

The Carolina Watchman.

SALISBURY, N. C., FEBRUARY 26, 1885.

NO. 19

GREGORY'S Dyspeptic Mixture.
 POSITIVE AND PERMANENT CURE
 FOR
 Dyspepsia and Indigestion.
 Prepared by Dr. W. W. GREGORY,
 Charlotte, N. C.
 CHARLOTTE, N. C., Nov. 29, 1884.
 W. W. Gregory: I hereby certify
 that I have recently used your Dyspeptic
 Mixture with very great benefit to myself,
 and I would recommend it to others.
 R. P. WARING,
 Member N. C. Legislature.
 CHARLOTTE, N. C.
 W. W. Gregory: I take great pleasure
 in testifying to the value of your
 Dyspeptic Mixture. I have used it with great
 benefit, and I would recommend it to any one
 suffering from dyspepsia, indigestion and a
 general condition of liver and bowels.
 D. A. JENKINS,
 N. C. State Treasurer.

Tobacco Seed.
 Largest stock of SELECT VARI-
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 soil. Quality guaranteed, and prices
 the lowest ever. Price List FREE.
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 For information see us at our
 Store and Improvement Store. I have on hand
 all the above, and offer them for the next
 few days at a far less price than they have ever
 sold at elsewhere.
W. SMITHDEAL.
 Salisbury, Oct. 21, '84.

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WAGONS
 FOR CASH or ON TIME.
 We have all classes of purchasers, we have made
 arrangements to sell these celebrated Wagons either
 on easy terms, or all who need wagons
 should call and see us soon.
 JOHN A. BOYDEN, Agent,
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 J. O. WHITE.

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THE COUNTY!
 We are prepared to do all kinds of
 blacksmithing, such as watches, clocks, etc., and
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 our shop in Salisbury; and any other
 work done in the county.
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 all the interesting
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 must be accompanied
 by the price.
 H. C. HARRIS,
 Salisbury, N. C.

KARL BERGER'S PUPIL.

BY G. A. COPELAND.
 Karl Berger went to Milan at just
 the right time. It had become quite
 the fashion to run down the Italian
 method of instrumental instruction,
 and to extol the method of their
 Northern compeers. Karl Berger
 came. His name sounded like a Ger-
 man's, and he played music like a
 master, and that was all that was
 needed. Pupils flocked to him, and
 he set his own prices. Even the city
 itself, through its governors, agreed
 to place three pupils with him annu-
 ally, at its own expense, as long as
 he should remain there. This was tri-
 umph enough to turn the head of a
 much older man, and Karl himself
 was only three and twenty years old.
 He sat in his room one night about
 two weeks after his arrival, smoking
 his big pipe with china bowl, and con-
 gratulating himself. Here was success
 indeed!

He wondered what his old teacher,
 the Herr Kapellmeister, would say to
 his success. He looked around the
 room, furnished as comfortably as
 most any in the city, and felt a grim
 satisfaction in knowing that the ple-
 bian Karl Berger was taking his ease
 in the very chamber where Caesar
 Borgia had once slept. His was a no-
 bility as high as his ancient predeces-
 sor, he said to himself, and he laugh-
 ed grimly, for the young Swede had
 but little respect for nobility, and he
 often spoke of his ancestors, the Ber-
 ger Jarls and Vikings, as thieves and
 cut-throats.

While he sat musing, lazily watch-
 ing the smoke curling up toward the
 blotched and crumbled, almost obliterated
 frescoes of the vaulted ceiling
 above, a servant brought in a note to
 "Ill Maestro Berger." The City of
 Milan informed his excellency, the
 Maestro, that the last of the three pu-
 pils had been chosen, and the pupil,
 the Contessa Lucia Vinella, would at-
 tend him whenever the Maestro would
 be pleased to receive her. Signor Ber-
 ger scowled and shrugged his shoul-
 ders. He had already, in the short
 time he had been in Milan, heard sev-
 eral "contessas" play, and he had not
 been favorably impressed by their ge-
 nius, and, indeed, it must be admitted
 that the ladies in question had a greater
 desire to see the handsome foreigner
 than to make any progress in music.
 He had forgotten that the three pu-
 pils were too poor to pay for their tu-
 tion and were therefore given their
 musical education by the charity of
 the city. However, he sent back an
 answer that he would give the contessa
 her first lesson at 3 o'clock the next
 afternoon, and then he took up his
 violin, and the contessa and Milan
 and success and the Kapellmeister
 passed from his mind, while the music
 soared in tremulous vibrations through
 the room.

The next day everything went
 wrong. He had yet to learn the pa-
 tience necessary for a teacher, and the
 countless mistakes of his pupils, and
 the jarring discords and the seeming
 stupidity rendered him nearly furious.
 At three o'clock the charity pupil,
 Contessa Lucia, was ushered into his
 presence, followed by an old woman,
 her escort. The contessa did not look
 very aristocratic in her dress. Every-
 thing she had on was cheap. In fact,
 except that her dress was neater and
 more tastefully arranged, it was about
 the same as the servant's. The Ma-
 stro was walking up and down the
 room with an ominous frown on his
 face. He wheeled around and looked
 at her.

"Well, Signora, what do you wish?"
 he said, crossly.
 "I have come for my lesson, Sig-
 nor," she replied, timidly.
 He looked at his tablets.
 "You are either too early or too
 late. There is a Contessa Vinella who
 comes now. But if she does not come—"
 "I am the contessa, signor," and she
 proceeded to unwrap her violin from
 its green covering, while the servant
 hobbled to the nearest chair.
 "You came to amuse yourself in a
 dilettante way on the violin."
 "I came to learn to play, Maestro;
 to be able to teach music some day.
 Who knows?" and she laughed a lit-
 tle nervously.

"Contessas don't teach music," he
 said, scornfully. "It is only poor ple-
 beians who do that. Let me hear you
 play." She nestled the violin on her
 shoulder carelessly, and obediently
 commenced. The air was simple, a
 pleasant lullaby, in a minor key, soft
 and sad, which had been sung by ma-
 ny Roman mothers to their children.
 One of those airs which, like the Ger-
 man Lieder, one finds among the peo-
 ple, its author and origin lost in an-
 tiquity, yet everlasting in its pathos
 and tenderness. The violin was fit
 to be its interpreter, an old Cremona
 almost black with age. The music
 floated out from the five quivering
 strings. The girl, her eyes almost
 closed and her head bent forward,
 stood erect, playing. The old servant
 sat listlessly, caught by the music,
 swaying to and fro, as if rocking some
 child, dead fifty years ago. Karl Ber-

ger stood frowning in the shadow of
 a curtain. What right had a contessa,
 a young girl, to play like that? What
 right had she to a violin which was
 so much better than his? The soft
 repeated strains came to an end,
 and the girl turned proudly toward
 him.

"It is a wretched piece, wretchedly
 played," he said, crossly. "You will
 never make an artist of yourself. It
 lacks soul, it lacks rhythm, it lacks
 everything."
 These petulant words—words which
 the honest Karl Berger was ashamed
 of even while he uttered them—struck
 the young girl like a blow. Her face,
 proud and happy at her successful
 rendering of the simple pleasant air,
 fell suddenly at this harsh verdict,
 and like a child she burst into sobs
 and left the room, while the servant
 stood solidly at the door, and then
 rose and hobbled after the girl.

Karl Berger felt ashamed of him-
 self and his sudden fit of anger. He
 took up his violin, but it sounded
 harsh. He was cold and courteous to
 the pupils who came that afternoon,
 but he was glad when the day was
 over. They were lighting the lamps
 in the courtyard below when he look-
 ed out. He watched the servants as
 they put the lamps in their places,
 and after they had left he stood at the
 window looking absently down on the
 empty courtyard beneath, when he
 saw a figure coming slowly across the
 yard. He stepped out on the balcony
 and called to her, for he recognized
 the escort of the Contessa Lucia.
 When the woman had come up he
 asked her:

"Where does the Contessa Vinella
 live?"
 "In this house, signor, with a rela-
 tive. The contessa has no other friends
 and she lives here, but not in idleness,
 signor! She is too proud for that! She
 takes care of the house, and works like
 a servant. She has no friends but
 me; I was her nurse. She is too proud
 to go with others in the house. Even
 her relatives do not patronize her, and
 the servants are always very polite to
 her, and always obey her, but behind
 her back they laugh at her here, and
 call her the 'contessa-of-all-work,' and
 the 'contessa-cook.' Her grandfather,
 the Count Vinella, had taught her
 music, and she worked so hard at it
 that she might earn her own living
 that way. Last week she won the
 prize at the conservatoire, and the city
 was to pay her tuition with you. You
 should not have spoken so harshly to
 her, signor? I found her in her little
 room crying as if her heart would
 break."

Karl Berger ran his hands through
 his hair.
 "I was wrong—very wrong. Will
 you tell her I said so? Ask her to
 come again, and I will promise to be
 fairer."

The next afternoon the girl came in.
 "It was very silly of me, Maestro,
 to run away like that," she said; "but
 I want so much to be a good artist,
 and when you told me I could not—"
 "Don't talk about it, please," inter-
 rupted Karl; "I was cross and tired,
 and, if you must know it, jealous, and
 he smiled grimly. "Yes, jealous, that
 you could play better than I."
 Lucia flushed with delight.
 "If you mean that—but no! You
 are laughing at me!"
 "I mean what I said," replied Karl,
 determinedly. "I can teach you tech-
 nique, perhaps, after that you have
 nothing to learn."
 So it was settled.
 One day, during the lessons, Karl
 said abruptly:

"Would you like also to study at
 night? My evenings are all my own."
 The girl laughed with pleasure and
 cried: "Oh, Maestro, you are so kind."
 So, after the work was done, Lucia
 would come in with Marcia, her old
 nurse, and after the lesson Karl would
 pick up his own violin and play. One
 night he stopped suddenly and said
 to her:

"I wish you would not call me Ma-
 stro. I am not a master in music.
 I am only a sham, and some day they
 will find it out. I am not much older
 than you and don't play any better.
 I want you to think of me as a fellow
 student, not as a teacher."
 "What shall I call you then?" Lu-
 cia asked shyly.
 "Karl."
 "That is a pretty name," said Lucia.
 "It was my father's," and he went
 on to speak of his Northern home, of
 the snow storm when all the family
 died but himself, and how he was
 found famished and senseless, with his
 violin hugged to his breast. And Lu-
 cia sat still and drank in every word.
 Then she told him of her own home
 and her past history. Each night af-
 ter they laid their music aside they
 would sit and talk, and Marcia would
 sit and slumber quietly in her chair.
 Soon the opera season commenced,
 and often the three would sit back in
 some little box which had been plac-
 ed at Karl's disposal, and listen to
 the grand creations of masters. A
 happy time for both. Karl was all
 gentleness to the little contessa, and
 the grim young Norseman began to

find himself making jokes to amuse
 her. He to make jokes—who had
 hitherto gone through life in his sober,
 solemn way—to make jokes! It was
 surprising indeed. They called each
 other Karl and Lucia, and sometimes
 brother and sister. So things went
 on, till suddenly Marcia fell sick. Lu-
 cia stayed by her bedside as much as
 her work would allow. The lessons
 must cease till Marcia grew better,
 for she had no other chaparone, and
 of course it was impossible for her to
 go without one. The days seemed to
 drag slowly along, and the night-
 watching began to tell on her. She
 grew paler and went about sad and
 musing.

As for Karl, the first time that Lu-
 cia missed her lesson he became rather
 angry.
 "She thinks she has learned every-
 thing, perhaps, and is through with
 me," he muttered.
 He tried to feel injured and banish her
 from his mind, and for awhile he
 thought he had succeeded. When the
 long evening came and he found him-
 self alone, he became restless and un-
 easy, and imagined himself only anxious
 that nothing might have happened to
 Lucia. He took up his violin, but soon
 put it aside, and then he went out to
 the opera-house. The prima donna was
 out of voice and the orchestra vile.
 Coming home he met one of the ser-
 vants.

"Where is Marcia?" he asked.
 "Very sick, signor."
 So that was it. He went gloomily up
 stairs and went straight to the mirror
 and began to apostrophize his image.
 "Maestro Berger, you are an ass," he
 said quietly. "However poor she may
 be, she is still contessa and you are on-
 ly—Karl Berger," and he took up his
 violin and commenced to play. But
 with all his self-restraint he found the
 days very long and tiresome.

One night Lucia sat alone in the room
 when she heard Karl's violin. He was
 telling his story of love, unconsciously,
 to the one from whom he intended to
 hide it. As the girl sat there in the
 darkness, holding Marcia's hand, she
 felt strangely happy and quiet. Sudden-
 ly Marcia opened her eyes.

"Lucia," she said, "I am ever so much
 better."
 The proud contessa bent over and
 kissed the wrinkled face of the servant
 and said, gravely:

"That is well; but you must sleep,
 Marcia, and not talk."
 "Play for me, Cara," said the old wo-
 man, drowsily.
 And Karl Berger heard suddenly from
 Marcia's room the answer to his violin's
 confession. Sweetly and softly it came
 to him at first, but soon it swelled out
 into full volume. It told all to him that
 was necessary. And when the girl ceased
 playing and sank back in her chair,
 blushing rosily red, there were two peo-
 ple in the house who were perfectly
 happy.

When Lucia awoke the next morning
 and found Marcia better and the heav-
 ens and the birds in harmony with her
 happy mood, the first thing she did was
 to kiss her violin, and when she had
 dressed and was coming down the stairs,
 singing like a lark, she saw at the foot
 Karl Berger, his face flushed and look-
 ing very happy, indeed.
 "Tell me, little Lucia," he said, eager-
 ly, "didn't the violin speak truly?"
 "I don't know what she said, for I didn't
 hear it; but I do know that Milan was
 surprised to hear that very winter that
 one of its contessas had married a music
 teacher.—Washington Hatchet.

An Old Man Attacked by a Hog.

Mr. Britton Parker, of Buford
 township, is 80 years of age. Mr.
 Parker owns a Berkshire boar, three
 years old, which for a year or more
 has been very vicious, and he has
 been compelled to carry a large stick
 to defend himself from its savage
 attacks. On last Saturday evening
 Mr. Parker met the hog in the lane,
 without his stick, and was attacked by
 it. The hog threw him down and
 cut three terrible gashes, each about
 four inches long, in his right side,
 and one of his ribs was torn loose
 from the breast bone; a terrible gash
 three inches long, was also cut in the
 left thigh. The hog then desisted and
 walked off a few feet when Mr. P.
 managed to crawl to the gate, which
 was but a few feet distant, and just
 managed to get inside and shut it
 when the hog again made a rush for
 him. Mr. P. was attended by Dr.
 T. L. Doster, who thought on Sun-
 day that his wounds would prove
 fatal. On Tuesday morning he was
 a little better, and the doctor then
 thought he might recover.—Monroe
 Enquirer.

A Good One.

The following burlesque on the
 boom-follyery now being proposed at
 Anstin, is from the Honey Grove
 Independent. It is too good to be
 lost:
 While the present Legislature is in
 session we want them to make it a
 felony:
 For boys to tie a can to a dog.
 For a girl to ask for more than
 three saucers of ice cream or three
 dozen fried oysters.
 For any man to borrow a newspa-
 per who is able to pay for one.
 For writing a spring poem.
 For writing any other poem.
 For writing anything except as the
 Legislature dictates.
 For a married man to stay out af-
 ter 10 o'clock at night.
 For a married man to go home be-
 fore 10 o'clock at night.
 For him to go home at any time.
 For saying "By Jingo," when he
 might swear like George Washington
 or an English nobleman and say
 "Egad."

For speaking of the weather.
 For public speakers to lay all the
 blame on the printer.
 For it to rain.
 For the sun to shine.
 For having any kind of weather.
 For throwing cluds at a neighbor's
 chickens.
 For shooting at a thief.
 For shooting at a mark.
 For shooting at all.
 For having anything to shoot
 with.

We call earnestly upon the present
 Legislature for speedy action upon
 these vital objects, for 'tis with soul-
 wringing anguish that we note that
 the unusual and increasing prevalence
 of these crimes is leading the fairest
 youth of our land into darkest hued
 paths ever devised by Satan for the
 downfall of man; they are, by being
 yet permitted, bringing the gray hair-
 ed sire and the loving mother with
 tottering footsteps to ignoble and for-
 gotten graves; wrecking the sweetest
 homes into bitter ashes over blighted
 hopes, and spreading an Egyptian
 plague of ruin, misery, death and
 moral chaos in wide spread confusion
 over what should be the fairest land
 on the globe.

And all for want of a little high-
 pressure legislation, and a few felony
 laws

"My son," said a father to his little
 boy, at the breakfast table, "if you
 had the choice to be burnt at the
 stake, like John Rogers, or to have
 your head chopped off, like King
 Charles the First, which would you
 choose?" "John Rogers," said the
 boy. "And why?" "Because I should
 prefer a hot stake to a cold chop."

STANDS AT THE HEAD!



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 Agent for the "Cardwell Thresher,"
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