

# THE ASHEBORO COURIER.

PRINCIPLES AND NOT MEN.

VOL. IX.

ASHEBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1884.

NO. 26.

## Happiness.

It is not wealth that brings  
True happiness to any man,  
For both may fly on transient wings,  
Or last but for a little span.  
Ambition has no power to charm,  
When strength and life begin to wane;  
The world's applause can never calm  
The weary heart in hours of pain.  
Expected joys elude our grasp,  
And hope grows dim with doubts and fears,  
While covered pulses long to clasp  
The vanished forms of brighter years.  
Youth like a phantom steals away,  
And pleasures follow in its train,  
While never more by night or day,  
Can we entice them back again.  
A well-spent life that none can blame,  
A conscience from offences free,  
Unscarred by wrong and sin and shame,  
Is only true felicity.  
A noble heart devoid of self,  
That tries to elevate mankind,  
And seeks for no reward in pelf,  
A perfect happiness may find.  
A loving life whose end and aim  
Is to do good whate'er betide,  
To lesson evil, want, and shame,  
And scatter kindness far and wide,  
Good deeds and actions pave the way  
To make life's cares and sorrows less,  
To bring contentment day by day,  
And everlasting happiness.

## THE LOST DRESS.

A quiet, elderly lady, in a stone-colored merino dress and a black lace cap, had been anxiously peeping out of her window of a pretty house in Milk-own, at intervals throughout the dull, cold Winter afternoon of a day not long gone by.

When about 5 o'clock, a young girl, shrewdly clad in terra-cotta red, with an impossible bird, in a cap of impossible fur, was seen making stately progress down the long street, holding in her arms an immense and puffy brown-paper parcel.

Occasionally this young person made an effort to look behind her without turning her head, and when at last she arrived at the doorsteps of the house we have mentioned, she turned coquettishly to see who it was who had been walking behind her for some distance.

Seeing that it was only a hobbled-boy apprentice from the tinman's, with a length of stovepipe under his arm, a black smirch on his nose, and no appreciation of a terra-cotta waist-coat, twenty inches in circumference in his countenance, she turned away in disgust and rung the bell violently, leaning her back against the door, and regarding the apprentice with a scorn which amazed him, and which proceeded from the fact that he was not the fine-looking young man, with mustache, whom she had imagined to be following her.

In an instant more she tumbled into the arms of the elderly lady, who had opened the door with unexpected promptitude, amid the derisive laughter of the youthful tinman.

"Bless me! I hope you haven't hurt yourself?" said the old lady. "And is this really Mrs. Ruffit's dress at last? We'd almost given it up."

"Madame says she couldn't help it," said the girl, rubbing her elbow, which had come into sharp contact with the door. "It's such a busy time," and delivering the parcel to the old lady, she walked away, with dark views of life in her young bosom, and an uplifted nose that bespoke scorn of all apprentices.

Meanwhile the old lady hurried into the sitting room at the back of the house, and placing the parcel upon a table cried, with a gasp of relief:

"There it is, Rebecca; and you needn't have worried about it all day, at all."

At these words a lady, who was still only middle aged, and who was sitting wrapped in a voluminous double gown in a great armchair near the little Franklin stove, started to her feet, gave a cry of delight, seized the parcel, opened it at one end, and emptied from it a ruby colored silk dress, all nuances, furbelows and cachemire beading, which she instantly proceeded to try on.

The old lady superintended the performance, pronounced the fit perfect, picked out a lingering basting thread and spread the train abroad, while Mrs. Ruffit, who was fat and blonde, and very gushing, constantly repeated: "You know it's the first time I've appeared in colors for years, and the Dumsdays are so stylish. You know I would wish to appear particularly well. And does it taper in nicely at the waist, Aunt Betsy? And does the train turn when I walk?"

At last even this nervous lady was satisfied, and having looked at her

back in two glasses, declared that she must take a nap before she began to dress, and vanished for that purpose.

And Aunt Betsy, having poured a cup of tea from a little brown teapot that simmered constantly on the stove, dropped into the vacated chair with a sigh of relief, for Rebecca, though a good-hearted woman, who had given her aunt an excellent home for years, became at times a trifle wearisome with her affectations, her immense anxiety concerning her middle-aged charms, and her floods of tears about nothing.

Had the dress really not come home, and had Mrs. Ruffit really been obliged to send a regret to the Dumsdays that evening, Aunt Betsy would have had a weary time of it. Now she saw free to rest, to read, or knit, or doze as she liked, and though she took up the needles, the warmth of the fire, the comfort of the great chair, and the calm that had fallen after a storm, all induced slumber.

In fact, Aunt Betsy had been fast asleep for more than half an hour, when she started wide awake, to see a spectral form at the window, and to hear spiritual rappings on the panes.

In an instant more the ghost had resolved itself into a poor woman, whose pale face was made ghastly by a black hood, and who, seeing the teapot and Aunt Betsy's amiable face in conjunction, had bethought her to ask for a cup of tea.

Aunt Betsy was kindness itself. She opened the door to the woman and made her sit near the stove and comforted her not only with tea and bread and butter, but with raspberry jam, and finally went to the door again to "speed the parting guest" with amiable words and a silver coin.

"Ah, poor thing!" she said to herself as she went into the cozy sitting room again. "How hard it is for her."

"Hard for whom?" asked Mrs. Ruffit, who had returned to the sitting room well wrapped up in the big dressing gown, which somehow seemed more voluminous than ever. "What's hard for whom, Aunt Betsy?"

"Oh, Rebecca," said the good old lady, "a person has been here begging a cup of tea. Her husband's dead, her son's in Texas, and she's walking twenty miles to try and find a daughter who married a man named Smith, fifteen years ago."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Ruffit, who was only sentimentally sympathetic with herself. "I see—the old story! And you gave her all the small change you had in your pocket, and she went away to spend it at the next gin-shop. You are such a soft-hearted goose, auntie. I only hope she didn't steal anything—Good gracious, Aunt Betsy! where is my new dress?"

"You took it upstairs with you, Becky," said Aunt Betsy.

Mrs. Ruffit ran upstairs with more celerity than could have been expected of fair, fat, and five-and-forty, and was heard to open sundry closet doors, to rush about wildly, and to shriek. Then she reappeared in the sitting room.

"It's not up there!" she shrieked, wringing her hands. "Oh, Aunt Betsy, tell me you've put it somewhere! Don't say it's gone."

"I don't see how it can be gone," cried Aunt Betsy, flying wildly up and down, shaking the curtains, looking behind the sofa; even opening the six-inch drawer of a little work-table.

"Oh, Rebecca, I'm sure you took it with you! I'll find it. Didn't you put it in the parlor?"

A way the ladies flew, with queer little squeals and moans.

Every spot in the house was ransacked, even the coal-cellar; but the dress was not found.

At last Mrs. Ruffit fell into the arm chair, fortunately as strong as it was capacious, and sobbed:

"This is what has come of your absurd foolishness for drunken beggars, Aunt Betsy. That woman has stolen my dress."

"She couldn't—she hadn't a thing in her hand," said poor Aunt Betsy.

Then conscience told her she had left the woman alone for five minutes while she took out the jam.

It was all discussed over and over again, and the fact that in Miss Betsy's absence the woman had put the new dress through the window and picked it up when she went out, was fully established.

The police were notified, a description of the woman and dress put into their hands, and a note of regret written to the Dumsdays.

Mrs. Ruffit was persuaded to take some tea and toast, and sat bewailing her loss and rocking to and fro.

"A dress that cost me ninety dollars before it was made and twenty-five for the making," sighed Mrs. Ruffit. "I can't afford another like it this winter, and Colonel Cowes was to be at the Dumsdays', and he admires me very much, Aunt Betsy, and it's most annoying. I'd calculated on it two weeks, and you must beg and pray a tipsy tramp to come and take tea with you on purpose to have my dress stolen."

"I didn't beg and pray her," said Mrs. Ruffit for a little tea, and "she wasn't tipsy," sobbed Aunt Betsy. "Oh, Rebecca Ruffit, how cruel you are!"

"I suppose you expect me to dance for joy," said Mrs. Ruffit. "I must say that's too much to expect; but I might be not only robbed, but murdered, if you could only give all the money you liked to drunken tramps. That's your monomania, Aunt Betsy, and I must say it if you kill me."

Then began a woful quarrel, in which all the reproaches that could be uttered on either side found vent.

The ladies wept and sighed and bemoaned themselves.

They spoke of parting. They shook their heads and rocked to and fro, and the fire went out and the oil burnt low in the lamp. The clock struck ten and still the ladies found new recriminations to utter.

At last 12 o'clock came. The carriages which bore the departing guests home from the Dumsdays' great party were heard to roll past, and Mrs. Ruffit burst into a fresh flood of tears.

"I feel so dreadfully sick, Aunt Betsy," she said; "so heavy in every limb; such a weight somehow. You know excitement is bad for me. Dr. Sweetman says I'm predisposed to heart disease, and I know this is an attack of it. I've all the symptoms. My arms are swollen—look how tight the sleeves of this dressing-gown are—and my goodness, Aunt Betsy! look at the belt! it won't meet! Can't you see it? It's puffing up all over? I'm going to die!"

"Ah, my poor child," cried Aunt Betsy, "you really are! Oh, do let me take your things off, and put you to bed, and send for the doctor. Come upstairs at once."

Mrs. Ruffit assented.

Aunt Betsy helped her upstairs, opened the bed, laid out the white night-gown, and began to help her niece off with the double gown. She slipped the big loops of cord from the big buttons, and began tugging at the sleeve.

The flowered cashmere slowly receded from the left shoulder.

Aunt Betsy paused and gave a scream.

"Rebecca Ruffit!" she cried.

"Oh, what is it, Aunt Betsy?" asked Mrs. Ruffit. "Am I turning black?"

"Look!" cried Aunt Betsy. "Why Rebecca Ruffit, you've put your double-gown on over your new dress. No wonder you felt queer."

"Why, how did I come to do such a thing?" gasped Mrs. Ruffit in amazement. "I must have taken my nap in it, too!"

She peeled off the double gown in double-quick time.

She had nothing to say, except: "No wonder I felt stuffy!"

There was nobody to blame and nothing to do but to make up with Aunt Betsy who accorded a gracious forgiveness and retired meekly; but up in her own room she indulged herself in a little burst of triumph:

"Tisn't me that's made a fool of myself," she said, ungrammatically, as she tied her night-cap and blew out the candle; "and that's some comfort anyhow."

**A Place of Perfect Peace.**

She was a remarkably sensible young lady who made a request of her friends that after her decease she should not be buried by the side of a brook, where babbling lovers would wake her from her dreams, nor in any grand cemetery, where sight-seers, conning over epitaphs, might distract her, but be laid away to take her last sleep under the counter of some merchant who did not advertise in the papers. There, she said, was to be found peace passing all understanding, a depth of quiet slumber on which the sound of neither the buoyant foot of youth nor the weary shuffle of old age would ever intrude.

Texas boasts of a potato shaped exactly like a human foot, even to the five toes.

**TOPICS OF THE DAY.**

The religious opposition to creation is reinforced by opposition from the life insurance companies. They claim that it will interfere with the successful contest of policies by destroying the evidence of the cause of death.

Our system of education requires an annual expenditure of nearly \$98,000,000, only a few millions less than all the nations of Europe devote to the same object. Yet it is a fact that Great Britain expends two-thirds more than that immense sum upon her army and navy.

The English Lord Vernon is trying a novel experiment. He has a large lairy at Sudbury, where more than 1,500 gallons of milk are handled daily, and he has instituted on the farm a dairy school, where everything is taught pertaining to the dairy business, such as the proper care and handling of cows, milk, butter and cheese making.

The Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution says that the most wonderful cures of dyspepsia are being made around Athens by taking a spoonful of fine sand after each meal, and that persons who have been suffering for years are entirely cured; but most people, remarks a New York paper, would prefer the dyspepsia.

French farmers put all their savings in the *Caisse d'Epargne* or Government Savings bank. The Government takes these savings of the poor, up to \$200, and pays them 3-4 per cent interest. It is said the peasant farmers of France have nearly \$300,000,000 deposited in these savings banks. Thus the French treasury is always full, and nearly every citizen has a personal interest in sustaining the Government.

Hundreds of Italians are returning to their native land by reason of the lack of work in this country. Railroad building, their principle employment, has been almost wholly abandoned for the present. Naturally an indolent class, they seldom find individual employment, and are sent out in gangs under charge of a head man or leader. Very few of the lower class of Italians can stand the rigor of our Winter climate, and dread the cold more than the African does.

Most persons have an idea that any one who sends a letter can telegraph to the postmaster at the office of delivery and have it returned to him. Such, however, is not the fact. The postmaster at the office of mailing is the only person who can recall a letter. This authority was recently given, the privilege heretofore being exercised by the postmaster-general. Therefore, if the sender of a letter desires to intercept the missive or have it returned to him, he must apply to the postmaster at the office where he mailed the letter.

The Rev. Samuel W. Dike points out the changes that have come over the New England town, both in its educational and religious life. The religious denominations have destroyed the old unity, the schools have destroyed the old central purpose of town life, and the draft of the city upon the rural districts exhausts the means by which the old tone is maintained. Mr. Dike insists that two things must be done. One is restore religious unity, which is now almost the last thing that seems possible; the other is to restore the family to its old place.

Some one who has been studying the subject intimates that not less than forty tons of silver and three tons of gold are used in these United States every year in photographic processes. Making this estimate the value of an additional calculation, by taking the amount of gold and silver required to produce a single cabinet picture, ascertaining the number of pictures that can be made with the amount of these metals as above given, and considering the average price charged for these pictures, it is found that more than \$27,000,000 is expended in this country annually for photographic pictures.

Shipping buffalo horns from the great plains of the West to Eastern

phosphate factories has developed into an important interest of late, since the reduction of trunk line freight rates. A single manufacturer in Philadelphia has received the past summer more than 200 car loads of these bones. The skeletons are worth \$25 per ton delivered at the factories, and as the freight is only from \$8 to \$10 per ton there is room for considerable profit for the gatherer. Besides extracting phosphates from the bones, the horns are used for tips for umbrellas, and certain bones are made into artistic and handsome buttons.

Those who have suffered from the persecutions of piano pounders can now take courage, for deliverance is at hand. A Philadelphia genius has discovered a method by which the volume of sound of a piano may be reduced to a mere whisper, while the performer may be exercising the most vehement strength of his muscles. It consists in a simple wedge-like attachment between the damper and the frame of the piano, thus greatly lessening the vibrating powers of the strings and softening the tone until the sound about equals that of a guitar, while the performer obtains the full benefit of the most violent practice.

In the matter of treaties the Africans are ahead of us. Our extradition treaties contain a great many words but cover a very few crimes. Here is a treaty between the King of Ethiopia and the Khedive of Egypt, which contains few words and embraces every criminal case: "His Majesty, the Negoosa Negust, and his highness, the Khedive, engage to deliver up, one to the other, any criminal or criminals who may have fled to escape punishment from the dominion of one to the dominions of the other." This is brevity and simplicity combined with thoroughness.

Mr. Muybridge, formerly of San Francisco, whose photographs of animals in motion attracted so much attention in this country and in Europe, is continuing his experiments of photographing motion at the University of Pennsylvania, under the supervision of a committee of the Faculty. He has contrived some very ingenious apparatus, and his pictures have been very successful. Among the subjects that are to be photographed are the movements of persons suffering from palsy and diseases of the joints, showing exactly how the gait is affected, and analyzing accurately the abnormal action of horses' legs and other animals at different rates of speed; the aerial locomotion of birds on the wing, and the methods of propulsion of marine mammals, aquatic birds and fish.

So many vague statements have been made concerning Prof. Koch's views relating to cholera that the Berlin correspondent of the *British Medical Journal* thinks it wise to give his ideas as printed in the official report. The spread of cholera, it recites, is caused by personal contact and not by goods and other objects except damp, infected linen. The infection is not in the air, but in the ejections of the patient; it is only dangerous in a moist state, and dies very speedily when dry; air cannot transfer the disease. The bacilla do not, as in small-pox, produce spores, which may dry up only to reappear alive. Drying will positively kill them in three hours. The disease is confined wholly to the digestive organs. Contact with the patient is without danger if no contamination from the digestive organs is received. The following convey infection: infective drinking and washing water, infective moist and liquid foods, and especially milk. The Berlin Hospital inspector stated that there was no need to be especially afraid of cholera; it was much less dangerous than indigenous plagues.

**What's in a Name.**

It was at the baptismal font and the minister had the baby in his arms.

"What is the name?" he asked of the mother.

"Josephine Newton."

"Joseph E. Newton I baptize thee in the name—"

"No, no," hurriedly whispered the mother in great alarm. "Not Joseph E. Newton, Josephine Newton. It's not that kind of a baby."—*Life.*

**THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.**

**Bright's Disease.**—A double handful of the dry pods of common white beans or corn beans boiled slowly for three hours in three quarts of water until it is reduced to three pints. Take hot or cold. Use no other drink. This simple remedy is claimed to have effected cures in Bright's disease as well as in dropsy.

**Whooping Cough.**—Chesnut leaves 1 ounce, boiling water 1 pint; steep, and when cold give to a child from two to four years old one to two teaspoons every two hours. This infusion can be sweetened and made very pleasant. When the leaves cannot be had, a tincture or fluid extract may be obtained at any drug store.

**In Cases of Poisoning.**—What to do till the doctor comes.—Make your patient vomit by giving a tumbler of warm water with a teaspoonful of mustard in it, and send for the doctor. If the poison is acid give magnesia and water, or chalk and water, or soap and water, and plenty of warm water besides. If it is an alkali like potash, give vinegar and water, lemon juice or some other safe acid. Always remember the emetic first. If it be lead, strong coffee is a good thing to give until the doctor comes. Keep the patient awake.

**Camphor.**—Camphor is a peculiar gum or concrete substance obtained from an evergreen tree, called the *Laurus Camphora*, a native of China, Japan, and the East Indies. The camphor of this country is mainly brought from the city of Canton, in China, and generally has to be purified before it is fit for use. The camphor-tree is highly aromatic, all parts of it yielding camphor, the grains of the gum being found lodged in all the cracks and vacant places in the tree. It is a sedative in moderate doses. In over doses it is a narcotic. It is also a stimulant to the nervous system; in wakefulness and delirium it is a valuable remedy. It is exceedingly volatile, and by exposure to the air it soon loses its virtues. To make camphor tincture add one ounce of gum to a pint of rum or alcohol. The smell of it will relieve faintness; and when taken into the stomach, it restores the powers of life. A dose of ten grains repeated every three hours will cure headache. It should always be kept in the house *Health & Home.*

**Tattooed Samoans.**

The natives in the boats exhibited the general characteristics of the Polynesian-Malays. Their faces were clear of tattoo, but from the loins downward over the hips and thighs to the knees, they were very closely tattooed. Unlike Maori tattoo, which follows curved lines, the Samoans puncture the color into the skin in closely dotted mass, with diagonal lines of bare skin embellishing the design, which at a distance looks almost like a pair of dark pants. The instruments used are usually the spines of the shaddock tree or bone driven in with small mallets. The coloring matter is burned candle nut. The women do not tattoo. The process is begun with the men at the age of twenty, and is slow and painful. As among their civilized professional brethren there is a code of honor recognized in the profession devoted to this art, and this code is chiefly applied—so true is human nature in all its aspects to the maintenance of an adequate scale of fees. A tattoo will sometimes stop in the middle of his job, leaving the subject half done, until his pecuniary demands are satisfied, and no professional brother can be tempted to cut in and finish the business. A Samoan is no more able to walk about for the rest of his life half tattooed than an Australasian mashee with one whisker, and he is therefore obliged to pay up to the uttermost farthing. Although not so invariably as in Fiji, the Samoan men and women do dye their hair yellow with burned coral, and paint their faces red and black. They also shave the heads of their children, using shark's teeth as razors. Rubbing or pressing noses as with the Maoris, is the form of national salute. They never eat before ten or twelve o'clock in the morning, but afterwards have no regular meal time—eating almost continuously through the day.—*Melbourne (Australia) Leader.*