



A FAMILY PAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, COMMERCE, AND MISCELLANEOUS READING.

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NO. 17.

### LOCKIN' THE BARN.

"Jimmie, where ha' ye been, my lad? There's tallow upon your sleeve. An' your face is just as red as your beard. I verily do believe."  
"It was out if the barn-splakin' up, sir. For to keep the thieves awa', ye'll mind as ye had me not to forget! Just a week ago, sir, that's all."  
"Jimmie, where ha' ye been, my lad? Your trousers are a' a'erre. An' a' sparkles in your eye. An' a' sparkles in your eye."  
"The win' was a-blowin' so dreezy, sir. That the candle-light was dim. An, please, sir, I only went along jist to hold it wael for jim."  
"Woe, Jann's this time, ye've let the barn. An' I've still a clean coat sleeve. An' Jann'e held niver a light for me. I verily do believe."  
There's some'at comin'. God bless ye both, if I know what I'm about! Take care that the dreezy win' of life blows niver your candle out."

### Marshal De Saxe and the Blacksmith.

Maurice de Saxe was a son of the King of Saxony, and a fine lad he was—all, strong, handsome, and as brave as a lion. But the king, like a certain old woman of whom you may have heard, had so many children that he didn't know what to do; and so, as Maurice had such a lot of elder brothers as to have not much chance of inheriting the crown, or anything else that would keep him in bread and butter, his father sent him out to seek his fortune, like many other princes in those days. So he went over to France, and entered the army of King Louis XV.

Now, at that time, there was always a war going on somewhere or other, and the French armies were fighting in every part of Europe; and the king cared very little who his officers were, or where they came from, if they were only brave men and clever fighters, and ready to go wherever he liked to send them. So, as you may think, it was not long before our friend Maurice, who was quite as brave as any of them, and a good deal cleverer than most, began to make his way. First, he got to be a lieutenant, then a captain, then a major, then a colonel, and at last, while he was still quite a young man, he came out as Count de Saxe and Field-Marshal of the Army of Flanders, with fifty thousand men under him. That

Curiously enough, the one thing that this great general specially prided himself upon was neither his skill in warfare nor his favor at court, but simply his strength. There was nothing he enjoyed so much as showing off the power of his muscles, and astonishing the people about him by bending an iron bar, or felling a horse with one blow of his fist; and he was fond of saying that he would give his purse and all the money in it to any one who was stronger than himself, if he could ever fall in with him.

Now it happened that, one day, while the French and German armies were lying pretty close to each other, Marshal de Saxe sent a message to the enemy's camp, asking some of the German officers to dine with him; and after the meal he began to boast of his strength as usual, till at last an old German general, who sat at his left, said that he would like to see a specimen of what his Excellency could do. Saxe made no answer, but took up a large silver dish, which was standing before him. In his strong white fingers, for big and powerful as his hands were, they were white and smooth as any lady's, and he was very proud of them, and without more ado, rolled it up like a sheet of paper.

"Can your Honor unroll that dish again?" asked he, handing it to the German; and, although the General was a strong man, and tried his best, he found the task too hard for him, and was forced to own himself beaten.

"Your Excellency's strength is very great," said he, "but, nevertheless, I venture to think that there is one man in Flanders who can match it."  
"And who may he be?" asked Saxe, frowning.

"A blacksmith in the village of Schevevengen, Dirk Hogan by name. All the country around knows of his exploits; and when I met with him myself, I saw such things as I should have thought impossible, had my own eyes not witnessed them."

When the Marshal heard this, he looked blacker than ever; and the first thing he did next morning was to send off messengers in every direction to inquire for a village called Schevevengen, and a man named Dirk Hogan. And sure enough, some of them came back with news that there was such a village, and that Dirk Hogan, the smith, had been living there till quite lately, but that now he had sold his forge and gone away, and nobody knew what had become of him.

This was a decided disappointment to our friend Saxe, but he had something else to think of just then. The enemy's army had lately received strong reinforcements, and seemed inclined to attack him; and he was rising out one morning to reconnoiter their position, when suddenly his horse stumbled and cast a shoe.

horse was led up to the door of the smithy, and the smith himself came out to have a look at it.

The moment he appeared, the Marshal fastened his eyes upon him as if he would look him through. And well he might, for this smith was such a man as one does not see every day—very broad across the shoulders, and even broader across the shoulders, while upon his bare arms the huge muscles stood out under the tanned skin like coils of rope. The Marshal felt at once that he could never be comfortable till he had had a trial of strength with this sturdy-looking fellow, so he bade him bring out one of his best horse-shoes.

The smith did so, and Saxe, looking at it, said quietly:

"This shoe of yours is not good work, my friend; it will not stand work. Look here!"

He took it in his strong hands, and with one twist broke the iron like a biscuit.

The smith looked at him for a moment, and then, without seeming at all taken aback, brought out a second horse-shoe, and a third, but Saxe broke them as easily as he had broken the first.

"Come," said he, "I see it's no use picking and choosing among such a trashy lot; give me the first shoe that comes to hand, and we'll cry quits."

The smith produced a fourth shoe, and fitted it on, and Saxe tossed him a French crown—a coin about the size of a silver dollar. The Dutchman held it up to the light, and shook his head.

"This coin of yours is but poor metal, my friend," said he, saying the words just as the Marshal had spoken his. "It won't stand work. Look here."

He took the coin between his finger and thumb, and with one pinch cracked it in two, like a wafer.

It was now the Marshal's turn to stare, and the officers exchanged winks behind his back, as much as to say that their champion had met his match at last. Saxe brought out another crown, and then a third, but the smith served them in like manner.

"Come," said he, imitating the Marshal's voice to perfection, "I see it's no use picking and choosing among such a trashy lot. Give me the first crown that comes to hand, and we'll cry quits."

The Frenchman looked at the Dutchman—the Dutchman looked at the Frenchman—and then both burst into a roar of laughter, so loud and hearty that the officers who stood by could not help laughing too.

"Dirk Hogan," cried the Marshal suddenly, and added, "What's your name, my friend?"

"Dirk Hogan, from Schevevengen," cried the Dutchman.

"The very man I've been looking for. But I've found him in a way I didn't expect!"

"So it seems," said the smith, grinning. "I needn't ask who you are—you're the Count de Saxe, who was always wanting to meet with a stronger man than himself. Does it seem to you as if you had met with him now?"

"Well, I rather think it does," quoth Saxe, shrugging his shoulders; "and I promised to give him my purse whenever I did meet with him; here it is. And now, if you'll come along with me, and serve as farrier to my headquarters' staff, I promise you that you shall have no cause to repent of having met with Maurice de Saxe."

And the marshal was as good as his word.

A Hermit Sportsman.

### "To Have and to Hold."

Several days ago a prominent Episcopal clergyman was invited to a hotel to marry a couple. They did not want any witnesses, and they wanted the ceremony to be about one minute long. To this the reverend gentleman objected. Under the laws of the State a marriage is not valid which is not witnessed by two persons. They were procured, and the couple struck an attitude calculated to show to advantage an array of fine clothes, and two rather good looking faces, the owners of which would (so the marriage certificate stated) never see their twenty-sixth birthday again. The ceremony ran smoothly until the pledges were given.

"I Kate," cried the bridegroom, "I take thee, William." "I Kate," she faltered. "Take thee, William." "To be my wedded husband." "To be my wedded husband."

"To have and to hold." A smile puckered the corners of her mouth, which was finally extended into a hearty laugh; no response. The minister was astounded at the untimely exhibition of frivolity; the witnesses were highly amused, and the well-behaved bridegroom struggled to maintain his self-possession.

"To have and hold," repeated the minister.

"To have—Te! he! he!" she broke down again. A repetition of the former scene was broken into by the solemn and commanding voice:

"To have and to hold." "To—," she began, and then indulged in a frenzy of mirth which spread to all but the dignified and chagrined tyler of knots.

"You think this is a very trivial matter," he said sternly, "but I fancy you won't find it so funny if you intend beginning life together in this ridiculous manner. I've a mind to punish you by refusing to complete the ceremony, but on second thought, I think it will be better to read you a homily and then I will finish that which I have begun if I have to stay here until to-morrow morning."

The homily was delivered, and the couple, now quite serious, resumed their trying position, and were duly married.

"I wouldn't have laughed," said the bride, by way of explanation, "but I never heard the Episcopal marriage ceremony before, and it was so funny to think that I had to promise to have this great big fellow (indicating the minister) who she meant by a loving salutation) keep from laughing."

The Richest Men in America.

Seven years ago there were two Irishmen in the city of San Francisco engaged in a drinking-bout of very modest pretensions, close to one of the principal business thoroughfares. Their customers were of all kinds, but chiefly commercial men and clerks. Among them was an unusually large proportion of stock and share dealers, mining-brokers and the like, who, in the intervals of speculation, rushed out of the neighborhood Exchange five or six times a day for drinks. Whisky being almost the religion of California, and the two little bar-keepers being careful to sell none but the best article, their bar soon became a place of popular resort. And as no true Californian could ever swallow a drink of whiskey under any circumstances without talking about silver mines or gold mines or shares in mines, it soon fell out that, next to the Stock Exchange itself, there was no place in San Francisco where so much mining-talk went on as in the saloon of Messrs. Flood & O'Brien, which were the names of the two. Keeping their ears wide open, and sifting the mass of gossip that they listened to every day, these two gentlemen picked up a good many crumbs of useful information, besides now and then getting a direct confidential tip; and they turned some of them to such good account in a few quiet little speculations, that they shortly had a comfortable sum of money lying at their bankers. Instead of throwing it away in headlong and extravagant ventures, which was the joyous custom of the average Californian in those days, they let it lie where it was, waiting, with considerable prudence, till they knew of something good to put it into. They soon heard of something good enough. On Fair's advice they bought shares in a mine called the "Hale and Norris," and were speedily taking out of it fifteen thousand pounds a month in dividends. This mine was the property of a company, and though it had at one time paid large and continuous dividends, it was now supposed to be worked out and worthless. Mr. Fair, however, held a different opinion; and when he came to examine it carefully, he found what he expected to find—a large deposit of silver ore. Thereupon he, and Flood & O'Brien together, bought up all the shares they could lay their hands upon, and obtained complete control of the mine. Besides being a clever and pertinacious miner, Mr. Fair had the belief that by putting the silver into holes and by means of a steam engine, he would dig out the mine.

### Virginia and California Mines, dipping down as it went.

The architect who plans high front steps to a house is in league with certain boys who have a "large and assorted stock" of meanness born in their natures. Proof of this can be found any day in the week in Detroit. A very nice young man, dressed in the noblest style and sporting a cane which never left less than a collar, walked up the front steps of a Jefferson avenue mansion and pulled the bell. It was enough even to the driver of a hack to see that the young man had an air of some one in that house, and accordingly he opened the door and invited him to meet his charmer.

The young man gave a sudden start of surprise, but he instantly realized the vastness of the gulf separating him and that street boy, and he did not reply.

"Our folks don't want any clothes wringers to-day, and you want to hear me!" called the boy.

The young man heard him. Several pedestrians also heard him, and as they looked up, the young man wondered why no one answered the bell.

"I'm telling you fellow up there," said the boy, that we don't keep no boarding house here! If you want cheap board you must go around the corner and three blocks straight on. Do you propose to pay in advance?"

As no one came to the door, the young man pulled the bell again.

"I'm telling you fellow up there," said the boy, that we don't keep no boarding house here! If you want cheap board you must go around the corner and three blocks straight on. Do you propose to pay in advance?"

The young man wished a wish containing 433 grains fine that the builder of those high steps had been dead for forty years, but the door didn't open, and the young man was obliged to go on.

"Hain't I been telling you that you can't get in there? You may be the private watchman on this block, but you can't go around pulling front-door bells and putting on airs! If I have to argue much longer I'll call the police!"

"I've got half a dollar here, boy!" said the young man as he turned around.

"Let's see how it looks!" softly replied the lad.

But the half dollar was at home. The young man searched for it in vain, and the disgusted boy turned to the men across the street, and called out—

"Isn't it agin the law for a fellow to be takin' a beeswax impression of a front-door lock in the daytime?"

They started to come over, and the young man hurried down the steps and up the street. He gave the boy just one look. It was a look in which railroad collisions and the best blue jeans were

The London count of what substitute for steam for locomotives. This arrangement into hydro-power, and is subject to From this it is a pipe, to which com furnace and with the gas-viled state. The heavy fed state junction. The pri garbled the pra be equi operat questio and co silv on this es data. powe at 8,

### To Youth's Advice.

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### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

What you are; this is the first step toward becoming better than you are. A rush of thoughts is the only conceivable prosperity that can come to us. There are two things to which we never grow accustomed—the ravages of time and the injustice of our fellow-men.

It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence and turn upon the poles of truth. There is no more implacable enemy than he who feels he has wronged you, and no more unhappy man than such an enemy.

An abundance of peace shall be multiplied unto him who is in his secret least continually resolved not to suffer from ungenerosity.

An act by which we make one friend and one enemy is a losing game, because revenge is a much stronger passion than gratitude.

Every angry man thinks he is right, and nine out of ten can see that they were wrong when anger cools. The tenth man is a fool.

The real wants of nature are the measure of employments, as the foot is the measure of the shoe. We can call only the want of what is really necessary, poverty.

The best application for the improvement of the countenance is a mixture in equal parts of serenity and cheerfulness. Anoint the face morning, noon and night.

Whenever you command add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and admiration of fools.

The constituents of the human body, taking elements the names of which will be familiar to the general reader, are sixteen in number, seven of them being metals and nine non-metallic.

Beauty is admired, talent adored but virtue is a woman's crown. With it, the poor are rich; without it, the rich are poor. It walketh through life upright, and never hides its head for high or low.

The two ingredients of a selfitzer powder produce a tremendous effervescence, but it soon cools down, and nothing is left but nauseous insipidity. Some people's religion is of the same sort.

Self-interest, appetite and folly, have put forth many falsehoods about the uses and virtues of strong drink, which should be publicly refuted and exposed to show up its deceitfulness to the unwary.

No man is defeated without some resentment, which will be continued with obstinacy while he believes himself in the right, and ascribed with bitterness to the consciousness of his defeat in the wrong.

As long as the waters of persecution are upon the earth, so long we dwell in the ark; but where the land is dry the dove itself will be tempted to a wandering course of life, and never return to the house of her safety.

Christian charity demands abstinence from that, the use of which would injure a brother. "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient," says the great Theologian, Logician and Apostle.

A young man ought to cross his eyes, to awaken his vigor and to keep it from growing faint and rusty; and there is no course of life so weak and selfish as that which is carried on by rule and discipline.

One great and kindly thought from a retired and obscure man may live when thrones are fallen and the memory of those who filled them obliterated, and, like an unquenching fire, may illuminate and quicken all future generations.

Vapor Baths.

We, in the United States, use the Russian vapor bath.