NORTH WILKESBORO NEWS.

T. J. ROBERTSON, Editor and Publisher. DEVOTED TO THE UPBUILDING OF NORTH WILKESBORO, WILKES COUNTY AND THE MAGNIFICENT VALLEY OF THE YADKIN. ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR—in Advance.

VOL. 2. NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1893. NO. 45.

H. B. PARKER, Jr.,

Attorney at Law,

(Office in Hotel Gordon,)

North Wilkesboro, - - - N. C.

Will practice in both State and Federal Courts. Special attention to latter.

R. N. HACKETT,

Attorney-at-Law,

WILKESBORO, - N. C.

T. B. FINLEY. H. L. GREENE.

FINLEY & GREENE,

Attorneys - at - Law,

WILKESBORO, N. C.

Will practice in all the Courts. Collections a specialty. Real estate sold on commission.

Dr. Geo. Doughton,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

North Wilkesboro, N. C.

OFFICE at RESIDENCE.

W. P. Horton, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon,

North Wilkesboro, - - - N. C.

ALL CALLS PROMPTLY ATTENDED, DAY OR NIGHT. 1-34

OFFICE AT RESIDENCE.

Dr. N. R. Holcomb,

Surgeon Dentist.

Office - Days:

From 1st to 10th of EACH MONTH.

Office over Miller Bros.' store. 2-17-12m

B. SHUMATE & CO.,

Fire, Life & Accident

INSURANCE AGENTS.

HOTEL GORDON, North Wilkesboro, N. C.

T. M. BUTNER,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER.

Main Street, - - Elkin, N. C.

Is prepared to do all kinds of Watch, Clock, and Jewelry Repairing. Fine Watch Repairing a Specialty.

Satisfaction guaranteed in every particular Anything in my line ordered promptly at the lowest price possible.

It will pay you to see me before buying Watches or Jewelry. Resp'd. Yours,

T. M. BUTNER.

PATENTS.

J. R. LITTELL,

—Attorney and Councellor in—

Patent, Trade-Mark and Copyright Cases,

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Over twelve years' experience. AMERICAN and FOREIGN Patents, CAVEATS, and all business arising under the patent laws promptly and carefully prosecuted.

REJECTED CASES accorded special attention.—Write for information.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I advise as to patentability without charge. (Mention this paper.)

J. W. BARBER

—SUCCESSOR TO—

J. W. BARBER & CO.,

North Wilkesboro, N. C.,

—DEALER IN—

General Merchandise

—AND—

Country Produce.

HE MAKES A SPECIALTY IN

Groceries, Drugs, Hats, Shoes, NOTIONS, &C.

Pays Cash for

∴PRODUCE∴

THE MARIGOLD.

The violet sweet I dearly love,
The pink, the pansy bold,
The blush rose, but all flowers above
I love the Marigold.

Fair flower, that in a time of old
Didst give thy heart away
To him who from his sphere of gold
Does give to mortals day!

Alas! for love he gave thee not,
Full vainly thou didst sue—
Unhappy shall I name thy lot,
Or call thy love too true?

The god who changed thee to a flower
Hath left thy heart the same;
Still dost thou show his beauty's power
In hue of orange flame.

Still dost thou lift thy drooping head
To catch his eye's bright ray,
And when his light no more is shed
Thy beauty fades away.

Poor Marigold! I love the well,
And most because, like me,
Thou hast a woeful tale to tell
Of grief and constancy.

The violet sweet I dearly love,
The pink, the pansy bold,
The blush rose, but all flowers above
I love the Marigold.

—Gentleman's Magazine.

STORM SHADOWS.

Last June and July I had been taking too much out of myself. Beside the ordinary drudgery at the museum I was in a hurry to get my novel finished. I don't know how it is with men who spill their brains habitually, but after a hard day's work the effort of creation (save the mark), though it is pleasant at the time and does not seem to cost me anything, leaves all my nerves jarring.

In July we went down to the cottage on the river, and I wrote harder than ever till I got into a morbidly irritable and unreasonable state. I was always nursing some grievance; expecting Lucy to divine wishes I never really felt, and deliberately silent on things I wanted done, that I might fancy a grudge because they were not seen to without my asking. She, poor soul, was wonderfully patient, but naturally it depressed her, and now and then she broke down. That always brought me to my senses, and there would be a redintegratio amoris. Still it was a strained, unhappy sort of time.

On Sunday, July 20, I had been writing all the morning, and not to my satisfaction, so that I was very despondent about things in general. In the afternoon Lucy suggested that we should go to service at St. Peter's school, which is near us, and where they have a reputation for their singing. The day had been sultry and lowering, and at 4 o'clock when we went in a thunderstorm was obviously coming up. I remember well a curious, heavy effect of sunshine on the blue mass of vapor.

Lucy went up into the gallery, and I was put into the stalls on the north side. Next to me was one of the masters. His face struck me as he walked up the aisle. I never saw so fine a human being. Very tall—two or three inches, probably, over the six feet, and with that look of supple strength that a man gets from constant athletic games. But the head was the thing—a long oval face with olive tint, long, straight hair as soft as a woman's and silky black mustache. He might have walked out of a Lionardo picture, if Lionardo had ever painted a Hippolytus, for this young man looked as if nothing had ever occurred to disturb the supremacy of cricket and football in his mind.

But I was in that overstrung temper when one cannot command one's thoughts, and mine flew off in self criticism. I had staked all my hopes on succeeding with this novel, and the more I reflected the more I was convinced of my own futility. Impotent ambition that recognizes its own impotence is a very pretty purgatory, and to indulge in unpleasant meditations in a hot church on a sultry July afternoon, with no prospect of liberation for an hour, is an indulgence I commend to no one.

The storm was coming up fast, and the day had grown fearfully dark, while the air, heavily charged with electricity, became more and more oppressive. The thunder was growling away in the Thames valley, coming nearer with every roll. Opposite me was a row of stained glass windows. I remember their stupid sage greens and thin reds and blues so well. But they were open at top to catch a breath of air, and I looked out on to the leaden sky.

I was in that nervous, twitching frame of mind that makes you hear steps in a house by night, and for the first time in my life I began to speculate on the possibilities of danger. Suddenly there came a really awful flash and burst just above us—I saw the reader start as he was walking up the aisle to begin the lesson. Lucy is timid about thunder, and I looked up toward the gallery to see that she was not fainting. As I raised my eyes there came another flash across the open window, so intense and forked and wickedly quivering that it dazed me and printed itself on the eyeball that saw nothing else.

Suddenly — quicker than I could say it—came the thought that I was blinded. I put my head on my hand to ease the pain in the eye—we were sitting of course while the lesson went on—and a cold fear took hold of me. I supposed that the thermometer was at 100, but I shivered with a chill running down my spine, and the sweat on my forehead was cold to my hand. Before I ventured to look up I knew that the sight was gone, and when I raised my head it was all red darkness before me, full of hoops and circles that grew incessantly into one another, like rings in water, standing out before me and receding into space.

Then I began to reflect how I was to get out of church and meet Lucy. There were steps and turns, and I could not bear the thought of a scene. Besides, I had my ideas about Lucy. I wanted to break it to her in my own way. I wanted, in plain truth, to lay a trap to catch her inmost thoughts—the first cry of her heart. I was not delirious; I was as sane as I had been for weeks past. Now I would see if she could be all to me that I could fancy. That was what I thought. How sane I was I do not know.

The service was of an appalling length. It outlasted the storm. Meantime I was ripening my plan. If my man would help me, it was feasible. When the sermon ended—great heavens! how I commented on that sermon, though it was nothing but a string of inoffensive platitudes, but it ended at last, and I took my neighbor by the sleeve.

"Look here," I whispered, "I want you to help me out. Do you mind waiting for the voluntary?" They have a sort of recital there after the boys have gone out. He nodded, I suppose, for I heard nothing and had to ask again.

"Yes, all right," he said. He had a pleasant voice.

I steadied myself a bit during the hymn, but then came a collection. That was the first thing that brought the feeling of helplessness in on me. I had to ask to be touched when the bag came. This and the fumbling way in which I handed it told the tale to my neighbor.

"Pardon me," he whispered, "but aren't you blind?"

"Blinded!" I replied, and I felt his start. Then I explained to him that I had a wife there and did not wish the shock to come on her too suddenly and wanted him to see me home.

I fancy he thought me crazy.

"All right," he said, "I'll do my best. But you must explain fully."

"Your name is Bedford," I said, "and you knew me intimately in Paris five years ago."

"But I never was in Paris," he replied.

We tried other places. Finally Lausanne was pitched on. I was to go out on his arm and introduce him to Lucy.

"You had better tell which is your wife, if you can," he said.

"She is sitting in the front row on the left."

"There are four women there," he said.

I made him describe them to me. Lucy was the third. I am so unobservant about dress that I could not be sure till he described her features roughly. It is a very odd sensation to hear another man describe your wife to you, especially if he calls her beautiful in an apologetic sort of way. I should have been vexed if he had said "pretty." Yet somehow the other word made me catch my breath.

As the voluntary ended he told me when Lucy got up to go, and we stumbled into the isle while she could not see us.

Lucy met us in the vestibule. He had to nudge me when she came. Luckily, she spoke first.

"What a storm! And you looked deathly ill."

"It was pretty bad," I said, "but let me introduce Mr. Bedford, of whom I have talked so often."

Then we walked homeward. Lucy made talk about boating with the young man. He was dreadfully embarrassed in his tone, and no wonder. I cut in now and then with leading questions about the people we had known, or rather I had known in Switzerland. But he was very resourceless in lying, and I had to give it up for fear of a revelation. Besides, my head was dizzy with walking on in the dark, expecting every moment to stumble. I was afraid, too, that Lucy's suspicions might be roused by my taking his arm. I am not demonstrative in my ways with men.

Happily the footpath was empty, but about half way home we met some women—I think they were all women from the rustle of their dresses—and had to steer clear of them. In my nervousness I ran my supporter hard into a lamppost.

"My dear boy," Lucy cried out, "Mr. Bedford won't appreciate your affection at this rate. Have you lost your eyes?"

We got home without further accident, and I put my hand on the open door. Lucy was urgent with our friend to stay and have tea. "Never mind your work," she said. "We shall think you are in a hurry to see the last of us."

It was evident enough to me that the poor fellow desired nothing more ardently than to be gone and was only anxious decently to conceal it. Lucy's hospitable effusion seemed to me excessive. However, at last he made his excuses definitely.

"At least you will let us see you again soon," said Lucy. The phrase struck me.

"Yes," I said, "certainly. You must let us see you again. Come any time. All hours are alike to me—day or night. Must you go, then? Thanks for coming so far with us. Lucy, won't you give Mr. Bedford a rose to requite him?"

You would not believe what it cost me to say that. But I had to make some shift to get her eyes off me while I stumbled into the drawing room and groped my way to an armchair.

"Now for it," I thought.

Very likely you don't enter into my state of mind—how should you? I knew perfectly that Lucy took this man for Bedford, who was one of my best friends. Indeed she had seen me, so to say, parade my affection by walking arm in arm—she could not have been other than gracious to him. Yet, you see, I was concentrated on my one idea. She must spare me the pain and humiliation of telling her that I was blind. Good heavens! I thought, surely she might have apprehended from my voice or from my look that I needed her consolation.

I was raging against her slowness to observe (she tells me now that I had looked so distracted in the morning that there was not much change apparent). And there was the devil in me prompting me to think that but for this man's good looks she would have been forced to notice my distress. I was determined not to ask her pity. All wish to spare her a shock had gone clean from me.

She came in and threw herself down on the sofa, exhausted with the heat.

"Well," she said, "I must say you never prepared me for such a fine young man. Perfectly my ideal. But isn't he surprisingly shy?"

"Certainly," I replied, "he left you to make the running."

I said it with a laugh, I know, but it was not pleasantly said. She looked at me then, I suppose, for the first time.

"Why, what is the matter? You are as white as a sheet."

"Oh, it's nothing," I said. "That place was overpowering."

Lucy asked me to open the window. I had not reckoned on that. But I knew there was an open space from the chair I sat in across the room, so I rose and walked forward as confidently as I could. Unluckily, there was one of those little toy tables in the way. I tripped over it and nearly fell.

"Bless the boy!" Lucy cried out. "Why, what is the matter? You nearly carried away a lamppost on the way home, and now you are breaking the furniture."

I turned round and said with all the sting I could put into my voice:

"My dear child, if I am suffering for having accompanied you to your devotions, is that a reason you should snap at me?"

I was only sorry I could not think of something memorably savage to say. But the tone was enough. I heard her turn on the sofa and begin to sob. Then a great remorse seized me. I forgot myself and made to go to her. But in the stumble I had lost my bearings, so I walked crash into the table and instinctively I put out my hand to feel my way.

Lucy saw me. She sprang up and screamed and caught me in her arms. "Oh, what is it? What is it?"

She drew me to the sofa and held me there. "Say it isn't that—not that," she was sobbing out.

The hardness in my heart was melting like ice, and there was a great lump in my throat. But the devil in me made one last effort. "So you have found me out at last. Really a handsome young man is a capital screen!"

I felt her flinch, but she drew my head closer to her, for all I could say. "Oh, my poor boy, my poor boy, and I never guessed."

I struggled to get free, but in a moment I broke down, and then I was crying like a child, sobbing against her throbbing breast.

It was she who recovered first. Then I learned what it was to have a wife who cared for you. I had never been nursed or taken care of since I was a boy, and of us two I had been always the self reliant one. But that night I slept while she watched beside me. She read my heart to me as if it had been a book—all the old quarrels, the old fancied grievances and the shutting up of my heart against her—and blamed herself, poor soul, for dullness because she had not sooner understood it. I was almost happy before I slept that night.

Next day we saw the doctor. He tried some severe tests on my eyes that hurt me, but there was something in the tone of his questions that I could not understand. When he told me that there was hope I might recover from the shock, I was perfectly certain he did not mean just what he said, and I told him to let me know the worst. But he persisted. Then I tried to cross examine him on his reasons, but he put me off with technical terms. That convinced me he was keeping back something, and he stupidly confirmed my suspicions by asking to see Lucy alone about the treatment. It ended, as I heard since, in his writing her his view of the case.

Things grew very much worse with me in a short while. The first day of blindness is not the worst. It is like prison, I fancy. The torture increases continually till the nerves are deadened to it.

I tried dictating to Lucy, but that failed hopelessly. The medium interposed seemed to paralyze the power of expression. No doubt in course of time I might have mastered the difficulty, but I could not steady myself to the effort.

Then I tried writing with my own hand. Lucy persuaded me she could read it. She used to sit by me and keep the lines straight, or tell me she did so. I have got nearly half a volume that I wrote in this way—of course, quite unintelligible, poor. But it brought on the crisis. Try to write with your eyes shut for a minute or two, and you will see what a strain it is upon the nerves. Mine gave way, as you know. We had worked six hours at this one day, poor Lucy in agony and imploring me to stop, yet afraid to thwart me. That night I could not sleep, and toward morning delirium set in. The doctors tell me there is no such thing as brain fever, but it is a good descriptive term for the illness that followed.

As I understand from what Lucy tells me, when the fever first left me I was sane enough, but my memory was gone. I could see perfectly. Then as memory began to return there came a struggle with the old delusion, and a relapse followed. "Lost," as Tennyson says, "I woke sane, but well nigh crazy to death," and by a fortunate inspiration they had kept me in the dark. Else, I think, the shock of returning consciousness would have frightened away my fluttering life. It was Lucy who explained it all to me in the silent watches of the night, little by little, as I could bear it. Poor Lucy! I found her first gray hair as the bent over me a day or two afterward. But I pulled it out, and now it is the only memento of my blindness.

The doctors call it hysteria, which they say can simulate anything, and in such cases of simulated blindness it is often almost impossible to distinguish the false from the true, the eye acting under tests almost as it would if really incapable of sight. Hysteria is an ugly, womanish word, for my own part, I would as soon say infidelity. And I am sure my Lucy would give Lucy income to get rid of me. But she does not want to.—R. L. Gwynn in Black and White.

Ministry to Sin.

Here is an episcopal story. Bishop Williams of Connecticut is the hero and Scotland the place of action.

It seems that over in Scotland the rector of a parish is called the "incumbent" and his curate the "locum tenens."

One day Bishop Williams was dropped from the stagecoach in a little Goshen town in which the only respectable looking house was the parsonage. The bishop felt that he could not enter the weatherbeaten, dingy one story inn, and he determined to beg from the rector a night's lodging, on the score of his episcopal dignity. So he marched lustily up to the door of the parsonage and knocked. His knock was answered by a wrinkled old Scotchwoman, who looked for all the world like Meg Merrilies, with an added score of years on her head. She glanced cunnily and suspiciously at the bishop, holding the door half way open.

"Is the rector in, my good woman?" asked the bishop.

"No, sure," came the answer in the inimitable Scotch brogue. "E'm sorry to see that the incoombrance is oot, but if ye like ye can see the local demon."—Boston Budget.

Spontaneous Combustion.

A writer in American Notes and Queries, who discusses the improbability of spontaneous combustion to rum soaked people, has the following to say in regard to the matter:

"There is one trivial obstacle in the way of explaining certain cases of spontaneous human combustion that is not usually taken into consideration by those who favor such a theory. A human body weighing 150 pounds contains about 110 pounds of water. Moreover, it requires about four pounds of alcohol to evaporate one pound of water. Hence to merely dessicate a human body, something like 450 pounds, or not far from 45 gallons, of alcohol would be required, while to incinerate the body three or four times that amount would be necessary, or say a volume several times as great as the entire volume of the average dried body."

This communication is signed "Tom Hoffer." I wonder if "Tom" ever stopped to consider the fact that all the water of the body must be replaced by alcohol before spontaneous combustion can be possible!—St. Louis Republic.

Ask a Policeman.

A little negro does the waiting and errand running of a fashionable boarding house on West Fourth street. He is not very well posted about Cincinnati and Cincinnati ways, as his home is in the country. The lady in charge of the house made some purchases at the Woman's Exchange and left them, with instructions that she would send her colored boy for them. Sam received instructions as to the name and location and started. But the noise and hurry of the street upset his limited supply of reasoning faculties, and he was barely able to reach home, leaving his errand undone.

The lady said in surprise: "Why, what was the matter, Sam? Couldn't you find the place?" "No'm," said Sam. "I dun looked, and after a bit I axed a policeman wheah de Ladies' Trade was, and he said he blamed if he knew, and den I cum back. For if a policeman didn't know duh wun't no use for a niggah boy like me to hunt."—Cincinnati Tribune.

The White Elephant.

In former days the ceremonies attending the capture of a white elephant were very impressive. The discoverer, were he the humblest man in the kingdom, was immediately made a mandarin. He was exempted from taxation for the remainder of his life and presented with large sums of money, the king himself giving him $1,000. As soon as the capture was made a special courier was dispatched to the king, and a posse of nobles with gifts and robes started immediately for the scene of action. The robes which the captors used in binding the royal victim were replaced by cords of scarlet silk. Mandarins attended to the slightest wants of the animal. Rich feather fans with gilt handles were used to keep the flies from it during the day, while a silk embroidered mosquito net was provided at night.

To remove it to the capital a boat was built expressly for the purpose, and a magnificent canopy erected over it, ornamented and bedecked as were the king's palaces. Silk draperies, heavy with silver and gold, enclosed the royal prisoner, and in this state he floated down the river, receiving the acclamations of the people. When near the city, the animal was landed, the king and his court going out to meet him and escort him to the city, where a place had been built for him within the royal palace grounds. A large tract of land was set apart for his country place, chosen from the best the kingdom afforded. A cabinet of ministers and a large retinue of nobles were appointed to attend to his wants.—Californian.

The Preacher Did His Part.

A good story is being told of one of our preachers. Last Sunday afternoon a couple called at the parsonage and in broken English inquired, as the reverend gentleman understood, if the "preacher man" lived there, and on being invited in they commenced preparing their toilet. Of course it was supposed they had come to be married and every assistance was given by the preacher and his good wife in getting ready for the ceremony. The bridal veil and wreath were carefully adjusted by the lady, and the gentleman carefully combed his hair. Then their hands were joined, and the solemn words were spoken which bind humans together in wedlock.

The ceremony over, of course it was supposed the newly married couple would be in haste to depart. But it was not so with them, and by their actions they betrayed that they expected something else before having. Finally the reverend gentleman remarked, "Well, now you are married," and the answer came, "Oh, yes, ve bin married last February, and now vant anner bigture taken." A feather would have knocked down the preacher upon the revelation. It was the "picture man" they were looking for and not the "preacher man." However, there can now be no mistake about their being married and that the knot is tied good and tight.—Marshfield News.

People Who Are Careless of Others.

It is sometimes a little odd how people who are thoroughly well bred in their home seem utterly to disregard the amenities abroad. In their own houses they are deference and kindness personified. All that can be done for the comfort and happiness of a guest or another member of the household is done freely and fully. But aside from this their fellow creatures, bound to them by no tie of hospitality, could tell another story. When they set out on a journey, all their faults apparently come to the surface, and their fellow travelers perceive in them the hateful traits of peevishness, selfishness and irritability.

The umbrella is tucked horizontally under the arm to stab the eye or puncture the breast of a fellow creature who has the misfortune to follow in their wake.

The seats are monopolized in the crowded car, filled with boys and bundles, while aged people or mothers with small children stand in the aisles. The best food at the table is appropriated, and the toilet room in the sleeping car is monopolized for an hour, no matter who or how many may be waiting.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Hawk's Shrewdness.

A very common practice among the hawks of this country is to follow close in the track of a railroad train, flying low down near the ground. The small birds along the line, startled by the roar of the cars, fly up in clouds, and the hawk takes his pick of the fattest of the lot. The little birds are so alarmed by the noise of the train that they do not see the hawk, and before they can get away he has replenished his larder. The fact has often been observed by persons living along the lines of railroads, and is a singular illustration of the faculty of adaptation possessed by animals that are forced to live by their wits.—Exchange.

Goldfish Drown a Sparrow.

A perky London sparrow went to drink from the famous Temple fountain. A wicked goldfish leaped up and seized it by the leg. A second fish, hearing the sparrow's squeals, came and did likewise. Between them the poor sparrow found a watery grave.—London Tit-Bits.

How's Your Liver?

Is the Oriental salutation, knowing that good health cannot exist without a healthy Liver. When the Liver is torpid the Bowels are sluggish and constipated, the food lies in the stomach undigested, poisoning the blood; frequent headache ensues; a feeling of lassitude, despondency and nervousness indicate how the whole system is deranged. 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.

REV. R. G. WILSON, 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.

PREPARED ONLY BY J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Hats! Hats!

Why do you go bareheaded when 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'—

Oxford ∴ Ties

—AT—

75 Cents.

NICE FIGURED LAWN, at 4c;
CALICO for 5c;
PANT GOODS for 10c;
COTTON PLAIDS for 5c;
BEST DOMESTIC for 6½c.

And there you can find anything you want in

GROCERIES.

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

Highest Prices Paid For

PRODUCE.

You will save money by calling on

W. E. LINDSAY.

(Next to Finley Bros.)

NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.

B. S. CASHION. J. A. CASHION.

THE

North Wilkesboro Wagon Co.,

CASHION BROS., Proprietors.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

Wagons, Carts, &c.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Repairing a Specialty.

Give us a trial.

CASHION BROS.,

Corner Maple and Cleveland Sts.

NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.