

Devoted to the Protoction of Home and the Interests of the County.

ears don't burn, then ther ain't no truth in old sayin's.

Vol. XVIII.

W. P. MAMMERALL, }

"none at all."

wakin up.

Gastonia, N. C., September 16, 1897.

(Cash in Advance)

Granite Monuments.

THE BEST OBTAINABLE.

A granite memory of r

No 37

MAJOR JONES' COURTSHIP.

By Major Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia.

LETTER VIIL

PINEWILLE, Now. 5.-To Mr. Thompson: Dear Sir-Same I writ you that last letter we've all been as busy as yaller jackets in a cotton blos-som, movin' over to town. It wan't no great ways to have things, but then you hnow it's aich a class that no great ways to haul things, but then you know it's sich a plagy job. I never thought ther was so much plun-der about our house till we come to move. But it's jest so every year. Mother's always got more old washin'-tubs, and fat-gourds and spinnin'-wheels, and quiltu frames, and sich fixins than would fill Noar's ark, big as it was; and she's got to have 'em all moved, lock, stock and barrel, for she ain't on the plantation. This movin' into town every winter and out in the summer is all a fool notion any way, and l'm gittin right side of it, and if it hadn't been that the Stal-linese was gone to town when I got

aby way, and I'm gittin right site or it, and if it hadn't been that the Stal-linese was gone to they when I got back I blieve I'd coaxed the old wo-out of it this time. "Well, now I've got a fair swing at Miss Mary, for she's so close: I can jest call in any time; but 'tween you and me, I'm afraid I'm gwine to have some trouble bout this matter yit. Ther's a lot of fellers sootin round her that I don't more'n half like no how. One chap's jest come from the north, rigged out like a show monkey, with a little tag of hair baugin down under his chin just like our old billy got, that's a heels too smart for this latitude, I think. He's got more braas in his face than ther is in mother's preservin kittle, and more gab than Mr. Montgomery and our preacher to gether. He's a music teacher and I don't know what all, and makes him-Mr. Montgomery and our preacher to-gether. He's a music teacher and I don't know what all, and makes him-self jest as pupier boat town as if he'd lived here all his life. All the town galls is gwine to take lessons from him on the planer, 'cept Miss Mary, and old Miss Stalline see the ain't gwine to the expense of buyin a planer these hard times, no how. She see she's gwine to iaru here galls to make good housekeepers and good wifes, and when they git married, if ther hus-bands like musick, they can buy sich things for 'em if they'ye a mind to. "Yes, madem, but though, you

"Yes, madam, but though, you know"-sea the imperent cuss, the very first time he was interduced into the boum by cousin Pete, who is just as thick with him as two fools could be-"'you know 'complishments is the best riches a young lady can have-'complishments last for ever, but rich-es don't."'

es don't."" "But nobody can't live on 'complish-ments," ses old Miss Stallins, "not these times they can't." "Yes, but Miss Stallins," ses he, "you's rish enough to give your but! ful daughters every gratification in the wurld. Now you hadn't ought to be so stingy with sich charmin daughters as you've god."

so stingy with sick obarmin daughters as you've god." Well, cuss your imperence, thought I, for a stranger, right afore ther faces too; and I never wanted to settle my foot agin the seat of a feller's trowsars so bed afore in my life. Old Mins Stallins didn't say much, I was settin prety near Miss Mary, and when he begun to run on so, I sot in talkin with her, so she couldn't bear the dratted fool, but the fust thing I knowed Mr. Crotchet come and sot right down bekween us. with ner, so abe couldn't bear the dratted fool, but the fust thing I knowed Mr. Crotchet come and sot right down between us. "Don't you think we can 'swade the old woman into it. Miss Mary, if we iny our heads together." I think he's in a mighty grate hurry to lay your heds together; but she jest smiled, and put her hankercher up to

"mone at all." I tried to say something, but I couldn't git a word in edgeways, and every time I looked at Miss Mary she kep laughin. "Thar als' to mortgage on mary nig-ger nor foot of ground thank the Lord, these hard times," sed the eld woman. She drappin to sleep, and didn't know what she was talkin about. It was Saturday night and time to go.-but I wasn't gwine till Crotchett wont, and he didn't seem like he was gwine at all. "Wonder what time it is?" sed Afim

the way they was blievin everything be told 'em. "A track of land," see she, "is worth more's a bushel basket full of slob pieter papers-and mind what I say galls, all sint gold as glitters. I haint lived my time for nothin, and I deu's blieve in these Jarsey water-powers. Whar upon yeath is Jarsey, anyhow ?" see slie. "Why, mother. Jarsey's to the North," sed Miss Mary. "Hush, child," see the old woman, "your bead's full of nothine but Crotch-etts, and water-powers, and the North and sich monsense. I tell you I don't blieve in 'em." "Thar sint no use of gittin mad at the gentleman, mother-I'm sure be's very polite to us all," sed Miss Mary. "Politeness aint every thing, my

"A track of land," see she, "is
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dou's bileve in these Jarsey.
"Why, mother. Jarsey's to the
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"Why, mother. Jarsey's to the
"Hush, child," see the old woman.
"your head's full of nothin but Crutch
sta she very was. It seemed to use that the
the gentleman, mother. J'm sure be's
"Thar sint no use of gittin mad at
the gentleman, mother. J'm sure be's
"Politoness sint every thing, my
"Folitoness sint every thing, my
"Folitoness sint every thing, my
"Folitoness sint every thing, my
"Tom, what's the reason they don't
stay thar and not be always travuling
for the they is oposter.
for ther besitk.
mary every gall what's got a little reation." I could be git mearted to get meanses, they read to the some they don't
the gentleman, mother. J'm same be's
word. If they's so mother seement they come
for ther besitk.
mary every gall what's got a little reation." I could be always travuling to the some they find the 's some for the was what find the 's and south meanses, they reation the was be thought."
"Them 's any sentiments, thinks I, but if he sposed I was gwine to make a section."
"Why, mother." see Miss Mary, ''any doity cause se Mr. Cretchett's a gentleman of isfnement and educe.
"Miss Keslah and Miss Carline kep took to as any decret." They could be always termined to be a was a starby low and they could be as the some any decret. They could be as they and they any some one they have to be a fasts bilay of the former and some be's a some tow the set as a douge.
"Them 's any sentiments, thinks I, but i was termined to b "Wonder what time it is?" sed Alies "Oh, taint late," see he. Is ther gwine to be any preachin here to-motrow?" "Yes, sir," see Miss Mary. "Are you gwine?" axed Crotchett. "I blieve mother intends to go." "Very glad," see he, "I'll be very much obliged to attend vou." "Mother is gwine, I blieve." "Hut won't you go too-I'm certain to come after you-come, you must

eay____'' "It's most ten," ses I; but he didn't pay no tention to that. "Shall I have the pleasure, Miss____' "It's ten o'clock," see I, again, "and I'm a gwine"_and I looked at the feller and then shock my head at

the feller and then shock my head at Miss Mary. "I'll call for you, Miss Mary," sod Crotchett, pickin' up his hat. Miss Mary didn't eay nothin, but kind o' smiled. f thought. "Cond evenin, Miss Mary," ses I. "-That 1 won't, not these hard times"-axe old Miss Stallins, jest wakin no.

times"-ave old Miss Stallins, jest wakin up. "Good evenin, ladies," ses Crotchett. Well, next mornin, don't you think Miss Mary went to meetin with that imperent cuss, and I had to take old Miss Stallins and Miss Carline, and Cousin l'ets tuck Miss Kesiah. Thar he was, ahore enough, and nobody couldn't git to say a word to Miss Ma-ry, and before the galls was out of the dore he had her arm in his. I never felt jest zactly so cheap afore in my life, to see that journeyman fiddler, what nobody didn't know nothin about wakin with Miss Mary to church, and atickin his big carroty whiskers right down under ber bonnet and talkin to her and grinain like a baked possum. And what made me feel worse, was, she seemed to take it all so mighty line. Miss Carline ses I musn't mind it.

Miss Carilue ses I musn't mind it cause Miss Mary couldn't help berself. But I mean to find out all about it, and if she is big enough fool to be turn in by sich small store as in is I'll jest drap the whole blaness at ones for ther aiot nothin in creation I hates wors'n a coquet. No more from Your friend, till death. Jos Jos 25. P. 8. — I don't want you to think I'm jealons, caus I aint, not by no means. I don't zactly like the 'pearance of things—but I aint jealous of Orockett. Only if Miss Mary Stallins goes to meetin any more with hum, she don't never go thar with Joseph Jones— that's all.

got a little spunk, too, and I'll let har mee that I can be as independent as she can. Don't you think it would be a good plan, if I don't carry the jeke too far ? I'll tell you how it works in my

next. No more from Your friend, till death. LETTER X.

6, 1897. "When she said that, I do think she holised handsomer thus ever she did in her life, and I coulds't have the heart to my mything to make ber feel had. I felt that all was right agin and made op my mind to treat her jest life sothin' unpleasant had ever happened. I was so happy. "We was all settin' by the parlor fire. and the galls was public' haves candy. Miss Carline ax'd me ti I wouldn't think about nothin' but Miss Mary, who was pullu's grate big picon, "Tate some. Majer." see she, "and pull it for me, and I'll give you this when it's done," and she kind e' looked "Mell, I know it'll be mighty sweet," see I, jest as I was gwine to "Take care, Majer." see she, "it's dredful hot. What's the spoon, clos?" see ahe, as she was publia' away as hand in goes my flogers right into the almost bill' hot lasses. "Ugh ', ass J, and I publed 'em out "Ugh ', ass J, and I publed 'em out "My hord !' see Miss Keviah, "if the Majer hain't bornt his floggers dread-ful. That langes is right out of the some of the see is right out of the some more from de hitchen." "My hord !' see Miss Keviah, "if the Majer hain't bornt his floggers dread-ful. That langes is right out of the some more from de hitchen." "My hord !' see Miss Kary. 'I'm so sorry. Did you git much on your dreader. High and is any flog to the firm the fungers dread-ful. Miss Carline tole mo bring some more from de hitchen." "The tears was running out of my sorry. Did you git much on your dread i would make her feel bad. "Oh, no, not much. It alm the ry bad," see I; and the fust thing 'h to be di di on 'am, it burnt so al tover with the cussed staff what tubbed it off on 'am, it burnt so al tover with the cussed staff what tubbed it off on 'am, it burnt so al tover with the cussed staff what tubbed it off on 'am, it burnt so al tover with the cussed staff what tubbed it off on 'am, it burnt so al to what he d.

n edgeways, and	anyhow ?" ses she.	axistres of the world wanted greasin'	I was so happy.	MY SPECIALTY	
t Miss Mary she	"Why, mother, Jarsey's to the	or something or other was out of fix, for it didn't seem to turn round half so	We was all settin' by the parlor fire.	portynes in metalog granity	A subtract of the state of the subtract of the state of t
rage on Barry big-	POPLA, " Bed Mins Mury.	fast as it used to. The days was as	Miss Carlins ax'd me [f I wouldn't	the quality of my work. See	semana may be used in Contonia opticiary
thank the Lord,	"your bead's full of nothin but Crutch-	long as the weaks ought to be, and the nights hadn't no end to 'em. Somehow	pull some. I felt so quase I didn't think about nothin' but Miss Mary,	NOW ABOUT PRICES	wything of its kind in our aguatery.
and didn't know	etts, and water-powers, and the North and sich nonsense. I tell you I doa't	for other, I couldn't alsep o' nights.	who was pullto's grate big piece.	NOW ABOUT PRICES.	at many best server and a line a
bout.	blieve in 'em."	nor est nothin,' and I don't know	"Take some, Major." ses she, "and	essential in point. The order	for the month in 11 and a start of the second
ight and time to ne till Crotchett	"Thar slat no use of gittin mad at the gentleman, mother-I'm sure be's	COULTE WAS THE DISCOV, WEIGH.	pull it for me, and I'll give yon this	the Wilson tariff Against me	
seem like he was	very polite to us all," sed Mise Mary.	you know, makes people have mighty	when it's done," and she kind o' looked sideways at me.		
a it is?" sed Alies	"Politeness aint every thing my	Cousin Pete thought he was mon-	"Well, I know it'll he mighty	You will then be convised	that I am the one to do your wate.
	child and 'pasrances alot every thing nother. I don't blieve in these out-	strous smart, and went all around	sweet," ses I, jest as I was gwine to take up some out of the disk.		
reachin here to-	landish people, not till I know 'em	symptoms was very bad, and sed he	"Take care, Majer." and also, 1411/a	100000000000	economica constati
	good. If thay's so monstross well off, and sich hig things whar they come	was gwine to put a strengthenio' plas-	dredful hot. Whar's the spoon, Cloe?" sea she, as she was pullin' away as	L. L. JENEIKS, President.	J. D. Moonn, Cashier,
Mary. axed Crotchett.	from, what's the reason they don't	ter, made out of Bargemy pitch, ou my breast, to keep my beast from	bard as she could at a grate big bright	- 「「「」」を「す」するがでいたように、このでのです。そのですの時本になっていためになるようななからです。	
tends to go,"	stay thar and not be always travellin about for ther health. and tryin to	preakin.' I know what he thought.	ropo of lasses.	First Natio	
he, "I'll be very	marry every gall what's got a little	but if he sposed I was gwine to make a fool of myself 'boat Mary Stallins, he's	"O, sever mind the spoon," ses I, and in goes my flogers right into the	OF GASTO	
bliere."	property. Nobudy that's any socount	Jest as much mistakan as he was when	almost billn' hot Lasses	State and Cour	
too-I'm certain	don't never go to the north to git mar- ried, but whenever anybody gits found	he tuck the showman for Tom Peters, from Cracker's Neck. I did feel sort	"Ugh !', ass I, and I pulled 'em out quicker'n lightnin."	COMMENCED BUEL	The ATTOMATE & Jose
oome, you must	out in sum of their meanness, they're	of versed about the way she tuck up	"My lord I" ses Miss Kesish "if the	Capital stock,	00.00 DIRECTORS.
I; but be didn't	shore to go to Texas or some whar else, for ther health."	with that 'bominable scoundrel Crot- chett, that's a faol; but then she was	Majer hain's burnt his fingers dread- ful. That langers is right out of the		
Asure, Miss	Them's my sentiments, thinks I, but	so disappointed when he turned out to	pot, I know. Hain't you got no better	Surplus, 6,6	00.00 L. L. Jonkins, T. C. Pegram, J. D. Moses, T. W. Wilson,
' ses I, again,	"Why, mother," as Miss Mary	be a ruusway barber that I couldn't help feelin sorry for her, too. It's	icouldn't bely dancin a little, and	Dividends paid since organisation, 26,0	00.00 F. Dilling.
ook my head at	"anybody can see Mr. Urotchett's a	a coonstrous curious faelin when any.	grindin my tasti, and alingta my fig.	Bollotte appoints of Individuals We	
	gentieman of refinement and educa-	body tries to hato somebody that they.	gers; but I din't say nothin loud. "Well, Miss Carline tole me bring	on time deposite. Guarantees to peterst with conservative banking.	strons every accommodation comple-
tiss Mary," sed	Miss Keslah and Miss Carline kep		some more from de kitchen." ses the		
may nothin, but	lookin' at me and then at oneanother and smilin'; but Miss Mary looked as	But I was termined to hold out, and if	cuseed pigger.	NUE TAKES & ROHOGLAOURE WITH	.Professional Cards,
sht. Mary," ses I.	serious as a judge.	fant in I donte the start f at and	"Ob, dear I" are Miss Mary, "I'm so sorry. Did you git much on your	nce.	A TOTESSIONEL CANADA
not these hard	Old Miss Stallins was jest gwine to speak, when rap, rap, went somebody	a'done, for it was monstrous tryin.	angers, Majer ?"	"The Little flet Schoolhoms on the	WM, H. LEWIS,
s Stallins, jest	at the dore.	Bet it's all over now, and everything	The tears was running out of my eyes but I didn't want to let on, for	Giorier," Which Mrs. H. C. Howland,	
" ses Crotebett.	"Thar's that plagy Crotchett, I'll lay my life," see she.	is jest as straight as a fishhook. Old	fear it would make her feel bad.	a Yank ou Schoolennen, Will fiel Up	-ATTOHNEY-AT-LAW,-
don't you think	Miss Mary run to the dore as quick	Miss Stallins was over to our house to take ten long of mother, one evening	"Oh, no, not much. It wint very bad," see I; and the fust thing I	On the Klondike,	GASTONIA, N. C
bad to take old	as she could.	last week. She and mother taiked it	knowed my trousers was plastered all	St. Louis Republic,	Office over Long Brothers new store building
ise Carline, and	"Ah, ha Good evenin'. Mis Stal- linsladies, good evenin', Ah, how are	all over about Crotchett and Miss Mary to themselves, and when I went to see	over with the cussed stuff whar I rubbed it off on 'em, it burnt so al-	Here's a Yankes schoolmarm with a	W. H. HOFFMAN.
h, and nobody	you, Jones-here again, ch ?"	her home, she didn't talk of nothin	Gred bad,	truly Yankes ides. Sie has gone to the Kloudite to set up a school, and has taken the schoolbouse with her!	-DENTIST-
ord to Miss Ma-	I felt my dander risin' when the im-	else all the way.	They made old Clos git a basic of water to wash the lasses off, and old	has taken the schoolbouse with her!	GASTONIA, H. C.
a who out of the	side of Miss Mary, and she begun to	"Bomiuation take the retch," see the old woman, "to run away from his	Miss Stallins got some soft some to	Bright woman, ian't she? The stylizing inducates of the school	
p afore in my	smile and talk with him as pleasin' as could be. I knowed it wouldn't do for	wife and children, the fidlin wagabone.	draw the Gre out, and after awhile f	will thus be brought into close juxta-	GP Office over First National Bank.
beyman uddies,	me to stay thar, so I jest tuck my hat	and come out here trying to ruinate some pore innocent gall by marryin	sot down with the galls to eat candy and talk about Crotchett.	position with the fare lay-outs and the dance halls, which invariably follow	
to church, and	and went home. "Good evenin', Jones," ses he.	her, when he's got a wife to home!	I tell you what, I had the game all	the strike of gold the world over. The	C. R. ADAMS, M. D. R. M. REID, M D.
whiskers right	I was in an ace of cussin' him back.	If ought to be sent to the penitentiary for life, so he ought !"	my own way this time. I hinted to Miss Mary that I was sort of afraid	result should be of great good and use- fulness to the passe and welface of the	ADAMS & REID,
baked possum.	'Oh, don't go, Majer," ses Miss	"Zactly so, Miss Stallin," ses [; 'but	Crotchett was gwine to out me out	Klondike metropolis.	PHYSICIANS AND SUBGEONS,
eel worse, was,	Mary, don't go yet, Majer." I jest said, "Good evenin', ladies."	he was mighty popler 'moug' the galls.	and that I was a lestle jealous at first; aud she binted to me that 1 ought to	Mrs. H. C. Howland of Pan Fran- olsco, formarly Miss M. E. Glann of	GASTONIA, N. C.
all as migney	Archone mowin, we sphone in beiricasi-	him."	know'd better than that, and that I	Boston, is this enterprising moman	Office at J. E. Curry & Co's Drugstore.
musn't mind it.	er, and put out.	"I know they was Joseph, I know	oughin't to expect her to show her feelins for me no plainer than she had	She sailed for Alaska on the 10th in- stant, and will open a school at Daw-	ROB'T. L. DURHAM,
n't help berself.	to the plantation to tend to the hog-	on my pore daughter. Mary, when,	done before, and that she only tuck a	Non city.	BOD I. L. DURMAM,
ugh fool to be	killin', and I was jest mad enough to	Laws knows, the child couldn't hear	little notice of Crotchet, jest to try me.	Mrs. Howland is a graduate of the	-LAWYER,-
Divide as ar ouce	all day, and as to Mary Stallins, I	church with him, you know, and he	to see if really I did think anything of "Bay pen won't begin to tent my rem-	Harvard Annex (Budeliffe), and is	
	didn't hardly know what to think-	was to your house every night when I	ins. I never felt so full of talk before	husband, who has spent some years in the work. Mrs. Howland is aware	A D BRANKEN
Jos Jos 28	sometimes I felt sort o' mad at her,	was thar, talkin to her."	the galls in my life, and, I think in one or two more heats (I don't mean the	that at present there are very fow chil-	A. G. MANGUM,
you to think I'm	but then agin 1 couldn't. The fact is, it aint sich a casy thing to feel mud	Joseph. That's what she largt down	hot lasses), I'll be able to come up to	drep, if any, at Dawson City, and her drot classes will probably be bearded	-ATTORNEY-AT-LAW-
	at a right pretty gall, and the more a	to one round Opticiter her ano. It	the pint. I know I'm jest as good for	men, who will seise the opportunity to	GASTONIA, W. C.
A Danahatta	man feels and at 'em. the more he's apt to feel sorry, too. I tell you what,	a gentleman comes to see a lady, she must be perlite to him, whoever he	for a ginger cake; and if Miss Mary	get a little "book larnin" during the	Will practice in the courts of Gastas and adjoining counties and in the Federal Courts.
stallins goes to	I was in a stew. I didu't know what	ia''	aint foolin (you know these galls is mighty uncertain) I think I wont have	long whiter months, when mining is impossible.	in the Federal Courts.
him, she don't Joseph Jones-	to do.	Cuss sich perliteness as that, thinks	no difficulty in bringin all things round	In the hold of the steamer upon	E C WILSON W D
	It was after dark when I got home, and when I got thar, all Pineville was	"And it sint no matter if she de-	as I want 'em. No more from your friend, till death. Jos. JONES.	which the plucky schoolmarm sailed was the material for a schoolhouse in	F.G. WILSON, M. D.,
IX.	in a box-everybody was talkin' about	spises him off the face of the yeath, she must talk and smile to him jest	P. SI wish you could come down	sections, all ready to set up, with a	Gastosia, N. C.
November 23	Crotchett. Some said he was a biga- my, and some said he was a thief and	like she liked him ever so much."	to Pipeville to Crismus. I don't think I will git married up soon as that, but	proper sapply of books, slates, maps	PHYSICIAN AND SUBGRON,
Dear Sir-If I	I don't know what all. Come to find	"Bat Miss Mary looked like she thought a heap of Crotchett," nus T.	we're gwine to have grand flower doins	The school building is constructed	WOffice at Torrence's Drug Store.
	out about it, what do you think ? His name wasn't Crotchett, but Jack-	"It was all decate and perliteness."	down hers then. I've got some goblers	especially for its environment. There	Phone Me. 16.
so monstrons	son, alias Brown, and he was no more	ses she. "That's the way with the	so fat that the feathers wou't hardly stick in 'em of a warm day. We're	is a flat, sloping roof, so that the snow can be easily showed off. The win- dows are high above the ground. That	Drs. Glenn & Coffey.
time now, you	a music-teacher than 1 was, but a dan- dy barber, what had stole somebody's	musta't mind 'em. Is didn't use to be	gwine to have one of 'em for dinner,	dows are high above the ground. That	-Dentists -
mazin. It teems	pocketbook with a heap of money, in	so when I and your mother was galls. I'll warrant no Groshetts didn't come	and the Stallingers is all gwine to take dinner with us. My fingers is better.	is to prevent the snow from drifting over them. Everything has been con-	
d nothin but hogs a but rqueslin.	New York, and then run away, and left his wife and two children, to keep	bout us if we didn't like ther company,	but they is bominable sore yet-so you	sidered that will be conducive to com-	OFFICE UP STAIRS IN CONTRAL BOTEL.
and I know I	from being sent to the Sing Song Pen-	and we had to know all about 'em fore	must excuse bad spellin and had writin this time.	fort. A big wood stove will be placed in	Triephone Call st.
back-bone and	etentiary. He was gone, and mobody	"It ain't so now, though, Miss Stal-	(To be Continued Next Thursday).	the corner to keep things warm. There	ar Once Bours 5 A. M. Lo 6 p. M.
ever sense the	couldn't teil wher, and the man what come after him, stuck up some notices	lins," ses I-and I blieve 1 sort o'		will be only one door, and that will open into a small room, through which	W. H. Wilson, M. D.,
But as for that	at the tayers and the post office, of-	drawed a long breath-"It's very different now. It a chap only comes	Treatment of Boys. Mouros Journal.	a door will open into the echoolcoom. This part of the building will be so	PHYSICIAN AND SUBGEON.
ar. I go for hog	ferin' "100 reward !" for asybody to ketch him.	from the North, or some place away	One of the favorite sayings of Ham.	This part of the building will be an arranged that one door must be closed	L. E. Glean, R. D., Associate Physician.
it can be fixed,	Cousin Pete lowed he knowed he	out of crasshun, and is got a crap of bair and whiskers that would make a	the hamorist and lecturer, to regarding	before the other can be opened. This	Day Phone 16. Right Phone 34.
ick was turned	wasn't no grate shakes all the time,	saddle-nod, and 14 got & cost different	the treatment of boys by their parents.	will avoid all draughts.	
steep bill into	and was makin' more noise than any- body else about gwine after him to	from everybody else, and a thunderin grate big gold chain round his neck,	He says in many bouseholds the boys are treated more as slaves than as sons.	The school will accompdate 50 pu- pils. Mr. Howland will prospect for gold while Mrs. Howland teaches the	J. M. Sloan, M. D.,
t drowned in the	ketch him; and all the fellers that was	no matter if he stole 'em, he's the	That when a piece of furniture is de-	gold while Mrs. Howland teaches the	PHYSICIAN AND SUBGBON.
ever care about	tryin' to git into Mr. Orutchett's good graces, was tellin' how they spected	poplerest man mong the ladys, and old	clared to be worthless it is put in the boy's room. The chicken feet, mack	young idea to shoot, When Mrs. Howland left her East-	Day Phone 10. Might Phone 30.
t with her; but certain ofif the	something, and how they had ther eyes	acquaintaoces, whose been raised right along side of 'em, don't stand no sort	and wings have a natural inclination	ern home and settled in San Francisco	Notice !
the bogs then, he	on him-they was lookin' out for him, and all that.	chauge."	to hook over the side of the boy's plate, but a piece of breast never comes that	ebs became attached to the reportorial force of the San Francisco Examiner.	The opportunity handslates estation be-
	But Crotabett was gone, and that's	"Not all the gails sist so, Joseph-	way. All the dirty work about the	She abaudoned active newspaper work	treverse a All and a standard time to a All a Continue to a standard to
pint. I want to le matter what I	what tuck my eye. I didn't care a	ther hede, I'll asshore you."	place is put on the boy and he never	after her marriage. She is a bright	in the second
last time. You	tinter's cass who be was, nor where	Be this time we was right up to the		written impressions of the Klondika	Loove as C. W. Melausten & Co.
n't zactly know ne to jump then.	thout Miss Many no mone with his his	"Come in, Joseph," ses she.	other than a servant's interest on the	and result of her efforts to establish	2.1.1 MORALE

her face and sed she didn't know.

"I say, Jones." ses he, "won't you be a spoke in my wheel, old feller? I'm dyin in love with this butiful young lady, and I can't bear to see her oppertunities neglected." I looked at the feller rite in the face, and I int had it on the send of my

and I just had it on the cend of my tongue to tell him cuss his insurance. But Miss Mary was thar and her moth-er, and I tried to turn it off the best way I could, without lettin my temper

"I aint no wagonmaker. Crotchet," ses I, "but I've sot a nigger feller that kin put a spoke in your wheel mighty quick, if that's all you want." Miss Mary crammed her handker-

cher in har mouth. "Oh," ses be, "you don't take-you don't take, Jones; I mean, can't you help me to court Miss Mary, here, and mother."

I begue to feel sort 'o warm behind the ears, but I thought I'd jest give him a sort of a hint.

"I reckon you won't need an help," I, "you seem to git along pretty

fult so ralleyed.

Miss Mary laughed more'n I ever heard her afore in company. "That's what I won't," see old Miss Stallins, jerkin at the ball till she like to onwinded it all, tryin to pull it to her those these lines. her, "not these times, 1'll asshore you, sir,"

I jumped up and got the ball and wound all the yarn on it and handed it

to her. "Thank you, Joseph," ars she, "thank you, my son." I kind o' cleared my throte, and my

for more's a week, and I know I haint eat nothin but back-bone and turnips, and spare-ribs, and sassingers and craoklin-bread over sense the and cracklin-bread ever sense the killin commenced. But as for that part of it, I wouldn't care if bog-killin time lasted all the year. I go for hog meat myself any way it can be fixed, notwithstandin old nick was turned into 'em once, and set a whole gang of

LETTER IX.

'em runnin down the steep hill into the sea, whar they got drowned in the water. Old Miss Stallins ses it's all a fact, and I don't never care about gittin into a argyment with her; but thar's one thing I'm certain of —if the old feller did git into the hogs then, he

old feller did git into the hogs then, he didn't spile the meat. But that's not the plot. I want to tell you bout that little matter what I writ to you about last time. You know I told you I din't zacily know But Crotchett was gone, and that's what tuck my eye. I didn't care a tinker's cuss who he was, nor where he was gone to-he couldn't shine 'bout Miss Mary no more, with his big whiskers and his water powers in the Jarseys, and that's all I cared for. I know 1 told you 1 did't zacily know how the cat was gwine to jump then. Well, ther's been a dreadful climax amony the galls in Pinewille sense my last letter. Things has turned out jest as I spected only a grate deal more so They couldn't went more to my likin If they'd tried. That chap Crotchett. "I think so, too Joseph," sed old Miss Stallins. "I think so, too Joseph," sed old Miss Stallins. "Then you will give your consent, I spose, madars?" ses be. I didn't breathe for more'n a minit, and I do believe they tried to see which could get the most 'tention out of him. I didn't breathe for more'n a minit, and tried to look at 'em all three at the same ticse. "What, sir," axed the old woman, openin her eyes as wide as she could "What, sir," axed the old woman, openin her eyes as wide as she could "Y ou'll bay one, woe's you?" "When the floor at the same ticse. "You'll bay one, woe's you?" "When the so raileved. "So and "skin the catter grapes, and I had to go and "skin the catter grapes, and I had to go and "skin the catter grapes, and I had to sho or of the divertisements and writ on it, "this is a map of Mr. Crotchett's water-powers at the north, for Miss Mary Stallins," and sent it to her by one of the little niggers. When it in out with this young tady and coalled it, with that one, jest as if he was coubin or unole, or some near kin to 'em all. Well, alter the same kin to be as indemented to 'em all. Well, alter the same kin to be as indemented to 'em all. Well, alter the same kin to be as indemented to 'em all. Well, alter the same kin to be as indemented to 'em all. Well, alter the same kin to be as indemented to 'em all. Well, alter the same kin to 'em all. Well alter the same kin to 'em all the her the same kin to 'em all the bar to 'em all the her the same kin to 'em all the bar to 'e

was cousin or uncle, or some near kin to 'em all. Well, atiss Mary come in for her share, and I do blieve the caused fool-it makes me so mad when I think of it-I do bleive he had a notion of marrying ber; and, what was a

dratted sight worse, she seemed to be bout as willin as he was. He sed his kin was all monstrous rich, and owned me mighty grate waterpowers in the rasys. He told old Miss Stallion

Jaraeys. He teld old Miss Stallios that he jest come out south to spend the winter, for his health, and he would like to 'stonish his people by would like to 'stonish his people by takin a butiful wife to New York with "Thank you, my son." I kind o' obeared my throte, and my face barnt like fire when abs said that. "Oh, no, sir," said Miss Mary hidrafoby or manupotu about it. She ses she's gwine to keep a tighter rein on her galls after this-and if givin' 'complichments is gwine to make 'em take up with every dandy barber what corese'sout town, they won't get no more college larnin'-that they won't. I tell you what, the highfliers that's been tryin' to be sristookrasy has bawled in ther' horns considerable sames Orotobett cut out. If the feller's

door. "Come in, Joseph," see she. "No, thank you, Miss Stalline," see I, "I blieve I'll go home." "Oh, come in, child, and set a while with the galls-they's pullin' insees candy in the parlor." I was kind of hesitatin,' when I heard Miss Mary's vides may : "Never mind, mother, I spose ha's

beard Miss Mary's volce any: "Never mind, mother, I spose he's mad at eps." I couldn't stand that, no more'n a gues stump could stand a cisp of thun-der. I hadn't heard that volce for more'n a week, and it did sound so enticin.' It made me feel sort of trambly all over. My face felt red as a pepper-pod, and my care burnt like they was froathly. When I went into the room, Miss Mary turned roomd with one of the wishinest sublen, with her hair all failts' over bur rosy cheeks, lookin' sweeter than the lasses sandy what he had in her hand, and said: "Are you mad at use, Majer ?" I never was so tuck all aback --my

Jos. Joy ms. Jos. Joy ms. F. 8.- I've jest heard that the galls a got it all over tewn that Miss Mary ras gwice to marry Crotehett, and the ms. I don't know what would tuck P. S.-1're jest heard that the galls is got it all over town that Miss Mary was gwine to marry Crotchett, and the way she is mad about it is "farmis." "Lord knowa," she ses, "abe didn't mever think of sich a thing." And old Miss Stallins seems like sho'd have the bidenfoke or meanwork. When place if it hadn't been for old Stallins.

"Ob, no, Joseph ain'i mad wish you, "Ob, no, Joseph ain'i mad wish you, ahiid. Ther never was a quarrel'tween the Mailinees and Jonasa, honey, and wa've lived neighbors them twenty

"What made you think I was mad "What made you think I was mad with you, Miss Mary ?" see I. Then I kind o' stopped a little and cleared my throte, "You know I never could

my throte, "You know 1 never could be mad with you." "I thought you was," are she, "cause you didn't come to see us any more sense that night that mean old Crot-

boy's rooth. The chicken reet, mack and wings have a natural inclination to hook over the side of the boy's plate, but a piece of brasst never comes that way. All the dirty work about the place is put on the boy and be never sets any obangs of his own to spend. He is not made to feel like he has any other than a servant's interest on the place. He is not treated as an equal but as an infector. He works for what he cats and never gets a word of praise. He is not made to the moralog be-fore other members of the family are up and feeds is the stock at night af-ter the others have gens. We are thankful that such homes as this are faw; still they can be found. On the other hand it does one's heart good to see the boys treated as equals and com-panions: taught to be obsdient, re-spectful and industrious, but not made slaves of. The same may be maid of girls.

correspondent of the Statesville Imark writes that Mr. Ass Jones, abe county, has a peach orohard Landmark writes that bir. Ass Jones, of Ashe county, has a peach orohard that is something new. The irees are grafts on wild dogwood stocks. They are loaded with peaches this year. Mr. Jones says that they hardly over fail to bear fruit and that the life of the tree is several years longer than the ordinary tess. he ordinary tree.

When a strain of the branch of the strain is the strain of

gold while Mrs. Howland teaches the young idea to sheet. When Mrs. Howland is San Francisco the became attached to the reportorial force of the San Francisco Examiner. She abandoned active newspaper work after her marriage. She is a bright and enterialning writer, and her written impressions of the Elondike and result of her efforts to establish the little red schoolhouse on a glasser will be awaited with interest as a unique experiment in education.

Death of Dr. Bratton Vorkville Requirter.

Dr. J. Rufus Bratton died house in Yorkville, isst Wednesday attornoon, aged 76 years 10 months and 10 days. His death was not due to any special disease; but rather to the general breaking down insident is old age.

old age. Dr. Bratton was a sative of York county, having been here as Brattone-ville, for nilm couth of Yorkville. He was relied on a farm, received a enrefel and thorough education-ena-demic, collegists and medical-and actiled in Yorkville about the year 1840 With the exception of eight years residence in London, ostario, he continued a eitizen of Yorkville up to the time of his death. Anything like a complete siteton of Dr. Sentton's in too large an under-taking for a mere generginger article.

taking for a mere newspaper art

The Charlotte New learns that Mr. Moves Cone, of the Ourse Memory and Commission Company, here brought proved legate of land sprand Blowing Rock, and will go into fruit culture on an excessive scale. The presch group and its here not, and upped and groups are pleatiful, and the blowing man on the market.

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