

## HE GOT THERE.

The Tale of an Anxious Traveler and a Delated Cyclone.

"Talking about cyclones," said the man in the corner, who until this moment had said nothing the whole evening but "Mine's the same," "I shall never forget a corker of its kind I ran up against some 20 years ago in Minnesota.

"I had been living in those days in a little place called Slotown, and things had been going pretty bad with me. I'd been took sick with a sort of malaria. The folks I'd been boarding with were good enough hearted in their way, but their goodness of heart was heavily handicapped by hard times and short money. They didn't want to put a sick man out of doors, but as soon as I commenced to convalesce they generally asked me, round about meal times, when I expected to go to work. Then I got telling them that I expected a man down from Hustlehurst after a spell who had promised me a job any time I was loafing. Hustlehurst was a little place just about 100 miles from Slotown. This was a pure fairy tale on my part, as I wasn't acquainted with a living soul up there, but it sort of made the folks feel better, and then they left me alone, and I felt better myself. But so sure as I'd crawl back into the house after a walk of about half a square they'd always say to me, 'Seen that man from Hustlehurst?'"

"One day the man I boarded with came into the house in breathless haste and said, 'There's a man from Hustlehurst down at the depot, and from the looks of him I should say he was your friend.'

"I didn't stop an instant. When I got down to the depot, I saw that the conductor had about 1 1/4 inches left of his seal cigar, and I knew I had just a minute to make the deal. There was only one passenger leaving Slotown, so I could make no mistakes. He didn't look much like the man I'd pictured, but I wasn't particular about that. I went right up to him.

"Say, are you the man from Hustlehurst?" I said.

"I reckon I am," he says, looking down at me from the car window.

"Well," I says, shifting my feet, 'what about that job I've been waiting for?'"

"'Been waiting long?' he says, somewhat surprised.

"'Nigh onto three months,' I says. Just then the conductor pulled the toothpick out of his cigar and threw the stub away. Time was getting short.

"'What about it?' I says, just as the train gave a jerk forward.

"'What about it?' he repeats, putting his head out of the window. 'I'll expect you in Hustlehurst tomorrow night.' And the train was gone."

"Where does the cyclone come in?" asked one of his listeners as the silent man paused for another "Mine's the same."

"'Just coming to it,' was the reply.

"I walked back to the house," he went on as soon as "the same" had been disposed of, "and told the folks I'd got that job at Hustlehurst. Everybody looked pleased.

"'When have you got to be there?' one of them asked.

"'Tomorrow night,' I says, sort of short. I was beginning to feel independent.

"'How are you going to get there?' the woman says to me then.

"'Well, you could have knocked me down with a New England biscuit. I'd never thought of it. I didn't have a cent to my name, and I knew there wasn't a red in the house. The man was taking his wages in groceries, times was so bad. Something had to be done, however, and I started out once more to do it. Lame as I was I walked all over the township. I don't believe there was a dollar bill in the hull county.

"'I didn't sleep much that night, but I got up at daybreak. I started out again. By this time I was ready to steal the money to pay my fare, but it wasn't there to steal. The day began to go by. The last train that could get me to Hustlehurst that night left at 2 o'clock. At a quarter of I went down to the depot and waited till the train steamed off without me. Then I went out of the depot.

"'I remember that the air was terribly oppressive, and I walked past the house I boarded in, tired as I was, a mile or two into the country. Everything looked dismal and dreary. There was a thick, black cloud in the sky, as dark as my feelings. As I got more despondent the cloud seemed to move up and get blacker. It looked as though it was alive. Suddenly there was a lot of blinding flashes of lightning, a crash of thunder, and I began to think something had happened. Then the trees began to bend, and the fences lay down flat. Houses and barns flew past me. I caught sight of my boarding house shooting by at the rate of 100 miles or so an hour. I had taken hold of and was clinging on to a pretty stout ash tree. I heard a wrench, felt a jerk, saw the tree coming up by the roots, and then, I reckon, I fainted."

By this time everybody looked anxious.

"'When I come to,'" continued the silent man, "everything seemed bright around, and bending over me was the Hustlehurst man.

"'Ketch hold of this ax,' he says, 'and get to work.' I looked at him.

"'Where am I?' I says faintly.

"'Where are you?' he says after me. 'Why, in Hustlehurst, and on time. Though I didn't expect you before the last train.'

"Gentlemen, I was nearly two hours ahead of that train. And I think you'll agree with the old saying, 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.'"

"How far did you say Slotown was from Hustlehurst?" asked one of the listeners, after a deadly silence of several minutes.

"Well," replied the silent man as once more "the same" was produced, "the railroad fare is \$2, and the schedule rates run, I reckon, 2 cents to the mile."—New York World.

## LEARNING BY EXPERIENCE.

Mr. Newlywed's Dress Suit Was Not Exactly In the Right Condition.

Mr. Robert Newlywed turned up at his office one morning last week with a grieved expression, indicating very plainly that he could tell a tale of woe if he were urged. Only two months before he had run the gantlet of rice and old slippers, and since that event life had been developing for him in unexpected ways.

"None of your boarding houses for me," said Mr. Newlywed. "Of course my wife doesn't know anything about housekeeping, but she will learn by mistakes, and I have already a good cook in view."

That was before the old slippers and rice. Judging from Mr. Newlywed's fragmentary remarks on life in a flat, Mrs. Newlywed has been learning some things in just the way Robert expected she would. Mr. Newlywed's grieved expression occasionally is understood by his friends to announce an acquisition of knowledge on the part of Mrs. Newlywed. He told of the latest experience of this kind after a reasonable amount of sympathetic urging.

Mrs. Robert has her own ideas of good form. She not only objects to her husband carrying home bundles of any kind, but she further believes that her servants should not be seen carrying any of the results of a morning's marketing into the rather aristocratic apartment house in which she lives.

"I think," she said not long ago, "that it is positively vulgar—no other word fits it—for one's servants to lug home a package of steak or whatever the marketman has neglected to deliver. There are many little ways in which such displays of one's household economy or extravagance may be avoided, you know."

Mrs. Newlywed had an opportunity to test her theory one Monday evening. When she returned after some calls in the afternoon, she found that her orders for dinner had not been delivered. She sent Mary out to get them. She told Mr. Newlywed that none of the other servants in the house had even suspected that her servant had brought in the dinner at a late hour, and Mr. Newlywed asked no questions. The next afternoon the Newlyweds went up to Poughkeepsie to dine with old friends, and it was the day following that Newlywed's grieved expression appeared at the office.

"Of course," he said, "she won't do this same thing again, for it was very embarrassing. Our host thought it was funny, and so it was, real funny—ha, ha—but very embarrassing."

More sympathy for Mr. Newlywed, mixed with judicious praise of Mrs. Newlywed, provoked the tale.

"I had just time," said Mr. Newlywed, "on Tuesday to fire my evening clothes and some things, you know, into a leather dress suit case and run for my train. My wife went on an early train. When I reached the house in Poughkeepsie, I made a rapid change and was dressed just on the minute that dinner was announced. I thought that in an apartment we were not so constantly reminded of the presence of a kitchen as we were in this house. My wife began to look embarrassed five minutes after I entered the room, and so did the hostess and the other guests. Say, I'm not going into the details of this thing. It wasn't explained until my wife suddenly asked:

"'Robert, you never packed your things in that leather box, did you?'"

"'That's just what I did do,' said I, 'and I made quick work of it.'

"'I thought my wife was going to faint. Then she became hysterical, and in that condition she explained. Of course it was funny, you know, but embarrassing. Mary had been using my dress suit case to smuggle in the marketing. Mrs. Newlywed and I are fond of fish, you know. It was a clever idea, now, wasn't it? But embarrassing—very. I finished that dinner in my traveling suit. Nothing like learning by mistakes, is there?'—New York Sun.

## She Didn't Like It.

"It's very hard to understand what men see in baseball," remarked young Mrs. Torkins.

"Did you ever attend a game?"

"Once. But I didn't like it. It seemed too effeminate."

"Effeminate!"

"Yes, to see all those great, stalwart creatures running around in bloomers."—Washington Star.

## Setting the Judge Right.

"It is evident," said the judge, "that you shot this man with malice aforethought."

"No, I didn't, yer honor. It wuz with plain buckshot!"—Atlanta Constitution.

## Diplomatic.

Father—So you wish to make my daughter your wife?

Suitor—Well, it's the only way I can see of becoming your son-in-law.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

## HERE'S JUDGE DE WITT.

One of the Ablest Lawyers in the South Advocates Paine's Celery Compound.



Judge William Henry DeWitt is one of the most prominent lawyers and judges in East Tennessee. He is a leading member of the Southern Methodist church in Chattanooga. In legal business and social circles he stands high, and his statements, says the Chattanooga Press, are regarded of special weight because of his venerable character, he being 67 years old.

He has held several prominent positions in a legislative and judicial capacity, having served as a member of the Southern Congress at Richmond during the war, and since that time as Judge of the Chancery Court, one of the highest offices in judicial practice next to the Supreme Court.

He was admitted to the bar in 1859. In 1855 he was elected to the State Legislature, but declined a re-election.

After his removal to East Tennessee he was appointed special chancellor by Gov. Taylor, and filled the office for two years. He has successfully practiced before the Supreme Court of the United States for years.

In recent years, owing to the heavy work he has performed, he has been subject to nervousness, and his attention has been called at various times, both by friends and physicians, to the need of fortifying himself against physical collapse. His attention was called to Paine's celery compound as a

vitalizing force. He sought and obtained this valuable aid, and to friends he recommended the use of the remedy for shattered nerves.

Overhearing his conversation, a friend asked him write down his experience for the use of others so afflicted. In response he wrote as follows:

"Dear Sir—In obedience to your request, I state some of my personal knowledge of the value of Paine's celery compound as a medical remedy for certain afflictions and diseases, as follows, namely:

"Judging from my own experience it is a first-class remedy to restore the nervous system when broken down or impaired from overwork of mind or body, revivifying the energies. It strengthens the digestive powers and cures costiveness; truly it is a great nerve tonic, a good alterative, a splendid diuretic. It is good for the kidneys and the blood, renews vitality, and restores strength. It surpasses anything I have used as a health renewer, a strength giver, and system regulator. It quiets weak nerves, gives better rest, increases both appetite and digestion, and brings back lost power of balmy sleep, nature's sweet restorer. Yours truly,

William Henry DeWitt."

There is the statement of Judge DeWitt—straight as a die—clear—conclusive. Read it again.

## FIND OF GOLD.

There was recently discovered within five or six miles of Hickory what appears to be a very rich vein of gold bearing grey quartzite and white flint quartz. Some well known gentlemen of Hickory are very highly elated over the matter and will permit the making of their names known as soon as they have things in shape.

The Charlotte Observer issued an extra Monday morning giving an account of the surrender of Mr. James R. Holland the defaulting cashier of the Merchants and Farmers National Bank of that city. Mr. Holland had not been out of the city. He surrendered himself to his brother-in-law Mr. W. C. Shaw on Sunday morning. He was placed in jail.

## DR. W. B. RAMSAY, DENTIST

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