

# THE ASHEBORO COURIER

PRINCIPLES AND NOT MEN.

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## Our Early Friends.

How sweet to have our early friends,  
Keep close, fond and true;  
Better to cling to one old friend  
Than find a dozen new;  
Our early friends if few and far,  
Can loss our hearts much more  
Than newer friends, if rare they are  
Till life's brief hour is o'er.

Our early friends to us express  
The happiness they feel,  
And only hide the bitterness  
They tremble to reveal;  
The holy sympathy they leave  
Our anxious thoughts employ;  
I'd rather weep with those I love  
Than share a stranger's joy.

In the grand ages yet to be,  
Where faith finds sweet repose,  
Fond friendship in full constancy  
Shall be as common as the rose!  
Oh, who would live for self alone,  
Or for one's own sweet will?  
A heart congenial to our own,  
All aiding ours must fill!

Our early friends are always best,  
They shared our morning days—  
Their welcomes ever sweetly fall—  
We love their words of praise!  
For time is but a scentless flower  
That with its crown is crowned with gold;  
But friendship, like the sweetest rose,  
Hides friendship in each fold.

—Luther G. Riggs.

## A MAN'S MISTAKE.

There were only a few people at the Dolphin House—it was late in the season. The maple woods made a low line of deep red against the autumn sky; the ladies, too, muffled scarlet shawls over their white dresses as they sat on the piazza of the hotel overlooking the surf, listening to the band which still played jubilantly in the sunny afternoons.

The heiress, Miss Vale, who had come late, remained later. She liked the cold breath which crisped the surf, turned the maples red and made her horses dance over the smooth floor of yellow sand which stretched for miles along the bay.

Her faultlessly beautiful face, and the more world-loving one of her aunt, daily met the view of the loungers as her sleek bays champed their silver bits down the shore road.

She was more often seen abroad in her carriage, but, being an old traveler, she was a good walker, and often came in to tea with a dash of red in her smooth cheek, her brown hair damp with spray, curling closely about her temples. She had been on foot to Grape Point or the Shoals—favorite retreats—accompanied only by her great white hound, Peri. Miss Vale was a little peculiar, people said.

Certainly, she did as she pleased with an unobtrusive independence which hardly need to have troubled any one.

She had gone out that day after the storm to see the sea dash and roll in its strength. The sun shone brilliantly on its dancing white caps as they settled gradually into calm.

She had sat a long while on the rocks, her great dog at her feet. She was a long way from the hotel, but Julia waited down the beach with her carriage, and her aunt sat among the cushions and read.

There was no one but Peri to see how beautiful Laurel Vale was as she sat against the ragged black rocks, her dress of steel-gray kirtled from her slight feet, her graceful shoulders and arms huddled in a soft shawl.

The sunshine struck her perfect profile under a black soft-plumed hat, warming her cheek, and bringing into relief the firm dimpled chin, and those who had called her cold would not have accused her thus then, so happy the smile of her red lips, so warm the light of her brown eyes.

She loved the sea—thrived upon its breath—delighted to be quite alone with it. So she did not mind how the hours went, though Aunt Pardon turned her hundredth page, and yawned among the purple cushions.

"Come here, Sinbad!"

A mellow masculine voice came from among the rocks—too pleasant and manly a voice to whiten Miss Vale's cheek with fear, certainly; but with one swift silent motion she rose to her feet, pale as if she had seen a ghost.

She glanced around. A little behind and just below her stood a gentleman—a blue-eyed man with a fair beard and a great tawny dog lolling at his feet.

He met her startled gaze with one equally startled—then instinctively

lifted his hat. After an instant he came slowly up the rocks, almost reluctantly it seemed. He, too, was pale now.

"Laurel," he said gently. "You might have understood then why people called Miss Vale cold."

Her fair mobile countenance seemed to harden over her spirit like a mask. She had but one thought—that after five years' suffering she had come to be happy, when here, before her again, stood the destroyer of her peace.

She made a swift involuntary gesture, as if to keep him off. A quick pathetic sadness swept across his face as he saw it.

"And so you hate me?" he said, slowly.

She caught her breath.

"I do not know," she gasped.

The great tawny dog sniffed at the hem of her steel-gray dress, and then looked up in her face, wagging his tail. His master motioned him away.

"No!" she cried, bending over the handsome creature. "He used to love me."

Baron Alverton looked at her with his blue eyes and groaned.

"Laurel," he said, with a fine appealing gesture. "I used to love you. Yet to-day you would not touch me with your beautiful hand as you touch that brute! And I deserve it!"

She seemed to look at him then for the first time, though only for an instant. If she saw how his face had changed in five years, and was stirred to pity, she gave no sign. She turned her head aside and seemed to watch the two dogs frolicking down the beach.

"No excuse could be invented for me," he went on. "You were one of the sweetest, truest women that ever breathed, and my promised wife. Not a shadow stood between us when I met Nellie Dimpleton. But I knew less of women than I do now. I could not measure you, appreciate you as I have done since. I was a fool to be won from you by a pretty face, though that face had set the artists crazy. Ah, well, you do not even care to listen to me!"

She had gathered up her gloves and parasol to descend, but paused.

"Laurel," he continued, "in the old days you were never revengeful or vindictive. If you were both now, you might gloat over the misery of my married life. I am utterly wretched. Let this just decree repay you for my base desertion."

"Baron! where are you?" called a querulous voice.

A dumpy figure in blue had paused at the foot of the rocks, and a pair of lackluster blue eyes now looked up at them, the owner apparently not caring to ascend. It was a blonde, faded, sickly face, fretful and careworn, though Mrs. Alverton had evidently once been very pretty.

Lifting his hat to Laurel, Baron Alverton turned, went down the rocks and joined her. A few sharp words followed, which Laurel overheard.

The following winter develops a strange surprise at Nutwood, Miss Vale's home. Her aunt, Mrs. Pardon Ardley, the most well-meaning of disagreeable persons, chose to engage herself in marriage to Mr. Abel Alverton, the son of bachelors and Baron Alverton's uncle. Laurel was speechless with surprise.

"Why do you marry him, Aunt Pardon?" she asked at last. "Are you not happy here?"

"Because he is rich," answered Mrs. Pardon, "and I want a home of my own. I've no doubt you mean well, Laurel, but I don't always approve of your ways."

Her niece was silent, and the preparations for the wedding commenced. If Aunt Pardon did not approve of Laurel, she had no hesitation in demanding her attention, her carriage, her servants for this momentous occasion.

With great patience Miss Vale allowed herself to be set on one side in her own house while the arrangements for her aunt's marriage went on.

"So vexatious!" cried Aunt Pardon. "That disobliging Miss Trimmings absolutely refuses to come out here and make my dresses, but says she will undertake them if I will come to town for a few days. I suppose I must do it; and Mr. Crabtree proposed last night that we come to his place, a very nice private boarding-house, quite exclusive, in fact."

She stopped, beaming; but Laurel,

who felt really too tired for any new exertion, hesitated to respond.

"Wouldn't some one else do?" she asked at last. "Some less important person than Miss Trimmings' might be found to come here."

"No, indeed! There's nobody so stylish and high-priced. We must go—certainly we must, Laurel! But, by the way, Mr. Crabtree says his nephew—your old beau, Baron Alverton—and his wife are staying there now."

"Where?" asked Laurel, bewildered. "At his boarding-house, I suppose," said that his marriage didn't turn out well. Mrs. Pardon rattled on, unheeding her niece's silence, "for his wife acted like a crazy woman when he lost some of his money last year—rated him so, it was really quite scandalous! Did you see her on the beach last fall? Such a white-faced thing! They say she takes arsenic for her complexion. I don't call her pretty, though she was all the rage five or six years ago. I believe she lost her health—too much dissipation. I've heard that she's awfully jealous of her husband, though he don't give her the least cause and bears it like a lamb."

Laurel and her aunt were at Mr. Crabtree's boarding-house—certainly a quiet and luxurious retreat enough.

Laurel had been loth enough to come; but here she was, and Mrs. Pardon, at least, was satisfied, for the mornings were endless rounds of shopping and the afternoons momentous periods of trying on new dresses.

As for her niece, her greatest apprehension was that she should encounter Baron Alverton; but a little dissimilarity in meal hours warded off this event until the very last night of her stay in town.

She had been restless and could not sleep. At about 11 o'clock she thought she would go to her aunt's room, as that lady did not retire early, and get a certain book, which might divert her mind and quiet her nerves. As she passed along the rich halls in her velvet-shod feet, a door was flung open and a wild-eyed maid rushed out.

"Oh," she cried, at sight of Laurel, "won't you come in a minute? I'm afraid she is dying!"

Amazed, Laurel stepped within the door. A little figure in blue writhed upon the floor, yet evidently Mrs. Alverton was partially unconscious.

"Call her husband—a doctor—quick!" exclaimed Laurel.

With incredible strength, she lifted the helpless woman in her arms and laid her upon the bed.

In the next moment of horror she saw that Mrs. Alverton had ceased to breathe.

As she turned to escape coming feet which she heard, she encountered Baron Alverton.

White and shocked, he gazed at the pallid face upon the pillows.

"It has come as I feared," he cried, clinching his hand upon his harassed brow. "She is dead from an overdose of arsenic."

And in a few moments all the house was startled by the sad truth.

The 1st of March Mrs. Pardon Ardley became Mrs. Abel Crabtree.

It was a strange mockery of flowery symbols and lovers' vows to Laurel Vale. Indeed, so strange a shadow seemed upon all the world that she would clasp her hands over her eyes, sometimes, and ponder as if in a nightmare that must break soon, or she would lose consciousness forever.

Ever since that autumn day by the rocking sea peace seemed to have deserted her. Outwardly she had long been calm, but inwardly unrest now seared her brain and burned away her strength.

All Summer she drooped alone at Nutwood. In the Autumn her physician declared that she must go down by the sea.

"Go down to the Dolphin House for a few weeks with my family," Dr. Stone said. "Victor will be there and will take care of you," referring significantly to his son, who had long openly admired Miss Vale.

But she went only with her maid and Julia, though she found the doctor's family congenial company.

The sea received her kindly. It blew its salt breath in her face, brightened her beautiful eyes, quickened her strength. The hurried pulsations began to beat more slowly and evenly.

But there was a secret want.

"Oh, for some one to love me!—some one whom I could love!" she

cried one day, dropping her face in her arms upon the ragged rocks.

"I love you, Laurel, but it is too late for you to love me," syllabled a voice at her side.

She lifted her head. She and Baron Alverton looked into each other's eyes. His sad gaze read all her struggle.

"Oh, tell me the truth!" he prayed.

Perhaps the sea, sounding its grand thunder in her ears, helped her to rise above all pettiness.

"I love you, Baron," she said, simply; and both were happy.

## Chilian Indians.

The faces of the Indians by whom we were surrounded impressed me favorably. Some few were fair and must have had European blood in their veins. They were broad-chested, finely-built men, intelligent looking, with well-formed heads, and I could not but be struck by one feature—the extraordinary brilliancy of their eyes, which gleamed like fire. They were all well mounted, the horses for the most part being adorned with silver bits and ornaments, the stirrups also in many cases being of silver. A piece of timber about 20 feet high, with a man's face carved on it, was imbedded in the ground in the center of the circle of Indians, and I understood that it was their custom to swear by this. They believe in a god, creator of the universe; in inferior gods of good and evil, war, etc.; in the immortality of the soul; in polygamy, and in the purchase system as applied to matrimony. They possess many good qualities; are faithful, courageous, and have extraordinary memories. One of their characteristics is inordinate laziness. I never saw them out of their huts until 11 o'clock in the morning, and then they would saunter forth and stretch themselves on the ground, with the chin supported on the hands. In this position they talked together for hours. In riding it is their custom only to place the big toe in the stirrup. They eat horseflesh, and prefer the flesh of mares to that of oxen. It is sad to think that the modern civilization which may benefit their children is now by its accompaniments, fast destroying the parents, who are fearfully addicted to strong drink.—*Fortnightly Review.*

## Antiquity of Agriculture.

Notwithstanding the obscurity that surrounds the beginnings of agriculture in different regions, it is settled by a writer in *Popular Science Monthly*, that the dates vary exceedingly. One of the earliest examples of cultivated plants is drawn from Egypt, in the shape of a design representing figs in one of the pyramids of Gizeh. The date of the construction of the monument is uncertain; authors vary in assigning it to from fifteen hundred to four thousand two hundred years before the Christian era. If we assign it to two thousand years before Christ, we would have an antiquity of four thousand years for the fig. Now, the pyramids can have been constructed only by a numerous people, organized and civilized to a certain degree, who must consequently have had an established agriculture, going back several centuries, at least, for its origin. In China, twenty-seven hundred years before Christ, the Emperor Chennung introduced a ceremony in which, every year, five species of useful plants were sown—viz., rice, soja, wheat, and two kinds of millet. These plants must have been cultivated for some length of time in some places to have attracted the attention of the emperor at this period.

Agriculture seems, then, to have been as ancient in China as Egypt. The constant intercourse of the latter country with Mesopotamia justifies us in presuming that cultivation was almost contemporaneous in the regions of the Euphrates and the Nile. Why may it not have been quite as ancient in India and the Indian Archipelago? The history of the Dravidian and Malayan people does not go back very far, and is very obscure; but there is no reason for presuming that cultivation, particularly on the banks of the rivers, did not begin among them a very long time ago.

The debt of the city of New York is about one-twentieth that of the United States government.

Flirts are like fiddles—no good without the beaux.

## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The numerous lynchings in Arkansas are ruining the sheriff's business. Every time a man is hanged by a mob they lose a fee of \$30, and very naturally they are opposed to this sort of competition.

While the United States is paying off its war debt at the rate of \$100,000,000 a year, the other nations of the world with great public debts, such as Great Britain, Russia, Spain and Italy, collect barely sufficient revenue to meet the interest and the current expenses of the government, leaving but little or nothing with which to pay off the principal.

Although so large a portion of the internal revenue taxes has been abolished, there is still an army of employees in that department. From a report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue it appears that there are 5284 employees in all, including 126 collectors, 981 deputy collectors, 852 gaugers, 1855 storekeepers, 1485 clerks and 35 inspectors of tobacco. Quite a respectable brigade in point of numbers.

An exchange has been comparing the salaries of school teachers in several of the principal cities. The general average foots up \$750 a year. San Francisco pays the highest, the average salary being \$990 per year. Boston ranks next, the salary paid being, on an average, \$973 per year. Cincinnati averages \$838, New York \$814, Chicago \$700, St. Louis \$625, Washington \$654, and Philadelphia \$486.

The employment of lady cashiers seem to be growing in favor in the East. It is said that in no case has a female cashier been found guilty of embezzlement. One leading drygoods dealer in Buffalo says: "I never knew a woman who handled other people's money to steal one cent. I have employed women as cashiers for years. They are quicker at making change than men; they will detect counterfeit money quicker; they keep their cash accounts clearer; and they don't want to run the whole store, as men do."

The French government has made a contract with a company, which is to have the monopoly of making matches in France for twenty years, by the terms of which the company is to pay for the privilege about \$3,500,000, and some 40 per cent. of the gross receipts in addition, in case the sale of matches exceeds thirty-five milliards. The quality of the matches, and the price at which they are to be sold, are carefully fixed, and the government is to control all the operations of the company, which agrees to employ only French workmen and agents.

A college of beggary has been brought to light in Liverpool, in which pupils of all ages were taught to prosecute the calling on scientific principles. The head of the establishment had been a professional beggar, and had accumulated a small fortune. A number of young children were found in the school, having been sent there by their parents, most of whom, of course, belonged to the criminal class. In cases where the pupils were too poor to pay for their tuition, the "professor" appropriated the clothing and money brought in by his students until he was compensated for his services.

There is apparently no end to the uses of paper. We have recently noticed its employment in making pails, house doors, and other articles of domestic use, and now observe, in an exchange, that a factory in New Jersey is devoted to making counterpanes and pillow-shams from paper. No. 1 Manila is used, two large sheets being gummed together, with small twine between them at intervals of three or four inches, which strengthens the paper and keeps it from tearing. Handsome designs are printed on the surface, and they are said to make a very neat ornament for the bed.

An epidemic of embezzlement, with sensational sequels, is prevalent in Hungary. The institutions plundered have been in all cases orphan asylums

supported wholly or in part by the State. The accounts of some of the orphanages being in a suspicious state a general investigation was ordered, and it was found that funds to the amount of 80,000 florins, or \$32,000, had been embezzled. Several officials who were implicated were arrested and released on bail. One of them has since committed suicide, three others have died suddenly and mysteriously, and the rest are bankrupt. The taxpayers will therefore be called upon to defray the deficit.

A special correspondent at Foo-Chow, China, thus describes the effect produced on the natives by an electric search light from the French flagship: "I happened to be going down the anchorage last night in a steam launch and just as Pagoda anchorage hove in sight the 'Volta,' the French flagship, lit her electric search lamp and threw a blinding ray on each Chinese gunboat in turn to see if they were slyly slipping their anchors or rigging torpedoes. I steamed through the Chinese fleet while the search light was on them and the effect was most ludicrous—the cries and antics of the men on board who seemed to think there was something very awful in a light so strong that their eyes could not bear to look at it. It was a curious sight seen from a little distance; the night was slightly hazy, and the ray from the lamp seemed like a gigantic wedge-shaped arm thrown out by the vessel. The Volta had two torpedo boats alongside, with steam up and all on board were moving about in an excited restless manner."

In an address delivered by Sir Richard Temple on "Economic science and statistics," before the British association at Montreal, it was stated that the population of the British empire consists of \$9,000,000 Anglo Saxons, 18,000,000 Hindus and 88,000,000 Mohammedans, etc., a total of 315,000,000. The area of the empire and its dependencies is 10,000,000 square miles. The annual revenue is: United Kingdom, \$89,000,000; India, \$74,000,000; colonies and dependencies, \$40,000,000; total, \$203,000,000.

Some years ago travelers in Dalmatia noticed large tracts of land covered by a wild flower, near which not a sign of insect life was visible. The bloom was the pyrethrum, whose odor deals death to the lower forms of life, and whose powdered leaves form the basis of "insect powders." The seed of this flower was distributed throughout the United States, and a Dalmatian has been growing it with great success in Stockton, Cal. Prof. Snow recently read an article on the subject before the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, and it seems likely, from the report, that an industry of importance will arise from the Dalmatian's experiment.

The workings of the principle of co-operation have been tested on an extensive scale in several branches of industry in England, during the last few years, and the general success has been such that the system has become fairly established in popular favor. The basis of co-operation is the division of the profits of the business among the workmen, who carry it on. The *London Spectator*, after reviewing the work accomplished, says: "The course is now on level ground; and there seems to be no reason why practically the whole of the working classes of Great Britain should not be within that time included in the union, governed by its rules and bound by its principles and methods. There may be some catastrophe, no doubt, but why should there be? The organization which has expanded to the needs of 1,200 societies will adapt itself just as readily to 2,000 or 3,000; and every year brings more men to the front, educated in the movement and competent to carry it on. For ourselves, after watching all these years—at first with much sympathy but little faith—the conviction grows stronger every year that long before the century is out, the whole of our working class will be in association, and will have the staple trades of the country in their hands or under their control."

The total superficial area of the seas of the world is 231,915,905 square miles, while that of the different continents comprising all the land is only 34,354,950 square miles.