

CAROLINA MOUNTAINEER.

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MORGANTON, N. C., SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1883.

NO. 38.

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

"PATRON COOK & TOVE

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

McSHERY WHEAT DRILL,

perhaps the best of all others. Come and put in your orders in time. Sample drill 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, Minors' Tools, all sorts of IRON, Tobacco Hooks, Harrow Teeth, Meroney Plows, both one and two horse, Beautiful

DRY GOODS,

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

CLOTHING

in great variety, Paints, Oil, 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 MOUNTAINEER.

W. C. ERVIN, EDITOR.
SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1883.

SAVED BY ELECTRICITY.

I was telegraph operator and station agent on one of the western lines of railway when this adventure of which I am going to tell you happened to me.

It was a wild, stormy night, and as the depot was nearly half a mile out of town, the set of loafers which usually collected about the stove in the waiting-room had evidently concluded to seek some place nearer home to spend the evening in, and, for a wonder, I was alone.

The express from the west was due at 9:50. After that I should be at liberty, and I began to wish the evening was over long before the train came along, or else that I had some one to talk to, for the depot was in one of the loneliest spots that could have been selected, and the wind kept up a dismal moaning in the woods every now and then seemed to be positively howling in the wires of the telegraph. I began to feel nervous and fidgety.

At last the train came. I was also express agent, and the expressman on the train handed me a heavily sealed envelope, remarking as he did so, "Be careful of that, there's a big bonanza in that package, if it was yours or mine."

"Money?" I asked, noticing that there were but two passengers getting off—two men in shaggy overcoats and slouchy looking hats, whom I concluded, without thinking much about them or paying out little attention to them, to be hunters just returned from some upper country trip.

"Yes; a trifle of twenty thousand, I believe," answered Phillips. "Old Bowers is sending it down to his son, who's putting up a mill somewhere near here, isn't he?"

"Yes; on the other side of the river," I replied. "It's lucky to have a rich father, Phillips."

"You are right there," answered Phillips.

And then the train started off, and I turned and walked toward the office.

As I neared the door with the package in my hand, one of the men, who had been watching me, made a spring toward me. I don't know why I happened to be on the lookout for him, but I must have been, for I jumped back almost the same instant he made his move, and before either one of them comprehended what I was about, I had made a dive between them and succeeded in getting into the office, and had the door bolted almost before I knew what I was doing.

I heard a volley of curses hurled after me, and then I knew by the sounds and the cracking of the door that both of the men were trying to break it in. But I had no fears of their doing that. It was of hard wood, well seasoned and would resist all their efforts in that direction.

I put the package in the safe and locked it securely, before I stopped to think what was to be done. I then sat down to think while I could hear the men talking outside; I knew that they were holding a council over the means to be used to effect an entrance and obtain possession of the money I had just received.

It was anything but a pleasant situation to be in. Here I was alone, half a mile away from any assistance, at ten o'clock at night—and a stormy night at that—and the probability was that everybody was asbed. If they were not, no one would think of coming to the depot at that hour of the night. Outside were two desperate men, who knew that I had a large sum of money in my possession, and they knew that if they could effect an entrance I would amount to but little in preventing the accomplishment of their villainous purpose.

Suddenly a thought occurred to me.

The clerk at the hotel where I boarded had taken a fancy to telegraphy, and we had put up a wire between the hotel and depot. Why couldn't I advise him of my danger and have him send me help?

I heard a new sound at the door just then, which sent the blood in great, frightened waves all over me. The men had begun to cut their way in with pocket knives.

I rushed to the instrument and "called" George, "What if he had gone to bed, or should be out? I turned pale at the thought.

But pretty soon the response came. He was there. "Go ahead."

I began and wrote: "I am in danger. Two men are trying to gain admittance for the purpose of robbing the express safe. Send help immediately, for God's sake. Not a minute to lose."

"Slower," telegraphed George, who had not been practicing long enough to be able to read very well.

I went over the message again, but I suppose my excitement made my writing blurred, for he again sent word:

"Slower and more distinct. Can't make it out."

Good God! Before I succeeded in making him understand me they would be through the door, I thought, with a cold sweat breaking out all over me. But I went over the message again, and this time he caught it and sent back a hurried "All right! Hold out for ten minutes."

The men were digging away like beavers. I could see the points of their knives once in a while, as they splintered away the fragments of the panels. But I knew that it would take some time to cut away enough for them to make an entrance through. How I wished I had a revolver.

I waited in feverish impatience. Suddenly there was a crash, and one panel was stove in by the foot of one of the men.

"Aha!" he grinned, with his leer- ing face at the aperture. "You see we mean business, don't you? What are you going to do, eh?"

I didn't know. Die, I suppose, if they took an idea into their heads to put an end to me. Why didn't George and the help he promised come? It seemed to me that they had had time enough to make a ten mile trip.

"We've got the second panel almost ready to stove in," said the man, chuckling horribly over the cheerful information. "Then I guess Tom can crawl through. You might as well be opening that box of yours and be getting out that bundle we are after. It will save all of us considerable time and trouble."

Crash came his foot against the panel, and it burst into splinters; and my heart fairly stopped beating when I saw one of them thrust his head and shoulders through the opening. I seized the poker and struck him over the head with all the strength I could muster. He rolled out a terrible volley of curses, but I was master of the situation at that particular time.

Suddenly there was a sound of voices, and the man outside cried out that they were "nabbed," and tried to make his escape. But I knew by the sound that he was caught, and was struggling with his captors. There were several shots fired, and eager cries, during which the poor wretch in the door made no effort to escape, but lay there limp and motionless. I began to fear I had killed him. I drew back the bolts and got the door open just in season to see the other one overpowered, a prisoner in the hands of half a dozen men from town. Then we got the man out of the door. He was not dead, only insensible; my blow with the poker had been too much for him.

I bought me a revolver the first thing the next morning, and was on the lookout for robbers and adventurers after that, but that was the only adventure of any account that ever happened to me while I stayed there. If it had not been for that telegraph which George and I had put in operation, I rather think I should have finished up all my earthly adventures that night.

How HE SAVED THE TRAIN.—The usual crowd of autumn liars were gathered together in the store, occupying all the grocery seats—the only gross receipts that the proprietor took no pride in—when a little, bleareyed, weazen-faced individual sneaked in by the back door and slunk into a dark corner.

"That's him," said the ungrammatical bummer with a green patch over his left eye.

"Who is it?" asked several at once.

"Why, the chap who saved a train from being wrecked," was the reply. "Come, tell us about it," they demanded, as the small man crouched into the darkness, as if unwilling that his heroic deed should be brought out under the glare of the blazing kerosene lamp.

After much persuasion, reinforced by a stiff horn of applejack, he began:

"It was just such a night as this—bright and clear—and I was going home down the track, when, right before me, across the rails, lay a great beam. There it was. Pale and ghastly as a lifeless body, and light as it appeared, I had not the power to move it. A sudden rumble and roar told me that the night express was thundering down, and soon would reach the fatal spot. Nearer and nearer it approached, till, just as the cowcatcher was about lifting me, I sprang aside, placed myself between the obstruction and the track, and the train flew on unharmed."

The silence was so dense for a moment that one might have heard a dew drop. Presently somebody said: "What did you do with the beam?"

"I didn't touch it," he replied, "but it touched me."

"Well," persisted the questioner, "if you couldn't lift it and didn't touch it, how in thunder did the train get over it?"

"Why, don't you see?" said the sad-faced man, as he arose from his seat and sidled toward the door. "The obstruction was a moonbeam, and I jumped so that the shadow of my body took its place, and—"

Bang! flew a ham against the door; and if it had struck the body of the retreating hero, there would have been a much bigger grease spot frescoed on the panel of the door.

HE KNOCKED OFF FOUR.—In riding to Lost Mountain from Marietta, I came across a young man who was digging post-holes for a barbed-wire fence, and when I told him what I wanted, he replied:

"I'll go with you. I was in that fight myself, and can point out every position."

When we reached the ground he began telling where this and that regiment was stationed, and finally he halted beside a huge boulder and said:

"Right here, stranger, was where I squatted for four long hours. I rested my gun right there on that ledge, and I reckon I killed exactly twenty-eight Yanks that day."

"No!"

"Solemn fact, and I know a dozen men who will swear to it."

"Let's see. The battle was fought in 1864?"

"K'rect you are."

"That's about eighteen years ago?"

"Just about."

"And you are about twenty-five years old?"

"I was twenty-five this spring."

Then I looked at him for a long time, but he never winced. When we were going home, and after a long period of silence, he suddenly remarked:

"Stranger, don't you believe I was that?"

"Perhaps you were, but you see you were not quite seven years old on the day of that fight."

"That's what I've been figuring on," he continued, in a very serious voice, "and I'll tell you what I am willing to do."

"Well."

"I'll call it twenty-four instead of twenty-eight dead Yanks in front of my position. That's fair, isn't it?"

I told him that nothing could be more liberal, and cordial relations were at once re established.

BITS OF FUN.

There are two sides to a question. Often a tramp is on one side and a man with a pocketful of money on the other.

A little New Hartford three-year-old boy, in admiring his baby brother, "He's got a boiled head like papa."

An old sea captain says that when he's aboard ship he is never governed by his mate, but when he is at home he always is.

A writer in Harper's comes across a poem with the line, "Some day, I shall be dead." It is, indeed, a beautiful thought.

Railroad man to disappointed office-holder: "Don't fret about that office and I'll try and get a horse-car named after you."

"What does the sign 'inward baggage' mean?" asked Snodkins of his friend as they walked through the depot; "refreshments?"

A miner fell in love with a girl at first sight, she was equally smitten with him, and the entire courtship was: "My pet?" "You bet."

Sunday sacred concerts are not allowed in Boston, but the saloons have moved the sacred entrances from the back to the front door.

A cynic bachelor, learning of a slight difficulty which had arisen between a newly married couple, spoke of it as the "war of the Union."

Mrs. Lillie Devreux Blake asks, "Is it a crime to be a woman?" It certainly is when there is a great necessity for dressing in a hurry.

Pies date back to the time of the Romans, and came originally from Picardy. Some of the original pies are still on sale at railroad restaurants.

Said a doctor to a lady patient: "You must take exercise for your health, my dear." "All right," she said, "I'll jump at the first offer," and she did.

Pat says that if men could only bear their own funeral sermons, and read their own headstones, there would be no living in the world with them.

The title of Oscar Wilde's book on America has just been made public. It is "What I know about Bancrostering, or a Quick Trip back to England."

"I'll go with you. I was in that fight myself, and can point out every position."

And now it is learned that army officers are overworked and discouraged. Each officer has to boss an average of eight men, and it is a killing task.

The Chicago critics, who praised the astounding agility displayed by a ballet-dancer, didn't know that she had accidentally dressed a hornet in her clothes.

A Boston woman has just completed a \$20,000 mansion entirely on the proceeds from the sale of doughnuts. What it cost to bury her customers is not given.

One of the first lessons that ought to be taught at the many fashionable cooking schools is: "Never stir the hash with one hand and smooth the hair with the other."

"Never borrow trouble," said a husband to his wife. "Oh, let her borrow it if she can," exclaimed the next-door neighbor; "she never returns anything, you know."

This is not Mother Shipton's year, but some strange things are happening. The Princess Louise and husband have been traveling together for almost two months.

Brown doesn't like his new colored domestic so well as he anticipated. She is never at home evenings; always going out somewhere. She is, in fact, a regular Dinah out.

It is the easiest thing in the world to distinguish between an English lord and his American copy, commonly called a snob. The Englishman always speaks well of his own country.

LAND AGENCY!

The undersigned proposes to engage in the business of buying and

SAMM ANDS,

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, TATE & WALKER
Chatel Mortgages for sale at office. All kinds of blank on short notice.