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THE MOUNTAINEER.

W. C. ERVIN, EDITOR.

SATURDAY, -- MAY 26, 1883.

THE IDEAL WIFE.

Somewhere in the world must be She that I have prayed to see, She that Love assigns to me.

Somewhere Love, her lord and king, Over her is scattering Fragrance from his purple wing.

By the brink of summer streams I have dreamed delicious dreams, What I will, my sweet one seems.

By the brink of summer streams I have pictured sunny eyes, Till the thought too quickly dies.

When the winter fire burns low, Lovely faces come and go As the dying ashes glow.

'Tis her voice I hear so oft In the music low and soft That the western breezes waft.

Tell her, Love, that years fly fast, Bid her come to me at last, Ere her golden days are past.

Shall we ever, ever meet? Shall I find in thee, my sweet, Visions true and life complete?

Whisper low to Love apart, Whisper, darling, where thou art, Perfect wife and noble heart.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY CLARKE D. KNAPP.

Several lawyers were sitting in a court-room waiting for "his honor" to come, so that the court would open and they could proceed with business. To amuse themselves they were "spinning yarns," and as might be expected, every story was of some incident of the law.

"Judge Holmes, it is your turn," remarked a young attorney, addressing an old man who had been a silent listener to what the others had related.

Judge Holmes brought his chair forward nearly to the centre of the group, seated himself, and said:

"I suppose, gentlemen, that I might tell you something."

"I do not doubt but what it would be interesting, and I am for one anxious to hear," said an attorney who had much respect for the old judge.

"Yes! yes! go on, Judge; tell us the queerest experience you ever had," said another.

"Well, gentlemen, I will tell you how I came to lose faith in circumstantial evidence," said the judge. "It was when I was upon the northern circuit, the first year that I was Judge. That was a good many years ago, when the country was new. The judges then had to go from one court-house to another on horseback. There were no railroads then. I tell you there has been a great change in this country. Well, I am getting off from the subject. I was to hold the November term in Plainville; the court-house was an immense log-cabin; behind it was a log barn made on purpose for the judge to keep his horse in. After a long, tiresome ride I arrived at Plainville. I noticed a very large crowd of people around the court-house, and wondered what it meant. While I was caring for my horse, four or five of the citizens, and the best citizens, too of the place, came into the barn.

"Good-morning, Judge," said one who appeared to be the spokesman of the party.

"Good-morning, sir I responded.

"Fine day, Judge."

"Yes, sir, very fine."

"Got much to do in court?"

"I do not know."

"You have got one queer case, and a bad one, too."

"Is that so?"

"Yes—a murder."

"I am sorry."

"It is bad, Judge, and a woman, too."

"A woman murdered?"

"No, no; a woman did the murdering."

"That is bad; I am very sorry to hear that any woman should be accused of murder."

"It's awful, Judge. She is guilty, and that makes it worse."

"Has she been tried?"

"No, she ain't been tried; you've got to try her, and what we want is this: don't let up on her a bit; you just sentence her, and we'll be glad to do the hanging."

"But suppose that she is not guilty? You don't want her hung in that case, do you?"

"But she is guilty. She bought poison and gave it to her man. An did we not find his body in the river, and the poison in his body? And did not she and her husband have a big quarrel, and she make awful threats to him the night before he was found dead? There is no question about the guilt, Judge."

"Has she been indicted?"

"Yes, at the last court; she was indicted, and we would have lynched her; yes, sir, we came near stringing her up."

"We must give her a fair trial before we hang her," I remarked.

"We don't object to that. Everybody says she is guilty; and she is guilty, and must be hung—that's all there is to it, Judge."

"I concluded that it was not wise to continue the conversation any further. I went into the court-room and took my seat upon the bench. I had a hard time to get into the apartment, the crowd of people was so dense. As I passed through among them, I received many a gratuitous admonition like this: 'Give her what the popular feeling was against the woman, and I, too, began to think that the people, for they were a good people, were right."

"After the preliminary business of the court was done, I found that by arrangement with the attorneys every case had been put off, so as to have the murder trial first. So the jury was drawn. I knew that every man in the jury-box believed her guilty, but I could not help it. It was impossible to get any jurymen who thought differently."

"The prisoner was brought in handcuffed. I thought the handcuffing was unnecessary, but the sheriff took that precaution. The first impression that came to my mind as I looked at the prisoner was, how could one so young and so beautiful commit such a terrible crime! She turned her pale, tear-stained face and looked at me. In that pitiful look I read her prayer. It was that I should protect her."

"Are you guilty, or not guilty?" said the district attorney.

"Not guilty!" Her answer was in a firm, sad tone.

"For a moment I allowed myself to believe that she had pleaded truthfully. But when I heard the subdued hiss that came from the people, I said to myself she lies."

"We went on with the trial. The lawyer who had previously been appointed to conduct the defense was a young man, and a disgrace to his profession. It seemed as if he did all he could to assist the prosecution."

"The evidence was conclusive. Her husband had come home the worse for liquor. They had some hard words; she had told him that if he did not stop drinking, she would stop him. 'You will be sorry for it. If you don't stop, you will be a dead man. I will be better off as your widow than as the slaving wife of a drunkard.' Then right after the quarrel she had bought poison. She told the druggist that she wished to poison some cats, that disturbed her sleep. The next morning the dead body was found, and the doctor found poison in the body. There was only one thing that looked queer. She had not been allowed to see the remains."

"As I said before, the evidence was conclusive, and the verdict of the jury was 'guilty,' and I must do my duty. 'Mary Brainard, stand up!'"

"She staggered to her feet, and stood facing me. I saw the beads of sweat on her forehead."

"The jury have found you guilty of murder in the first degree. Have you anything to say why the sentence of the Court should not be passed upon you?"

"I am not guilty!" She bowed her head and stood waiting for what was to come.

"Mary Brainard, this is a painful duty which I have to perform. Usually in passing that sentence upon one found guilty of a crime, a court passing that sentence utters words of advice to the guilty. In this case I cannot do so; the crime is too great. I will proceed at once to pass the sentence of the Court. Mary Brainard, the sentence of this Court is that on the 21st day of February next, between the hours of twelve o'clock at noon and three o'clock in the afternoon, in the court house yard, at Plainville, you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul!"

"As soon as I had finished she sank back in her chair like one exhausted. The people in the court room cheered in token of their approval. Just as the sheriff was about to take her back to the jail, a man elbowed his way through the crowd to where the prisoner was. Claspng her in his arms, he cried out:

"Mary! Mary!"

"She gave one wild scream. I shall always remember it. I heard her say 'John, is this you?' She then fell forward upon his shoulder.

"The dead was alive; it was her husband!"

"Yes," he said; "I am this woman's husband; I am John Brainard. I went away vowing that I would not return again until I had freed myself from my appetite for drink. I am now a rober man, and thank God that I am able to save my wife from being murdered simply because the law says so."

"That's my story," continued Judge Holmes.

"Ever since then I have no faith in circumstantial evidence."

"Who was the man that they found dead?" asked one of the lawyers.

"That I never knew; a case of suicide, perhaps," replied the judge.

"That was a queer experience, but it is only a fair illustration of what may have occurred many times in the past," said one.

"And may occur many times in the future," said another.

"That is true," said Judge Holmes. "But here is the judge of this court. The train must have been behind, or he would not be so late. Business, gentlemen; we must now attend to business."

MAKING LAWNS.—Where the ground is unobstructed by trees or buildings, the quickest and simplest way or preparation is by first plowing and then reducing, and leveling with harrows and other tools, such as a fanner or gardener, uses for obtaining a fine degree of tilth.

The object to be attained is a deep, rich, mellow soil of great uniformity of character. A lawn that runs into a sandy knoll at one corner and a bed of clay at another, and overlies in one place a deep fill of coal ashes, and in another a pile of old chips of unknown depth, cannot be expected to be uniform in color or durability.

When a lawn is to be made by plow and harrow on land with but slight inequalities of surface, an instrument called a "float" is used to great advantage. This is simply a two-inch plank, eight feet long, set on edge, with two stakes, five feet long, inserted in such a way that when the ends rest upon the ground behind the plank will present an angle of about twelve degrees to the perpendicular. Two holes are bored in the plank to attach a chain to draw it by. When sufficiently weighted, such an instrument rapidly planes down the higher places and deposits the surplus soil in the depressions. The error is often committed of making the planing or floating the last operation. This leaves the higher points with only an inch or two of mellowed soil, while the depressions receive an addition of that planed from the higher places.

THE BAD BOY IN EXILE.

"Hold on here," says the grocery man, feeling that he had been too harsh. "Come back here and have some maple sugar. What did your pa drive you away from home for?"

"Oh, it was on account of St. Patrick's day," said the bad boy as he bit off half a pound of maple sugar and dried his tears. "You see, pa never sees ma buy a new silk handkerchief, but he wants it. Tother day ma got one of those orange-colored handkerchiefs, and pa immediately had a sore throat and he wanted to wear it, and ma let him put it on. I thought I would break him of taking everything nice that ma got, so when he went down town with the orange handkerchief on his neck, I told some of the St. Patrick boys in the Third ward, who had green ribbons on, that the old duffer who was putting on style was an orangeman, and he said he could whip any St. Patrick's day man in town. The fellers laid for pa, and when he came along one of them threw a barrel at pa, and another pulled the yellow handkerchief off his neck, and they all yelled 'hang him,' and one grabbed a rope that was on the side walk where they were moving a building, and pa got up and dusted. You'd a dived to see pa run. He met a policeman and said more'n a hundred men had tried to murder him, and they had mauled him and stolen his yellow handkerchief. The policeman told pa his life was not safe and he had better go home and lock himself in, and he did, and I was telling ma about how I got the boys to scare pa, and he heard it, and he told me that settled it. He said that I had caused him to run more foot races than any champion pedestrian, and had made his life unbearable and now I must go it alone. Now I want you to send a couple of pounds of crackers over to the house, and have your boy tell the hired girl that I have gone down to the river to drown myself, and she will tell ma, and ma will tell pa, and pretty soon you will see a baldheaded pussy man whooping it up down toward the river with a rope. They may think, at times that I am a little tough, but when it comes to parting forever, they weaken."

"Well, I am going down to the river, and I will leave my coat and hat by the wood yard, and get behind the wood, and you steer pa down there and you will see some tall weeping over them clothes, and maybe pa will jump in after me, and then I will come out from behind the wood and throw in a board for him to swim ashore on. Good-bye. Give my pocket comb to my chum," and the boy went out and hung up a sign in front of the grocery, as follows: "Popcorn that the cat has slept in, cheap, for pop corn balls for sociables."

SAVING STRAWBERRIES IN A DROUGHT.—One season, just as our berries began to ripen, a strong, hot, dry wind sprang up, rapidly withering the plants and drying the fruit before it could ripen. Our garden soil was light and sandy and unless something could be done immediately, we knew we should get no berries. We had a small stack of coars marsh hay, which was cut for the purpose of stable bedding. This was sweet and clean, and a light covering of one to three inches thick, according to circumstances, was spread over the strawberries and the ground between the rows. This absorbed the too powerful heat of the sun and retained the moisture beneath in the soil. The berries now began to fill out to an unusual size, and when ripe had as sweet and fine a flavor as in the most favorable seasons.

When we picked the fruit, which was done every evening, we raked the hay from off the rows on to the ground between them, and soon returned it upon the vines. It took only a short time to do this, and the labor was so light a small boy could easily perform it. We also laid hay under the vines to keep the fruit from being soiled.—Amer. Farmer.