

The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. XVI.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., SEPTEMBER 10, 1885.

NO 47

THE MAJOR'S ESCAPE.

Major Anthony Hartleop and Mrs. Candace Flukes.

Major Anthony Hartleop was a very good match indeed, as Miss Angerona Dilworth and the gossips very well knew.

To be sure, he was rather bald and had a wart on his nose; but then, he was the owner of many acres of rich land; he possessed herds of fat, short horn cattle and flocks of long wooled Merino sheep; he raised untold quantities of amber cane, to be made up into sugar; and was, all told, the richest farmer in the neighborhood of Sugar Maple village.

As for Miss Angerona, she was not very young, but neither was she old. She was not remarkably plain, nor could she be called pretty. For the rest, she was rather sharp featured and sharp-tongued, so the neighbors declared, though the major had not discovered this fact.

Miss Dilworth was not a benevolent person, yet she had taken her orphan niece, Avis, to raise.

Avis Dilworth was a hearty, merry girl, in spite of her aunt's crabbed temper, with a round face, deep dimples in her cheeks, a pair of laughing blue-gray eyes, and plenty of vim and life about her, though demure and quiet as a nun under Miss Angerona's sharp eyes.

Indeed, many people asserted that if Avis were only decently dressed, and allowed the advantages she deserved, she would be quite a belle.

But, Miss Dilworth's old garment's however neatly made over, were not sufficient to set off a good figure to much advantage.

They were all poor Avis was allowed, however, and she sighed in vain over the crisp new lawns, the sheer white muslins, the fluted ruffles and fresh, plumed hats of her more fortunate acquaintances.

At last Major Hartleop had proposed to Miss Angerona, in a good, substantial, plainly expressed letter, and Miss Angerona had determined to accept the proposal.

"If he is bald and ugly," she remarked to herself, "he's rich, and money covers a multitude of bad looks. Besides, it'll spite that stuck up Widdler Flukes, that's been a setting her cap at him this month or more; an' as long as she wants him I'd have him, if he was bald as an egg an' ten times as ugly as he is!"

But, in spite of his defects, Major Hartleop was good hearted, and as romantic as many a man with a glossy head of hair and no wart on his nose.

He was really in love with Miss Angerona, and after sending his proposal, the moments seemed weighted with lead until he could receive her answer.

At last his impatience grew unbearable.

"I won't wait no longer," he declared. "I'll just call around and get her answer right away, or I shan't sleep a wink tonight, I know."

And popping his hat on his head, he set off on the winding country road which led to Miss Angerona's dwelling, his mind busy with pleasant fancies of what the future might have in store.

"How nice it'll be to have my wife a setting at the head of the table, or stepping around the house, overseein' the butter and cheese makin'!" he mused.

"An' that pretty Avis, too. She shall have better clothes than she wears now. I s'pose Angerona can't afford to dress her any better; but I'll see to that. She shall have a white dress, with lace flourishes, an' one o' them crumpled things girls wear around their necks, to stand up with us in."

And so, his mind busy with cheerful pictures of the happy future, he reached Miss Angerona's house, ascended the steps, and was about to knock on the open door, when a shrill, high pitched voice reached his ear.

"A new dress! No, Avis Dilworth, you can't have it! A pretty question to ask, when I've got my own clothes to buy, if I marry that bald headed scare crow, as I s'pose I shall! A fine thing for you to come asking for duds, miss!"

"But, aunt," returned Avis, pleadingly, "I haven't anything fit to wear to church."

"Oh, indeed! So you go to church to show your clothes, hey? You better stay at home if that's what you go for. An' when I marry old Hartleop—why he couldn't have a decent name I don't see—you won't be no better off than you are now, if he is rich. I shall be as savin' of his money as I kin, so when he dies I'll have something fur myself. An' now go 'long an' milk that cow; she's been a bawlin' this half hour."

The poor major, half stupefied by this astonishing revelation, stumbled off the steps and got out of the gate he scarcely knew how.

And now here was a predicament! How was he to marry such a—a virago? he reasoned, nipping his beard with a huge red handkerchief. And

yet, how was he to get out of marrying her, if she chose to accept him?

He had serious doubts whether being called a "bald headed scare crow" would exonerate a man, in the eyes of the law and public opinion, in refusing to fulfill his offer of marriage.

And yet, marry her he couldn't—he wouldn't. Thus he assured himself over and over again.

Miss Angerona, meanwhile, proceeded to write her letter, accepting Major Hartleop's proposal. Having written it, she laid it on a corner of a table to dry, and with compressed lips and a look of determination in her cold, gray eyes, she drew another letter from her pocket, and opening it, read:

"My Dear Avis: I have called twice to see you, but your aunt refused me admittance to the house. I am therefore compelled to write what I had meant to tell you personally. You must know already that I love you, Avis, and I want you for my wife. Will you marry me? Please answer as soon as possible, as I shall be in great suspense until I hear from you. Yours forever,

Richmond Alder."

"Ham!" muttered Miss Angerona, with a smile of grim satisfaction. "It's well I didn't give her the letter. I shan't allow her to marry very soon. She's too much help to me, I couldn't get nobody to take her piece an' do all she does for love nor money. And now fur your answer, Mr. Richmond Alder."

And taking up her pen, she wrote, slowly and carefully:

"I have received your letter, and my answer is No. I can never marry you. A. Dilworth."

"That'll settle him," she decided. "Ain't 'tain't no forgery, either, seein' 'A' stands for Angerona as well as Avis."

And inclosing the two letters in envelopes, she directed them, slipped them in her pocket, and carried them to the postoffice herself.

"Now I know they're safe," she commented, with a sigh of relief, as she retraced her steps toward home.

Major Hartleop had passed a wretched night. According to his own statement, he had not slept a wink.

When Jake Soper the hired hand, brought in the morning's mail, as usual, he felt a nervous tingle down to his finger ends.

With a quaking hand he opened Miss Angerona's letter, and, much to his relief, read:

"I have received your letter, and my answer is No. I can never marry you. A. Dilworth."

To say the major was delighted would hardly express his feelings. He almost felt as if he could forgive Miss Angerona for calling him a "bald-headed scare crow," in consideration of her having refused him.

Tucking the letter in his pocket, he went whistling about the house, like a school boy.

After dinner, he saddled his riding mare and rode down to the village, to see a trader about buying some of his fat cattle for beef.

Tying his 'nag' under a shady tree, he proceeded toward the village store and met Miss Angerona face to face.

She simpered, smiled and tried to blush. The major bowed coldly and passed on.

Astonished and chagrined, Miss Angerona detained him, and demanded the cause of such behavior.

"What behavior?" asked the major, coldly.

"To pass me without speaking, when—when we are engaged to be married!"

"Engaged!" cried the major. "Why, you have refused me!"

"I didn't! I accepted you!" contradicted the lady, flatly.

"I have your refusal in black and white; here it is!" he retorted.

And taking a crumpled note from his pocket, he read it out to her.

"—I—it's a mistake!" gasped Miss Angerona. "I never meant it!"

"But you wrote it, and that's enough for me. Good morning, ma'am!"

And the major trotted on to see about selling his beehives, while Miss Angerona stood angrily beating herself for her own blunder.

"I must have sent the wrong letter, and now that Alder will get the other. What a fool I was!"

And she hastened her steps homeward to prevent further mischief from the unlucky mistake.

But she was too late. The house was shut up; no signs of life about, no Avis to be seen. On the dining table lay a note, which said:

"Dear Aunt: Since you have accepted Mr. Alder's proposal for me, you cannot blame me for marrying him. We are going to the minister's now, and will be happy to see you at our home whenever you choose to come. As ever, your niece,

Avis."

Miss Angerona's feelings were not greatly improved when, a few weeks later, she read the marriage notice of

Major Anthony Hartleop and Mrs. Candace Flukes.

And so Miss Angerona Dilworth had lost both her lover and niece all through her own treachery, and Major Hartleop never repeated the lucky escape he had made.—Helen Whitney Clark.

One of the Finest Regions of America Almost Unpeopled.

The Southern mountain region is one of the least known territories in the United States. It occupies a gently-rising plateau about 60 miles wide and 200 long, from West Virginia to the northwestern corner of Georgia, lying between the Blue Ridge on the east and the Great Smoky range on the west, and gradually rising from its northern boundary, where its elevation is about 1,000 to 1,500 feet above the sea level, to its southern extremity, where it reaches an elevation of 3,500 feet. It is a country of valleys and mountains; the valleys are broad and gently sloping, and rise gradually to the summits of the ranges which intersect it in every direction like the threads of a net. All through this region the streams flow rapidly down the slopes, threading the tortuous valleys, falling in the most beautiful cascades over the rocky ledges, and rushing through the gorges until they unite in large streams which flow westwardly into the great Tennessee river.

From the nature of the country it is wholly free from swamps and marshes; the mountain slopes are rarely precipitous, but rise gradually in easy grades, and for the greater part covered with deep, rich soil, which produces the finest grasses, wheat, oats, fruit, corn, tobacco, and other crops usual in the northern States. Although in the heart of the cotton region, it is too cool for this crop, and the average temperature is remarkably equal the whole year, the summers being quite cool and the winters mild. At the present time it is very sparsely settled, being scarcely penetrated by railroads, which, however, are gradually making their way through it and opening it up for settlement. In its present condition it is one of the best stock-grazing districts in the country. The woods are open and afford an easy passage-way for horses and ox wagons, on trails which answer the place of roads. The undergrowth is kept down by the annual fires which are set for the purpose of clearing off the dead leaves and encouraging the growth of nutritious grass and herbs, which are abundant and afford excellent pasture for stock. Cattle, horses, mules and sheep live in the woods for nine or ten months in the year, and can (and do) live the year round without any serious losses. Flocks of sheep drop their lambs in January and February, and with some provisions for feed and shelter will rarely lose a lamb even at this season of the year. As only about five per cent. of the land is cleared and cultivated, there is abundant room for the immigration, and land is very cheap. The whole region is now the largest reserve of valuable timber remaining, and persons who would delight in helping to maintain an equitable balance between forest arable land, with all the advantages which result from it, can there find ample opportunities of cultivating their tastes in this direction.

The timber is chiefly hard wood; walnut, chestnut, hickory, oaks, maples, birch, the poplar, white wood, or tulip tree, which grows to enormous size; and some white pine and hemlock. The flowering shrubs are the great charm of the region. The magnificent laurel, so called, but really the rhododendron, with its grand clusters of bloom, lines the banks of the streams and covers the walls of the rocky gorges. Azaleas, kalmias, and a great variety of the health family, including the trailing arbutus, cover and beautify the mountain slopes.

The great money crop of this region, next to cattle, is tobacco, the fine yellow-leaf variety growing here of the finest quality, and sometimes selling for \$1 per pound. This business has already brought great wealth into the country, and has added thousands to the population of some of the larger towns. The larger portion of the region lies in the western part of North Carolina, a State which is progressing and developing rapidly under the fostering care of a liberal and enterprising State government.

A Baby Butchered.

The Horrible Deed of two Little Boys.

The most horrible tragedy in the criminal annals of Alabama, happened in Talladega county Saturday, about nine miles from Talladega City, near a little country place called Peckerwood.

J. H. McCowan, a respectable farmer, on Friday last killed and dressed a pig as his contribution to a neighboring barbecue. The pig was killed, cleaned

and hung by the hind legs to the pole in an old fashioned way, disembowelled and left to cool. McCowan's three children, aged eleven, nine and four years had witnessed the operation.

Next day McCowan went to the barbecue, leaving his wife and children at home. The children were playing in the yard where the pig was killed, when it occurred to them to repeat the operation they had witnessed the day before. The two older children, for the want of a pig, agreed that they would make their little brother the victim. They procured the knife used by their father and first drew it across the throat of the four year old child, watching him as he lay on the ground bleeding to death. They then stuck in the tendons of the child's feet and swung it across the same pole on which the pig had hung. The corpse had already been stripped. They then disembowelled the corpse, catching the entrails in the tub, and repeated the process of washing the body as the pig had been cleaned.

About this time the mother of the children came out to look after them, when her horror-struck eyes met the terrible sight of the dead child hanging to the pole. She became frantic with grief and may die.

A coroner's jury was summoned, but it decided that the children were too young to be held legally responsible.

Hunting Water With a Baboon.

If when upon a long hunt or journey the Kaffir be unable for a long time to find water, he sometimes avails himself of the instinct of one of those animals which he frequently keeps in a domesticated state—the baboon, or chacma. The baboon takes the lead of the party, being attached to a long rope, and allowed to run about as it likes. When it comes to a root of babiana it is held back until the precious vegetable can be taken entire out of the ground, but in order to stimulate the animal to further exertions it is allowed to eat a root now and then. The search for water is conducted in a similar manner. The wretched baboon is intentionally kept without drink until it is half mad with thirst and is then led by a cord as before mentioned. By what signs the animal is guided no one can even conjecture, but if water is in the neighborhood the baboon is sure to find it.—American Field.

Pearls and Diamonds.

A London expert tells me that of old the world received each year new diamonds of about \$250,000, in value on the average. Suddenly, from South Africa comes a new supply, exceeding \$20,000,000 worth each year for ten years. In consequence, the price of diamonds has steadily fallen from \$15 to \$3.75 a carat.

Of course, it is known that when they go over a comparatively insignificant number of carats diamonds take a leap into the thousands. Brazilian diamonds are very fine stones, but no stones found there or in the South African diamond fields are as lustrous and beautiful as the gems in the gala decorations of East Indian princes, and those which have been obtained in India during the past century by conquest or purchase. These came mainly from the mines of Golconda.

The ex-Khedive of Egypt, Ismail Pasha, is said to have the finest collection of diamonds, rubies and emeralds in the world, aggregating several hundred thousand dollars in value. Large rubies of a lurid, lustrous red, without a blemish, are scarcer than big diamonds, and are, consequently, more valuable. Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain is said to have the finest pearls in the world; and the unaccountable loss of many of the most valuable gems in the Spanish crown jewels set the tongues of Spanish courtiers going. King Alfonso, Isabella's affectionate son, probably thinks his mamma's continued absence a pearl beyond price.—New York Citizen.

A Hint for Husbands.

The Boston Transcript says: Mr. W. is quite an elderly wealthy gentleman, having for his second wife a lady many years his junior and much petted. Any express wish of hers he has at once gratified, if money could be the medium. One evening she remarked in her charming way, "I saw today at—store a lovely camel's hair shawl that I want ever so much. Would you bring home to-morrow a check? It's only \$1,500." "Yes, dear," he replied. "I will bring the money," and the next evening, with the assistance of his porter, he did bring home and placed on the parlor table fifteen hundred silver dollars. At the sight of this pile of metal, weighing nearly a hundred pounds the wife exclaimed: "What are you going to do with all that money?" "Why! love, it's the money you wanted for the new shawl." Good gracious! Does it take all that to make \$1,500? Why I had no idea it meant so much. I will do without the shawl and will put it all in the savings bank, if you will let me." And she did so, and she has since added several sums to the deposits. Mr. W. affirms, on his honor, that since that event she has not asked for a quarter part so much money as before the incident. The above is not a fancy sketch. It all really happened.

An Ayah's Terrible Revenge.

The steamship Valetta, which arrived at Plymouth last evening, was on the voyage the scene of a deplorable murder and suicide. Among the passengers were Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, with two children and a Japanese ayah, Mrs. Abbott had occasion to rebuke the ayah, who became much excited, and, in consequence of a remark she let fall, the children and nurse were closely watched. In the evening, however, while Mr. Abbott was sitting with them in the saloon he turned away for a minute, when the woman seized the eldest child, a beautiful fair-haired girl six years old, and thrust her through one of the ports, then jumping out herself. Both fell into the sea, and, although the steamer was stopped and boats got out, nothing could be seen of the child, who doubtless had been sucked down in the vortex caused by the screw. The poor child was a general favorite on board.—London Telegraph.

COUNTERFEITERS ARRESTED.—Mr. W. R. Rector brought in yesterday afternoon two men Wm. T. Hopkins and LaFayette Hopkins, arrested in Waynesville charged with passing counterfeit coin. The accused were examined before Commissioner J. Wiley Shook, and the proof was deemed sufficient to justify their committal. The counterfeiters are imitations of dollars and half dollars, very rude presentments of the red coin. They are not calculated to deceive; yet a number of half dollars had been put off on the ignorant or unwary. Besides the evidence of the parties imposed upon, there were found on the persons of the prisoners specimens of the counterfeit money. The dies were not found.—Asheville Citizen.

WHERE THE WEARY FIND REST.—At a seance a widow whose mother had recently died wished to communicate with the spirit of her husband. The connection being made, she said: "Do you see much of dear mamma in heaven, John?" "I never see her at all."

"Is it possible, John," continued the widow, regretfully, "that even now you cannot learn to love mamma?" "I would be very glad to love the old lady," replied angelic John, "if I had the ghost of a chance, but the trouble is she isn't here."

It is now given out that the \$1,000,000-dollar package of money at the national treasury, for a long time used for the special delectation of brides, they being allowed to handle it, is nothing more than a package of paper carefully tied up and preserved. A man who would cheat a poor bride is mean enough to do anything.

MEAN TRICK PLAYED BY A COON.—"Is the coon a smart animal?" asked a stranger of old Si Jackson, of Onion creek. "Talk about coons being smart, I should say dey was smart."

"A coon played me the meanest trick you ever heard tell of. I foun' a hole whar de coon went inter de groun', an' I waited dar all day long to shoot dat coon, an' when he did come out he was a pole-cat."

When a person is sick the portion of the system most used generally shows weakness first. This is the reason a doctor invariably looks first at a woman's tongue when she is unwell.—Yonker Statesman.

Administrator's Notice!

All persons indebted to the estate of William Townsly, dec'd, are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and all those having claims against said estate are notified to present them to me on or before the 6th day of August, 1885, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. This the 6th day of August, 1885. D. R. JULLAN, Admr.

Davenport College, Lenoir N.C. A High Grade Home School FOR GIRLS.

Best Climate, Surroundings, and Advantages in the South. Delightful Home. Higher English, Music, Art, and Elocution Specialties. Two Teachers from the Royal Leipzig Conservatory. Complete new outfit for physical training. Send for circulars. WILL H. SANBORN, Pres. Aug. 12, 1885.—8t

FOR RENT!

I will rent my House and Land, situated in the Northern suburb of the town of Salisbury. There are 35 acres of good tillable land—splendid for cotton, tobacco, or for truck farming. All necessary outbuildings in good repair. A well, a spring and a branch furnish an abundance of good water. The dwelling has six rooms, and is in splendid repair. Between 500 and 700 fruit trees are on the place just beginning to bear. For terms and particulars address, W. M. BARKER, Salisbury, N. C. [39-1m]

Help for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sex, of all ages, grandly successful. \$500 to \$1,000 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send \$1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Inmate pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address: SIMMONS & Co., Portland, Maine. Nov. 17, '84.—17

HARDWARE.

Call on the undersigned at NO. 2, Granite Row. D. A. ATWELL.

Agent for the "Cardwell Threshing," Salisbury, N. C., June 8th—1f.

NEW STORE!

HAVING bought out the Grocery Department of J. D. McNeely, I intend conducting a First Class GROCERY STORE.

My stock will consist of SUGAR, COFFEE, BACON, LARD, FISH, Molasses, FLOUR, Butter, Chickens, Eggs, &c. Also, Candles, Fruits, Nuts, Crackers, &c.—in fact, I intend keeping everything usually kept in the Grocery and Provision line; and by close attention to business and selling low for cash, I hope to merit at least a portion of the trade. Come and see me at J. D. McNeely's Store. J. M. HADEN. June 4, 1885. 2ms.

ALL ENTIRELY New & Fresh!

J. S. McCUBBINS, Sr., Will continue the business at the Old Stand, having closed out all the old stock. His present stock is entirely New, and will be offered on reasonable terms for Cash, Barter, or first-class Mortgage.

Those who could not pay all their mortgages last year may renew, if papers satisfactory and appliance is made at once. HIS STOCK CONSISTS OF

Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Clothing, Confectioneries, Crockery, Drugs, Bacon, Lard, Corn, Flour, Feed and Provisions of all kinds, with a full line of

High Grade Fertilizers, as cheap as the cheapest. You will do well to see him before purchasing elsewhere. Salisbury, April 1st, 1885.—25:1f

Yadkin Mineral Springs Academy.

PALMERSVILLE, (Stately Co.) N. C. C. H. MARTIN, PRINCIPAL. Graduate of Wake Forest College, and also at the University of Virginia.

tuition, \$5 to \$15 per session of 5 months. The only school in this section that teaches the University of Va. methods.—Yadkin Falls, N. C. where these world-renowned methods are taught.—Good Board only \$6 per month. [37-17] Address, C. H. MARTIN, Prin.

ORGANIZED 1859

CAPITAL & ASSETS, \$750,000.

J. RHODES BROWNE, } WM. C. COART, }
Pres. } Secy.

Twenty-sixth Annual Statement, JANUARY 1, 1885.

LIABILITIES. Cash Capital \$500,000 00
Unadjusted Losses 24,000 00
Reserve for Re-insurance and all other liabilities 162,117 36
Net Surplus 555,565 19

SCHEDULE OF ASSETS: Cash in National Bank \$ 7,906 00
Cash in hands of Agents 11,929 29

United States Registered Bonds 179,800 00
State and Municipal Bonds 81,907 50
National Bank Stocks 156,000 00
Cotton Manufacturing Stocks 114,728 00
Other Local Stocks 30,370 00
Real Estate (unimproved city property) 97,297 17
Loans, secured by first mortgages 60,413 81

Total Assets, - \$741,880 28
Salisbury, N. C., March 29, 1885. 6m

SOMETHING NEW!

LAMP CHIMNEYS that will not break by heat, for sale at ENNIS'S.

DIAMOND DYES—All colors you wish at ENNIS'S.

DON'T FORGET to call for Seeds of all kinds at ENNIS'S.

TO THE LADIES: Call and see the Flower Pots at ENNIS'S.

NOT STRANGE BUT TRUE.—Worms do exist in the human body and are often the cause of disease and death. Shrin's Indian Vermifuge will destroy and expel them from the system.

THE CHARLOTTE MUSIC HOUSE.

TERMS THE LOWEST. ORDER FROM THIS HOUSE AND SAVE TIME, MONEY AND FREIGHT.

Chickering Pianos, Marchalek Pianos, Bent & Co. Pianos, Arion Pianos.

Mason & Hamlin Organs, Packard Orchestral Organs, Bay State Organs.

Band Instruments, 11 Pieces, \$120. Sheet Music, at 25 per cent. off former prices.

On Fifteen Days trial.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

V. T. BARNWELL, Manager.

Charlotte, N. C.

Address, N. C.</