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WITH, FOR AND BY THE PEOPLE.

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Better Things.

Better to smell the violet cool than sip the glowing wine;
Better to hark a hidden brook than watch a diamond shine.
Better the love of a gentle heart than beauty's favor proud;
Better the rose's living seed than roses in a crowd.
Better to love in loneliness than to bask in love all day;
Better the fountain in the heart than the fountain by the way.
Better befed by a mother's hand than eat alone at will;
Better to trust in God than say: "My goods my storehouse fill."
Better to be a little wiser than in knowledge to abound;
Better to teach a child than toil to fill perfection's round.
Better to sit at a master's feet than thrill a listening state;
Better suspect that thou art proud than be sure that thou art great.
Better to walk the real unseen than watch the hour's event;
Better the "Well done!" at the last than the air with shouting rent.
Better to have a quiet grief than a hurrying delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn than the noon-day burning bright.
Better a death when work is done than earth's most favored birth;
Better a child in God's great house than the king of all the earth.
—George Macdonald, LL.D.

BAFFLED.

It was during the time of powdered hair and cocked hats—the year 1781. Off Philadelphia lay the twenty-gun ship Ariel, just arrived under command of Commodore Paul Jones. There were in the city many persons who had never seen that remarkable man, among them the subject of this sketch, Ben. Wilson—a trim, powerful young Jack-tar of twenty-five, who had lately married Susan Gray, a humble but beautiful damsel of eighteen. There had been another suitor, also a sailor, named Thomas Wright, who hated Wilson because Susan had preferred him, and who, being of a cruel, malicious disposition, longed to do him some injury. Having finished his term aboard one of the vessels in the harbor, Ben. shipped aboard the Ariel, that he might serve under the renowned hero who, with his craft, the Bon Homme Richard, had fought the English frigate Serapis. Learning that Ben. had shipped, Wright, who, like the former, had never seen Jones, also became one of the Ariel's crew. Neither, however, could yet get sight of the commodore, who was absent—would not be back for a week. In a few days Wright was chosen to act in the place of the boatswain's mate, who was at that time ill. His duties besides blowing on the call, etc., were to punish with the coil—a coil of rope from two to three feet long—and also with the cat-o-nine-tails, usually termed the "cat," such of the sailors as "offended" against the rules of the ship, and he ardently hoped that he might yet have a chance to flog with his cruel lash the man he hated for winning pretty Susan. One day some of the crew were granted liberty—that is to say, permission to go ashore. They were ordered to return to the ship at nine o'clock. The boatswain's mate, Wright, and Ben. Wilson, were among them, the former on the watch for the coveted chance which might favor his evil designs. Unfortunately, Ben. drank, and in a state of partial intoxication he visited, a few minutes before nine o'clock, when he should have repaired to the boat, "The Dolphin"—a tavern not twenty yards from the landing. Here the landlord accommodated him with a glass of brandy, which the young man lifted high, saying at the same time, in a loud voice: "A health to Commodore Paul Jones!" Then he left the place, not to go to the boat, but intending to seek some other tavern. It was a dark night, but by the bright light streaming through the windows of the house, Ben. could see a middling-sized, broad-shouldered man, enveloped in a shaggy overcoat, watching him with a mingled expression of stern disapproval and amusement on his broad, weather-beaten face. "Hold there, my man," said this person, laying a hand on his shoulder. "What's your name, and what ship do you belong to?" "My name? Why, now, my name is Ben. Wilson, and my ship is the Ariel, but blast me if I know what business it is of yours?" "It is time you went to the boat. You will get yourself into trouble if you don't go in time. Bear a hand." "Aye, aye, all very well; but I ain't ready yet, do you see?" "Come, you must go!" and the hand on Wilson's shoulder pressed it heavily. "Let go of me!" cried Ben, angrily;

but the other, half smiling, gripped him yet more firmly. Then Ben. made a blow at him, which the man parried, when a struggle ensued. Ben. fought his best, but the man at length succeeded in grasping him round the arms from behind, in which position Wilson was literally carried to within a few fathoms of the boat, when, seeing a number of the sailors approaching, the stranger released his hold, and laughing, made off in the darkness. Ere Ben. could pursue, the coxswain and several other seamen arrived on the spot and drew him to the boat. "It's lucky you came when you did," said the coxswain. "We wouldn't have waited for you many seconds longer." "I wouldn't have been here if old Nick or somebody like him hadn't brought me," was the reply. "A citizen, probably," said the other, laughing. "We all said that some one had hold of you, but couldn't make out who it was in the darkness." "Just then the boatswain's mate, Wright, who had been an unseen witness of the struggle toward its termination, but who, in the gloom, had not been able to obtain a good view of the stranger's face, made his appearance, coming from the same direction in which the man had vanished. "It was I," he whispered to the coxswain, who brought Wilson. "He attacked me near the Dolphin, because I requested him to go to the boat. I had to let him loose when I got him most here; and run, as you saw me, for I was afraid he would stab me." "Ha!" said the coxswain, "it will go hard with Wilson for striking a boatswain's mate. He will be court-martialed and flogged." "I am afraid so," said the hypocrite, while in his heart he congratulated himself on this occurrence, which so well favored his evil designs. The boat's crew were soon aboard, when Wright lost no time in reporting that he had been attacked and struck by Wilson. This the latter denied, of course, saying it was a citizen and a stranger with whom he had his combat, but he was not believed, and was, therefore, ironed and put into the brig to await the sentence of a court-martial. The court-martial was held the next day, when Jones arrived aboard, Wilson being still kept in the brig, whence he could not see the commodore. There was a singular expression in the face of Paul Jones when the court-martial was ended, and the sentence of the prisoner—a hundred lashes on the bare back with the cat—was pronounced. The next morning was appointed for the execution of the sentence. When the time came, the boatswain gave a long blow as at his call and shouted: "All hands on deck to witness punishment!" The master-at-arms brought up the prisoner and took off his irons. On one of the gratings, placed just forward of the gangway, he was made to stand, his feet being fastened with a rope and his hands secured, wide apart, to the bulwarks. There he stood, his back bared, his cheek red with anger and shame, his eyes flashed indignation at the unmerited punishment he was about to suffer. Along came Wright, scarcely able to conceal his exultation as he drew the cat from its sheath and lovingly stroked the strings. "Go on, boatswain's mate," said the captain. Wright lifted the lash on high, but at that moment the voice of Paul Jones, who now appeared, boomed like thunder on his startled ear: "Hold! Avast, you rascal!" And he stepped round, so that Wilson could see him. The young sailor looked up at him with a start, then colored, then turned pale. "Commodore," he stammered, "I—I—my God, sir!—I was a little in liquor on that night, but I recognize your face. It was you who took hold of me there by the Dolphin tavern, and carried me almost to the boat. Aye, aye, sir, and God knows I would not have struck at you had I known who it was—that it was Commodore Paul Jones." "Enough," answered the latter; "I forgive you." Then he turned his eagle-eye on Wright, who turned deadly pale and cowered, trembling like a leaf. "The court-martial was a mere farce," continued Paul Jones. "I wanted to see if this rascally Wright would really have the heart to carry out his accursed falsehood. Now cut loose that man Wilson and put Wright in his place. Give him a round dozen, then let him be broken and put in the after-guard. His chief punishment will be that of his having made an enemy, by his dastardly conduct, of every man aboard this ship!" The commodore's orders were obeyed. Wright, with every man against him, after this, led such an unhappy life

aboard the Ariel that he attempted one night to desert from the ship. When in the water he was seen by a marine guard and ordered to come back, but not obeying, he was shot through the head and killed. As to Wilson, the fact of his having struck, under the influence of liquor, a man, who proved to be Commodore Paul Jones, had such an effect on him, that never after that, greatly to the joy of his pretty wife, Susan, would he touch another drop of alcohol.—*New York News.*

Chocolate.

Chocolate is a kind of hard paste, the principle part of which is the pulp of the cocoa or chocolate nuts. The cocoa, from which it comes, is a tree that has been brought into great prominence only in comparatively recent years, although for many generations it has been exercising beneficent influences upon millions of the human race. The Spanish word is coco, signifying nut. The cocoa nut palm grows in warm climates, and attains the height of from 60 to 90 feet. The stem is similar to an apothecary's mortar, being of equal diameter at each end, but tapering somewhat in the middle. The bark is smooth, of a pale brown, and the tree generally inclines on one side. The fruit is shaped like a cucumber, green while growing, then changing to a bluish red color with pink veins, and contains from 20 to 30 nuts. The calyx of the cocoa nut palm is composed of five sepals; the petals are five, lengthened into a strap like form at the apex. The stamens are five each with double anthers, and a horn like appendage between each filament; the style is filiform with a five parted stigma, the fruit is five celled capsule without valves, the seeds embedded in a soft pulp, and thick, oily, wrinkled cotyledons. The species chiefly used in the manufacture of cocoa and chocolate are cacao, and the fruits are collected from both wild and cultivated plants, the size and form of which vary with the species. The cacao tree is carefully cultivated in many of the settlements of Spanish America, and particularly in Mexico, where, we learn from Humboldt, it was extensively reared so long ago as the time of Montezuma, and, whence, indeed, it was transplanted into other dependencies of the Spanish Monarchy. The names by which the plant and the food prepared from its seed are recognized in the present time are derived from the Mexican language. The Mexican word chocolate is derived from the sound of the stones as they crash together in the primitive method adopted by them for bruising the bean and incorporating the sugar and vanilla, and from this comes the English word chocolate. The seeds of the cacao were made use of as money in Mexico in the time of the Aztec kings, and this use of them is still partially continued. But the Cacao tree is not confined to Mexico. It is extensively grown in Central America, Brazil, Peru, Venezuela, Caracas, Ecuador, Demerara, Guayaquil and Surinam; it is also extensively cultivated in Trinidad, Grenada, and is found in some of the other West Indian Islands, but that coming from Caracas being considered the best.

Electric Alarms in Vineyards.

Mention was made some time since in these columns of the use of an electric alarm in vineyards, by which warning of the approach of a low degree of temperature at night was at once communicated, in time to permit of the lighting of prepared bonfires, in order to ward off all danger of damage from frost. By the method described it was necessary to keep a number of men under engagement, so that when the alarm was given no time might be lost in getting the fires started. This has proved the most expensive part of the plan, but a Glen Elven v.iculturist has, by an ingenious invention, entirely obviated this difficulty. Attached to the frost bell of the thermometer are wires leading to the heaps of combustible matter kept in constant preparation. A little gun cotton is put in each bonfire, and when the temperature reaches thirty-three degrees a spark is at once communicated to the cotton, and the bonfire is lighted without the intervention of human agency. The invention is a valuable one, as thereby a great saving is effected.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Stating a Problem with Exactness.

"Bessie, if there were three apples on the plate, and you took one, how many would be left?" "If Fred was here, mamma?" "That wouldn't matter." "Yes it would, mamma." "Well, with Fred here, then." "Mamma there wouldn't be any apples left." "Why not, Bessie?" "Cause Fred would take the other two."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A LOGGER'S LIE.

Perils and Privations of the Maine Lumbermen.

How Logs are Driven From the Distant Wilds to the Lumber Mills.

A Bangor (Me.) letter to the *New York World* says: This city, once the greatest lumber market of the world, though doing a much smaller business than in Penobscot's palmy days, is still the home of expert loggers and drivers and the headquarters for the most approved kinds of lumbermen's implements. Such is the fame of Bangor cant-dogs and axes and batteaux that operators in the comparatively new logging regions of the west and far-off Pacific slope send here for them. But it is the men of the Penobscot who are principally sought, not for cutting the logs, for almost anybody can swing an axe, but for the perilous work of driving the logs through rapid waters and over roaring falls and swift rapids. Every spring, when the trees have been felled and when the warm sun has transformed frozen streams into rushing torrents, men from the Kennebec and Connecticut come to Bangor to hire crews who are clever with the axe and cant-dog, and who are not afraid to break a jam or sleep on the bare ground in a single blanket. They are especially anxious to get Bangor boys when they have a hard drive in prospect, for they know that the Penobscot red-shirters will pull them through if it is a possible thing. Not many people understand how logs are driven from the wilds where they are cut so many miles to the great booms near the mills where they are sawn into lumber. It is a peculiar and a hazardous work, and when a lot of drivers start away for the headwater with their pick-poles, cant-dogs and axes it is just as natural to expect some of them never will come back alive as it would be in case of a company of soldiers starting for a battlefield. After the loggers get through dumping the logs over into the frozen streams but a brief period ensues before the snows and ice melt and carry the big spruce sticks in great masses down stream and create big jams, backing the water up so that many of the logs are floated over submerged flats, to be left high and dry when the first detachment of drivers break the jams and let the water loose. Then the drivers' work begins. The grounded logs, in the upper country where horses cannot be used, must be carried to the streams by the men, and often it requires twenty strong drivers, wading knee deep in mud, to carry a single stick to the water. The farmers whose meadows are thus strewn with logs often claim the timber as a recompense for the obstruction it causes to their operations, and at times they appear with shotguns to prevent the drivers from carrying off the logs. But the boss driver orders his men to "bring that stuff down," and the "stuff" general comes. Several crews are employed on a drive of any considerable size, one at the head, or lower end, others along the line and one at the rear. There are many rocks, rapids and falls where the moving mass is likely to jam, and these places must be carefully watched to prevent a general "hanging up" of the logs. Sometimes one big stick, caught on a rock, will hold back hundreds of thousands of feet and then some daring fellow is ordered out with an ax to chop away the obstruction. It is at the risk of his life. He must be quick, for at the last stroke of his ax the big log snaps assunder with a boom like that of a cannon and then there is a tremendous stampede of all the logs behind it. If the driver is lucky and agile he gets ashore all right, leaping from log to log, but one misstep or a little slowness is likely to precipitate him into the seething mass, and if it is ever found below, his body is mangled almost beyond recognition. Generally it is never found. As the drive progresses the men follow through the woods or along the rocky, uneven shores after it, the "wangan," or commissary departments of the different gangs, going on before. The driver works as long as it is light enough to see a log, and when the moon is bright they often go to work at 3 o'clock in the morning and continue until the last glimmer of twilight. Then they eat their plentiful but coarse evening meal and, wrapped in their blankets, lie down to sleep. While they sleep, which seems to them but an hour, the "wangan" moves ahead five or six miles, and when they awake there is that distance to walk through the woods before breakfast. The Japanese believe in bathing. Public baths are so numerous at Tokeo that there is one for every three hundred inhabitants.

Submarine Boats.

The problem of submarine navigation concerning which M. Verne romanced fourteen years ago, may be now regarded as completely solved, and the clever structure imagined by the novelist is far surpassed in ingenuity by the actual vessels designed and built by M. Nordenfolt, a Danish inventor, and Mr. J. F. Waddington, of Birkenhead, Eng. The Nordenfolt vessel is run by steam, the Waddington boat by electricity. The former is cigar-shaped, steel-plated, 64 feet in length, 12 feet beam, and 11 feet deep. Two propellers working in a vertical direction supply the sinking force, and a system of balanced rudders keeps the boat in a horizontal position. The steam is supplied by a marine boiler for travelling on the surface, and is stored up for moving under water. The crew live in the air space in the hull, which is sufficient to sustain four men six hours. This boat has remained under water over an hour at a time without inconvenience to the men, and has been successfully operated at a depth of sixteen feet. She has been run 150 miles on the surface, without recoaling, at a maximum speed of eight knots, and under water 16 miles at a maximum speed of three knots. Although this is comparatively a low rate of speed, the vessel is regarded as a complete success. Mr. Waddington's boat is also cigar shaped, but somewhat smaller than the other, being 37 feet long and 6 feet in diameter at the center, tapering off to the pointed ends. A tower is mounted on the boat, and her depth of immersion below the water surface is regulated by external inclined planes, placed one on either side and controlled from within. She is fitted with a rudder placed aft, and a self-acting arrangement serves to keep the vessel in its horizontal position. She is manned by a crew of two men, and a supply of compressed air is provided for occasions when the boat remains submerged for any length of time. The motive power is electricity, which is stored on board in 50 cells. These drive a screw propeller, and the charge they carry is sufficient to propel the boat for 10 hours at a speed of nearly nine knots an hour, either below the water or on its surface. The cells also supply lights through glow lamps, and drive a pump for emptying the water ballast tanks, which are filled for submerging the boats. This vessel has been given several trials near Liverpool, England, with results that are declared highly satisfactory.—*Inter-Ocean.*

A Struggle for Principle.

A rainy day had housed us up in the cabin of a Tennessean, and about 9 o'clock in the morning a man who was addressed by our host as Uncle Billy came riding up through the steady pour on a mule. The animal was placed in the stable, and as the two men entered the house our host observed: "Well, Uncle Billy, how'll you trade mules?" "Oh, 'bout \$3 tew boot," was the answer. They returned to the stables and talked until noon. Then we had dinner, and they talked until 4 o'clock. The rain let up a bit then and we went out to see a cave, leaving them talking mule. We returned at 6 and they were still at it. We had supper, and the interrupted conversation was resumed and kept up until 9 o'clock. We went off to bed with Uncle Billy saying: "Tell ye what I'll dew. I'll trade fur \$3 tew boot." It thundered about midnight, and I woke up and heard that mule talk still going. At 6 o'clock I got up. Uncle Billy was just riding away. "Well, how did you come out?" I asked of our host. "Beat him down to \$3 and three bits," he replied. "So you saved two shillings?" "Exactly, though I wasn't working for that. It was the principle of the thing which I looked at."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Photography in Ophthalmology.

Messrs. W. T. Jackson and J. D. Webster have lately succeeded in obtaining good photographs of the retina of the living human eye, illustrations of which are given in the *English Photographic News*. They were able to bring the time of exposure for the negative to within two minutes and a half, and it is very probable that technical skill will further reduce the time and difficulties. The chief obstacles to shortening the time of exposure, so far encountered, are the color of the retinal reflection and the fact that the lens of the eye has the property of absorbing the ultra-violet rays. It seems highly probable that the photograph will here become a valuable adjunct to the physiologist, ophthalmologist, or even the general physician, as the eye affords the diagnostic aid in not a few diseases.—*Courier Science.*

Alone.

Since she went home—
The evening shadows linger longer here,
The Winter days fill so much of the year,
And even Summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe but a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain,
Since she went home—
Since she went home—
How still the empty rooms her presence
Blessed;
Touched the pillow that her dear head
Pressed;
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,
Since she went home—
Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like
years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts
and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely
tears,
Since she went home.
—Robert J. Burdett

HUMOROUS.

A good year for pies—The current year.
The fishery question: Honestly, now did you get a single bite?
It is not patriotism which leads doctors to go to war. It's pillage.
The dogs that went naked all winter have put on their summer pants.
Age appears to increase the value of everything except women and butter.
Oliver Wendell Holmes calls a Kiss a hissing consonant. He should have added also that it usually follows a vowel.
We never speak as we pass by:
Although a tear bedims his eye;
I know he thinks of when he wrote
His name across my three months' note.
A bore, meeting Douglass, said: "Well, what's going on to-day?" "I am!" exclaimed Jerrold, darting past the intruder.
A new song is entitled, "Take your girl some candy when you visit her at night." The writer is probably a confectioner.
A somewhat weather-beaten tramp, being asked what was the matter with his coat, replied: "Insomnia; it hasn't had a nap in ten years."
There are few disappointments in life, equal to that experienced by a man, who expects that he is going to sneeze and suddenly discovers that he can't.
Employer (to collector)—"See Mr. Smith?" Collector—"Was he annoyed at your calling upon him?" Collector—"Not a bit. He asked me to call again."
STILL HE WONDERS.
The young man goes to see his girl,
And then what does he do?
He wonders if six \$ a week
Is money enough for 2.
This life would indeed be a blank, this world a dreary and desolate waste, if, after a misfortune has befallen us, we had no friend to call in and say, "I told you so."
An exchange says that a folded newspaper placed under the coat in the small of the back is an excellent substitute for an overcoat. Now is the time to subscribe.
A big advertiser was overheard the other day as he made the following judicious remark: "You cannot eat enough in a week to last a year, and you cannot advertise on that plan either.
If they indulge in many more terrific tornadoes in the brisk and breezy West, Horace Greeley's famous admonition will have to be modified to "Go West, young man, and blow up with the country."
"Are we going to have a picnic this year?" inquired a youngster of his Sunday-school teacher. "Why, what do you want of a picnic?" "Nothing much; but I can get six new scholars in a hurry if you are going to have one."
Tyler's Second Wife.
A few years ago a friend loaned me a book containing the reminiscences of Mr. Wise. In it he says that he was riding out one evening with President Tyler, who informed him that he was going to marry Miss Gardner.
"Why," said Wise, "she is too young for you."
"Not at all," replied the President, "I'm still in my prime."
"That reminds me," continued Wise, "of an old colored man down in Virginia, who was generally consulted by his old master on any affairs of importance, to both. The old master was a widower, and when he got the consent of a young lady to marry him he communicated the fact to the old man. 'My sakes,' said Sambo, 'she is too young for you; 'Not a bit of it,' answered the master, 'I'm still in my prime.' 'Yes,' responded Sambo, 'you are in your prime now, but wait till she gets in her prime, then where will your prime be.'"
—*Courier Journal.*