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NORTH WILKESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1894.

H. B. PARKER, Jr.,

Attorney at Law AND NOTARY PUBLIC, North Wilkesboro, - - - N. C.

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

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All kinds of repairing done with matical errors purposely made to test eatness and dispatch. Will be found at Turner's Ferniture Store. Guarantee satisfaction.

New Beef Market!

market in the frear of L. E. Davis' store and will keep on hand a nice line of all -kinds of-

MEATS, - OYSTERS, Give Me a Call G. W. ADAMS

BUTNER, IT. M.

WATCHMAKERI& JFWELER.

-808-

Is prepared to do all kinds or stormiest moods.

PATENTS.

J. R. LITTELL,

-Autorney and Councellor in-

Patent, Trade-Mark

and Copyright Cases,

HOMELESS.

The stood in the tender twilight
While the soft wind whispered by,
Homeless, friendless and weary
Under the evening sky.
The scent of violets was wafted
From the grassy turf at her feet,
And the promise of the scent of the scene of the sce

And the promise of coming summer Made all things wondrous sweet.

But alone she stood in the twilight,
With the dew on her yellow hair.
And her soft eyes dimmed by unshed tears,
With never a friend to care.
And never a roof to shelter her Or a kindly word is said,

As from door to door she moves along. Begging her daily bread. Oh, think of her in your cheerful homes When the twilight shadows come And you gather around your bounteous

In the safe and happy home. Give her a kind and gentle word-You can surely spare her that; She may come to your door at any time—
The homeless old tramp cat.
—Philadelphia Times.

"SWEET BOM-BY."

We used to wonder where or how Roxie first came into existence. She herself said she had been a woman ever since she began to live, and that was all we knew of her past until something happened.

We were a trio of schoolgirls, and Roxie the old black washerwoman. who had left her adopted town, a few to make her fortune by doing laundry work for Miss Fancher's school.

Roxie was not liked by people of her own race at the Springs, who called her "bigity," and she gloried in their estimate of her pride, doing all she could to merit it by switching and strutting and holding a high head when they were about, calling them "ugly as ho made sin and po buckra niggers," leaving them to in-fer that she had belonged to "quality," although she never gratified the curiosity of anybody by saying so. She made no friends except with us three, and the other girls wondered what we saw in the homely, surly old woman to even tolerate. But

Roxie had literary aspiration, though she did not know a letter of the alphabet, and we were ambitious for her. To The Lighthouse, a religious weekly published by a colored clergyman in her adopted town, went many gushing effusions, bearing the name "Roxie Scales." We wondered

the articles were too good to appear under a pseudonym and she not have the credit, but she was firm. These articles were on all manner of subjects. The one she seemed most concerned over was written in her own house at her dictation, entitled "A Day In Tennessee." We worked industriously, doing our best, while Roxie criticised right and left, made many flourishes of impatience and said she didn't believe we had ever heard of Tennessee in our lives. She ordered the best sentences cut out because they were a little exaggerated, and she was more exacting than was ever Miss Ross, who exam-

her competency.

Now and again Roxie and her huge
flatiron would make an angry plunge in our direction, but she always stopped before getting too near with the words in a modified tone, "Chillen, I'me s'prised at yo'swisdom." She

ined our essays and overlooked gram-

rneant our lack of it. Her house was a mile from the college, in the prettiest, wildest spot about the Springs, and on her front door a card with the words, "This is I lave opened a first-class meat my busy day," hung from early Monday morning until Saturday night.

On Sundays she would sit at her little parlor organ and sing "Sweet Bom-By" to an accompaniment improvised for the occasion. She never varied her song, but the accompaniment was a changeable as the wind.

We three would stand at the window and with tears in our eyes peep in upon the lonely old woman, sing ing her heart out and her breath away, her body swaying, her head in motion, her attitude and voice a desby, that long delayed "Sweet Bom-

Roxie never laughed or smiled. Main Street, - - Eikin, N. C. She had forgotten how, she said. way off ter Mis'sippi. I begged him, Her countenance was the same under all circumstances, even in her leetle, en he was big en domineerin

Watch, Clock, and Jewelry Re- Having no children of her own, she pairing. Fine Watch Repairing had taken in, one at a time, the a long luk at dat po' leetle sleepin homeless, friendless babies she had a Specialty.

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

It will pay you to see me before buying Watches or Jewelry. Res. t. Yours.

T. M. BUTNER.

Homeless bables she had heard of and kept them until they were old enough to earn a living. There was one with her at the Springs, a cunning little pickaninny, and to it "Miss Shiday" was a won-wuss yit. I luked bac' 'long ez I cud to and from the postoffice. Beck's in-structions had been to remind the ab-rung in my head fer yurs en yurs,

One day we went to Roxie's and saved money, den started ter 'em. I fum home then?" Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C. were somewhat surprised to see an wuz happy 'nough on de way bac' "I kem ter fin you," he said. "I Clara-The paper says that in Italy Over twilve years' experience. AMERI-CAN and FOREIGN Patents. CAVEATS, and all business arising under the patent kws promptly and carefully prosecuted.

REFERENCE OF The Description of model or sketch of invention, ladvise as to patentabliky without this paper.)

old negro, ragged and tattered, seatward and tattered, seatward the death the description of the patents. Cavears arising under the patent has beside the don her front steps, his hat beside the don her front steps.

The don her front steps, his hat beside the don her front steps had the don her front steps had the clotched at the clotched i

as did the old fellow on the step.
"What is the matter?" we asked.

ceaseless "Ooh-ooh-ooh" back of the cooked now, sayin, 'Mebby mammy college, and made us homesick.

"Aunt Roxie, tell us what troubles you," we said. "Can't we help you?" to her and knelt about her, begging knocked up my cackerlations. her not to cry, for Roxie crying was

"Honey," she whispered, "dis ole ery. woman is mighty sorful. You see dat ole man on de step?"

window and looked at the old fellow, | wid Mawse Aleck's team. then came back murmuring, "It's miles away, and come to the Springs | him, it's him, atter all dese yurs, it's | outer me.

"Roxie," came the plaintive cry, 'oh, Roxie!"

sank down again. "Dat's somebody what I uster Whut med you, Tump?" know," she whispered cautiously, back in Tenn'see long 'go. Dat's all, honey."

"Perhaps it is not him," we said, thinking she would rather be brought to believe herself mistaken.

"Dis ole woman's sutten en sho', she returned. "Ain't I done toted dem luks in my head all dese yurs? Ever' day I says ter myse'f, 'Dere's a gray ha'r, en dere's a wrinkle, en dere's a crooked laig, en dere's a stoop-ed bac', en it's all so. Dat's Roxie was an interesting character de same ole nigger l'ze been totin lef en went ter dat leetle grave, whut her observations ez she goes long, to us, and the mystery she managed de same ole nigger I'ze been totin to throw about herself had its attraction in my head en studyin over all dese yurs."

then came back and sat down. "Tell us about it," we said, "and

perhaps we can help you." "Yuse done done all," she announce ed. "You brung him here, I know." That was startling. We wanted an

"Hit wuz dem pieces ter de papers. Dat wuz de reasin I wrote 'em. so's remonstrated with her, arguing that doin well. En dat's where Roxie sumpin lak sumpin sayin, 'Hurry off!' Scales kems in, whut you argified so en I nuver stopped ter think it out, much over. I wuz a Scales, en I is a but hurried at wunst. Scales-Friday is a ole med up name. But I didn't reckin he'd kem trackin

> "Why don't you go and speak to him, Roxie? He has come a long distance to see you. Go, Roxie."

> "I wudn't speak ter him fer dis yeth!" she cried. "Dat's a ole married nigger.'

Roxie was a rigid moralist, but here was something we could not under-

"Kem, sit down," she said at last. "I see I hafter tell ter set my own kerrickter stret. Long 'go I wuz young, en I b'longed ter a gemman in Tenn'see. So did Jabe. Dat's him out dere. We co'ted en married en wuz so happy, en bom-by a baby kem. Bout dat true we tak Tumpy. what didn't hev no mammy, ter raise. She wuz 10 den-10 yurs ole. I kin crib, wid de baby a-squallin en her long de row, 'side o' Jabe's. Den bac' wid a basket on her head ter keep de br'ilin hot sun off, en a dancin Juba un'er de shade. We sorter kep' as ever: ter ourse'ves, kase Jabe wuz counted lakly, en we wuked de patches of goobers en watermilluns by de branch, en de gyardens, en de ticklish

wuk dat old mistis wudn't let nobody else tetch. But one day ole mawster went en died, en Jabe fell ter de son, Mawse Aleck, en I fell ter Miss Sallie. perate appeal to the God the poor soul secretly loved to send that bom. En Miss Sallie she married, en her man nuver b'lieved in ownin niggers, "Whut but he b'lieved in sellin 'em en puttin de money fer 'em snug in his pockets. He sol me, en I wuz kerried en med her pass her cawnsent. "'Fo' goin I went ter de crib en tuk | cool reply.

baby, whut wudn't soon hev no derful woman. Roxey never scolded | see a sign of de cabin or de smoke, en Beck, except for loitering on the way bout de time I wuz gittin outer sight sentminded postmaster on Saturday en I hear it yit. It wuz lak it that The Lighthouse should be forthcoming, and her daily query, "Any
dem Lighthouse papers fer Miss Shiday?" came to be a byword with the

day that The Lighthouse should be forthcoming, and her daily query, "Any
dem Lighthouse papers fer Miss Shiday?" came to be a byword with the

day that The Lighthouse should be forthen cried, too, en when de s'render
way wunst."

"De laws a massy!" cxclaimed
mince pie. And no one believes him.

"De laws a massy!" cxclaimed
mince pie. And no one believes him.

"New York Herald." day?" came to be a byword with the ole Tenn'see. I wanted ter see Jabe Roxie. "Ain't you outer yo' min? en Tump en all, so I wuked hard en Huhkom you got strayed off so fur

sang in the crooked old apple trees | nigh empty, but 1 see smoke kemin | me, en I'd go off by myse'f en around the door had been frightened outer de chimbly what hed been think over 'em en cry, en at las' I into silence. We went to the little ourn, en I knowed Jane wuz dere yit. cudn't keep fum kemin no longer. washhoust, expecting to find Roxie En mebby leetle Judy hed got big Tumpy she done dade en gawn. She over the tubs, up to her elbows in 'nough ter cook, fer I'd been gawn 10 | nuver tol me tell de las dat you wuz soapsups, when there she sat on a yurs, en wudn't she be glad ter see back dat time, en I didn't blame her. stool, looking every bit as miserable her old mammy? I jis' fai'ly flew kase it wudn't a he ped matters none. down lat big road, a-raisin de dust En she say, 'Go hunt A'nt Roxie en lak a hoss drove. I slung dat mek it right.' But I ain't axin you She took but a feeble notice of our ca'pet bag right en lef' en strutter marry me over. Roxic. I know presence, and went on wringing her ed prander'n I did on de bloc' yuse lukin up higher trees fer better hands, rocking herself to and fro, and in Richmon. I'd been 'maginin dat making a little doleful noise that baby sayin, 'Mammy, kem bac', 'all sounded very like the cry of the dis long while, en who knowed but mourning doves, which kept up their whut it read'ed up de house an

'ill be home terday.' "I got ter de do', en a young yaller woman sot in de sunshine a-mendin She reached out her hand in a help-britches, but I didn't see no leetle gal less, entreating way, and we rushed flyin round gittin dinner, en dat

" 'Do Jabe Scales live hyur?' I axed as pitiable a sight as I ever looked de woman, en she say he do. En I say, 'I'ze de wife dat wuz sol in slav-

"En, chillen, who you reckin dat wuz? It wuz Tump, dat same Tump, "Yes." we answered. "Who is he?" growed a sight bigger in I ever thought She did not reply, but continued to she would, but what you reckin she moan and stare into vacancy with say? 'Mebby you wuz his wife in wide open, tear dimmed eyes. Pres | slavery,' says she, 'but I'ze his wife ently she got up, went to the little in freedom, en Jabe's gawn ter town "I jis fell flat. De bref wus knocked

" 'Dullaw, ef dis ain't A'nt Roxie!" say she den. En I say, 'I nuver b'lieved Jabe wud do dat: You cudn't She staggered to her feet, then a-beat it inter my head all day long, ef I wuzn't hyur ter see fer myse'f.

"She begin ter cry en said dey didn't reckin I'd ever be bac', en lak ez not I'd married agin too. I luked at her stret. 'Dem ain't my idees of marriage,' says I. 'Whey's my baby, den?' She sorter gasped en showed de whites of her eyes.

"'It's dade,' she say, en de news sprawled me flat.

"Whey is it? I axed. " 'Dade,' she say again.

" 'Whey's its little bones, I'ze axin?' "Den she p'inted out de place, en I wuzn't no bigger'n de crib I'd seen it puts in her 'pear'nece we'll sen her in las', en fell down side it en hid fer de preacher.' She went to the window again, my burnin shameface in its cool green And Roxie began "Sweet Bomgrass, en 'fo' I got up I heard a snap en knowed my heart hed popped in two at las'. It was ter'ble still out in 'nough ter mek you feel skeery Times. when yuse way off in a grave-yard by yo'se'f. Now'n then a pa'tridge wud whir up en mek he'd see 'em en know I wuz livin en me jump. All ter wunst I heard

"So I kem down ter dishyer state down hyur when I hed de paper sont | Dat ole nigger out dere is Jabe Scales. Dat's Tump's ole man, not mine, en | the number 23. I ain't gwan hev speech wid him. I'se too puppindicklar ter resk multiplyin words wid him."

She broke into sobs again, and we went to the window. "He looks poor and old and forsaken," we said. "Hear him cough! Look at the old hands shake, and his toes are out of his boots. His trousers must have been cut when the water was high, and look at that coat! Poor, dilapidated old man!"

Roxie came and peeped over our orter patch his duds. He luks lak, a out a tinge of dejection: skeercrow, tubbe sho! When Beck kems she'll be skeered outer her senses by him. I'zo gwan put my hear dat Tump singin yit, a-rockin de scruples in, any pocket, en feed him, en clean him up, en sen him bac' ter a-pattin ter drown de yells, en dat Tump ter show her how ter treat me a-wukin in de fiel close by, a man. She did put on monstus airs Jabe nex'. Den Tump would skeet fine thing ter be a wife in freedom."

"Dey's a lan dat is fa'rer den day, En by faith we kin see it far off."

She pretended to see nothing but the clothes on the lines, which she took off, piece by piece, and put into baskets. The old man left the steps and tottered toward her.

"Roxie!" he called in a tremulous "Whut ole man is you?" she asked,

turning and looking at him unconcernedly "Doan' you know me, Roxie?" he

said, casting a sheepish, deprecating glance at his rags. "I guess you ter be some ole man slipped off fum de po'house," was the

"Roxie!" hidin ever sence befo' de wah."

"Now, Roxie!" whut de Ku-Klux hung." "Why, Roxie!"

blowed erway en lodged down hyur." "No, I ain't, Roxie, none o' dem. I'ze a po', no 'count ole nigger named says that the oyster is three hours Jabe Scales, what uster live up in and a half in digesting and as an aft-

berries, but I jis' wanter stay roun in hearin of you. Kin I, Roxie?"

Roxie brought her eyes back from the hill. She looked once at the eager old face, then looked down. Old Jabe leaned heavily on his cane. "En Tumpy's dade?" she said at

"Two yurs, kem nex' month." "She done all right by you?"

"She done her bes'," was the reply, "You didn't miss me, den?" "Yes, I did, Roxie, but Tumpy sorter kensoled me en we talked erbout po' Roxie ever' blessed day."

her!" "Side o' leetle Judy." Roxie got exceedingly busy all at once and pulled the clothes off the line with a vengeance. She tore a lace curtain into fragments in her excitement, then flung it away as if it did not belong to Miss Fancher, and as if Miss Fancher were as amiable as a spring lamb. Old Jabe watched her

"Po' Tump! En whey'd you lay

with fascinated eyes. "Lemme he'p tote 'em in," he said. Taking up the basket, he carried it

to the steps. "Roxie, it luks homey bout hyur, he said presently. "Doan' it, now?" Roxie's eyes traveled no farther than to where the crooked, stooped old man stood, gazing contentedly about him, drinking in the peace and beauty of the hills and valleys and little brooks, not overlooking Roxie's clean yards, big wood pile and show on all sides of a modest plenty.

"It do now," she answered softly. "Go buil on a fire in de kitchen, Jabe, en le's git supper. En when dat poke easy chile of a Beck, whut mus' tek

Three Times Seven. In the "Life and Correspondence of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D.," the author tells us that the distinguished preacher had an entire lack of humor, and he cites an amusing incident in proof thereof.

I was telling Dean Stanley that en nuver let on who I wuz tell now. Musician Halle's cook had lately won Halle was interested and asked her

> how she came to fix on so lucky a "Oh, sir," said she, "I had a dream. I dreamt of number seven. I dreamt of it three times, and as three times seven makes 23, I chose that number.

observed a wistful expression on Ar. speed of 10 knots loaded. The sand thur's countenance, as in were is pumped into hoppers, and operations and person in the latter may be When I had concluded my story, I but could not for the life of him quite manage it. Then suddenly his face "Dasso," she said. "Dat Tump brightened, and he said, but not with-

> "Ah, yes, I see. Yes, I suppose three times seven is not 23."

Graves of Two Famous Kentuckians. With heads facing each other the great Longfellow and scarcely less renowned Ten Broeck are taking when she say she wuz his wife in their final rest in the soil of the fa-Tump wud bring us water in de long freedom, lak freedom wuz de pra'r mous Nantura Stock farm in Woodha'dle gourd, en I'd drink fust en book. I ain't nuver called it sich a ford county, the home of the Harpers. The grave of Ten Broeck is She bathed her face, then went out surrounded with a neat fence of palinto the yard, singing as mournfully ings, painted white and tipped with green at the top. The grave of comes, complete the quadruple grave.
As yet the marble shaft contains but one inscription, and that recounts the birth, performances and death of Ten Broeck, who beat Longfellow to the tomb.-Louisville Courier Journal.

Serious Charge Against the Oyster. One by one this end of the century age of materialism is destroying all our popular ideals, and if it continues "Or some ole runaway nigger been | 1901 will find itself compelled to set up an entirely new lot in the absence of any holdovers. The latest instance "Or some ole haint of a nigger of destruction comes from a professional hygienist, who makes serious allegations against the oyster, under-"Or some ole skeercrow what got taking to prove that the popular no-lowed erway en lodged down hyur." tion that this succulent bivalve just about digests itself is all wrong. He

Would Not Sound Well.

they have begun to number the

EXASPERATING READERS.

A Class of Persons to Whom Everything Always Appears to Be New.

It is not only true that there are persons who read only the newspapers, but read them very thoroughly. It is perfectly amazing how long they take over it, especially in clubs. 1 noticed the other day what I am sure was a naturally benevolent old gentleman waiting for an evening paper, which was "in hand," and going through the whole gamut of human passion from impatience to despair. He was one of those persons who talk to themselves, and under the circumstances unnecessarily loud.

At first he was almost placid. "I suppose he will have done with it presently," he muttered. Then, Why, the man must be reading the advertisements;" then, "Why, the fellow must be learning it by heart;" then, "The wretch must be doing it on purpose," and then, "At last!" when it was put down, and he fell upon it like a tiger.

I am sorry to say this was not the end of it, for finding, after all, that it was an evening paper of the day before, which, we may be sure, he had read, he uttered a word beginning with a very big D that electri-

fied the reading room. The other man probably did not care about the date of his paper. He only wanted to read something continuously, as an insect devours a leaf without heed to the details of its construction. It is the same class of person (though he thinks himself very superior) who boasts that he J. W. BARBER reads Horace or Montaigne every year right through. They have not the faculty of attention, and therefore

each time it is new to them. When I was a boy, I was not mischievous like other boys, but benevolent. One of my little amusements was to take out the bookmarker of my uncle's favorite volume and put it back about 50 pages every day. By this means, instead of its lasting him only six months or so, I prolonged his only six months or so, I prolonged his pleasure for perhaps a year and a half.—James Pain in London Illustrated News.

A Suction Sand Dredge. had come at last, just as Beck, still scribed in The Engineering News— Country "kiten her observations," came over namely, a suction sand dredge with dem woods. De wind jis' move de broom saidge, en de pine trees roared the hill with a Lighthouse under her tarm.—Mrs. A. W. Bissell in Hartford built by the Naval Construction and Armament company of Barrow-in-Furness, England, for operations on HE MAKES A SPECALTY IN the Mersey bar. The sand pumping machinery consists of two centrifu-gal pumps with 36 inch suction and delivery pipes. These pumps are on each side of a well and draw from a T head at the top of the suction pipe, and around this head as a trunnion the tube can be raised or lowered to a good round sum in a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery with suit the depth of the water, and a lottery ball and socket joint gives a certain amount of lateral motion. The suction nozzle is turned over at the bottom, with its aperture almost at right

angles to the axis of the tube. The hull of the dredge is 325 feet long by about 20 feet 6 inches deep and 46 feet 10 inches wide, the loaded draft being 16 feet and 4 inches. She has twin screw engines and a filled at the rate of 100 tons per min-

And She Thanked Him. A man whose facial expression indicated that he was at war with all mankind, himself probably included, boarded a State street motor car in which there was a seat for only one more. This he took. Shortly afterward a young woman entered. There was no seat left for her. Seven men stared intently at their toes, and three others became interested in thought. The man with the warlike face rose and offered his seat. The young woman smiled pleasantly and said

"Thank you." Then the man who had given up Longfellow has not yet been in- his seat went out, slammed the door closed. Between these two equine after him and got off the car in such wonders of the turf rises a handsome a hurry that he turned several back marble staff, which presents four somersaults before he stopped. He polished sides for inscriptions. Jils was a humorist who had often writ-Johnson and imported Rossington ten paragraphs about women who do will doubtless, when their time not thank men who give up their seats in street cars. - Albany E.press.

Quite a Test.

He-How could you, base, deceiving girl, when every one knows we were engaged, act as you have? You asked that odious Jack Harkins to call on you, went to the theater with him, accepted a ring from him and North Wilkesboro Wagon Co. allowed your engagement with him to be published. Then you send for me and tell me that you loved me all CASHION BROS., Proprietors. the time, even after you did all those

She-Then you don't love me if you talk that way! "What"-

"I only did those things to test your love."-Boston Traveller.

A Musical Club. One of the toasts at the Young Men's club of Rollstone church Fitchburg, was, "The music of the church, and what the club can do to Repairing a Specialty. improve it." We should think a club properly used might be very benefi-cial in some church choirs.—Boston Bulletin.

Noble Revenge.

Yesterday I told the members of the Stimmritze that their vocal society consisted of a set of duffers, and today they have unanimously elected me an honorary member!-Deutsche Warte.

SIMMONS REGULATOR

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.

as the E Stamp in red on wrapper J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia, No.

-SUCCESSOR TO-

W. BARBER & CO.,

North Wilkesboro, N. C.,

-DEALER IN-

-AND-

Groceries, Drugs, Hats, Spoes. NOTIONS, &c.

: PRODUCE ::

LOOK

They are damaging every day for the want of Paint. Don't 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 my line. will do well to get my very low prices for a first-class job.

Don't Neglect Your Roofs.

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