

The Morganton Star.

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MORGANTON, N. C.

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I am respectfully,
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Glen Alpine Station, N. C.
April 3, 1885, nobly.

Mrs. P. F. Simmons,

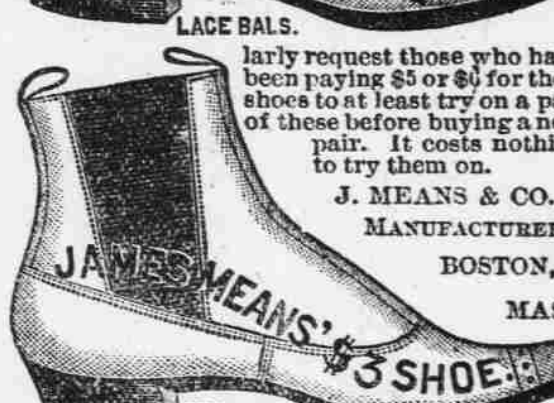
desires to state to the public that she is prepared to do hair braiding of an exquisite quality. She has taken the premium at the State fairs, and is the only person in this section that can do such work. Address MRS. P. F. SIMMONS, Morganton, N. C.

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R. F. GOODSON'S Feed and Sale Stable,

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MORGANTON, N. C.

THE TRUMPET BLOWS.

The brown glads quicken into creeping green
The bushed air whippers low,
Bare boughs burst out in tender, misty sheen
On banks the violets blow;
The orchards blossom sudden like a bride,
And far hills melt in haze,
While golden willows stand on either side
Along the brook's glad ways.

Glancing with quiv'ring wings from bough to bough
The bluebird finds his mate;
A trill—a dash of piercing melody—
Nay, coy one, why so late!
In every little wood a bliss to sing—
The trembling, fluttering birds;
With rapture satisfied the copes ring,
A joy beyond all words.

To the light kisses of the odorous air
My pulses rise and fall,
Enchanted by that timid touch, aware
Of one who stirs in all.

I, too, am borne by influences deep;
I tremble, like the rose,
Love hath awakened all the world from sleep—
For me the trumpet blows!

—D. H. R. Goodale, in Harper.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

It might be truly said that a band of music welcomed them upon their arrival, for as the hotel coach drove up to the door, Mr. and Mrs. Winsum, the sole occupants, stepped out to the tune of "See the Conquering Hero Comes," one of the various melodies with which the numerous guests of the Mountain house were entertained on pleasant afternoons. Dark hair and eyes, well-cut features, broad shoulders, five feet ten, such was Mr. Frank Winsum, who sprang first from the clumsy vehicle and assisted a little lady with golden hair, violet eyes, perfect complexion, retousse nose—Mrs. Frank Winsum.

The bridal couple, for such they proved to be, were received with undisguised satisfaction.

We were getting tired of the despotic control exercised by Mrs. Vandeville, a tall, dignified woman, exceedingly slender, with a Roman nose, piercing black eyes, and an imperious manner, which overawed most of us, more particularly her husband, a meek little man, who was a terror in his office and a slave at home.

She had directed the social element of Mountain house for a month past, and so completely subjugated its inmates that I fancy we hardly ventured to take a drive before consulting her as to the best road.

The new people were on their honeymoon trip, and an event of so novel and romantic a nature claimed immediate interest.

Mrs. Vandeville, who was the maternal parent of two auburn-haired daughters, eyed the fascinating bride with cold suspicion.

"Who are these persons?" she said in a severe tone, looking round her small circle of adherents. "We cannot be too careful. We are wives"—this with a scathing look at her timid spouse—"and mothers," casting a sentimental glance at her fair progeny, who immediately began to whimper; "and it is due to our families that we should find out exactly who these Winsums are before allowing ourselves to become intimate with them."

Although fully agreeing with their leader that evening, the next day an introduction to the enemy completely routed their prejudices, and one and all shamelessly went over to the other side without instituting a single inquiry as to their antecedents, or, in fact, asking anything about them.

Mrs. Vandeville accepted the situation but it was evident she did not intend to relinquish the field without a struggle.

She had chosen the picturesque spots for picnics, superintended the ice cream parties, occupied the post of honor in all the rides, led the songs in a high soprano key during our moonlight sauls; therefore it is hardly to be wondered at that she failed to yield gracefully to the younger and prettier woman, but on the contrary cherished a feeling of bitterness, and determined to be avenged upon her lovely rival.

We were located at a sort of farmhouse hotel almost on the top of the Murdock mountain in Sullivan county. There were not more than forty boarders—just enough to make a pleasant party. Before the advent of the Winsums it was divided, each clique endeavoring to supersede the other; jealous, and in many ways quarrelsome. But somehow this bright little couple soon changed all that.

They were not well off, that was certain, and occupied the cheapest room in the house. The bride's dresses, though fitting exquisitely, were made of the plainest materials, here and there trimmed with a bit of ribbon, which, together with her piquante beauty, made her entirely charming. They were both brimming over with talent.

Frank possessed an inexhaustible fund of clever songs, and, with a good baritone voice and an excellent knowledge of music, accompanied himself to everybody's satisfaction.

As for little Mrs. Frank, she was really wonderful. She invented delightful games for the children, taught the girls the newest and most intricate stitches in crochet, drew exquisite sketches of the prettiest views about the vicinity, and, in fact, proved positively invaluable.

Mrs. Vandeville became sullen with disappointment, and finally declined to cin us in any of our innocent amusements.

Summer waned, as the poets say, and we were beginning to meet at breakfast-time with questioning looks and "What shall we do next?" written upon every face. No one had anything new to propose, and our social circle seemed at a standstill.

During the week Mrs. Vandeville maintained a mysterious silence that aroused suspicion, and presently vague whispers were circulated to the effect that the fascinating Winsums were not what they appeared to be; that their affection in public was a delusion.

This dreadful rumor demanded instant investigation.

As a matter of course, the ladies questioned Mrs. Vandeville, while the gentlemen interrogated Mr. Vandeville, who nervously admitted that he and his wife, bearing strange sounds issue from the Winsums' room, which adjoined theirs, considered it a duty to society to listen, and in consequence thereof had heard the most dreadful things, adding under his breath, "It makes my blood run cold to think of it, and you must excuse me, for I will say no more."

This was enough. Several guests who still remained loyal to the Vandeville colors congregated in that lady's room at a late hour the same night, not only to verify Mr. Vandeville's statement, but also to satisfy their own curiosity.

The door of a large closet which separated the two rooms was purposely left open, and ordinary conversation could be easily heard.

Mrs. Vandeville looked virtuous and important; her husband disgusted and abashed. A tiny clock on the mantel chimed eleven. A slight rustling could be distinguished, and the listeners became interested.

Suddenly a low voice broke the oppressive stillness; but the confused jumble of undertones was too indistinct, and disappointment was plainly visible on every countenance.

After a few moments of inaudible conversation, the voices grew louder and still louder, until, the occupants of Mrs. Vandeville's room, in their excitement, exhibited signs of immediate betrayal.

That lady made an imperious gesture, and the eavesdroppers listened breathlessly to the following dialogue:

"I will hear no more, I tell you. What have I to live for? I placed my honor in your hands, and how have you repaid me!"

"Indeed, Harold, I have always loved you, always been faithful to you!"

"Harold!" echoed Mrs. Courtenay, the Vandevilles' dearest friend. "Then his name isn't Frank, after all!"

"Hush!"

The stern voice continued:

"Oh, Marion!"

"Marion!" ejaculated Mrs. Courtenay in horror; "why, she said her name was Eleanor."

"Hush!" murmured the assembled party again.

"Oh, Marion, you dare assert your innocence, knowing that I hold the actual proof of your guilt here in my hand! What is this letter, but an avowal of love for the man whom I have taken by the hand and called friend, and who deceives me beneath the very roof we both call home?"

"Gracious me!" whispered Miss Merton, a gentle spinster of forty. "He must mean brother Fred. You know how outrageously she flirted with him."

"Silence!" said Mrs. Vandeville. "Harold, have mercy; do not shut me out from your heart. See, upon my knees I plead to you. In memory of the many happy hours we have been together, listen to me, and I can explain all."

"How dreadful!" gasped Miss Merton; "and they pretended to be a bridal couple."

"Enough! not one word. To-night you leave me forever."

"Oh! this won't do at all," cried Mr. Courtenay, who was usually an extremely quiet and punctilious man. Something must be done. The propriety of this establishment ought to be maintained. A departure at such an hour would be ruinous, and create disagreeable gossip. Mr. Vandeville, you must knock at these people's door and tell them all

is known, that no scene will be permitted. To-morrow they will be more than welcome to take their leave; but by all means beg them to make no disturbance at midnight. We will follow and indorse anything you may consider proper to say."

The party fell in line, and in another moment were facing Mrs. Winsum's door, from whence a faint cry was at this instant audible.

Emboldened by this sound, Mr. Vandeville rapped hastily, and a hearty "Come in!" responded.

Pushing her husband aside, and drawing Mr. Courtenay by the arm, Mrs. Vandeville entered the room, followed closely by the remainder of the party.

The picture that confronted them was decidedly embarrassing. Frank Winsum, comfortably ensconced in a capacious rocking chair, held his small wife upon his knee; her fair arm was about his neck, her golden hair mingled with his chestnut curls as their two heads bent over a yellow-covered book.

"Oh, my!" said the little woman, springing up; "is this a surprise party? Frank, dear, put on your coat," and, with her face suffused with blushes, she rattled on: "You see, we came to our room early this evening, because we were getting up a little plan for something new; so we've concluded it would be a good idea to arrange a series of private theatricals; but, as you've caught us reading over a play-book; you shall be taken into the secret at once; therefore,"—with a dramatic gesture—"enter all and choose your parts."

"I think, my dear Mrs. Winsum, that we already have the characters best suited to us," said Mr. Courtenay, who was honestly ashamed of his share in the conspiracy.

"Why, I don't understand you. What characters do you mean?"

"Those of busybodies and fools;" and thereupon the whole story came out.

The next day two trunks marked "Vandeville" were conveyed to the station. Mr. and Mrs. Winsum became greater favorites than ever, and a roaring farce was the only result of what had promised to become "Almost a Tragedy."

Scenes in Sonora.

Around these oases, says a letter from Sonora, Mexico, were scattered a few mud huts, often merely a roof of dry branches supported on crooked tree trunks. Sometimes an adobe house with heavy wooden trellis-work over the openings, a brick roof covered with a foot of clay, and the whole whitewashed represented the casa mayor of the rancho. Within reach of the water we could see a few rosas and nulpas (corn patches tilled, the first with a species of hoe, the second with a Mexican plow but beyond this no sign of cultivation could be discovered. The yellow grass of the prairie seems, notwithstanding the apparent dryness, to be excellent fodder for the cattle, of which many were grazing near the railroad line, and ran away as we came near. There is no murrain, no diseases of any kind to frighten the ranchero. Provided the rainy season has been a fair one, he knows that his herds are multiplying and are in good condition. If there has been but a slight fall of rain he must simply drive his stock nearer to the next river. For himself and his household he has raised enough corn to last until the next crop; he has as many chickens as he will want, a few pigs, and now and then he kills a cow or an ox, which gives him meat enough for a month or so; and from the grease he makes the dozen candles he requires (the fibre of the weasel makes a very good wick). His saddle is still in good order, he has a carbine, an imitation Smith and Wesson, a belt full of cartridges, and a good mule. By selling a cow he can buy enough cotton to clothe his family and a little coffee and panocha (brown sugar), which are his luxuries. Once a year he can indulge in a new hat. Beyond the above he has nothing to wish for. He looks with astonishment at the passing train, and wonders at the stupidity of people who crowd the occupations of a week in one day. What is the use of going so fast? If you get through with so much to-day, what are you going to do to-morrow? Following this line of philosophy, he prefers to ride along the road within forty yards of the rail track, and prefers supervising his pack train himself to taking a ticket, checking his luggage, and having nothing more to occupy his mind. After all he may be right.

A German scientist has drawn attention to the fact that the Suttle, one of the great streams of British India, is probably the swiftest large river in the world, having a descent of 12,000 feet in 180 miles, an average of about sixty-seven feet per mile.

FUN.

A one-legged man will never be troubled with wet feet. — Brooklyn Times.

"Ah, that may be said to help the caws," said a crow as he looked upon the corn field. — Boston Times.

"Don't you love the little birdies' entreats the poetess. Yes, indeed we do, but we want the toast well browned. — Boston Post.

Thomas Stevens, who is going through Asia on a bicycle, will doubtless be a man of whirled-wide fame by the time his journey is completed. — Boston Courier.

"Dear me," said a lady in Fifth avenue the other evening. "How the china craze is growing! Here's a New York club that is paying \$3,000 for a pitcher. — Albany Times.

The bean has found a new enemy in the bean weevil. Hitherto the worst enemy of the beans has been the cook who has mashed them into a paste like potatoes. — Graphic.

"Doctor," said a despairing patient to his physician, "I am in a dreadful condition! I can neither lay nor set. What shall I do?" "I think you had better root," was the reply.

Some of the Vassar college girls have been photographing the moon. The investigation was doubtless started to disprove forever that there is a man in the satellite. — Lowell Citizen.

History of the Tomato.

A writer on horticulture states that the tomato is of South American origin, and was introduced into Europe by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century, who discovered its valuable qualities as an esculent. From Spain its cultivation extended to Italy and the south of France, and finally to this country, where it first began to be used as a vegetable in the latter part of the last century. The tomato is mentioned by a writer on plants in England as early as 1597. Parkinson calls them "love apples" in 1656, and says "they are regarded as curiosities." Dodoens, a Dutch herbalist, writes in 1583 of their use as a vegetable, "to be eaten with pepper, salt, and oil." They were eaten by the Malays in 1755. Arthur Young, the English agriculturist, saw tomatoes in the market at Montpellier, in France, in 1793. The tomato was probably brought from San Domingo by the French refugees, who also introduced into this country the egg-plant, the okra, and the small Chili pepper. Dr. James Tilton, of Delaware, stated that when he returned from study in Europe, about 1801, he found the tomato growing in the gardens of the Dupons, Goresches, and other French emigrants from San Domingo, and remarked to his family that it was a vegetable highly esteemed and generally eaten in France, Spain and Italy, and especially valuable as a corrective of bile in the system. Dr. Tilton emigrated to Madison, Indiana, in 1829, and raised the tomato in his garden there. It was then unknown in Louisville or the adjacent parts of Kentucky. It is also known that the tomato was planted early in the present century on the eastern shores of Maryland, that land of terrapins, soft crabs, oysters, canvasback ducks, and other epicurean delicacies. Many years elapsed, however, before the tomato became a favorite esculent in that region. In 1811 the Spanish minister saw the tomato growing in the garden of Mrs. Phillip Barton Key, whose husband wrote the "Star Spangled Banner," and he recommended it as having been used in Spain for many years. In 1814 a gentleman dining with a friend at Harper's Ferry, and seeing tomatoes on the table, remarked: "I see you eat tomatoes here; the District people are afraid of them." Tomatoes were brought to Massachusetts by Dr. Goodwin, a son of William Goodwin, cashier of the bank of Plymouth, Massachusetts. Dr. Goodwin spent many years of his early life in Spain, at Cadiz, Alicante, and Valencia, and was American vice consul at Terragona during its terrible siege by the French troops in the peninsular war. He came home to Plymouth in 1817, and died at Havana in 1825. He belonged to a family of epicures on his father's side, and his mother, a daughter of Captain Simeon Sampson, of the armed ship Mercury, on which Henry Laurens sailed for Holland in 1780, was renowned for the excellence of her cuisine. He planted the seed of the tomato in the bank garden in Plymouth, whence the plant was disseminated throughout the town and to Clark's island, in Plymouth harbor. In Mr. Goodwin's family and that of Mr. Watson, on the island, it was used as a vegetable as early as 1823. Tomatoes were sold in the markets in New York city in 1820. They were only eaten, however, to a limited extent.