

# WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

THE STRONGEST BULWARK OF OUR COUNTRY—THE POPULAR HEART.

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## WEST-CAROLINA RECORD.

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## Ten Thousand a Year.

If I had ten thousand a year I think I could manage to spend it. Could squander the half, very near. And, as for the rest—I could lend

Could squander the half, I should say. On folly, on vice, and on sorrow. On dreary debauches to day. Repentance and headache to-morrow.

Could purchase with half of my wealth. Or less, if I cared to diminish. Bad morals, bad conscience, bad health. And a badish look-out at the finish.

And the rest of my gold I could lend The friend who in want had stood by me. And lose both my money and friend— For the time forward forever he'd shily me.

If I had ten thousand a year. The sentiment may seem clap trappy. I'm blest if I think it's so clear. I should not be sick and unhappy.

At present I've friends—very dear— Health and comfort, as long as I'm thrifty? So I don't want ten thousand a year. I'm content with my hundred and fifty.

Never Ediccate the Unfortunate.

"Halloa, old limpy! I say, old man, lee's see you run!" and a shout arose from a thoughtless group of boys just out of school, as they saw an old man tottering along with two crutches, making but slow progress over the slippery snow. One boy sent a big snow ball at his head, knocking off his hat, and letting his long gray locks stream out on the wintry wind. I do not know how far they might have carried their cruel sport had not the sight of their teacher dispersed them.

Charley Forrest, one of the boys, after playing about for a while, entered his father's door, when to his astonishment, he saw the very old man seated quietly by the kitchen fire, while his mother was preparing him a warm supper. "Charley," said she, "here is a very poor old man who has no one to care for him, and we must try and make him comfortable." Charley blushed, as you may suppose he would. Before long the old man began to nod wearily, and Charley's father coming in, he was assisted to bed.

After the evening lamps were lighted, Mrs. Forrest said, "Char-

ley, would you like to hear a story?"

"Of course I would; mother!"

"Many years ago, in a small cottage on the bank of a river, lived a widow, with one little girl, whom she dearly loved. One spring when the child was seven years old, there was a 'freshet,' which carried off bridges and houses, and the mother missed her little girl; but after long search she saw her floating slowly down the stream behind the house, on a frail raft. Her frantic cries aroused the neighborhood, who soon gathered in a crowd on the bank. The child was clinging to a board, which drifted slowly but surely toward a mass of logs and driftwood, which, once entangled, her death seemed inevitable.

"But who would be daring enough to go to the rescue? It seemed like sure destruction to trust life within that crashing mass of timber, while the child's cries of 'mamma! mamma!' were now and then faintly heard above the roaring torrent. But a man rushed from the crowd exclaiming, 'What towards! Shall we see the little lamb lost without one effort to save her?' He instantly plunged into the raging waters, and on, he goes, while the crowd stand in breathless terror as ever and anon he moves by some log which threatens to crush him.

"And now the child reached almost miraculously, and seizing her in his arms, he once more stems the tide. A shout of joy bursts from the throng as he nears the shore and put the child into its mother's arms.

The thanks of the poor widow were unbounded to her child's preserver; but in less than a year she died, and the little girl went to live with some relatives in a distant State; but never until to-night has she been able to learn more of the man who risked his life and lost his limbs in saving her."

"To-night, mother?" said Charley; "surely—why what do you mean?"

"I mean, my son, that this poor old man saved your mother's life years ago, and I praise God for leading him to my door."

As you may suppose, Charley felt badly enough. "Never, never," he said to himself, "will I treat a poor old man disrespectfully or make fun of his misfortune. Never, never, never!" I wish all boys would echo those words, "Never! never!"—*Child's Paper.*

## Diet and Character.

The *Advertiser*, in an article on the "Wheat Zone," makes some interesting remarks on the relations of the King of the cereals to the progress of the human race, and concludes:

"Dropping out of the argument the consideration that where wheat is not grown it cannot be eaten by the common people at a cost within their means, and that indolent races are, therefore, not responsible for a dietetic fault, it remains true that what is known as the 'wheat belt' embraces all the active civilization of the world. It extends across the continent of Asia, Europe, and America, starting at a high latitude in Asia, sagging down as it crosses Europe and approaches the Atlantic, but embracing all the energetic nations of northern Europe; then falls away as it crosses the sea, with finally it reaches, on its southern boundary, the southern line of Virginia and Tennessee, but then trends northward again, widening, until on the Pacific it embraces all the coast from California to the northern limits of Washington Territory. Within the area thus described are all the civilized energies. The rest of the world is an outpost.

Of course, climate controls production. There is a southern wheat belt, which includes Aus-

tralia, in part, South Africa, New Zealand, and a part of South America, where a civilization equal to that of the central north of the United States is growing up. Our correspondent reasons almost exclusively from facts as they exist, and not from their causes; but he reaches the same result as, a priori, science would have arrived at. For nothing is more sure in the chemistry of life than that the great bread-eaters are the great thinkers, or that the phosphorus which wheat contains, in the outer kernel, immediately beneath the husk, is the feeder of brains, and the material substance which provokes to thought, study, reason, and all the forms of nervous energy. There are physiologists who attribute the remarkable success of States like Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois to the bounty and perfection of the wheat crop, and the intellectual stimulus, or rather food, which it affords the brain. Certainly no commonwealths in the world have evinced a higher sense of law and order, or more rapidly developed a social system which has hardly an equal in the world. The constitution of Indiana, for instance, the very centre of the wheat zone, is beyond comparison the best in Union, and produces the highest results in our civilization."

But the full value of wheat as a civilizer will never be fully realized until wheat-meal takes the place of bolted flour, and the people learn to make bread without yeast or risings. Good bread is emphatically the "staff of life;" but the commercial article is the least desirable.

## The Art of Reading.

The *Pull Mall Gazette*, in an article on the above caption, says that bookish people are continually apt to overrate the value of reading. There is a large order of minds—sturdy, healthy, intelligent minds—which must be stimulated by verbal and ocular demonstration, and which are quite closed to mere reading. And, on the other hand, there is a vast amount of reading which has no relation either to mental efforts or to intellectual cultivation. A common consequence of reading for amusement is the love of sedentary habits, and the low physical tone thereby induced. If the ordinary run of novel readers were to renounce the novel and the easy chair in favor of the field and the brisk walk, they would, without doubt, find a sensible difference in both their bodily and mental condition the first year. Let us not be misunderstood. What we set our face against is not the use, but the abuse of books—an abuse which leads to superficial views of life, neglect of active duties, and a mental apathy, only equalled by self-conceit. Even if all books were worth reading, it does not follow that the spare time devoted to them by the young and thoughtless would be well spent. But how few of the hundreds of books published annually are worth reading, and how rare the faculty of discernment! A real love of books is given to the few, and not to the many. A wise book, thoroughly understood, is a mine of wealth throughout life. So strong, however, is the force of habit, and so powerful the influence of position, that indiscriminate reading has become as common as bad pianoforte playing. Naturally, this sham culture tends to the depreciation of learning. It is so much easier to accept opinions ready-made than to be at the trouble of forming them, and so much pleasanter to read what is light and entertaining than what is dry and abstruse. Whether second-hand opinions and light entertaining literature prove the most serviceable to the world is quite another matter. In a word, then, books are inad-

quate teachers so long as we use no others. Self-development embraces the practical as well as the theoretical, and those who overrate the last at the expense of the first, run into an extreme, the consequences of which are not easy to calculate.

## Origin of Tubercular Consumption.

In 1855 Mr. MacCormac presented a theory in regard to tubercular disease of the lungs, or consumption, in which he maintained that this disease is caused solely by breathing air which has already passed through the lungs of man or other animals, (or, otherwise, air that is deficient in oxygen) the inhalation of air already respired being accompanied by the retention of unoxidized carbon, or the dead, poisonous carbon, within the body of the organism. This effete matter he considers to be the starting-point in the tubercle. He does not think that it forms the tubercle itself, but constitutes the poison from which tubercular disease takes its origin. His deduction from this is to the effect that the greatest care must be taken to secure an ample supply of fresh air, especially in cases where numbers of persons are obliged, by cold-weather or other causes, to occupy a limited space together and in which a proper provision for a constant supply of fresh air has not been made. He believes that the predominance of tubercular disease in northern latitudes is not due to a tendency in the climate itself to produce this condition, but to the inability to huddle together for purposes of warmth, although it is probable that a diseased condition or irritation of the lungs in such cases may increase the morbidity of poisonous material. Where, in consequence of the mildness of the climate, persons are induced to live a great deal out of doors, or where the houses are not closed up to such a degree as to exclude the external air or prevent its free passage, this disease becomes comparatively unknown. He, indeed, encourages open windows and draughts of air, especially at night, if the body be well covered.

## Sowing Clover Seed.

It is the custom with many farmers to sow clover seed on their grain fields this month, especially if they can do so when there is snow on the ground. The seed can then be sown with perceptible evenness, and the snow in melting carries the seed down with it into the crevices of the soil. If not sown now, it is preferable to wait till the frost is out of the ground, when it may be sown, lightly harrowed and rolled. The average quantity per acre, suitable for most soils, is 12 lbs.

Former volumes of the *Farmer* bore abundant testimony to the advance which is being made in the growth of clover in the South. It is now found, that in North and South Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi, it grows and flourishes, and seems to give practical refutation to the charge that it would not succeed in those parts.

We believe that in the South fall sowing will generally be found best, the plant getting a better start before the hot weather of the following summer, but we commend to our readers a trial even upon the most limited scale the coming season. We believe that upon almost any land of not absolute sterility, clover may be made to grow, provided the land is not wet, and provided a good bed for the seed is prepared and manure applied proportionate in quantity to the poorness of the soil. It is important, perhaps essential, that the seed should be put in while the ground is moist and mellow. As soon as the clover begins to grow, an application to it of one or two bushels of plaster to the acre will tend to establish it.—*American Farmer.*

## Why Potatoes Run Out.

A New York farmer says, "Some one asks why it is that potatoes so soon run out. There are two grand reasons. There are but few potatoes in a hill that are fit for seed. Some are overgrown coarse, rank, and will not transmit the original quality. Others are undergrown and not fully developed seed. A potato of medium size, perfect in all its parts, with change of ground, will produce its like, ad infinitum. One other reason, cutting potatoes between stem and seed end continually, is wrong. It requires the stem and seed end to make perfect seed. If cut, cut lengthwise. Single eyes will run out any potato. There is no other seed that will bear mutilation like the potato; the only wonder is, that it does not run out completely."—*Prairie Farmer.*

## Head us Off.

A correspondent tells of a country clerk in a rural town who had a pet calf which he was training up in the ways of the ox; the calf walked around very peaceable under one end of the yoke while Mr. Clerk held up the other, but in an unfortunate moment the man conceived the idea of putting his own neck in the yoke, to let the calf see how it would seem to work with a partner. This frightened mister calf and elevating his tail and his vice struck a "dead run" for the village. Clerk went along, with his head down and his plug hat in his hand, straining every nerve to keep up, and "Here we come, dang our fool souls, head us somebody!"

## Bois in Horses.

In the *Popular Science Monthly* there is a short article relative to the power of endurance manifested by the larvae of some insects, and among them, of the bot fly. It mentions a case where a piece of the stomach of a dead horse, which was covered with bot worms, was spread on a board, and spirits of turpentine poured on the worms; yet, after an hour, not one was detached from the flesh. Then whale oil was poured on them, when they all let go their hold and died almost immediately. Hence the inference that whale oil should be used to detach the worms from the living horse when attacked by bots.

## Repairing Leaky Roofs.

Melt together in an iron pot two parts by weight of common pitch and one part of gutta percha. This forms a homogeneous fluid more manageable than gutta percha alone. To repair gutters, floors, &c., carefully clean out of the cracks all earthy matters, slightly warm the edges with a plumber's soldering iron, then pour the cement in a fluid state upon the cracks while wet, finishing up by going over the cement with a moderately hot iron, so as to make a good connection and a smooth joint. This cement is suitable for zinc, lead or iron.

## Three Great Words.

A Christian traveler tells us that he saw the following admonition printed on a folio sheet in an inn in Savho, and it was found, he learned, in every house in the district. "Understand well the force of the words—a God, a moment, an eternity, a God who sees you; a moment which flies from you; an eternity which awaits you; a God whom you serve so ill; a moment of which you so little profit; an eternity which you hazard so rashly."

## Beautiful Thought.

It is a beautiful thought, and deserves a more permanent preservation than it is likely to find among the walls of newspaperdom where we meet with it that "Prayer should be the key of the day and the lock of the night."