CHALLENGE THOSE WHO BERATE PROGRESSIVE NORTH CAROLINA OF TO-DAY.

VOL. VIII.

HICKORY, N. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1878.

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Our farmers should send North no longer for their news, for they can now get a large 28 column paper at home for the same price, and it contains the very news that is desired. Send or bring in your names with the required amount and the Press and Portrait will be forwarded to your address at once.

VANCE PORTRAIT

THIS PICTURE is printed on good, heavy board paper, size 14x18 inches. Directly under the picture, in his own hand-writing, is: "Very Truly Yours, Z. B. Vance." The engraving was executed by a skilled artist, at a very heavy expense, and is pronounced by all who have seen it to be an excellent likeness of our worthy Governor. It should find a place in the home of every good citizen in the "Tar Heel" State, and in the home of every citizen out of the State who wishes his cottage walls ornamented with the image of Carolina's noblest son.

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HICKORY, N. C.

So does my soul upon the music soar, And leave the shadows of this life behind-So do I, resting on thy heav'nward song. Gain the calm haven where I fain would be, And quite forget the voyage dark and long. And all he tempests beating out at sea.

How oft n in one's thoughts t ers would arise Vague remnants o a half-forgotten son Some at ange unu! terable melodies That haply to anothe world b long! Oh, for thy preciou gift, that I might pour

From my full heart, with sweetness such as

Because no wor a their meaning can define

The Haunted Ship.

I shipped in the Norway for the passage from Cronstadt to Hull, and another English gentleman, who went by the name of Jack Hastings, joined her at the same time. He and I lodged together on the shore, and became somewhat acquainted before we became shipmates. He was a man of considerable information, and, from his talk, had seen his share of the world, but was not much of a sailor, as I had already surmised from the cut of his

We found Capt. Phelps, of the Norway | which struck him on the head. The a Tartar in the worst sense of the word : and the voyage was anything but a pleasant one, especially to Hastings. He had shipped for able seaman's having thrown the missile, appeared, and the man overboard was only a the State. The very latest Local News in this | wages, and his deficiencies were soon | as I thought, surprised at not hearing | bundle of old duds, surmounted by my apparent, especially to a captain who anything, and I noticed him glance old hat. I slipped down into the forehad a hawk's eye for the weak points nervously aloft. But still hearing noth- peak and lay concealed till the night in a man, that he might come down on ling he recovered his courage and after the ship arrived, when I stole out him. As I had a strong feeling of re- ordered Mr. Raynor to "call that man and went ashore. Of course you undering a First-Class Family Journal. For the spect for the young man, I stood his on deck again." friend whenever I could, by trying to The mate, getting no answer to his do more than my own share of duty, call, went below and found Hastings and covering up his shortcomings; but | delirious. He reported that he believed | explains the whole matter." developing the hidden resources of every sec- I couldn't always be at hand, of course. the man to be in a critical condition. fresh, and I was at the wheel, the captain was up, and had all hands putting I think Capt. Phelps, like some other reefs in the topsails. The men had Hastings, instead of the reef-tackle, let | get out again alive. go the weather foretopsail brace, and away went the yard fore and aft. However, by luffing up smartly, we managed to get it checked in again without carrying away anything. But Capt. Phelps, frothing at the mouth, vowed he would tan the clumsy lubber's hide that did tan the clumsy lubber's hide that did erect on the rail, near the fore-swifter, but probably those cases might it, and would ride him down like a and then a loud splash was heard in explained in some similar way. maintack." He rushed at Hastings the water under our bow. with a piece of ratline stuff, and

> brought it down once, with a terrific cut, over his neck and shoulders. As he raised it again to repeat the blow, while all hands stood looking on, hushed into silence, a voice from aloft

"Hold your hand!" The sound, which was wonderfully loud and clear, seemed to come down out of the maintop. The captain fell back aft, so as to look up, but could

see nothing. "Aloft, there!" he yelled, in-a rage. No answer.

"Maintop, there!" "Halloa!" was answered spitefully.

"Come down on deck!" "Come up here and see how you like

The captain's rage was now fearful-

"Who's aloft there? Who is it, Mr. Raynor?" he inquired of the mate. "Nobody that I know of, sir," answered the officer. "They're all here

The men looked from one to another, second mate, without waiting for night. orders, sprang up aloft and looked over the top-rim, then made the circuit of it, looking all around the mast-head, and reported himself alone. The captain dropped his rope's end and went below, his mind in a strange chaos of rage and fear, and Hastings escaped further

beating for that night. But a few days were sufficient for the was the next victim of his wrath. He had ordered me to make a landyarddid so, and returned it to him, telling tory of the voyage. him I had made the best job of it that I

"Well, if that's your best," said he, 'you're as much of a lubber as your partner, Hastings. I'll dock you both to or'nary seaman's pay."

In vain I remonstrated, saying that the rope was too much worn and jagged to make a neat piece of work.

"Jagged, is it? Well I'll finish it pr over your lubberly back." "No you won't?" sung out a voice

from behind the long boat. He rushed round in the direction of a live, wide-awake and energetic agent, gentle- the sound, but there was no one there. "Who was that that spoke?" he cried. 'If I knew who he was I'd cut his

heart out." "Ha, ha! would ye?" was ans vered derisively-from the maintop, now: It was broad daylight, and all could was quite as much startled and mystified an extra copy of the Press and Poerrait for his as my tyrant could possibly be, but the diversion served as good a purpose as on the previous occasion, for he did not attack me again. Had he done so I meant to resist, and grapple with him'

the quarter-deck, and by Hastings, at precisely the same peculiar tones that I in .

tion of it, and seemed to share his as- way's maintop. tonishment and fear, when he rushed quarter in search of the cause.

From that day he was harassed and persecuted at every turn by an "invisible presence," which gave him no peace of his life. Whether on deck or below he found no escape from it, and especially when he began to abuse or swear at any of the ship's company the voice of the hidden champion invariably took their part, the insolent laugh rang in his ear on every such occasion, seeming to come from overhead.

But no such manifestation ever troubled us in the forecastle, nor did the unearthly voice ever address any one on board except gipt. Phelps. The more superstitious part of our crew would rather have borne his tyrannical treatment than have lived in a haunted ship, while some of us welcomed a friend in this unaccountable spiritual presence, or whatever it might be.

The captain's angry passions were to some degree checked by it, though now and then they broke forth so suddenly that the object of his fury received a blow before it could interfere. We had arrived within a couple of days' sail of the English coast, when, becoming exasperated by some blunder of Hastings, he hurled a belaying pin,

One night when it was blowing quite and the captain directed him to do whatever he thought best for his relief. hard cases that I have sailed with, did laid down on deck, and were manning not dare venture into the forecastle shipped and went to sea, and that is the halyards to hoist away, when poor himself, for fear that he might never

That night it became necessary to call all hands out to reef again, and while we were on the yards a thrilling cry arose from the bows, such as might well have been raised by a maniac. A human form was seen by several of us

Mr. Raynor and the captain, who were on deck, rushed to the side; a hat was seen for a moment bobbing up on the crest of the sea, and the same dreadful vell of insanity was repeated, even more shrill than before. Captain Phelps echoed the cry, but faintly, and fell insensible to the deck.

Mr. Raynor hailed us on the topsail vard with a voice like a trumpet blast-"Lay down from aloft! Clear away the small boat!"

. We thought the mate was quite as mad as the poor suicide; and so he was for the moment. By the time we reached the deck he was ready to countermand the order. Everything was hidden in darkness, the wind and sea fast increasing; and it was hardly possible, even then, for the clumsy little boat to live. The captain, still unconscious, was carried below, with many a muttered wish that he might never come up again; and bitter were the oaths of vengeance, mingled with kind words and tears for our departed messmate. that went round among our wakeful but the number was correct. The little circle during that stormy, dismal

When the Hull pilot boarded us forty-eight hours afterward, Capt. Phelps was at his post, trying to look like himself, but still pale and trembling. The mate told us that he should have him arrested as soon as we arrive in port. But I think he must have relented and connived at his escape, for he was missing before the ship was captain to forget his fears, and I myself fairly secured. I don't think he was ever brought to justice, though I did not wait to see. I was glad enough to ginia) to take the marriage vow?" knot in the end of an old, ragged rope, shake the dust of the Norway off my to be used for a lashing somewhere. I feet, and to forget, if possible, the his-

But I often found myself, while on subsequent voyages, puzzling my brain last revival, and I wouldn't swear for a his house, fearing from the angry looks to account for the strange phenomena hundred dollars." of which I have spoken. Five years passed away and I was none the wiser | ried. in that respect, when I found myself in Liverpool, where I had arrived from a Mr. Clerk, they'll turn me out of church and without a hat, and the Burbanks tween their flugers, place it against the paid off with fifty pounds-a consider-

sion at one time. Strolling along the streets at early evening, ready for anything in the way of amusement that might turn up, my attention was caught by a poster announcing the performance of "Prof. Holbrook, the unrivaled and world-renowned ventriloquist." I had never seen a performance of that sort; but after reading the bill I resolved to go. see that there was no one up there. I I was just in time when I reached the

the wheel, who could give no explans- had heard so many times from the Nor-

A minute later, the professor, having on deck and looked vainly over the finished his part, came forward to the front of the stage; and, in spite of his flowing beard and other disguises, 1 recognized one whom I had supposed hunted up his tools, removed the old

to be dead five years before. "Jack Hastings!" said I, aloud, forgetting, in my excitement, where I

"Sit down!" "Put him out!" eried a dozen voices at once.

I subsided, of course, but not before had received a sign of recognition from the ventriloquist. When the performance was over he beckoned to me, and in the privacy of his own room grasped my hand with a hearty pres-

"Hastings," I asked, "how in the name of miracles were you saved?" "Saved! Where?"

"When you jumped overboard raving

He laughed-his own natural, hearty one not four weeks ago. Its always the laugh; not the unearthly one which he sent down from chimneys and mast-

"I never jumped overboard, Ashton," said he; "and I never was any more mad than I am at this moment. It was only a plan to frighten old Phelps, and you bring a corkserew home." I think it succeeded but too well. If he had been tried for his life and I had thought him in danger, I should have appeared in court and frightened him poor fellow suddenly clapped both again to save his life. But he could hands to the spot with a yell and rushed not be found, and I never heard of him into the forecastle. The captain, after since. My madness was all a sham, stand the cries you heard?"

"Certainly; and the other strange sounds on board. Your ventriloquism

"I performed in most of the cities and large towns in England before I knew you; but I was then dissipated in my habits, and squandered all that I made. While on one of my sprees how you found me in Cronstadt. But I was never stock to make a sailor of Since I have returned I have done well and saved money, and you must allow that I acquit myself better on this stage than I did on board the Norway."

And that's the only haunted ship that ever I was in. I've heard of others, but probably those cases might all be

How John Swore for Betty.

The laws of the State of Virginia prohibit marriage unless the parties are of that I kindly and lovingly asked you lawful age, or by the consent of the pa-

John N-, a well-to-do farmer is the valley of Virginia, was blessed with every comfort except that important desideratum-a wife. John cast his eyes around, but unsuccessfully, until they fell upon the form of a certain Betty, daughter of John Jones, one of the prettiest girls in the country. After a courtship of six weeks, John was rendered happy by the consent of the

The next day, John with a friend, went to town to get the necessary documents, with the forms of procuring swered which he was most lamentably ignorant. Being directed to the clerk's office, John, with a good deal of hesitation, informed the urbane Mr. Brown that he was going to get married to Betty Jones, and wanted to know what he must do to compass that desirable con summation. Mr. Brown, with a bland smile, informed him that after being satisfied that no legal impediment prevented the ceremony, he would for the sum and consideration of \$3 grant him the license. John, much relieved, handed out the necessary funds.

"Allow me," said Brown, "to ask you a few questions. You are 21 years of age, I suppose, Mr. N----?" "Yes," said John.

"Do you solemnly swear that Betty They spent a few hours there and in-Jones, spinster, is of lawful age (made and enacted by the Legislature of Vir-"What's that?" said John. Mr. B. repeated.

"Well," said John, "I want to get the Burbank House stated, before he married but I joined the church at the died, that he offered Jewell a room at

"Then, sir, you cannot get mar-"Can't get married! Good gracious,

South American voyage and had been if I swear! Don't refuse me, Mr. Clerk, for heaven's sake. I'll give you days, when he failed to put in an apable sum for me to have in my posses: \$10 if you let me off from swearing." "Can't do it. Mr. N----."

"Hold on, Mr. Clerk, I'll swear! I wouldn't give up Betty for a dozen churches. I'll swear: 'May I be d-d if she ain't 18 years old'-give me the license."

After the clerk bursted a few buttons off his vest, he granted the license.

The Dress She Graduates In. It is suggested that, whatever may be taught in our public schools, there hall of exhibition, and taking a ticket ought to be a reform in the graduating-I entered and took a seat. I thought dress business. The dress costs a small the professor's entertainment the most fortune, and she who cannot get it wonderful thing I had ever seen or graduates with a sore heart, however heard. After a variety of sounds and she may be up in her studies. We hear voices had been imitated with marvel- of one young lady who worked "beous skill, he informed us that he would tween times" to get her dress, and That night the Captain's slumbers | hold a conversation with an huaginary | nearly killed herself thereby. "It cost were disturbed by a fierce cry, which person up the chimney. When the re- me more than a hundred dollars," she appeared to come in at the side light in spensive "Ha, ha!" came down I was said, with a sigh; adding, after a mo-

MENT WILL BE NEATLY AND PROMPT. LY EXECUTED AT THE CYPICS OF

The Piedmont Press. AT REASONABLE BATES.

NO. 12.

What He Wanted.

The bolt on the back door had needed

replacing for a long time, but it was

only the other night that Mr. Throcton

had the presence of mind to buy a new

one and take it home. After supper he

bolt, and measured the location for the

new one. He must bore some new

holes, and Mrs. Throcton heard him

roaming around the kitchen and wood-

shed, slamming doors, pulling out

drawers, and kicking furniture around.

She went to the head of the stairs, and

"Richard, do you want anything?"

"Yes, I do!" he yelled back. "I

want to know where in Texas that cork-

"Yes, corkscrew! I've looked the

"Why, we never had one, Richard."

"Didn't eh? We've had a dozen of

"But you must be out of your head,

husband," she said, as she descended

the stairs. "We've kept house seven

years, and I never remember seeing

"O, yes, I'm out of my head, I am?"

he grumbled as he pulled out the sew-

ing machine drawer and turned over

its contents. "Perhaps I'd better go to

never seen a corkscrew in this house.'

daylight, for I've bought five or six.

The house is always upside down, any

how, and I never can find anything

growing red in the face.

shelf in the pantry.

"Yes, I do!"

this house goes !"

if you don't look out!"

"Look out Nancy!"

"I'll leave you!"

words and slowly said :

"Yes, gimlet!"

on the lounge.

Well, Richard, I know that I have

"Then you are as blind as an «wl in

"The house is kept as well as any of

"Perhaps she'd boil her spectacles

"Do you know who you are talking

"Well, you'll be going for York State,

"I'd like to see myself. When I g

"I'm afraid of no man that lives."

Going close up to her, he extended his finger, shook it to emphasize his

"Nancy Throcton, I'll apply for a

where the gimlet was, and you said

we'd never had one in the house, which

"Did I?" he gasped, sitting down on

"And you went and abused me like a

"O, Richard!" she chokingly an

And that household is so quietly

happy that a canary bird would sing

A Deathbed Confession.

Twenty years ago a young man nam

d Jewell disappeared from the town of

Candia, New Hampsh re, and it was

then the belief of tho e who knew him.

that he was murdered. Jewell was a

House, in the outskirts of the town.

dulged pretty freely in drink. The

men then asked Jewell to go with the n

and words of the men, that they meant evil to the young man. But they forced

expected him to return. After a few

pearance, the whole neighborhood be-

came aroused, and a vigorous search

Suspicion naturally fell on the men

who were with him and a close inves-

tigation was begun, but it was stopped

by a mysterious notification to the men

engaged in it that their lives would be

taken if they followed up the case.

missing man left town and the whole

townspeople.

was instituted, but it proved fruitless,

its head off if hung up in the hall.

the corner of the table; "well, now, I

is a bold talsehood, as I can prove!"

"Gimlet?" she exclaimed.

or four! You said corkscrew!"

divorce to-morrow! I'll tell the judge stand.

"And I'll laugh to see you go!"

to?" he yelled, as he jumped down.

your folks can keep one!" she retorted,

the lunanc asylum right away !"

"Corkscrew, Richard?"

house over, and can't find it!"

way when I want anything."

called down :-

screw is?"

suffering in mortal agony related to a friend of his the whole particulars of the murder, in which he declared he took a prominent part. He said that after they left the Burbank House they arried Jewell into a little patch of pine wood, murdered him with an axe, took what money he had about him and carried the mangled body to a pond close by and threw it in. He himself struck the fatal blow with the axe. Thus is a dark mystery cleared up, and the adage, "murder will out," again verified. The murderer is beyond the reach of punishment, however.

Romance of a Dust Barrel.

The honor and fortune of a lady once hung upon the result of a law-suit in one of the New York courts. The most important part of the evidence in her favor was in the contents of three letters. She had put them away in her desk, but when she searched it the letters were not to be found. They had em in the last two years, and I bought

> The lady's counsel informed her that unless those letters could be produced the case would go against her. The trial came on, and on the morning of the third day the lady did not appear in court. The counsel were annoyed, but went on with the cross-examination of

> the plaintiff, the lady's husband. Suddenly the woman rushed into the court-room, and excitedly exclaimed to her counsel, so loud that the court and jury heard her: "I have found them !" Examining the package she handed to them, the counsel found three old letters, which had been badly torn, but were now akilfully patched together.

They were dirty and stained, "If the court please," said, the counsel, "I now offer in evidence three letters, which, up to this moment, we

could not find." "I'd like my mother here to show "Let us examine them," said the you a few things," he said, as he plaintiff's counsel. They looked at them stretched his neck to look on the high carefully, and then remarked to the

"We object to the admission of these with the potatoes again !" answered the papers. They purport to be letters written by some person, but they are so patched and pasted that there is no way by which they can be identified as the genuine letters."

"We propose, if your honor pleases to show that they were written by the plaintiff, were lost, and found in a most extraordinary manner," replied the lady's counsel. The court examined the letters, amid

the silence of the audience and the anxiety of the husband. "You may identity then?" he lawrened the o'mage, then offer them in evidence." The plaintiff was again placed on the

"Did you ever see these letters be-

The witness' hand trembled while he held the letters, and his face grew

"It is possible," was his besitating

Why, I know where there are three reply. "Are they in your handwriting?" "It looks like my writing." "Are not the signatures yours?" "They look like my writing."

"Have you any doubt that they are slave because I wouldn't say a gimlet your signatures?" was a corkscrew!" she sobbed falling "Answer the question," said the "Nancy," he said tenderly lifting

"I can't say that I have," he stansmered out.

"That is all." The letters were admitted as evidence

and the woman's honor was saved. Those letters had been thrown from a waste-basket into a dust-barrel. A rag-picker, while searching the barrel, was attracted by the signatures. He read a few words. They excited his curiosity. He searched for and found and were aware of the incidents imme- all the pieces, and carefully put them diately preceding his disappearance, together, for he saw money in them.

One day he saw the same name in the shoemaker, and worked at his trade in papers, and connected with the lawsuit. the town, bodyling in the house of a He sought out the lady. Providence Mr. Langford. One cold Saturday night | leading him to her rather than to her three of his acquaintences called on him husband. She paid him a good reward, to accompany them to the Burbank and instantly hastened to the court-

The letters saved her from ruin. Few of those who saw their exhibition in court knew how she found them. But to ano her house in the vicinity, but he to-day that rag-picker owns a paying refused and said he wanted to return to stall in one of the city markets, the rehis boarding house. The proprietor of sult of his finding the pieces of three old letters in a dust-barrel.

Indian Archery.

Indian archery is somewhat different

from that practiced by the young ladies

him out of the house, and he has never | and gentlemen of more civilized sociebeen seen since. He went bare-headed ty. These latter take the arrow bebowstring, and make it assist in bend, ing the bow. An Iudian does not do this. He takes his arrow between the index finger, and pulls the bowstring with his middle finger; nor does be raise his arrow as our boys and girls do; he shoots straight out from the shoulder, and appears to take no alm whatever. He hits the mark, though, too often, as the soldiers about the garrison can tell, who have flung their hats or The general belief, hower, was that caps into the air, at some Indian's sugthese men murdered Jewell, but not a gestion, only to have them pierced by the unerring arrow. The growing pascrap of evidence could be found to conpooses, that is as soon as these are ablefirm the suspicion. And so the mysto toddle, are furnished with bows and tery grew stale. The companions of the arrows, of which the points have been sharpened, and may be seen about the affair passed out of the thoughts of the reservations shooting at marks, at small birds, or anything else that may happen Twenty years passed away without to attract their attention. They generany solution of the mystery. The peoally become expert at the age of about ple who were conversant with the facts ten or twelve, but are not allowed to died, one by one, and the disappearance graduate into buck-age, and all the of the young shoemaker descended into pleasures of the chase, until they are his state room, left open for fresh air. startled to such a degree as to rise from ment. "But it was all right; I used it a dim tradition. Recently, John H. sixteen or eighteen. Then is the time The cry had been heard by the mate on the country and by Heatings, at precisely the same peculiar tones that I