

THE CAROLINA MOUNTAINEER.

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DAVIS BROS.

DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,

are receiving now by nearly every train their

Spring Stock of Goods

which includes a greater variety than is kept in almost any town in western North Carolina, from the most trivial want up to the most useful and practical necessity. Remember they have had nearly twenty years experience in buying and studying the wants of this country, which, evidently, has a greater meaning than is commonly understood. Who of you when real sick do not want the very best and experienced medical treatment? So it is in the mercantile business, both alike, cost you money, and money is the product of your hard labor; hence,

SAVE MONEY

by going to DAVIS BROS. to buy what you want. We are still running several specialties. The famous

TENNESSEE WAGONS

are a ways on hand, and are the best and cheapest of any wagon we know of. Remember, too, the never-failing

"PATRON COOK STOVE,"

hundreds of good people can testify to its good qualities—Price within the reach of all. We again call attention to the famous

McSHERRY WHEAT DRILL,

perhaps the best of all others. Come and put in your orders in time. Sample drills always on hand. We sold quite a large number last year, all of which are highly spoken of by our home folks. Our entire stock will soon be complete. All kinds of HARDWARE, Miners' Tools, all sorts of IRON, Tobacco Hoes, Harrow Teeth, Meroney Plows, both one and two horse, Beautiful

DRY GOODS,

well assorted Notions, Miles and Zaigler's Shoes, and all kinds of Eastern Shoe; Men's and Boys'

CLOTHING,

in great variety. Paints, Oils, Hollow Ware, in short, everything kept in this country. We buy all kinds of

Produce

and pay good prices. Come on, and trade with us as usual.

THE HAND OF FATE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

When I was still going to school, in the graduating class, to be sure, and past six-teen, and very large for my age, four of us made our minds, one Saturday afternoon, to have our fortunes told.

There was a Gypsy camp out on the common beyond the town, with vans, tents, cauldrons, and the whole paraphernalia of Gypsy life, and everybody walked or rode out to visit it. We decided the walk, and as it was a bright, cool day, enjoyed ourselves better than if we had been cooped up in the stage or even in a carriage.

It was October. Some of the foliage had changed color a little, and there were red and golden tints among the greens. Now and then the winds shook the trees, and scattered showers of leaves upon the road. Here and there grew crimson strawberries, and bitter-sweet burnt like gold along the stone fences. Each of us gathered a great bunch, and we held them in our hands as we entered the path that led into the hollow where the camp lay. Young and romantic, we were disposed to be delighted with everything—with the swarthy Gypsy selling a colt to a stout farmer, with the old grandmother dandling a dusky baby on her knees, and the tattered, black-eyed children squatting about everywhere. There were visitors in plenty, and most of the women were busy telling fortunes.

As we approached, a woman who had been sitting on a fallen log, arose and a man who had been talking to her, pulled his hat over his eyes, and turned away like the villain in a melodrama.

The woman wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, with a wreath of wild flowers around it. She was the ideal dark-haired Gypsy maiden, and she greeted us with something of a queenly dignity, as she inquired if we would have our fortunes told.

Clare, our spokeswoman, declared that to have been our intention in coming, and we soon proved the truth of the adage, "A fool and his money are soon parted," by dropping each a dollar in the Gypsy's palm.

"Who shall I begin with, pretty ladies?" asked the Gypsy. "And will you have your fortunes told privately or together?"

Clare answered that we had no secrets from each other, and that this young lady, indicating Belle with her parasol, "would be the first to take a glance into futurity."

Belle, blushing rosy red, put out her little hand, and we all listened while the Gypsy told her that some one with a title, a lord or a duke, would cross the sea to fall in love with her, that she would live in a palace beyond the ocean and be waited on like a queen. There was more, but I have forgotten it. Belle was delighted, and Rose was the next victim.

The Gypsy told her that she would marry a great musician, and we all laughed, for we knew that Monsieur Martelli, the music teacher, was very much in love with her.

Then Clare seated herself on the old log and opened her hand, palm upward. It was large and handsome. Clare was something like "Lady Jane, not pretty but massive." The Gypsy told her that she should be a soldier's wife.

Oddly enough, it really happened that way not a year afterwards. We were all at the wedding. The next day Col. V— rode out of the town at the head of his regiment. He never came back. Clare wears her widow's veil for him yet, and his miniature lies over her heart day and night forever.

But where have I strayed to? Let me go back to the bright autumn day, and the Gypsy camp, and the four school girls, half-mocking half-believing, very merry and yet just a little frightened.

It was my turn, and I sat before the

dusky little ogress, and listened as she peered at the lines in my palms.

"You are a tall lady, Miss," she said at last, but you go to school yet. You are fond of music, and you have an elderly gentleman relation, who takes you out to places of amusement and the like."

This was so true that I came near crying out, "It is Uncle Henry," but I bethought myself in time.

"You wear blue a good deal," she went on, "and you have a blue fan. At a concert one evening, you dropped it. The gentleman who picked it up is to be your husband. The stars say so."

"How white you turn, Essie," cried Clare.

"I feel faint," I said. "It's true I dropped a blue fan at the opera when Patti sang Traviata, and a gentleman picked it up, but I should not know him from Adam."

"You'll meet him again, however, Miss," said the Gypsy. "Some day at church he will hand you a prayer-book with the place marked with a flower; when you see that you will know your fate has come. His first name is Robin. He has black eyes, black hair and wears mustache."

I certainly had enough for my dollar. We all walked home together rather seriously, but in a day or two the impression passed away, and we almost forgot how strong it had been.

The rest of October was very unpleasant. We had prayers in the schoolroom instead of going to church. But on the first Sunday in November the sky was clear and blue, and we all set forth for church together.

It so happened that there were four new scholars, and the seats belonging to the school were full; four of us were left over to claim the courtesy of our neighbors. I was invited to enter a pew occupied by one old lady, and as my prayer book was in the scissor rack, I had none, and did not feel like helping myself without an invitation. As I hesitated, a book was passed to me from the pew behind me.

"This is the place," said a charming voice, and as I bowed my thanks, I saw that the page was marked with a pressed daisy.

Instantly the visit to the Gypsy camp and the fortune teller's prophecy rushed into my memory.

I couldn't have helped looking at the pew behind if my life had depended on it. I actually turned my head and looked full at the gentleman who gave me the book.

He had black eyes, black hair and wore a long, silken mustache.

The congregation was rising. I arose, too. I held the book in my hand and softly turned to the fly leaf, before the title page. A name was written there—Robin Armytage!

Who can blame me if I said to myself: "Certainly, I have met my fate at last!"

It is vulgar to "flirt"—wrong to make acquaintance without introduction, but it was all Robin's fault. When he met me as I went shopping for Berlin wool for my Afghan; when he held his umbrella over me one day when it rained, and walked with me and talked; when old Thompson, who made the fires for the school, came upon me one morning in the garden, and pointing to a gentleman where he had no business to be, looking over the fence, said: "Look here, Miss, this here is Mr. Robin Armytage. Proud to make you acquainted to each other,"—who could go against fate?

And so I had the impudence to introduce him to Uncle in the holidays, and in three months we were engaged. I graduated, left school, and soon was married to Robin, and was as happy as a bird or a butterfly or a squirrel.

I had told Robin about the Gypsy, of course, and he agreed with me that it was all very wonderful so often, and at last, one bright spring evening as we walked together, I spoke again of the strange prophecy, and particularly of the fact that the Gypsy had

known his name, and I was growing a little excited over it all, when Robin put his arm about my waist and drew me close to him.

"My darling," he said, "I can't deceive you any longer. There was no prophecy about it whatever. I had been in love with you for weeks—had watched you everywhere, and followed you to the camp. I paid the Gypsy five dollars to say just what I told her, and gave the old sexton two to get me into the pew behind you. Of course, I bridled old Thompson. All is fair in love or war. You forgive me, don't you?"

For a little while I wouldn't, but at last I gave in. One must give in, you know.

"I thought it was the hand of fate that guided me," I said, "or I'd never have spoken to you to let old Thompson introduce you, or deceived uncle."

"It was all very wrong, I know," Robin answered. "It would have been very shocking if it had been some other fellow, but, you see, dear, it was I."

Yes, it was he. That seemed to make all the difference, and I replied, "Oh, Robin, I believe the hand of fate was in it, after all."

HIS PA MORTIFIED.

"What was the health officer doing over to your house this morning," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as the youth was firing frozen potatoes at the man who collects garbage in the alley.

"O, they are searching for sewer gas and such things, and they have got other society experts till you can't rest, and I come away for fear they would find the sewer gas and warm my jacket. Say, do you think it is right, when anything smells awfully, to always lay it to a boy?"

"Well, in nine cases out of ten, they would hit it right, but what do you think is the trouble over to your house, honest?"

"Sh-h-h! Now don't breathe a word of it to a living or I am a dead boy. You see I was over to the dairy fair at the exposition building Saturday night, and when they were breaking up, me and my chum helped to carry boxes of cheese and firkins of butter, and a cheese man gave us a piece of fiber cheese, wrapped up in tin foil. Sunday morning I opened my piece, and it made me tired. O, it was the awfulest smell I ever heard of. It was just like a back funeral. Pa and ma were just getting ready to go to church, and I cut off a piece of cheese and put it in the inside pocket of pa's vest, and I put another in the lining of ma's muff, and I went to church too, and I set on the back seat with my chum, and looking just as pious as though I was taking up a collection. The church was pretty warm, and by the time they got up to sing the first hymn pa's cheese began to smell a match against ma's cheese. Pa held one side of the hymn book and ma held the other, and pa he always sings for all that is out, and when he braced himself and sang "Just as I am," ma thought pa's voice was tintured with biliousness, and she looked at him, and hunched him, and told him to stop singing and breathe through his nose, because his breath was enough to stop a clock. Pa stopped singing and turned around kind of cross towards ma, and then he smelled ma's cheese, and he turned his head the other way and said "whew!" and they didn't sing any more, but they looked at each other as though they smelled frowy. When they sat down they sat as far apart as they could get, and pa sat next to a woman who used to be a nurse in a hospital, and when she smelled pa's cheese she looked at aim as though she thought he had the small-pox, and she had her handkerchief to her nose. The man in the other end of the pew, that ma sat near, was a stranger from Racine, who belongs to our church, and he looked at

ma sort of queer; and after the minis-

ter prayed, and they got up to sing again, the man took his hat and went out, and when he came by me he said something in a whisper about a female glue factory. Well, sir, before the sermon was over everybody in that part of the church had handkerchiefs to their noses, and they looked at pa and ma scandalous, and the ushers they come around in the pews looking for a dog, and when the minister got over his sermon, and wiped the perspiration off his face, he said he would like to have the trustees of the church stay after meeting, as there was business of importance. He said the question of proper ventilation and sewerage for the church would be brought up and that he presumed the congregation had noticed this morning that the church was unusually full of sewer gas. He said he had spoken of the matter before, and expected it would be attended to before this. He said he was a meek and humble follower of the lamb, and was willing to cast his lot wherever the master decided, but he would be blest if he would preach any longer in a church that smelled like a bone boiling establishment. He said religion was a good thing but no person could enjoy religion as well in a fat rendering establishment as he could in a flower garden and as far as he was concerned he had got enough. Everybody looked at everybody else, and pa looked at ma as though he knew where the sewer gas came from, and ma looked at pa real mad, and me and my chum lit out, and I went home and distributed my cheese all around. I put a slice in ma's bureau drawer, down under her clothes, and a piece in the spare room under the bed, and a piece in the bath room in the soap dish, and a slice in the album on the parlor table, and a piece in the library in a book, and I went to the dining room and put some under the table, and popped a piece up the range in the kitchen. I tell you the house was loaded for bear. Ma came home from church first, and when I asked where pa was, she hoped he had gone to walk around a block to air himself. Pa came home to dinner, and when he got a smell of the house he opened all the doors, and ma put a comfortable around her shoulders and told him he was disgrace to civilization. She tried to get pa to drink some carbolic acid. Pa finally convinced ma that it was not him, and they decided that it was the house that smelled so, as well as the church, and all Sunday afternoon they went visiting, and this morning pa went down to the health office and got the inspector of nuisance to come up to the house, and when he smelled around a spell he said there was dead rats in the main sewer pipe, and they sent for plumbers, and ma went out to a neighbor's to borrow some fresh air, and when the plumbers began to dig up the floor of the basement I came over here. If they find any of that limberg cheese it will go hard with me. The hired girls have both quit, and ma says, he is going to break up keeping house and board. That is just into my hand. I want to board at a hotel, where I can have a bill of fare and toothpicks, and billiards and everything. Well, I guess I will go over to the house, and stand in the back door and listen to the mocking bird. If you see me come flying out of the alley, with my coat tail full of boots you can bet they have discovered the sewer gas."—Pecks Sun.

MURDERERS ARRESTED. — Last week the deputy Sheriff and another man from Cocke county, Tennessee, came to this place in quest of one Wm. Moore and one Ann Pruett, bad characters, who were suspected of having inflicted wounds on Joel Scott of said county, on the 28th day of February, from which he died on the 18th of March. With the assistance of M. M. James, they succeeded in capturing both parties, who had been lurking round about, and took them on the freight train, Saturday, to Tennessee for trial. They confessed to the killing. Lamp Post.

LAND AGENCY!

The undersigned proposes to engage in the business of buying and

SELLING LANDS.

Collecting rents for absent owners, and such other business, of this nature as may be entrusted to his management.

He will also act as agent to place small

LOANS

of money upon such security as may be approved of by the lender.

He will endeavor to form such business connections in this State and in the North as will insure proper advertisement of the property of which he has the management, and thereby induce purchasers to examine the same.

He will be thankful for the countenance and support of the community.

E. W. WARD.

Town lots for Sale.

By order of the Probate Court for Burke county, I will sell at the Court House in Morganton on Monday the 7th day of May, next the property known as the "Walton House," and adjoining lots.

The property is divided into 12 lots which will first be sold separately, then it will be offered as a whole the sale producing the larger sum to be confirmed.

This sale is for partition Terms. Twenty per cent. cash; balance in 12 months with 6 per cent. interest note and approved security title retained till purchase money and interest is all paid.

Sam'l McD. Tate, Com'r.

S. C. W. TATE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Morganton, N. C.

I. T. AVERY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Morganton, N. C.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as Executor of Louis A. Lowman deceased, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said Estate to come forward and make payment at once. And all persons having claims against said Estate to present them before the 30th day of March 1884, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. March 29th 1883.

Fed Stilwell
Executor of
Louis A. Lowman.

SEALED PROPOSALS.

Will be received up to Saturday, April 14th, for the delivery of a bill of lumber at the Asylum. Bills and specifications can be seen on application, bond with approved security required. The right to reject all bids is retained.

James Walker, M. B.

DEEDS, REAL ESTATE AND Chatel Mortgages for sale, at this office. All kinds of blanks printed on short notice.