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The Morganton Herald.

VOL. XI.—NO. 28. MORGANTON, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1895. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SCHOOL BOOKS BY MAIL. You can get any book on the State list by mail from The Herald Book Store, MORGANTON, N. C.

Church Directory.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Divine service every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday at 8 p. m. Sunday school every Sabbath at 9:30 a. m. G. P. Erwin, supt., and Anderson Chapel Mission School at 4 p. m., A. Ross, supt. Rev. J. M. Rose, pastor.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.—Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sabbath at 9:30 a. m., J. A. Claywell, supt. W. H. Leith, pastor.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.—Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Sunday at 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sabbath at 9:30 a. m., M. P. Hilderbrand, supt. R. L. Patton pastor.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH (EPISCOPAL).—Sunday Services at 7:30 a. m., 11 a. m.; Mens' Bible Class 4 p. m. Evensong 8 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. D. Pearson, supt. Services Wednesdays, F. D. Pearson, supt. Services Wednesdays, Holydays and Saints' Days, 5 p. m. Rev. Churchill Satterlee, rector.

The Lutheran congregation will hold services in Town Hall the first and third Sundays in every month.

Other Societies.

MORGANTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.—I. I. Dale, President; J. W. Wilson, Jr., Secretary. Regular monthly meetings at the office of Avery & Erwin, at 7:30 o'clock on the evening of the second Tuesday in each month.

catawba VALLEY LODGE, A. F. & A. M.—Regular communications at their lodge room in the new building, Union street, on the evenings of the first and third Monday in each month.

Regular meeting of Burke Lodge No. 64 Knights of Pythias on Second and Fourth Monday evenings at 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.

HEART DISEASE, like many other ailments when they have taken hold of the system, never gets better of its own accord, but constantly grows worse. There are thousands who know they have a defective heart, but will not admit the fact. They don't want their friends to worry, and don't know what to take for it, as they have been told time and again that heart disease was incurable. Such was the case of Mr. Silas Farley of Dyesville, Ohio who writes June 19, 1894, as follows:

"I had heart disease for 23 years, my heart hurting me almost continually. The first 15 years I doctored all the time, trying several physicians and remedies, until my last doctor told me it was only a question of time as I could not be cured. I gradually grew worse, very weak, and completely discouraged, until I lived, propped half up in bed, because I couldn't lie down nor sit up. Thinking my time had come I told my family what I wanted done when I was gone. But on the first day of March on the recommendation of Mrs. Fannie Jones, of Anderson, Ind., I commenced taking Dr. Miles' New Cure for the Heart and wonderful to tell, in ten days I was working at light work and on March 19 commenced framing a barn, which is heavy work, and I haven't lost a day since. I am 56 years old, 6 ft. 4½ inches and weigh 250lbs. I believe I am fully cured, and I am now only anxious that everyone shall know of your wonderful remedies."

Dyesville, Ohio. SILAS FARLEY.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at $1, 6 bottles for $5, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure
Restores Health

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THE CHEAP STORE.

MORTGAGE SALE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage deed executed to us by J. H. Kiser and wife, Barbary, on the 13th day of Jan. 1893, the undersigned will, on Monday the 7th day of October, 1895, at Connelly Springs, in the county of Burke, sell for cash to the highest bidder, the following described tract of land:

Lying and being in the county of Burke, State of North Carolina, and known and designated as follows, viz: Adjoining the lands of J. H. Kiser, Waights Hildebrand and others; beginning on a small post-oak north of the old Lutheran church and running south, passing George Hildebrand's corner at 20 poles and running with his line 220 poles to a stake on said line; then east 40 poles to a stake on Burns' old line; then north with said line 128 poles to a small post-oak on the Speculation Lands line; then west with said line to the beginning, containing 48 acres, more or less.

Sept 3, 1895. SIDES & COULTER, Mortgagees.

NORTH CAROLINA
College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts.

The next session of this College will begin September 5th. Examinations at county seats first Saturday in August. Young men desiring a technical education at an unusually low cost will do well to apply for catalogue to

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"THE GREAT COMMONER"

North Carolina's Zebulon Vance—A Noble Exemplar for Youth.

HIS BEAUTIFUL HOME LIFE.

The Great War Governor—His Unselfish Patriotism—His Abilities as a Statesman.

Mrs. Laura Pearson Ray in Woman's Edition of Fayetteville Observer.

I am asked to write for woman's edition of the Fayetteville *Observer* a sketch of Governor Vance and his home-life. It is a subject peculiarly fitting for woman's pen; and, having been a frequent visitor at his home, and he and his having so often been at mine, I had opportunity, perhaps more than average, of knowing somewhat of the inner life of that great man, whose outer life was fearlessly walked in gaze of all the world, and whose every word was matter of quotation throughout North Carolina. But the theme has need of far more facile pen than mine. Would that some one, equal to the task, would give to the youth of the State a knowledge of the great War Governor, as he appeared in the social circle, that would stir our boys to be men of like minds with the never-to-be-forgotten dead.

As I write, the honored form rises before me, not with weight of State affairs upon him, to address the expectant hearts of the swaying crowd, but as I knew him in my childhood and girlhood, an honored and ever welcomed guest at my father's table; no tinge of silver in his long raven locks, worn then full roached back from his low, but broad forehead; a rather fierce-looking mustache, which hid the ever-lurking smile; and there was that melting, kindling, romping grey eye, so familiar to us all, that never changed till death transfixed it.

Such is my photograph of him, taken at Richmond during the war, clad in a neat fitting suit of Salem jeans—for his heart was too loyal to his own section to beat under cloth made by the enemies of his State.

Oh! the memory of those Confederate war days, with their sorrow and suffering, and cruel severance of ties, never to be mended this side Heaven! Is there not yet inseparably connected with them a proud something that carries with it fragrant memories of battles won, the triumphant echoes from which reached our farthest homes; of a most honorable poverty which mocked at wealth, as being unpatriotic; of the gay life we worked up for the furloughed heroes who, on crutches, or with arm in sling, came back to us for a breathing spell while the spent Titans rested in Virginia?

No! it was not all gloom and smoke—those years of war—especially when you were in range of the never failing optimism of Governor Vance Others might wear long faces; not so he, who had best excuse for being depressed, with so many looking to him, and leaning on him for support and advice.

Rarely was he overcome; and yet some trials were too much for him; as when he wrote Governor Swain in the closing, sombre days of 1864: "All arguments drawn from the military situation may be answered, but the cry of women and little children for bread cannot be; especially when in response to your appeal to their patriotism the sufferers rejoin: *You, Governor, have plenty; your wife and children do not want.*"

The iron entered into his soul, when he stood *powerless* before the sufferings of the defenceless of his land. But he did all that he could; and "*God bless Zeb Vance*" was heard from many a home, and many a camp and hospital bed. The Ad-Vance, so appropriately named, did not run the blockade bring in fine goods for the delight of dudes—if such creatures then existed—but cotton cards for the lone mothers, who with such weapons fought the wolf from their doors; shoes, blankets, clothing and provisions for the soldiers in the field; quinine, calomel and other medicines and medical appliances for the suffering in the hospitals.

As I am told, the troops of other States, when they saw North Carolina soldiers with new hose or blankets, would remark: "The Ad-Vance has run the blockade again; wish we had a Vance for Governor." All knew he was the one who suggested the ways and means for providing these comforts.

But one may say—what has all this to do with Vance's home-life? Go to the homes of the people, even to-day, and you will learn that those qualities of head and heart which shone in *his home* gave a light which cast its benign influences all over the land, where it is still seen and felt. What array of adjectives can describe him in that happy home where he was always addressed and spoken of by the *mother* of his boys—as "Husband."

Truly it may be said, he was affectionate, tender, gentle, patient, constant, considerate, candid, open-hearted, companionable, hospitable, and generous to a fault. Yet these do not give you the hearty hand-shake; nor do you feel the broad throbbing palm that clasps yours; you do not hear the low merry chuckle of laughing welcome; you do not see the gladsome smile. Never did the husband and the man appear in finer light than during the last illness of the "mother of his boys"—ah! what a brave, saintly soul was hemmed up in the narrow compass of that little figure.

By those permitted the privilege of sharing, at that time, his care for her, it will be remembered to his honor, greater than any triumph of state, that he *stood in the breach* with Death; and fought with sleepless nerve, inch by inch, and hour by hour, to ward off attack and rescue from that cruel clutch his beloved. The contest was long: all science was invoked, but science was powerless to save; relief was in no case more than temporary. He carried her to the mountains, where she was born—to look with dying eyes upon scenes endeared by memories of innocent, happy girlhood, and of yet happier days spent with him in his young manhood. When death finally conquered, it was with submissive head that he bowed to the will of the Master, for he through her had found, like Andrew of old, the Christ. Bravely did he take up the burden of life, which for him then held such great and growing duties.

Let me draw the veil over these sad memories, not to be touched on, however tenderly; they are too sacred for the public to have part in them, yet I would that the public might learn how that gentleness and tenderness ever go with true courage, and that the truly great man is greatest at home, and to those nearest him.

The memory of Governor Vance is a very precious possession to North Carolina, and no means should be spared to preserve and perpetuate it. In so doing, we shall repair in part our shameful neglect of the great dead of earlier times.

It was to a Fayetteville man, E. J. Hale, Sr., that he owed in large measure his *first* great rise in the political world. The Fayetteville *Observer* brought him into prominence, and in 1862 kept his name at the head of his columns for the governorship, until the people ratified the choice. He often referred to this among his friends, and, noble man that he was, he was grateful for it to the end of his days. As he entered through the portals of the *Observer* upon his great career, so fate seems to have decreed that his last political act should be consigned to its friendly columns. His letter of March 5th, 1894, to Major Hale, the son of his old friend and the present editor of the *Observer*, which formed the basis of the leading editorial in its issue of March 8th, 1894, was, so far as known, the last letter written by him on a political subject.

It is an old saying "that no man is hero to his valet" but in Gov. Vance's case the rule found exception. To Samuel Jones, (colored) of Salisbury, N. C., now unhappily deceased, (the fate of all good servants, I fear) his faithful attendant for many years, both in Raleigh and Washington, the Governor was always the *greatest* of men, as was evident to any one who saw his ministrations. And only in less degree was this true of the inferior servants of his household. They all remember him as their best friend, and have grateful recollections of his considerate remembrances of them and their needs—money to buy a horse for one; a cow for another, &c., &c.; none were forgotten in the glad Christmas time. And this was so after he became United States Senator, as well as when he was a country lawyer.

The Governor was a great lover of books and of newspapers—a keen gleaner. I do not know his favorite author. He had a fine library; the Bible always lay on his reading table, showing its frequent use. His knowledge and love for the Holy book is a matter of such common knowledge that no reference to it is needed. It was often the source of his readiness in reply, his pathos, his loftiest eloquence.

He regarded Paul as the first of logicians, Solomon as the greatest philosopher, Moses as the model statesman, and David as chief among poets.

I never knew his estimate of the prophets, as compared with those mentioned, but some of his finest figures in oratory were drawn from Daniel. The book of Job was one of his favorites; and in this connection I recall an incident illustrative of his aptness of address.

Being called on to welcome the State Medical Association at its meeting in Charlotte, he said, after many happy hits at the profession: "And now we have only to ask the terms imposed by the Lord upon Satan when he took Job: 'Behold, we are in thy hands; do with us as you will, only spare our lives.'" Again, I am reminded of being on the platform with him in this same city of Charlotte in 1875, on the occasion of the Mecklenburg Centennial, when during the cheering and clapping of hands at his opening remarks, the whole structure gave way, no one being seriously hurt, however. Continuing his speech: "I *never fail*," said he in great good humor; "I never fail to bring down the house."

And now that I am in the reminiscent line, a friend suggest one, that, owing to Governor Vance's modesty, may not have attained such general currency as most of Vance's sayings have.

When returning from the Seymour and Blair convention in 1868, the Governor, by *urgent* request, stopped over in Richmond to be one of the speakers at a ratification meeting to be held that night at the City Hall. Provincial "*Ciceros*," one after another, were brought forward and flatteringly introduced, whilst "Our Zeb," with a friend or two, sat in rear of the stage, awaiting his turn, which it seemed would never come, though he was, by odds, the most famous man there. "Cicero" No. 1 claimed to represent a county that held the bones of Henry. No. 2 was the guardian of Jefferson's bones. No. 3 of Madison's. No. 4 of Washington's. No. 5 of Monroe's, and so on. During all this the chief guest wore a black brow, on which the clouds settled thicker, as the night wore on. At last eleven o'clock came, and Vance was introduced to a fagged, worn-out crowd.

"I come," he began "*from a State that has no bones; I represent no bone-yard; except those in our living bodies, belonging to the unnumbered North Carolina Infantry who lie in front of Richmond, protecting your soil from invasion and your people from outrage.*"

And then the crowd rose to a man with deafening yells, which wiped off the slight of the managers. He then passed on to the campaign, which he touched as he ever did, with a hand of a master. Only apprentices had spoken in all the preceding hours. But now the heart-opener, the blood stirrer, the laugh-kindler, the brain-tickler, was on his feet, and the crowd could not get enough; and long after midnight they were begging him not to stop, that they would cheerfully stay with him till morning.

In comparing Governor Vance with the great men of other States and times, those seemingly best informed tell me he was much like Charles James Fox, the great English Liberal; but certainly this was not true as to the home life of the two men, since Vance's was a gentle, as patient and tender as Hawthorne's at the Brook Farm.

He was carried by force from his home in the year 1865, a year burnt into the memory of the people of the South. It was a year when simply by orders from Washington, without any process of law as provided by the Constitution, Governors and other officers chosen by the people were displaced and others provided in their stead.

Governor Vance had shared the fate of all good governors, and had to leave the Mansion at Raleigh. He had secured a home in Statesville, Mrs. Vance was then in very feeble health; my sister being with her at the time to which I refer.

The Governor, who was necessarily absent a good deal, had gotten home and expected to spend his birthday, May 13th, with his family.

In spite of the many adverse circumstances, nothing would do the little wife, though she was in a sick bed, but celebrate "husband's" birthday; the dinner was made ready, though the table did not groan with the weight of rich viands. The mother was too sick to take her place at the table, but the boys were there, and with the Governor at the head of the table, vied with himself in cheerful, good-natured, humorous conversation. In the midst of the repast, a man in blue clothes, armed, was seen in the yard, and another, and another. The house was surrounded by United States soldiers. His first thought was the sick mother and wife, and how he might keep it from her; but the cook rushed into her room, in great fright, and said, "Lord! Miss Hattie, there's a thousand Yankees in the yard!"

The Governor went out, met the officer in charge, and looking about at the men, said in his good-natured way, pointing at the cottage: "It's unfortunate, but my house is too small to invite all my guests to come in." He then invited the officers to a chair on the front piazza till he could go and soothe the feelings of his sick wife. She bore it as bravely as he. "You must bring the officer in here, and let me see him," she said. All protested that it would only excite her, and do her harm; but she bade them hush, for "*see him I will*," she said. The Governor brought him into the sick room, and, introducing him, said, "Captain, do you need stronger proof of a welcome?" The Captain, trying to assure her, said "Madam, we will do him no harm." No, she said, the spirit of indignation at the meanness of the arrest rising in her, "*No, if you dare to hurt one hair of my husband's head, all North Carolina, to a man, will rise against you.*" She forgot for the moment that North Carolina was then "a *conquered province*." After coming out from Mrs. Vance's room, the Captain was met by a brother officer, who said: "Well, how did you meet it?" "meet, indeed," he replidd; "I met a little woman not much bigger than a sparrow, but as brave as a lion and as true as steel." How trying a time it was to both of them; yet they both bore up under it most bravely. After a few hurried preparations for his departure, the Governor was carried off, under guard, towards Salisbury, on his way to the Old Capitol prison.

The officers and men who took him were not to blame, but his arrest and imprisonment was a cowardly act on the part of the government of the United States. It was in keeping with that shameful, infamously cruel policy, which not only imprisoned Jefferson Davis in Fortress Monroe, the strongest fort in the United States, but thrust him into a casemate with an armed soldier standing over him, and then had iron fetters riveted on his emaciated limbs; the same policy which sent Alexander H. Stephens, then in most feeble health, to sufier in a cold, damp, cheerless casemate in Fort Warren in Boston Harbor.

One other reminder of him, or, rather, of his first wife. In the early years of their married life, Mr. Vance, as he was then called, was being urged by the Whigs to contest with Col. David Coleman for the State Senatorship in the Buncombe district. He did not incline to the race; Mrs. Vance was in poor health; his living depended upon sticking to his profession, the law, and he liked Col. Coleman in every way. He therefore declared that under no circumstances would he run, and so informed Mrs. Vance, who was then under constant medical treatment, and who was greatly relieved thereby. The family physician, a near friend of both husband and wife, was on his next visit greatly elated at this good news, and in his joy declared that he would vote against "Zeb" if he changed his mind. But this was too unsatisfying for the little wife, and she came around in short turn as she ever did when "husband," was involved. "Sick or well, life or death, never show yourself in this house again if you dare vote against husband," she said, ignoring the remote contingency on which the Doctor's threat hung, and he had to retract the whole remark before she would be easy with him. Her love for her husband was so great, so entirely given up to a dear affection, that she thought the same things, and loved the same loves, and breathed in his soul, lived in his presence, languished in his absence; all that she was, or did, was only for, and to her dearest loved.

Of his later home-life I know personally almost nothing. Those who have seen it tell me it was marked by all that was attractive in the earlier time.

The last time I saw him was in July, 1892, at the Hammock hotel, to which he had gone in search of health. He was sitting on the piazza up stairs, from which he could look out on "old ocean," and draw in the invigorating salt air. For the first time in the many years I had known him he failed to rise to greet us. Lines of suffering were plainly visible in his face. But his first remark was so characteristic of him. I was about to take a seat on the paralyzed side, when he asked me to place my chair on the other side, saying, "I want to always keep on the good side with you." He knew how sorry I was to see even a partial paralysis of his dear face. His lovely wife soon came out and joined us and by her charming manner helped to make us loath to leave when the signal for our train sounded. The Governor joined in the conversation with somewhat of his old humor, but appeared to be thoughtful. In the conversation mentioned was made of the convention at Chicago, that had shortly before nominated Cleveland. He and Mrs. Vance were both far from thinking that it was the wisest or best nomination that could have been made.

He commended the action of the North Carolina delegation in casting their vote for Stevenson, adding "North Carolina *always* does right." but, says he, "There is trouble ahead of us." Told that North Carolina had always been right in taking his advice, and that we hoped to have him yet many years as our leader, he sadly remarked: "North Carolina has always given all that I ask—far more than I ever deserved.', But after this he paused, then added: "I am hoping for an inheritance that cannot be taken from me.

Did he *then*' with patriotic eye, see the troubles which *now* distract our people, and was he tired and longing for that rest which we love to believe he is now enjoying? To add to his burdens there were some, to the credit of North Carloina, be it said, only a few, who found fault with his course, and wrote and spoke unkind words about him. This hurt him sorely. But nothing daunted, conscious of the rectitude of his motives, he though with constantly declining health, labored on, until death stopped his work and hushed his voice. On Sunday morning, April 15th, 1894, the home in which he had been the life was filled with sadness and gloom. The news was flashed throughout the land; it was caught off the wires, and friend met friend, saying with sad face and bated breath, "Vance is dead." 'Twas whispered from pew to pew, in the churches. 'Twas carried from home to home throughout the State—*Vance is dead*—all had lost a friend. "*A Prince and a great man has fallen.*" Truly, his memory is precious. What lessons shall the present, rising and coming generations learn from his life, so true to his home and his State.

I can hardly think of Gov. Vance except as inseparably associated with the Confederacy, and both are now ghosts together. Yet if mortal could call immortals back, what a splendid vision would the present generation, just growing up witness, could my dream find realization. I think of our spectral South as a modern "Pucelle," leading the charge, her eye lit with the fire of battle, her glorious white arms free, and waving banners of hope to all her suffering children.

The vision changes, and my maiden warrior is at the stake, with canting bishops, charging Rebel lion's many sins upon her dejected head; but ever attendant upon her, "*true knight and leal*," is the shade of our young Governor. The sweep of her robe touches his dusty coat of gray as they climb Malvern Hill together; her disembodied spirit ministers to him in the walls of *the old Capitol prison* during that vicarious suffering. Let us hope that her other warrior children, with archangelic brows, now greet him brother, and give him place beside them "under the shade of the trees."

A SHORT HISTORY.

Our Neighborhood News During the past Seven Days.

Caldwell.

Lenoir Topic, September 18th.

Mrs. Mary Wilds died at her home in Lenoir township on Sunday, the 15th inst. ....Work on the roller flouring mill goes right ahead and Mr. Moore hopes to have it in operation in October. ....Our people seem to be very well pleased with Judge Bryan. He is fair in his rulings and very courteous to the bar. ....A few days ago Mr. Web Williams, of Little River, killed ten pilot snakes in his new ground. They were all in one old log. ....Owing to the large amount of freight to be handled, the C. & L. R. R.—the People's Own Line—last week put on an extra train to move it. .... Davenport College opened its fall session last Thursday with flattering prospects, and the indications are that the present session will be a most prosperous one. .... Mr. A. G. Corpening, in his canning establishment at North Catawba, has already put up 12,200 cans of berries, peaches, cherries and tomatoes. He will fill about 3,000 more cans during the season. ....Married at the residence of Mr. Jacob Phillips, in Little River township, on Sunday, the 8th, inst, Mr. Lee Harris to Miss Artie Phillips, also Mr. Charlie Howell to Miss Lizzie Austin.

Catawba.

Hickory Press and Carolinian, Sept. 19th.

About 30 sacks of public documents were brought here last week for Congressman A. C. Shuford. He had to hire a team to carry them out to his home. .... Monday morning the street force was put to work again. They began working Morganton st. ...Mr. and Mrs. Jones Seits, Messrs. Joe Hawn, Tom Huffman and Elisha Holler started Tuesday, the 17th, to Pilot Point, Texas. ....Minister Matt. W. Ransom and son, Robert Ransom, were in our city a short while last Wednesday, on their way from Blowing Rock to Mexico. Many friends shook hands with Minister Ransom. .... Mr. Sam. Campbell is no longer policeman. He resigned last week.

Newton Enterprise, Sept. 20th.

Lincoln court will come off this term October 14th. It will be about two weeks later than usual. ....Chills are raging all along Clark's creek, and they are beginning to reach out a mile or so from the creek. ....More brandy is being guaged in the county this year in one month than was done two years ago during the entire season. ....The building of a cotton factory at Island Ford has been abandoned. ....Three bales of new cotton were sold in Newton Wednesday. The price paid was eight cents. ....Last Wednesday as Rev. M. T. Steele and J. Hoyle were returning in the buggy from holding a meeting at Ashbury church near Ironton some unknown person threw rocks at them, one of which struck Mr. Hoyle on the back of the head making a very ugly and painful wound. The gentlemen stopped the buggy and as they did so a burly negro came out after them with a club, but seeing two persons instead of one he beat a hasty retreat.

Lincoln.

Lincoln Courier, Sept. 20th.

The Lincoln *Courier* has been purchased by Mr. Chas. L. Coon and will hereafter be known as the *Democrat*. ....By a vote of 90 to 12 the town of Lincolnton decided to purchase the Lincolnton Iron Works and present them to the Chester & Lennir railroad on condition that the shops be located in Lincolnton. ....Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Sudie Graham, to Mr. Caspar Walke, of Richmond, Va. The marriage is to take place at noon on the 24th of this month at Forest Home, Machpelah, the home of the bride's parents in Lincoln county. ....A little two year old girl was found in Capt. Edward's back yard last Saturday night. The child was crying when found and said its "mammy" had whipped it and told it to stay there until she came back for it. It also said that its "mammy's" name is Can and its "daddy's" name Tom. It is thnught the the child is mixed Italian and negro. It was taken by a colored man Squire Slade and his wife, seem exceedingly fond of it and hope no one will come to claim it. ....On Saturday, Sept. 14th, 1895, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Johnston, aged three months, died.

Gaston.

Gastonia Gazette, Sept. 19th.

Mr. John Bryson and Miss Nancy Kellar were married at the Factory chapel last night at 8 o'clock. .... On Tuesday of last week a mule colt belonging to Mr. Sam Bradley got a foot cut off in a mowing mach. The bone was cut in two, but the foot hung on by a piece of skin. With some hope of saving the colt, for it was a fine animal, Mr. Bradley had Dr. Wilson to sew the skin together around the limb and set it in a plaster cast. The wound was apparently getting along well, until the itching caused the animal to bite off the cast and tear loose the stitches. The wound bled freely. It was sewed up again and reset. The issue of the matter is awaited with some interest. It is believed that if further accident can be prevented, the mule will yet have a good leg of it. ....Last Friday morning about ten o'clock the alarm of fire was giving near the Methodist church. From the main portion of town a column of smoke could be seen shooting up, and some thought and cried out that it was Dr. Adams' residence on fire. But it proved to be an unoccupied outhouse belonging to Mr. Love Davis.

Cleveland.

Cleveland Star, September, 19th.

Mrs. Mahalia Newton, an aged widow lady, who resides in No. 11 township, was assaulted Sunday by a negro, who attempted to rob her. Mrs. Newton is a rather well-to-do old lady and it is generally known that she had some money, and that she always carried it under her belt around her waist. She lived alone with the exception of a small child. Sunday evening a negro came to her house and coming very close to her made a strike with a knife in his hand, trying to cut her belt and thus secure her money, but he failed in this and the child that was near by, began calling for help, so the negro made several strikes at her throat with the knife, cutting her throat in several places, and severing a vain which caused her to bleed profusely. During the time three of Mrs. Newton's fingers were cut off near the end. The negro failed to get the money and ran away for fear of being captured. Dr. Whisnant was immediately summoned and sewed up the wounds, but the old lady is not expected to live. Five negroes have been arrested on suspicion, one of them being the negro who cut the throat of the telegraph operator at Blacksburg several months ago, but he was permitted to escape.

Shelby Aurora, September 19th.

Mr. C. H. Shull, our enterprising tinner has secured the contract for putting on the immense tin-roof on Henrietta Mills No. 2, whose dimensions are about 110 x 540 feet. He expects soon to commence this big job with skilled workmen. ....On Monday the executors sold, as advertised in the Aurora, the lands and lots belonging to the estate of Jno. Z. Fall, deceased. The lands as a whole brought good prices, aggregating $4479.34 and were purchased by several parties. .... An aged woman, Mrs. J. Esley Davis, after three months' illness and a life of seventy-six years well spent, has been called to her reward. She died Thursday September 11th, 1895. ....Shelby has caught the inspiration of better stores and our people are building houses. ....Thos. F. Elliotte Ola, of this county, has two young pet gray foxes and two pet coons.

McDowell.

Marion Record, September 19th.

Martin Brothers' store is nearing completion. ....Mr. George Bell, a native Chinaman, lectured, as announced, to a large audience at the Methodist church Thursday night. ....Lonon Brother's are laying the foundation for a new brick store building on Main street next to the old Burgin stand. .... Messrs. J. G. and Logan Nichols, have purchased the L. H. Weaver lot on Main St., next to Norton's, and will at an early date, begin the erection upon it of a handsome brick store building. Just before going to press to day, the sad intelligence of the death of Mr. Sam. L. Dysart reaches our ears. He died at the home of his father, Mr. J. S. Dysart, last night about 8 o'oclock after a sickness of about three weeks. ....We are informed that a marriage will take place at Old Fort on October 9th. Mr. Long and Miss Tressie Westerman are the contracting parties.

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Chicago Times-Herald.

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And Bilious Bill;
We never worked;
We never will.
The hedge our roof,
The sod's our cot;
An oyster can's
Our coffee pot.

We break our fast
At break o' day;
Then hoist our traps
And go our way.
We revel in
Fair Nature's moods;
We're long on joys
If short on foods.

Our life is free.
We skip the towns;
No copper fierce
Upon us frowns.
We make no bluff
About hard times,
The '73,
Or other crimes

We do not claim
That we refrain
From work to save
Our fellows pain,
That jobs may fall
In other hands.
We but obey
The Lord's commands.

Man was not born
To toil and sweat;
We how to fate
With no regret.
We're Hungry Ike
And Bilious Bill;
We never worked;
We never will.

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