at SWINDELL'S.

DRESS GOODS. I have just received a beautiful line of Dress Goods, which cannot be duplicated in town For The Price. Also a full line of HARDWARE. J. S. Dysart

Free! Free! Free! Everybody is invited to take a FREE look at NICHOLS BROTHERS Large and new stock of General Merchandise. —A Coat for 50 cents? Yes!—

A. BLANTON & CO. Have Reduced THEIR ALREADY LOW PRICES ON CLOTHING LOWER. A Blanton & Co.

Western Carolina Bank ASHEVILLE, N. C. DESIGNATED STATE DEPOSITORY. CAPITAL \$50,000 SURPLUS \$25,000

Excutor's Sale. As Executor of the estate of Charles Mackey, deceased, I will on the 15th day of December, 1905, sell on the premises, to the highest bidder, all the personal property and real estate of the late Charles Mackey, land near Greenville, and will be sold in lots, or as a whole. The lots of land average from 50 to 60 acres, and each have timber and bottom land. The personal property consists of household and kitchen furniture. TERMS: One third cash, one third in eight, and one third in sixteen months, to be secured by good note or mortgage. J. J. Mackey, Executor

McDonald & Gilkey's Livery & Feed Stable — IS AT THE — Southern Depot CONVENIENT TO EVERYBODY.

LECTURE TO-NIGHT

Hon. Sheppard M. Dugger,

Noted lecturer and author of North Carolina's most popular novel, "THE BALSAM GROVES OF THE GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN," will lecture in the

Court House

to-night at half-past eight o'clock.

Subject: Social Amusements.

ADMISSION:—Adults 15 cts., children under ten years of age, free.

MR. DUGGER'S lectures are spoken of in terms of highest praise by the New York Sun and other leading newspapers of the country. You can not afford to miss this opportunity of hearing North Carolina's most noted lecturer.