

# THE NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1875.

But to continue. We now find her in Paris crowned with triumph. After a night of even more than usual exertion, she sat the next day surrounded with the tokens of her listeners' appreciation. Flowers, ribbons and beautiful, jewels costly and antique, all around her. She pushed them impatiently aside, and her head sank into her hands. Her thoughts flew back to the time when she sang simple ballads and watched for the words and look of admiration from one with more genuine appreciation than ever since she had from the crowned heads and nobles of the land.

"How I kept thinking last night of the 'Welcome Greeting'!" My heart seemed filled with that. I have not thought of since that night. I think if I had sung it, it might have been beyond the waiting time. They say I am cold—there is no love in my eyes. Well, I can tell you not think there is a colder more icy than that of unknown love. In which love has been given with known life, and then been killed, that it becomes so icy cold."

Thus Caroline Alworth, combined with herself in the splendid boudoir of her Paris apartment.

"Going to a jewel casket, she unlocked it, and drew forth the little golden heart and anchor—those were attached to its repeated, the cross still hanging to the bracelet, the others falling at Caroline's feet.

With a frightened look she pointed to the broken bracelet and said: "O, Edgar, this is an omen of coming evil, I know. Your gift thus broken, and at such a time!"

"At your feet behold my hopes and dreams, and upon my bosom rest your faith, dear, and a piece of ribbon or something in this little cross, and I will wear it until we meet again."

"When shall that be?" asked Caroline, to a mournful voice.

"Still superstitious?" Edgar said.

"I feel as if I were a prisoner, Edgar, that years will pass before we meet again, if ever. But how, take this cross; I will have faith. See, I have wrapped around it a piece of my hair. Now, whatever the future may bring, and wherever you may be, send this to me and I will come." Caroline's voice full of mournful tenderness.

"Carol, pray do not talk so. You depress me with your gloom. Come, cheer up, and own, too, that you are afraid to trust me in the constant society of Miss Erving; but you need have no fears about her. Even though I should think of her, she would not be apt to encourage her. Her secretary when she can aspire to no other position."

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Woman held it to his lips. Such a grateful look met her eye. She thought, Oh, why is he here alone? Where is she, whose gentle hand should minister to her? He had gained some little strength, and when she drew near, and seated herself, he said: "I would not have sent you if I had been equal with you in any way. But now, when you are so far above me, you can stoop, at least, to pity. I am dying, you see. I could not forget the constant longing to see you once more—once more to here your voice. Can you forget the past long enough to sing me one song?"

She said: "You must feel I do forgive, and will forget all that you would fain have me."

The song that had trembled on her lips the night before, and filled her heart ever since, then burst forth the "Welcome Greeting."

A smile ran but very sweet, came over his pale face, rested there until she had finished her song. He seemed to grow more stronger and inclined to talk. Saying: "How is it you are here, alone in Paris? Where are your friends—your wife?"

"Wife? Wife? No, she is dead, but the word died on her lips. She could not utter that, and continued: "Tell me something of yourself."

"I will tell you all," he answered. "When I wrote you that last letter—'Hush'—Caroline said: 'I would hear of your letter.'"

"I must have written it, I must. Then for a period, I was possessed of a spirit of evil. I was flattered by the kindness of Miss Erving. I believed I could win her, and with her wealth and position, I thought I did or could love her and forget you. But I soon knew I could not, and would have given every thing I possessed to have been with you again. I almost made up my mind to write you, and so for what I had resigned. And your reply came, then I determined to return home, and seek you, and try to gain forgiveness and a return to confidence. And after, when success had failed me so quickly to you, I determined to resign my position as a secretary. I engaged in business, and every thing I engaged in was doomed to failure. My partner ruined me, and finally went off with all the money he could obtain. With a little left, a few pounds, I followed him there. Many weeks ago I was seized with fever, from which I have never recovered, and now I have but little hope I ever shall. But for this kind woman, I should have suffered much. Last night I thought I was dying, and I should not have sent for you this morning."

Again the kind attendant came with the wine; and after it had been administered, Caroline mentioned the woman into the adjoining room, and questioning her closely learned that he was entirely without money. The little he had was soon consumed in obtaining the most necessary medicines and wines. Returning to the bedside, she stood, her heart overflowing with joy. She knew then her place had never been given to another.

Could the admiring hundreds, who gazed on her the night before, have seen her then, they would have found that they thought wanting. The look, the tone, the feeling that so many sought in vain was there. She bent over and whispered to the sufferer: "Edgar will you live?"

A new light flashed in his eyes, and gazing eyes at her, he whispered: "Live for nothing but to see you."

"Look at my eyes, dear, and see?" she murmured, a beautiful flush tinged her hair.

"I could not miss you for plainly her eyes answered him, "I would live for you, and die for you."

"No; no; you must mean it. You are high and mighty. You shall not stoop so low, my queen. Even in my dreams I am not so wild."

"Edgar, I only stoop to lay my heart for you to raise it to light and life. Look back. See me not as the multitude, their favorite for the time; see only the simply loving girl of the past. I am not the prima donna. Know of me the trusting woman, who willingly will resign the admiration of the world for the love and admiration of one true heart."

Thus she came down from the height of her greatness to the true, loving woman.

When next she sang, all her hearers acknowledged the newly gained power. There was no longer a waiting tone. A few weeks after, all Paris was surprised, and many of her nobles, so indignant that they called her "Queen of Song," should have wedded a man entirely unknown to the world. But what cared she? He was more than all the world to her.

Importance of Wholesome Beds.—Sleep to the working man is sympathetically Nature's restorative, relieving the physical system, which through much toil has become weary, and keeping up the flow of life and spirits which are necessary to the performance of the arduous duty of farm life. A comfortable bed is an essential and conducive greatly to one's rest. On this subject a recent writer says:—

Of the eight pounds which a man eats and drinks each day, it is thought that not less than five pounds leaves his body through the skin.

And of these five pounds considerable percentage escapes during the night while he is in bed. The largest portion of this is water, but in addition there is much of the acid and poisonous matter. This being in great part gaseous in form, permeates every part of the bed, mattress, and blankets, as well as sheets, which soon become foul and need purification.

The mattress needs the renovation quite as much as the sheets. To allow the sheets to be used, without washing or changing, three or six months, would be regarded as bad house-keeping; but I insist if a thin sheet can absorb enough of the excretion of the body to make it unfit for use in a few days, a thick mattress, which can absorb and retain a thousand times as much of these poisonous excretions, needs to be purified as often, certainly, as once in three months.

A sheet can be washed. A mattress cannot be renovated in that way. Indeed, there is no way of cleansing a mattress but by steaming it or picking it to pieces, and thus, in fragments, exposing it to the rays of the sun. As these processes are scarcely practicable, with any of the ordinary mattresses, decidedly one of the opinions that the old-fashioned straw bed, which can be changed for three months be changed for fresh straw, and the bed be washed, is the sweetest and most healthy of beds.

If, in the winter season, the porousness of the straw bed makes it a little uncomfortable, spread over it a comforter or two woolen blankets, which should be washed as often as every two weeks. With the arrangement, if you wash all the bed coverings as often as in once two weeks, you will have a delightful, healthy bed.

Now, if you leave the bed to air, or a window during the day, and not open it up for the night before evening, you will have added greatly to the sweetness of your rest, and, in consequence, to the tone of your health.

I heartily wish the change could be everywhere introduced. Only those who have thus attended to this important matter can judge of the influence on the general health and spirits.—Maine Farmer.

**TWO HUNDRED HORSES KILLED BY BUFFALO GNATS.**—The Gainesville (Ark.) Times says:—

On last Sunday the buffalo gnats made their appearance in this and Clayton counties, also in Franklin county, Mo., in such vast swarms as to prove very destructive to stock. We were at Clarkton, Mo., at the time they made their appearance, and on our way home the sight of dead horses and mules along the road, and the report of gnats off the road, were distressing in the highest degree. We have made an estimate as best we could from the various reports we received on our way home Tuesday, and think the number of horses and mules that have been destroyed within two miles of the road leading to Clark Bluff, from that place to within eight miles of Gainesville, will reach 175 or 200, while the number in and around Gainesville will add at least 25 or 30 more to the number. We have no report from below, but hope it is not so bad in that direction. A great many farmers have lost all their plow stock, while many others have not enough left to cultivate their farms. This sad depredation added to the destitution that existed before, has cast a heavy gloom over our people.

**A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.**—Who can measure the influence of a mother on the young and immortal mind of her children? Her looks, her actions, her smiles, or her frowns on her children stamp impressions on the minds which will last forever. She gives a moulding influence to their character, their course of life, their temporal and eternal well being. They rise to the glories and happiness of heaven, or sink to the woes and ruin of a lost eternity much according to the mother trains them up for God, allows them, through neglect, to grow up in selfishness and sin. The mother sits at the threshold of their existence and directs their first tottering footsteps. Her duties, as at the foundations of human society, and from these young springs of life flow out all their after existence, streams of bitter or sweet, purified or poisonous.

**RESPECTABLE LONGEVITY.**—The question of long life is interesting to all who care to live at all and the instances of longevity cited go to show this important, if not governing fact, that regular habits and a certain amount of mental exertion, joined to freedom from anxiety about the future, is more conducive to old age than almost any other influences. Chief Justice Marshall lived to be eighty, and Chief Justice Taney to be eighty-seven; Justice Nelson passed his eightieth birthday, and so did Chief Justice Shaw; Brougham lived to be ninety-four, and Lyndhurst ninety-two; all which proves that the pursuit of the law on the bench tends in a remarkable degree to promote longevity. Temperament and constitution have much to do with it, yet we see nevertheless feeble lives protracted because of care, while strong ones are shortened by even a single neglect. Long life is a crown of glory, and our young people should be taught so to esteem it.

**SERAPY OF WILD HORSES.**—A few days ago a party of travelers exploring Paraguay, where the plains abound in horses and the forests in pumas and other wild animals, saw a mare with a pair of twin colts, and standing near them were a pair of ponies, while at a little distance was a herd of horses which saw the pumas, and were preparing for battle. The stallions came to the front, and the mares went to the rear and went to feeding, as if for a ruse. Soon a shrill neigh came from the stallion general, and in a moment the whole troop charged down upon the pumas and surrounded them, but left a little space out of which the mare and her colts slipped away and reached the other mares. The pumas then attacked the horses, but they turned heels on them right and left keeping up a circular movement, dealing heavy blows in turn, and finally laying the pumas dead.

**A CURE.**—The best method of easing a cough is to resist it with all the force of will possible; until the accumulation of phlegm becomes protracted; then there is something to cough against, and it comes up very much easier and with half the coughing. A great deal of hacking and hacking and coughing is invariably a piece of nervousness, or the result of mere habit, as is shown by the frequency with which it occurs while the patient is thinking about it, and its comparative rarity when he is so much engaged that there is no time to think of what the attention is directed in another direction.

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