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From Within. Not by the sun's rays, nor by the moon's light, nor by the stars that sweep their waste of light...

A SMART WOMAN.

BY GREEN FOREST GRAVES.

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" retorted Maria. "You'd like to get the office away from father, would you?"

Was he not 'The Squire' and was not Maria Poole a hard-working, ungodly woman, just overstepping the borderland where people would begin to leer at her lot of 'single-blessedness'?

"Very well, very well!" cried the squire, in a great rage. "Do just as you think best, I've no more to say. But it ain't likely a plain, humbly old maid like you will get another chance if, indeed, you ever had one afore, which I doubt. I only hope you won't live to regret it, that's all."

Nevertheless, she went bravely about her manifold daily duties. She distributed the outgoing letters, stamped the incoming ones, and made her daily report as usual.

"Nothing is the matter," answered Maria, with a little hysterical laugh. "I suppose you've come to scold me about your father. But I couldn't help it."

"You know, I know," apologized the squire, as he looked down Maria up the winding path. "But I was calculating to speak to you, Maria."

"I don't care what he says!" "That I'm a pig, homely, old maid."

"My father isn't a judge of the article," calmly asserted Leonidas. "Because it isn't he that wants to marry you."

"Every one says I ought to have been a man," said she to herself, with a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye; "but if I were a man, I never could be so happy as I am now, in a man's love!"

"Girls to pack robes" was the queer advertisement that attracted a New York Sun reporter's attention, and this is what Henri Chagray said about it: "There are about 300 girls packing robes in New York City."

"Of course, all the ladies liked the beautiful robes. Competition set in and new ways of getting them up came in vogue. One cut after another was made in the prices, until now you can buy a robe with imported embroidery for fifty-nine cents."

"A Queer Thing About Owls. A Kingston man has had an addition to his collection of birds, a large owl, lately caught at Harley. 'Owls are deceptive birds,' said a citizen today. 'I had one, a few years ago, with which I played a trick on the public. I kept the owl in a cage. It was an attraction, and many people saw it. One day the bird died of 'cool poison,' and a taxidermist stuffed it. I then put it back on its perch in the cage. People who had seen the owl alive said that they could see no difference in its appearance, and they would come and admire the bird just the same. That is the reason why I say the owl is a peculiar bird. Dead or alive, they look about the same.'—(Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman."

"A Singular Growth. R. Compton, postmaster of Volo, Ill., claims to have discovered a peculiar phenomenon in the woods in Fremont, Lake county. As described by him, it consists of the natural grafting of a burr-oak tree upon a white oak. The burr oak leans against the other from the ground up, and is dead. The dead trunk, however, seems to go right through that of the living white oak, and the branches of both varieties of tree, all green and vigorous, mingle together in about equal proportions.—(Waikegan (Ill.) Patriot.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Blossoms. Out of my window I could see But yesterday, upon the tree, The blossoms white, like tufts of snow That had forgotten when to go.

A Straight Line. La Roy E. Griffin, Lake Forest, Ill., communicates the following: incident to the Popular Science Monthly: "Some six years since, in one of the New England states, a pig five weeks old was carried in a close box about four miles, circuitous, with several sharp turns, and the pig was removed to the box after dark. The following day near noon he disappeared, and about three hours later was found at his former home. Curiosity led to the examination of the route taken by the pig, and his tracks could be followed nearly all the way. He had started on a straight line far the place from which he was brought the day before, and he followed that line. At one point an impassable fence turned him from the course, but he had moved along the fence on one side until he found an opening, and then had retraced his steps on the other back to the original line."

A Robin's Paternal Instinct. That animal instinct is lively in the bird was exemplified by the robin a few days ago. On one of the beautiful sugar maple trees which grow in the yard of a well-known citizen of this place, a mother robin had built her nest, and as time went on she was rewarded by a brood of young robins. One evening when she had nestled herself for the night a chicken hawk observed the harmless brood, and with a swift dart she caught the mother and took her flight. When the father robin came back to see that all was well for the night, he found the young birds without protection. He fluttered about and his bewailing song told his bereavement. He seemed to realize that something dreadful had befallen his partner, for he began to make preparations to act the part of a mother for the night. The owner of the property who had observed the events, arose early the next morning and he noticed the male bird taking its flight. The bereaved widower soared high and was soon lost to sight. He remained away the entire day, and when he returned at nightfall he brought with him another wife. The strange bird was guided to the nest, and readily comprehending the situation, she quickly covered the half-starved little creatures, while the male bird darted off to find some food. There was great rejoicing when he returned. The new mother has since taken excellent care of her adopted children, and the father robin's song plainly indicates his happiness.—(Hollidaysburg (Canada) Dispatch.

Japanese Babies. The babies in Japan have sparkling eyes and funny little tufts of hair; they look so quaint and old-fashioned, exactly like those doll-babies that are sent over here to America. Now, in our country very young babies are apt to put everything in their mouths; a button or a pin, or anything, goes straight to the little rosy wide-open mouth, and the nurse or mamma must always watch and take great care that baby does not swallow something dangerous. But in Japan they put the small babies right down in the sand by the door of the house, or on the floor, but I never saw them attempt to put anything in their mouths unless they were told to do so, and no one seemed to be anxious about them. When little boys or girls in Japan are naughty and disobedient, they must be punished, of course; but the punishment is very strange. There are very small pieces of rice-paper called moxa, and these are lighted with a match, and then put upon the finger or hand or arm of the naughty child, and they burn a spot on the tender skin that hurts very much. The child screams with the pain, and the red-hot moxa sticks to the skin for a moment or two, and then goes out; but the smarting burn reminds the little child of his fault. I do not like these moxa. I think it is a cruel punishment. But perhaps it is better than a whipping. Only I wish little children never had to be punished.—(St. Nicholas.

Two Small a Capital. Uaclo James—And what would you do, Bobby, if I were to give you a penny? Bobby—Couldn't do very much, uncle, with a penny.—(Epoch.

FLAKES OF GOLD.

Means Jewelers Adopt to Preserve Precious Particles.

Valuable Auriferous Sweepings from Factory Floors.

Gold and silver even in the most minute particles, explained a New York manufacturing jeweler to the Graphic, are worth extracting from such easily worked material as the refuse or the floor of a shop, and no man ever thought of wasting this flimsy and jetsam of his business. Then he explained the interesting processes by which the saving is effected.

"Of course," he said, "it is practically impossible to save all the gold that gets scattered; that is, some escapes in ways that might perhaps be stopped, but it would cost more than the gold is worth to stop them. Every time you walk through a jewelry manufactory you are likely to carry some gold away with you on your clothing or your shoes. I took off my shoes the other night, and noticing that they were worn I turned them over and looked at them. Stuck in the bottom of one of the heels was a little lump of gold, which I picked out with a knife. A certain amount of gold, no doubt, is carried off in the clothing and shoes of the workmen, and no attempt is made to save that. But in regard to the floors and benches and tables it is different."

"You notice that you are standing on a peculiar flooring, do you not? It is comparatively a new practice to cover the floor with sheets of tar roofing. It is put down just like a carpet, for the reason that it is easier and cheaper to burn it than to burn the floor. When I left a shop in Fulton street that I had occupied for six years I burned the floor and got enough gold out of it to pay for a new floor, which I had to put down, and leave me \$200 in cash besides."

"The sweepings and refuse of the shop yield a very considerable amount, and so do the washings. The dry dirt is swept up two or three times a day and put into this stove." Here he opened the top of a "chow-stove" and showed a pile, ready to be burned. The chow-stove is a contrivance with a small chamber for the fire underneath and a large compartment above with no aperture under it.

A Word About Teeth.

As regards the teeth, it must be admitted that in relation to the subject in hand they literally and truly cut both ways. In the complete set of 32 there are 20 for grinding, eight for biting and four for tearing. Grinding teeth are required for animals which live on grains and other hard vegetable substances; biting teeth are necessary for animals which nibble soft substances like grasses and some fruits; tearing teeth are essential for animals which actually tear tough and resistant structures, like flesh, to pieces. In man the grinding teeth largely preponderate; and how well fitted these teeth are for grinding seeds, grains, acorns, and the like, the teeth of our very old forefathers tell a significant and true tale. In man the biting teeth have a conspicuous place and a very decisive function; with them, even to the present, the skilled butcher can cut through the finest thread, a feat equivalent to dividing the most delicate filament of fool-fibre that grows from the earth. The teeth are vegetable weapons; they are the best of weapons which the out-and-out vegetarian can use; they assist him both in practice and in argument. But then there remain those four tearing fangs, those canine or dog's teeth, so firm, strong, and savage. The canine or tearing teeth stand out strikingly in favor of the view that man is formed for eating flesh; but it cannot be said by the stanchest flesh eater that the flesh-eating tendency is the strongest altogether. No; it is certain that the balance turns fairly the other way. It may, however, be argued that the very fact of the existence of only four tearing teeth gives countenance to the belief that nature has supplied the human animal with fangs for devouring animal flesh if he is obliged or desirous so to do. This is true, but only to a limited extent, because we now know that even the teeth, firm as they are, become, by constant habit of life, changed in form and character. The canine tooth itself, even in the dog, has been exceptionally so modified from this cause as to lead to a characteristic type of structure indicative of the influence of manner of life on growth when extended through many generations.—

Crickets in Algeria. Accounts are published of the devastation caused by crickets in Algeria. The insects resemble but are not identical with either locusts or grasshoppers. Last year swarms of grasshoppers ravaged the colony. This year the crickets have taken their place. They spring like grasshoppers, but have a more rapid and sustained flight. They form clouds which shut out the light of the sun. When they alight on the ground they destroy every trace of vegetation. They sometimes fall exhausted on the ground in such numbers as to cover it with a layer of dead bodies, from which pestilential exhalations arise. The correspondent of a Paris newspaper, in a letter from Algeria, published tonight, says that the railway trains have been stopped by the insects between Constantine and Batna.

The method still employed to check the evil in the African possessions of France is the old and expensive one of digging long trenches at a right angle to the advancing swarms, and placing on the most distant side a sort of fence formed by a web of cloth. The advancing insects strike against the cloth, fall into the pit, and are there covered with lime or mold. The Algerian authorities have spent 700,000 francs in destroying them, and now contemplate a further expenditure of 1,000,000 francs to complete the work.—(London Times.

A Cannon to Shoot Twelve Miles. "We are now," said the director of the Pittsburgh works, "making a cannon for the American Explosive Company. It will be used to demonstrate the value of this new explosive. It is a smooth bore, 3 inches in diameter and 100 inches long, and will throw a six-inch shell with cementsite from 10 to 12 miles."

In ordinary rifled cannon the shell tapers 1-4 times in the length of the gun. This gives it a terrific torsional strain and necessitates a corresponding thickness and strength of the shell and a proportionate reduction of space for the explosive. In other words the internal space for the explosive is reduced one-half to secure the necessary strength. Now the Explosive Company proposes to avoid this trouble by returning to the old smooth bore cannon, and at the same time to secure the necessary range by the increased power of their explosive. This new gun they expect to throw a dynamite shell as far as a rifled cannon.—(Pittsburg Dispatch.

Easily Discouraged. "Yes," said a base ball man, "I'm discouraged, and have given up the business forever. Why, in the very first game they got onto me in the second inning, and pounded me all over the field."

"That ought not to discourage you, my pitcher has had inferior luck." "Yes, but I wasn't as rich; I was the umpire."—(New York Sun.

En Passant.

There passed one day, adown the way That led beneath the old elm tree, A maiden fair, without a care, Singing, laughing, joyous, free, With pail in hand she went to bring Some water from the clear, cold spring. It chanced that day, as oft it may, A traveler, long and dusty road The monk espied and turned aside To where the crystal water flowed. And there beneath the cooling shade He met the stricken, pretty maid. Full fair was he, as she could see. And as she stopped with manly grace To fill her pail, he did not fail To note her pure and lovely face. And as they stood a moment there, The traveler loosed the maiden fair. She hastened home, he soon was gone, But with him in his thoughts he bore The image bright that met his sight, And won upon him more and more. While she oft saw in fancy's dream The traveler by the limpid stream. The years soon fled, they both were wed, He, to a fair and high-born dame; While she with joy, a farmer's boy Accepted for his honest name. And like some tale of medieval lay Are sprung and nook and corner day. —(Cincinnati Times Star.

HUMOROUS.

About the first thing lost at sea is the sight of land. To remove mildew—Pay off what is due on the mill. A reign of terror is one that is mixed with halitones as big as hen's eggs. When a man is deemed reliable in Montana they say, "He'll stand without hitchin'."

—Do you take me for a fool? She—Excuse me, I am not open to any marriage proposals at present. We are told that the coopers are to have a paper printed in their interests. We suppose it will be a barrel organ. "John, did you find any eggs in the old hen's nest this morning?" "No sir; if the hen laid any, she has mislaid them."

Wife (whose husband is rescuing her from drowning)—Shall I keep my mouth shut, John? Husband—Yes—if you can. "What an old, old story love is, Miss Clara!" he said, and she moistened his lips and clutched his chair. "Yes, Mr. Simpson," she shyly replied, "and yet it is no chestnut."

Scientist—Have you ever tried faith-cure for your rheumatism? Patient—Yes; I'm trying it now. I've got in my pocket the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit that was killed in the dark of the moon, and I do believe it's helping me."

A b d, revengeful little boy rubbed fine Cayenne pepper all over the back of his jacket and well into the cloth, and then laughed out loud in school, for which the master flogged him severely, but dismissed school soon after to go and see an eye doctor.

Paper Flowers. Paper flowers can be made so natural that when put in proper places, they are not objectionable. A mass of pond lilies, with their heavy green leaves and flexible stems laid under a mirror to be reflected in it, are quite as effective in point of beauty as the lovely owners themselves. A birch bark basket of many hued pansies, with here and there a saucy leaf, can be not only beautiful, but odorless, by sprinkling orris root powder in cotton in the bottom of the basket. Snow balls with glossy foliage, when mounted on panels, are ornamental. A branch of dogwood in a dark corner is very effective and easily made. A jar of peonies (the rose scented white one) can almost defy detection if a drop of oil of rose be put in the cotton at the base of the pink seed vessels. Leaves of all sorts may be made of waste leather from saddlery or harness shops, and cost but a trifle. The outlines of the leaf should be marked with pencil; then gone over with some sharp instrument to leave the impress. Dip the leather in warm water. If thin, a moment will suffice; but if heavy, several minutes. Then, with a stout pair of scissors or sharp knife, cut the leaf, always leaving the stem attached. With a round pointed instrument, such as the head of a steel crochet hook, draw the veins in a natural manner, unless it be a rose leaf, or something requiring fine, sharp lines. While the leaf is wet, pull, curl or roll into a natural appearance (flat leaves are not natural), and put it to dry quickly near, but not in the mouth of an oven. When dry paint with oil; if the leaves should be light, like those of some hot house roses, stain the leather white first. Pond lilies require very thick leather, so do magnolias, while quite thin leather is best for rose leaves, pansies, snow balls and dogwood. Hyacinths and peonies may be had at most paper flower depots, but the tubing sold at the drug stores for infants' nursing bottles is excellent for pond lily stems, and thick leather may be cut and rolled to answer at less expense.—(Good House-keeping.