

THE EDENTON CLARION.

JOHN H. GARRETT,

EDITOR.

VOL. III.

EDENTON, N. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1881.

NO. 28.

Mother's Huckleberry Pies.
 How oft goes memory back to childhood,
 When picking berries on the hill,
 With pail in hand to strip the bushes
 Along with little brother Will.
 What cared we for the heats of summer,
 With broad straw hats tipped o'er our eyes?
 For, with those very huckleberries
 Our mother made those famous pies!
 I see her now, dear cherished mother,
 With apron on as white as snow,
 Her plump arms bare up to the elbow,
 And on her cheeks a rosy glow;
 I seem to see her roll the pie crust,
 And fill the plates of largest size;
 For well she knew how hungry children
 Enjoyed her huckleberry pies.
 And father, he'd come in from haying,
 And stand by mother very near,
 And say, "Now, wife, in all the township
 None make such pies as you do, dear,
 Except, perhaps, my dear old mother."
 Why, at the fair, you'd take the prize,
 Come, children, now we'll all to dinner
 And have a feast of mother's pies.
 Those dinners now I well remember,
 Within the kitchen large and cool;
 Those summer days of our vacation,
 When we were free of books and school.
 Ah! I can't be of years full thirty?
 And yet it must be; how time flies!
 Since we sat in that farmhouse kitchen
 And ate, in childhood, mother's pies.
 Within our modest home is sitting
 An aged lady, saintly fair;
 While at her side my lad and lassie
 Are looking up with earnest air.
 "Grandma," they say, "we picked these berries,
 We meant it for a great surprise."
 And grandma smiles and says, "My darlings,
 I'm not too old to make good pies."

A KIND HEART.

The woods were gayly bedecked with their autumnal foliage, and the robins had ceased chirping their sweet lays; but the brook murmured on, with its lulling intonation, beneath the rustling branches of the trees, as happily as it did when its banks were luxuriant with summer's green verdure. And it was by this tiny rustic bridge that spanned the stream in the shadow of the trees, that Nettie first met Lennox Vale. He had been listlessly tempting the speckled trout in the stream with his rod when she came down from the cottage near by, to fetch a pail of water; and on meeting the pretty girl he rose from his recumbent position, gallantly doffed his hat, and laughingly demanded her toll to cross the bridge. She blushed prettily, and would have retraced her steps in dismay had he not reassured her by a few joking words, and to her astonishment filled her pail and carried it to the cottage for her.

That was the way they became acquainted, and it was not long before both were hopelessly in love with each other, although the sweet words had not yet been spoken which would reveal their passion. He was handsome, and being from New York, possessed the polished manners of a thorough gentleman, while she, reared in the quiet little village of Roselle, was as innocent and simple as a country girl could be.

He afterward called at the cottage where dwelt Widow Borrowdale—a graceful little lady, if possible more beautiful than her daughter. An air of mystery surrounded the pretty widow, which was only apparent to Lennox Vale; but he, too, was a mystery to them, as the extent of his confidence was that he was a New Yorker, rusticiating a few months for recreation. He boarded at the hotel in the village, but from the day he met Nettie most of his time was spent near her.

And thus the happy days of summer and autumn sped rapidly by, and cold, bleak winter approached in biting gusts over the Blue Ridge, at the base of which the stream wound its sinuous course. And winter's approach brought terror to the widow's heart, for she had been unfortunate all summer; the bank in which she had deposited what little money she owned had failed and left her penniless. This news she communicated to Nettie, one evening, as they sat in the tiny parlor before the cheerful fire, a few minutes after Lennox had returned to his hotel.

"I do not know what we shall do, Nettie dear," she said, dolefully. "The few thousand dollars were all your father left us when he died, and that money he brought from England."
 "From England, mamma?" queried Nettie, in surprise.

"Yes, my dear. I never told you we are English, did I? Dear me, how rapidly time flies! Why certainly I am an English woman, but you were born here—in this house. And do you know, Nettie, your grandfather was a nobleman?"

"Why, no, mamma," replied the astonished girl.
 "Well, he was," continued Mrs. Borrowdale. "The story of my life is an unhappy one, but I will tell it briefly:

Your father was the only child of Lord Borrowdale, and I was the daughter of a London merchant. My father and mother died leaving me destitute, and I was obliged to earn my bread by teaching in a private seminary. Your father met me, and falling in love with each other, we were married. By this act my husband incurred the fury of his father, who was an ambitious old man, and had chosen the daughter of a peer for his wife. Considering himself dishonored by his heir marrying so far beneath him in rank, the old gentleman disowned his son, and forbade him ever to enter the home of his childhood days again. Your father, Nettie, was as proud as his unjust parent, and though we struggled hard at first for sustenance, we finally amassed enough money to carry us over the broad Atlantic, and we found a comfortable home here where you were born."

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated the girl. "This is a revelation to me, mamma. But my possessing noble blood does not alter our situation. What shall we do?"

"I cannot tell," replied the widow, despondingly.
 The next day Lennox called at the cottage, and Nettie told him their misfortune. He tried to comfort her as best he could, and then left her. He called several times after that, but seemed to grow less affectionate as the time passed by.

He left Roselle for four months, and returned again when the flowers were beginning to bud into beauty with the advance of another spring. By this time Nettie and her mother were sorely pressed for money; they had lived comfortably through the winter, owing to the kindness of the grocer, who had brought them such groceries as they needed every week. Mrs. Borrowdale had told the man she had not the money to pay for it; but he smiled, and saying no money was needed, went away with her blessing. This had continued until Mr. Vale's return in spring, when the grocer suddenly changed his mind, and demanded the money.

Lennox called during her absence, and he was attired more fastidiously than he ever appeared before. There was an extreme nervousness in his manner, too, and when he found the house locked up, although he appeared to be disappointed, he breathed a sigh of relief and went away again.
 Nettie and her mother returned to Roselle the next day, and both seemed to be greatly excited at something which had occurred. Lennox called again in the afternoon, and as he approached the garden he saw Nettie weeding the flower-beds. A little cry escaped her lips when she saw him, and she flew to him with a hearty greeting. Then she noticed how grave he looked, and a chill came over her heart when she thought of his coldness when she told him of their poverty. Was he a fortune-seeker, and thinking her financially "well off" had been hoping to gain her and her fortune? The widow's having had a comfortable amount of money in the bank was no secret, but none knew of her losses save Nettie and Lennox besides herself. In her innocence Nettie did not imagine that Lennox was anything else than a poor man, and if he proposed she would have accepted him as such; but now—

He spoke gravely to her as they wandered in the shade of the trees in the garden, and in the course of his conversation declared he loved her, and asked her to be his own. The sweet words of consent trembled on her lips, but an instant later a thought occurred to her that sent the blood from her face and left it as white as snow. She trembled violently, and with a negative answer she burst into a passion of weeping, and breaking from his embrace ran into the house.

He stood still a moment, utterly dumbfounded; then, with contracted brows, he hurried after her, firmly resolved to hear an explanation of her strange conduct. He found her in the parlor, weeping on her mother's breast. Then a dim idea of why she acted as she did crossed his mind; but he said,—
 "Nettie, you must explain this. Mrs. Borrowdale, do you think I am a fortune-hunter?"

"I cannot tell, Mr. Vale," replied the widow, coldly. "If you truly loved my darling daughter, why did you not confess it when she was in her most straitened circumstances?"

"I will explain," he replied hurriedly. "But first, Nettie, if you truly love me, come to my arms."
 The young girl hesitated a moment; then the sweet emotion that enthralled her very soul proved its strength, and she flew to his embrace, and was clasped fervently to his heart while her arms encircled his neck.

"Now I will explain," he said, turning to Mrs. Borrowdale. "When I left you last autumn I was obliged to go to New York, as my father had died, leaving me his immense fortune. While there, by chance—I saw an advertisement in the papers for the heirs of Lord Borrowdale, who had died in London, leaving his title and fortune to his only son, Herbert. Knowing this to be your dead husband's name, I sought out the lawyer in the city who had inserted the advertisement, and telling him I thought you were Herbert Borrowdale's widow, I advised him to communicate with you. This he did, and you received his letter, called on him yesterday, with Nettie, and proving yourself to be next of kin to the departed peer, you received, I think, papers which will give you your rightful fortune. Is it not so?"

"Yes, yes!" replied the delighted Mrs. Borrowdale. "Lennox, forgive our unjust suspicions of you. We should never have doubted your good-heartedness."

He said nothing, but kissed Mrs. Borrowdale, and all that day there was rejoicing in the cottage. He did not mention then that he had paid the village grocer to see to their wants, and it was long after he married Nettie before they found it out, and that his cold demeanor was assumed, that they might not suspect who their benefactor was in their distress.

It was necessary for Mrs. Borrowdale and her daughter to go to England to good their claim, and after Lennox had married Nettie, they all three went. They had little or no difficulty establishing their identity and gaining their inheritance. It was ascertained that the old peer died repentant of his injustice to his only son, and had used every means of trying to find him and bringing him to his heart and home again; but, living quietly in the seclusion of the pretty little Jersey village, it is not strange that Herbert Borrowdale never heard from his father, as they never corresponded.

And thus we leave our glad trio, living luxuriously in a great mansion in London, once children of misfortune, but eventually made happy once more.—
Waverly Magazine.

A Scheme to Encourage Wedlock.

At the next meeting of the Ontario legislature application will be made for the incorporation of the National Marriage Dowry Association. The object of the promoters of the scheme is in all probability to make money, but the result of their quest of money will undoubtedly be to encourage the man and the maid to wed. The society first began its operations in Indiana, and is now casting its benevolent arms over the bachelors and spinsters in other states, territories, and provinces. In the words of the circular, the association is established "to encourage lawful wedlock, to promote economy, to endow homes, and to make married life the end and aim of therich and poor alike." The scheme is as follows: Supposing John Smith, on the 13th day of August, casts his lot in with this association. He pays, in the first place, \$5 for his certificate, and a semi-annual payment thereafter of \$1. In case some of his co-insurers marry, and there not being sufficient funds in the treasurer's hands to pay the sum to which the newly married man is entitled, an assessment of \$1 is levied all round. These are the payments to which he is liable. The benefits are that should he marry on the 13th of August, 1882, he is entitled to \$200. Should his marriage not occur for five years, he would be entitled to \$1,000, and so on. We don't suppose that ladies are excluded from the association. It's a grand scheme. Any young lady who was known to have one of these certificates would be the observed of all observers, and the admired of all admirers. At church and market-places she would not want for swains.—
London (Ontario) Advertiser.

It is very difficult to be learned; it seems as if people were worn out on the way to great thoughts, and can never enjoy them because they are too tired.

FASHION SPRAYS.

Dress waists with long coat-tails are fashionable in Paris.

Shirred gatherings are much used when the fabrics are fine and supple. Laces of all kinds are worn, from point de Venice to imitation edgings.

White moire satin is very popular and especially when adorned with flourishes of silk muslin richly embroidered.

It is the height of elegance to have the gloves somewhat dark, even with light dresses, medium tan being the favorite shade.

Collars designed after the style of an ancient girdle are favored. They are carelessly worn, forming a pretty throat garniture and shoulder drapery.

Silk gauze and embroidered muslin form a showy combination for full dress evening wear. The garniture should be composed of lace and delicate beaded fringe.

The report is, in the world of dress, that feathers will play a rather "loud" part in millinery. Long plumes, with their flues flying thick, will be in demand; some of the tips are shaded through several tones.

Clouded plush has been introduced for full dress. This style of goods is very effective and showy. Moleskin plush will be encored next season; this fabric was very popular last winter.

It is now stated that plush will be the favorite material for autumn chapeaux. Fancy feathers will also figure largely in fall headgear. Tiny chanticoles are very important in the trimming department of the incoming millinery; they are made of impion feathers and cock's plumes.

Grecian Beauty.

Much has been said in praise of Grecian beauty, and the men are handsome in every sense of the word. We might well imagine them to have been models of Phidias and Praxiteles. Their large eyes, black as jet, sparkle with glances of fire, while their long, wavy hair, often the crimson, and give a dreamy appearance of melancholy. Their teeth are small, white and well set; a fine regular profile, a pale-olive complexion and a tall, elegant figure realize an accomplished type of distinction. As to the women, they seem to have left physical perfection to the men; some possess fine eyes and hair, but as a rule they have bad figures, and some defect in the face generally spoils the good features. It is among them, however, that the old oriental customs are most strictly preserved; while the men are gradually undergoing the process of civilization they, in a moral point of view, remain stationary, and are just as they were fifty years ago. It may, indeed, be said that, with the exception of Athens, the women possess no individual existence, and count as nothing in society. The men have reserved every privilege for themselves, leaving to their helpmates the care of the house and family. In the towns, where servants are kept, they are of the poorest class of peasants, who know nothing, and receive miserable wages. The families are generally large—seven or eight little children demand a mother's constant attention. The morning begins by directing the work of each servant, repeating the same thing a hundred times, scolding, screaming, even beating them to be understood. In the evening, when the children are sleeping, if there remain some little time, the poor, worn-out mother sits down to her spinning-wheel to spin silk, to sew or knit, or, if it be summer-time, to look after her cocoons, happy if she has not to do the work of her incompetent servants over again.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Dissolute people let their soup grow cold between the plate and the mouth.

Learn to say no! and it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.

"One soweth and another reapeth," is a verity that applies to evil as well as good.

No better advice could be given an aspirant than the terse little counsel of Emerson: "you want success, succeed."

A great step has been gained when one has a high standard for himself, and measures himself on that ideal standard.

To cover a bad life and its fruit the evil strive to divert attention from ourselves by laying evil at the door of the innocent.

Bad habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will come forth a crop of rank weeds.

Bullet-Proof Vests.

In answer to a correspondent's inquiry as to where he could obtain a steel jacket, a New York Sun reporter visited gunsmiths' shops to learn whether life-saving apparatus was known to the trade as well as life-destroying appliances. He visited eight first-class shops of this kind, and no one in them had ever heard of such steel jackets made or sold in this country. Some bullet-proof vests, it was said, had been made at one time by a firm in London, which is now out of the business. Such things are made now in Paris, and might be imported.

At two shops, one on Broadway, and the other on Maiden lane, it was said that such jackets had been made in America. In the Broadway establishment the proprietor described a vest that had been much used, he said, by officers in the late war. The vests were made to order, and sent to the front. Privates never bought them, because they were expensive. Cavalry officers especially bought them, not only because they were heavy, but also because they kept the body as stiff as though it was in a strait jacket. The tailor's work was simply to make strong pockets on each side that reached to the bottom of his military jacket in front, and well around on each side. Solid plates of steel were slipped into the pockets, and when the jacket was but toned the plates met in front. They reached from the collar bone to the groin. The steel plate was little more than twice as thick as a sheet of blotting paper. The inventor tested these plates by putting them into an old jacket, buckling it around a tree, and firing at it at point-blank range. It was found that a twisting ball from a rifle would go through them as though they were sheets of paper, but a pistol ball, even at close range, would be stopped and the plate indented. A bayonet or knife would make no impression. This bullet-proof vest weighed about five pounds.

In the shop it was said that chain-armor of the same kind had been made for the International Cotton Exposition. Hundreds of workmen are busy day and night on the grounds, and the lumber for building is sawed on the grounds by steam saw mills that run day and night. The main building is 800 feet in length, with a central tower 600 feet square, and with wings 400 feet in length. This building covers less than half the floor space of the other buildings. This is only one of the many huge edifices going up like magic. The hall for receptions and speaking is 100 feet square, and a huge double hall for art exhibits is much larger. Every inch of room has been applied for, and still other buildings are being planned and executed. The grounds have been sown down to grass, and roads and promenades cut. The beauty of the grounds will be an attractive feature, and fountains and shrubbery have sprung into existence where a few weeks ago were the "old red hills of Georgia."

How the Prince Obeys His Mother.

In Europe, as you know, royalties are nearly all related. When one dies, all the rest go into mourning and suspend pleasure. A common result of this is a little passage of arms between the Queen and Prince of Wales at this moment. The Duke of Saxe Coburg died two or three days ago, just when the Goodwood races were in full swing; and when the Prince of Wales was enjoying himself very much indeed at the mansion of the Duke of Richmond. Instantly the Queen telegraphed to the Prince, desiring him to return to London. The Prince sent back word that he could weep just as freely for the departed second cousin at Goodwood as in Marlborough House. The Queen insisted on his not going to the races. The Prince replied that he must; whereupon the Queen, in a great rage, telegraphed positive orders to the Duke of Richmond not to allow any dancing at Goodwood House during the races. Thus, the Prince goes to the races in the daytime, but has to content himself without tripping the particularly light and fantastic toe, which he loves to wield when any fair dames are about. I now hear that he will go to Cowes next week; but the newspapers have been asked not to allude to his presence, as he intends to be at the regatta almost incognito. The Queen, too, being at Osborne, would be a trifle too handy for him, and he would in all probability find that merry-making at Cowes was followed by a little enforced penitence at Osborne. The Prince has evidently lost none of his original dread of his august mother's anger.

The Judicious Waters at Carlbad.

Not the least curious part of the effect of these wonderfully impregnated waters are the exactly opposite effects they have on different people. Amusing dialogues may frequently be heard in consequence. The daughter of a conspicuous New York publicist had been drinking from the Fredericksbrunn for some time, when, meeting a New York acquaintance, a young girl, she asked in astonishment: "What are you drinking from this spring for?" "To get flesh," promptly responded the other. "Why," exclaimed the first, indignantly, "I'm drinking it to get thin." Then the two girls tore over to their physician, a celebrated professor from Vienna, and beset him for deceiving them. He explained that the water on certain constitutions would have one effect and upon another a directly opposite. The girls retired, by no means convinced of this miraculous discrimination of the springs, but at the end of four weeks the doctor was justified. The stout girl had lost seventeen pounds of flesh and the delicate girl had gained nine.

A man must punch over 200 half-dollars to get silver enough to make sixty cents, and yet some one keeps on punching.

A man must punch over 200 half-dollars to get silver enough to make sixty cents, and yet some one keeps on punching.