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### TO ONE AMERICA.

ved, night and morn
est birds shall ame above thee;
alt not be left foreign;
drames of squance born
w now thee, and shall love theeSing above thee,
Argust and morn!

When the wintry snows shall fall, O.a. beloved I never fea, thee! When the burds for got to call, And decay brooks over all, I shall still, dear heart, be near thee; Never lea, thee, Neve, tear!

# Beau-Catcher.

BY MAY MEREDITH.

Certainly this is a most beautiful view, now we have reached the summit of the hill; but what a pull to get up and what a name for mountain. 'Beag-Catcher!' Whom

does it suggest?"
"You," he said doffing his hat and making a low bow.
"Of course," with a soft, low laugh. "It suggests me and Miss

Miss Warren, certainly,'

"Not Miss Warren, certainly," the said quickly, "I never think of her in connection with you."
"But I remember when I came to Asheville your name was mentioned as first on the list of Miss Warren's admirers, and—"
He interrupted her eagerly.
"But then I had never met you. Now everything is so changed.— I shall wiss Amia, will you listen to me a you or magnent?"

Not a second, she answered gaily, for I want to sketch that glorious peak now so clearly out-lined on the tunset sky, and if I listen, I cannot sketch. Will you listen. I cannot sketch. Will you give me my book, please. I think I laid it down just there.'

But suddenly she sprang up.

Oh, no, I will get it myself. I

Why are you so anxious I should not have your sketch-book? he asked quietly. Is there some thing in it you do not wish me to soo?

'O?' course not but—but—why should I trouble you to get what is in my own reach?'

She spoke hurriedly, while the deep color tinged now even the tiny ears.

But are your arms.

But are you sure it is within your reach?' he asked, with a look your reach? he asked, with a look of anusement. If I am not mis taken, I placed it in my pocket as we stood on the hotel porch, half an hour ago, and if I am not mistaken again, it still reposes in my pocket.'

Taen you will give it to me at ce, I know.'

She spoke very coaxingly.

'I am not sure of that. You refused to listen to my words just now and perhaps I may refuse to 1 sten to your request. Surely I have a right to retaliate.'

'I deny that you have the sight.

I deny that you have the right, but you have certainly the might, so I suppose I must be satisfied watching this lovely sunset, without

now carefuly replaced it, apparent your heart, and I am quite content ly without noticing the look of annoyance for a second resting on her ten, I think?

noyance for a second resting on her face.

They were seated on the remains of the earth-works composing the till the sweet eyes met his—and battery which commanded the town of Asheville, and which in time of war had protected the place. But now every vestige of cannon had been removed, grass was growing up over the dismantled fortifications, and in the vally below lay stretched out in all the calm of a summer evening, as if wars or runtors of wars had never reached it.

In a speak now and you will is length that, and raised the flushed face till the sweet eyes met his—and then he told his story.

After a while Anita spoke:

'I don't think I care to just now; then he added quickly, fearing she might misunderstand him, 'unless you want me to, sweetheart.'

It do wish it.' she replied. 'I must have seemed very ungracious when I forbade you looking through it.' up over the dismantled fortifica-tions, and in the vally below lay stretched out in all the calm of a summer evening, as if wars or ru-mors of wars had never reached it. To the right the waters of the French Broad glistened in the sun-set light—a tiny silver thread they seemed to form, twining in and out one moment visible, the next lost between low-browed hills of thickly-wooded forests. The mountains themselves formed a perfect anniti-

lap.
She thanked him with a smile.

Now it is my turn, and I am quite ready to perform my part.

Perhaps it will not prove as easy as you think to repeat my words.

I am not in the least afraid,' she answered careles by then added: Of course the words, whatever they may be, are yours not mine. You perfectly understand that, I pre-

I quite understand. The words 'i quite understand. The words are these, and will you look at me please, as you say them? 'Walter Brooke, I love you and am quite willing to become your wife.'

If he expected her to exclain, he was mistaken. She simply raised her eye to his and repeated:

'Mr. Brooke, I——'

He interrupted her gravely.

'You are not repeating my words.

French Broad glistened in the sunset light—a tiny silver thread they seemed to form, twining in and out one moment visible, the next lost moon pouring down on them a flood between low-browed fulls of thickly-wooded forests. The mountains themselves formed a perfect amplition theatre, extending rom left to right heatre, extending rom left to right page he stopped. On one side of as far as the eye could reach, and bathed in that soft purple glow which only a mountain sunset can give them.

No wonder Anita Stanton and Walter Brooke sat so still as they watched the sun descend behind the Blue Ridge, leaving so lovely a sky of bright, soft tints that any thing more beautiful could scarcely be imagined. It was only who below the sketch: 'Bead-Catcher, in Asheville, N. C.' On the page opposite was written in the same hand of the leaves and placed it before him. The full moon pouring down on them a flood to bright light, enabled Mr. Brooke sa be turned the leaves. At the fourth to see plainly each sketch as he turned the leaves. At the fourth catcher—a perfect representation of the little mouatain, its grass-grown fortifications and the two oddly shaped trees on its summit marking it at once. Below, in Anwitched the sum descend behind the Blue Ridge, leaving so lovely a sky of bright, soft tints that any thing more beautiful could scarce ly be imagined. It was only who below the sketch: 'Bead-Catcher, in Asheville, N. C., and above was drawn a ridiculous caricature of Miss Warren. Beaux of all sizes, the sum of the sum of the page opposite was written in the same hand and the sum of the little mouatain, its grassiant of the sum of the sum of the sum of the page opposite was written in the same hand and the sum of the sum of the page of the open book was drawing of Beau of the page of the open book was drawing of Beau of the page of the open book was drawing of Beau of the page of the open book was drawing of Beau of the page of the open book was drawing of Beau of the page of the open book was drawing of Beau of the pa ly be imagined. It was only when ion started,

Mr. Brooke spoke that his companion started,

What did you say? I was so lost in almiration of this sunsee, that I quite lost your words. Do excuse me.'

Certainly. I only asked if I might look through your sketch-book now.'

Indeed you must not, Mr Brooke.' she said earnestly; 'now, or at all. I shall think you very unkind if you open it, and I ask you again to return it.'

I should like to. Miss Anita, but — 'and he hesitated. 'Well, on one condition?'

And that condition?'

'I severy easily complied with. I only ask you to repeat after me certain words.'

I am not generally a parrot repeating other's words,' she said smiling; 'but in this case I am will ing to become one—to the best of my ablity at least, for if your words should be Greek, Hebrew or German, I warn you my pronunciation will be very imperfect.'

The words shall be good, plain old English words.'

Yery well, then. The bargain is made. Yen return my book and I repeat after you some simple English sentence.'

'So be it. You have your book, Miss Anita,' and he placed it in her lap.

She thanked him with a smile.

Now it is my turn, and I am the placed it in her lap.

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She thanked him with a smile.

Now it is my turn, and I am the leave was drawn a ridiculous carieature of Mass Warren. Beaux of all sizes, shapes and descriptions surrounded her were cluging to her dress, suspended from the streamers on the remain and to the ribbon by which she led a tiny dog ther hat and some helplessity attach, ed to her watch-cham and to the ribbon by which she led a tiny dog ther hat and some helplessity attach, ed to her watch-cham and to the ribbon by which she led a tiny dog ther hat and some helplessity attach, ed to her watch-cham and to the ribbon by which she led a tiny dog ther hat and some helplessity attach, ed to her watch-cham and to the ribbon by which she led a tiny dog the from the streamers on the hard to her dress, s

A young lady dressed in much false hair was warbling at the piano, and when her mother summoned her to assist in some household duties, her rosy lips opened poutingly, and she snapped out, 'O, do it yourself,' and then she went on singing 'Kind words can never die.'

Texas papers are holding up their hands in holy horror over a muck-married chap, who proves to have wives in no less than ten different cities. The in ten-city of that fellow's affections fully justifies their columnians. exclamatio

# Symptoms of Cuturell

was mistaken. She simply raised her eye to his and repeated:
"Mr. Brooke, I.—."
Indeed you must, he said, for I do not propose returning the book till I have looked through it. If there is nothing in it you object to my seeing, I presume I may begin at once,"
"Iow can you think of looking over it now, when we have this beau tiful panorama before us? The sketches you can look at any time—."
She had turned quite away from him and had covered her face with her lands.
"Thank Heaven you cannot, An ita, he said earnestly, while the light of a great joy shone in lise yee. "I thought it would show me

### The Fighting Editor,

The Fighting Ection.

The recent visit to New York of Col. Horace Featherstock, the veteran Arkansas journalist, recalls an animated and hitherto unpublished passage in the earlier days of that gentleman's variegated career. In that time and place a vigorous muscular development, quick eye, and steady nerve, were counted of no least ralled in the ditrol acquirement. that time and place a vigorous muscular development, quick eye, and
steady nerve, were counted of no
less value in the editor's equipment
than a powerful mind. The rugged
and impulsive nature of the inhabitants led them to a hastness in the
settlements of personal disputes
that prospered the undertaxers even
at times when all other business
pursuits languished. In this respect they differed materially from
their more puilosophical fellow-citizens of the East. Here, if, as
might happen in even the best regulated office, an error crept into
the paper, the aggrieved party
would call quietly and conteously
and state his case, securing as
conteous a correction; there the
offended person walked in behind a
pistol, and casually expressed a
belief that if the editor was a rapid
writer he might possibly get the
retraction written before he had
finished all the store in his racelwriter he might possibly get the retraction written before he had finished all the shots in his revol

In many cases this aggression aroused equally combative qualities in the editor, and it not infrequently in the editor, and it not infrequently happened that one or the other was killed. These circumstances gradually developed the so-called fighting editor, a picturesque and powerful character peculiar to American journalism. To him were referred all questions of dispute involving personal argument. He was the chivalrous, open-hearted, and brave representative of a class now nearly extinct, whose character has saffered only from the reckless exagger. ed only from the reckless exagger ation of local historians, themselves luxuriant products of the same soil

Col. Featherstock was scarcely twenty-one when he entered the Eagleville Tri-Weekly Tomahawk and Mirror, and he had been there scarcely three weeks when the summory and scientific manner in which nory and scientific manner in which he ejected a powerful backwoods man, wh had ventured to remonstrate against a savage personal reference to timself, determined the chief to appoint Featherstock to the ardnons, and responsible position of fighting editor; a post which he held for seven years with honor to himself and credit to his paper. The was a good shot and paper. He was a good shot, and similar in his suddenness to light-ning. It is said that during his stay in the 'Tomahawk' office he killed nineteen men. In fact, the number of those who blundered in their dealing with him was so great that it became a current humorous saying in the region that Feather-stock kept a graveyard of his own.

that it became a current humorous saying in the region that Feather stock kept a graveyard of his own.

There lived in a neighboring county a gigantic and blood thirsty rail a, "who had often heard of the renowned fighting editor of the fomalnawk," and, having held his own, and sometimes more, with everybody he had ever met, he resolved to go to Eagleville and clean out the Colonel. When he appeared in the Tomahawk office he might, but for his great size and feroctous aspect, have been mistaken for the drummer of a fire arms establishment. All his pockets were full of assorted weapons, and his belt looked like a fence with piscol pickets. He stalked in with an air of brutal insolence, and said to the Colonel:

"Are you the Tomahawk's fighting editor?"

The Colonel modestly allowed that he was.

I understand you keep a select burying-ground of your own.

Yes,' said the Colonel, I must admit that I do find it necessary to keep a private cemetery.'

The ruffian reached down in his right hand outside coat pocket, and

The ruffian reached down in his right hand outs de coat pocket, and lifted out an immense old fashioned revolver that bore a striking resemblance to a young Gatling gun. He swaggered up to the Colonel, and

banged the muzzle of the pisted down so savagely that it made deep dent in the desk, and the words that accompanied the actio

were:
'Well, I've come, by G-

'Well, I've come, by G—d, the buried in that graveyard!'

For the first (and last) time in hillife the Colonel weakened. I seemed to him that life had never seemed so sweet as just at the moment—a sentiment fostered doubtless, by the knowledge that he was standing face to face with a man who was fully determined the kill him. But if for an instant he contage wavered, his suavity newforsook him, and he looked up what was smile:

I am right sorry, my friend, at I can't accommodate yon, buymy graveyard is full There really sn't

raver and is full There really salt room for another one.

'I was afraid you coulfut fly room in it for me,' said the strater, and he wrapped his fords a sneer that made the Coonel that the time wasn't worth a cool the stranger had answered to the pistode shelf, and brought out a weapon this product like the eld brother of many for the shelf and brought out a weapon this product like the eld brother of many films, and from the shelf and brother of his fly magnificent stock of weaps, the magnificent stock of a weaps, the magnificent stock of the stock of th

ever sold in this m at No. 1, EAGLE HOTEL.

de Clothing. Best Tobacco and Cigars s, Flour, Pork, Bacon, Cheese, Crackers Loap for CASH.

his eyeROLLIM'S he was would fit you.' Idom to form the was gone. The worth, of public os sudden for public of public or was that the alterection drawn into the room the Community of the community. 

you insist-

you insist.—.

The Colonal tugged at the ham mer of his pistol, but the lock was rusty. Probably that rust saved the stranger's life; he didn't maket, but turned and started off; and before the Colonal could get he pistol to a full cock the strangel was on the other side of the door, walking away, sad and thoughtful.—'Sun.'