NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1893.

VOL. 2.

## How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation. knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is torpid the Bow-els are sluggish and con-stipated, the food lies the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is do-ranged. Simmons Liver Regulator has been the means of restoring more people to health and happiness by giving them a healthy Liver than any agency known on earth. It acts with extraordinary power and efficacy.

Rav. R. G. Wilden, Princeton, N. J., says:—
I find nothing helps so much to keep me in working condition as Simmons Liver Regulator." See that you get the Genuine, with red Z on front of wrapper. PREFARED ONLY BY J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa-

# Hats! Hats!

you can buy a hat at

LINDSAY'S

for 4 cents? You can find most -any style of-

Ladies', Men's, Boys', Childrens'

hats there you want.

—HE IS SELLING LADIES'—

75

NICE FIGURED LAWN, at 4c; who fell desperately in love with CALICO for PANT GOODS for COTTON PLAIDS for

And there you can find anything you want in

BEST DOMESTIC for

# GROCERIES.

Sugar, 5; Coffee, 18; Syrup, 25, Etc.

W. E. LINDSAY. (Next to Finley Bros.) NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.

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Corner Maple and Cleveland Sts. ney. NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.

AT VERSAILLES.

She stepped upon that fragrant sward, She watched the joyous fountains play. The girlish queen, whose fate was hard. Her sunshine lasted scarce a day.

She watched the joyous fountains play, Her eyes and lips with smiles alight. Her sunshine lasted scarce a day, Her hopes were lost in blackest night.

Her eyes and lips with smiles alight, The charming Marie Antoinette; Her hopes were lost in blackest night; Her follies let the world forget. The charming Marie Antoinette

She loved a play, a rout or ball: Her follies let the world forget, She paid so dearly for them all.

her, angrier yet.

to his aunt.

to the parlor.

poor Tomlinson.

without his rider.

ness-very often.

widow's heart. But at the end of

cilla at 27 was a widow.

she began to confess that she was an

parlor before a very pretty picture

"Mr. Dinwiddie," said his aunt.

left his compliments for his cousin.

"I thought you told me"-began

"Only a lovers' quarrel, after all,"

She loved a play, a rout or ball: She loved a brilliant, sparkling gem; She paid so dearly for them all, E'en with her life and diadem. She loved a brilliant, sparkling gem.

Ah! who shall count the price she paid?

E'en with her life and diadem,

As on the block her head she laid.

Ah! who shall count the price she paid?
Ah! who can say what thoughts she had
As on the block her head she laid—
The past unrolled, both good and bad?

Ahl who can say what thoughts she had?
No doubt her loved Versailles she saw.
The past unrolled, both good and bad.
Versailles still owns her sovereign law.

She lingers yet around the spot. Versailles still owns her sovereign law;

She lingers yet around the spot—
The girlish queen, whose fate was hard.
By no one can it be forgot
She stepped upon that fragrant sward.
—M. A. B. Evans in Quips.

### ALWAYS TOO LATE.

Priscilla, who often wondered why had been necessary to name her after her dead and gone great-grandaunt, was growing up into a fine young woman. She was 16 and tall

Her cousin, Tomlinson Perrybrook, Why do you go bareheaded when then five and twenty, made up his mind to marry her if he could get her, since in his estimation she was the prettiest, best and sweetest little darling living. But she was only 16. He would say nothing yet. He would wait until she was 17 and

what he called "improving

He laid out new paths, planted new trees, improved the garden and gave the parlor a fine frescoed wall and ceiling, a new Persian carpet and velvet furniture. Meanwhile he said nothing to Pris-

cilla, having not the slightest doubt that she liked him and would say 'Yes" whenever he said "Will you?" Priscilla did like him. She was Oxford . Ties secretly a good deal in love with him and very much hurt that he did not make love to her. Every one in the house knew this except Tomlinson himself. He was waiting for the seventeenth birthday. Before that time Priscilla went to Cents. Before that time Frischer, at London to pay a visit. There, at the house of a fashionable relative, she met a fashionable young man

In her heart Priscilla wished that 10c; her Cousin Tomlinson had been in 5e; his place, but as far as she knew her Cousin Tomlinson had no more 6½c. than cousinly affection for her. Consequently, feeling that her youth was waning with the approach of her seventeenth birthday, she ac-

> she had done. They in turn told Cousin Tomlinson, who, having contrived to hide his emotion, escaped from them as in her cap. Tomlinson thought so. soon as possible and went home to shut himself up in the frescoed parlor he had furnished for unconscious so did Mr. Wincher, who settled her husband's property.
>
> Something life pays for indicating Mr. Is busband's property.
>
> This time Tomlinson made up his Priscilla's face.

Priscilla and cry like a girl. There was nothing for it now but to get over his misery as well as he

"I am sorry to tell you, dear nephew, that Priscilla has quarreled ry and that the affair is quite broken off, so that she has even given him back his ring. Of course such events Dinwiddie was silly enough to be eyes had revived old fancies in the

Priscilla was free again. Cousin the year she remembered he had not Tomlinson's spirits arose. The fres- so much as called once. She gave a coed parlor arose before his imagina- little sigh and looked in the glass. tion, with Priscilla on one side of the grate and he upon the other in twin as she pinned on her first white colarmchairs. He saw her driving the lar and tied on a little white crape little pony phaeton he intended to bow. "I'm sure, at least, that Tombuy for her down the broad path linson used to think me very leading from the house to the gate, pretty." and he was just three days' distance | Just then a servant came to tell her | straight he is."

her lover, but only been pleased by linson waited half an hour. Then a his love for her, had thought a good jubilant gentleman came flying out deal about Tomlinson, whose weebe- of the parlor and shook hands with gone face had given her a notion of him.

truth the day he called to bid her | It was Mr. Wincher, whom he

adieu before he set off upon his jour-ney, and she had actually purposely "We'll go in an "We'll go in and see her in a moment, my dear fellow," he said in a made her lover quarrel with her and whisper. "She's a little agitated. broken off her match on his account. "Tell my cousin, mamma," she Ladies always are on such occasions. We'll leave her to herself awhile." had said, and mamma had written. "Occasions - what occasions?" But when Tomlinson made no re-

asked Tomlinson. sponse, Priscilla grew angry; when "You haven't suspected me, then?" Wincher said. "She has just promhe did not return or even write to At last when June, July, August, September and October had passed ised to make me happy by becoming

Mrs. Wincher." Again Tomlinson, with a woeful

aspect, uttered congratulations.

Again Mrs. Dinwiddie gave a little idiot to throw away a true heart for one that had no love for her, and that Tomlinson had worn a long face sigh and drove away a little thought. She was married to Mr. Wincher for some other reason than her engagement.

The consequence was that when exactly on the 23d of November, as in the spring, and there was no sudden dissolution of the marriage, for Mr. Wincher lived 30 years, which, he had resolved in the first place, for a gentleman who was 48 on his

Tomlinson returned home, and to wedding day was not doing so badly. He died of something with an exlose no time hurried to his aunt's as soon as he had made himself present ceedingly long name, and having been able, with the firm intention of provery kind indeed to his wife she shed posing to Priscilla that very evening, a great many bitter tears and felt very, very lonely. he stood aghast at the door of the She was 58 now and had no chil-

that dissolved before his gaze-his The second widow's cap and crape veil shaded the face of an elderly Cousin Priscilla with a gentleman's arm around her waist. He retreated woman, but she had grown round "Who is that?" he asked, pointing and had a bloom in her cheeks, few gray hairs and a splendid set of false

When she had been a widow six months, Tomlinson Perrybrook, an old bachelor of 65, utterly bald and said the aunt smilingly and quite grown woefully thin, sat over his solitary fire.

unaware of Tomlinson's anguish. "They've made it up beautifully."
He went away shortly after and "It is queer how old fancies hang on," he said to himself. "I suppose I could have any beautiful young Miss Priscilla married Mr. Dinwid- girl I choose to propose to" (an old bachelor always believes that, and die this time and really grew to love the older he grows and the uglier he him, but there was something charmgets the stronger this strange halluing about her Cousin Tomlinson, erect as a poplar and trim as a Quaker. cination becomes). "But I am fondwhich was exceedingly to her taste. er of Priscilla than any of them.

His little pink mouth and narrow, "She is changed, of course; not pretty now, and I suppose other men well drawn eyebrows were very, then speak.

Then Tomlinson Perrybrook, having made up his mind quietly, went back to his occupation, which was back to his occupation. ed him with her husband and wished and live in the old house I made that heaven had given her such a ready for her when she was 17 the man, but no one ever guessed it, and end of my life will be its happiest, the poor young lady seemed very much ashamed of the silly secret hidmuch ashamed of the silly secret hid-

Then he went to his desk and She was in all respects a good wife looked at a bit of ribbon she had and resolately set herself to banish- dropped from her hair the day she ing her cousin's image from her was first a bride, and that he had breast. She believed herself to have saved all these years and kissed it, by, but Tomlinson was still a bachby, but Tomlinson was still a bachwent to call upon his Cousin Priscilla.

I didn't use a blue pencil. It seems balloon man shuddered and looked and groom and their friends by the succeeded when 10 years had gone and taking his cane the had already cretly called Priscilla's parlor as a Portly and rosy, she sat knitting sort of secret hiding place, where he at her fire, neatly clad in widow's went at times very late in the even- weeds. Opposite her sata stout gening with a flat candlestick to bewail tleman, perhaps two or three years his single blessedness and indulge in her junior.

"This is my next door neighbor, But a change was at hand. Mr. Mr. Packer, Cousin Tomlinson," she Dinwiddie, who was fond of horses.

bought a fine spirited one in the Tomlinson bowed; so did Mr. P. morning and rode him out in the aft-"Any relative of Mrs. Wincher's I'm delighted to know, I'm sure," he That night Priscilla kept dinner said, with great emphasis, but he did waiting long-indeed forever. No not go.

It is etiquette for one caller to leave soon after the arrival of another. one ever ate that dinner, for in the ghostly moonlight, as she sat at her window, she saw her husband's horse Cousin Tomlinson knew, but perhaps rush past like some black phantom Mr. Packer did not. At all events he sat and sat and talked and talked The poor fellow lay three miles until Tomlinson, rising, said:

cepted her first offer and came home back upon the lonely road, prone on to tell her father and mother what his face, stone dead. And so Pristo the door? I've a word to say to

As time passed and her grief soft-ened she certainly looked very well She smiled and went into the hall with him. He drew the door shut. "He pays long calls, I see," he said, was obliged to content herself with a indicating Mr. Packer.

mind promptly. Of course it would be indecorous to intrude upon a wid- to do so," she said. "I'm glad you at once took all the life out of that ow's grief with words of love. He called tonight, for when a woman other little girl by telling her, in a INCOLOR FAILUTOR FAIL

nephew, that Priscilla has quarreled with the gentleman she was to marwith the gentleman she was to marfound it necessary to call—on busibefore the year is out, but then"—

insular British association meets at Edinburgh or Warwick, the members Poor Tomlinson! He sat down on a confine themselves to such reason-The year tottered away. The hall chair and excused the act by able excursions as Roslin or the Forth month after it waxed and waned. speaking of his late attack of rheum- bridge, Stratford or Kenilworth. But are unpleasant, though we are glad to keep our girl a little longer. Mr. cassion. Then he added, apropos of the American Institute of Mechanical her late words:

"Yes, yes, delays are dangerous!" And then he said very softly:

he had ever before and for the last lude and the lightening of scientific "Twenty-seven is not 17," she said time in his life and went down the labors many of the invited guests long gravel path. She looked after took a casual northern trip to Alas-

"He's an old man now, God bless him," she said, "but how trim and

WRITES LETTERS BACKWARD.

burg Citizen.

Did you ever see a person begin writing a letter at the last period and then write backward and finish up at the beginning? That's what Carl Maier can do without the least exertion. It seems just as easy for him to remember the words and letters of a sentence in reversed order as it is them in their regular order. It is an easy matter for him to think backward, and what is more astonishing he writes upside down. The letters are all inverted as he looks at them when writing. And again, in per-forming this feat, which one thinks would require all the power and attention of his brain, he is not disturbed by carrying on a conversation with you, no matter how foreign the

subject may be.

Maier's performance would make one almost believe the theory recently promulgated by a scientist that we ave "double barreled brains." If you repeat a sentence to Maier, no matter how long it may be, after hearing it once he will commence and write the sentence verbatim, starting at the last letter of the last word and finishing it through to the first letter of the first word. It seems to be natural to him to invert his mind in his work, for he never falters or stops to think, but writes as rapidly

"I acquired this in a peculiar manner," said Maier. "While I was a clerk in a grocery store in Saxony 1 was an ambitious sort of a boy and always wanted to do everything different from every person else. When the customers came to me for their bill, I would place the billhead in an inverted position in front of me and make the bill out backward as I have written for you. I came very nearly being prosecuted for practicing witchcraft. Many people assigned this power to the witches. Then the spiritualists came to me and told me I was controlled by: wonat last persuaded them that there was nothing supernatural in it.

me, but I couldn't see my writing if reply. "I know he didn't expect me to be the only color that I am able to the other way.—Chicago Elade.

The old man started to write a When he began, he said: "While I market court, a man came in and am writing this I want you to talk to wanted a warrant. me, for it seems to make my work annoying me. I could be writing a gone for the day. discussion on theology and at the same time carry on a conversation with you on the financial situation, and it wouldn't worry me at all."-

A Confession From Miss Wilkins. Mary E. Wilkins "'fesses up" to the following story about her youthful days: When Miss Wilkins was a young girl, she was invited to a party, and she yearned with a great yearning for a blue sash to adorn herself for the occasion. But her mother thought differently, and Mary blue ribbon tied around her waist. Something like a blush mounted to But another little girl was more Priscilla's face.

"Perhaps he thinks he has a right of a wide blue sash. Miss Wilkins

Meanwhile he made no sign and when people at our time of life do kept away, and Mr. Wincher, being this sort of thing, what is the use of do things in a big way. When an Engineers, which seems to have its home in New York, readily accepted the hospitable invitation of San Fran-"Well, well! Goodby, Cousin Priscisco. The mere going and returning involved a direct journey of 6,000 And he held her hand longer than miles, but by way of agreeable interka .- London Saturday Review.

Hush Money.

from home, and a woman whose that Mr. Wincher had called about a left that had haunted of a merchant who was generally all her life flashed into her heart for considered to be very rich. After Two burglars broke into the house heart has just been hurt is always piece of land.

Non the 24th of December, 18—, at an instant and warmed it back to herculean efforts they managed to herculean efforts they managed to

The Worship of Welis.

Early northern Christianity tried to put down well worship without much success. Very recently, if not now, wells in Derbyshire were "dressed" with flowers on a certain day and a rustic merry making followed. All this would have been "idolatry" in the eyes of King Egbert or of St. Cummin, who died in 609 A. D., and the practice really is for the ordinary person to remember a relic of "Gentilism," as Aubrey calls it. King Egbert imposed three years of penance on people who kept wakes at wells. So did St. Cummin. But whereas the wake was originally hallowed to the well itself or to its presiding naiad in latter times the wells were sacred to saints, and the wake or nocturnal festival went on

There is a little lochan near the Naver whither the country people still gather, or very lately were used to gather, and hold a wake on a certain night in summer. The consequent frivolities have been obnoxious to the kirk as well as to the church. The ancient religion "proved an excuse for a glass," or a lass, or both, and all forms of festive religion are difficult to reform out of existcoce. The mass was easily "stamped out" in Scotland, but the repression of Robin Hood's games nearly caused a revolt against the ministers. Thus well worship lingered on, perhaps lingers yet, though the pilgrims are as a person writing in the ordinary honoring an unknown naiad or a disestablished saint.—London News.

A Birthday Surprise.

It was a raw and gusty day. Great nothing, fer, honest, I thought he louds of dust came whirling before was crazy, an I lowed I'd better huclouds of dust came whirling before the wind, but the lady in the percale | mor him. waist, accompanied by the lady in the china silk, never noticed it. They conversed fluently. The one eyed man who was offering small red bal. Pretty soon the storm come along. loons for sale at a sacrifice to make with more thunder an lightnin in it room for spring stock chanced to than you will see here in a month o' overhear now and then a snatch of Sundays. Directly it got over them their discourse. "Yes," quoth the nails. Then-bliff!-blam! It went lady in percale, "it's my husband's to pluggin away at them there nails birthday, and I'm going"-

heart a feeling akin to regret that haf to trim a few of 'em up with a he, too, was not married.

"You can't get it now," explained easier. You need not be afraid of one of the officers. "The judge is

ness of that sort." claimed, wiping the perspiration bride must wear from his forehead and gazing at the empty bench as if he'd like to jump aboard of it and issue the warrant

cited," continued the officer. "You or she may congratulate himself or don't expect to be murdered, do you? herself. On the other hand, it would And nobody ain't going to burn your be well to send an accommodating house down, I guess."

They Outgrow It.

The office boy had been roasted by the boss until he was so tired that he adjourned to a remote corner and collapsed on a chair, where a visitor "You seem to be in trouble," said

the kindly caller. old man thinks what he says, and he and several forms of prayers.

says enough about me to hang me up | The learned Porson is known to if he was a jury." "That'll be all right after awhile,"

said the visitor encouragingly. "I know it," and the boy's face dea of Euripides, with Johnson's brightened. "Don't I know it. By translation of the same, for Burney's gravy, if it wasn't that a boy can't "History of Music," were executed be an office boy always, I'd go jangle by him. Though consisting of 220 myself," and he kicked the office cat words, they are comprised in a circle over the railing and went and meas half an inch in diameter, with a ured himself against the wall and small space in the center left blank. looked longingly at the distance be -Boston Commonwealth tween the pencil mark he made and one a foot and a half above it, where the old man's head reached.-Detroit

The Unbeard Noise of Insects.

Free Press.

recording the cries of many insects | Campbell sued another named Black ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Shape of a new lover, as we all know.

Ranairing a Specialty.

Readier to accept a salve for it in the shape of a new lover, as we all decided, Tomlinson Perrybrook, just said and went back to Mr. Packer, who had meanwhile refreshed himbour and exhibit himself as Prishome and exhibit himself as home and exhibit himself as Prisched himself. He had said that he would travel until November, with some and exhibit himself as Prisched himself. He had said that he would travel until November, and observed, with some and exhibit himself as Prisched himself. He had an observed, with some and exhibit himself as Prisched himself. He had an observed, with some and exhibit himself as Prisched himself. He had an observed, with some and exhibit himself as Prisched himself. He had an observed, with some and exhibit himself as Prisched himself. It merely serves to express the must he had an against the paper, and bust out of it the back parting of his hair. But the back parting of his hair to come to himself. The merchant was that he would travel until November, and observed, with some and exhibit himself that a baid spot as big as a shilling against the paper, and bust out of it the back parting of his hair. But the back parting of his hair the back parting of his hair. But the paper, and bust out of it the back parting of his hair. But the back parting of his hair the back parting of his hair the paper, and bust out of it the back parting of his hair the back parting of his hair. But the paper, and bust out of it the back parting of his hair the back parting of his hair. But the paper, and observed, with some and exhibit himself with a short nap, with a short nap, with his head against the paper, and bust of the house, awakened by the house, awak they cannot be heard by the human | does not recognize this cause of acand it seemed proper to do so. Con- in's residence. He rang the bell. He never made up his mind about "Gentlemen," he said, "let us all ear. One evidence of this fact is that tion, and the sheriff dismissed the sequently he proceeded on his journey.

The girl answered it and took in his sequently he proceeded on his journey.

The girl answered it and took in his her any more, but I often wonder how such things are fixed in the some people can distinguish cries of case. Are there no schools in Oban how such things are fixed in the other world.—Exchange.

The girl answered it and took in his her any more, but I often wonder how such things are fixed in the other world.—Exchange.

The girl answered it and took in his her any more, but I often wonder how such things are fixed in the other world.—Exchange.

The girl answered it and took in his her any more, but I often wonder how such things are fixed in the other world.—Exchange.

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The girl answered it and took in his her any more, but I often wonder how such things are fixed in the other world.—Exchange.

The girl answered it and took in his her any more, but I often wonder incident, and now permit me to show other world.—Exchange.

The girl answered it and took in his her any more, but I often wonder incident, and now permit me to show other world.—Exchange. ers.-Washington Star.

NO. 41.

DIGGING POSTHOLES BY LIGHTNING A Man From Colorado Gives an Indianan-

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR-In Advance

oth Hired Man Some Points. The man with the gingerbread beard was watching his neighbor laboriously digging postholes.

"They didn't dig 'em that way out in Colorado where I lived," said he. The neighbor, who was a hired man, dropped his patent "digger," looked around to see if his employer was visible, found he was not, and took a seat on the ground, ready to listen. "How did you work it?" he

asked. "By steam?" "Steam?" said the man with the ginger beard. "Naw. Done it by lightning.

"Lightning?" "Yas. You see, in the part of the state I was in they is no metals of any kind in the ground and no trees. I've often watched the lightning cavortin around in the heavens fer a hour at a time, jist achin fer somethin to strike at, but not bein able to do so, 'cause they wasn't nothin it could take a start at. No attraction, you see. Well, one day I was a sweatin away, just like you would be if the boss was around now, when a old feller that lived there before 1 come come along and says he'd show me a scheme to save all that work. You can bet I was willin, so he sends me to the house fer a bag o' tenpenny nails, and he plants a nail in every place I had marked fer a hole. 'They is a storm comin,' says he, 'and if I hain't mistakened, she is a-goin to do the job in one whirl.' I didn't say

"After he got the nails all planted he dragged me away to a safe distance an told me to watch her work, stuck in the ground, the most de-The balloon man could not help no. lighted lightnin you ever see to git spade, but as a gineral thing they was -- "to surprise him." Involun- as neat as a body would want to look

The hired man said "Gosh!" and resumed work in the automatic manuer of one in a dream.-Indianapolis

Wedding Ceremony Precautions.

close observation of which they may hope to give the final slip to the ill luck which would appear to be lying A few mornings ago, shortly after in wait to devour them. They must long sentence which was given him. the adjournment of the Jefferson not open an umbrella in the house, even though they have seen the mis-chievous bridesmaids pour quantities of rice into its case. On the contrary, they owe it to their hopes of "Where can I find him?"
"You'll have to wait until tomorrow morning to transact any husirow morning to transact any busiflowers beneath which the ceremony is performed, and a wishbone must "Wait until tomorrow!" he ex- keep it company. Of course the

> Something old and something new, Something borrowed and something blue. If one of the couple can manage on the way to the ceremony to catch "There ain't no use of getting ex- sight of a spider, a toad or a wolf, he friend ahead to put out of the way "Well, you keep on guessing," re- such unlucky objects as a monk, a plied the exasperated citizen, 'but if hare, a dog, a cat, a lizard or a seryou had a woman next door hangin pent. If a raven croaks above the over your back yard fence from bridal party, it will save trouble to mornin till night talkin to your wife give the whole thing up. If either while you was waitin, hungry for one trips on the way to the church, your meals, I'm bettin you'd squeal the steps must be retraced, and final-for justice a good deal louder'n I ly, when the portal is reached, both bride and groom must put the right bride and groom must put the right foot first on the step of the church .-New York Sun.

> > Fineness of Engravers' Lines.

In St. John's college, Oxford, is preserved a portrait of Charles I in which the engraver's lines, as they seem to be, are really microscopic writing, the face alone containing all "I am," answered the boy. "The the book of Psalms, with the creeds,

have indulged in this species of curious idleness occasionally, and perhaps the Greek verses from the Me-

A Remarkable Cause For Action.

From a remarkable case heard in the Oban small debt court the other day I gather that a belief in witch craft is still more or less prevalent in Entomologists have succeeded in the highlands. One dairyman named London Truth.