

# NORTH WILKESBORO NEWS.

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## SARGASSO.

Along the placid splendors of these seas  
A wide expanse of blue suggests  
Like some wrecked island of Hesperides  
That far his fields of golden waves lies.  
Here coral plains and dappled bays  
Of deep sea caves their shadows upward cast.  
Here day dissolves as at the Judgment last.  
And cool wings of night her paradise reveal.  
Fair was the moon when Orion's eye beheld  
These tangled meadows drifting round his  
feet.  
In happy visions clear before him swelled  
Palm waving shores and mountain broad  
Antilles.  
Unseen—yet palpable to sense and fair  
As victor's palms in life's immortal air.  
—Youth's Companion.

## A PERSONAL.

You may smile if you like, but I always read my morning paper from A to Z. I begin with the top of the first column on the first page and finish with the end of the column on the last page. In that way I lose no possible scrap of information, and besides the habit often leads to important consequences, as the following narrative will show:

For a whole week I found in the column of my paper devoted to "Personals" the following touching appeal:

My THEODORE—Why have you not answered my last two letters? Are you angry with me, or are you ill? Oh, my Theodore, have pity on me and relieve the anxiety of your suffering Cleopatra.

The first time I read it it made no particular impression upon me. So with the second and third times—I remembered that all advertisements are generally inserted three times—but when I opened my paper on the fourth morning and saw it still there it set me to thinking seriously. Cleopatra began to interest me. The advertisement had already cost her \$2.

The fifth morning came, and with it the same heart-breaking appeal. It began to affect not only my nerves, but to arouse my indignation. Cleopatra had evidently written two letters to this unknown person, who had obstinately refused to answer them. Courtesy alone would have demanded some acknowledgment of them, however formal. He was angry with her unquestionably, for in the last advertisement was headed "Are you still angry with me?" But even had she done something to make him angry he might have taken some sort of notice of her appeal. And it was touching, too, the way in which she asked if he were sick.

The next morning I departed from my usual habit. I looked at the "Personal" column first.

There it was again.

Unhappy Cleopatra. Had she taken space in the advertising columns for a year?

That sort of thing could not go on longer.

My resolution was taken. I cut down to my writing desk at once, hastily scrawled a few lines, inclosed the price of one insertion and sent it by a boy to the office of the newspaper.

The next morning I tore open the paper. There stood my advertisement in large letters just after that of Cleopatra.

DEAR MR. THEODORE—Will you not show some pity on Cleopatra and not leave her to suffer longer? Your conduct is both unbecomingly and reprehensible. MICHAEL.

Now we shall see, I thought, if he will still keep silence.

There was no sign from him in the next day's paper, but from her there was this line:

MICHAEL—Thanks, oh, thanks, you good soul!

It is very flattering to be considered a good man, but there is something about the expression "good soul" that I don't exactly like. My application by Cleopatra rather displeased me. An old woman, who is rheumatic and who reads the Bible a great deal, is a "good soul," but a man of 40, who dresses well, and has ambitions—well, "however, when I came to read it over, I could see that it was not ill meant. It was unquestionably a genuine outburst of feeling. In any case, it was handsomer of her to make an acknowledgment of my interest in her affairs.

I could hardly wait for the next morning to come. The moment the paper arrived I turned to the advertising page. It was there. Theodore had been aroused to answer. This was a token of his existence:

MICHAEL—Do not meddle with what does not concern you. It strikes me, from your note, that you are like your namesake, who killed himself in running after the comet. Will you in the future be so good as to mind your own business? THEODORE.

On the instant I sat down and wrote the following, which I dispatched for the next day's issue:

THEODORE—Your rudeness does not at all surprise me. I was perfectly prepared for it after the brutal manner in which you have treated the prayers of a lady. The Chinese have a custom of never answering a letter until a month after it is received. I take the liberty of appointing you to be a Chinese. MICHAEL.

That soothed me a little.

The next issue contained my rejoinder, but just below it was the following note by the editor:

Members, Michael and Theodore are notified that with the above we must consider their correspondence closed. We cannot allow our paper to become the vehicle of messages of a threatening character.

There was something in that, and as I had had the last word I was satisfied.

I looked upon the whole affair as dead and buried when some days later the name Michael caught my eye in the advertising columns. Was it intended for me or for some other Michael? A second glance assured me. It ran:

MICHAEL is earnestly entreated to send his address to CLEOPATRA.

Hem! That was something to be thought about. Might it not be a trap which was set for me? To judge of him by his advertisement, this Theodore was a surly, cantankerous fellow, who might want to find my address to make a personal attack upon me or perhaps send me a challenge for a duel.

I am opposed to dueling on principle. I prefer any time a dozen oysters to a shot in the leg or a thrust with a small sword.

What should I do?

The advertisement was certainly signed "Cleopatra" and courtesy demanded some kind of answer. I would not follow the Chinese method and wait a month, so I answered that my address might be obtained of the editor.

A morning or two later, while sitting at breakfast, my old housekeeper informed me that a lady wished to see me.

"Is she young?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Pretty?"

"Yes."

"Clear the table, then, and let her come in." I hurried into my sleeping room to brush the hair over the bed placed on the top of my head, slipped on a black coat—in which I am assured I look tolerably well—and hurried back again. When I re-entered the room, a ravishingly beautiful young lady, whom I had never before seen, stood before me.

"Sir," she began in a soft voice, in which there was an anxious sound, "forgive this intrusion on the part of a stranger, but—"

Here she made a slight pause. I pushed forward an armchair.

"Please be seated. There is not the slightest need of an apology. I'm charmed, I'm sure."

Her eyes until now had been cast down. Now she raised them and looked me full in the face. What eyes! Black, with blond hair. If there any combination more magnificent!

"Mr. Michael," she began, "I am not altogether unknown to you."

"No, certainly not," I stammered, "certainly not. I—I believe I have had the pleasure—"

I looked at her closely. I was lying. I had never seen her before.

"You meant to do me a good turn, even if you failed?"

"To whom had I attempted to do a good turn? I could think of no one."

"Yes, Mr. Michael, you have certainly shown that you are a man with a heart."

She looked at me with trustful eyes. Such eyes! They burned to the very marrow of my soul.

"Why, my dear young lady," I burst forth, "I should be worse than a barbarian if I did not place my heart and myself at your disposal. Yes, I would even to please you set sail for Tonquin and set the Chinese—"

"Chinese!" she interrupted. "That brings me to the business I came upon. Calling him that was the very thing that made him so angry. He insists that the whole matter was a conspiracy between you and me. He is so dreadfully jealous."

Conspiracy! He! What and whom could she be talking about? And a Chinese! Could it be possible that this charming young creature had a Chinese lover? Women have all sorts of tastes, however. But, then, what had I to do with it? Why should she confide in me? But I put a bold face upon it.

"Jealous! That is too ridiculous. You must convince him that he is mistaken."

"But I cannot, Mr. Michael, you are the only one that can bring him to his senses. You must call on him and explain. Perhaps he will then listen to reason."

Cold chills ran over me at the thought. To put myself into the hands of this Chinese Othello. To risk my head between the jaws of the lion. To explain a matter of which I was thoroughly ignorant to a heathen foreigner mad with jealousy. No, my willingness to become a martyr did not extend so far as that.

"My dear madam," I stammered, "nothing would give me more pleasure, but my professional duties occupy every moment of my time from morning until night."

"But you cannot refuse me," she pleaded. "You can take time enough for that, dear, good Mr. Michael!"

And she caught my hand and patting it like a child. I could resist no longer. I declared myself ready.

"Thanks; oh, thanks!"

"Where does he live?" I asked firmly. I felt that moment like one of the old knights who were about to go out to fight dragons.

"In Powderhouse street, No. 17. You can't mistake it. It is on the right hand side of the street and the first door to the left as you enter."

Powderhouse street. The name sounded ominous.

At 10 o'clock the next morning I prepared myself for the fight. After a long walk I reached the street. My heart beat so it could be heard when I stepped into the hall of the house where the monster dwelt.

The first door to the left. This was it. At the farther end of the passage was a servant with a dustpan and brush.

"Here!" I called to him in a loud voice. "Can you tell me if the Chinese is at home?"

I was standing just in front of the door, and as I spoke it flew

violently open, and the dragon stood before me. I raised both hands mechanically to keep him from springing at my throat. It was the instinct of self preservation. Then I looked him in the eye. My hands dropped.

"What, Damian?"

"Michael!"

For five long years I had neither heard from nor seen my old school-fellow, and here he had dropped upon me, or rather I had dropped upon him, from the clouds. We shook each other's hands till they ached.

"But what in the world are you doing here, and where have you been all these years, Damian?"

"That is a long story to tell, Michael. I have been in America."

"In America? Truly? You must tell me all about it. Isn't there a café near here where we can have a chat?"

Suddenly I remembered my mission.

"But not just yet," I cried. "I have a disagreeable task to perform first. It was a lucky mistake, my going to the wrong door first, for I found you. I was told the first door to the left. I say, old fellow, do you know whether there is a Chinese living in the building?"

"A Chinese? Why, what should a Chinese do here?"

"Well, that's what I really don't know myself. All I have promised to find him, and I expect to have my throat cut for my good nature. I haven't the slightest idea what I have to say to him. It is to oblige a young woman whose name I don't know and whom I never saw but once."

Damian shook his head and looked at me with a curious glance.

"Terrible to die so young, isn't it?" with a weak attempt to encourage myself by a joke.

My friend paid no attention to what I was saying. He was looking over my shoulder toward the door.

"Are you convinced now?" said a voice behind me. "Do you now believe I have told the truth, Theodore?"

Theodore, and that voice! It was that of my unknown visitor of the day before. Theodore! Where had I heard that name before?

"I have not the slightest idea what you mean," replied my friend coldly. "All I know is that I have just accidentally met an old school comrade."

"That is splendid!" She clasped her hands joyfully. "But why are you staring at me so strangely, Mr. Michael?"

"Because I really don't know what to say. I haven't yet found your Chinese."

"The Chinese?" and my unknown laughed heartily. "Why, the Chinese stands before you—Theodore!"

"Cleopatra!"

Ah, ha! Theodore! Cleopatra! The light began to break in upon me. That impudently impudent Michael in the advertisement was you, then? said my friend.

"And you, Damian, were—"

"For heaven's sake, don't call me Damian again. I dropped that name in America years ago. I am Theodore now."

"Well, Theodore, I take back the Chinese, but you must acknowledge your mistake in saying that it was Michael who ran after the comet."

"If it will be of any comfort to you, certainly. It was very likely Timothy."

"Well, in any case, let us forgive and forget, and now for a couple of bottles of Rudesheimer."

The champagne was brought, and we sat down to it around the little table in Theodore's room. The whole matter was, little by little, cleared up.

"I am curious to know one thing, Theodore," said I. "Why did you let the charming Cleopatra beg in vain for an answer for a whole week? That wasn't at all like you."

"You are forcing my hand, Michael, but I will tell you. All this whole long week I have been held by the police on the charge of disturbing the peace. You see, I was going home that night after a late supper, where I had drunk too much, and that was because of our little quarrel." Here he nodded at Cleopatra. "I wasn't in the best humor, and, for the matter of that, neither was the watchman whom I met on the way home. He insisted on my going along quietly, and I insisted on singing, and the end of it was that he took me to the watchhouse. For seven long days I sat there, determined not to pay my fine, growling to myself and thinking of Cleopatra, who is to blame for the whole of it. I might have been sitting there now if a third party had not thrust his nose into the business and made me jealous."

"Then I really have you to thank for his coming back, after all, you dear, good Mr. Michael!"

And Cleopatra rose from her chair and came round to my side of the table.

"Shall I?" she asked, looking at Theodore.

"Certainly," said he, laughing, and a kiss from her soft lips burned on my cheek.

The wedding came off three weeks later, and to keep up the joke that had brought us together I sent them for a present an elegant Chinese pagoda for the mantel.

Since that time I have never mixed myself up in newspaper correspondence.—Translated From the Danish For Short Stories.

## OLD WORLD BATTLES.

**The Enormous Loss of Life in Some of the Great Engagements.**

At Mollwitz the Prussians lost 18 per cent; the Austrians, 28 per cent. At Kolin Frederick's forces suffered to the extent of 57 per cent, while his victory cost his enemies only 14 per cent. At Zorndorf, the bloodiest battle of which we have any record that we may rely upon, the proportion of loss to the total forces engaged rose to the enormous total of from one-half to one-third. Kunersdorf was almost as destructive to human life, and Frederick lost 35 per cent against 26 per cent of the allies.

With the advent of Napoleon and the loosened formations of the revolutionary armies losses were at first diminished, but at Aspern the Austrians left nearly 28 per cent of their men on the battlefield, and the French, although the bulletins denied it, are said to have been weaker by one-half after the battle. Borodino, too, deprived the Russians of 36 per cent and the French of 25 per cent. During the later Napoleonic wars we find the losses somewhat lower, although after Ligny the Prussians were weaker by as many as 20 per cent, and the victory of Waterloo cost us rather more than that proportion.

When, however, we turn to the campaigns which succeeded the fall of exhaustion following the downfall of the first empire, we are confronted with no such bloody records in spite of the invention of percussion caps, rifles and even rifled cannon. The allies of the Alma only lost some 6 per cent, and the Russians 14 per cent. Inkermann, however, was as bloody as Waterloo, but it was a struggle in which tactics played a very small part.

The losses at Magenta and Solferino were comparatively slight. Although the consequences of Koniggratz were immense they were cheaply purchased by the victors, while in 1870, notwithstanding that both sides were armed with breechloaders, the losses never approached the huge totals of some of the battles of the early century or of those of the seven years war. At Worth, it is estimated that of the total forces engaged were either killed or wounded, but at Gravelotte the proportion was only one-eleventh and at Wissemburg one-twelfth.—Saturday Review.

**Baby's Name.**

"We had an awful time getting a name for baby," said one woman to another as they rode together on an electric car.

"That's always the case," was the reply. "The father generally wants one name, the mother another, while all the grandfathers and grandmothers and uncles and aunts and cousins have a lot to suggest and are cross if you don't take them, and you really can't, you know."

"Of course not. That was the way with us. But the name my husband wanted to give the baby was the oddest of all."

"What was that?"

"Macbeth."

"Family name?"

"Oh, no. He wanted the little treasure named Macbeth because he murdered sleep. But that was a regular libel on the little fellow. He sleeps just as well as one could expect, the mother added, with true maternal allowance for the infant's very wakeful wickedness.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

**Not Worth Shucks.**

About Lake George, where the speech of the people is rich in archaisms, I find "shuck" used, not for the corn covering, but for the outer covering of the hickory nut—called here and in some other northern districts "walnut." But the Lake Georgians do not, I believe, speak of "bean shucks," as people do in parts of England. Perhaps, after all, the apparently American proverbial phrase, "not worth shucks," is older than Jamestown, for the shucks of Indian corn are the only shucks that are valuable. But to "shuck off one's coat" in order to "lick" a man "tell his hide won't hold shucks" smacks of those parts of the United States in which a man so threatened can "take to the tall corn" for concealment.—Edward Eggleston in Century.

**Disposing of Criminals.**

There seems to be a sort of grim justice in the proposition to make use of criminals who are under sentence of death as subjects for experiments at the hands of scientists. They might thus serve some good purpose and in this way compensate the world for the injury and mischief they have wrought in it. Useless for other purposes, waiting only for death, they could be utilized for experiments that it is under ordinary circumstances impossible to make. Could such a field be opened to scientists it is impossible to foretell the benefits that might result from it. Once the idea gets a foothold in the minds of intelligent persons, it is unlikely that that there would be opportunities offered for such investigations.—New York Ledger.

**Time and Money.**

The counterfeiter was in the pen for 10.

"What are you doing here?" asked a visitor.

"Passing time."

"Ah, what for?"

"Passing money," and the visitor passed on.—Detroit Free Press.

## Richard Shaw's Story.

Captain Lugard, the African traveler, quotes his brother as expressing the highest admiration for "the wonderful instinct" of the jungle tribe of Gonds, in India, with whom he had practiced tiger shooting.

"If you dropped a load from a balloon in the heart of a forest unknown to him, and then suddenly went for him with a thick stick, he would take the identical path that a tiger would adopt and it would be found to be the shortest possible way out of the jungle."

Captain Lugard bears similar testimony to the ready wit of the Swahilis, natives of east Africa. He had occasion to build a fort with all speed, and for that purpose he needed poles. They were difficult to procure, but as he remarks, "The Swahili is a wonderful fellow, when pressed, for making bricks without straw."

Not a tree was in sight, and there were only a dozen axes for 250 men, but he sent all hands out for timber. Each man was to bring a log, or two men might bring one log if it was exceptionally large, and only after that was done were they to be at liberty to collect their own food for the day. And the logs were brought. In Captain Lugard's words:

"Tell a Swahili he has to produce a pole before he can eat his dinner, and, though you cannot see a tree on the horizon, he will arrive with a pole before you have declined in your mind which is the best direction in which to start your search."—Youth's Companion.

**A Plea For an Irish Literature.**

Is there no writer of Irish birth and antecedents strong enough and earnest enough to describe truthfully and conscientiously the various phases of Irish life and to do for Ireland all that Scott has done for Scotland and Dickens for England? The Irish are a gifted and imaginative race, and there is no reason for limiting the possibilities of Irish genius to the former sex. Why should not Ireland have her "George Eliot" as well as her "Charles Dickens"?

Several talented Irishmen have within the last few years written readable novels, but none of them except Miss Lawless' clever book, "Harrish," has ridden above the dead level of praiseworthy mediocrity. Whatever the cause may be—whether it be that English prejudice has damped the ardor of aspiring talent in Ireland or that culture is not yet sufficiently diffused through the country to develop fairly the dormant genius of the race—the fact remains that the Irish element in English literature is, up to the present, an insignificant factor.

If the work attempted by "Young Ireland" was a failure, it was at least a noble and glorious failure. Why should not the dream of Davis yet be realized by a band of Irish men and women, who, taking for their watchword "Country and Culture," succeed by the power of intellect in crowning the arch of Irish Liberty with the priceless wreath of a national literature?—Westminster Review.

**Camels in War.**

The camel is a good soldier. It may be stupidity, and it may be bravery, but a camel is as steady under fire as a tower. The Persians mounted small cannon on the backs of their camels and called them zambrabs, or little wheels. This fashion was adopted in India, and after the battle of Solraon 2,000 of the artillery camels were captured. In the Indian mutiny the British had a camel corps of 150 beasts, and on the back of each camel sat a Scotch Highlander in his kilie.

In 1876 the British used camels against the Afghans, and the government paid for 50,000 camels that died in those campaigns. Many of these were driven to death by their owners in order that they might claim the government bounty. There was also a camel corps which did good service in the Sudan war against the mahdi.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Chinese Dinners.**

It is not an unusual thing to see a handsome coach and stylish driver pull up at one of the worst quarters in Mulberry street, and a party of ladies and gentlemen richly attired get out and enter a somewhat forbidding Chinese restaurant and go through the sensation of eating a Chinese dinner. It became a fad to do this a year or two ago, and it is a singular fact that dainty girls who get sick if the mutton at home is too rare undergo this test with a zest and boast of it afterward. The mystery of the food, the flavor of magnificence and the general dash of unconventionality really furnish some kind of pleasure to weak nerves.—New York World.

**It Was His Uncle.**

Maud—Charley Rounder's folks must all be just too lovely and kind for anything.

Millicent—Humph. Why?

Maud—I asked him last night how he kept the moths out of his winter overcoat in the summer, and he said his uncle generally attended to that for him.—Buffalo Courier.

**An Indulgence.**

Miss Trill—I love to hear the birds sing.

Jack Downright (warmly)—So do I. They never attempt a piece beyond their ability.—London Jaily.



## The Old Friend

And the best friend, that never fails you, is Simmons Liver Regulator, (the Red Z)—that's what you hear at the mention of this excellent Liver medicine, and people should not be persuaded that anything else will do.

It is the King of Liver Medicines; is better than pills, and takes the place of Quinine and Calomel. It acts directly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels and gives new life to the whole system. This is the medicine you want. Sold by all Druggists in Liquid, or in Powder to be taken dry or made into a tea.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS  
The Z Brand is put on wrapper.  
J. W. BARBER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

## J. W. BARBER

## J. W. BARBER & CO.,

North Wilkesboro, N. C.,

## General Merchandise

## Country Produce.

HE MAKES A SPECIALTY IN  
Groceries, Drugs, Hats, Shoes,

NOTIONS, &c.

## Pays Cash for

## PRODUCE.

## LOOK AT YOUR HOUSE

They are damaging every  
the want of Paint. I  
let them rot down; but  
have them painted  
nicely in the  
very latest

## STYLES - DESIRED

Graining,  
Papering, &c.  
All who need any  
work done in any line,  
will do well to get my very  
low prices for a first-class job.

Don't Neglect Your Roofs.  
I use the Asphalt-Roof Paint  
which is fire proof. Write me  
at Pilot Mountain, or North  
Wilkesboro, N. C.

W. M. BOYLES.

## THE North Wilkesboro Wagon Co.,

CASHION BROS., Proprietors.

## Wagons, Carts, &c.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED  
Repairing a Specialty.

Give us a trial.  
CASHION BROS.,  
Corner Maple and Cleveland Sts.  
NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C.