

THE MOUNTAIN VOICE.

J. G. HEAP, Publisher.

Wise men change often. Fools never change.

TERMS.—\$1.50 A Year.

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The Voice,

J. G. HEAP, Proprietor.



FRIDAY, NOV. 5, 1880.

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IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS.

GRAND VICTORY.

DEMOCRACY DEAD.

-329-

**THE HANDSOME
250 POUNDER
BURIED BE-
NEATH THE
VOTE OF NEAR-
LY EVERY
NORTHERN
STATE.**

**FAREWELL mr. Hancock.
STATE RIGHTS.
TARIFF FOR REVENUE
ONLY.**

"Gone where the woodbine
twineeth."

HALLELUJAH!!

**THE RECENT ELECTION
SHOWS EXTRAORDINARY
REPUBLICAN GAINS.**

**GARFIELD IS THE
NEXT PRESIDENT.**

**BOTH HOUSES OF CON-
GRESS REPUBLICAN.**

Showing conclusively that
the people intend the party
that saved the nation shall
rule and govern it.

**Old Mitchell
shook herself and
gave the ticket
473 majority.
A Republican gain
of 302 over the
vote of '76.**

Entire county ticket elected
with majorities ranging from
275 to 454.

J. W. Bowman was elected
representative unanimously.

The party is jubilant, every
where you meet bright eyes and
smiling faces. Happiness reigns
supreme.

The election passed off toler-
ably quiet and peaceable, and
both parties polled their full
strength.

**Mitchell County
sends greeting to
JARVIS,
and urges him to
adopt a strictly
SALINE DIET,
substituting for
PICKEREL
No. 3 Mackerel.**

Tally 74 for Bob Vance
and Free Whiskey.

John Blacklock killed Cock
Robin.

"OLD MOHAMMED" ON THE
WARPATH.

It was the morning we moved
from the town of N—, after exhibiting
there the previous evening. I well re-
member what a hot forenoon we had;
that whole week was scorching; it
was July.

That was the season I hired as
driver with the B—, Q—, and W—,
Menaerie, a then popular collection
of zoological wonders. 'Twas the
summer I was nineteen years old.—
I shall never forget how hard we had
to work. There was no getting an
hour's sleep from Monday morning
till Saturday night. Sunday was the
only time we expected to sleep.

This was the thirty week of our cir-
cuit through the rural districts.
It was seventeen miles from N—
up to the village of B—, where we
were "billed" for that afternoon and
evening.

The route we took was the "old
country road" between the two places.
The two elephants, Negus and Ham-
ibal, led the troupe.

After them came the lions' cage the
tigers and the pair of jaguars. I
drove the jaguars' cage. After me
came a "happy cage" with the hy-
enas and leopards; and next behind
that, "Old Mohammed," the black
rhineros.

He was a fearfully heavy brute.—
They had four very large draft horses
on that cage, and ought to have had
six.

A fellow named Jeff Whitehead
drove it.
How those horses sweat that morn-
ing!

Behind came the camels and the
cages of monkeys and other animals.
There was over twenty cages and
rains in all.

Our advance agent had chosen this
old road for us instead of the new
pike, on account of a long bridge on
the latter. There was always a hard
time getting old Hamibal across a
long bridge; but little causeway
bridges and those over small brooks
he would take without trying.

About eight o'clock we were pass-
ing through a long piece of wood-
land, where there was a deep hollow
on a ravine on the lower side of the road.
A little rill came down from the up-
per side and crossed the road here.—
But the causeway was only three or
four planks in width. On the lower
side of the road, however, the rill had
washed out quite a deep hole under
that end of the bridge.

I noticed the planks cracked a lit-
tle as I drove across.

Lute Gammon, the driver ahead of
me, noticed it too. He laughed. "As
long as it cracks, it holds!" he called
back to me. "But sitting on Jeff to
keep well to the upper side!"

I shouted to him. But Jeff was
nothing, half. If not quite, asleep.
His horses were plodding on about
as they chose; and when the forward
wheels of Old Mohammed's cage rol-
led on to the bridge, they seemed to
cut through those old planks just as
if it were cheese.

The cage gave a lazy sort of hump
over and tipped down into the wash-
out, partly dragging the "hind span"
after it.

The rhineros were lying down,
and when the cage tipped he fell, his
whole weight against the lower side;
and the strain, in some way, so that

the rods and bolts which held the
upper iron work to the bed timbers
pulled out, and the whole thing gaped
open.

Jeff was landed down in the gully
more than ten feet below the cage.
It made a crushing, and waked us all
up, sharp, even the old clown, and the
acrobats away back in the rear. My
jaguars and the tiger began to howl.

It was a bad "breck," a hard mat-
ter to manage as it lay, though Old
Mohammed bore it like a Trojan, at
first, and hardly stirred. It was one
of his sleepy mornings, and he was
hardly waked up as yet. Mr. S—
pun foreman, came up.

Ropes were reeved on, to keep the
care from tearing clean off the bot-
tom work. Then we cut big levers in
the woods round about and pried the
fore wheels up.

The forward vans and cages were
driven two or three hundred yards;
and then ten spans of horses were
hitched to the stalled cage, to haul it
back to the road.

They started it out of the hole, but
at the first pull, the great weight of
the huge brute, lying against the side
of the bars, caused the ropes to break.

The horses fairly hauled the bottom
of the cage out from under Old Mo-
hammad, and he rolled over and land-
ed in the dirt and leaves beneath.

The smell of the fresh ground seem-
ed to revive him. He gave a grunt
and began to get up. At that the
men at the levers came running up in-
to the road in a most lively way.—
The fact was, we were all afraid of
the brute.

He had fits of bad temper once in
a while; they had seen off both his
nose horns, short down or else he
would have ripped his nose to pieces.
One would hardly believe that a crea-
ture so large and unwieldy could be
so spiteful.

We thought he was inclined to at-
tack the horses at first. But he fetter-
ed one of his horrible grunts and dove
down through the brush, where
there was a large brook in the bed of
the ravine.

We heard him drinking, and wat-
er flowing in a mud-hole.

Meantime Mr. S— had run back
for his keeper a tame Nubian, named
Yussef, who was in one of the vans
The man had but one leg, though he
commonly wore a wooden one; and
now he was nearly stationary by reason
of a climate sore on the remain-
ing leg. S— and two or three
other fellows came tugging Yussef
along. But the rhineros was gone
when they came up.

"Follow him!" S— shouted to
us. "Keep him in sight. Take ropes
and axes. Don't lose sight of him.
That beast is worth \$40,000."

The fellows took our places with
the horses, and then three or four of
us drivers gave chase after Old Mo-
hammad; while on behind us came
two acrobats, bringing Yussef, who
was trying to call the rhineros, or
screaming, "Mahaud! Mahaud! tout!
tout! ta-tout!"

Lute Gammon and I were ahead.
From the brook we tracked the ani-
mal through a thick second growth of
poplar and cherry for nearly half a
mile, and came close up with him as
he tore through a brush hedge into a
pasture where there were ten or twelve
head of cattle and a lot of cosset
sheep feeding.

When he scented those cattle, he
set up one of his hideous roars, and
charged toward them; and the instant
they caught sight of him, the steers
and cows bawled and ran.

Away went Old Mohammed after
them, and struck up his clumsy gallop.
But he left us behind. We got to the
top of a ridge in the pasture in time
to see those cattle jump the pasture
bars into a lane leading to a barn
about a hundred rods off.

"Smash!" went Old Mohammed after
them, through the bars. We saw the
ani on the falls he.

There were three boys hoeing corn
in a field just south of that lane.—
They dropped their hoes and leaped
upon the rocks to see the astonishing
sight. When Old Mohammed went
through the bars, they ran and shouted.
Boys and cattle ran for the barn to-
gether. I never saw boys run so,
nor cattle either. Yet I thought the
rhineros would strike down some of
them before they got to the barn-yard.

He was close behind them; and at
about as every three leaps he would
draw out one of his frightful roars.

When the cattle heard that they
would all bay at once. Into the
barn-yard they all went at full jump,
and out of sight of us for a moment.

But the cattle and boys leaped the
double wall round the barn-yard.—
This high thick wall stopped the
rhineros.

He course round once inside, then
dashed out at the bars where he had
gone in. But instead of coming back
down the lane to meet us, he plunged
through the lane fence and ran across
a large garden full of fresh growing
sweet corn, onions and potted beans.
At the farther side of it he smashed
a gate and got into the road.

As we came up, we caught sight of
his old black back far down this
road; and just above the garden fence
in the door-yard of the farm-house.
stood some boys and three or four
women folks, all with their mouths
open, but so scared there couldn't
one of them so much as shout.

I looked back and saw the two
acrobats just coming out in sight
down in the pasture. One of them
had the old Nubian on his back, car-
rying him, and the other was running
on a head with his wooden leg. A
comical sight, indeed.

We shouted and motioned to them
to cross the fields, then ran down the
road after the rhineros.

There was a stone wall on both
sides of the road for as much as a
quarter of a mile.

This animal ran as fast as he could,
grunting savagely to himself. His
head was up for a brace.

Coming along where there was a
little red school-house, he turned in
and ran around that.

It was near nine o'clock. As many
as twenty or thirty children were
playing in the yard; and a little way
below, we saw the school ma'am com-
ing up the road with her parasol and
books. There was a screeching
among the children, such as I never
heard! They all fled into the school-
house and hid under the seats; and
the school-mistress ran out to the side
of the road and climbed to the top of
the wall.

She stood there watching the rhi-
neros go around the school-house,
and when he started down the road
toward her, she dropped books and
parasol, and almost flew towards an
apple-tree which stood out in the field.
She leaped on a rock, then got
hold of the limbs and clung into the
tree; and as we ran past, I caught
sight of her light dress and blue rib-
bons up among the leaves, more than
twenty feet from the ground. How
she ever got so high, or how she ever
got down again is more than I know.
We ran on.

Thirty or forty rods further along,
the road turned, and just at the turn
there was a two-story tavern and
stable. A man was exercising a
horse in the open yard, with a long
halter. Old Mohammed made a dash
at them, and gave one of his horrible
roars. Away went the horse, fall up
dragging the man after him, and ran
heading through the open door into
the stable, where there stood two or
three top-buggies.

Lute and I turned the corner just
in time to see our beast plunge into
the stable after them. I heard a
horse squeal—a fearful cry. Then
another squealed. Lute rushed up
and slammed the big door.

"But there is a man in there!" I
cried.

"Let him climb!" said Lute, put-
ting logs for props against the door.

There was a horrible noise of
smashing and squealing inside. A
little hay-door, up over the big door,
popped open, and out leaped the man,
bareheaded.

Out came the tavern-keeper himself,
shouting, "What's the matter? What's
the matter here?"

We tried to explain. "But he is
killing my horses!" yelled the tavern-
keeper. "Open the door!"

Lute pushed him back and shut
the door for his gun.

"Little he'll mind your shot gun!"
exclaimed Lute. "Cool down. It
can't be helped. But you shall have
full damages."

In a few minutes, the acrobats came
along with old Yussef.

But nothing could be done. Even
old Yussef did not dare go in now.—
The brute had to have time to tire
himself down and get over his mad
fit.

We stood on guard all the rest of
the day.

Toward night, Mr. S— sent the
cage round. He had got it repaired,
after a fashion, at a neighboring black-
smith's shop. The show had gone on
on to B—. They exhibited with

the rhineros that night.
Next morning we placed the cage
up close to the stable door, then pull-
ed the door aside, and laid an inclined
way of planks up to the cage-door.—
Old Yussef then got a half bushel of
potatoes, and going to the rhineros,
told that he was penitent and hungry,
succeeded in coaxing him back into
the cage. More than five hundred
people had gathered there. Scarcely
one of them had ever seen a rhinero-
s. There were some exciting re-
marks.

The inside of that stable was a sight
to be seen! He had killed two horses.
Four hundred and fifty dollars paid
the damages there, and twenty five dol-
lars up at the farm-house where Old
Mohammed had smashed the gates.

I always thought the pretty school-
mistress ought to have something for
climbing that apple-tree. But she
didn't put in any claim.—Youth's
Companion.

"DEAD ON HIS KNEES."

The Rev. Dr. Allen in his plea for
Freedmen before the Synod of Phila-
delphia, recently in session, referred
to the manner of the death of Living-
stone, and made a pertinent and
powerful application thereof to the
subject in hand. But it occurred to
us that there was another application
as pertinent to the condition in which
the church is sometimes found.

The last hours of Livingstone were spent
in prayer, his last breathings were
freighted with desires and thanks-
givings. This was his habit, and his
servants never disturbed him in this
sacred service, in which he had be-
come to them so much an object of
reverence. When the last painful
and tiresome day had been reached,
before he would lie down to his last
sleep he kneeled in prayer, and as
the time became so unusually long
his servants became uneasy. But
when they looked he was in the at-
titude of devotion, with his upturned
face to heaven. Again they looked,
and again his appearance restrained
the intrusion. When at last they
broke over the restraint of that up-
turned face and touched him they
found the guest gone, and only the
shadow of his former self remaining.
Dead on his knees! This is Living-
stone's most precious legacy to the
world and church. A blessed atti-
tude to be found in all His coming!

A most blessed condition to leave the
tabernacle in at our departing!

But there is nothing certain in at-
titudes. These services must always
be determined by the spirit that di-
rects and sanctifies and gives value
to them. Formalists, Ritualists and
conventionalists are dead on their
knees. Attitudes are of themselves
deceptions. It is the easiest thing
imaginable to say the Lord's Prayer
and not think seriously of God from
beginning to end. "Dead on her
knees" is possible, and even proba-
ble to the Church. This explains the
worthlessness of much prayer. This
is not croaking, but an unwelcome
fact, and one in which the church has
not only a corporate, but an individ-
ual interest. To the church of Sardis.
He that hath "the seven spirits of
God and the seven stars," said, "I
know thy works, and that thou hast a
name; that thou livest and art dead."

"Dead on his knees." Prayers are
the exhalations of death when they
are not made operative by the peti-
tioner. A son had often heard his
father in family devotions and in
public prayer-meeting pray with great
emphasis, "Let Thy kingdom come,"
and pleading also for God to give to
his Son the kingdoms of this world
for his heritage, and the uttermost
parts of the earth for his inheritance;
but he has constantly observed that
his father gave but the merest pit-
tance in comparison to his wealth,
and to this end said one day, when
his father was elaborating the usual
excuse, "Father give me the keys of
the safe; I want to carry out your
prayer for Christ's kingdom to come.
I have heard you all my life praying
for that, and you have grown rich—
ance, and you give no more than
when you were poor, and I think it is
time to give more or say less."

"Dead upon his knees." Alas! how
many many are there thus dead?
Who will in the next prayer-meeting
or the next missionary-meeting, count
them? We must not be surprised to
find tombstones in the green wards
and among the evergreens of the
cemetery.

But another class are on their

knees, and nobody finds fault, pray-
ing for a revival of religion. They
even cry Lord, revive us, and are
bewailing his absence when he is "al-
ways nearer than they are to them-
selves; but they are so deeply involv-
ed in the world they cannot see him,
nor believe him, nor do they ever go
out to look after their prayers. If
they have sown a bushel of oats, or
planted a quart of beans, they are
out looking to see if they are coming
through the ground. They believe in
the resurrection of nature, but they
seem to expect nothing from the
word. "Awake, thou that sleepest;
and arise from the dead, and Christ
will give thee life." They are always
begging, and always poor.

"Dead on their knees." Another
class never finish a prayer without
putting in petitions for the sinner.
But they have never spoke to one to
see whether their prayers had any
effect, and never behaved in their
presence as if they cared whether
they were saved or not. They are
like some preachers, who think they
were only made to be wheat-drills in-
stead of harvesters.

Others are mindful to pray for the
church, but never let an occasion go
by to stick pins in the pastor. All
the want of spirituality and success
in the church is laid to his account.
They are on their knees occasionally
but are after the pastor in season and
out of season; or if not acting as
counter-irritant on his feelings they
add to the pungency of that adminis-
tered by somebody else. Their robe
of righteousness is a patchwork of
scalps. They are the big Indians of
the spiritual reservation—but "dead
on their knees."

Prayer is not all mouth—it has ears
to hear next, and eyes to see where
it is, and feet to run to its relief;
and it has pockets as well, into which
we often have to look for its answer.
—Presbyterian.

DAME URSULA AND YOUNG LUTHER.

BY HENRY C. WOOD.

"There is nothing sweeter on earth
than the heart of a woman in which
piety dwells." This beautiful utter-
ance is Luther's. It was born of a
touching experience of his childhood.
John Luther, his father, a miner and
smelter of ores, conceived a strong
desire to educate his son. Too poor
to pay for young Martin's education,
he yet ventured to send him to a
celebrated school at Eisenach, trusting
for his support to the occasional help
of friends and the charity which, ac-
cording to the custom of those times,
was bestowed more or less freely upon
poor students.

Our generation has improved upon
the old method indeed, but it is quite
as true to day as three centuries ago,
that education, especially all higher
education, is beneficiary. No "Board
of Education" threw its fostering care
around the indigent German scholar
but the same thoughtful charity
which finds organic action and uter-
ance within modern Boards enfolded
young Luther, and gave the world its
great Reformer. This is how it came
about.

Driven forth by hunger Martin
would join his school-fellows in sing-
ing from door to door, hoping thus to
gain food. Instead of "bread" he
not rarely received "a stone"—harsh
and insulting words. Often he left
the streets hungry and weeping. One
evening, when a high wind was
abroad and snow filled the air, he
found himself, after three successive
replies, before the door of Conrad
Cotta, on St. George Square. He was
on his way to his lodgings, to spend
the bitter night fasting. Who shall
doubt what hand it was that held
him there a little space, and touched
his heart to sing one song more?
These are the words he sang:

"Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird unto its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest."

Inside the house Conrad Cotta
played his flute, while Ursula his
wife, prepared the evening meal.

Perhaps the strain of the flute—Lu-
ther's favorite instrument—had ar-
rested his footsteps and awakened
his song. The flute was silent within
while the sweet child voice filled the
winter air with melody.

"A fine, sweet voice!" said Conrad
"pity it should be spoiled by use in
such ill weather."

"A child's voice, too," said Ursula,
whose heart was tender by the recent

loss of her own beloved child. The
door was thrown open. The light
streamed forth upon the snow and re-
vealed the young singer.

"Charity, for Christ's sake, charity"
said the youth.

He was bidden to enter. The sud-
den change to the warm room threw
him into a faint. The care of Ursu-
la—"the pious Thutnamite" as the
Eisenach people used to call her—
revived him. Kind words fed his
heart, while good food nourished his
body. He was put away in bed, and
as the good people looked upon his
sleeping face they were won by it,
and in the morning offered the boy a
home. In that home the scholar's
mind awoke, grew, blossomed forth
like winter verdure under the touch of
spring.

Thus again, as so often, "man's ex-
tremity" was "God's opportunity." The
eagle wings were spread beneath
the fledgling. God provided for his
child. God opened the door that
way over which, in after years, Luther
was to walk, leading with him a host of
God's elect.

God?—let the weary, the discour-
aged, the doubting, the sore afflicted,
be comforted in the thought that God
is, and that he is the Everlasting
Father!

Christian Duty to Skeptics.

At a semi-theological social in Bos-
ton a singular statement was made by
a Liberal. The accomplished writer,
Mr. Higginson, said that he noted
that during many years but one single
evangelical Christian had ever
spoken to him on the subject of per-
sonal religion. One of the orthodox
pastors, believing in the sincerity of
the rebuke, confessed afterward that
a disciple of the Master might well
blush to hear such a charge of derelic-
tion of duty. It may be that the re-
mark of this well known skeptic was in-
tended to rally the orthodox for their
inertness. A Universalist scholar
once told the writer, "If I believed
in your creed I would run up and
down the streets, warning all I met
to fly from the wrath to come!" I re-
plied the members of his own sect
would be doubtless the first to charge
him with being insane, and attempt to
place him in a lunatic asylum, rather
than give heed to his summons to re-
pent. But the more likely idea was
to imply that their faith in the ortho-
dox creed was only a half faith—that
they were doubtless honest in their
profession, but that in the final results,
Christians cherished an undercurrent
trust that somehow the infinite mercy
of Jehovah would prove far more
lenient than His threatenings, or
men's creed would imply.

The man who carries an extra hand-
kerchief should be very careful how
he loans it to a lady to put over her
hat in a shower. The other day a
rather young, good humored, married
gentleman saw a young lady getting
caught in a storm of rain, and she
asked him in that confiding manner
which girls have toward gentlemen
who are half old enough to be their
fathers, whether he could not lend
her his extra handkerchief to tie over
her two dollar bonnet. He whip-
ped out the handkerchief in an instant
and held the umbrella over her dear
little head while she tied the handker-
chief over her bonnet and under her
chin. Just about that time another
lady came along and said:—Husband
let me have your extra handkerchief
to tie over my hat or it will be ruined,
and it will cost you twice as
much as that other woman's hat will.

—N. Y. Herald.

Barnum bought the most trouble-
some mule of his life when he bought
that forged letter.

Texas exchanges claim that the
oysters off their coast are, without
exception, the finest in the world.

What is the Democratic issue now?
The party has thrown up every thing
and has betaken itself to cussing
Barnum.

If Barnum can find a respectable
Democratic newspaper to father his
next lie he will perhaps find a few
people who will believe it.

Iowa is said to have a vast granary
this fall; twice as large a surplus as
usual.

The hop crop is about 25 per cent
larger this season than it was last.