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SCYTHE SONG.

Mowers, weary and brown and blythe,
What is the word methinks ye know,
Endless over word that the scythe
Sings to the blades of the grass below!
Scythes that swing in the grass and clover,
Something still they say as they pass;
What is the word that over and over
Sings the scythes to the flowers and grass?
Hush, hush! the scythes are saying,
Hush, hush! and fall asleep,
Hush, they say the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep,
Hush, 'tis the lullaby time is singing,
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass,
Hush, hush! the scythes are swinging
Over the clover, over the grass.
—Andrew Lang.

ANNIE O'BRIEN.

A TRUE TALE.

The Connaught Castle had arrived in New York. The cabin passengers had gone ashore. The steerage people were being carried away by their friends or by the boarding-house keepers who always lie in wait for them. Those yet uncalled for sat about the decks. Wistful eyes turned shoreward anxious to see a familiar face and form among all those steerage ones.

Pat Nolan had come aboard in all his bravery—a new blue coat flung open that it might not conceal the shining watch-chain dangling from his vest pocket, his hat tipped to one side in true Connaught fashion, with a mighty show of white collar and cuffs and blue necktie, and his boots for once polished by an "Egyptian." He threw his shoulders back and looked his best, for "didn't he come aboard to bring his sweetheart, Annie O'Brien, home, and wasn't she the prettiest girl in ten countries and hadn't she crossed the ocean for his sake?"

Pat felt as though every one that saw him must know his business there.

Standing still he looked about him, expecting to see his little Annie somewhere not far.

"Sure, an' wouldn't she be as anxious to mate him as he would be to mate her?"

He was a little late, for there had been a delay of a train in which he came down from the place where he was working as coachman and gardener. But surely Annie would never have gone ashore without him. He walked about for full ten minutes, looking everywhere, but still missing the face he wanted.

Every now and then a gay ribbon or a bright coil of hair would make his heart dance, but it was never Annie's hair or Annie's bonnet. At last he made up his mind that she had gone ashore; but in that case she had left word for him, of course—word where she had betaken herself.

"I beg pardon, sir," he said, stepping up to a man who wore a gold band upon his cap, and was presumably an officer. "I beg pardon, sir, but I'm Pat Nolan. Is there a bit of a message left for me, do you know, sir?"

"Not that I am aware," the officer replied.

"It was Annie O'Brien," said Pat. "She came over on this steamer; she expected me to mate her. We're to be married, you know, sir, and she'd love word where she is gone—Annie O'Brien."

The officer turned a curious, startled gaze upon him.

"Annie O'Brien," he repeated. "A steerage passenger?"

"In course, sir," said Pat. "She's comin' over to marry me, and she's a workin' girl. We're nather iv us rich."

The officer looked at him again. "I know the name," he said.

"You couldn't help noticing the girl," said Pat. "She's a purty crayther, an' Annie, wid eyes like the sky and golden hair, and a waist ye could span wid yer two hands—barrin' she wouldn't permit ye to do it—and a foot light as a bird's upon the floor. A little jewel is my Annie. You'd not fail to notice her."

"Sit down a moment, Mr. Nolan," said the officer. "I will make some inquiries. Wait here for me."

"A mighty polite gentleman, though he's as solemn as a funeral," said Pat to himself. "I hope he'll not delay long. I'm wild to see Annie. I wonder is she tryin' her eyes out for not seein' me? It was what she had a right to expect—the first one aboard."

The officer was returning. He looked more serious than ever.

"Mr. Nolan, he said, gravely, 'the captain would like to speak to you. I will take you to him. We have had a very stormy voyage, as winter voyages often are.'"

"But you come into port on as pleasant a day as there is in the calendar," Pat said, cheerfully. "A Christmas couldn't be brighter."

"But we have had a very unpleasant voyage," said the officer gravely. He opened the door of the captain's cabin. Pat entered with his hat in his hand.

The captain—a grave, bronzed man with iron-gray hair—sat at a table before an open book, on which his hand lay. "Sit down," he said.

"Thank you, sir. It's as easy standin'," said Pat, with a bow.

"You had better sit down," said the captain. "I may have to talk to you for some minutes. I have something very very particular to say if your are the right man. Your name is—"

"Pat Nolan," said Pat, beginning to feel astonished; but then perhaps the captain knowing that he was to be married that evening, wanted to congratulate him, or perhaps it was the way of the captains of ocean steamers to be slow and solemn, not thinking how he kept people from their sweethearts. So Pat sat down, put his hat on the floor, and, not knowing just what to do, cracked all his knuckles one after the other as he waited.

"Your name is Patrick Nolan," said the captain again, "and you came on board to find a young woman—a friend of yours?"

"My sweetheart promised to me. We are to be married to-day," said Pat. "If God wills it," said the captain.

"Ay, sir; we can do nothing without that, I well know," said Pat. "The good Lord above and Father Dunn will help me; but I'll do the best I can to furdher it myself."

The captain looked down upon the pages of the book before him.

"And the name of the young girl you are asking for?" he said.

"Annie O'Brien," said Pat, beginning to think the captain very stupid—"Annie O'Brien. She's the Widdy O'Brien's daughter—a decent woman is the widdy, and well respected. They are neighbors at home in the ould country."

The captain ran his fingers down a long column of names, and stopped at last and looked at Pat again.

"We had a very unpleasant voyage," he said slowly—"a very, very unpleasant voyage."

"The other gentleman was telling me that, sir," said Pat, wishing that this old gentleman would stop talking about the weather and tell him something about Annie. "Bad weather must be a threat on the say," he said, in order to be polite. "And wid all them passengers to be watchin' and carin' for—worse than a stableful of basties!"

"Yes," said the captain, "we try to care for our passengers; but the steerage is a little crowded. They are often very sick."

"Yes, sir. I was that sick myself I thought I be dyin'," said Pat.

"Some are severely ill," said the captain.

This time Pat made no answer, but stared at him with a hot flush rising to his face.

"Sometimes they are so very ill that they die," the captain went on. "Delicate women, you know—little children and delicate women."

Pat still looked at him in silence.

"When I said that we had a very unpleasant voyage I meant that"—said the Captain—"that we had serious illness—that we had death on board. Two steerage passengers died. One was William O'Rourke, an old man coming over to live with his son."

"God rest his soul!" said Pat.

"The other, who was very ill, was a woman," said the Captain—"a young woman, and very pretty. Mr. Nolan, we have to prepare for storms in this life—we have to brace up and bear them as well as we can. They are very hard to bear. I have had a great many myself. At my age that goes without saying, but you are young and full of hope. I am very sorry to say that I am afraid you are about to suffer a terrible shock. It is a painful task to tell you. Brace up, my lad. The other passenger was a young woman, and her name, as we have it written here, was Annie O'Brien."

All the color had gone out of Pat's face by this time. It was white—lips and all. He dropped his arms on the table and hid his face on them, and great sobs shook his frame.

The captain wiped the tears from his own eyes.

"Talk does no good," he said. "Time only can comfort you."

"It seems as if I could not believe it, captain," Pat cried, lifting his tear-swollen face. "Annie—my little Annie! Are you sure it was Annie?"

"There was but one Annie O'Brien on our list," said the captain. "She gave her name just before she breathed her last. The only steerage passenger of the name of O'Brien died on the voyage of a fever. The doctor cared for her as well as he knew how. The women nursed her kindly. We buried her at sea, and the burial service was said by a Catholic clergyman who was on board. You might like to know that, so I tell you."

"My Annie—my Annie at the bottom of the say!" moaned poor Nolan. "An' I'll never see her again; never kiss her red lips; never feel her two arms about me neck! Ah, Annie, I won't live after you—I won't live after you! Life is too hard to bear wid that to think of. It's turned me to a woman, sir, I'm thinkin'; but it's the worst blow I iver had in me loife."

There was a knock at the door just then. Pat hid his tear-stained face again.

"No admittance just now," cried the captain.

"I didn't mane to come in, please sir," said a sweet voice; "but I'd like to spake to ye, captain, af ye'll let me. I'm waitin' this long time till me frind comes aboard to bring me home, and I'm gettin' anxious, fearin' something has happened him. What will I do, sir? I know no one in Americay. Perhaps he might be on board and me not know it. He'd be askin' for Annie O'Brien and he'd be Pat Nolan, that I'm promised to. Would ye—"

But the captain had flung wide the door; and Pat was on his feet, and with a roar like that of a buffalo had flung his arms about her.

"Glory be to God and all the saints!" he cried. "You're not dead at all! You're alive! I've got you safe and sound! They've been telling me you were dead. God help the man that put the thrick on me, for I'll lave but the bones ay him!"

"Quiet, there!" shouted the captain. "Down with your fists or I'll put you in irons!" What did you mean by asking for Annie O'Brien, a steerage passenger, when you wanted Annie Bailey, a first cabin passenger? That is the girl that stands there. That is the name she gave us—Annie Bailey."

"Captain dear," cried Annie, clutching her Pat by the coat tail, "captain darlin', Pat never knew—he did not. Since writin' him, my mother—a widdy—married again wid Mr. Peter Bailey, that kapes a foine tavern in our town. So long as I was a goin' from her, and he a proposin' to her, why wouldn't she? And he navin' money to spare, said I should come like a lady, and paid me passage in the finest place; and out iv compliment to him—being my mother's husband and so generous to me—I sailed as Annie Bailey. That is the way it was, captain; and indade all the trouble arose from it—for I wanted Pat to find me seated in the illigant saloon, and remained there waitin' for him."

"You'll excuse me, sir," said Pat bowing low, "on account of what I've been through."

"All right," my man," the captain answered; and then Pat threw his arms about his Annie and led her away, the happiest man alive.—New Orleans Delta.

No Lock is Proof.

There is a man in this city who only a short time ago opened the big vault in the Sub-Treasury building where \$25,000,000 was kept, without knowing the combination of the lock and without a tool of any kind, in five minutes. This man's name is Sipp, and, notwithstanding the fact that Inspector Byrnes knows of the occurrence and knows also who the man is, he has not been arrested. As a matter of fact the same man was taken to Washington, and with an ordinary mallet, opened the big vaults in the mint where a greater amount of money is stored.

He is not a thief, but a hard-fisted mechanic who has made a study of locks and safes, and makes more money in doing repairing than he could if he stole. He opened both vaults at the request of the authorities simply to show how wretchedly insecure the Government money is while locked behind old-fashioned doors and poor locks.—New York Recorder.

New York leads the States in the number of times she has been represented in the Cabinet, to-wit: twenty-six times.

LADIES' COLUMN.

A NEW OCCUPATION.

A few ladies are about to start in business as contractors for the care of London conservatories, window boxes, balconies and small gardens by the year, season or month. The ladies will attend to all orders, employing a man only for digging and for conveying soil, etc. Unless wishes were expressed to the contrary, a lady would call once a week to attend to conservatories, valuable plants in rooms, etc., and would leave directions as to what should be done in her absence, if anything were required. Persons who close their town houses when the season is over will be enabled to have their plants taken care of at the premises of the association.—The Queen.

A SHREWD CRIPPLED WOMAN.

Marion Foster, the crippled woman so well known in New York and Chicago as an artist and former protegee of Emma Abbott the late prima donna, is now a clerk in the United States Treasury at Washington. The manner in which she got her appointment without going through the civil service mill was highly creditable to her shrewdness. She called on Secretary Foster the other week and asked for a place, but the Cabinet minister assured her that he had nothing to give but sympathy. She could not exchange sympathy for bread, so she asked for a messenger, and before long she returned to the Secretary's office with a blank appointment in her hand, and asked him to sympathize with her by signing it. The messenger had pointed out a vacant place as copyist, and she made haste to go to the appointment-room and fill in a blank application for it. She got it.—Chicago Herald.

THE BELLE OF HAVANA DEAD.

Senorita Olivia, "the belle of Havana," died a few days ago, and had a great funeral. She was engaged to be married to Don Eduardo Lebrado. A few evenings before the day set for the wedding the bride-elect happened to be in the garden adjoining her father's house. Carelessly plucking a rose she put one of the petals in her mouth. It is presumed that an insect was concealed in the petal and stung her lip, for a short time afterward she complained of pain in her lip, which began to swell in an alarming manner. Physicians were summoned, but the poison could not be controlled or eradicated, and she died on the following morning. All of the blooded Havaneses were at the maiden's funeral. A gorgeous gala coach was drawn by eight horses decked with plumes, all coal black and covered with white netting, driven by eight pages in scarlet livery and two coachmen.—Boston Transcript.

WOMEN AT FARM WORK.

"Women play a very important part in the farm work of Germany," said Heinrich Steiner, of Berlin, Germany. "Any where you may go in Germany you will find women actively engaged in all kinds of farm work. They like the fresh air and are strong and healthy looking. Flax is raised in small quantities by most families, and the women get it ready to be spun when the long winter evenings come. Large chests of homespun linen represent considerable money value and descend from generation to generation. The milking, butter and cheese making and calf fattening or raising is in the sole charge of the women, and they also attend to the drying or preserving of the fruits to be sold at the fall markets. The famous Pomerania geese breasts are all prepared by the farmers' wives. The geese with us are sent out to pasture in very much the same way that you pasture your cows. Children from ten to fifteen years old have charge of them, and they are shut up as regular as the night comes. On a German farm everybody works, from the baby of three years old to the old grandmother of seventy. Everybody contributes to the general purse, and, you know, many hands make light work."—New York Herald.

FASHION NOTES.

There is sufficient variety in round hats to please all tastes. Finger rings are getting larger. The long marquise shape is especially liked. Black lace capes which reach to the knees are among the novelties of the season. A new glove for riding or driving has the gauntlet grained in imitation of crocodile.

Parisian women are copying the Americans in making a great display of jewelry.

It is proposed in London that all invitations to wireless dinners are to be accompanied by a small bow of blue ribbon securely fastened to the card.

Round-faced, stout women should avoid tulle bonnet strings, since they add fullness. They are specially adapted to slender faces and delicate countenances.

The new gauze parasols destined for anything except to shade the face have gilt frames. One of green gauze has a heavy cluster of roses drooping at one side.

An item to be remembered is the use of a little ruffle of silk at the edge of the fountain skirt, to break the hard line which the straight, plain skirts now make at the edge.

All tones of color in dress goods are considerably lighter and more pronounced than they have been. Elaborate wool dresses will be combined with Bengaline, a shade or two darker.

Straight skirts and daintily fitted, simple bodices are now the rule. Fashionable modistes do not demand more than five yards of material a yard and a half wide for an entire dress.

Some of the half-girdles of velvet or silk on the fronts of French bodices are brought to a sharp point in the middle and finished far back on each side with a vandyck pocket of the velvet or silk.

Proof of the Earth's Motion.

Take a good sized bowl, fill it nearly full of water, and place it upon the floor of the room which is not exposed to shaking or jarring from the street. Sprinkle over the surface of the water a coating of lycopodium powder—a white substance which is sometimes used by ladies in making their toilet, and which can be purchased of any druggist. Next, upon the surface of this coating of white powder make, with powdered charcoal, a straight black line, say an inch or two in length. Having made this little black mark on the surface of the contents of the bowl, lay down upon the floor, close to the bowl, a stick or some other straight object, so that it will lie exactly parallel with the charcoal mark. If the line happens to be parallel with a crack in the floor, or with any stationary object in the room, this will serve as well. Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours and then observe the position of the black mark with reference to the object it was parallel with. It will be found to have moved about, and to have shifted its position from east to west—that is to say, in that direction opposite to that of the movement of the earth upon its axis. The earth, in simply revolving, has carried the water and everything else in the bowl around with it, but the powder upon the surface has been left behind a little. The line will always be found to have moved from east to west, which is perfectly good proof that everything else contained in the bowl has moved the other way.

Food of Moles.

It is stated in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" that moles are entirely carnivorous, are exceedingly rapacious, and will die if left longer than eight or ten hours without food. Says a correspondent of the Scientific American: "I recently kept a living mole for a time to study its habits. I shut it in a ventilated wooden box, giving it a tin lid full of water and some grains of corn. It drank the water, refused the corn, and while kept strictly in the dark, was quiet. After twelve hours captivity I offered it boiled rice, which it refused. After sixteen hours fasting, it ate bread and milk, though not freely. When I had had it twenty hours, I gave it cracked oats, soaked well in milk, but uncooked. This it ate ravenously. I then released it in the room, and it traveled about, seeking a place to burrow, and made itself troublesome, tearing at the carpet and upholstery. I threw down a large, thick woolen mitten, which it speedily found and entered, thrusting its head into the thumb. If undisturbed, it would hide in this way for hours, the light and warmth of the room seeming greatly to annoy it. It lived in the mitten for three days, coming out to eat oats soaked in milk, but refusing cooked oats. It was given one small meal of raw meat. At the end of four days it was killed, being apparently in a healthy condition, and not having lost any flesh."

The "Thirteen" Superstition.

Mrs. Frank Leslie says in *Belford*: I am superstitious by heredity, being, by French extraction, a creole of Louisiana, and my natural tendency was no doubt fostered by my colored nurse. In our country we are apt to consider that superstition goes hand in hand with ignorance, but among the Latins it exists among those of the highest as well as the lowest classes, and there is a great tendency to it among their descendants, and indeed among all people of hypersensitive natures who are impressionable and of excitable temperaments. No one can deplore or combat superstition more than myself, and had I children I should from their earliest years endeavor to eradicate any such tendency. Although personally I should be entirely willing to make one of a party of thirteen at table, it would cause me discomfort for one whom I love to do so. My inborn prejudice against thirteen was fostered by the following painful experience: a birthday dinner was given in my honor. Just as we were about to enter the dining-room, two dear friends just from Europe happened to drop in, and were persuaded to remain to dinner. When the meal was half over, a foreign friend at my left whispered that we were thirteen, but begged me not to call attention to the fact, saying jestingly that no change at that late stage of the dinner would break the spell. Within three weeks one of the English ladies was dead, and within as many months the friend at my left lay in his grave.

Another very similar instance happened at a dinner which I gave a year or two ago; and I should certainly be unwilling again to "add" my friends to a party of thirteen, or allow any guest to happen in and make up that number.

The Making of Watch Glasses.

In the manufacture of watch glasses the workman gathers with the blowing tube several kilograms of glass. Softening this by holding it to the door of the furnace, he puts the end of the tube into communication with a reservoir of compressed air, and a big sphere is blown. It is, of course, necessary to get the exact proportion of material at the commencement of the operation, accompanied by a peculiar twist of the hand and an amazing skillfulness.

The sphere ought to be produced without rents, and in such dimensions that it is of the requisite thickness. Out of these balls the workmen cut convex discs of the required size. This is a delicate operation. A "tournette," a kind of compass furnished with a diamond in one of its branches, is used. The diamond having traced the circle, the glass is struck on the interior and exterior sides with a stick and the piece is detached. The discs, which are afterward traced, are obtained very easily. They are seized by the thumb, passed through the aperture already made and detached by the pressure of two fingers. An able workman will cut out 6000 glasses a day.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Scheme That Failed.

There was a New York man who had traveled far and wide, and everywhere had heard that there were laws and ordinances against the use of slings by boys. One day, in a country town, he saw a boy knocking sparrows off the trees with absolute precision with a sling charged with small shot. The city man looked at the sling and saw that it was nothing but a rude, crooked stick, with a band of rubber tied from one arm of the croch to the other. Instantly he conceived an idea for making a fortune. He came to New York and made an improved sling out of twisted wire. He invested a considerable sum of money in the purchase of a plant for turning out the improved toy. He made his patent slings by the thousands. So much for the man and his grand scheme. Now for the boys: They will not buy the new slings. The old homely wooden ones shoot a thousand times better than anything else can be made to do.—New York Sun.

The question has arisen in New York as to the right of an employer to "dock" an employee's wages or to discharge him for absence in serving on a jury, and one judge gives it as his opinion that he should consider such action an obstruction of the law and visit upon the offender the fullest penalty. This opinion, states the Washington Star, seems to meet the ideas of all persons who have the best interests of the community at heart.