

The Carolina Watchman.

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NO 7

Mountain Mystery.

'All along the mountain. Impossible!'

'Jack, you see those deer skins lying there on the ground?'

'That's what I should call them without further examination.'

'Just as distinctly as you see those, I saw footprints all along the mountain side, and up to the very fountain head of a little stream that flows down through yonder valley.'

'A woman's footprints, did you say?'

'Yes, a woman's, small and beautifully made.'

'Some of those lowland berry girls, in search of blueberries.'

'That is good logic, Jack, but I don't see it in that light. In the first place there is no blueberries within three miles of the mountains; in the second, no girl unless lost, would venture so far alone in the dense forest.'

'Very strange, indeed!'

'To-morrow, if you have no objections, I'll go up, and we will investigate the mountain nymph's footprints. And who knows but we may catch the fairy creature by some of those little cascades, her dainty feet buried in the white foam, combing down her long, dark tresses.'

'Now, Harry, to tell the truth, I'd sooner expect to find a meeting house up there than a woman. Were those tracks newly made?'

'Yes; it had rained very hard only yesterday, and the swollen stream had washed the sand over the ground in many places. They were made after the rain.'

'Now, Harry, ain't you mistaken? Were they not deer tracks?'

'Perhaps; if she is as beautiful as her footprints she must certainly be somebody's dear.'

'Have it your own way, Harry, but give us a light for this Havana, and call it even.'

The two speakers in the above conversation were Jack Danforth and Harry Littleton, two college students spending their vacation in the quiet town of Linsdale, long noted for its wild romantic scenery, and rich hunting grounds. The beautiful level surface of the town, from a distance, resembled a pretty green foot stool for the proud old mountain towering above it.

Harry's handsome face of late was marred with a sad expression, a look of inquiry that none could read. Perhaps he was not feeling well; sad news from home, or likely enough he had not revealed all he had seen on the mountain. Jack was all life and jollity, ready to find or to make fun out of everything that came along.

Hunting and fishing holds an endless charm few can understand as well as the young student just from the school room.

With the additional excitement, this last excursion was doubly interesting. They took an early start next morning with knapsacks, guns and three days' rations. Long ere the sun had withdrawn its long, golden fingers that pointed in here and there, through the heavy tree tops, dropping bits of gold and sapphire over the beautiful mossy surface beneath, Jack was fully convinced of the truthfulness of Harry's statement. They even found pieces of fabric clinging to the underbrush in several places. Once, where the earth had been removed in search of ground-nuts, they saw distinctly the print of a woman's hand.

Through all the pleasant month of October, Jack and Harry fished the mountain streams, trapped the careless bruin, shot the gentle deer, but could never solve the mystery of the mountains.

The last day came, and a lovelier one none need ask for, Indian summer had bound with a spell, and emptied her vials of beauty over earth and sky, blending them together in one great whole. A day when flowers nod and smile at every passer by, when hastening brooks tell tales and laugh, and all the leaf spirits silently commune one with another, and the heart of man is filled with joy and love and praise to the God of nature for life and all its surroundings.

Jack and Harry were not blind to

all this loveliness, and concluded to leave the mountain early in the day and enjoy the open field scenery. They were to leave the mountain in two different directions. Just before starting they built a fire at the foot of a very high ledge, toasted their fish, and ate their hard biscuit, lighted their cigars, and sprawled out, boy fashion, on the ground.

The smoke soon wreathed about their heads, curled, and rolled off up among the trees.

Harry gave an extra puff, raised his eyes to watch it mount the air, when he caught a glimpse of the most beautiful face he had ever seen, gazing down upon them from the perpendicular rock some forty feet directly above them.

'By Jove, Jack, look up!'

'Good Heavens, Harry, who and what, and where did she come from?'

'We must know, we must find her. Nymph or maiden, that was too fair a face for this wild place.'

They clambered up the ragged rocks with all possible speed until they had reached the summit. No one there, no trace—yes, here across a bed of fine, damp moss, are the same footprints. That and no more. All the afternoon, until nightfall, they traversed the mountain near and far, all their efforts proving fruitless. The next day Jack and Harry filled their hunting apparel to the farmer's two growing sons, and returned to school four weeks older, if not wiser.

Fourteen years previous to the commencement of this narrative, in a quiet Quaker village in the town of M—, might be seen a pretty white cottage, with plain white curtains, an open-work porch over the front door, covered with woodbine and scarlet runners. On a rustic seat, beneath the old elm in the yard, might often be seen two young parents conversing together and looking very happy, while their little four-year-old, blue-eyed and golden-haired, chased the butterflies over the green, or gathered bouquets of blue bells and honeysuckles, all stemless and tightly pressed in dimpled baby hands, for papa and mamma. Baby Lottie, as she was called, was a child of great promise, and the pet of the village. Every Sunday found Baby Lottie seated with her parents at the church, dressed in her little plain drab gown and tiny Quaker bonnet. In the seat just back sat another family, with a black-eyed, roguish little fellow, two years older than Lottie, who often grieved his parents and jarred the equilibrium of those silent meetings by reaching his foot through under the front seat and kicking the little slipper-shod foot just peeping in sight, causing the little Quaker bonnet to bob around, and reproachful glances from beneath bonnets of a larger size.

Nevertheless, the Sunday came and went, and with them Willie Landseer, and Lottie Danvers, to the old brown church and home again. The months gathered and numbered many. The years were filled and counted off, while the little Quaker maid slowly and sweetly blossomed into womanhood. William was a handsome, promising young man, with the exception of one great phrenological failing, a lack of firmness, which often put all his good resolutions to rout, and left him to drift down the stream helpless and alone. He often wished to break from the restraint that held him within the lines of the calm and peaceful Quaker discipline. From his childhood he had loved the fair Charlotte, and now that they were betrothed, she was dearer than ever. He would leave his home for her, the home of his childhood, and seek his fortune. He would go to Vermont, purchase a large tract of uncleared land, fell the heavy timber, build a log cabin, then return to his native state, and claim his beautiful bride.

With these resolutions he repaired to the home of Charlotte, where he found her singing and spinning, seated at the little flax wheel out under the old elm. It was night the close of day. The rays of the setting sun tinged with gold the soft brown tresses that fell in heavy ringlets over her shoulders of lily whiteness; one small slippered foot worked the busy wheel, while the silken flax yielded to the

magic touch of fairy fingers, and filled the flyers with shining thread.

'Lottie, I've been thinking of thee all day.'

'Well, William, what were thy thoughts; surely good ones if from thy heart?'

'I will leave that for thee to say, Lottie. I have been thinking that one year will soon pass away, when our wedding day will find us without a home—a little home of our own, I mean. Brother John, up in Vermont, writes me to come and purchase land beside him, and settle on it. What dost thou say to that, dearest?'

'William, I believe thee will do what is right and for the best. If thou dost, it will be well with us.'

They bade each other farewell. William came to Vermont, bought his farm and prepared his home for the little Quaker maid.

I would have the remainder of this life picture forever veiled. But no, it must be held up as an awful warning—a proof that 'the way of the transgressor is hard.' Within six months Charlotte received a letter informing her of her false lover's marriage.

No word of mine can express the anguish of that poor broken heart. No word of complaint, no bitter words escaped her lips. She only said:

'I hope William will be prospered, but I know he never will.'

After the lapse of a few weeks, Charlotte one day came to her mother and said:

'Mother, my heart aches to-day; I wish thee could spare me from home a week or two; I would like to go over the mountain and visit Uncle John's.'

'Yes, child, thee can go. Thy cousins will welcome thee gladly. But hadn't thee better allow thy father to take old Bann and carry thee over? Thou art not feeling exceedingly well, child, and ten miles' walk over such a mountain may weary thee over-much.'

'Take no thought of me, dear mother. I will return to thee in two weeks, our Father willing.'

Two weeks passed, three and four, and still Charlotte came not.

'Father, thou must saddle old Bann, and go for our daughter. I have a strange foreboding that all is not well.'

The father went, only to learn the startling news that she had never reached there. Search was immediately made, but no trace of her could be found. The pleasant autumn passed by, and the chilling snows of winter came and found the grief-stricken parents still childless.

The long, cold winter wore slowly away, leaving the earth bare and cheerless for younger, fresher hands to array again in robes of beauty.

One beautiful day in May there came to this saddened home a young man faint and weary, begging a morsel of bread and a night's lodging, which was most willingly granted. The morning found him wild and unable to rise from his bed. A physician was immediately called who pronounced it brain fever. His name and residence was unknown, but those kind-hearted, hospitable people said 'This young man must have care. If the good Lord has directed his footsteps to our door, he must remain. We will be father and mother to him in this hour of need.' After long weeks of severe illness and kind attendance, the wandering mind was restored to reason. He gave his name as Harry Littleton, and said the last he remembered he left his study room with a severe pain in his head, and directed his footsteps towards his boarding house, some twenty miles from this place—quite a long walk to take before breakfast. His host and hostess bade him remain with them until he was fully recovered and able to return to his studies, which kindness he accepted with many tears and very thankful heart. As soon as he became strong enough to converse freely the kind matron inquired if he remembered any of his strange conversations while ill. He had no remembrance, and requested her to repeat some of it. She told him he talked incessantly of the mountain's mysterious footprints, beautiful face, and so on. He then related to her

the strange story of the previous autumn, and said it was no idle fancy: that he could bring his chum Jack Danforth, who would affirm his assertions. When he had finished the staid Quaker turned to his wife and said:

'Wife, thy thoughts are my thoughts. I will go.'

As soon as Harry was strong enough to travel he guided the sorrowing father to the ledge where he saw the beautiful face, and there within a few yards of the rock, beside the roots of an upturned tree, lay bleaching a little heap of bones, a few shreds of checked linen, pieces of the very dress she wore away on the fatal day. That was all that was left on earth of poor Charlotte. Whether she was killed by the wolves, or lost her way and died of starvation, will forever remain a mystery.

Jack and Harry saw the footprints, and thought they saw a face, which proved to be a guide to the remains of the once beautiful Charlotte. What of the faithless William? He labored early and late on his farm beside his brother, and true as the words of the sweet Quaker maid, he could not prosper. While his brother became wealthy and happy, he grew poor and miserable. At last his farm was mortgaged and sold, his family scattered, and after a long and miserable hermit life, he died alone in a little log hut, in a distant State.

THE NEW WAR.

The invasion of Afghanistan by a British army will direct public attention throughout the world to that difficult mountainous region. If the struggle should prove to be one only between Great Britain and Afghanistan, the public generally will soon lose special interest in it; if however it shall prove to be but another phase of the interminable and irrepressible conflict between England and Russia the outside world will continue to look on with unabated interest. Afghanistan derives its importance in English eyes from the fact that its vast mountain chains render it a natural fortification for India against all invasions from the west. Its length from North to South is nearly 450 miles, and a breadth of about 470 miles, giving an area of some 212,000 square miles, or about four times that of North Carolina. Its population is estimated at from four to nine millions.

The first appearance of Afghanistan as an independent power took place during the internal disorders that reigned in Persia from 1748 to 1773, when Ahmed Khan, taking advantage of the situation, liberated Afghanistan from Persian rule. He was succeeded by his son, Timur, who died in 1793, Mahmud succeeded Timur, but was obliged to abdicate the throne in 1823, and died in 1829. The empire then fell into the hands of three brothers, of whom the oldest, Dost Mohammed ruled at Cabul, the most important of the three divisions of the country.

But British armies have entered Afghanistan before now. On the 1st of October, 1838, Lord Auckland, the British Governor General of India, declared war against Afghanistan. On the 7th of August the British forces entered Cabul. The British invasion, however, finally proved a failure, and the invaders agreed to leave the country. Accordingly the entire army left Cabul on the 6th of January 1842, to return by the Khyber Pass into India, but of the whole body that started, including women and children, 26,000 people only one man escaped to tell the tale, others having been slain by the native tribes who harassed the flanks and rear of the army, slaying women and children as well as men. Dost Mohammed, who had been captured, was released and returned to his kingdom. It was not long however, before he again commenced hostilities with the British in which in 1849 he was finally unsuccessful. In 1855 he concluded an alliance offensive and defensive with England. In 1857 he made a new treaty with England. He died 29th May, 1863, regarded as the liberator of Afghanistan from both English and Russo-Persian hostility and was

succeeded by his son, Shere All.

At first England favored other pretenders to the throne, but finally, in 1869, Earl Mayo, the new Governor-General of India, made a formal alliance with Shere All recognizing him as the legitimate sovereign, as the surest way to frustrate the designs of Russia, who had all along been accused of a purpose to use Persian influence in Afghanistan to further her own designs in India. In 1871, through British influence, a treaty was concluded with Russia which it was hoped would arrest the progress of Russia toward the British possessions in India.

Latterly, however, British influence at the Court of the Ameer, Shere All, has declined owing to the fact as is alleged that the Gladstone Government did not properly second the efforts of its Viceroy to establish friendly relations with Shere All. When the present Government came into power these efforts were renewed, and strong inducements were held out for an alliance. They were rejected, however, by the Ameer, who assumed an attitude of sullen reserve. His subsequent refusal to receive an English Embassy on the ground that he could not then consistently refuse to receive a Russian embassy, while, as a matter of fact, the Russians were hospitably received at a moment when war between England and Russia was imminent, left no doubt on the minds of the English Government of the hostility of the Ameer; and finally as they allege, patience ceased to be a virtue, and the Ameer was informed that unless a clear and satisfactory reply was received from him by the 20th of November, he would be treated as "a declared enemy." The time expired and the British army at once crossed the frontier. For the rest, we shall see what we shall see.

DEATH OF HON. B. F. MOORE.

At the hour of 2 p. m. yesterday Hon. B. F. Moore died. He had been for more than a year confined to his home, his powers having failed. He relinquished all business matters and in the quiet of home, undisturbed by the cares of life, sank slowly to rest. He was attacked by no disease and death was but the result of gradually failing powers. He suffered no pain but the senses one by one grew weaker, until, perfectly conscious to the last, the lamp of his life went out.

Bartholomew Figures Moore was the son of James Moore, a soldier of the Revolution, who at the close of that war settled in the county of Halifax in this State, and was born in January 1801. He received a good academic education, being prepared by Mr. John Bobbitt, who was principal of a school at or near Louisville. He joined the University at Chapel Hill, whence he was graduated in the year 1821, with some distinction, at the age of 20. After leaving the University he studied law with Hon. Thos Mann, of Nash Co. After being admitted to practice by the Supreme Court, he settled in the town of Nashville.

In the year 1828 he took his first step in political life, becoming a candidate for the House of commons and canvassing the county. It was at the time when the three candidates for the Presidency of the U. S. were General Jackson, Adams, and Crawford of Georgia Mr. Moore was an ardent supporter of the last named candidate.

From Nashville he removed to the county of Halifax, settling near the town of Halifax, about 1833. In 1835 he was elected a member of the Legislature from that county and took a leading part in the revision of the laws, known as the Revised Statutes. He was then elected to the House for several years. In 1848 he was appointed Attorney-General by Governor Graham, to fill a vacancy in that office. He then removed to the city, which was ever since his home. He was elected by the Legislature of 1848-49 to succeed Edwin Stanly, to fill out whose term he had been before appointed. He served as Attorney-General until 1851, when he resigned. In the next year he was appointed one of a committee of emi-

nent legal gentlemen to revise the Statute laws of the State. His associates in this work were Hon. Asa Biggs and Judge R. M. Saunders. They prepared the revision in an able manner, and submitted their work to the Legislature of 1854-'55, which adopted it. It was regarded as being in all respects excellent.

Mr. Moore held office thrice again during his life, being one of the Commissioners to adjust the State debt, in 1861, just prior to the beginning of the war. In 1865 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention, and in 1866 to the lower branch of the Legislature. He took a prominent part in the deliberations and debates of both, as well as in all matters of State importance after the war. He used untiring and earnest efforts for pacification and readjustment of the difficulties which then closed thick upon us.

Mr. Moore was liberal in his views and was in all matters of law held as high authority, and his advice was much sought after. At the conclusion of his official work he devoted himself to the practice of his profession, which was very large and remunerative. Soon after the war he associated with him in his practice Maj. John Gatling, his son-in-law. He always devoted himself to his legal business and possessed one of the finest legal minds in the country. In the death of Mr. Moore his State loses a man of whose memory she may well be proud.—*Rat. News.*

THE FENCE QUESTION.

At a Meeting of the State Agricultural Society, held at Raleigh, during fair week in October, a committee was appointed to visit Mecklenburg county and satisfy themselves as to the condition of affairs in this county where the fence, or rather the no fence, law prevails. A similar committee was appointed by the Roanoke and Tar River Agricultural Society and both committees were present at our recent fair. While no formal report has yet been submitted, it is understood that when made it will endorse the action of the people of Mecklenburg and recommend the law to a very large portion of the State. It is understood that the fences of North Carolina cost ten millions dollars, and that the average decay is about ten per cent. According to the census report of 1870, the value of live stock was down at not exceeding two millions of dollars. These facts show (including the annual cost of repairing the fences) that it costs five dollars and a half to fence out a dollar's worth of stock. These figures, it seems to us, are so conclusive that no man ought to object to the fence law in every portion of the State except where stock is raised exclusively. In the grass growing sections of the State—Ashe, Watauga and several other counties west of the Blue Ridge—the same necessity for a stock law does not exist as in other portions of the State, and yet the time is not far distant, under our changed system of labor, when the stock law will be of value even to the people who live in those counties.—*Char. Ob.*

ALL ABOUT A RAT.

Mr. Sinclair Tousey appeared at the Tombs Police Court Tuesday morning as complainant against Eugene Lilleston, a youth, whom he charged with torturing a rat. Eugene had the rat by the tail when accosted by Mr. Tousey, who, in the name of humanity, demanded its release. The youth in his wicked heart had planned the death of the rat by drowning, and was in search of a sufficient depth of water to accomplish his design when interfered with. Mr. Tousey called officer Ahearn, of the fourth precinct, to his assistance, and the boy and the rat were made prisoners. The latter was securely caged in a market basket and brought to court as a witness. The novel character of the case for a time puzzled the judicial mind of Judge Murray, who finally discharged the boy and sent the rat to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, leaving it with them to decide upon the most humane way of putting an end to its existence.—*N. Y. Herald.*

METEORIC GOLD.

The remarkable specimen of meteoric iron, resembling steel, picked up in the Mohan desert and carried to Fort Yuma, a short time ago, it is thus described. "It weighs about a pound and carries free gold, of which nearly a dollar appears on the surface. It is not magnetic, and has successfully resisted simple and compound baths of acid. In this respect it resembles specular iron, but in no other. One of its surfaces shows a fracture that reveals a crystalline structure, the color of which is a steel-gray, tinged with yellow. It has defied the best cold chisels in the blacksmith shop, and has not broken or chipped under heavy blows. If its composition can be imitated it will produce the hardest and toughest alloy known."

'A Farmer' sums up his proposed savings thus:

Saved on Governor.....	\$1,250
" " Attorney General.....	1,000
" " Secretary of State.....	1,000
Total reduction.....	\$3,250

We would prefer the reductions to be made thus:

Governor's salary and Secretary's pay.....	\$3,600
Attorney General.....	1,000
Secretary of State.....	1,000
Total.....	\$5,600

The present pay of these offices is \$14,850. This is probably the minimum. Reduction as above \$7,950 or \$100 more than "A Farmer" would save by his plan. The only difference of importance is in the place or manner of reduction. We leave the Governor more pay, because we think it necessary, and cut down the others to a lower point than "A Farmer" proposes.

But the real point is to secure the reduction. It ought to be done. Discreet, sober, industrious officials can get along easily with the salaries proposed. What say the people? What say the press?—*Wil. Star.*

Yes, they tried women's suffrage away out in the wilds of Wyoming Territory, and now the good people who hunt in that region unite in saying the experiment is a failure of the first magnitude. The good women remain at home and fail to vote. Women of the noisy, tom-boy sort are around at election times, and exercise the right of franchise. Only one woman has held office, and now none ask for it. The proof of the pudding was eating it.—*Wil. Star.*

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Brethren, before we sing the next verse of "John Brown's body lies all mouldy in the grave," let us take a look into the grave and see that it is there. In these days of Ohio medical colleges a cemetery isn't no safer than a savings bank, and it may be that political glee clubs, who have been singing the song quoted above, have been chanting a rhythmic lie for the past fifteen years.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The revival service, by Mrs. Moon and Miss Painter, still continues with unabated interest. The Methodist E. Church is so crowded each day and night that many are unable to get in. The interest taken in these meetings is unprecedented here. The professions, we learn, exceed 50. Ministers of all denominations join the services.—*Salem Press.*

Democratic doctrine: "The substitution of greenbacks for bank notes," "a uniform greenback currency," that is, "a legal tender for everything," redeemable in coin, or in absence of coin redeemable at postal saving banks where they draw 3 per cent. interest, which will practically keep them at all times at par with coin."

A DYNAMITE FROLIC.

About 4 o'clock on Friday morning, the 15th inst. a convict belonging to the night force at the Lick Log tunnel was throwing a charge of nitro-glycerine mixed with meal in a can over a fire. When 412 Fahrenheit was reached the darkey suddenly sailed fifty feet through the black air, landing at the mouth of the tunnel entirely nude—his body pitted with minute blisters. He walked coolly back to the fire and recovered his stirring paddle and a squirrel tail, which had served as an ornament to his head gear. In this Georgia major's uniform he was put to bed; no apprehensions are entertained that serious injury will result from his brief aeronautic tour. It is only two weeks since another convict fell 63 feet from a trestle near mudcut, but contrary to all expectations is still living. Verily the African is a hard bird to kill!—*Blue Ridge Blade.*