

A CATAWBA ROMANCE

THE STORY OF THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF JOHN MAGUIRE.

FINDING OF THE EMPTY GRAVE

Hickory's Awful Tragedy of Fourteen Years Ago--Honest John Maguire's Love and Jealousy of Pretty Phronie Bolick--Jacob Holler's Queer Story and Mysterious Disappearance--The Midnight Expedition to the Empty Grave in the Mountains.

Special to the News and Observer.

HICKORY, N. C., Aug. 31.

Within the range of human experience are sometimes found tragedies more awful, mysteries darker than any that ever had their origin in a novelist's brain.

Seventeen years ago Hickory was not the stirring, thriving business town of to-day. The traveller in this region saw here only a straggling village and gaunt, unpainted houses where no substantial business buildings and handsome finished residences show how the tide of prosperity flowed into her borders. But in that day, as in this, the inhabitants of the town had their plans and ambitions, their pleasure and happiness, their sufferings and disappointments. Love, too, was here, not grown old by an existence prolonged from Eden. And jealousy grew into the hearts of his victims and wrought his woe just as he does wherever the sun shines. Love, not being always particular concerning his abode, made his home with a very prosaic person who was a harness-maker and whose name was a very unpoetic one--John Maguire. The object of John's affection did not rejoice in a soubriquet suitable for a dime variety actress, for she was saluted by the euphonious title of Phronie Bolick. But if her name was ugly, its possessor was not. On the contrary nature had made Phronie beautiful in form and feature. So fair did she seem to the harness-maker, that he became her slave. Nor was she averse to his suit; for they were married. He was happy for a season, his vision being far too short to discern the approaching shadow of death that was ere long to envelop him. His golden dreams did not endure. Foul suspicions took root in his mind. The rank weeds of discord and strife sprang up where the sweet flowers of confidence and affection once bloomed.

One night the people of the town were startled by the sharp crack of a revolver, followed by a woman's piercing shrieks. Upon one back street Maguire's wife was found with a bullet in her breast. Stung to madness, by her supposed infidelity her husband attempted to take her life. She recovered. Maguire was arraigned before the bar of the court in Newton to answer his crime. Rejecting legal counsel, he conducted his own defence and spent the succeeding twelve months after his trial in the county jail. Solitude and confinement cooled the fiery passion of his blood when he came forth from prison. He sought a reconciliation with his wife, expressing deep repentance for the wrong which he had inflicted on her. She received him again to her arms, and for some months they seemed to have regained their lost happiness. It was the calm preceding the storm.

In July, 1878, in the gathering dusk of evening, Maguire set out from his house to visit his brother-in-law's home, a distance of about three miles. He took a much longer journey than he expected at the start, though he did not finish that which he undertook, nor did he ever return. Search parties scoured the surrounding country. A mill-pond was dragged, but the guilty secret was not beneath its waters. After a while public interest in the mysterious disappearance waned. Other topics crowded it from attention, and Maguire was forgotten. His disconsolate widow, who had been the object of many curious glances and not a few significant hints, after mourning the first husband for a period of several weeks, consoled herself of assuming the name of Holler, at the urgent request of Mr. Jacob Holler. The second match proved more propitious than the first. The couple lived together in the utmost harmony to all appearances, until the latter part of July, 1895. Then Jacob in some way ruffled the amiable temper of his wife, erstwhile widow, whereupon she is said to have made the pleasant suggestion that possibly he "might disappear like John Maguire did." And Jacob, in truth, disappeared, though without the aid of his wife. He varied Maguire's performance by taking the Southern Railway route and seeking the "land of the Dacotahs," instead of the "Kingdom of Penmah" and the "land of the Hereafter." And he left a ghostly tale behind him, a story of foul and treacherous murder. John Maguire's ghost had come back from the grave to cry aloud for vengeance on his assassins. Upon a lofty ridge, near the Catawba river, in the dense thicket, so Holler said, the brother of the woman had laid in wait for Maguire. Holler himself was present. The golden sun-light had faded into the gloaming when the victim was seen approaching the spot where he was to meet his doom. The murderer crouched down in the thick brush on the edge of the path.

In a moment Maguire was within a few feet of him. There was an ominous click of the trigger springing backward and a spurt of flame licked out from the muzzle of the gun. The next instant the thunder of heaven awoke on the mountain, John Maguire sprang convulsively into the air, spun round once and again, and then plunged forward on his face, to the earth--stone dead. In that lonely and neglected spot his body was buried out of sight, and there he had been sleeping for nearly a quarter of a century, so Holler said.

Excited by these startling revelations, a party was secretly formed with the intention to seek out Maguire's grave. At eleven o'clock on the night of August 17th, they met, provided with lanterns and arms sufficient to stock an ordinary arsenal. They stole silently through byways and alleys until they were beyond the town limits. A walk of

an hour and a half brought them to the foot of the ridge where the murder was committed. They gazed with rapt attention at its lofty summit blacks and frowning, in striking contrast with the moon-lit stretch of road where they stood. Here they were joined by a fat gentleman with an expansive smile, who played part of guide. The ascent began, and proceeded with no lightning-like swiftness. The slope was covered with a dense growth of bushes, interspersed with stones and fallen trees. The men walked forward in silence, save for an occasional violent remark called forth by a swinging limb gently rapping some of the party across the face, or a stone testing the hardness of a foot.

At last they reached the summit and bursting through a thicket found themselves in a small cleared space. The flickering and uncertain light of the lanterns, gave to the surrounding trees a wiered and gigantic appearance. The air was full of the odor of jasmine and honeysuckle. From afar came the subdued roar of the river. All was peaceful under the moon-beams that struggled through the leafy foliage, and a restful calm pervaded the spot as though flinty hearts and bloody hands had never marred God's fair creation. A similar mound, six feet or more in length, covered over with leaves--there was the object of their search. The men set lanterns at the head and foot of the mound and began digging. With eager haste they pursued their work. Without cessation they pursued the task of digging until the picks rang sharply upon some hard object. Carefully they scooped the earth away and found--only a solid strata of limestone. The search had been in vain, and yet--and yet, the soil thrown out from the excavation was soft and black, while on either side there was a hard wall of clay. At the depth of five feet beneath the surface of the ground were leaves and roots of trees that had been severed years ago. Evidently that was not the first time that the earth had been disturbed in this place. And some one had scooped out an opening bearing every point of resemblance to a grave.

Had John Maguire been buried there, and then removed? Why did Holler flee? He has returned and says that his story was drunken maudering. But why did the drunken man point out a place which John Maguire passed on his way to death? And why was the empty grave there? These questions the men asked each other as they plunged down the ridge through the night.

THOS. M. HUFHAM.

COMPETITION IS STRONG.

All Three of the Big Cutter Buyers are on the Market--Sales Satisfactory. Special to the News and Observer.

LOUISBURG, N. C., Aug. 31.

Yesterday was again a large sales day of tobacco. Sales began at 9 o'clock and continued steadily at the rate of 210 piles per hour till 6 o'clock and then one warehouse had not been reached. This one was full also and had several loads packed down in the basement waiting for room to unload on the floor. The sales were entirely satisfactory to the farmers. All three of the big cutter buyers are represented on this market and the competition is strong. As the farmers finish curing and have time to strip their tobacco the weekly sales will be very heavy. The tobacco is very bright.

Fourteen Now Doctors Licensed.

Special to the News and Observer.

WRIGHTSVILLE, N. C., Sept. 2.

The Board of Medical Examiners met in extra session at Wrightsville on Aug. 26. There were twenty-one applicants, fourteen of whom were granted license, and seven rejected.

The following were licensed: J. T. Sevier, Asheville; W. T. Fuller, Reidsville; D. E. Sevier, Asheville; F. E. Hartzell, Concord; H. W. Carter, Fairfield; John McCampbell, Morganton; O. J. Sawyer, Belle Cross; B. R. Graham; Wallace; E. A. Moye, Jr., Greenville; O. H. Barnhardt, Mt. Pleasant; W. S. Hilliard, Asheville; J. P. Mellard, Asheville; W. P. Holt, Willardville; S. M. Mann, Manteo.

Why Bloomers are so Called.

To the Editor of the News and Observer.

In last Sunday's paper, I notice that you say you do not know why "bloomers" are so called. Taking the liberty to suppose that you would like to know, and having been informed, I take pleasure in telling you that "bloomers" are so called because buds and blossoms in society wear them.

Another Piece of Fusion "Refawnm."

COLUMBIA, N. C., Aug. 30.

To the Editor of the News and Observer.

Before the Fusion Legislature adjourned, the county warrants of this county (Tyrrrel) were readily selling at 85 cents in the dollar, but now they will not sell at any price; so much for Tyrrrel's Republican Representative.

A good appetite and refreshing sleep are essential to health of mind and body, and these are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Citicura WORKS Wonders

In curing torturing, disfiguring, humiliating humours of the Skin, Scalp, and Blood when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, 1, King Edward-st., London. SOLE DEPOT AND CURE, Sole Prop., Boston, U. S. A.

Will Now Eat Even "Cold Crow."

NASHVILLE, N. C., Aug. 31.

To the Editor of the News and Observer. I send you an extract from the speech of W. R. Henry made here in 1892. It is the substance and almost the exact language used by him on that occasion: "If one drop of Populist blood should fall into the bottom of a well and that well filled with dirt and rammed with a maul, and grass should grow over it, and a sheep should eat that grass, I would not eat the mutton for fear of being tainted with Populism."

Yours truly, B. H. SORSBY.

Gets Better and Better Every Issue.

Greensboro Record.

The Raleigh News and Observer gets better and better every issue. It is one of the best dailies North Carolina has ever had, and it is with pleasure we note its continued forward advancement.

It May Do As Much for You.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a Severe Kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so-called Kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began the use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to the cure of all Kidney and Liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c. for large bottle. At John Y. MacRae's Drug Store.

Rev. Dr. Parker

Is the beloved pastor of the Universalist church at Fargo, N. D., and has also been a pastor in Providence, R. I., New York City and Troy, N. Y. He says:

"I regard Hood's Sarsaparilla the best blood purifier, and I have good reason for this opinion. I am now 80 years of age. Four years ago I was afflicted with rheumatism in my back and limbs, so badly that it was impossible for me to get my usual sleep at night. I had just partially recovered from the grip, which reduced my weight 40 lbs. My appetite was poor and I felt languid and weak. In fact I was in a very dilapidated condition. Having heard and read so much about the wonderful cures produced by Hood's Sarsaparilla I resolved to give it a trial. I followed the directions, and before the fifth bottle was finished my appetite was restored, I felt



Incorporated and Strong. My rheumatic difficulty had entirely disappeared. I cannot but think very highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla." J. N. PARKER.

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Be Sure to Get Hood's Cures

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Harmless, reliable, sure.

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Chickster's English Diamond Brand. Original and Only Genuine. Safe, always reliable. Ladies ask Druggist for Chickster's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold Metallic Cases, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Beware of dangerous substitutions and imitations. All Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Bible of Ladies" in paper, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chickster Chemical Co., Madison Square, N. Y.

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A legal depository for Court and Trust Fund and General Deposits.
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Uses Mexican Mustang Liniment

On his horses, on his drivers.



RALEIGH, N. C., Feb. 8, 1895.

Gentlemen--Having seen Mexican Mustang Liniment extensively advertised here induces me to tell you how useful it is to persons in the livery business. I have used it for the past 18 years on my horses for almost every thing that horses are subject to. For sprains and stiff joints I do not think it has an equal, and for such things as harnes galls and rubs it is wonderful.

I once had a very fine driver who was thrown from his carriage in a runaway and so severely bruised about his shoulders and breast that I did not think he would ever be able to get on a carriage again. I remembered, however, what Mexican Mustang Liniment did for my horses in case of bruises and had him use it constantly, and in about two weeks he was as good a driver as ever, and not an ache or pain remained.

I know you must get tired of receiving such letters, but I thought I would add one more testimonial to the usefulness of Mustang Liniment.

Yours truly, W. H. LANCASTER.

For 18 years in Livery and Transfer business.

OUR FIRST FLOOR NOW READY.

The plasterers and painters have completed their work upon our 1st floor and the various departments have been re-arranged and now we are in shape for new business.

There are some goods unavoidably injured by lime dust and these, with some ends of lines here-to-fore advertised, will be offered at such prices as to run them off before active fall work begins. Having made contracts for our popular brands of domestics, Pride-of-West, Masonville, Fruit-of-Loom, Barker, Lonsdale, Percalles and Sheetings, before the late advances in values, we now give our trade these new goods at the old prices as long as our contracts hold out. Beginning, Monday, Sept. 2, we will show our first importations of new dress goods for the fall. Mohairs, Siccillians Bouch Effects, etc.

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H. MAHLER,

Silversmith and Manufacturing Jeweler
Sterling Silver Goods.
Guaranteed 925/1000

Manicure Sets, Silver Novelties, Combs, Paper Cutters, Match Boxes, Coat Hangers, Garters, Button Hooks, Scissors, Pen Wipers, Tie Holders, Emery Balls, Belts, Ladies' Shirt Waist Sets, Lock Bracelets, Sleeve Links, Books Marks, Belt Pins, Hat Pins.

I also have the largest and best selected stock of table and case goods to be found in the city.

No extra charge for engraving.

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OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION

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September 19, 1895.

Address to the Rector,

REV. B. SMEDES, A. M.

RALEIGH MALE ACADEMY

MORSON & DENSO, Principals.

The 17th year begins Monday, September 2nd. The course, well known for its success in preparation for college or business, is carefully adapted to the pupil. Board low. Send for catalogue.

NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND--College for Young Ladies and Preparatory School for Girls. Regular and elective courses. Music and Art specialties. Conducted by School Sisters of Notre Dame. ROLAND PARK, near Baltimore, Md.

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For YOUNG LADIES. Roanoke, Va. Opens Sept. 12, 1895. One of the leading schools for Young Ladies in the South. Magnificent buildings, all modern improvements. Campus ten acres. Grand mountain scenery in Valley of Va., famed for health. European and American teachers. Full course. Superior advantages in Art and Music. Students from twenty States. For catalogue address the President, W. A. HARRIS, D. D., Roanoke, Virginia.

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VIRGINIA.

Prepares for Government Academies, Universities and Business. For catalogue, address Maj. R. A. McIntyre, Bethel Academy P. O.

Virginia Female Institute,

STAUNTON, VA.

Mrs. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Principal. The next session of nine months opens September 19th, with a full corps of superior teachers. Terms reasonable. Apply early. Catalogues sent upon application to the principal.

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1895 MID-SUMMER 1895

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HAVE also reduced a straw goods, all FLOWERS,

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GOT HERE EARLY THIS YEAR, BUT IT DID NOT GET AHEAD OF ME.

My stock has already arrived and it is SIMPLY IMMENSE.

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FINE MULES!

Just received a shipment of fine mules now on sale at my stables.

Also a number of fine horses. Call and see them.

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Raleigh N. C.