

# NORTH WILKESBORO NEWS.

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AND NOTARY PUBLIC,  
North Wilkesboro, - - - N. C.

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

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tion.—Write for information.  
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vention, I advise as to patentability without  
charge. (Mention this paper.)

## HOMELESS.

She 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 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 to aid,  
As from door to door she moved along,  
Begging her daily bread.

Oh, think of her in your cheerful homes  
When the twilight shadows come  
And you gather around your bounteous  
board!

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  
miles away, and come to the Springs  
to make her fortune by doing laun-  
dry work for Miss Fancher's school.

Roxie was not liked by people of  
her own race at the Springs, who  
called her "biggy," and she glowed  
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 "qual-  
ity," although she never gratified the  
curiosity of anybody by saying so.

These articles were on all manner  
of subjects. The one she seemed  
most concerned over was written in  
her own house at her dictation, en-  
titled "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 out  
because they were a little exacting,  
and she was more exacting than  
any of us. Miss Ross, who exam-  
ined our essays and overlooked gram-  
matical errors purposely made to test  
her competency.

Now and again Roxie and her huge  
flattion would make an angry plunge  
in our direction, but she always stop-  
ped before getting too near with the  
words in a modified tone, "Chillen,  
I've s'pried at yo' wisdom." She  
repeated our lack of it.

Her house was a mile from the col-  
lege, in the prettiest, wildest spot  
about the Springs, and on her front  
door a card with the words, "This is  
my busy day," hung from early Mon-  
day morning until Saturday night.

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

We three would stand at the win-  
dow 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 des-  
perate appeal to the God the poor  
soul secretly loved to send that bom-  
by, that long delayed "Sweet Bom-  
by."

Roxie never laughed or smiled.  
She had forgotten how, she said.  
Her countenance was the same un-  
der all circumstances, even in her  
stormiest moods.

Having no children of her own, she  
had taken in, one at a time, the  
homeless, friendless babies 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-  
derful woman. Roxie never scolded  
Beck, except for loitering on the way  
to and from the postoffice. Beck's in-  
structions had been to remind the ab-  
sentminded postmaster on Saturday  
that the Lighthouse should be forth-  
coming, and her daily query, "Any  
dem Lighthouse papers for Miss Shi-  
day?" came to be a byword with the  
patrons.

One day we went to Roxie's and  
were somewhat surprised to see an  
old negro, ragged and tattered, seated  
on her front steps, his hat beside  
him, his face in his hands, his whole  
appearance one of humble mis-  
ery. His broken sobs fell mourn-  
fully upon the quiet air, and  
even the mocking birds that always

## EXASPERATING READERS.

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

It is not only true that there are per-  
sons who read only the newspapers,  
but read them very thoroughly. It  
is perfectly amazing how long they  
take over it, especially in clubs. I  
noticed the other day what I am sure  
was a naturally benevolent old gen-  
tleman 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 circum-  
stances unnecessarily loud.

At first 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 begin-  
ning with a very big D that electrified  
the reading room.

The other man probably did not  
care about the date of his paper. He  
only wanted to read something con-  
tinuously, as an insect devours a leaf  
without heed to the details of its con-  
struction. It is the same class of  
person (though he thinks himself  
very superior) who boasts that he  
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 mis-  
chievous like other boys, but benevo-  
lent. One of my little amusements  
was to take out the bookmark 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  
pleasure for perhaps a year and a  
half.—James Pain in London Illus-  
trated News.

## A Suction Sand Dredge.

A notable work in its line is de-  
scribed in The Engineering News,  
namely, a suction sand dredge with  
a capacity of 4,000 tons per hour,  
built by the Naval Construction and  
Armament company of Barrrow-in-  
Furness, England, for operations on  
the Mersey bar. The sand pumping  
machinery consists of two centrif-  
ugal 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 trunion  
the tube can be raised or lowered to  
suit the depth of the water, and a  
ball and socket joint gives a certain  
amount of lateral motion. The suc-  
tion nozzle is turned over at the bot-  
tom, 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 load-  
ed draft being 16 feet and 4 inches.  
She has twin screw engines and a  
speed of 10 knots loaded. The sand  
is pumped into hoppers, and opera-  
tions show that the latter may be  
filled at the rate of 100 tons per min-  
ute.

And She Thanked Him.

A man whose facial expression in-  
dicated 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 after-  
ward a young woman entered. There  
was no seat left for her. Seven men  
stared intently at her 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  
his seat went out, slammed the door  
after him and got off the car in such  
a hurry that he turned several back  
somersaults before he stopped. He  
was a humorist who had often writ-  
ten paragraphs about women who do  
not thank men who give up their  
seats in street cars.—Albany Express.

## Graves of Two Famous Kentuckians.

With heads facing each other the  
great Longfellow and scarcely less  
renowned Ten Broeck are taking  
their final rest in the soil of the  
famous Nantura Stock farm in Wood-  
ford county, the home of the Har-  
pers. The grave of Ten Broeck is  
surrounded with a neat fence of pal-  
ings, painted white and tipped with  
green at the top. The grave of  
Longfellow has not yet been in-  
closed. Between these two equine  
wonders of the turf rises a handsome  
marble shaft, which presents four  
polished sides for inscriptions. J. H.  
Johnson and imported Rosington  
will doubtless, when their time  
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  
1901 will find itself compelled to set  
up an entirely new lot in the absence  
of any holdovers. The latest instance  
of destruction comes from a profes-  
sional hygienist, who makes serious  
allegations against the oyster, un-  
dertaking to prove that the popular no-  
tion that this succulent bivalve just  
about digests itself is all wrong. He  
says that the oyster is three hours  
and a half in digesting and as an af-  
ter theater supper is about as suitable  
as a lobster salad topped off with hot  
mince pie. And no one believes him.  
—New York Herald.

Would Not Sound Well.

Clara—the paper says that in Italy  
they have begun to number the  
clocks from 1 to 24, beginning at 1  
o'clock in the morning.

Dora—That's horrid. Just imagine  
how pa would look if we had to tell  
him that Arthur and Gus staid until  
23 o'clock.—New York Weekly.

## Graves of Two Famous Kentuckians.

Three Times Seven.

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

I was telling Dean Stanley that  
Musician Halle's cook had lately won  
a good round sum in a lottery with  
the number 23.

Halle was interested and asked her  
how she came to fix on so lucky a  
number.

"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,  
sir."

When I had concluded my story, I  
observed a wistful expression on Ar-  
thur's countenance, as if he were  
ready—nay, anxious—to be amused,  
but could not for the life of him quite  
manage it. Then suddenly his face  
brightened, and he said, but without  
out a time of reflection:

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



## The Old Friend

And the best friend, that never  
fails you, is Simmons Liver Regu-  
lator, (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 Medi-  
cines; 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 sys-  
tem. 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 EVERY PACKAGE  
Which is stamped in red on wrapper.  
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NOTIONS, &c.

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AT YOUR HOUSES!

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the want of Paint. Don't  
let them rot down; but  
have them painted  
nicely in the  
very latest

STYLES DESIRED.

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

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