

THE MORGANTON HERALD
is the best advertising medium in the
Piedmont section of North Carolina.
If you want to buy anything, see
this paper first. Now is the time you
ought to rent anything, lease any-
thing, or if there is anything, what-
ever it is which you wish to call atten-
tion of the best people of Burke,
Caldwell, McDowell, Cleveland and
other counties in the Piedmont sec-
tion of North Carolina, advertise in
the MORGANTON HERALD. Large re-
turns from a small outlay. Rates low,
considering circulation. Testimonials
from THE HERALD'S advertising pat-
rons furnished on request.

The Morganton Herald

VOL. XII.—NO. 7.

MORGANTON, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Items of Interest from the Counties
Around Us.

TOLD BY THE PRESS.

A WEEK OF BLESSINGS.

Rev. A. C. Dixon's Meetings at Shelby—
Caton Gettys Found guilty of Murder
in the Second Degree—Fire at Belmont
Mills.

Cleveland Star, April 23d.

Ex-Deputy Sheriff Biggerstaff
was put in jail Tuesday evening
charged with disposing of mort-
gaged property. . . . An infant
child of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Wil-
liams of Fallston, died Monday.

Henrietta now has a part in
two papers. The Forest City and
Henrietta News and the Twin City
Enterprise, the latter issued jointly
from Ellenboro and Henrietta.

The O. R. & C. excursion brought
about 75 passengers to hear the
Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn,

preach here last Sunday. People
came from all the adjoining town-
ships.

In burning off new grounds,
the woods caught fire Monday
night about 4 miles east of Shelby
and made a tremendous blaze. A
great deal of wood was burned.

...Mrs. W. W. McFarland, who
recently lost her house by fire, has
been compromised with the insurance
company for \$600. It was insured
for \$1,000 and the company refused
to pay it upon the ground that it
was not insured.

Belmont Cotton Mills had a close call Sat-
urday morning. Fire was discov-
ered in the picker's room and some
of the operatives became panic
stricken and ran out of the build-
ing, and had it not been that Mr.
A. C. Miller, the owner of the mills,
happened to be present, the factory
would doubtless have been
burned up, for as it was, it was a
very narrow escape. Four bales
of cotton were damaged. The loss
was about \$40.00. . . . Monday
was the day set for the trial of
Caton Gettys for killing Phillip
Eaker, at J. J. Jones' distillery in
No. 1 township last year. The
special venire of 75 men was sum-
moned and they all were present
Monday. The regular jury list
was gone through with like they
three men out of the 75 were
called, before a jury was selected.
They began taking testimony Mon-
day afternoon and completed it
Tuesday morning. The jury agreed
Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.
Court convened and they rendered
their verdict: "Guilty of murder in
the second degree." The verdict
was no surprise to the public, or
to those who were at the court house.
Gettys has not yet been sentenced.

Many evangelists and em-
inent divines have visited Shelby,
the beautiful "City of Springs," in
bygone days, and many have
preached and labored within her
borders, but few men of such great
ability, and such unselfish devo-
tion and full consecration to the
work of the Master, like Rev. A.
C. Dixon, have ever ministered to
the people. Quite a number of sin-
ners confessed Christ, many back-
sliders were reclaimed and all
Christians were greatly benefited
and strengthened by attending the
meetings. Large crowds gathered
at each service, but Sunday was
the crowning day of all. The ser-
vices were held in the evening, and
the crowds were simply im-
mense; all during the week the
sermons, like the crowds, were
great, and Sunday the sermons,
again like the crowds, were great.

CUPID AN ECCENTRIC FELLOW.

Andrew Torrence, aged 20, and Cal-
vine Setzer, aged 70, married in Cal-
well—The Bicycle Craze Has Struck Le-
noir—Other Caldwell News.

Lenoir Topic, April 22d

Rev. T. A. Boone is conducting
a protracted meeting at the Meth-
odist church. . . . Wheat is look-
ing fine and the prospect for a
good crop is splendid. All over the
county. . . . Travel to Blowing
Rock has already begun. Mr. Aber-
nethy sent up two loads of vis-
itors last week. . . . Married in
Lower Creek township, on the 16th
inst., Mr. William Earnest to Miss
Mary Day, by Rev. I. W. Thomas.

...The attorneys for the defense
in the Franklin case are making
efforts to get a hearing before the
Supreme court at present time.

Friday night of last week, Mr.
Davis Barber, aged 75 years. He
was buried Sunday morning at the
Shell grave yard. . . . Clerk of
the Court McCull, celebrated his
thirty-third birthday last Satur-
day. His mother, brothers, sisters
and near neighbors took dinner
with him on that occasion. . . .
On Thursday night of last Mr.
Henry Smith died at his home in
Little River township, aged 28
years. . . . Capt. and Mrs. John-
son left last week for a visit to the
Captain's father and mother, Mr.
and Mrs. Daniel P. Johnson, at
Rutherford College. On Monday
morning Mr. and Mrs. B. G. John-
son and little son, Master Roy, ac-
companied by Prof. Creveling and
Miss Florence Johnson, were seen
take a photograph of the family
group, which represents four gen-
erations, to-wit: The Captain, his
father and son, B. G. and his son,
Roy. . . . Cupid is an eccentric
fellow, and sometimes brings about
rather strange and unexpected
events. Among the latest is the
marriage of Mr. Andrew E. Tor-
rence, aged 20 years, and Mrs.
Catherine Setzer, aged 70. This
wedding, remarkable only for the
disparity in the ages of the con-
tracting parties, took place last
Thursday evening, on the Malber-
ry road near Mr. Watt Austin's.

Rev. H. C. Marley officiated. Quite a crowd of Lenoir bikers rode out on their wheels to witness the ceremony. . . . The bicycle craze predicted in the winter has at last struck the town in dead earnest.

The experts, who have learned the
art, ride with wonderful ease and
swiftness and emit many beautiful
curves on the public square. But
the younger members wiggle about
a good deal and make many un-
graceful angles and awkward
movements. Mr. Haily occasionally
falls all over his wheel and
tears his clothing. Hon. W. C.
Newland, in order to prevent acci-
dents, rides with both feet on the
ground. The girl clad in bloomers
has so far failed to put in her ap-
pearance.

A HORRIBLE CRIME.

Wants to Build a Hotel—Revenue Officers
Make a Raid in Polk—A Boy Probably
Abducted—Narrow Escape From Death—
Forest Fires.

Rutherfordton Democrat, April 24th.

There is a big scandal in the
British section. It is said that
the pretty 18-year-old daughter
of a well-known citizen of that sec-
tion, who gave birth to an illegiti-
mate child, the paternity of
which she ascribed to her father.
The child disappeared immedi-
ately after birth and it was given
out that it had been born dead.
There is much talk, and it is thought
by many that a legal investigation
should be had. . . . Mr. F. A.
Chevalier, the famous hotelist of
Columbus, was here this week
looking for a site upon which to
erect a fine hotel building. Mr.
Chevalier would bring a crowd of
both summer and winter board-
ers with him. The town needs a
good hotel building and is losing
money by not having one. . . .
Revenue raider J. L. Butler with
Deputy Marshal Butler made a
raid into the Green River section
of Polk county Saturday and cap-
tured a copper still and destroyed
1,000 gallons of beer. They had a
lively race after the moonshiners,
but they succeeded in making
their escape. . . . Fletcher Big-
gerstaff, the 9 year old son of Mrs.
Amanda Biggerstaff, living near
Erwin school house, disappeared
from home on Monday of last week.
His mother called Saturday in
great distress and asked the fire
to advertise for him. She thinks
he has been abducted. . . .
Daniel Pool, a prominent citizen
of upper Cleveland, was tried last
week on a charge of incest and
sentenced to five years, the limit
of the law, in the penitentiary.
His daughter charged him with
being the father of her child. . . .
Drew W. Howie, the well known
dentist, had a narrow escape from
a horrible death Sunday night.
He retired to his room in rear of
Harrill Brothers' store rather late.
He awoke about 12 o'clock to find
his bedstead in flames. The bedding
and in a few moments he would
have burned to death. He threw
the burning bedding out of a win-
dow and escaped with the loss of
his trousers and the fire that
destroyed the bedstead. How
the fire originated Dr. Howie does
not know, unless he absent mended
dropped to sleep while smok-
ing a cigarette. . . . Some negroes
living in the vicinity of Union
Mills went off to church Saturday
leaving log heaps in a new ground
they were clearing, burning, and
soon there was the fiercest
forest fire that was ever seen in
that section. Round Hill church
and the town of Union Mills barely
escaped destruction. Immense
damage was done to timber and
fencing. . . . Mrs. Collins, wife of
Russell Collins, died at her home
near Garnet last Saturday, aged
nearly 70 years, and was laid to
rest in the family burial ground
Sunday. She leaves a husband
and eight sons and daughters, who
have our sympathy. . . . Mrs.
Didama Henson, widow of Dr. B.
F. Henson, will celebrate her 99th
birthday on June 24th. Mrs. Hen-
son lives in Sulphur Springs town-
ship and is in good health.

THE HICKORY INN CLOSED.

Potato Bugs Are Numerous in Catawba—
A Burke Man Loses His Wagon and
Gears Off His Horse—He "Pined" By
Caldwell News.

Hickory Mercury, April 22d.

Mrs. M. E. Thornton left yester-
day for an extended trip to Ken-
tucky. . . . Mrs. Carrie Gamble
has become the local editor of the
Newton Enterprise, for the Hickory
department. . . . Dr. J. T. John-
son bought the Ellis house on the
new Methodist church lot Satur-
day at public auction, paying only
\$22. He is moving it to a vacant
lot of his and will soon have it re-
built into a nice dwelling. . . . We
understand that Mr. Thomas M.
Huffman, of this city, has been in-
vited to deliver the literary ad-
dress of the commencement exer-
cises of Moravian Falls academy
on May the 7th. . . . We are
pained to hear of the death of Mr.
B. H. Gordon, which occurred at
his home in Mecklenburg last Sun-
day. He has many friends here.

...Miss Ora Huffman, daughter
of Postmaster W. P. Huffman, is
now assistant postmaster in the
Hickory office. . . . We are sorry
to say the Hickory Inn closed yester-
day until June at least. In jus-
tice to Mr. Loughran, will say he
has done much since he came
among us to keep up Hickory, and
we hope he will continue to remain
here and can arrange to make it
profitable to continue the Inn.

...The potato bugs are very nu-
merous. As soon as a potato
sprout gets out, four or five jump
it right now. Without much pains
and expense in some sections,
there will be no potatoes. Some
say they come with the potatoes

and is the result of buying North- ern seed. . . . It is reported here that last Saturday a week ago, a Mr. Hildebrand, of Burke, in going from here west by Cook's distillery and between there and home lost his wagon and the gears off one horse and never found it. . . . It next morning. He was seen late Saturday evening hunting for them.

LARGE SHIPMENTS OF SWEET PO- TATOES.

5,500 Bushels Shipped from Hickory
Since April 1st—Horns, Horses and
Grain Burned—Closing Exercises of
Claremont College.

Hickory Press, April 23rd.

Messrs. Street & Smith, of New
York, write Mr. Hale that his
translation of "Belle Rose" has
reached a sale of 4,000 up to
date. . . . One of our merchants
informs us that since April 1st
there has been shipped from Hickory
5,500 bushels of sweet potatoes
by different parties. . . . Col. G.
N. Folk, a prominent and aged
lawyer of Caldwell county passed
through the city last week on his
way to Salisbury to visit his
nephew, Mr. J. B. Council. . . .
Mr. Gabriel Caldwell, a former
citizen of Hickory, now residing
at Troutman's, Iredell county, lost
his barn, horses and grain by fire
Sunday morning. No insurance.

...Cards have been issued an-
nouncing the marriage of Mr. E.
L. Fritz to Miss Ora Huit. The
ceremony will be performed at St.
James church near Newton on the
24th of April. . . . Rev. J. L.
Murphy officiated at the wedding
of Miss H. Ramsour, the great ex-
cursionist, and who is now with his
family in the State of Washington,
will be here in July to run his
annual excursion from the moun-
tains to Wilmington. . . . The
closing exercises of the present
term of Claremont College began
last Sunday night with the annual
sermon before the school in the Be-
formed Church by the Rev. C. A.
Monroe, of Lenoir. The church
was literally packed with people.
The services were introduced with
a duet, "Sweet Hour of Prayer,"
sang by Mrs. Murphy and Miss
Ramsour. Mr. Monroe selected as
his subject "Mary, the Sister of
Lazarus," drawing many valuable
lessons from this beautiful charac-
ter. Wednesday night the primary
school gave an entertainment and
on Thursday night the commence-
ment exercises closed with an en-
tertainment given by the young
ladies of the college.

STATE NEWS.

Goldsbrough had a \$25,000 fire on
April 17th.

The Herald learns upon good
authority that Salisbury is to have
a \$50,000 hotel.

Vice President and Mrs. Steven-
son and their daughter will attend
the University commencement.

City Clerk Rice, of Wilmington,
was, on last Wednesday, deposed
because he worked against Rus-
sell.

On last Wednesday, fire de-
stroyed the Congehewen saw mill,
at Scotland Neck. The loss is
\$15,000; no insurance.

Fire destroyed the store and
stock of goods of S. Alpine & Co.,
of Kinston, before daybreak last
Wednesday morning. Loss, \$20,-
000; insurance, \$1,500.

The Concord Times has exam-
ined its Democratic State ex-
changes for one week and finds 24
for a free silver, 26 for sound money,
and a number undecided.

The machine shops of the Sea-
board Air Line, at Raleigh, were
burned last Wednesday morning,
causing a loss of \$60,000. The
shops were insured for \$60,000.

The Republican Congressional
convention met at Maxton last
Wednesday and nominated Sheriff
Smith, of Richmond county, for
Congress, and endorsed Dockery
for Governor.

The Charlotte Observer says the
16-year-old daughter of Mr. John
Nance, who works at the Cornelius
cotton mills, was burned to death
one day last week by the explo-
sion of a lamp, which she was car-
rying from one room to another.

The North Wilkesboro News says
that Wm. Triplett, a negro, who
lived on a Stony
Rock, Wilkes county, fell from a
rock cliff into the creek on Tues-
day evening of last week and was
found dead there next morning by
searchers for him.

The Mt. Airy News is informed
that George Tucker, colored, who
is 96 years old, is the father of 63
living children and has nearly 500
grandchildren, great grandchild-
ren, etc. The old man is still
spry and says he can split 200
cheatnut rails in a day.

Bob Chambers, a negro preach-
er, was tied to a tree and shot to
death by a mob at Cranberry, N.
C., last Wednesday night. He had
attempted to chloroform and rape
Mrs. Wilson. In order to get the
people away from the house so as
to present a favorable opportunity,
Chambers fired the barn. A pistol,
a large knife and a bottle of chloro-
form were found in the room. He
confessed the crime.

The Charlotte Observer will cele-
brate May 20th, the anniversary of
the Mecklenburg Declaration of
Independence, by issuing a wom-
an's edition. The special num-
ber will contain twenty pages,
brimful of interesting articles on
various subjects, and five thousand
copies will be printed. Miss Ma-
nie Salls is editor-in-chief and
Miss Sallye Whisart business man-
ager.

Subscribe for THE HERALD.
Only \$1.00 a year.

CORN CRACKER WANTS REST.

He Was Born Wanting Rest, and He
Still Wants It.

THE DOCTOR OF "FEENANCE."

Corn Cracker Wants to Know if the
Game Laws of the State, or the Statute
Against Cruelty to Animals, Protect
This Unnecessary Evil—A Visit to Cleve-
land Court.

Special Correspondence of The Herald.

With no plan in view to save the
State, no private grief to ventilate,
no stirring discovery, scientific
objection, or any other writer makes
his bow to the reading public to
report things as they appear to an
obscure looker-on in Venice.

In the first place, spring am here,
gentle Annie; and the temperature
is painfully in evidence. The
horny handed son of toil breaketh
the stubborn glib, and as he pulls
the hemp cord over a lineal de-
scendant of Balaam's ancient
"babe," his joints are wrenched in
his sockets, and he lifteth up his
voice and sweareth copiously.
Then he that getteth out the news
and sitteth on the tripod, and who
knoweth not an antichoke from an
Italian beehive, writeth and saith
it is naught, for verily too much
cotton reduceth the price to 5 cts.,
and behold Sunny Southland is
between the devil and the deep
blue sea. Then the spring poet
riseth up with a sonnet of our
score verses, and taketh the same
to a man who rides the tripod and
wieldeth the scissors and the quill.
Then the editor riseth up as one
man, getteth his son-of-a-gun and
bloweth out the place where the
alleged brains of the poet ought to
be, and all the people say "Amen."
Then the coroner taketh to him-
self a jury as wise looking, but as
fool as the stamp of a hog's
teeth. When asked why he didn't
cut off his head, he replied: "An'
do faith that was already off." The
fusion contingent have declared
for two years that the Dark Duke,
"Like Caesar dead and turned to clay
Might stop a hole to bear the wind away."

He seems to be rather a lively
corpse, and all can remember
when the behest of the Dark Duke
was like the stamp of a hog's
tooth. The Democrats are hopeful
and swear there are yet seven
thousand who have not bowed the
knee to Baal or kissed his image.

As this is the season when court
convenes in Shelby, N. C., it is a
moving sight to witness the sur-
ging tide of humanity that here do
congregate.

On Wednesday, 13th inst., we went
down on the hurricane deck of our
war chariot, and pulled the thro-
tling valve on our charger, Buck-a-
fee-lis. We were prepared to see a
large crowd, but hardly expected
to see so many drawn together of
every age, sex and precious condi-
tion of servitude. In the first place,
an election contest has been on
the docket for twelve months, and
which claims of T. D. Lattimore,
present Democratic incumbent at
clerk of court, and Prof. J. H.
Quinn, Populist contestant, have
been exciting considerable inter-
est. Partisan feeling has been
high, and a verdict was expected
from Judge Burwell, who was en-
gaged as a referee. Nothing short
of a negro hanging would have
brought out such overwhelming
numbers from all ranks and social
conditions. Somehow the rumor
was circulated that His Honor
Judge Bryan is a Pop., "non-parti-
san," and of the pronounced
corn-cob pipe-smoking and cot-
ton-stuffing type. They, therefore,
expected to gloat over the sight of
T. D. Lattimore in chains, ban-
ished into exile, or, like Lucifer,
thrown over the battlements of
heaven, and Prof. Quinn reveling
in the honors and emoluments of
"clerk of the cot." As a gorge
ous background, "his honah" was
to be smoking like a tarkin, and
his ears were to be padded with
cotton so as to shut out the shrieks
of the afflicted wick who had
the temerity and gall insufferable
to hold an office to which he had
no claim but a majority of two
votes against the peace and digni-
ty of the holy combine. To the
consternation, Judge Bryan is a
vile Democrat, who maintains the
time-honored dignity of the North
Carolina judiciary, while that arch
Democrat, T. D. Lattimore, still
discharges the duties of his office.

To add insult to injury, the G. O.
P. failed to burn incense under
his nostrils or obey the mandates
of Boss Butler. So the Anglo-
Saxon lion and the African lamb
no longer lie down together, and
the trail of the serpent is in the
political Eden. The Democratic
Philistines are in the saddle, and
even some of these sons of perdi-
tion are on the jury and grand
jury. Sometimes a contingent of
the holy combine is tried, con-
victed and sentenced just like a
Democrat, and truly it seems
wonderful that to never cease. Your
writer was very much amused at
some of our Populist friends, who,
CORN CRACKER.

case. Like the solemn voice of unrelenting fate, were heard "There is no excellence without great labor," and whose would fill his coffers or cover himself with a mantle of un fading glory, must get a Waterbury move on himself.

We have been a teacher, a mis-
sionary, an Ishmaelite that sold
clocks, and a mounted scribe that
rideth in the high ways and hedges
hunting the lost sheep of the Dem-
ocratic house of Israel, but to this
good day we have failed to solve
the financial problem. We have
concluded it should be a misde-
meanor for every cross-roads poli-
tician to agitate the question, and
the press that knows too much
about it should be likewise muzzled.

In our goodness of heart we
hooked our boss Buck-a-fee-lis to
a Jamescrow war chariot to see the
G. O. P. factions, with our friends,
worry and devour each other. It
was announced that the Plumed
Knight of Raleigh, the Shelby
Sultan, together with the Sorrel
Shirk of Rutherford political com-
bine, with Little Wooden Indian
of the last Legislature, were to
unhorse the "Dark Duke of Forest
City." The classmen rallied and
Little Wooden Indian shed his
war bonnet, stood on his hind
feet and howled like the red Nu-
midian lion. He spread his smok-
ing coat-tail in the aisle of the
court house and offered a steady
salary to any who would step
thereon. He gloried in the Pop-
ade of "feenance" and worked
himself into an ecstasy be-
cause the "Legislator" had en-
acted a law that Judas Iscariot
or John A. Murrell would find
impossible to violate. He believes
that under the benign laws en-
acted by said "Legislator" God
reigns and the Government lives."
Next an ex-magistrate, ex parson,
ex-S. S. Sup't, and a product of
Rutherford county rose and
thanked God that his party (Re-
publican) had given such whole-
some laws, such stable currency
and such prosperity. The Plumed
Knight of the City of Oaks then
and thereupon rose and bewailed
that a depreciated currency was
responsible for the present string-
ency. The Son of Ham was nu-
merous and as usual "the colored
troops fought nobly." To a looker
on in Venice it seemed rather
amusing to see the Dark Duke so
discomfited when he was not in
their deliberations. It reminded
us of the Irishman who walked
"bouldily up to wan of the inemy
in a battle and cut off one of his
feet. When asked why he didn't
cut off his head, he replied: "An'
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CORN CRACKER.

if suits of clothes were worth a cent apiece, could not advance money for the arm-hole of a vest, that wanted to bet a five-dollar hat on the Democrats "not elect- ing nary office in the State." The men who were so wildly anxious to do all this, were wearing last year's straw hats, and their linen looked as if their "other shirt" had been lost in a bet on the last election.

The Shelby "boneyard" was
filled with saviors of the State and
doctors of "feenance." Every
man was telling his fellow that
"Old Wall Street" had the coun-
try by the throat, and a great
crisis was pending. One every fer-
ocious statesman who had a wobble
in his gait, and a very uncertain
look in his eye, would ever
laid eyes on "Old Wall Street"
he'd kill him. From their crow-
baited horses and trappings of the
same, together with the habilim-
ents of the riders, we thought
that in their cases the crisis had
arrived. Among the amusing epi-
sodes was that of a mountain
master and a chieftain of a histo-
ric over his red-whiskered, and
tore-don son of the forest had a
load of apples, to which was hitched
a yoke of steers, or, as they say in
Polkville, "horned hosses." As
the weather is pretty hot, ice-cold
lemonade at one cent a glass is in
demand. A future colored politi-
cian was announcing to all and
sundry the great commercial fact
that he was selling ice-cold lemon-
ade at very patriotic, but panic
prices. The forester looked as if
his brain were grappling with
some very complicated and myste-
rious problem. Finally he was
heard to soliloquize: "Lemon-
ade—lemonade; yes, that's the
word." Taking hold of his fore-
top, tilting back his head, and
squinting a catarrh of tobacco
juice over his red whiskers, he
bawled out: "See here, boss!
That ar stuff what you call lem-
onade—what is it good for? Is it
somethin' good to drink like 'sim-
mon beer and sasafack tea, or 'is
somethin' to kyore cows of the
holier horn, or chaps of the each?"
On the solemn assurance of the
colored lemonade butcher that it
was good to the taste, and he could
furnish men who had imbibed
more than one glass without fatal
results, the man from the wilder-
ness blurted out: "Well, ef I had
any money I'd try one glass, dam!
didn't." The Polkville chieftain
felt the cockles of his heart warm
with benevolence, dropped a
"brownie" in the slot, and told
the dweller in the grove to take a
glass. The forester looked at it,
smelt of it, and then, quicker than
the nimble fingered cup and ball
man gets in his work, it disap-
peared from the eyes of men.
When he found his voice he was
like the woman of Samaria and
bawled to scatter the good news.
"Podner," he said, "by gum that
jest nacherly lays it over 'simmon
beer and sasafack tea, or peace an'
honey. I've got a son here named
Jefferson Jackson Hezekiah Phi-
lacter. He is 23 years old and has
been married three years and has
two children. He owns a yoke of
steers, four hounds, has got a banjo
and can out dance a free nigger.
He ain't got no education or book
larnin', but believe he has got a
piece of 'Ef you'll mind the pre-
sents, I'll fetch him here, and ef you'll
get him a glass of that whatev-
er-callit?—lemonade?—I'll pay you
soon as we sell out." The Polk-
ville man got before the "steers"
and told him to hunt the embryo
evangelist. He soon found him
and said: "Philacter, here is what
beats peach and honey, sasafack
tea, or 'simmon beer." Philacter
was like the stamp of a hog's
tooth. The Democrats are hopeful
and swear there are yet seven
thousand who have not bowed the
knee to Baal or kissed his image.

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