

The Carolina Watchman.

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The Carolina Watchman,

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DEMOCRATIC COUNTY CONVENTION!



The Democratic County Convention for Rowan will be held at the Court House in Salisbury, Saturday, July 15, 1882, at 12 o'clock, M., for the purpose of appointing delegates to the State, Congressional, and Senatorial Conventions and for other important business.

All the Democratic voters of the County are requested to meet in convention in their respective townships at the usual voting precincts, on Saturday, June 24th, 1882, at 12 o'clock, M., for the purpose of appointing delegates to the County Convention, and for full and complete organization according to the plan of organization of the Democratic Central Executive Committee.

J. W. MAUNER,
Ch'm. County Ex. Com.

[See plan of organization below.]

In 1862 Mr. William Johnston ran for Governor of North Carolina. The following is now published as his ticket on that occasion:

NORTH CAROLINA CONFEDERATE TICKET.

ITS PRINCIPLES.
An unremitting prosecution of the War; Complete Independence; Eternal Separation from the North; No abridgement of Southern territory; No alteration of Southern boundaries; No compromise with enemies, traitors or Tories.

Jeff Davis, our Army and the South.

FOR GOVERNOR,
WILLIAM JOHNSTON,
OF MECKLENBURG.

In those days Mr. Johnston tried to hang himself to the coat-tail of Jeff. Davis, and he was remarkably sweet on "our army and the South." He was grand in declaring "no compromise with enemies, traitors or Tories." But his hold on the coat-tail of Jeff. Davis didn't answer his purpose, and he got left by a large majority. The soldiers repudiated him. The people repudiated him. And Mr. Johnston was laid out cold and stiff by Zeb Vance. Our first vote for Governor counted, for even the Democrats and the seceders refused to sustain Mr. William Johnston, although he heroically called himself "Confederate." The other day, a plain-spoken gentleman in our presence turned to another and said, "Where, pray, did you get the title of Colonel?" "Why, was the reply, "from the Yarrowburgh House register!" We spell it with a K.

Kernel Johnson's grip on Jeff. Davis' coat-tail failed to get him an office. And now the Kernel has swapped Jeff. Davis' coat-tail for Dr. Mott's. He proposes to mend his back and get a good "tail hold" this time. We think we see them now, going up a long, rough hill, with a big office on top. Dr. Mott puffing and blowing and the elderly Kernel holding on for dear life. "Here we come," "get out of our way," hallooed Dr. Mott, and the Kernel cries "ain't you, me too?" Will they get there, Democrats? Remember, the Colonel himself has declared "no compromise with enemies, traitors or Tories." North Carolina expects her true sons to stand guard and protect her against such an unnatural combination for the sake of spoils.—News-Observer.

WHAT HE WILL DO.—Col. William Johnston will meet at Raleigh, June 7, organize and nominate Hon. O. H. Dockery for Congressman-at-large. He will then adjourn to Charlotte, where he will work up the boom for Col. William Johnston, "Independent" candidate for Representative from the 6th Congressional district. In November the Colonel will again retire to private life.—Williamston Star.

A fruitful crop of litigation is likely to grow out of the introduction of the electrical storage batteries which have been attracting so much attention of late. In England, France and Sellen are having a lively discussion on the subject; and in this country, Brush, Edison and Keith are claimants for priority of invention.

Why is sympathy like a man playing at blindman's buff? Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

It is worth remembering that nobody on joys the nicest surroundings if in bad health. There are miserable people about to-day with one foot in the grave, when a bottle of Parker's Glucose Tonic would do them more good than all the doctors and medicines they have ever tried. See ady.

Oct. 18, 1873.

THE SILVER WHISTLE.

We were all traveling with papa in the Tyrol, when a telegram summoning him to Vienna to the bedside of a dying friend came to interrupt our plans. He installed Letty and me in a comfortable room in the fine new hotel at Toblach, gave us his blessing, a double allowance of pocket money, and left us, with strict injunctions to stay quietly at home till his return, as he did not approve of his daughters traveling about alone in a foreign country.

Letty and I amused ourselves very well for the next few days, driving over the picturesque roads and through parts of the beautiful Ampezzo valley. We gathered gentian and mountain strawberries, and lost our way in the big wilderness of garden at the back of the hotel; filled our presses botanical with handfulls of floral treasures, and then began to weary a little of our strictly rural pleasures.

We were the only Americans in the hotel, and we found few congenial friends among the host of strangers arriving and departing every day. We had read all our books, written all our letters, and were feeling very moped—it was a rainy day, dull and unpromising—when Letty spelled out from the German newspaper the following announcement:

"Her majesty, the queen of Italy, on her way to Lirna, intends to honor or Sachsenburg with a brief sojourn, arriving on the 13th. The people of Sachsenburg are preparing for a grand fete to honor her majesty."

"Sachsenburg, that is not very far from here, on the railroad," said Letty. "Oh, Helen, let us go! Queen Margherita is so very lovely, and we may never have the chance of seeing her again, and the fete, too, will be well worth seeing. The town will be one great bower of flowers, and all the peasants will appear in their best holiday costume. Do say you will go, Helen—it's so dull here."

"But have you forgotten that papa asked us to stay quietly here, and not go roaming about without him?" I said gravely.

"Oh, you dear, conscientious old goose! it is not traveling to go to Sachsenburg to see the queen."

"Sachsenburg is a ten hour's journey from here, and we should have to be away for three days at least to make the trip worth while."

"So much the better; I am frightfully tired of this place, and papa's return is delayed for another week."

But I need not repeat our discussion further. Letty carried the day in this instance as in most others, and I—her staid, elder sister, her senior by ten years, and her nominal mentor and guardian—meekly gave in to her wishes.

Equipped with light hand-luggage, umbrellas and shawls, we set off in the omnibus the next day, with many injunctions from our Wirth to inquire carefully the hours of arrival and departure of the trains, as the time-tables were often inaccurate in this part of the world.

Our only fellow-traveler in the railway carriage was a gentleman apparently about thirty, with pleasant brown eyes, a straight, slender nose, and an indescribable air of good breeding about him from the slender toe of his boot to the closely trimmed hair beneath his soft traveling cap.

He looked often at Letty; not impatiently, but as any well-bred man looks at a pretty girl sitting opposite him on a long journey. Letty, with her violet eyes darkening at times almost to black, her delicate color like an alabaster lamp with a rosy flame within, and her charmingly graceful figure, made excusable more obtrusive admiration than this man's.

Animation and pleasure at our trip made her doubly attractive, and I could not blame the brown eyes opposite for often wandering to her pretty face.

I did not like to seem stiff; so presently I spoke to the stranger, who had been attentive about stowing away our luggage and screening us from the brilliant sun.

He answered pleasantly, and in a low, musical voice that I liked, and we were soon all three chatting to-

gether over our various experiences of the summer.

He proved to be an Englishman, and the name engraved upon the card which he presented me in the course of conversation was Romney Mordaunt, of Mordaunt Hall, Surrey. His destination was further than ours; and at Reichthal, where we were to change carriages for Sachsenburg, we must separate.

Letty seemed to share heartily my approval of our traveling-companion, and I almost wished she would not smile upon him so confidently, nor bewitch him with her bright, half-saucy speeches, for he was a stranger, after all, and might prove unworthy of our trust.

Gradually I began to think myself a very poor opinion for my pretty little sister, and I tried to look fierce and forbidding, but it was no use, and my furtive plucks and nudges at Letty were quite ineffectual. When I flattered myself I was looking awfully grim, she actually put out her pretty pink palm at Mr. Mordaunt's request to have her fortune read.

The time sped very quickly, and shortly before our arrival at Reichthal, our companion began to tell us some amusing stories of his life in the Indian jungle. He showed a curious little whistle that had often served him to signal his lost companions, which had a curious shrill, bird-like tone, unlike anything of the kind we had heard before.

As Letty was returning Mr. Mordaunt the whistle—a pretty little silver toy that she much admired—he said: "Please keep it, Miss Weir, as a souvenir of one more idler whom fate has thrown in your way. Imagine that it is charmed, and if you are in distress a note from the whistle would bring me to the rescue—if I am worthy of that honor—as Oberon flew to the assistance of Hnon."

Letty could not refuse the gift so gracefully tendered, and her evident pleasure in it seemed to reward Mr. Mordaunt threefold.

At about 11 o'clock at night I heard the guard call out 'Reichthal!' with great regret, for here we must lose our amusing companion, and I could see plainly that the pleasantest part of the journey was over for him.

At Reichthal we made an unwelcome discovery; we had missed connection with the Sachsenburg train, and to reach our destination we would have to wait till 5 o'clock in the morning of the next day.

"What will you do in the meantime?" asked Mr. Mordaunt. "I have ten minutes before my train goes; if I could be of any service to you about engaging a room at the hotel, or in any other way, I should be most happy."

"I think, Helen, it would be better not to go to a hotel," said Letty; "we should never wake up for the 5 o'clock train if we went to bed, and we can't waste so much time waiting for the next train."

"Yes," I answered, "we could get some refreshments here and spend the remainder of the night in the waiting room—it is not quite five hours."

Our funds would not admit of much extravagance on the trip, as the allowance papa had given us had dwindled down during his prolonged absence, and I was glad of Letty's economical suggestion. Something in Mr. Mordaunt's manner gave the idea that he did not approve quite of our plan, but he was too polite to say anything against it. He ordered a waiter to attend, inquired if we would be allowed to pass the night in the waiting room, brought us a favorable answer, and then, as the locomotive whistled sharply, he reluctantly took his leave, and disappeared in the darkness.

"I wish he had staid with us—it is so lonely in this strange place," said Letty, with a shiver.

"Nonsense, child! It would have been obtrusive and indelicate of him to give us so much of his society; we never saw him before to-day, and why should he alter his plans for us?"

I spoke boldly—but I, too, felt deserted and forlorn in the little railway coffee room; a language I but indifferently understood being spoken about me—not a familiar face to be

seen but Letty's frightened one, and midnight just past.

We were the only women in the place, and I did not fancy the look of the men hovering about. Some were playing cards in a corner, and others sat silently over tall glasses of beer, giving us furtive glances which I tried to ignore.

Letty, you ought not to wear that ring on a journey, or if you will wear it, it is very tempting to a thief. I said, nervously, as the light caught Letty's diamond—papa's present on her birthday—while she put back her veil, and made my eyes ache with its sparkle.

At that moment I saw—the ugly, dark face of a man close against the window pane outside watching us intently. He turned away quickly as he saw me looking at him, but I had time to note his heavy, rough beard, unkempt hair and coarse big throat.

The horrible thought seized me that he had seen Letty's ring, and would try to rob us. I said nothing to my sister of my fears, but felt intensely relieved when the porter appeared with a lantern to escort us to the waiting room.

He informed us that we would have the room quite to ourselves, but that we must consent to be locked in. It was the strict rule that the door be locked after the departure of the last night train, and according to the regulations passengers were not allowed to spend the night on the premises; he had only made an exception in our favor. Furthermore, we must make up our minds to dispense with a light as every one went away but the guard, and the place must be left in darkness.

This was appalling, to be locked up for four hours in a pitch dark room; but there was apparently no other alternative.

At last, by a judicious fee, I prevailed upon the man to allow us to bolt one door on the inside, so that we would not feel quite in duress in the dark.

The clock struck, the porter, hurrying us into the dreary little den, went away with his light before we could get more than a glimpse of our surroundings.

"It is consolation to know that the guard is on duty outside," I said, trying to stifle a sigh.

"Perhaps we are not alone in this dreadful place, after all," said Letty, stumbling over a chair; "and some one may jump at us out of the darkness."

At this cheerful suggestion I brought me of some wax matches in my satchel, and lighted one, shielding its flame as well as I could from observation outside.

We hastily explored our prison—a tall iron stove, a table, some cane chairs and two long benches with hard leather cushions, none of them inviting repose; but of other living presence than our own there was no trace.

Pillowed upon our waterproofs and each other, we tried to snatch an hour's sleep, but I, at least, became preternaturally wakeful. Here were we, two unprotected women, dropped down at an obscure little wayside station at dead of night, with not a soul nearer than the mile-distant hotel to help us in case of need. There were suspicious characters lurking about, and our only protection a glass door and the guard, who might be a coward or a knave; we could be robbed and murdered, and no one would know.

The guard's slow, heavy step passing at long intervals, and the gleam of his lantern on his scarlet cap gave me a little sense of security, but I was very miserable nevertheless, and heartily wished we had not disobeyed papa. In the midst of my reflection, I heard stealthy steps approaching the inner door of the waiting room and the grating of a key quietly turned in the lock. I began trembling violently, and the next instant, to my horror, the door opened and the dark-faced man whom I had seen through the window of the coffee-room, crept softly in with a dim lantern in his hand.

"Listen," he said, in German, in a hoarse whisper, fixing me with his evil eye, "if you are quiet and sensi-

ble I will do you no harm; but if you make the least disturbance, I know how to silence you and he showed a murderous looking knife at his belt. 'I have come for the diamond the young one wears on her finger and any other jewels and money that you may have about you. Be quick and silent; give me these things, and make no resistance as you value your lives.'

I suppose I grew very white and trembling, for Letty said in a firm voice that astonished me:

"Do as he says, Helen—our lives are worth more than a few trumpery jewels."

I pushed our small portmanteau toward the robber with my foot; he put it on the floor just before the door through which he had entered, set his lantern on the table, and began undoing the straps of the portmanteau.

How eagerly and vainly we listened for the tramp of the guard at that moment, but he appeared to have vanished from the face of the earth.

"The rascal evidently thinks the other door is locked on the outside, as he is not watching us," said Letty, gliding like a phantom toward the door next the platform.

While the man busily overhauled our effects she slipped the bolt with us little noise as if it glided over velvet, and then said to me:

"I am going to make one bold effort to save my ring; I shall dash that man's lantern to the ground with this bundle of shawls—in the darkness we shall have the advantage of him, as no obstacle is between us and the door. We can rush out and scream for the guard, and I am sure this wretch will not dare to follow us."

"Oh, but Letty, the danger!" I moaned; the man could not understand us, so we could say what we chose.

"Don't think of the danger, but be ready to open the door as I smash the lantern."

Letty, with a well directed aim sent our thick roll of shawls flying over the table, and we were all in darkness.

The next instant my sister and I were rushing like mad creatures down the platform, shrieking for the guard whose slouching figure we could see in the distance.

Strangely enough he did not or would hear us, and, horror of horrors, the burglar was hurrying after us, the light of his lantern gleaming upon his knife blade!

Letty, in despair, put her silver whistle to her lips and blew till its peculiar note rang out like a clarion in the still air.

Directly afterward we heard the sound of hastily approaching footsteps, whether for good or evil we could not tell.

Letty's courage had failed her, and she leaned on me half fainting with fright, when a voice calling, in English, "Hallo! What is the matter? What are you rascals doing?" revived her.

Two men came running toward us one of whom, to our amazement and delight, we recognized as Mr. Mordaunt, our traveling companion.

We hung upon him, and hovered over him with tears, hysterical laughter and incoherent thanks, and during our confused explanations did not notice that both robber and guard quietly disappeared.

"Mr. Mordaunt accounted for his presence as follows:—As he left us in the coffee-room he noticed a suspicious looking pair of fellows about the platform who seemed to be discussing us; the waiters also were talking together over the vagaries of the two Amerikanerinnen who were going to spend the night at the station, and Mr. Mordaunt concluded that we might be subjected to annoyance if nothing more.

He therefore decided to await himself for the next train, and not liking to intrude further upon us had whiled away the time smoking and chatting with another belated traveler, within sight of our temporary prison.

He had strayed some distance down the road, when the sound of Letty's whistle reached his ears as a sound of distress.

"What Letty understood is this:—'I have been having a desperate fight with a robber who has just escaped, and I have come for the diamond the young one wears on her finger and any other jewels and money that you may have about you. Be quick and silent; give me these things, and make no resistance as you value your lives.'

Presently lights were seen approaching, and a few sleepy-looking men gathered wondering about us. One of them stumbled over something lying in a dark corner.

"What is this?" he exclaimed. "Adolf Harle, the nightguard, in a drunken sleep. He will lose his post for this neglect of duty."

It was afterward discovered that Adolf Harle, the real guard, had been drugged over his evening glass of beer by two fellows, one of whom had invested himself with the watchman's duties, lantern and all, while the other made his daring attempt upon Letty and me.

"He only got some sham carriage and an ivory bush from the portmanteau, and I saved my ring," said Letty, triumphantly.

Fright and excitement cooled our desire to see her majesty, Queen Margherita, and on the following day we returned to Toblach, Mr. Mordaunt accompanying us.

When papa returned five days later, Romney Mordaunt met him with the request for the hand of his younger daughter in marriage, a request which my father could not refuse when he looked into Letty's radiant eyes.

Beautiful and Brave.

The gifted DEWITT TAGMAGE preached a sermon in Brooklyn last Sunday, with reference to Decoration day. Among other things he said:

"This annual decoration of graves finds us in more thorough peace than in any previous year. This last week the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church South has made overtures to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church North, and that closes the last gap ecclesiastical and the last gap national. This year the graves of the northern and southern dead are alike covered without any protest. Time has come to cover up all the scars of battle. The dead are at peace. Why not the living? They suffered more than we. Cannot we, who suffered less, be at peace? The boys in blue and those in gray went down into the same tent for the night. They put their heads on the same pillow of dust. They have stacked their arms. They have ended their march. They have fought their last battle. Sleep on great host of Federals and Confederates, till the morning light shall break through the rifts of the tents and trumpets shall sound the reveille of the resurrection. It seems to me very much like this: Two brothers get into an awful fight and they are both slain. The mother hears about it. She comes down and sees them stretched on the grass. She kneels between them. She puts one arm around George and the other arm around Thomas. She does not stop to think which was right or which was wrong; she kisses them both. And so our northern and southern brothers went forth into the conflict and they fell. Now, this week, let the United States Government, the mother of us all, come down to the field, and putting one arm over the grave of the northern men and the other arm over the grave of the southern men, pronounce the benediction upon them all.

"It seems to me that there has been enough suffering on both sides to satisfy the worst man on earth and the worst devil in hell. At Arlington Heights ten years ago a southern woman put a wreath on the grave of her fallen husband. A northern man with epaulets, came up, took the wreath, tore it to pieces and then threw it to the winds. He had the epaulets of a soldier but he had no soldier's heart. I would that all the garlands that have ever been laid on the graves of northern and southern men were lifted and linked together, each garland a link, and with that long, bright, beautiful chain this whole land might be bound together in peace and amity.

Wild cherry is a wood for which a large demand has sprung up in the United States. In supplying the place of walnut cherry is a very valuable wood and good care should be taken of the growing trees. It is used very extensively in making cabinet furniture. It has a very close grain, takes the best stain and capable of high polish. Besides its use in furniture cherry is used largely in the internal fittings of railway cars and public buildings.

Richard King, known all over Texas and the West as "The Cattle King," is a small, swarthy Irishman, with a limping gait. His lameness is due to the careless way in which a broken leg was set. His flocks of sheep and goats, his herds of cattle and his troops of horses and mules are estimated at 500,000.

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JOHN S. HUTCHINSON,
Salisbury, N. C., Nov. 1, 1881.

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