

McBRAYER & RYBURN, Attorneys at Law, SHELBY, N. C. H. GABANISS, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER, SHELBY, N. C. B. Frank Wood, Attorney at Law, SHELBY, N. C. T. B. JUSTICE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND REAL ESTATE AGENT, RUTHERFORDTON, N. C. Dr. VICTOR McBRAYER, SHELBY, N. C. J. A. HARRILL, D. D. S., SHELBY, N. C. WATT ELLIOTT, Fashionable Barber and Hair-Dresser, SHELBY, N. C. Commercial Hotel, SHELBY, N. C. GUTHRIE HOUSE, Rutherfordton, N. C. THE AIR LINE HOTEL, Black's, S. C. MERCHANT'S HOTEL, BLACK S. C. Forest City Hotel, FOREST CITY, N. C.

WHEN JANIE MILKED THE COWS. The daisy held her sunny cup To catch the dew-drops bright; The bee had kissed the clover buds, And bade them a good-night; The katy-did had tuned her song Among the apple boughs, And farther stretched the shadows long, When Janie milked the cows. The swallows flitted here and there, The bat had left his bower, The primrose, with a bashful air, Unclashed her petaloid flower; The whippoorwill his plaintive tale Proclaimed 'neath wooded boughs, And twilight wooed her dusky veil, While Janie milked the cows. And Ben, the plow-boy, strolling by, Comes through the open bars, While softly in the western sky Shine out the tranquil stars. And while the corn-blades whisper low, Two lovers pledge their vows, Amid the twilight's purple glow, While Janie milked the cows. A little cottage, snug and new, With hop-vines at the door; The sunbeams, peeping softly through, Lie dancing on the floor. And when the first pale evening stars Shine through the forest boughs, Young Farmer Ben, beside the bars, Helps Janie milk the cows. Helen Whitney Clarke, in Good Housekeeping.

Camp-Fire Stories. As a general rule the most impartial personality that I ever got acquainted with is a bullet in battle. It is perfectly democratic and fair, recognizing neither rank, station, age nor quality. There are some exceptions to this rule—as, for instance, when a bullet is directly aimed at some conspicuous officer and fetches him. I think it was a special bullet that killed Albert Sidney Johnston, and the reason why I think so is this: In the Shiloh fight Pugh's brigade, to which I belonged, was strung along the rail fence, having the cotton field and peach orchard between it and the Confederate line. Across this field and orchard the enemy made three or four magnificent charges and was terribly repulsed each time. Captain Johnston, the son of the General, frankly acknowledged these defeats in his account of the battle contained in the biography of his father. These episodes caused much demoralization in the ranks of the Confederates, but, after a while, we could see that their line was re-established in good shape. Then we saw the general riding slowly down the front while the men cheered him with a good deal of enthusiasm. We all supposed that General Beauregard was in command of the enemy, for General Johnston's name was not familiar to us, and Beauregard's was. As he passed along the line our boys said to each other: "That's Beauregard! That's Beauregard!" Just at that moment a tall, gaunt fellow in a state of intense nervous excitement and carrying his gun at the "trail," tried to break through the line where I was, with the intention of climbing over the fence toward the enemy. I challenged him sharply: "What do you want here? What regiment do you belong to?" "Fifteenth Illinois!" "Go back to your regiment; you have no business here. Go back." "Oh, don't stop me," he said; "let me go. I want that man on that horse." Before I could prevent him he had broken through and seized the fence. I watched him zigzagging along from tree to tree until he reached the log house about the center of the field. This brought him very near the enemy, and if he took a rest for his gun on the windowsill, the man on horseback would certainly be in peril. I never saw that soldier again, but for twenty-five years I have held firmly to the opinion that he got "that man on that horse."

When this was reported to Gen. Johnston he pretended not to hear it, but said calmly: "Tell Geo. Breckinridge to advance his brigade at once." When Beauregard again reached Breckinridge he was pale and stricken. He said: "My troops will not follow me, ask General Johnston to lead them." General Johnston, as soon as he heard this, rode back to the head of the brigade, gave the command, "Forward march!" and led them into action at double quick. While doing so a rifle ball struck his leg below the knee. He made no sign until after the attack was complete, when he was noticed to reel in his saddle. His aides rushed to his assistance and he was taken from his horse by Isham G. Harris, now Senator from Tennessee. Had a tourniquet been made in time his life would have been saved. General Bragg was the next in command at that point. He contented himself with his position until the aid of General Beauregard came and he reported him as in statu quo. General Beauregard sent him orders to withdraw and rectify his line. General Johnston was not only made to "act as corps commander," but brigade commander for the nonce, while his second in command remained at the cross-roads in the rear with his ambulance where he had reported sick in the morning. Hence the sneer was made possible. Whether General Johnston would have continued on after the dislodgment of Prentiss and Wallace, had he lived, cannot be a subject of much doubt to those who have carefully and impartially studied the field. The fact that one brigade reached the river, as it were, is ample proof.—W. W. Burns, in New York Herald.

Handicuffs Worn by John Brown. Mr. John C. Comfort, of Harrisburg, has added to his large, interesting and valuable collection of relics of the war of the rebellion several objects which, for historical and financial value and interest, it would be difficult to equal. These objects are, first, the handcuffs which were worn by John Brown of Ossawatimie, the hero of Harper's Ferry, when he was hanged in Charlestown, Va., on December 2, 1859; and second, two triangular pigs of lead which were buried by Brown near the mouth of the cave which he made his rendezvous and hiding place, on the Maryland side of the Potomac River opposite Harper's Ferry, and from which place he made his descent on the arsenal which resulted in the capture of the building and his own overthrow, the slaughter of his sons and his trial, condemnation and execution. This lead was found where it had lain for nearly thirty years by a little girl, Florence May Thompson, while digging for daisy roots. Encountering the metal while digging, she called attention to her discovery, further search was made and three pigs of lead, weighing 150 pounds, were unearthed. Of these two pigs were obtained by Mr. Comfort. It is thought Ossawatimie obtained the lead in the mines in Missouri; that it was run in mule moles made in the sand, and transported thence to the cave to be used in the operations against Harper's Ferry. The handcuffs which Mr. Comfort added to his collection were obtained at the time of the execution of Ossawatimie to a Virginia who he quoted them to his daughter. She had frequently been offered \$500 for them, as it was stated in the correspondence Mr. Comfort had about them, but always refused to sell. Finally she yielded, however, and Mr. Comfort obtained the coveted prize. They are of iron, stoutly and clumsily made, and covered with rust. They are connected with a screw and two links, and looked with a screw bolt. As compared with cuffs of the present day, they are of the most primitive character, though doubtless as effective for the purpose intended as the more modern "braelets."—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Jeff Davis in His Old Age. I saw Jefferson Davis the day after my visit to Beauvoir in the office of his friend, Mr. Payne. Undoubtedly his strong constitution and stubborn vitality show the encroachments of time; but, tall, slender and erect, with a remnant of the military rigidity of bearing of his younger manhood, he still stoops less under the weight of his crowding years than men of his age usually do. His white, thin hair and beard have long since lost the trace of the gray; the veins stand out under the shrunken and splinting skin of the slender hands; the thin, sharp features of the aquiline profile seem to stretch the fading complexion as the bridge of a violin stretches the strings. The chest is arched and the shoulders rounded, adding something to the slight stoop of the tall figure as it crosses the floor with a rather feeble step, but without the assistance of a cane. We talked five or ten minutes upon insignificant themes, Mr. Davis conversing with gentleness and courteous interest. He reminded me once that he was slightly deaf. He recalled an anecdote of Sheridan (the Irish wit and statesman, not the Federal General) in connection with the unfortunate predicament of Judge Fenner, of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, upon the interruption of his address at the unveiling of the Lee monument in New Orleans two years ago by the terrific storm, which stopped the ceremonies and dispersed the immense crowd. It was suggested that the address be postponed till next day. "Impossible," replied Judge Fenner; "it has been in print for hours." It was delivered that night to a few of the faithful and read next morning by the multitude.—Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

House Building in Wendover. When the Carib or the inland Indian reaches the conclusion that the time has come for him to secure the services of a woman to cultivate his maize and plantains, his yams and rice, and to cook the fish he may bring home; he clears a spot of ground where he purposes to put up a house. Next he plants firmly in the ground two parallel rows of posts some eight feet high. To the tops of these are firmly lashed the long bamboos or other poles that are to be the "rafters" to which the lower ends of the rafters are to be fastened. The latter are slender poles rising steeply to the light ridge-pole, some twenty or more feet above the site of the house. Across these rafters are lashed horizontally thin, long sticks split from Spanish cedar, from bamboo or from the palm. The frame for the roof is now complete. The builder then goes, machete in hand, to the nearest thicket of palmettos or to a coarse palm and hacks down the graceful fronds, sweeping in wide arches upward from the rich black soil. Shaving off the sharp edges of the leaf-stalk, that cut the unwary like a keen knife, he splits the butt end and placing a part on each side of a small sapling, he pulls sturdily. The stalk splits evenly throughout its entire length, and the operator has two slender, tapering blades, perhaps twenty feet long, each having pendant at right angles to itself a fringe of leaves, rich and glossy green and one to two inches wide and from twelve to twenty-four inches in length. These grow so closely together that their edges touch. In the young palmetto the tips of these long, narrow leaves are connected by a filament which gives to the whole form a delicate, lace-like appearance. Dragging these split palmetto fronds to his house that is to be, the builder places the first two stalks on the lower ends of the rafters, the butts at the gable ends of the house, and the fringe of leaves downward. The stalks are fastened to the horizontal poles by tough vines, and a second course is laid a little higher up, lapping over the first course as shingles lap on a roof. The tips of the fronds overlap in the middle. Tier after tier and course after course are added in regular order, until the thatch has reached the desired thickness, perhaps more than a foot deep, making a roof absolutely rain-proof, that forms a safe and agreeable refuge for spiders, mice and other pleasant neighbors. However, such things seldom trouble the human occupants of the dwelling unless the mice become too free in their raids on the maize—a word that is by the way, pronounced "aice."

Strange to say, Jeff Davis was among the very first to respond to the call of the government for official papers of the Confederacy. He sent all his papers cheerfully, as soon as he received the request. When the work of collecting the records was first begun, it was thought that they would never be able to get enough of the Confederate papers to make the record complete; but for nine years now, General Wright has been writing to the surviving Confederate officers, or the families of officers who were killed, and he has succeeded in collecting fully as complete a record of the Confederate army as is had of the Federal. All letters or orders written by officials or officers of the army during the war that relate at all to the subject of the war are collected and compiled and printed without editing. When the work is all done, there will have to be another history of the war written from these records. Many things that have been accepted as truths will be proved by these records to be absolutely false. They will show that officers on both sides have been over-estimated, and that other officers have never got the credit that was due them. There is a sort of halo of romance surrounding the battles that puts history in a false light. Officers, in writing reports of battles, under the excitement of the time, have often fallen into the error of exaggerating the enemy's forces. One very popular error which has been corrected by these records is with relation to the first battle of Bull Run. It has always been believed that the Federal forces on that occasion greatly outnumbered the Confederates. It has gone into history so. In the North, as well as in the South, it has been accepted as a fact not to be disputed, and the Northern people have always felt a little shame that their large army should have been defeated by so much smaller a force of Confederates. These records

bring to light the fact that there was not a difference of a thousand men between the strength of the two armies, and of those actually engaged in the battle, the Confederates had within five hundred of as many men as the Federals. There are a number of other cases where the odds of battle have been accepted as very heavy when such was not the case, and there are the expositions of plans and purposes which throw an entirely new light on history. Besides the official records that will all, in course of time, be bound in many volumes, General Wright has in his possession many private letters, written to him by officers on both sides, which will be of great interest some time. Another very interesting thing is the collection of photographs of the Union and Confederate officers. The walls of the room in which he works are covered with these photographs, and several large size packing-boxes are filled with them. He has the picture of almost any officer on either side any one would be likely to want. In all, he has about 1,300 of them, from generals to colonels, captains, lieutenants, and even privates of certain famous corps. One of the latter groups is Bulfinch's Battery, C. S. Artillery. Federal and Confederate officers are hung together indiscriminately in the collection, with here and there a minister or a priest. All the famous commanding officers, and hundreds who won fame within a narrower limit are there. The collection includes a great many pictures not to be had elsewhere, and the gallery has been drawn upon largely for illustrations, as the records have for facts by way of writers.—Washington Star.

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