THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

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A WAYWARD WARD.

I.

It is the business of the philosopher, as the world knows, to find law and order in even the most abnormal phenomena, to suggest, at least, an adequate explanation of every enigma. For what other purpose does he exist than to throw light on the surrounding darkness? He is a torch bearer to humanity's ignorance. If now and again, by reason of a pessimist temperament or defect of training, the rays he sheds around intensify rather than dispel the gloom, and cast shadows as of Egyptian night across man's forward path, surely he construes his mission.

But the wisest head is sometimes puzzled, and the shrewdest explorer of the all environing mystery is sometimes confounded. A problem presents itself which cannot be resolved by any of the familiar processes. The why of some suddenly disclosed fact is as inscrutable as the Sphinx of the Eastern desert. It was thus with Bernard Ralston.

Those who thirst for fame, as misers thirst for gold, or coquettes for admiration, would have found much to envy in this young man's position. At an age when a statesman is currently supposed to be studying his parliamentary primer, and when a future general may still be writhing under the sarcasms of a barrack room instructor, Bernard Ralston had been welcomed into the front rank of philosophical thinkers. His book on "Instinct, Conscience and Reason" was read and criticised by the few, praised and avoided by the many. The noisy heterodox claimed him as a new and promising recruit; and so also, to the amusement of the onlooker, did the stanchest maintainers of old landmarks. He was flattered, feted, and the lion of his season.

It was from this suddenly acquired distinction that his embarrassment had approached. The solicitors letter that was the beginning of sorrows made this clear. It ran thus:

DEAR SIR:—We have to inform you that by the will of our late client, Mr. Humphery Power, you are appointed sole guardian of his only surviving daughter, Olive. As this may be in the nature of a surprise, we beg leave to quote the precise paragraph of the will: "And I hereby empower Mr. Bernard Ralston to act in every respect as the guardian of my child. I am sure that Olive can have no fitter or wiser protector, none better qualified to advise and to regulate her life; and should he as I earnestly beg—accept and fulfil this charge, I give and bequeath to the said Bernard Ralston, over and above such reasonable expenses as he may have incurred on my daughter's behalf, the sum of $5,000, to be paid by my executors on my daughter's twenty-first birthday, as a small tribute of my gratitude."

The young lady is a very considerable heiress, in her eighteenth year, and at present at a private *pension* in France. Further particulars will follow on your reply. We are, dear sir,

Yours obediently,
FANSHAWE & FITCH.

The gift of the proverbial white elephant could have produced in no heart a greater consternation. What should a retired and solitary student, of serious pursuits and uncourtly manners, answer to such a challenge? If Cleethorpe Hall were large, it by no means followed that he wanted more life within its bounds; and a girl in her teens, a mere child, as with the sage wisdom of five-and thirty years he considered her! How could her presence by his fireside be harmonized with the quiet current of the life he elected to live?

Yet, the bait of five thousand pounds was a temptation. The glories of Cleethorpe Hall had been sadly tarnished through the improvidence of Bernard's father, and philosophy is not a particularly remunerative hobby to ride. Mr. Humphrey Power's legacy, if not precisely a fortune, would be an assistance in the keeping up of the restricted Cleethorpe establishment.

The matter was debated long and anxiously, and as the result Miss Olive Power arrived at the hall one showy February morning. Slight of figure, winsome of feature, with merry, violet tinted brown eyes, and lips continually parting in a piquant smile over teeth of whitest pearl, Bernard Ralston was forced to admit that, if he was properly to protect his ward, his position might not prove a sinecure. Neither did it.

The girl's beauty attracted suitors as clover-blossoms allure bees; and it was soon an open secret in the country side that Miss Power, as well as being lonely and a lovely young thing, was a richly dowered one. This brought the sometimes lugubrious voice of Prudence into reasonable accord with the chorus of adoration.

But Olive was not minded to be an easy capture for any of her wooers. With a woman's instinctive dexterity she kept them all at bay, and at twenty had escaped the necessity of as yet refusing any offer in formal and unequivocal terms. She was developing a taste for study which half amused, half interested her guardian. One evening he playfully rallied her on her application to sundry big tomes in the library.

"I shall be accused of transforming a merry and bewitching young lady into a blue stocking—a disciple of my own dry as dust pursuits," he said; "some one some day may have special cause to blame me, I fear."

A sudden blush was on the maiden's cheeks, and her glance fell. It was impossible that she should misinterpret Bernard's meaning.

"There is Oswald Harbury to think of," Olive's guardian was daring enough to add.

Two shining eyes were momentarily uplifted. Was the flash they gave one of indignation, of scorn, or merely of confusion at a betrayed secret? Bernard could not guess.

"The nature of my employments can make no difference whatever, in any way that I can imagine, to Mr. Harbury," she answered. Then—it seemed to Bernard a strange transition—"Will you forgive me for asking a favor?" she went swiftly on; "I should like—oh, so much!—to help you in your work. Could I not copy out your notes or revise proofs sometimes?"

What philosopher could have successfully resisted the volunteered help of such an amanuensis? Not Bernard Ralston.

It was summer, three months later than the date of this conversation. Olive's guardian was seeking his ward in her own boudoir, with a gloom upon his face and a depression of soul which defied his analysis. He had a message to convey and a proposal to informally submit which he had little doubt would be accepted. Oswald Harbury, the young owner of half Cleethorpe, had asked permission to lay himself and his fortunes at Olive's feet. He loved her, he said; he would do his best to make her happy.

"And I believe that he will. He has a home to offer you and is a true-hearted, honorable gentleman. As your guardian, Olive, I am bound to give my sanction to so fair and promising a suit. May I bid Mr. Harbury to come and plead his own cause?"

He had spoken hoarsely and in a queer, far off kind of voice that he hardly recognized as his own. It was surely singular and must testify to an unsuspected weakness of character, that the prospect of separation from the ward originally received with so much doubt and dread should thus make havoc of his peace. He waited for the answer in a suspense that was positively harrassing. At last the answer came.

"No, you may not," Olive said, "unless, indeed, you wish to get rid of me—to send me away. And not even then, for I cannot consent to marry a man whom I do not love.'

Send Olive away! Was not every pulse in his body beating with fierce, unbidden joy at the verdict she had given? The measure of his recent terror was the measure of his present relief.

"That is a fear which my ward—my wayward ward!—never need harbor," he said, with a slow, broad smile; "she has brought too much sunshine into my lonely life for me to wish to lose her But change is inevitable some day."

"Why?" a low voice murmured; and again came the mysterious illumination of Olive's eyes.

"Because, Olive—if for other reason—the years of my guardianship will soon be at an end," he answered steadily, almost sternly. He must face the future resolutely, as befitted a teacher of his fellows.

And a few seconds later his quick nervous step was echoing in the passage without.

II.

An early summer vacation in Switzerland—when the glorious Alpine flora should be at its loveliest—had been the cherished dream of years to Bernard Ralston, and at last it was realized. A woman's hand had guided his steps thitherward. Olive Power had persuaded him to lay aside his work and make playtime of the sunny weather.

"You can finish your book on 'Vanity as a Force of Human Affairs' when you return, and the critics will all that the last chapters are the brightest," she said pleadingly. And when she added a slight involuntary expression of her own eagerness for the change, he surrendered. The trio—Miss Ralston, Bernard's sister and housekeeper, was Olive's chaperon—had now been from England a fortnight.

They had reached the Riffel and were thus encamped under shadow of the majestic (grim and uncouth, for variation of epithets,) Matterhorn itself. Here Olive went into ecstasies. To watch the sunrise bathe the rugged, furrowed sides with waves of liquid light was an occupation of which she never tired. And then there was the Gorner Grat to visit, the Gorner Glacier to see.

At the hotel there was pleasant company, including a couple of young Americans, who swept the ordinarily reserved and cautious students forward into a participation in their own reckless adventures by the sheer force of enthusiasm. The three went off one afternoon on a quest for edelweiss. The gloom was thickening in gorge and pass and gray shadows were following the crimson sunset glow on the huge crests aloft before there was any sign of a return. The ladies grew uneasy. Stories of accident and of awful peril were staples of the conversational bill of fare in the hotel salon and inevitably exerted their influence on nervous minds. In this case the presentment of evil was but too surely justified.

Two of the venturesome explorers returned weary and dishevelled, but Bernard Ralston was missing.

"We thought he was before us," explained Mark Croxford, the elder of the brothers. "We drifted apart among the boulders and iceridges of a glacier edge, and we looked for him to rejoin us at the lower end of the track. Not meeting h'm we supposed he had hurried away homeward."

A sudden chill had gone to many a heart in the little group of listeners. The thought of precipices and of their hidden and treacherous dangers was in every one's mind. A search expedition was quickly organized and started.

"I hear steps behind," said the guide, halting on the first stage of the journey and prominently displaying his lamp.

"Why, it is Miss Power!" cried Mark Croxford in astonishment.

It was, indeed, Olive. With blanched cheeks and agonized eyes and dauntless resolution, she insisted on accompanying the seekers. It was at her request that Bernard Ralston had come to Switzerland. If he perished would it not in a sense be her fault? Better that her own life should have been sacrified! To persuade the girl to return was useless—only a loss of precious minutes. With a muttered growl of disapprobation the guide was compelled to allow her to proceed.

Hours were spent in a vain pursuit.

"Guide: is there any hope?" demanded a stalwart Cornishman, at last.

"I fear, none!" he answered; "at the bottom of yonder chasm"

—

His words were cut short. A cry, half triumphant, half fearful, slipped over Olive Power's bloodless lips.

"Listen! I hear a groan," she said

A silence that might be felt prevailed.

"The wind across the glacier, miss," answered the leader, in sulky despair. "There is nothing for it but to go back."

"I will not," the girl declared, "until you tell me whose voice that is. Hark! it is no sound of wind!"

Again they listened, and again without result.

Mark Croxford gently laid his hand on Olive's arm. "Believe me you are mistaken, Miss Power," he said; "you do not suppose that any one of us would give up this search if the least chances remained? But the guide knows best."

And yet, as he uttered his melancholy remonstrance, there was a sound from over the neighboring ice-floe hard to credit to even the most cerie of Swiss breezes.

"There! surely you hear it now?" the girl said.

If only to make clear the girl's folly to herself, the quest was re commenced.

The quick ear of love had not blundered, after all. This time a chance gleam of the guide's lantern over a jagged precipice-side revealed a dark form huddled against an inner ledge. It was Bernard Ralston, insensible from the effects of his perilous fall, and proving that he still lived only by an occasional groan.

"I beg pardon very humbly, Miss Power," Mark Croxford whispered.

* * * * * * *

"And they tell me, Olive, that I owe my life to you," the convalescent said, wheeled out on the broad mountain terrace of his resting place "How shall I contrive to repay you, I wonder. Do you know—nay, you cannot know I had a dream this morning. After the doctor had left my room I dozed, and it seemed to me that—that the dearest girl in the wide world—and surely the bravest—came to my side and smoothed down the pillow—and—dare I whisper the words?—caressed my forehead. It was singular, was it not?"

Something in the poise of the averted face awakened a swift suspicion—a keen thrill of happiness.

"It cannot be that—that it was not a dream?" he queried. "That my ward is willing to be still dearer—to be my wife?"

The small palm was not withdrawn, the lovely crimsoned face was swiftly and momentarily upturned, as he had seen it twice before, and this time a look of ineffable content was mirrored thereupon.

"If you really desire so to extend your guardianship of your 'wayward ward,'" mischievous accents answered.

And Bernard Ralston's sometime problem had become his dearest treasure. Love itself had taught love's lesson.

A Matrimonial Lottery.

At a recent wedding reception in South Carolina a young lawyer begged leave to offer a new scheme of matrimony, which, he believed, would be beneficial. He proposed "that one man of the company should be selected as president; that this president should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all communications that should be forwarded to him in his official department that night, and that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it the name of the person they wished to marry, then hand it to the president for inspection, and if any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the president was to inform each of the result, and those who had not been reciprocal in their choice, kept entirely secret" After the appointment of the president, communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found that 12 young ladies and gentlemen had made reciprocal choices, but whom they had chosen remained a secret to all but themselves and the president.

I was passing through the same place a few days ago, and was informed that 11 of the 12 matches had been solemnized, and that the young gentlemen of eight couples of the eleven had declared that their diffidence was so great that they certainly should not have addressed their respective wives if the above scheme had not been introduced.

An Historic Parallel.

[Kansas City Times.]

Gen. Jackson had 219 electoral votes in 1832. Gov. Cleveland gets the same number in 1884. History repeats itself.

December on the Farm.

The Closing Year.—In this latitude the evenings of December are long enough to give the farmer ample time to review the labors of the past season and to carefully weigh each operation on the farm, and decide which has been a success and which a failure, and the cause of each. In our efforts for continued progress our thoughts should be principally directed to the future, but it is well, at the close of the year, to carefully review the past, not for the purpose of mourning or rejoicing over our acts, but that we may learn them lessons that will assist us to a life of usefulness as well as of pecuniary success.

Before the year closes all old accounts should be settled up so that when the new year commences there will be no doubt as to which side the balance stands. There are many reasons why it is not desirable to have accounts of long-standing; frequent settlements prevent misunderstanding, everything being fresh in the minds of the parties any errors of accounts may be easily adjusted to the satisfaction of both parties; but when accounts are permitted to run several years, even if the account be correct, there is often a feeling that it is not, and as the circumstances relating to the charge may be forgotten, there is frequently a dissatisfaction which cannot be removed, and thus a coolness springs up between parties if it does not entirely sever their friendship. There is nothing like short accounts to keep up good friendship with parties who trade with each other except paying cash when the goods are delivered, which is a practice that should always be adopted whenever it is possible to do so.

Care of Stock.—December is a long and usually a cold month, and as the farm stock must rely almost entirely an the farmer for food and shelter, the good and successful farmer will make it his business to provide good comfortable quarters for all of his stock, and also feed them at regular intervals with good healthy food. While the sheep should be provided with quarters that will keep them perfectly dry, they should also be provided with plenty of fresh air and sunshine. Sheep had better be out in the rain than to be confined in a small tight building with no chance for ventilation. A long shed open to the south makes a good shelter for both sheep and cattle during cold and wet days.

In feeding farm stock it is very important to be regular, both in time of feeding and in the quantity of food given. A stock of cattle will come out in the spring in good condition with much less food, if regularity is observed in feeding, than if fed in an irregular manner.

Good water is very important, and if it can be given twenty or thirty degrees warmer than the freezing point, it is better; if pumped from well it will usually be warm enough for ordinary use, but if the cattle have to drink from a pond where the ice has to be broken, it is too cold for cattle to drink all they want without chilling them, and requiring more food to keep them in good condition than if they had warmer water to drink.

The Ice House.—Those who have an ice house should see that it is in good order to receive the ice when it is thick enough to cut, for ice is a crop that should be secured without delay whenever it is formed; a single day is sometimes sufficient to destroy a crop that is in in good condition to house; it is therefore never safe to delay securing a crop for a single hour after it is thick enough to make good ice.

It is true, some winters a delay of a month would only be to get better ice, but we never know when such winters are coming, therefore it is always best to have the house and the cutting tools ready, so that work can be commenced at a moment's notice.

The Wood Pile.—Wood that has been cut in low wet swamps, should be hauled home as soon as the ground is frozen hard enough to hold up the team. If the wood can be got home early in the winter, it gives the farmer a chance to saw and split it into fire wood during his leisure hours. It is better to have the wood for home use prepared before the first of March, it will dry much better, and the farmer usually has more time before, than after March comes in.

Sanding the Meadows.—December is frequently a good time to cover the meadows with a dressing of sand. Meadows that are covered with a poor quality of grass should be covered with sand two or three inches deep, and early next spring sown with Red Top and Timothy grass seed, but meadows that already have good varieties of grass on them, need not be covered more than half an inch in depth with sand, and if some grass seed be raked in early in the spring it will improve the crop of grass very much. To cover an acre of land three inches deep with sand is some labor, but the work can be done when the farmer has but little to do, and when done, it will greatly add to the value of his farm, and secures to him an increased amount of good hay.

If the farmers would pay a little more attention to their low land, which is now of but little use to them, the income of their farms would be very much increased, and that two with the expenditure of a very small amount of labor. We have often heard it remarked by intelligent farms that a dressing of sand, followed the next year by a dressing of manure, was better than a dressing of manure every year. No doubt this is true of land that has a peat bottom which runs down deep. Grass to grow well must have some silica to strengthen the stalk, and the sand furnishes all that the plants need. Those who bed their cattle with dry sand have a manure that is well adapted to grass land that is underlied with peat.

Death of a Famous Baptist Evangelist.

Rev. Jobez Swan, a famous Baptist evangelist, died at New London, N. Y., last week. His age was 85. He was better known to the people of southern New England and New York State as Elder Swan, a title the Baptists were wont to confer upon their preachers years ago. Elder Swan was a native of Stonington. When the British fleet bombarded that place in 1814 he served as powder monkey to the cannoneers that defended the town. At 22 he was a licensed preacher, but, thinking himself insufficiently educated for his work, he determined to take a theological course at Madison University, then in its infancy. To reach the college he rode 250 miles on horseback. He had at that time $100 saved from hard work, and a young wife, earnest and active as himself. They leased a cabin for $9 a year and began housekeeping. Every Sunday while at college the young student rode twenty miles to preach before a congregation that paid him fifty cents a sermon. On other days he earned 37½ cents a day by work at felling trees and cutting timber. In 1827 he was graduated.

In such a school of heroic self-denial he was fitted for the work to which, during the next fifty years, he applied himself with almost unexampled devotion. He was then settled over the Baptist church in Stonington, at a salary of $250 a year, and there began an evangelical career more remarkable and successful, counting its known results, than that of almost any other American preacher except Lorenzo Dow, or the equally famous Elder Knapp, with whom he was contemporaneous. Fifteen thousand persons have been converted under his preaching. In one of his earliest pastorates, covering a period of three years, he baptised 1,800 persons.

He was more than six feet in height, well proportioned, even in later years his tall form was but little bent. His voice was resonant and ringing and his face expressive. He belonging to a class of preachers who believed in a personal God, a personal devil, and a raging hell. His sermons were extemporaneous, and he always referred to hell as a roaring furnace of fire and brimstone. He gave no thought as to what he should say.

It was as an exhorter that Elder Swan was at his best. The scenes at revivals instituted by him were almost indescribable. The great shouting, weeping throng, the rapt face of the preacher, his resonant pleadings with those "out of kingdom" to come into the fold, the glad hosannas of those who felt they were saved, the wails of those who believed they were lost, left an abiding impression. Many and many a time at these revivals has the Elder prayed two hours without a pause. He was ready to pray at all times—in the street, on the housetop, in the tempest and in the calm. Sometimes he preached in his shirt sleeves, and in other ways unheeded the conventionalisms of the pulpit. But it was more in speech than in manner that his eccentricities appeared.

With him baptism at the font meant nothing, the baptismal rite was ineffectual, in his belief, unless the one to whom it was administered received it standing in the flowing waters, just as he believed the Lord and the disciples did ages ago. It mattered little to the elder what the season was, so long as it was asked of him that he should lay baptismal hands upon any one who would unite himself to the Church. Often in the dead of winter, when cakes of ice were floating in the Thames river, and the country round about was white with snow, has he walked waist deep into the frigid stream, and, standing erect, severe and grand in the unfriendly waters, with impressive manner and a dignity fitting the sacred hour, conferred upon the convert the right, by this symbol of the faith, to membership in what he believed was the one true Church. Thousands used to gather at the water-side on such occasions and their tears and their silence bore witness to the solemnity of the scene.

The Elder was an original Abolitionist, and all his life fought against rum.

Tired Eyes.

People speak about their eyes being fatigued, meaning that the retina, or seeing porting of the brain, is fatigued, but such is not the case, as the retina hardly ever gets tired. The fatigue is in the inner and outer muscles attached to the eyeball and the muscle of accommodation, which surrounds the lens of the eye. When a near object is to be looked at this muscle relaxes and allows the lens to thicken, increasing its refractive power. The inner and outer muscles to which we refer are used in covering the eye on the object to be looked at, the inner one being especially used when a near object is to be looked at. It is in the three muscles mentioned that the fatigue is felt and relief is secured temporarily by closing the eyes or gazing at far distant objects. The usual indication of strain is a redness of the rim of the eyelid, betokening a congested state of the inner surface, accompanied with some pain. Rest is not the proper remedy for a fatigued eye, but the use of glasses of sufficient power to render unnecessary so much effort to accommodate the eye to vision.

—Germany has forbidden the sale of patent medicines. The average German wants to live a little while.

The Origin of Silk.

[Dyer and Calico Printer.]

If we put any trust in tradition, says an English journal, there is a legend that Tchin, the eldest son of Japhet, father of the Asiatic race, taught his children the art of preparing silk, as well as the arts of painting and sculpture. Be this as it may, it is certain that about 3,000 years before the Christian era a Chinese book, the "Ghou King," described silken cords which were stretched upon a musical instrument invented by the emperor Fo Hi. One of his successors, Chin Nong, reputed inventor of the plow, explained to his contemporaries what beautiful stuffs could be obtained by the cultivation of the mulberry tree, and about the year B. C. 2600 an empress, to whom a grateful posterity assigned a place in a celestial constellation, perfected the art of unraveling the cocoon and weaving. From that time silk culture had its principal seat near the northern portion of the Yellow river, in the province of Chan-Tong. There was produced a silk for the royal household. Yellow was the chosen color for the emperor, empress and prince imperial, violet for the other wives of the emperor, blue for distinguished officers, red for those less conspicuous and black for every one else. In the book of rites, "Li Ki," the ceremonies performed at the harvest are carefully described. Even the empress did not disdain to gather the leaves of the mulberry with her own dainty fingers, and watched over the busy toilers of the cocoon. For a long time this invaluable industry remained the exclusive property of the Chinese empire, but about the third century, before the Christian era, a military expedition from China bore the results of its civilization to the startled occidents. Silk became known in Persia and India, and was at last brought to Europe. The soldiers of Crassus, B. C. 56, saw silk standards among the Parthians, and a few years later an immense velarium of silk protected the spectators in the Roman circus from the rays of the sun. From this time the Romans were always provided the beautiful textures which were the admiration of their legends. Yet silk was still the privileged possession of the rich, and in the time of Aurelian, who flourished in the third century, was worth about forty times its present value. The enormous price, when considered with the fact that there was at the time no commerce between Rome and the Orient, goes far toward explaining the great hoarding of treasure and jewelry which has since that time gone on in India. There is a dispute between tradition and history as to the period when the genuine cocoon was brought from China to Europe. How was the vigilance of the Celestials thwarted, since exportation of the silk worm from the Flowery kingdom was forbidden under the severest penalties? One account states that in A. D., 552, monks, sent to Kothan by Justinian, succeeded in bearing away their booty concealed in stalks of bamboo. The legend says that once upon a time, when Kothan did not yet possess the precious bombyx, the king of one of the provinces sought and obtained a daughter of the Chinese emperor in marriage. Before quitting her native land she hid the seeds of the mulberry and silk worms' eggs in her hair, where it would escape the vigilance of the custom officers on the frontier. When she reached her new home she planted seeds of the mulberry in order that suitable nourishment might be provided in the leaf for the worms.

A Happily Averted Calamity.

"Well, dear, you'll be glad to know that frauds have been discovered"

"Where?"

"Oh, everywhere—all over."

"I don't believe a word of it."

"It's a fact, my dear. Mr. Evarts ——"

"Don't mention Evarts to me. It's a mean, base invention of the enemy. I tell you, John, Cleveland's elected, fairly elected, and I won't hear one word against it."

"But, my love, won't you listen to reason? A fair count——"

"Don't talk to me about a fair count. The count has been fair enough. What's the matter with the count? Who counted em?"

"The count has been wrong."

"How is it wrong?"

"Well, there's been swindling somewhere. Butler votes have been given to Cleveland."

"I won't have it, Mr. Smith It's a trick. I'm a Democrat and I'm going to see Gov. Cleveland inaugurated if I die for it."

"If I were you, madam, I would listen to reason."

"Who wants reason? I tell you, John, it's no use, the Republicans have been fattening on the spoils for the past 24 years, and the poor Democrats have got to get a chance. Don't talk to me."

"But suppose Mr. Blaine is elected?"

"I don't care whether he's elected or not. I know he's not elected."

"But how do you know?"

"Because Cleveland's elected."

"You're mistaken, madam, and you'll find it out."

"Sir, do you observe that broom stick reclining gracefully in yonder corner? If that fine man, Grover, is tricked out of this election I'm going to smash all the crockery in the Republican party, and don't you forget it."

On to Taylorsville.

[Charlotte Democrat.]

There is good prospect of completing the projected railroad from Statesville to Taylorsville. It will be a continuation of the road from Charlotte to Statesville, known as the Atlantic, Tennessee & Ohio Railroad.

Tobacco in North Carolina.

[American Farmer.]

Tobacco is grown in eighty-seven of the ninety-six counties of North Carolina, but it is a staple in perhaps not more than a dozen of these. Rockingham, Person, Caswell and Granville counties constitute the flower of the tobacco belt, each raising in 1879 about 4,500,000 pounds, and this year the crop in each one of these is estimated at 5,000,000 to 5,250,000. The whole acreage of the State in 1882 was 64,482, and it is estimated that at least 70,000 acres are in cultivation this year. The whole tobacco crop in 1882 amounted to 32,276,792 pounds. All the leading authorities now agree that the crop of 1884 will approximate 65,000,000 pounds. But the best feature in the raising of the tobacco there is that North Carolina leads the tobacco States in the average prices obtained for the leaf. As shown by the census the average price paid for North Carolina tobacco is $14 10 per hundred pounds. Deducting $9.33, the actual cost of production there, a net profit of $4.77 is left for the producer. The White Burley district in Ohio yields an average profit of only $4.30, while Pennsylvania gives $4.13, Connecticut $3.89, Wisconsin $3.53, New York $3.12, and so on down the list. The annual profit to the North Carolina farmer of more than fifty one per cent. would indicate that the growing of tobacco is the most profitable agricultural work done on a large scale in America.

Training of the Young.

A remark was made in one of the papers read before the recent Woman's Congress in Baltimore suggests an interesting argument in favor of the kindergarten. It is well known that, in its development, each new born being passes through very much the same stages that his ancestors have been through. Even after birth the growth of the child's intelligence simulates the progress of the human race from the savage condition to that of civilization. It has been shown by Preyer, and others who have studied infant development, that a faculty which has been acquired by the race at a late stage is late in making its appearance in the child. Now, reading and writing are arts of comparatively recent achievement. Savage man could reap and sow, and weave, and build houses, long before he could communicate his thoughts to a person at a distance by means of written speech. There is, then, reason to believe that a child's general intelligence would be best trained by making him skillful in many kinds of manual labor before beginning to torture him with letters; and the moral to be derived is, that primary instruction should be instruction in manual dexterity, and that reading and writing could be learned with pleasure and with ease by a child who had been fitted for taking them up by the right kind of preparation. The argument is a novel one, and it certainly seems plausible.

The Rooster as a Democratic Emblem.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

"Why, when, and where was the rooster adopted as the emblem of Democracy?"

The question has been asked a thousand times in the last week. It has been suggested, no doubt, by the great popularity of the bird since the 4th day of November.

In 1840, after the Harrison campaign, there was great doubt as to how Indiana had cast her vote. The situation was similiar to that in New York to day in every respect. An editor named Chapman conducted the Democratic newspaper at Indianapolis, and, as is often the case in boasting over a victory, his editoral rejoicing over the result was termed "crowing." In a day or two, when some of the back counties were heard from, it seemed his crowing had been premature, and the Whig organ came out giving late returns showing Democratic defeat, and in the head line was the expression,

"Crow, Chapman, crow."

This was intended as a taunt, and must have been felt, for a few more counties yet to hear from again turned the tables, and showed that the Democrats had won. It was then that the rival editor hoisted at the head of his columns a magnificent rooster, and printed under it the words "We Crow."

It made a palpable hit. The passion for roosters spread, and from that day to this the bird immortalized by the Hoosier has been the emblem of Democratic success.

Too Much Slang.

[Buffalo Times.]

In these days of social, moral, and educational reforms, there is one thing that should engage the attention of parents and teachers, and that is that more care should be taken in the language of the growing ones in about the home circle. There is too much slang used, the result of too little attention as to the use of good and bad language. Grammars seem to have been made for ornament, not use. The abbreviations used by the youth of to day are abominations that should be wiped out. There is great need for such a reform in the parlor, the store—in fact, in every place where the young most do congregate.

How to Keep Meat.

Meat is much better for family use, when at least one week old, in cold weather. The English method of keeping meat for some time, has great merit. Experts say, hang up a quarter of meat with the cut end up, being the reverse of the usual way, and the juice will remain in the meat, and not run to the cut, and dry up by evaporation. It is worth a trial, and when made it will be continued.

Light on a Great Tragedy.

A most remarkable letter in reference to the assassination of President Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth has been received by a prominent ex Union officer in Baltimore. It says that Booth did not asssassinate the President for any political reasons whatever, but, on the contrary, it was simply to wreak private vengeance. It appears that Booth went to Mr. Lincoln and begged him to pardon his friend, Capt. Yates Beall, who was condemned to be shot as a Confederate spy. Mr. Lincoln was inexorable, but after Booth had gone down on his knees and bathed Mr. Lincoln's hand with tears and kissed it he finally relented, and promised Booth to pardon Capt. Beall. Booth left, well satisfied with the result of his mission, but when he read a day or two afterward that his friend had been shot he became wild with rage, and concocted his scheme of assassination, which he afterward carried out.

The writer also says that the same night that Booth had visited the President he slept at Mr. Bowen's boarding-house in Washington with a gentleman who is at present a city official, and also with another gentleman, now a clerk in the Baltimore Postoffice. Both the gentlemen referred to confirm the statement. The writer says that the relations of Booth with Mrs. Surratt were purely of a social nature, and that politics and sectionalism had nothing to do with the tragedy.

"Only" Children.

An only child who has no near playmate sometimes develops certain nervous peculiarities which occasion considerable anxiety to the watchful mother and father. This is especially noticeable if the little one is of a naturality bright and quick disposition, and easily adopts the ways and thoughts of its elders. This restlessness, with nervous cough and incessant movement often have a basis which may be readily understood and can be cured. What the child needs is childish companionship, the fellowship of all innocent young creatures, human and otherwise. A child who knows its mother is watching for a cough will often "scrape" till its little throat is sore. He does not mean it, nor does he know he is acting a part; but the consciousness of being watched, and the unconscious longing for sympathy, are too much for his nervous little system. Put him with other children—the small comrades of the kindergarten or play-ground will not notice his peculiarities (they have too many other engrossing thoughts and occupations); these distressing signs will soon disappear, cast aside with discarded toys and outworn clothes. Little girls, boys and dogs are none the worse for being brought up together. Imaginative children need live, flesh and blood playmates, more than all the dolls and expensive toys, which are generally idealized personalities and reflections of self to childish minds.

The Law of Nature.

A very rich old man who had married a young wife, died suddenly, upon which the widow raved like a maniac, and exclaimed to the doctor, who stood by the bedside of the departed, "Oh! I'll not believe that my dear partner is dead; he could not die and leave me! No, no, he's alive; I'm sure he's alive. Tell me, doctor, don't you think so?" "Madam," replied the medical man, with much gravity, "I confess I have the means by which he may be revived. I will apply the galvanic battery." "O, no, no," cried the grief stricken widow, "hard as it is to bear my fate, I will have no experiments against the law of nature. Let him rest in peace."

Her Home was in Heaven.

"No, papa. I do not wish to marry yet. What I want is a man that does not drink, smoke, chew, snuff, go out nights, gamble, bet, over eat, &c.; in short, a man with no vices, and one who is always good."

"My daughter," said Mr. Dusenbery, "you are only a stranger here. Heaven is your home."

Cleansing Picture Frames.

Black walnut frames will become dull and rusty looking. They may be renewed by first brushing thoroughly with a stiff brush to remove dust, and then applying pure linseed oil, with a proper brush; in the absence of a brush, a piece of new bleached muslin will answer the purpose.

Whitewash that Will Not Rub Off.

Mix up half a pail full of lime and water, ready to put on the wall; then take one fourth pint of flour, mix it with water, then pour on it a sufficient quantity of boiling water to thicken it, and pour it while hot into the whitewash; stir all well together, and it is ready for use.

—The Supreme Court of Iowa has informed a young wife who married a man knowing him to be intemperate, and then applied for a divorce on the ground that he is a confirmed drunkard, that she voluntarily chose a drunkard for a husband and should discharge the duties of a drunkard's wife. "His failure to keep a pledge of reformation, made before marriage," says the Court, "does not justify you in deserting him. Having knowingly married a drunkard, you must make yourself content with the sacred relationship."

—On the second Wednesday in February the certificates of the Electoral Colleges of all the States will be opened, the vote counted, and the election of Cleveland and Hendricks declared in the presence of both Houses of Congress.