Gastonia, N. C., September 9, 1897.

(State per Assesse)

Granite Monuments.

MY SPECIALTY
by redictanished work in GEARITE. Along with a perioduc in smaling gracity moreovers I have a few quicking, and any continually making improvements the quality of my work. Spectores may be been in the med at my machine. I am now at work to a grantee in when finished, will stryphose anything of its intel in our.

NOW ABOUT PRICES.

This work I am for instaining at manuscriptanguring on one is ploint. The order for the monument I ent a secured in competition with two retail dealors me than with stopp in feedback who had the advantage of the Wilson tariff against my.

SEE MY WORK

A granite monoment of good material and well instituted to the best that can be obtained. No markle endures half as long as sensite well political.

MY SPECIALTY

In monomental mast to Children

If you need a monument come and inspect my work and get p You will then be convinced that I am the one to do your work. W. M. WHITE

First National Bank.

OF GASTONIA, N. C. State and County Depository.

CONCRERCED BUSINESS AUGUST 2, 1800.

8,500.00

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THE BEST OBTAINABLE.

SEE MY WORK.

L. L. JMERINS, President.

Dividends paid since organisation,

Solicits accounts of individual on time deposits. Quarantees tent with conservative banking.

Professional Cards.

WM. H. LEWIS.

-ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.-

GASTONIA, N. C

Affin over Long Brothers now store builds

W. H. HOFFMAN.

-DENTIST-

GASTONIA, - - - N. C.

Office over First National Bank.

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Those wishing work done in our

line will please call at our office at

once. Dr. Coffey will leave for Mew

York City Oct. 1st to take a specia

course of all the high grades of work

Administrator's Notice.

or this notice will be pleaded in her of re-novery thereon.
All persons indobted to each estate are how-by solided to actic with the indessigned at

Sale of Real Estate.

T. O. Palls, administrator of the uniate of A. Goble, deceased,

Hertha Robinson, et. al.

By virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Gainen County in the above entitled action, the understand commissioner appointed by said court, will offer for eats at the Court House door in Ballet, N. C., on Montage

as door in Day of September the 18th day of September County

Jaims P. Stown, Administrator of A. Stown, focuser

NORTH CAROLDEA.

and will be gone several months.

Night Phone 34.

Day Phone 16.

Day Phone 16.

No 36

MAJOR JONES' COURTSHIP.

By Major Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia.

LETTER VI.

PINEVILLE, Oct. 8. — To Mr. Thompson—Dear Sir: That duckin what I got tother Sunday glu me a what I got tother Sunday giu me a monstrous cold, and my nose feels jest about twice as big as it used to before. Colds is curious things, any way; no wonder people always calls sem bad, for I don't know nethin but a down right fever'n ager that makes me so out o' sorts. Why, I can't taste nothin and smell nothin, and I do believe I've sceezed more'n five thousand times in the last twenty-four hour owers. I'm all the time a hich-cheeful so I don't do nothin, or I'd write you before now about a coon hunt we had tother night, whar I cotched more cold than coons. But we had some rale than coops. But we had some rale fun, I tell you. It was the fust coop hunt, we've had this season, and I reckon it tuck the starch out of any of

You see, I's got two of the best coon dogs in the settlement, and the fellers can't never go without 'em. Well, jest after supper I heard 'em cumin, blowin their horus like they was gwine to taar down the walls of Jerico, and the dogs all howlin as if heaven and yeath was comin together. I'd been layin off to go to see Miss Mary, but may nose wasn't quite well whar I tay nose wasn't quite well whar I blazed it on that dratted grape-vine, so

tay none wasn't quite well whar I blazed it on that dratted grape-vine, so I thought I mought as well go long with 'em; specially as they begged so hard for my company (my patience, my nose feels jest like it was the spout of a bilin tea kettle), and Smart and Wise wouldn't trail good without me to take 'em. So I told nigger Jim to git some light-wood and the ax, and let the dogs out, and come along.

Well, Cousin Pete—be's never said peas about the duckin I gin him, and I wish I hado't done it now, for he's a rite clever-hearted feller after all, and, you know, it ain't his fault cause he's got no better sense. Cousin Pete was along, with two hound pups, and Tom Stallins had three or four hounds, and one grate big yaller cur, what wasn't worth shucks to trail, but was bomination to fight. Ben Blars had more dogs than you cauld shake a stick at; and sich another hullsbeloo as they all made! why, one couldn't hear himself thick they in the sting of the s made! why, one couldn't hear himself think for 'em. It put me in mind of what Mr. Shakespear ses about dogs: I never hard sick powerful discord. Blob sweet thunder.

Sich sweet thuster.

Well, we soon tuck the woods down towards the branch, and ses I to Smart and Wise, "high on!" ses I, and away they went, snuffin and snurtin like mad. The rest of the fellers hollered, "steboy! sick 'em, Tows! hunt 'em, Troup, high on! hey!" and part of 'em went tarein through the brush like thay had a coon's tail within an iach of their noses. But ther was two or three young hourds—and, you know, they's the biggest fools in the world—what wouldn't badge; and when any-body tried to encourage 'em to hunt. body tried to encourage 'em to hunt, they'd begin to squall like all nater, and come jumpin about, and one of 'em licked Ben Biers rite in the face. "Cuss your imperence!" ses Ben. "I'll larn you how to tree coons bette'r that," and spang he tuck him a side of the head with a lighterd-knot, and sich another ii-ii ki-ii ki-i-in! I never heard afore. Two or three of 'em tuck the hint and turned tail for home.

It was a bominable dark night, and every now and then it kep sprinklin a little. I and two or three more carried torches, but some of 'em had none, and was all the time gittin lost, or git-tin hung in the bushes, and then they'd holler out, "hold the light sumbody, over here," till they got out of ther tanglement. It was a mighty sight of botherment. It was a mighty sight of botherment, and we didn't go very

fast, you may know.

Bimeby one of the dogs opened, and we all stopped to listen.

'Oughl ough-ough!" In about two minits more we heard him agin.
"Ough-ough! ough-ough!"
"That's Majer's Smart," ses Tom

"He's treed," see Ben Biers; but he's way tother side of creation."
"No, he ain't treed, but be's on a warm trail," see I; for I know'd by

the way he opened.
"I wouldn't go whar he is for all
the coons in Georgia," ses Cousin

Pete,
"Stop," ses I, "maybe he'll bring
the trail up this way."
Shore enough, be was comin like a
steam ear, every now and then blowin
off..."ough-ough! ough-ough!"—gittin faster and louder as
the track warmed. Then old Wise
struck in, with his voice about three
pitches higher then Smart's and pitches higher than Smart's, and Troup and Touse, and the whole pack of 'em jined in, keepin up a most oudaclous racket. On they come, and passed right by us, gwine up the branch towards old Mr. Myrick's corn field. We all turned and took after 'em, but they didn't go far before they

'em, but they didn't go far before they all come to a stop, and old Smart gin out his loud buil dog, 'ough! ough! ough!'s which is jest as much as to say, 'here's yer coon!'!

When we got up to 'em, that they all was, friskin' about one of the biggest kind of poplers, close to the branch; all barkin' and pantin' and lookin' up into the tree like they seed the coon run up. Sometimes the young ones would git in the way of the old dogs, and the fust thing they'd know, they'd git along more'n aix foot into bushes; but they'd give a yelp or so and come right back to git surved the same way agin.

the same way agin,
Well, I teli you what, it tuck a feller mighty wide between the eyes to tackle that tree, for it was a whosper; but off coats, and at it we went, and by the time nieger Jim got his fires kindled all round, so the coon couldn't run of without our seein' him, the old tree begun to feel weak in the knees. "Hold the dogs, boys, she's gwine to cave," see Ben Blers.

The next minit, kerslash! went the

old poplar, right into the branch, mak-in the muddy water fly in every direc-tion, and before the limbs was all done fallin', in went the dogs. All was still for about two minits before anybody

or about two minits before snybody sed a word.

"They've got him!" ses Ben Biers, who was standin' with his mouth wide open all the while; "they've got him! hurra!"

Then ther was sich another rippin

Then ther was sich another rippin and tearin, and barkin and shoutin, and runnin among the dogs and feilers.

"Harra! take him! bite bim! sick him, Tows! lay hold of him, Wise! shake him, Smart!" and all kinds of encouragement was hollered to the dogs, but every now and then one of 'am would come out pantin and whicin and boldin his head a one side, with his cars all all to ribbons.

fun, I tell you. It was the fust coon hunt, we've had this season, and I reckon it tuck the starch out of am of the hoys, so they wen't want to go agin in a hurry. Cousin Pete like to cotch'd his death.

You see, I's got two of the best coon does in the acttlement, and the fallers. nearly licked to death before be could get loose.
Cousin Pete was on top of the log

with a torch in his hand, coaxin' on the dogs as hard as he could.

"Here, Wolf," see he, "here, here, take hold of him, good feller, shake

him!"
Tom Stalliness big cur jumped onto the log, and the next thing I know'd courin Pete's light, was out, and the dogs had him down under the log with the search of the sparks off one, and they couldn't.

the coon.

'Oh, my lord! git out! call off the dogs! bring a light feliers!' holler'd out cousin Pete; but before we could git that the dogs like to used him up clean. 'The big dog he was callin knocked him off the log in bis burryment to git at the coon, and before the other dogs found out the mistake they like to tare all his clothes off his back, they and the brush together. By this time the coon tuck the bank and tried to make off, most of the dogs bein out of the notion of tryin him again; but Tom Stallins' big cur, after a heap of coaxin, gin him one more high. The of the notion of tryin him again; but Tom Stallins' big our, after a heap of coaxin, gin him one more hitch. The coon had no friends in the crowd, but the other dogs was perfectly willin to show him fair fight; and if anybody don't blieve a coon's got natural pluck, he jest ought to seed that same old coon, the way he út. Sometimes Wolf would gether holt of him like he was gwise to swoller him whole, and mash him all into a cooked bat, but it didn't seem to have no effect, for in less than not all into a cocked bat, but it didn't seem to have up effect, for in less than no time, he'd have the dog rite by the cheek or by the ear, and he wouldn't let go till the hide gin way. It was the bottest night's work ever old Wolf undertuck, and it tuck a mighty chance of bollerin to make him stand

chance of bollerin to make him stand up to the rack as well as he did. The other dogs kept runnin round and whinin mighty anxious, but they tuck good care to keep out of reach of the coon. Bimeby I seed old Wolf drop his tail, and kind o' wag it, when the coon had him by the jowl I know'd it was all day with him then. 'Shake him, Wolf! lay hold of him, old feller! bite him i' says Tom, but it want no use, the dog was clean licked, and the fust thing we know'd he was goue for home, kind o' whistlin to himself as he went—and if nigger Jim hadn't fotch'd my pistols along with him, the coon would got away after all.

Cousin Pete, who was terribly down

Cousin Pete, who was terribly down in the mouth, and as wet as a drounded rat, wanted to go, so we gin nigger Jim the coon and started for bome. kep a mighty snortin, like they'd cotch'd a monstrous bad cold, and every ry now and then they'd find sum new right under my nose before I knowe'd

place about 'em what wanted lickin.
We was most up to the corner of our field when the dogs started up something, and run it a little ways and stopped. Tom Stallins and Ben Blers and our corner was to be the bard of the stalling and our transfer our tr

and one or two more, run to 'em, be-fore I could git thar.
"Thar it is—that black and white

"Thar it is—that black and white thing—en that log," see Tom. "Steboy; eatch him!" ase he.

Ben run up with his light, and the fust thing I heard him say was "P-e-u-g-h! thunder and lightnin!—look out, feliers! its a polecat!"

But the warnin was too late for Ben Biers; he gut seent enough on him to last him for a mouth. The dogs gut chock full, an was rollin all about in the leaves, while Ben stood and cussed more'n would blow the roof off a meet-

It was most day before we got bome.
Cousin Fete and Ben Biers say they
won't never go coon huntin any more,
down that way, anyway. No more,
from your friend, till death, Jos. JONES.

Jos. JOHES.

P. S.—I tell you what it is, old feller, I blieve all's right between me and hiss Mary now. She told a young lady tother day that I was the only real distinguished young gentleman in Pineville, and if my thografy was only as good as my reterick. I'd do fust rate. Drat larnin, say 1—genus comes by natur, but everybody kin larn how to spel, you know. What knocks me all in a heap is, how upon yeath am I gwine to "pop the question," as they gwine to "pop the question," as they call it, or ax old Miss Stalling for her daughter. Gracious! It makes me feel all over sort o' fainty to think of it. I'm a grate mind to come to Mad-

that I was more'n half a mind not to venter is no sich outlandish sort of contrivance. I'd hearn a grate deal about steam ingius, but if the Semmynole ingins is any ugiler, or frightlier than they is, I don't wonder cobody wants to tack' em. Why, sich other cog-wheels, cranks, and conflutements I never did ass—and then they's so apitoful, and makes the fire fly so, I couldn't help facilis sort o'skeered of

I never did ase—and then they's so, I spitoful, and makes the fire fly so, I couldn't help facilii sort o' skeered of it all the time, and I wouldn't been that feller what rid on top of the cussed critter, and fed and watered it, not for no considerashun. I was lookin round it a little, to try to git the hang of it, when the feller just teched a little brass fixin, and feughbh i it went right in my ear, and like to blowed my brains out with hot steam. "Hello!" see I, "mister, what made it do that?" "Oh, it was jest blowin its nose," see he, and he tuck bold of another thing, and the infernal critter sot up a yell like a panther with a grindstone on his tail. Thunderation, how the steam did fly lenough to tlow all creation to Ballyhack.

"All aboard" see the man—the bell tapped, and in about a minit everybody was stowed away and waitin. Chug, went something, and away I goes

tapped, and in about a minit everybody was stowed away and waitin. Chug, went something, and away I goes right over the back of seat. It jerked once more, and then it begun to go. Chow, chow, chow, chew, chew, chew, chew, che, che, chittu, chitto, fitte, fit, fit, cherrerer; and the whole bilin of us was gwine a long with a perfect whiz, and the way the fire flew was miraculus—grate big sparks now and then dodgin all around a feller's face like a valler-lacket, and then draw.

Well, we went hummin along jest like fled thunder, makin more noise nor a dozen cotton gins all gwine at once, only stoppin now and then te pile on lighterd and fill up the bilers, and to drap a passenger here and thar on the rode.

on the rode

"Hello!" ses I, "Jim, what's the matter?"

'I isn't Jim, master," ses the nigger feller what was shakin' me my the collar, "you better go to the hotel, the passengers is all gone long time ago," I soon seed how it was, and not havin' no baggage but jest my saddlebags, I tuck the road the feller pinted to, and went along down the hill, whar I like to fell over lots of cotton bags, till I come to a place whar ther was more wagons than I could count in a bour. It was so dark I couldn't make out nothin' but wagons and a lot of fellers settin' round a fire. Thinks I, Madison a sin't such a ding grate city as I thought it was, after all; and as I felt sort o' chilly, I jined the fellers round the fire.

"Whar's the hotel?" ses I.

"That alo't no hotel here," ses one feller what was singin'
"Drive my wagon slong the road:

"Drive my wagon slong the road: Serry team and a heavy load."

"Won't you take something?" ses

right under my nose before I knowe'd what he was up to.

"No, I thank you," ses I. "I's a Washingtonian."

"Who's they?" ses he; "sum of your d—n Flurnoy preachers, I spose?"

"No," sas I. "they's revolutioners."

"Bevolutioners!" ses he, "why, my grand-father was a revolutioner, and fit agin the British at King's Mountin, and help'd to lick tyranny out of the and help'd to lick tyranny out of the

eventey."
"Well, that was right," ses I; "hur "You, that was right," set i; "hurra for the revolutioners."
"Come take something," set he, and
he pinted the bottle at my nose agin.
"No," set I, "I'm a revolutioner,
and go agin King Alkohol tooth and
tee nail."

"King who?" see he.
"King Rom," see I; "that very
tyrant that's got you by the guzzle
now, and he'll have you choked down
yer knees to him the fust thing you'll
know if you don't, rayoutington on

know, if you don't revolutionize on him and out him,"

The felier stopped and looked down in the fire—then at me—then at the bottle, and then he tuck another look at the fire."

"That's a fact," mes he, "it's had me on my back afore to-night; but somehow I can't—yes I kin—and here goes, mister—d—n all tyrants—I'm a revolationer, too, a Washington revo-lutioner, forever!" and with that be throw'd the bettle of rum smack in the throw'd the certie or run annual in the middle of the fire, and it blazed up blue and yellow like a hell-broth, as it

"Give me yer band, mister!" see 1. "I don't want no better proof of your munhood than that; stick to it like a

"Is it prime now, neighbor?" sea he;
"I'll give you the top of the market.
Is it prime now, eh?"
"Never mind," see the fust, "it's as good as sold."

"Never mind," see the fust, "it's as good as sold."

"Beg pardon," see the other feller;
"I won't interefere, then."

"Whar is it?" see the fust chap, puttin his arm in mine; and walkin in among the wagons; "square or round bales, el; ""

"Stop, stop, mister," see I; "you'r mistaken in the man; you—

"Oh, let's have a sample, and we'll talk about the price; is this it?" and in goes his gimlet, "I always sample from both cends," see he.

"But stop, mister," see I "I haint got no cotton here; my cotton is in I'ineville, and sint mor'n balf ginned out yit. I haint got no—"

"Your?" see he.

"Way down in I'ineville, in—"

"Pooh!" see he, "beg yer pardon—thought you was in the market," and fore I could ax him about Madison or you, he was half a dozen wagons off, borin' his gimlet into mother bag of cottop.

The next feller f met was right at

cotton.

The next feller I met was right at me to buy my cotton; but I took him a one side and explained things confidentially to him fore he went so far.

"Is this Madison," ses I, "what the Southern Miscellany is printed?"

"Oh, no," ses he, "this is Beaver Tail."

"Beaver Tail III and Is timbs. I never

Tail." Beaver Tail I' ses I; "why, I never hearn of that place afore," and I jest begun to bile up a little. "I tnek my passage for Madison," ses I, "and paid the money, and they're gone and drapped me in Beaver Tail! Now, that's a way to do bisiness; that's the way travelers is tuck in, by these infernal corperashuns. If they don't dx it all to my saitsfaction, I'll presecute the company as loss as ther's any dx it all to my saltafaction, I'll presecute the company as long as ther's any law in Georgia. Beaver Tail!" ses I. "Yea," ses he, "this is Beaver Tail, which is to Madison as the Bay' is to Savannah, 'Wall street' to New York, the 'Exchange' to Frisdelly, or the 'Bialto' (whar merchants most do congregate,) to Venice. This is the bishness part of Madison, do yo understand?" ses he, "Yes, but I want to go to Madison to see Mr. Thompson on pertickles

monstrous troubled in ther dreams, and kep tossin' and twistin' about as bisy as ball yearins in dytime, while some big-footed fellers hay aprawl'd out on the benches, quiet as a middin' of meat, aporin a perfect harrycane.

The fact was unresistible, and the fust thing in pertickler, 'cept that my oyes felt monstrous gritty when I tried to open 'em wide—

"Look here; master—master!"

"Hello!" see I, "Jim, what's the to see,"

"In a series of Madison, do yo understand?" see he.

"Yee, but I want to go to Madison to see Mr. Thompson on pertickler bisness,"

"This is Mr. Thompson's place of bisness; you'll find him that," see he, pintin' to a big open brick house.

Well I went thar, but he was the relieved agent, what keeps the books of the consern. "Ob, no," see I, "it's the other Mr. Thompson what I want to see."

the other Mr. Thompson what I want to see."

"Well, that he is," see he, "that's Mr. Thompson, jest come down from Covington."

When I went to the man he pinted to he axed me if I wanted to take a contract on the rode? "Lord, no," see I, "I want to see Mr. Thompson about a very different kind of a bisness."

s would have found monsieur Tom sous enough to kill him several times, as he says in the play.

Well, I pet out for the Planters' as fast as I could—whar you know I found you at last—(I hope you won't be riled at what I say) it it hadn't been for the specks I wouldn't a knowed you by Mr. Thomason's description.

shall bear equally the cost of same.

An interesting question arises as to how the communicationers and their employes shall be paid for their services, provided the Supreme Court shall decide the act unconstitutional.

I needn't tell you agin how much l is bleeged to you fer yer kindness and advice in that pertickelerly delicate bisness on which we conversed. Takin' everything into consideration, I am very much pleased with my visit to Madison; and sense I went to Macon Madison; and sense I went to Macon and your town I'm more than ever in favor of travelin.' I think the writer was about right who said: "The world is a monstrus big book, full of picters and good readin,' but he that never travels only reads the title page." I believe I'll go to the city of Athena pext.

ger what waits on the table thar. I didn't know what to make of the eld feller. He fiew round me like I was Mr. Clay, or some other grats charac-

"Will you have some of the Berkshire ham," ses be, "or some of the Durham beef-fust rate, stall fed, sir,

Durham beef—fust rate, stall fed, sir, jest imported."
"Why, uncle, you ain't got English beef bere, is you," ses L
"Certain, master; we don't feed people on nothin' else at the Planter's—pure English, in French style."
I tuck a piece of the Durham,
"Have a little of the essence?" see he, puttin' some gravy on it. "Shall I have your plate spied with a piece of veal—resi Durham—only 12 year old?

feel all over sort o' fainty to think of it. I'm a grate mind to come to Madison, and see you about it—as I know you're a pertickier friend of mine, and would tell me the best way to do.

LETTER VII.

PINEVILLE, October 27.

To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir—I arriv bere last night, all safe as a crate of warranted cups and saucers. My cold's got a good deal better sense I left Madison, and accordin to promis, I have tuck up my pen to give you a socount of my trip to your town.

As I told you, I left my hose in Warranton and tuck the cars at Camack for Madison. It was bout leven o'clock fore the dratted thing come along, and when it got that it made sich a bominable blowin and anortin

"I don't keer," see I; "I'm always willin for a good trade."
"Whar is it?" see he, and before I had time to auswer him, another feller slapped me on the shoulder on tother side.
"Is it prime now, neighbor?" see he; "I'll give you the top of the market. Is it prime now, eh?"
"Never mind," see the fust, "it's as the image of the biggest hind of yams? Hars's a hot one, air, right out of the mosth of a radhot oven? Have tome milk, sir—Durham conw's milk, if you like, rich as creem?"
And that's the way the old feller went on, never crackin a smile all the time; and I like to busted jest eatin to bleege him.

In the afternoon I tuck a look at your town—and a mighty smart town it is—but I needn't tell you nothin about that. At supper, that was that old feller agin, flyin round the long table, with his check apren on and a sarver in one hand.

table, with his check apron on and a sarver in one hand.

"Will you have a bot biskit," see he, "made out of the best Canal flower from imported wheat? Take a square-toed waffel, sir; here's swaller-tailed ones, if you like 'em tetter? Fast rate lilo coffee, sir; some Muskevado sugar to give a pleasant taste to it? Cold ham! triled ditto wam Durham steaks, briled fow—Euglish breed—so tender they wont bare bitin hard. Let me aply your plate with a very small plees of the busum of this pullit? Some of the reserves, sir? any kind—quince, pare, big English peaches. Take another hot bishit, sir.—," and if I'd sot thar, he'd kep me eatin till this time. The cure was ready to start. I paid my bill at the Planters', and was soon whirlin on the way bome.

"I've been thinkin ever sense of your advice, and I'm satisfied you was right. I shall ax Miss Mary fost, and by that time I'll be more used to it.

by that time I'll be more used to it, and by that time I'll be more used to it, and want be so skarry of her mother. Itut it's the worst job I swar undertuck any way I can fix it. I'll tell you all about it. No more from

Your friend, till death,

Jon Jones.

Jos. Jones. (To Be Continued Next Thursday.)

PIRM WAYS ON THE CATAWRA. Is the Act of the Late Legislature Com

stitutional?

Charlotte News.

Mesers. Barwell, Walker and Causler and McCall and Nixon are looking into the constitutionality of chapter 413, laws 1867, entitled "an act to remove obstruction to fish in Catawbariver, and to provide fish-ways." The act creates a jury of seven men "to yiew the Catawbariver from the Stats line to the crossing of the Chester and Lemir Bullroad, and designate the places where obstructions should be removed and the width of the 6th passage." Section 2 of the act provides that the water power of mills looked on said river shall not be injured, but said jury is to decide whether or not injury to water power would jured, but and jury is to decide whether or not injury to water power would follow from the removal of obstructions. Section 3 provides that and jury shall hear all complaints and settle all difficulties arising from the opening of fish pussages and section 4 provides that the decision of said jury shall be final. The set further provides for the compensation of said jury and whatever necessary help they may employ.

ses I, "I want to see Mr. Thompson about a very different kind of a bisness."

"Perhaps you will find him over in that bildin'," ses he.

Well, over I went.

"Kin we serve you this mornin', sir ? Do yon wish to store your cotton?" ses he.

"No, no," see I "I want to see Mr. Thompson what edits the Miscallany."

"Oh," see he, "that Mr. Thompson—my name's Mr. Thompson You'll find him at the Planters' Hotel, the first good-lookin' man you see with spectacles on."

Good gracious ! thinks I, if the old Frenchman had lived in Beaver Tall he would have found monsieur Towners and opening the stats \$1,000.

ways will be at least \$1,000.

The law provides that the counties bordering where this work is done shall bear equally the cost of same.

It Hiteth Like a Sernent.

Yews and Olservor.

In view of the compromise of the In view of the compromise of the bonds voted for a railroad in Onelow county; the mighty kick that goes up avery year in Wilkes county; the litigation growing out of the bond usua in Stanly county; and the bad taste left in the mouth of the people of most countles that vote bonds to build railcountries that vote sonds to build rati-roads, the following extract, from a decision by Justice Brewer, while on the Kansas Supreme bench, on the validity of some bunds issued by a county in aid of a railroad, will have special interest :

"If he (the Justice) may be permit ted to paraphrase the words of the wisest of men he would say to every one, 'Look not upon the voting of railroad bonds when it is new, for at last it blitch like a serpent and sting-

Better Displeased With Wilson. lateigh Cor. Wilmington Messenger,

Senator Butler and Otho Wilson, kie right hand man, are at odds. Butler is displeased with Wilson and the rall-way commission for not reducing rates. He is also displeased with Wilson's having a rallway eating house and has said so. Now Wilson tells Butler to and his own business. There are plenty of signs of a populist break-up; signs of disintegration are plentiful.

Rowglays when women are trying to do everything it is not strange that many things are over-done. It is not strange that there are all kinds of physical and mental distanteations. If the woman who is a doctor, or a inwyer, or a locarmitist, or in hashings would not by 10 but a noticity woman too it might be different; but the woman who has good different; but the woman who has yet to be born, I headly a wrotate to the born and the doctor was not to be born, I headly a wrotate in the woman way is to keep doing until sing drags, working in his way has manifold evils. The semantic common trouble resulting from every control, of their incentify or physically, is constigution of the bowels, with all the attendant heavy.

stipation of the howels, with all the sixtendant horrors.

Dr. Pierce's Pieceast Pielieta are the need offsetive reason in the market. There werk upon the system craity, naturally. There is no unpleasant masses after them. He gripler up pains—not dimensionally them. He gripler up pains—not dimensionally. They are compassed of inaccorials first on the properties gradually, collecting all importants and, also the model light nervants that they are, dispusing of them expectations are selected.

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