

# THE ASHEBORO COURIER.

PRINCIPLES AND NOT MEN.

ASHEBORO, NORTH CAROLINA. May 22, 1885

## White Wings.

I sent an eagle from my ark,  
When all around was dull and dark,  
And watched it as it took its flight  
Onward and upward to a height  
Supremely grand; its wings outspread  
Made a black canopy overhead,  
Through which no ray of comfort stole,  
Nor promise of a peaceful goal.  
  
I sent a dove from out the ark,  
When all around was dull and dark,  
And watched it as it soared on high,  
Its white wings brightening the sky—  
And if heaven's gates stood wide apart—  
Until the radiance reached my heart,  
And on the pinions of a dove  
I found the anchorage of Love.  
  
Too oft ambition clouds the gaze,  
Receives the sunshine from life's ways,  
And, like an eagle in its flight  
Is lost upon some giddy height;  
While on white wings the carrier dove  
Bears the poor burdened soul above,  
Into an atmosphere of peace,  
Where all these surging billows cease.  
—Josephine Pollard, in the Independent.

## PHOEBE'S SPECULATION.

It was my first case of importance, and I had taken it on speculation. If I had succeeded, it would not only be a feather in my cap, but a neat sum in my pocket; if I didn't, it would be at the cost of a deal of labor wasted and a sound legal drubbing at the hands of Naboth Twysscott, who appeared on the other side.  
  
The fight was long and bitter, but ended in a verdict for my client.  
  
It was too late to put the money in the bank the day the defendant paid it over. However, it was not a very bulky roll, being all in thousand-dollar notes; so I just slipped it into a secret pocket of my coat where it would be safe till morning.  
  
We lived, my wife and I, in a snug little cottage near the city. We had been married not quite a year. In fact, it was mainly on the strength of my expectations from "the case," which had then reached a point at which Twysscott was only fighting for delay, that I had ventured to ask Phoebe Harland to complete our somewhat long-standing engagement.  
  
I had promised Phoebe so many things out of the case that I had forgotten half of them; but there was little doubt that a strict account of them was laid away in her own memory, and I feared that the sum total would make a large hole in my share of the spoils.  
  
I know it was a mean thing, and I can hardly think what put it into my head, for I fully intended to deal squarely by Phoebe; but on the train homeward it somehow occurred to me that there was no need of hurry in telling her I had got the money. It would do as well in a day or two as it would now.  
  
Phoebe met me so lovingly, and had such a nice little supper waiting—just the dishes she knew I liked best—and was so chatty and pleasant all the evening, that I wonder how I kept the guilty secret, but somehow I did keep it.  
  
I was awakened next morning by a messenger with a telegram summoning me at once to town to draw Mr. Banton's will. I hastened to catch the early train, which I was just in time to do. Mr. Banton was a rich retired merchant, whose patronage was not to be neglected.  
  
Instead of finding him dying, I was not a little surprised at seeing Mr. Banton in dressing gown and slippers, enjoying a hearty breakfast. His illness was imaginary, and, as I afterwards discovered, he was in the habit of occasionally fancying himself in a dying state, when in reality nothing was the matter. I dispatched the business with Mr. Banton as rapidly as possible, and do not think my hurried manner impressed him favorably.  
  
It was not till I had reached my office that I noticed I had on a different coat from that worn the day before, which, being a little the worse for use, Phoebe had strongly objected to my wearing of late. More than once she had threatened to sell it or give it to the ragman. She must have slipped another in its place the night before, and in the hurry of my morning toilet I had failed to note the change.  
  
I was a little annoyed when, at a late hour my client, Jonas Swirl, called to settle and get his share of the money. He was a very suspicious person, and when I explained the change of coats and the absence of the cash, I fancied he looked just a trifle distrustful. Still

he said nothing, and went away promising to come back to-morrow.  
  
I hardly stopped to return Phoebe's kiss that evening before running up to the closet to look for my old coat. It was not there. I tossed everything upside down, rummaged all the drawers, searched every hook and peg, but the missing garment was nowhere visible.  
  
"Phoebe!" I cried, running down to the dining-room where she was busy preparing tea—"Phoebe! where's the coat I wore yesterday?"  
  
"That old one?"  
  
"Old or new, where is it?" I demanded.  
  
"I'm afraid I seemed to speak harshly, but I was only excited."  
  
Phoebe looked scared. I had never addressed her so before.  
  
"Forgive me, George," she faltered. "Forgive you for what?"  
  
"I—I—there was a pedlar came along to-day, and—and I exchanged your old coat—you know it wasn't fit to wear any longer, dear—for a pair of the loveliest little flower vases—I've been waiting for you to notice them, but—but—"  
  
My looks must have terrified her, for she burst into tears, sobbing out:  
  
"I didn't think you would mind it, George."  
  
Poor Phoebe, it was the first time I had made her cry; and after all I had only my own selfish folly to blame. Why hadn't I told her about the money?  
  
Taking her to my arms and kissing away her tears:  
  
"Never mind, darling," I said. "Don't cry about the coat; but do you know which way the pedlar went?"  
  
My kind words reassured her. The smile came back to her face, but the question about the pedlar puzzled her.  
  
"I didn't notice which way he went," she answered; "but since you don't mind about the coat, what difference does it make, dear?"  
  
I didn't care to explain the mighty difference it made; for I saw it would break Phoebe's heart to know the truth, and could do no good.  
  
After tea I went out on some pretext and made such inquiries as I could with prudence; but though I found some who had seen the pedlar, none could give me any clue to him or whither he had gone.  
  
Phoebe was delighted with her vases; and of course I had to admire them too, though I confess it would have afforded me greater satisfaction to have smashed them over the pedlar's head.  
  
I spent a sleepless night, though I managed to keep Phoebe from observing my distress. It would be time enough to vex her with the truth when there would be no other course left.  
  
Making an excuse for another early start, I got to town by the first morning train.  
  
I notified the police, and spoke of advertising; but that would never do, the superintendent said. As the money was in a hidden pocket, the only hope lay in finding the coat before the presence of the notes was discovered. Whatever search was made must be prosecuted secretly. Giving the best description of the pedlar I had been able to obtain, I went to my office with a heavy heart. What should I do when Jonas Swirl came for his money? He would never believe my story, and Heaven only knew what harsh measures he might choose to take.  
  
As I sat with my head buried in my hands, and elbows resting on my desk, brooding over my troubles, I did not notice a man enter the door, to which my back was turned, and was not aware of his presence until awakened from my reverie by a gruff—"Want any pens, sir?"  
  
"No!" I answered, without looking up.  
  
"Some ink?—some blotting-paper?—some soap?—some matches?—some—"  
  
Not caring to hear the inventory finished, I turned to request the man to leave. But—I didn't. He had on my own old coat, more attractive to my eyes just then than the richest royal robe!  
  
"How would you like to sell that coat you have on?" I asked as unconcerned as possible.  
  
The man smiled as one might at what he thought a very poor joke.  
  
"Or, maybe you'd exchange it for the one I wear?" I added.  
  
"You're hardly in earnest, sir?"  
  
"Indeed I am," I said; "I fancy the cut of yours, and here's mine—come, even up and no biggling."

The coat which I drew off and thrust into his hands was quite new, and worth many times that for which I offered to exchange it. I was evidently taken for a lunatic, but that did not balk the pedlar's greed for a good bargain. The barter was completed and the man hurried off, probably fearing the return of a lucid interval in which I might seek to cancel the trade.  
  
But I followed at his heels, keeping him in sight till I had searched the secret pocket, where I found the money all safe.  
  
And I found it just in time, too, for before many minutes Jonas Swirl came as he had promised. Our settlement was soon completed, and each had his own share to do what he would with.  
  
Phoebe was surprised to see me in my old coat; but when I told her all, and saw how white and scared she looked, I was glad that I had waited till there was only good news to tell her.  
  
How Grant Entered the Federal Army.  
  
A Galena (Ill.) letter to the Salem (Mass.) Gazette says: I have thought that a few anecdotes of General Grant which have from time to time been related to me during a long residence in Galena might not be uninteresting to your readers. A friend of mine once told me that he walked home with Gen. Grant at the close of the first war meeting which was held in Galena, and at which the General presided, and that he said to him, "I am going into this thing. I am going to begin at the foot of the ladder. I am acquainted with the Governor of Ohio, and I am going to write to him to-night and ask him to give me a commission." My friend asked him why he did not apply to Gov. Yates. He replied that he knew Ohio's Governor, and should write to him. Before his application was answered E. B. Washburne was down at Springfield, and Gov. Yates said to him: "We have got men enough and money enough, but we have no one here to organize; we need a military man here." Mr. Washburne said: "We have got just the very man up at Galena that you want." "Who is he?" "Capt. Grant." "Who is Capt. Grant?" Mr. Washburne explained that he was a graduate of West Point and had seen service in the Mexican war. "Send Capt. Grant down here," was the reply. While Grant was at work at the duty assigned him the Colonel of a regiment came in one day and said that he could do nothing with his men and offered to resign in Grant's favor if he would take command of it. Grant went out to see the regiment, and, being satisfied that the men were full of fight and would make good soldiers, accepted the command. Instead of taking his soldiers from Springfield to Quincy by rail, he marched them on foot, and by the time they reached their destination they knew they had no militia Colonel to deal with.

Noo-Ghook-Took.  
  
A game, called *noo-ghook-took*, is played by the Eskimo men and boys. A piece of walrus ivory, about as long as the forefinger and probably a little larger in diameter, is pierced near the middle with holes running entirely through, and as thickly placed as can be without cutting it in two. Through each extremity is passed a stout sinew string, one end of which holds it fast to the roof of the *igloo* or tent, while the other is tied to some heavy object, as a walrus's skull or a stone, which acts as a weight and keeps both strings taut.  
  
Some member of the playing party then puts up something as a prize—a pair of walrus's tusks or, perhaps, a reindeer coat. The players, who stand in a circle around the perforated ivory cylinder, arm themselves with long, sharpened sticks, with points small enough to enter the holes (such as seal spears with the barbs removed, or iron ramrods), and are then ready to commence; and as the prize giver gives a sudden shout of "Yi! Yi!" they all begin jabbing at the holes. Finally, some lucky fellow succeeds in thrusting the point of his stick, spear, or ramrod through one of the holes, when he loudly shouts "Yi! Yi!" and pushes the cylinder aside to show that he is winner, and the jabbing ceases. The victor now puts up some new prize—a musk-ox robe, or a sledge dog, or a sealskin line—and the game goes on as usual until all are ready to stop—  
  
*Lieut. Schwatka, in St. Nicholas.*

## BILL NYE ON THE COMET.

What a Comet's Characteristic Features Are.  
  
A Humorist Discovers Learnedly Upon an Astronomical Puzzle.  
  
The comet is a kind of astronomical parody on the planet. Comets look some like planets but they are thinner and do not hurt so hard when they hit anybody as a planet does. The comet was so called because it had hair on it, I believe, but late years the bald-headed comet is giving just as good satisfaction everywhere.  
  
The characteristic features of the comet are: A nucleus, a nebulous light or coma, and usually a luminous train or tail worn high. Sometimes several tails are observed on one comet, but this occurs only in flush times.  
  
When I was young I used to think I would like to be a comet in the sky, up above the world so high, with nothing to do but loaf around and play with the little new laid planets and have a good time, but now I can see where I was wrong. Comets also have their troubles, their perihelions, their hyperbolas and their parabolas. A little over 300 years ago Tycho Brahe discovered that comets were extraneous to our atmosphere, and since then times have improved. I can see that trade is steady and potatoes run less to tops than they did before.  
  
Soon after that they discovered that comets all had more or less periodicity. Nobody knows how they got it. All the astronomers had been watching them day and night and didn't know when they were exposed but there was no time to talk and argue over the question. There were two or three hundred comets all down with it at once. It was an exciting time.  
  
Comets sometimes live to a great age. This shows that the night air is not so injurious to the health as many people would have us believe. The great comet of 1680 is supposed to have been the one that was noticed about the time of Caesar's death, 44 B. C., and still when it appeared in Newton's time, seventeen hundred years after its first grand farewell tour, like said that it was very well preserved indeed and seemed to have retained all its faculties in good shape.  
  
Astronomers say that the tails of all comets are turned from the sun. I do not know why they do this, whether it is etiquette among them or just a mere habit.  
  
A late writer on astronomy said that the substance of the nebulousity and the tail is of almost inconceivable tenuity. He said this and then death came to his relief.  
  
Another writer says of the comet and its tail that "the curvature of the latter and the acceleration of the periodic time in the case of Encke's comet indicate their being affected by a resisting medium which has never been observed to have the slightest influence on the planetary periods."  
  
I do not fully agree with the eminent authority, though he may be right. Much fear has been the result of the comet's appearance ever since the world began, and it is as good a thing to worry about as anything I know of. If we could get close to a comet without frightening it away, we would find that we could walk through it any where as we could through the glare of a torchlight procession. We should so live that we will not be ashamed to look a comet in the eye, however. Let us pay up our newspaper subscription and lead such lives that when the comet strikes we will be ready.  
  
Some worry a good deal about the chances for a big comet to plow into the sun some dark rainy night, and thus bust up the whole universe. I wish that was all I had to worry about. If any responsible man will agree to pay my taxes and funeral expenses, I will agree to do his worrying about the comet's crashing into the bosom of the sun and knocking its daylight out.—  
  
*Bill Nye in Detroit Free Press.*

A Exception to the Rule.  
  
"The more you fill a barrel, the more it will weigh," said the teacher.  
  
"Please, ma'am is there any exception to the rule?" asked an urchin.  
  
"None whatever. Everything you put in the barrel adds weight to it."  
  
"I know an exception," broke in Bobby Sharp.  
  
"I guess not. What is it?"  
  
"Well, ma'am, the more holes you put in a barrel, the lighter it gets."

## A Fish Story.

One of the late official bulletins of the United States Fish Commission contains the following fish story, mainly derived, it is stated, from official correspondence: An experiment by Mr. C. W. Scudder, of the United States Fish Commission, in using brandy to recover carp nearly on the point of expiration, which was described in Bulletin Fish Commission, 1884, having come to the notice of Mr. W. Oldham Chambers, secretary of the National Fish Culture Association, of London, the latter conducted a similar experiment in the presence of several gentlemen at South Kensington, in September, 1884, and has recorded the verification of Mr. Scudder's work as follows:  
  
Taking two Prussian carp from the tanks of the aquarium, he deposited them in separate cans, adorning one with blue ribbon to denote its enforced temperance principles and to distinguish it from the other, which was selected for the administration of spirituous liquors. After a lapse of four hours the fish were placed in water, evident signs of expiration being apparent in both cases. A small quantity of brandy and water was then given to the carp selected for the imbibition of intoxicating liquors through the medium of a feather, and no sooner was the fish replaced in water than it assumed its normal condition and seemed to be restored to vigor and strength. The carp enlisted under the banner of the "blue-ribbon league" to all appearances died half an hour after its more fortunate associate, and was taken out of the water and thrown on the ground. About four hours later, however, the fish was picked up by Mr. Chambers, who observed it by appearance to be *in rigor mortis*. He then at once operated on the seemingly inanimate fish by opening its mouth and pouring a dose of brandy and water down its throat, and again inserting it in the water, when, to his utter astonishment, he noticed slight signs of animation. For five minutes the unfortunate object of the experiment floated helplessly on its side, when presently, to the still greater astonishment of the secretary and those who watched the experiment, it gradually asserted itself in the water, and with considerable effort made use of its fins—feebly at first, but afterwards energetically. Both the resuscitated fishes, which show no signs of their late prostration now swim about with their *confreres* in the tanks as usual.  
  
The instantaneous reanimation produced to the carp in the first instance was indeed remarkable; but what can be said of the latter, which recovered after remaining out of water eight hours? Surely this discovery will prove of the greatest utility and value in restoring fish that would otherwise perish, and be the means of securing greater longevity amongst them.—  
  
*Washington Star.*

A Fatal Bridal Trip.  
  
A clerk in a large German counting-house was spending his honeymoon in Italy, and while there a firm paid him \$8,000, owed to his employers. Having the \$8,000, the clerk thought he would go to Monte Carlo. He knew it was the worst possible place for him, because he would be tempted to gamble, but nevertheless being a foolish and weak-minded clerk he set off for the spot. Lest he should be impelled to go to the rooms and speculate with his employer's money, he handed the sum over to his wife to keep. Devoted to each other as bride and bridegroom were they rambled about this very small place independently of each other. The wife, \$8,000 in pocket, went to the tables, lost all, andumped into the sea.  
  
Who Invented Chess.  
  
The Hindus say that chess was the invention of an astronomer who flourished several thousand years ago, and who was possessed of supernatural knowledge and acuteness. The Greeks claim that it was the invention of Palamedes to beguile the tedium of the siege of Troy. The Arab legend is that it was devised for the instruction of a young despot by his tutor, a learned Brahmin, to teach the youth how a king was dependent upon his subjects for his safety. Oriental chess is of two kinds, Chinese and Indian chess. The Chinese game is played generally in Eastern Asia, but in India and the adjacent islands, and with some slight modifications all over the civilized world Indian chess is played.

## An Old Proverb.

Footing, my darling, because it rains,  
And flowers drop and the rain is falling,  
And drops are blurring the window panes,  
And a moaning wind through the lane is calling!  
  
Crying and wishing the sky was clear,  
And roses again on the lattice twining!  
Ah, well, remember, my foolish dear,  
"Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"  
  
When the world is bright and fair and gay,  
And glad birds sing in the fair June weather,  
And summer is gathering, night and day,  
Her golden chalice of sweets together;  
When blue seas answer the sky above,  
And bright stars follow the day's declining,  
Why, then, 'tis no merit to smile, my love;  
"Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"  
  
But this is the time the heart to test,  
When winter is near and storms are howling,  
And the earth from under her frozen vest  
Looks up at the sad sky mute and scowling.  
The brave little spirit should rise to meet  
The season's gloom and the day's repining;  
And this is the time to be glad, for, sweet,  
"Tis easy to laugh when the sun is shining!"  
  
—Wide Awake.

## HUMOROUS.

Out down—the results of his first shave.  
  
The literary man always has write on his side.  
  
Girl babies don't have to buy their chewing gum.  
  
Food for reflection never yet filled an empty stomach.  
  
A cologne bath is a sort of a penny dip. It is one for a scent.  
  
Mormons ought to be good sailors—they have so much marry-time experience.  
  
One swallow makes one spring, if the drink is doctored with cayenne pepper.  
  
It is said that there is a soft side to every man. That's the reason a dude is afraid to stand on his head.  
  
"Yes," he said, "before marriage I thought I could live on love. I am now living on my father-in-law."  
  
The youth who woos and wins a girl at the rink will find it but a few steps from roller-skates to the rolling-pin.  
  
A caustic wit, in speaking of an impecunious friend, said: "He settles his debts just like clockwork—tick, tick, tick."  
  
How Attar of Roses is Made.  
  
The attar of roses of commerce is produced on a large scale in the Turkish province of Rumelia, and principally on the warm southern slopes of the Balkans. The same article is also made in Tunis, India, Persia, and the south of France, but the quantity produced is small and the price so high that very little is exported. The Rumelian attar is made from the *Rosa Damascina* by distillation. The color of this rose is generally red, though sometimes white, and blooms in May and June. The flowers are on trees that average about six feet high, which are not only planted in rows, but are tended zealously from autumn till mid-summer. The flowers when in full bloom are plucked before sunrise, sometimes with, sometimes without the calyx, but only in such quantities as can be distilled on the day that they are plucked.  
  
The still is a plain tinned apparatus, from which a long curved tube is directed through a tub of water and into a large bottle. The still stands on a stone hearth, and usually in the shade of trees near a running stream. The firing is done by wood. The stills hold from twenty-five to fifty pounds of roses, which are covered with twice that quantity of water and boiled half an hour. The distilled liquid that passes over into the bottle is allowed to stand, when the attar rises on the surface and is skimmed off, the water ultimately being sold as rose water at Constantinople. The attar is kept in copper cans and the rose water in bottles.  
  
A rose tree is at its best at its fourth year, an acre of four-year-old trees producing from one to two tons of flowers, and 7,000 pounds of flowers producing one pound of attar. Much depends on the spring weather, as rains and frosts ill affect the bloom.  
  
In very sunny seasons 2,500 pounds have given a pound of attar. Every peasant distills his own roses, and the average Rumanian crop is about 4,000 pounds of the pure yellow attar, nothing being said of the article adulterated by oil of geranium, which contains but 10 per cent. of attar.—  
  
*Chicago Journal.*