

BUSINESS CARDS.

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Good Horses and Vehicles at reasonable prices.

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NOTICE! I will sell my plantation, one and a half miles east of Cherryville, Gaston county, N. C.

Any one wanting to purchase a good plantation or a beautiful home in a good neighborhood and a healthy location will find it to their interest to communicate with or come to see me before buying.

J. A. PASOUR, Cherryville, N. C.

Commercial Hotel, SHELBY, N. C.

J. W. KERR, Proprietor.

THE best furnished and best kept Hotel in the Western part of the State. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

At the beginning of the year the Commercial changed hands, and with the new management the house has been refitted and furnished anew.

Central Hotel, W. E. RYBURN, Proprietor, SHELBY, N. C.

THE Largest and most costly building in Shelby. Beautifully located. First-class fare. Polite servants. Large and well-lighted rooms.

A serious blow - A cyclone.

WHIST RULES IN REHEM.

THE MODERN GAME AS LAID DOWN BY MR. POLE.

[Cut this out and memorize.] If you the modern game of whist would know, From this great principle its precepts flow -

Treat your own hand as to your partner's joined, And play not one alone but both combined.

Your first lead makes your partner understand What is the chief component of your hand; And hence there is necessity the strong-est That your first lead be from your suit that's longest.

In this, with ace and king, lead king, then queen; With king and queen, king also has first place; With ace, queen, king, lead ace and ace should first be seen;

With queen, knave, ten, you let the queen precede; In other cases you the lowest lead.

Ere you return your friend's own suit play; But trumps you must return without delay.

When you return your partner's lead take pains To lead him back the best your hand contains; If you received not more than three at first; If you had more you may return the worst.

But if you hold the master card you're in most cases to play it second round. When'er you want a lead 'tis seldom wrong To lead up to the weak or through the strong.

If second hand your lowest should be played. Unless you mean "trump signal" to be made; Or if you're king and queen, or ace or king, Or ben one of these will be the proper thing.

Mind well the rules for "trumps" - you'll often need them - When you hold five 'tis always right to lead them; Or if the lead won't come in time to you, Then signal your partner so to do.

Which also for your partner's trump request; To which with less than four, play up to your best.

To lead through honors turned up is bad play, Unless you want the trump suit cleared away.

When, second hand, a doubtful trick you see, Don't trump it if you hold more trumps than three.

But, having three or less, trump fearlessly. When weak in trumps yourself, don't force your friend, But always force the adverse strong trump hand.

For superior stern custom has decreed. The lowest you must play, if you don't lead.

When you discard weak suits you ought to choose, For strong ones are too valuable to lose.

Household Suggestions. Use a penny to remove paint spots from glass.

Different flavors of cake should be kept in separate boxes.

Use a silver spoon in cooking mushrooms. The silver will be blackened if any injurious quality is present.

If cream soups are to stand any length of time after being prepared, place a damp towel over the dish to prevent a scum from rising.

If you are obliged to leave a basket of clothes that have been dampened for ironing, longer than usual, put them in a dry place away from artificial heat and they will not mildew or sour for days.

If the handles of stove brushes are kept clean from the first, that part of the work will seem no dirtier than any other about the house.

It is getting to be quite a craze for the girls to chew gum at night, and it is a most ruinous habit.

Take Warning, Girls. It is getting to be quite a craze for the girls to chew gum at night, and it is a most ruinous habit.

After Four Years of Exile. And now, awake, arouse, ye monopolists and land grabbers, ye subsidy seekers and carpet baggers, ye noble army of cont-actors, ye repairers of old hulks and all ye of that vast horde which hang about for office.

A GREAT FAMILY QUARREL.

Mr. and Mrs. Bower Disagree About the Art of cooking.

Mr. Bower came home the other afternoon just in time to meet the cooking going away with her bundle, and he rushed into the house to inquire:

"I suppose you've gone and done it again?" "What?" "Abused and maltreated the girl until her sense of justice has compelled her to leave."

"I hadn't anything to do with her leaving." "Then who had? She looked heart-broken as I passed her just now."

"Did she? Poor thing! She got a letter this morning from her aunt, telling her she had been left \$5,000 cash, and advising her to come home and marry a man who owns three farms. She must feel very sorrowful."

"Humph! And you didn't put too much work on her?" "No." "Nor make her feel her position?" "No. Her position was in the parlor about half the time."

"Well, it seems queer to me that so many of our girls leave. Everything is upset now for a week, I suppose."

"Oh, no! You can cook, you know, and you are such a sympathetic soul that you ought to be willing to go into the kitchen for a day or two. I shall depend on you, Mr. Bower."

"Oh, you will! Not satisfied with driving a dozen poor souls to destruction, you want a rub at me! I would not have your spirit for all the money in the world."

He went away with that, but he was at home an hour earlier than usual, and when he inquired the cause he said:

"What for? Why, the child and I have got to have something to eat, haven't we, and who's to cook it if I don't take hold?" "I can cook!"

"Mr. Bower, I've long felt it my duty to give you a few lessons in the culinary art. I have held off, hoping your pride would force you to take hold, but the limit has been reached. The time has come when I must sacrifice my business to enter the kitchen, and save my child from the pangs of hunger."

"Please don't." "But I will. I'm driven to it. I've got a wife who can't cook the north-west end of a last year's turnip, and who can't keep a cook over a week at a time. I've put up with it too long - much too long. Mrs. Bower, I must sacrifice my dignity to preserve my child."

"Shan't I help you get supper?" "Not a help. You'd only be in the way. Just sit down in the rocker, Mrs. Bower, put your feet on the lounge, and think what mean things you are going to say to the next girl to drive her away. When supper is ready I will call your royal highness."

He disappeared with that. When he reached the kitchen he took off his cuffs and coat, pushed up his sleeves, and kindled a fire. His confidence began to desert him at this point, and he seemed to be studying deeply as he filled the tea-kettle even full and set it to boil. I had some fresh beefsteak in the ice box, and he got it out, scratched his head in a thoughtful way, and laid it on the kitchen table.

Then he went down in the cellar after the hatchet, wiped the head of it on his right leg, and pounded away until a good slat of the steak had gone into the board.

Mr. Bower's next move was to hunt behind the pantry door for a spider which he had never used. He carried it to the kitchen towel, gave it a wipe, and then placed it on the stove. He had heard that grease was necessary, and he put in some butter, dropped in his steak and soon had it sizzling. Then he started in for the biscuit. He got down the dishpan, filled it almost full, and then reflected a moment. I took advantage of the occasion to open the door and remark:

"Mr. Bower, you needn't figure on an elaborate supper, under the circumstances. Just make us a cup of tea and we'll get along."

"Mrs. Bower, you ought to know by this time that there is no half-way work with me," he replied, with great frigidity. "You can afford to neglect the comfort of this family, but I can not. Please return to your novel."

"Then he went ahead just as any other husband would do. He had heard about soda and shortening in biscuit, and he mixed the flour with cold water, put in pepper and salt, stirred off half a pound of butter and slashed it in, and then remembered the baking powder. There was nearly a quarter of a pound in the box, and the whole of it went in.

How Mr. Bower managed to get a grease spot between his shoulders, flour in his hair, and baking powder in his hind-pocket, I do not know, but probably while he was rolling that mass out. He didn't trifle with the mixing-board, but used the spot where he pounded the beef. I heard the mass of dough fall to the floor three different times with a dull thud, but he wasn't a bit discouraged. He got it rolled out at last, cut some biscuits with a tea-cup, and presently the oven door shut

ON THE TINS.

He had just forty biscuit. By this time the steak had burned black on both sides, and he set it down behind the stove and prepared the tea.

To two quarts of water he used one teaspoonful. Ten minutes later he summoned me to the banquet. He had the tablecloth on criss-cross, the butter on a pie plate, the cake in the cheese dish, and his beefsteak was placed in the centre of the table on a pie tin.

"Anything wrong?" he asked, as I sat down. "Oh, no. You have done splendidly."

"I am aware of it. This table has never looked so homelike before."

His biscuits were raw in the middle, while the top and bottom were so fearfully and wonderfully made that I had to laugh.

"The biscuit; you can't beat 'em. Wait till you taste one."

I didn't taste, but he did. I was watching him, and a look of horror came over his face at the first mouthful. He wouldn't give it in, however, but crowded a whole biscuit down and pretended to enjoy it.

"I wouldn't eat any of that steak," Mr. Bower, said, as he eyed it suspiciously.

"Wouldn't you? Perhaps you want it all yourself?" "I don't think it is properly cooked."

"Well, I do! If that isn't a nice steak then we never had one in this house."

He ate at least a quarter of a pound, though every morsel choked him. I offered to wash up the dishes, but he put me out of the kitchen and went ahead. He washed everything in a flour pan, wiped them on whatever he could find loose, and it was a week before we got the pantry in order again.

This night, after bragging of what a breakfast he was going to get, Mr. Bower was taken with chills and colic, and when the doctor came and I showed him the beef and the biscuit, he said:

"Mr. Bower, if you hadn't the stomach of a shark you'd have been dead an hour ago. You'd better quit this sort of nonsense, if you want to live the year out."

And as soon as we were alone Mr. Bower turned to me with:

"Don't expect me to shield you again! Your jealousy prompted you to put poison in that flour while I was down cellar! If this thing occurs again I will send you to the gallows."

Very Good for a Detective Yarn. A lady and gentleman were traveling together on an English railway.

They were perfect strangers to each other. Suddenly the gentleman said:

"Madam, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes; I am going to make some changes in my wearing apparel!" "Certainly, sir," she replied, with politeness, rising and turning her back upon him. In a short time he said: "Now, madam, my change is complete, and you may resume your seat."

When the lady turned she beheld her male companion transformed into a dashing lady, with a heavy veil over her face.

"Now, sir, or madam, whichever you like," said the lady, "I must trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes, for I also have some changes to make in my apparel." "Certainly, madam," and the gentleman in lady's attire immediately complied.

"Now, sir, you may resume your seat." To his great surprise, on resuming his seat, the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion transformed into a man. He then laughed and said:

"It appears that we are both anxious to avoid recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank."

"And I," said the whilom lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion's wrists with a pair of handcuffs, "am Detective J. of Scotland Yard, and in female apparel have shadowed you; now, drawing a revolver, 'keep still.'"

Cure For Love. Take 12 oz of Dishke, 1 lb. of Resolution, 2 qr. of Common Sense, 2 oz. of Experience, a large spig of Time, and 3 qts. of the Cooling Water of Consideration.

Set them over the gentle fire of Love, sweeten it with the sugar of Forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of Melancholy, put it in the bottle of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear conscience, let it remain, and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses.

The things can be had of the Apothecary, at the house of Understanding, next door to Reason, on Prudent street, in the village of Contentment.

MAKING A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

How Pretty and Mischievous Necessity Do It in Mexico.

The stranger in Mexico, especially if he be young and good looking, is liable to be considerably surprised at his first ball here, when some pretty senorita, whom he has never seen before, trips up to him with an engaging smile on her face and something that looks like an egg in her hand, and suddenly smashes it over his examining.

To one not acquainted with the casaca-casaca custom, it is startling, to say the least. Luckily, however, the egg had been robbed of its usual interior, the original contents having been emptied through a small hole at one end. The shell is then refilled with finely chopped tinsel and colored paper, perhaps with the addition of perfumed sachet powder or some dainty trinkets, after which the opening is neatly closed by a bit of paper pasted over it.

In the good old days of the Spanish aristocracy the egg-shells to be used by the proud grandees at swell fandangos were filled with gold and diamond dust. Similar extravaganzas are sometimes indulged in now-a-days, but rarely. Occasionally, small gold coins, charms, pearls, opals, or spiced candies are stuffed in with the chopped tinsel, making the divertimento rather expensive. One can buy very pretty casaca-casaca, however, for about \$1 a dozen, and it is quite the correct thing for a belle or beau to go to a ball armed with several dozen of them.

Often the shells are hand-painted or otherwise beautifully decorated, much like easter eggs in the north. Society matrons who propose giving balls during the casaca-casaca season have the shells of all the eggs used in the household carefully saved for the purpose, and many an hour is spent by herself and friends in filling and decorating them. The act of breaking of a casaca-casaca over another's head is considered a compliment to the recipient, who feels in duty bound to return the honor at the first opportunity. Previous acquaintance is not essential, it being of itself a sort of informal introduction. Thus any Mexican lady may literally "make a mask" on every strange gentleman who pleases her, and without offending her countrymen's extremely sensitive notions of propriety.

A Prentice Accident. Rumors of a terrible accident were brought to this town last evening, but the truth soon appeared and put a much milder face on the matter.

Mr. C. Hoffman, who was a passenger on the train, states that the train was running along rapidly and well until it reached the eastern side of Wood's Lagoon.

There the engine struck some cattle, and the engine and cars must have danced some kind of jig on the trestle-work, being one moment on the track and the next off. At any rate, the engine, so must have staid on pretty well, for it hauled all the cars across the bridge in safety, though it was a most remarkable feat. When the train stopped it was found that the forward trucks of the engine were both off the track, the baggage car was all right, but the last two cars were off. On examination it was found that the last cars had come all the way across the bridge entirely off the track. The marks of their wheels in the ties were plain, and many of the tie beams of the trestle were cut in two. The passengers had a severe shaking up, and many were badly frightened, but none were injured. Two tramps were riding on the brake beam, and though their experience must have been terrible, they crawled out of the wreck all right.

California Dispatch. The nomination of Mr. Hewitt had the effect which his supporters principally intended, namely, the defeat of Mr. Cleveland by the division of the Democratic forces in New York.

The political lesson of the election is that the national supremacy of the Democratic party has been sacrificed to the ambition of David B. Hill and Abram S. Hewitt and the fact which Democrats throughout the country should bear in heart is that, in this game of politics, the possession of the impatience of New York city is of more importance than the Government of the Union.

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MORE LIKE THEM NEEDED.

Resolutions Adopted by the Farmers' Alliance in Wilson County.

Whereas, From the present outlook we believe the next year is going to be a very hard one and everything in the way of provisions high, therefore, we recommend,

1st. That all alliance men and farmers sow some wheat.

2d. That each one sow one acre in grass and from one to five acres in rye.

3d. That each farmer, if possible, reduce his cotton crop to ten acres to the horse, and not to cultivate more than twenty-five acres to the horse.

4th. That we recommend to each one to look after each and every thing on the farm that will help to feed his family.

5th. That we think to a large degree, that such things as chickens, eggs, milk and butter should take the place of western meat.

6th. That in place of sugar and molasses each alliance man should plant some amber cacia.

7th. That we will not trade on time if we can possibly prevent it.

8th. That we give special attention to the raising of our own meat.

9th. That all alliance men ask their merchants to aid them in carrying out the above resolutions.

Rutherford Ripper. A prominent representative of the Republican party, a gentleman of colored persuasion cut a figure on the streets on Saturday afternoon with a Cleveland hat draped in mourning.

This may reflect some credit upon the White Radical who presented the hat, but as to the negro who wore it, we are glad to note the absence of disturbance and difficulty, which was conspicuous at the election all over the country on Tuesday. It is an evidence that the people are in a better moral condition, and that the respect for law and order among the masses is on the increase. It speaks well for our county.

From the Forest City News. What might have been a serious fire at the hotel in this place on last Friday night by the turning over of a lamp was prevented by some party as extinguishing the flame with wet blankets.

A fire occurred in the store of Mr. J. B. Long on Tuesday the 6th caused by striking a match and the head flying off and falling in some cotton. Mr. Long succeeded in putting out the fire before it done any damage with the exception of a slight burning of his hands, which he received in putting out the fire.

Something for Smokers. Says an old smoker: "It is remarkable that people smoke so much tobacco, in its various forms, that is impregnated with deadly nicotine, when by a simple method, which would not detract one whit from its good quality, but would remove all that is objectionable, the tobacco could be made free from it in a moment. Merely soak the tobacco a day in a shallow trough and then lay it in the sun, if feasible; if not, dry by the most convenient means, and the weed is robbed of all odoriferous properties and of nicotine. It is then so sweet the fumes would not offend the most sensitive lady, because it has no fumes. Besides, the vessel in which it is burned does not become 'strong' - a valuable thing for a man who prefers a meerschaum pipe to cigars."

New York Tribune. The house and furniture belonging to Frank Reed, colored, was destroyed by fire at Wadesboro, on Wednesday night. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin. He voted and worked for the Democratic ticket, thereby gaining the enmity of his race in that place. His loss is \$1,000; insured for \$500.

We are pained to announce the fact that Mrs. Willie Moore, of Staley Creek, was severely burned last Sunday evening. She is subject to epileptic fits, and during the prevalence of one, she fell into the fire and was seriously burned.

A negro track walker was run over and killed by the train near Old Fort Saturday evening. It is said he was intoxicated and paid no attention to the warnings of the train until it was upon him.

Last week there was a destructive fire at Lewiston, in Bertie county, in which the whole business portion of the place and several dwellings were entirely destroyed. The loss was estimated at \$42,000.

We met a man near Sanford last week who has lived for years within a few miles of two railroads, but whose last ride on the cars until last Wednesday was on his return from Lee's army after the surrender.

Gavin L. Hyman, a member of the bar residing at Halifax, N. C., and clerk of the inferior court of that county, was burned to death last Friday night. He occupied a room in the court house and retired to rest at the usual hour. During the night a fire was discovered in his room, and on breaking open the door it was discovered that he and his bed had been burned. There was no material damage to the court house, the fire being discovered in time to prevent this. It was supposed that Mr. Hyman's lamp exploded. The unfortunate gentleman was about 42 years old.

Col. L. C. Jones, superintendent of the Carolina Central railroad, has lately returned from a horseback trip from Chester, S. C., to Atlanta, Ga., considerably over 200 miles in a direct line, but much further by the route he was obliged to make. He says the journey was a very pleasant one, and he enjoyed it.

Ethel - Oh, papa, did you see the new parlor lamp Aunt Julia sent me? It's the latest thing out. Papa - It will be Sunday nights, anyway.

Mr. A. A. Banks. DEAR SIR: I have received the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit, which you sent me. I am aware of the belief that good luck follows the possession of your gift, and, while not being entirely certain of this, I am sure, from the expression in your letter, that you sincerely hope my rabbit foot may bring me good luck. For this, as well as the rabbit foot, please accept my thanks.

Yours very truly, GROVER CLEVELAND. Galt's Gazette.

STATE NEWS.

On Wednesday night last, a destructive fire occurred at Youngsville, in Franklin county, on the Raleigh and Gaston railroad. The store, stables and feed room of Dr. Harlester, and the store of Dr. Young were totally destroyed. J. T. Harper's drug store was partially destroyed. The loss is \$2,000. No insurance.

Thursday last, Frank, son of Wm. Lambert, of Concord township, was on his way on horseback with a sack of corn, to Sharpe's mill, when the sack came untied and the corn began spilling. This frightened the mare which ran away and threw the boy, who was afterward found dead by the roadside. There were only slight bruises upon him and as he was known to have an affection of the heart the theory is advanced that he died from the shock rather than from actual injuries sustained by the fall. This, however, is only a theory. The youth was fifteen or sixteen years old.

A strange craft has been lying in the harbor of Southport for several days past. The boat is in appearance a three-masted junk, 30 feet long, but was built by her captain in Brazil, off which coast he lost his former vessel. Capt. Eocum commands, and has on board his wife, child and one assistant.

The Liberator left Rio Janeiro on July 27, touching at Bahia, Pernambuco and Porto Rico, and sailed from Porto Rico on Oct. 19. She flies the Brazilian and American flags. She is bound for Washington, D. C. All on board are well, and she has a clean bill of health from Porto Rico.

On Sunday night at Burgaw, a drunk and insolent colored man abused Mr. Hand, one of the poll-holders, for refusing an illegal vote on the day of election. Mr. Hand sought to avoid a difficulty, but when the man returned, and persisted in his abuse, Mr. Hand struck him with his fist, dislocating his own shoulder. The colored man then beat Mr. Hand over the head with an iron bolt, cutting three severe gashes in the head. The man ran, making his escape. When the last train left Burgaw the white people were in hot pursuit of the miscreant.