

A DESPERATE FIGHT.

A HAND TO HAND BATTLE WITH A NAKED GIANT INDIAN.

Joe Logston's Close Call When He Was Saved Only by His Almost Superhuman Prowess—Death by His Own Hand Rather Than Surrender to a Hated Enemy.

One of the noted characters of pioneer days was Joe Logston, a gigantic Kentuckian who settled on the banks of the Ohio river not many miles below Cincinnati. He was a powerful fellow, 6 feet 4 inches in his moccasins and proportionately stout and muscular, with the agility of a cat and the courage of a lion. He excelled in many of the feats of strength and skill that made men conspicuous in those days, when such accomplishments were requisite and a necessity in the fierce struggle for supremacy over savage man and snarling beast. Logston was a great hunter, but had achieved some distinction as an Indian fighter and often boasted that it gave him more pleasure to pursue the red man than it did to follow the trail of wild game.

On one occasion the intrepid hunter was carelessly riding along an established trail through the dense woods on the back of a fine horse that he had captured from an Indian chief when the unexpected crack of a couple of rifles roused him to a realization of danger. One of the bullets scraped his breast bone, making a slight flesh wound. The other ball struck his horse in the loins, and it sank to the ground with its rider. As he struggled to release himself from the snarling beast two Indians rushed from their concealment and dashed toward him with uplifted tomahawks and exultant shouts. But, although pinioned to the ground, with one leg beneath the dying horse, he managed to bring his trusty rifle to bear upon the approaching savages, and they, well knowing its unerring aim, halted and then sought safety behind adjacent trees.

One of the Indians, however, was not quick enough to place himself entirely behind the protecting tree before the bullet of the expert white man had pierced his back, and he fell, with a fractured spine. Disengaging himself from his horse, the white man regained his feet, and seeing the other savage reloading his rifle sprang toward him, with his gun raised to strike. The Indian dropped his ramrod in his excitement, but grasping his tomahawk he hurled it with ferocious force at his enemy. Logston dodged the flying weapon, and dashing forward with uplifted rifle struck at his foe. The Indian leaped aside, and the gun struck a sapling and was shivered to pieces. The disappointed white man then clinched with his adversary, who was his equal in size and strength, but his inferior in the science of wrestling, and this enabled the hunter to throw his antagonist to the ground. But the Indian, being naked, with his body well oiled, was able to slip from the clutches of the exasperated white man and regain his feet. For nearly an hour these two giants, each a Goliath, fought like gladiators in the desperate struggle to conquer or die.

The terrific contest caused an increased flow of blood from the wound in the breast of the white man made by the bullet of the Indian, and he began to feel that his strength was giving out. But he determined to end the combat if possible before his antagonist could secure a greater advantage over him, and when the Indian had again crawled from his grasp after being flung to the ground he jumped to his feet, and as his assailant rose up he dealt him a blow with his fist that would have done credit to a Corbett. The surprised savage fell, and as he staggered his feet he received a second blow from the strong arm of the pugilistic pioneer that stretched him half unconscious on the ground. Before he could rise Logston leaped upon his prostrate form with both feet and attempted to stamp the breath from his body. The Indian caught him by the legs and tripped him to the ground, and again the combatants engaged in a terrible tussle for victory. The red man was almost exhausted from the blows and stamping he had been subjected to, and his adversary succeeded in seizing him by the throat with a clutch that closed his breathing and rendered his resistance weaker and weaker until he lapsed into unconsciousness.

As soon as the Indian became insensible Logston released his hold upon his throat, and running to where the tomahawk lay he picked it up, and returning to the side of the savage, who had partly regained his senses, he clove his skull with the weapon, then turned his attention to the crippled warrior, whose cry of despair as he witnessed the death of his companion had reached the ear of the victorious hunter and roused his presence.

The unfortunate savage had crawled to a log against which he had rested and recoiled his gun, but his broken back would not permit him to rise, and as he would raise his weapon to shoot he would topple forward on his face and could only raise himself again by pushing the gun to the ground and pressing himself against it. Seeing that the wounded savage was almost helpless and unable to escape and not wishing to run any risk of being shot by a corpse, the weary hunter hastened back to the log and told his story. Covered with blood and dirt, his appearance gave some indication of the severe contest he had passed through. The following morning a party of men from the fort came to the scene of the battle. The corpse of the Indian lay where he had succumbed to his fate. But the crippled Indian was nowhere to be seen. A trail was discovered made by the broken backed savage, who had dragged himself some distance through the woods, and following its course the white men came to where he lay dead, with his knife sticking up to the hilt in his breast.

He had first cut with his keen point into the bark of the tree, beneath which he had determined to die, in rude characters the story of his life, so as to inform passing members of his tribe that he had taken his own life in preference to surrendering it to the hated enemy. The tree was ever afterwards known as the "Old Indian Tree."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Long Eyebrows.

Sir James Paget has noted that some people have a pair of long hairs growing out of the general mass of the eyebrows. These long hairs are representative of a permanent condition in the chimpanzee and some baboons. They grow out separately from the general hairy mass over the superciliary ridges. Darwin notes as a significant fact that the feet of the man are quite naked of hairs, like the inferior surfaces of all four extremities in most of the lower animals. The female of the one is peculiar to man. There is, however, a rudiment of it in the gorilla.—London Globe.

THE TAIL OF A COMET.

Its Ever Changing Mass and Why It Flees From the Sun.

The tail of a comet is not formed of the same particles which composed it yesterday or even an hour or a moment ago. It is constantly being renewed at the expense of the nucleus. As the long stream of black smoke from the neighboring factory or mill is being continually renewed by fresh particles of carbon released by the combustion going on in the furnace below, so is the wonderful luminous train of cometary bodies being constantly replenished by particles flying from, or rather driven from, the nucleus by the intense heat of the sun.

Then, again, how infinitely small and how intensely luminous must these particles be that go to make up the tail of a comet! This thought is suggested by the fact that it has been proved that in some cases the nucleus of comets which are only a few hundred miles in diameter will have enormous fanlike tails stretching across space for a distance exceeding 200,000,000 miles and having a bulk exceeding that of the sun by more than 10,000 times! Professor E. E. Barnard beautifully illustrates the formation of a comet's tail by "supposing" thus: "Suppose, for example, that the nucleus of a comet is composed of ice. Then suppose the heat of the sun to be so intense as to rapidly melt that portion of the ice globe exposed to the action of its rays, which are strong enough to immediately convert it into vapor, which ascends toward the sun.

"Imagine now a fierce wind blowing out from the sun, causing the vapor which meets it to be whirled into space behind the comet. This will clearly illustrate the theory of the formation of a comet's tail, only that the nucleus of the comet is not ice and the vapor is not water vapor, neither is the force which drives it away from the sun a fierce wind."

The unknown force hinted at by the astronomer above quoted readily explains why a comet's tail, as a rule, points in an opposite direction to the sun. The Russian astronomer, Brdichien, distinguishes three different types of cometary tails—those composed of particles having the specific gravity of hydrogen, those having the specific gravity of hydrocarbon gas, and a third class having all the peculiarities of an equal mixture of hydrogen and iron vapor.—St. Louis Republic.

CONAN DOYLE'S FIRST NOVEL.

S. S. McClure Tells How It Was Received in England.

S. S. McClure, in a recent interview, tells of his first acquaintance with Dr. A. Conan Doyle.

Mr. McClure said he was visiting Andrew Lang at St. Andrew's university, in Scotland. Mr. Lang said: "There is a young man named Dr. Doyle, who has written a capital shilling shocker (which is British for dime novel), and who is about to have a novel published by Longmans, and this man has a future."

"On my way back to Edinburgh," said Mr. McClure, "I purchased a copy of the shilling shocker, which proved to be one of the earliest and greatest of the famous Sherlock Holmes stories. I read it with unbounded delight. It was more than a shilling shocker. It was a great story, and although a detective story it certainly was a piece of literature."

"I continued my journey to London and purchased on the train copies of the two great critical journals, The Athenaeum and The Academy. It happened that both contained a review of Conan Doyle's novel, 'Mischance.' Dr. Doyle's name was then unknown to literature, and the book was heralded as a great work by a new writer. The Athenaeum scored the novel in strong terms and expressed wonder that any publisher should dare publish a book so dull. The Academy, on the other hand, praised the novel and rated it between 'Kidnapped,' by Stevenson, and 'Westward Ho,' by Kingsley. It is needless to say that The Academy's verdict was the right one and the verdict of the public. I bought and read 'Mischance,' and I instantly recognized the promise of this writer and arranged for his new novels and stories."

Fine Manners.

At the court of Marie Antoinette all emotions and passions were veiled by a mask of politeness. Even the children were taught to speak with wit and tact and courtesy and to bear pain in silence. The little Duc d'Angoulême, 8 years old, when the old Sanbrun entered his presence unexpectedly, said, touching the book in his hand: "Ah, monsieur, I am in the company of Plutarch's men. You could not come at a moment more apropos!" The Count de Pallance, bearded in his tenth year, stood erect and calm in the court until he reached the guillotine. The headman lifted his long curls. "Merci, monsieur," said the boy, with a bow and a smile. The next moment his head rolled in dust. The man or woman who showed any signs of pretension or self conceit was not received at court. Profound deference was shown to women and to the aged. Well bred men heard of their own ruin with a bonnet and went out to fight each other to the death with such grace and courtesy that the duel seemed a sacrament of friendship.—Family Magazine.

In Vala.

Here is a story on a Washington girl. She is of a philanthropic and humane turn of mind, and prevention of cruelty to animals is her hobby. In walking along by Lafayette square she saw an object that excited her sympathies. A forlorn looking cart horse had a piece of wide yellow ribbon tied between its ears, the ends flapping over its eyes so that she was sure the poor thing could not see anything at all. Stopping the cart, she motioned to the old dandy who was driving to get down. The old man respectfully obeyed.

"This is absolute cruelty," she said imperiously. "That poor creature must be almost blind with that rag flapping over his eyes. Take it off. The poor thing can't see at all."

"Lor, miss," said the old dandy, "dat hom bin stone blind fo' many a year!"—Washington Post.

Queer Political Information.

Here is an actual leaf from the experience of a teacher of civil government in the Boston public schools. In a written examination, to the question, "How are senators elected?" the answer was, "They are elected from bathhouses."

On inquiry as to what suggested such an answer the teacher found that in the precinct where the pupil lived caucuses were held in a bathhouse.—Lowell Courier.

Her Father's Say.

He—What do you think your father would say if we were to run away and get married?

She—Really I don't know, but I imagine he would say I was a bigger fool than he thought I was.—Detroit Free Press.

A BLACK SQUAWMAN.

HENRY FEARN, COLORED, LATELY OF THE NINTH CAVALRY.

The Five Notches on His Rifle Stock—A Close Game In Which His Pair Won. The Fight With Indians at Devil's Bowl. Now a Member of the Kiowa Tribe.

Henry Fearn, a colored man living near here on the ranch of White Wolf, the Kiowa chief, is known wherever there is an Indian band in the far west and is well known wherever there is a company of the Ninth or Seventh regiment of cavalry. He is 36 years old and 6 feet tall, with huge hands and feet, and a stoop in his broad shoulders that betokens enormous reserve strength. On the stock of his rifle are five notches. Each one records the death of a human being other than an Indian. No one, not even Fearn himself, knows how many Indians he has killed.

Fourteen years ago Fearn enlisted in the Ninth cavalry, a regiment made up wholly of colored men. He was assigned to the troop commanded by Captain Moore. The Ninth cavalry was then in the southwest. Times were hot, and the Indians gave the regiment plenty to do. Fearn speedily got a reputation as a reckless, fearless soldier. He was the best shot among the men. One day, at the close of a lively campaign, word reached the Ninth cavalry that the paymaster was on his way to join them and was waiting 80 miles away for an escort. A noncommissioned officer and three privates were detailed to go to the paymaster and guard him on his ride to the regiment. Fearn was one of the four men selected. A sergeant who had long disliked Fearn was placed in charge of the detachment. The other privates were close friends of the sergeant. As the four men rode out of the post Fearn dropped to the rear.

"Ride up," commanded the sergeant. "This will be a hard ride for us all and a last one for you perhaps," he muttered in an undertone.

"Last how?" asked Fearn.

"Wait and see," was the reply.

So the men rode along. Fearn hung back or rode out on the side, where he could watch the three men. His carbine lay across his saddle bow. The butts of his big cavalry pistols rubbed his hands as he held the reins. Fearn understood that a relaxation of vigilance meant death. When the watering creek was reached, the men dismounted in silence.

"Ride on, Fearn. We will catch you," said one of the men.

Fearn said nothing, and finally the men rode on together. As they neared the station where the paymaster awaited them one of the men turned suddenly on Fearn and raised his pistol. He was too slow. Fearn's two hands went up, each grasping a pistol, and when he opened firing three riders followed him into the station, where he met the paymaster alone.

"It was a close game," Fearn says he tells of it now, "but my pair beat three old hands."

When the Pine Ridge trouble broke out four years ago, four troops of the Seventh cavalry went up into the territory to bring the Indians into submission. The Ninth cavalry also went out. Fearn's troop, with another under Colonel Guy V. Henry, then major, met the Indians near a big basin known as Devil's Bowl.

"It was the hottest fight I was ever in," said Fearn. "We were sitting about on the rocks drinking our coffee, when suddenly from behind rocks and trees and bushes burst a storm of bullets. We jumped to the charge, but there was nothing to charge on except rocks. A puff of smoke would float out from behind a rock or tree, and that was all we could see. They fought us back foot by foot down the hill until they got us on an open much like a log chute. No sooner had we rallied along this line, there was a terrific explosion upon the hill, and a shower of stones and sticks and tent pins pounded down on us. The Indians had captured an old cannon and had loaded it with anything they could lay their hands on. We jumped for cover. Suddenly everything grew quiet. We waited, but all was still. In about ten minutes the old gun boomed again. A tent pin struck me on the shoulder, and glancing off killed the man behind me.

"Major Henry divided us into two squads. One squad held the ground, fighting like mad. I was in the other squad. We crept single file up the hill about 100 yards. Then we turned sharp to the left and opened out in skirmish line. Then we faced about and marched toward our own men. But the Indians were between us. We had them front and rear.

"I was right behind Major Henry. He was cool as a cucumber. We crept along or about 100 feet without seeing a red man. Suddenly Major Henry stopped and nodded his head forward. We halted and looked ahead. There was a big bowlder, and lying flat behind it a hollow in the earth were over 40 Sioux. They knew nothing of our presence. Quickly we brought up our pistols, every man with one in each hand. Major Henry nodded again, and a line of fire lit the woods. The Sioux yelled and sprang forward, but they ran right into our other squad. Then it was that they fought.

"Have you ever met an Indian face to face when he was crazy? Not then you cannot realize what a fight we had. It was man to man. There was no chance for the Sioux to jump behind trees. We closed right in. Our other squad, too, pushed toward us. Negro and Indian grappled and struggled, each for his life. Don't tell me that the colored man won't fight. Just you get him started, and he will go right through him to the end. I saw negroes lying back and then shoot a last shot and fall back dead. We held our ground and drove the red men off."

Fearn bears five scars to remind him of the battle of the Wounded Knee. At the expiration of his enlistment he returned to Fort Sill, where he had once lived. His fame had preceded him, especially among the Indians. He declined to live in the post and went instead to the ranch of White Wolf, a powerful Kiowa chief. Soon after his arrival he married one of White Wolf's daughters and became a full fledged squawman, appropriating all the rights of his Indian wife to raise an unlimited number of cattle on the Indian lands free of charge. His herd has grown rapidly, and today he counts his cattle by the hundred. He is present at all high councils of both the Kiowa and Comanche tribes. The Cheche Creek medicine dances always know him as a prominent figure. The best leisure time a month would be incomplete without him. He is the only known negro squawman.—Fort Sill (O. T.) Cor. New York Sun.

Disappointed Hopes.

Trivet—Young Spudda takes Miss Munn's refusal very much to heart.

Dicer—Well, it is a very serious matter with him. He'll have to try to earn his own living now.—Detroit Free Press.

DREARY DAYS OF GRAY.

November—and the world of shades is here! The sun hangs like a wafer in the sky. Shorn of his footstool beams. No majesty the clouds wear, but, all blanched with shapeless fear.

Trail on the earth. The plowboy, plowing near. Moves insubstantial, scarce less shadowy Than the curled mist his breath makes, while the low Looms half a green blot, half a vaporous smear. And, lo! what forms are these beside the streams That bend and shudder like to joyless ghosts! Can they be trees stripped bare that only sigh As the bleak wind sweeps through them, or do hosts Of phantoms wall, anguished by fitful gleams From life far off, golden with memory?—Cornhill Magazine.

FALSE HAIR.

Where It Comes From and the Prices Which It Commands.

Probably few women who wear false hair stop to think where the hair that supplements their own tresses comes from. The fact is that the whole of Europe contributes to the supply. The commonest hair is black hair, and that comes mainly from Italy. France furnishes principally brown shades, and from Switzerland is obtained blond and what the trade calls drabby shades of hair.

The most expensive hair is white, gray coming next in rarity and price. All countries supply gray hair, though, of course, in very limited quantities. The high price of gray and white hair, sometimes reaching \$12 and \$15 an ounce, is due partly to the scarcity there is of any length over three or four inches and partly to the reluctance of the owners to part with it. They presumably realize that, once parted with, they will never get another supply, whereas a girl will grow her hair again in a year. In Switzerland, where for some reason the hair grows very fast, young girls frequently sell their hair twice a year.

The heads of living beings do not constitute the sole source of supply for the hair market. A considerable amount of hair is cut from dead bodies, and it is impossible for even the trade to tell hair which has been furnished by a living head from that taken from a corpse. The same shades of hair are all mixed up together, regardless whether they come from a dead or a living body.

The price of hair is regulated by length, color and quality. Black is the commonest shade, brown next, then blond, and ranges of all gray and white. The length varies from six inches to 60 inches, the last being an unusual length and bringing a proportionately high price. The last thing taken into account is the quality of the hair, which varies from the texture of horsehair to that of silk.—New York World.

She Had a Long Memory.

A Lewistown lady, in speaking about punishments in school, relates an incident in her own case. When a girl of 10 years, she attended school in her native town. Some trouble arose that called in question the veracity of either herself or another girl. The teacher insisted that she was not the offender. She insisted that she was not. The alternative was offered her to receive punishment or leave the school. She took the latter alternative. The teacher remained four years, and she did not return, and her school days virtually terminated at that time.

Twenty years later the teacher and his alleged offending pupil met one day. He recognized her and extended his hand. She refrained from taking it. The act might have seemed unkindly, but it was just in this case. The man was not offended, for he knew the treatment was deserved, and he had the manliness there and then to acknowledge a wrong of 20 years previous. He had learned that the other pupil had uttered the falsehood, and the girl who had been compelled to leave the school was wholly innocent of the charge. This knowledge came to him a short time after the occurrence, and it had weighed upon his mind, causing him many reproaches of conscience. Often he had wished to repair the wrong, but a lack of opportunity had prevented. His expressions of sincere regret led to prompt forgiveness.—Lewistown Journal.

Black Pearls.

Black pearls used to be held as of small value, comparatively speaking. At the present day a perfect black specimen commands a much higher price than the finest pink or white pearls. They were first made fashionable by the Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III, who possessed a famous necklace of them which fetched \$4,000 at an auction after the overthrow of the imperial dynasty. This did not include the single great pearl forming the clasp, which was purchased by the Marquis de Bute for \$2,000. Mexico, Tahiti, Fiji and the kingdom of Madura, to the east of Malabar, supply the markets of the world with the best black pearls.

One of the most curious pearls from many points of view was that which the traveler Tavernier sold to the ruler of Persia 300 years ago for \$100,000. It is still in the possession of the shah of Persia and is now supposed to be worth at least \$135,000. The Persian monarch has a square glass case among his bizarre collection of jewelry containing a vast heap of most magnificent pearls, four or five inches deep, into which one can plunge the hand and spill them in cascades and handfuls.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Infinitesimal Doses of Medicine.

A few years ago Dr. Holmes was asked if he knew anything of an alleged experiment before the French Academy of Medicine demonstrating that the ten trillionth part of a drop of septemillion poison would destroy the life of a guinea pig, it having been publicly argued in Boston that this proved the potency of infinitesimal doses of medicine. Dr. Holmes added in a postscript to his note of reply, "The argument from the effect of animal poisons in small quantities to medicinal substances in general is like saying that because a spark will burn down a city, a mutton chop will feed an army."—Boston Transcript.

The Emancipated Pocket.

"The bloomer," argued the old fashioned person, "tends to deprive woman of the protection of those intangible bulwarks which are her greatest defense."

The fin de siècle creature was quite prepared to agree with the contention. "I found that out," she said, "the very first time I wore mine on the street."

"Were you insured?"

"No, I had my pocket picked."—Detroit Tribune.

Bennington, Vt., is said to have been named from Benning Worthen, the governor of New Hampshire, who in 1784 gave the grant and charter for the town.

It is said that the flesh on the fore quarters of the beaver resembles that of land animals, while that on the hind quarters has a fishy taste.

WANT COLUMN

WANTED.—To give out for their feed, two good saddle and driving horses. Apply at 12-13-14.

FOR RENT.—A low price, a cottage of five rooms and kitchen, near street car line. E. COFFIN.

FOR RENT.—Newly furnished rooms, with or without board. NO. 30 PATTON AVE. Only One Block From Court House.

FOR RENT.—A splendid 7-room residence with all necessary outbuildings and 5 acres land, 14 miles out on Lookout Mountain street, railroad. Apply to C. S. COOPER, 39 S. Main St.

FOR RENT.—A 3 story store house corner North Main street and Merrimon avenue. Suitable for family. Apply to 6-12-13 T. F. MALLON, First National Bank.

FOR RENT.—The elegant rooms in Johnston building, southwest corner Public Square, now occupied by Carolina Club. Possession given 1st January, 1895. THOS. D. JOHNSTON.

FOR RENT.—A new 10-room house with all modern improvements, has been run three and a half years as a successful boarding house. For fuller particulars enquire at 12-13-14 PATTON AVENUE.

FOR RENT.—The very desirable store room and basement NO. 12 North Court Square. Also a fine basement under NO. 14 North Court Square. Possession given 1st January, 1895. Apply to C. S. COOPER, No. 39 South Main St.

BOARDING.—SALUDA—First class boarding house. MRS. SCHIRMMEISTER, 11 Barnes Ave.

GOOD BOARD.—Reasonable rate. MRS. S. TRIMBY, 16 N. Main St. 8-12-13

BAYD for two with fire; \$10 per week. 12-13-14 CHRISTOPHER STREET.

WANTED.—Boarders for three choice rooms in southern exposure. MRS. LEE, No. 26 Fifth St. 12-13-14

PARTIES desiring sunny rooms and nice board. Apply 80 BAILEY ST. 12-13-14

BOARDERS WANTED.—By a private family in which there are no children. Two connecting rooms. Southern exposure. 12-13-14 33 PINE ST.

GOOD board can be obtained by two or three persons, without children, in private family. Also three nice unfurnished rooms to let for light housekeeping. Excellent location. Best of references required. Address F. E. H., 12-13-14 Care Citizen.

MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE.—First class surrey, good as new; one second hand buggy. Cheap for cash. 12-13-14 BOX 197, City.

FOR SALE CHWAP.—A nice horse and buggy perfectly gentle. Apply H. B. Citizen Office. 12-13-14

FOR SALE.—Horse, buggy and harness, may be seen at W. B. Brown's stable or apply to 12-13-14 WEST END PHARMACY.

\$1,000 cash to lend; to be secured by improved real estate in Asheville. Address E. COFFIN, 31 Haywood Street. 12-13-14

I have three fine fillies, 3 and 4 years old, horse colt 2 years old, and one mule. This stock will be sold cheaper than can be found anywhere. W. M. COCKE, JR. 12-13-14

BUSINESS opportunity—I offer for sale in bulk the new and desirable stock of groceries lately assigned to me by J. W. Hollingsworth. These goods are new and first class, and well assorted. Complete inventory has been taken, and may be seen at my office, S. E. Court square, and the stock will be shown to bona fide cash purchasers. W. B. GWIN, 12-13-14 Assignee of Jas. W. Hollingsworth.

FOR SALE OR FOR RENT.—A house of nine rooms with all modern improvements. There is also a good stable on the lot. The house is within about five minutes' walk of the public square and near two lines of street cars, the situation commanding one of the finest views in the city. Anyone wishing to investigate further can call at 12-13-14 Postoffice Box 69.

TRUSTEE'S SALE.—By virtue of the power of sale conferred on me by a deed of trust executed to me by J. B. Whitmore and F. A. Whitmore, his wife, on July 24th, 1890, to secure certain indebtedness therein mentioned, which said deed of trust is registered in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the county of Buncombe, North Carolina, in book No. 17, on page 252, default having been made in the payment of the said debt, by said deed of trust, I will sell at the request of the cestui que trust for cash to the highest bidder on Monday, the 17th day of January, 1895, at the court house door in the city of Asheville, county of Buncombe, North Carolina, the property conveyed in said deed of trust, situated in the county of Buncombe, near the town of Barnardsville, adjoining the lands of Martin Whitmore and others, and for a complete description reference is hereby made to said deed of trust. This Dec. 12-13-14 KODT, U. GARRETT, Trustee.

NOTICE.—By virtue of the power and authority contained in a certain deed of trust made and executed to the undersigned as trustee by Chas. L. Lindsey and wife Maria Lindsey, bearing date January 2, 1891, to secure certain indebtedness therein mentioned, which said deed of trust is registered in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the county of Buncombe, North Carolina, in book No. 21, pages 35 et seq., to which reference is hereby made for full particulars, and default having been made in the terms and conditions of said deed of trust, and having been required by the cestui que trust therein named to execute the said power of sale because of such default, I will sell, at public auction at the court house door in the city of Asheville, N. C., on Monday, the 17th day of January, 1895, at 11 o'clock a. m., the land conveyed to me in said deed of trust to the highest bidder for cash. Said land is situated in Doubleday's addition at the corner of East and Seney street, and a full description of the same is given in the deed of trust aforesaid. H. B. CHILDS, Trustee. 12-13-14

The undersigned having bought out the Asheville Transfer Co., beg to announce that I will hereafter be managed by Herbert C. Allen. We retain the old name and office, 38 College street—telephone No. 1. We will give

Change of Management

STRICT and PROMPT

Attention to all orders for baggage, and respectfully solicit your patronage.

HERBERT C. ALLEN,
H. B. KEHLING,
R. P. POSTER.

For Sale or Rent.

A house of eight rooms—well furnished. All modern conveniences. Desirable location. On street car line. Price reasonable.

WANTED.—A good house for the habitation of improved properties in Asheville. Apply to S. C. CORTLAND, 24 Patton Ave., 2nd Floor.

Southern Railway

PIEDMONT AIR LINE. In Effect November 18, 1894.

This condensed schedule is published as information and is subject to change without notice to the public.

EASTBOUND 12 & 38

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------|
| LY Knoxville, (Central time)..... | 8 30am |
| " Morristown..... | 9 45am |
| LY Chattanooga, (Eastern time)..... | 12 15pm |
| " Hot Springs..... | 12 32pm |
| LY Asheville..... | 1 15pm |
| " Round Knob..... | 3 37pm |
| " Morganton..... | 4 15pm |
| " Hickory..... | 5 00pm |
| " Newton..... | 5 45pm |
| " Statesville..... | 6 05pm |
| LY Salisbury..... | 6 51pm |
| " Greensboro..... | 7 40pm |
| " Danville..... | 10 40pm |
| LY Richmond..... | 12 00am |
| " Durham..... | 12 02am |
| LY Greensboro..... | 12 02am |
| " Raleigh..... | 12 05am |
| " Goldsboro..... | 12 10am |
| LY Danville..... | 12 16am |
| " Lynchburg..... | 1 15am |
| " Washington..... | 6 42am |
| " Baltimore..... | 8 05am |
| " Philadelphia..... | 10 25am |
| " New York..... | 12 53pm |

WESTBOUND 37 & 11

| | |
|---------------------|---------|
| LY New York..... | 1 30pm |
| " Philadelphia..... | 3 50pm |
| " Baltimore..... | 5 00pm |
| " Washington..... | 6 15pm |
| " Lynchburg..... | 8 38am |
| LY Danville..... | 9 30am |
| " Richmond..... | 12 50am |
| " Danville..... | 5 40am |
| LY Greensboro..... | 6 40am |
| " Raleigh..... | 6 45am |
| " Goldsboro..... | 6 50am |
| LY Greensboro..... | 8 45am |
| " Salisbury..... | 10 30am |
| " Statesville..... | 11 25am |
| " Hickory..... | 12 32pm |
| " Morganton..... | 1 15pm |
| " Round Knob..... | 2 02pm |
| " Asheville..... | 3 40pm |
| " Hot Springs..... | 5 20pm |
| LY Salisbury..... | 5 35pm |
| " Knoxville..... | 6 45pm |

A. & S. RAILROAD No. 14

| | |
|-----------------------|---------|
| Lv. Asheville..... | 8 10am |
| " Hendersonville..... | 9 08am |
| " Flat Rock..... | 9 18am |
| " Saluda..... | 9 41am |
| " Tryon..... | 10 13am |
| Ar. Spartanburg..... | 11 15am |