

THE MORGANTON STAR.

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Two blind boys, J. R. Winters and W. N. McCurry, desire to state to the public that they are prepared to make Mattresses, Brooms and repair chairs, both cane and split bottomed, and ask the public to give them a trial. They will be assisted by D. L. Winters. Their shop is two doors above the Seagle Corner, Morganton, N. C.

RESTAURANT.

John Ervin will open a First-Class Restaurant in Morganton Feb. 20th 1886, to accommodate the public. I will have at all hours, Ham, Eggs, Cakes, Chicken and everything suitable to a first-class restaurant. Coffee only on special orders. Something that has long been needed in our town. I hope to merit the patronage of the public. Very respectfully,
JOHN ERVIN.

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No horse will die of Colic, Bors or Lung Fever, if Foutz's Powders are used in time. Foutz's Powders will cure and prevent Hoof Cholera. Foutz's Powders will increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent, and make the butter firm and sweet. Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost every Disease to which Horses and Cattle are subject. Foutz's Powders will give Satisfactory Results. Sold everywhere.

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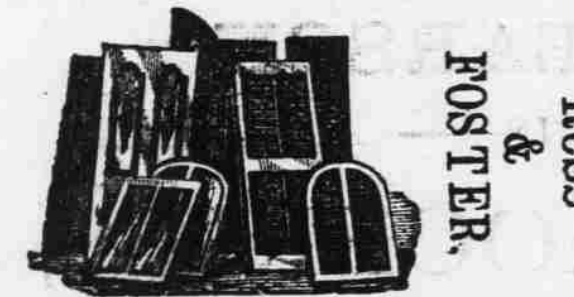
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APRIL'S SONG.

BY BELLE.

I swing on the spider's cable,
I float on the butterfly's wing,
I feast at the Brownie's table,
I drink at the fairy's spring.

I sleep in the lady-bug's bower,
The velvet heart of a rose,
I dream in the lap of a flower,
Till its petals soft unclose.

I dance on the rainbow arches,
I sit on the sunset cloud,
I fly the rough wind's marches,
I laugh at his whistle loud.

I drink from the hare-bell's chalice,
I dine with the brown-winged bee,
I sump in the humming-bird's palooze,
Oh! this is the life for me!

For I am fairy maiden,
I have no soul, no choice;
With life nor love I'm laden,
I know but to rejoice.
—The Guardsman for April.

A WOMAN'S DISGRACE.

She goes to Atlanta Under a False Name.

Shelby Aurora

A few days ago an attractive woman went from North Carolina to Atlanta, stopping at the Adam house, under the name of Mrs. Anna Jones. She was ill and called in a physician, who secured lodging for her in private quarters and took her under his care. He was attentive, but the woman grew worse. There was suspicion about the case from without. The patient became irrational, suffered intensely and died. The attending physician afterwards said, when asked how the woman happened to know of him:

"I have no idea. Well, when I began attending her I presumed she was all right. I mean I had no idea that she was sailing under an assumed name to hide a shame. On Tuesday (23rd) when I called I found her suffering with intense pains in her head, and later detected the real cause of the trouble. Her sufferings were intense and she soon became irrational. Then I searched her trunk to ascertain where she came from and found in a prayer book Miss Julia Lock, King's Mountain, N. C. I at once telegraphed the postmaster at that place telling him that a woman giving her name as Mrs. Jones in whose trunk a book bearing the name of Julia Lock, was dangerously ill, and asking if she had friends. I received an answer stating that Miss Lock was known, but could hear nothing more. Tuesday night the crisis came and then the woman seemed to improve but soon grew worse and died."

Miss Julia Lock was known by many citizens of this county. She was about 35 years old and decidedly attractive. She had jet black hair and sparkling black eyes. She leaves a daughter, named Orin, 11 years old. Julia lived for 12 years with Mr. D. W. Conrad and wife, near King's Mountain, being a sister of Mrs. Conrad. Julia Lock was born and raised in Salisbury, the daughter of William Lock, who was a man of wealth and position before the war came and swept everything away. The remains of the poor, ill-fated woman were brought back to this State and buried last Saturday in Gaston county at Long Creek Presbyterian church, where she was a member.

"Julia listened and was tempted, she was tempted and she fell. As the angels fell from Heaven, to the blackest depths of hell."

Too Much Land.

One of the most common mistakes in farming is the attempt to cultivate too much land. Too much work is laid out and too little done. The ground is imperfectly prepared and poorly seeded. The whole word is rushed, and though the labor is performed late and early, the work is never overtake. There is always more to do than can be done. The result is a hard year's work and no profit, with sometimes the conclusion that farming does not pay.—Farmer & Trucker.

Killed while Robbing his own House.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., March 29.—A report from Granger county, East Tennessee, says that County Trustee Jurty attempted to rob his own residence of \$2,500 tax money he had deposited there and was shot dead, under the belief that he was a burglar.

The canning establishment at New Berne is in full blast. Three thousand bushels of oysters were gotten in a few days ago.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

A BUDGET OF NEWS FROM THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Condition of the Times—The Fight for the Republican Nomination of 1888—Senators Logan, Hales and Teller's Racket—House of Representatives on a Strike—Senator Vance's Speech, &c., &c.

WASHINGTON, April 2, 1886.

Editor Morganton Star:

With three members of the Cabinet and the President's efficient private secretary, the President is anxious about his own physical condition, occasioned by over work and lack of exercise; a family quarrel in the Senate between brothers Logan and Teller; a ferocious assault upon each other in the House by two Congressmen from Tenn., Messrs. Houk and McMillan; Treasurer Jordan and Senator Vance condemning the Civil Service law; confirmation in the Senate in spite of adverse reports from committees, and with full particulars made to the public of the proceedings of the secret sessions of the Senate Chamber, to say nothing of the Spring floods and labor strikes, it would seem that the "times are out of joint."

The fight for the Republican nomination of 1888 has opened early in the season and not under altogether balmy auspices. At least Senator Logan's Presidential "boom" has proved a very uncomfortable thing for him to conduct personally. Senators Edmunds, Everts, Hoar, Sherman, Allison and the rest manage their with less friction.

Senator Logan insinuated that Senator Hale's opposition to his bill to increase the army was inspired by a certain historian, who has spent the winter in Maine writing on his book, and alternating his literary labors with tobogganning, ice-boating and other healthful recreations. Logan spoke rather acrimoniously, and the admirers of Mr. Blaine determined to get even with him. They undertook to show that Logan wants the army increased so that it may be used to put down labor strikes, and that he wants the pay of the soldier increased while he will do nothing for the workingman.

The Ill. Senator was quite astonished to have his sarcastic reference to Senator Hale answered from Colorado. Senator Teller is not a man that another should be afraid of, under ordinary circumstances, but he succeeded in giving Logan a great deal of annoyance. He reminded the General that a great soldier is not necessarily a great Statesman, and that making the Senate ring with personal reminiscences is not necessarily statesmanship.

Mr. Teller's remark that Logan would never permit the public to forget that he (Logan) had served in the army, stung the latter acutely. Logan said if the remark had come from a copperhead he would have understood it, but no confederate on the opposite side of the Chamber would insinuate in such a low, mean, despicable way as that. He denied having any Presidential aspirations; added that he did not pretend to be a statesman, and that Mr. Teller was not a statesman simply because he had served in the Cabinet. Mr. Logan, at least, made a good point in his remarks when he said; "I am not a statesman." Such argument was unanswerable.

The House of Representatives has been on a strike, inasmuch as it has been trying to solve the great labor and capital problem. There has been an interesting debate upon the settlement of strikes by arbitration. The causes, effects, and remedies were discussed and criticisms and warnings were freely given.

Senator Vance took "party" as the text for a speech which he delivered in the Senate against the Civil Service law. He avowed himself a party-man in its most comprehensive sense. He believed the safety and welfare of American institutions lay in party feeling and allegiance, and he criticized the Civil Service act as an invasion of the President's powers. For want of political parties, he said, Russia had nihilists, France had communistic fires, and Germany had to maintain enormous armies. He did not see why a Government clerk should be endowed with official immortality any more than the President, or the Senators and Representatives.

A Senator remarked that there was a good deal of sound philosophy in the measure recently introduced in the House giving Government clerks a half holiday every Saturday. "From present appearances," continued he, "the new Administration is

going to kill itself with overwork, and we ought to pass some such measure as this in the name of Civil Service Reform."

Speaking of the sick Cabinet officers, the ultimate recovery of Secretary Manning is still a matter of doubt. His friends are encouraged only by the fact he becomes no worse. Being restricted to a diet of milk and beef tea, the patient wonders why they do not give him something solid to build upon. A physician who was discussing the condition of the distinguished patient said, "the trouble with these men is that they simply work with their heads; if they do not take more exercise, there is danger of fatal consequences."

A JUVENILE CRIMINAL.

A Boy of Ten or Twelve Stabs and Kills Another of Ten Years of Age.

Asheville Citizen of the 3rd inst.

Thursday evening a little negro boy named Campbell Black stabbed and killed a little boy named Calvin (or Jack) Pressley, white. All the parties lived near Deavers' View Mountain, Buncombe county, some six miles from Asheville. It seems this little negro is a very vicious character, and has had frequent difficulties with boys in his neighborhood. There was an unpleasantness between him and the little Pressley boy, and he had recently made threats of doing him some personal violence. Thursday evening he saw Pressley and a little brother going to some woods near by; in going they passed the house of Black. As soon as he saw them he began rocking Calvin, and continued it for some time. He then armed himself with a shoe knife, followed the Pressley boys to the woods where they were, and renewed the attack, striking Calvin with a pole. Calvin took a board and frayed him; but Black again attacked him with the pole, punching him in the abdomen with it and then dropping it, rushed upon Pressley with his shoe-knife and stabbed him twice the first thrust striking a rib near the heart and glancing, the second penetrating his breast just a little to the right of the breast-bone, causing death in a few moments. Some one, working near by, saw the difficulty, saw the Pressley boy fall and the Black boy running away; he went to the place and found the little fellow dead. Some neighbors arrested the little culprit and brought him to town yesterday. His mother says he is but ten years of age, but others think he is 12 or 13. He is small for his age. The little Pressley boy was just 10 years of age.

The prisoner confesses the whole matter, and seems unmindful of the character of the crime. He has been for some time very offensive to the whole community, and but for his age would have been lynched yesterday upon his arrest. Mr. J. L. Starnes brought him to town, and turned him over to the authorities. Coroner Watson went out yesterday evening and investigated the affair.

After a thorough investigation, the Coroner's jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the above facts. An examination by Dr. Watson, showed that the knife had penetrated the heart of the victim. The opinion of the jury was that the act was one of malicious murder.

What Farmers Can Do.

Abbeville S. C. Press and Banner.

They have votes enough to carry any election.

They can effectually put an end to the extortions of railroads, which take one bushel of every two that he raises.

They can put ten farmers in Congress and the State Legislature for every one they now have.

They can make their own laws in all the States.

They can combine themselves into a compact body.

They can furnish themselves with a crop report of inestimable value to themselves and the country, and

They can by so doing protect themselves against speculators.

Why Drug Stores Pay.

Senator Allison says that prohibition in Iowa is a "fixed fact." So much so indeed, that it is better to go to Iowa and open a drug store than to go to Colorado and open a silver mine.

The Richmond & Danville Railroad Company has granted its employees an advance of ten per cent. in wages, which begun April 1st.

ALL OVER THE STATE.

GLANCE AT THE STATE.

From Mountain to Seashore as Seen through the State Press.

A Kinston umbrella borrower has 77.

McDowell county is enjoying a gold fever.

The Bebrews of Goldsboro will build a synagogue.

There are 1,017 uniformed members of the State Guard.

A dead negro was ploughed up in Forsyth county a few days ago.

Morrison Bros. will erect two tobacco factories at Statesville this summer.

Fayetteville will memorialize Congress for funds for a public building.

The spring races are to take place at Goldsboro on the 25th and 26th of May.

The People's Advocate is the name of a Republican paper just started at New Berne.

During March sixty-eight drummers' licenses were issued from the State Treasury.

The two national banks of Winston do a business of fifteen million dollars annually.

A handsome monument is to be erected at Washington, N. C., to the memory of the Confederate dead.

A Franklin county man owns a pot that was buried containing valuables when Gen. Cornwallis invaded North Carolina during the Revolution.

The Waynesville News understands that "The North Carolina Tale and Marble Company" intend opening up their mines in Nantahala, near Jarrett's station, at once.

Mrs. Sarah Benton, of Anson county, has a three-year-old hound which she sends 12 miles to the post-office for her mail. The dog has never lost a paper or letter yet.

Greensboro North State: Judge Gilmer, in Carteret county, charged the grand jury about the failure of county commissioners and other public officers to do their duty such as publishing exhibits of county business, &c.

Col. Thomas M. Holt is putting up a new brick factory at Haw river, for weaving purposes alone. The ebb in the financial tide is beginning to show evidences of its coming flood, and before the end of the year North Carolina bids fair to experience a happy fruition of this long deferred hope.

Statesville Landmark: Two or three years ago Mr. F. M. Cline established here a little cooperage shop which has developed into the Statesville Barrel Factory. His business has been growing from the start and he is now working twelve hands. He is making kegs, half barrels, barrels and hogheads, and cutting white oak staves which are shipped to the West Indies.

Probable Cabinet Changes.

Washington Critic.

It would not be at all surprising, says a close observer and well-posted friend at our elbow, if several other changes took place in the cabinet within the year, in addition to the enforced retirement of Mr. Manning. It goes without saying that there are three officers of the cabinet besides the Secretary of the Treasury who have more than once mourned the day that they left their comfortable seats in the Senate for new and untried responsibilities. Of these two are now sick, the result, no doubt, of close confinement and harassing duties of their complicated departments. Mr. Lamar, a gentleman of scholarly tastes and habits of easy leisure, was of all men least fitted by education of natural aptitude for the hard, routine drudgery that waits upon the Secretaryship of the Interior. He is a good officer, but it goes hard with him to be that particular officer, and the country need not be started to hear of his being returned to the Senate again. As for Mr. Garland, the duties of his position are not so arduous; in themselves as to break down any man of ordinarily robust health, and being a first-rate lawyer, he is not unlikely to feel a high professional pride in executing the trusts confided to him, and executing them well. But the Attorney General in spite of his independence of character, is a sensitive man and cannot help but feel worried and annoyed as being made the target for scandalous attacks

based upon his connection with the Pan Electric scandal. Nobody doubts his integrity or honesty, nor does any responsible man believe there was anything improper in his holding the interest he did in a prospective business speculation, but the hue and cry that has been raised about it throughout the country does not stop to reason the thing out, and thus his position as Attorney General becomes in a measure embarrassing both to himself and the Administration. It would be a wonder if he, too, should feel disposed to step down and out some of these mornings and appease the insensate of the populace. Mr. Bayard has a genuine statesmanlike pride in his department, but beyond question, would prefer to resume his old seat in the Senate, especially now that any more commingling with the social world of Washington has been made permanently distasteful to him, by the afflictions that have visited his household. If however, it be true that the health of President Cleveland is breaking, there are cogent reasons why he might desire to remain in the cabinet. He is a fast friend of the Administration, and in the event of any contingency that might occur at the White House, bringing him to the front under the new order of succession, he would prove an acceptable executive to the country.

How he Escaped the Gallows.

The Asheville correspondent of the Charleston Courier writes: "At Hendersonville, on May 8th, is to occur the execution of Kilgore, the negro convicted of the murder of Mat. Henderson, a white woman, about a year ago. Speaking of an execution for murder at Hendersonville reminds your correspondent of one of the most romantic jail escapes ever known in this section. Confined in the jail at that place, some years ago, was a man by the name of Adair—one of several brothers whose names were common to the criminal docket of the county and whose misdeeds won for them a wide notoriety. The prisoner here spoken had been convicted of murder, and the day before his execution among the number of mountaineers thus early flocking to the town, to see the hanging there was one who came for a different purpose. She was a young woman, some twenty-six years old, attired in the plain, simple homespun garb characteristic of the locality, and with a face which, while it was not of a type to be called beautiful, was by no means homely, though it was somewhat hid under the shadow of a sun bonnet. Her form was rounded and stout and she presented an appearance of unusual firmness, intelligence and self-possession. She asked permission to spend the night with her husband, the prisoner—his last night on earth. The kind hearted and sympathetic jailer did not hesitate to grant so slight a request. On retiring she asked to be allowed her freedom at early dawn, so that she might make the final preparations for the terrible fate of her husband. To this additional request there was no objection on the part of the old jailer, unaccustomed to turn the key on prisoners charged with graver offenses than assaults and batteries. As the great northeast began to send up its first gray streaks announcing the breaking day the old jailer, none too soon for his volunteer prisoner, turned the huge key in the massive lock and allowed the homespun-clad figure with the sun-bonnet to pass down into the cool sweet air of a mountain mora of summer and glide away amid the dimly distinguishable objects of the dawn. Crowds came pouring into the small town at all moments from daylight to 9 o'clock, the hour for breakfast at jail, all eager to see the first hanging in the history of the county. As the clock struck 9 the prompt old jailer ascended the stairway with the prisoner's last meal on earth. The bolts were turned, the door was opened, then with a clang was shut. As the gray haired jailer, for years and years the keeper of the prison, extended the morning meal to the only inmate under his charge he was dumb with amazement when he saw before him not a convict, but the handsome face of the convict's wife, whose shapely limbs were covered by her husband's clothing, while he, with her, was among his native hills and far away.

A lot of Hill's Shoes, in sizes from 1 to 34, for cash at cost at Claywell Bros.