

Mr. Vernon, N. C., Feb. 18, 1878.

DEAR WATCHMAN:—This winter is very mild and open—yet we need not forget, amid the fancied security of a kind of atmospheric amnesia, that many a similar season has passed over our heads, and when autumn came my very hands unpremeditatedly and shunning the labors and responsibilities of discharging his honest debts. He knows how to make wars of wind and frost and sleet and snow, and also how to sound a truce and give us rest from his rigors, whenever it pleases him.

There are other things besides the weather of which people are prone to be strangely forgetful. Books of travel and adventure in foreign lands are sought after with zeal and devoured with avidity by young people who never read of Noah's Ark, the unparalleled and mysterious forty years circuitous journeyings of the Israelites, or the extensive, daring and successful missionary tours of the apostle Paul. The character of all their friends and neighbors is fully investigated, analyzed and discussed every day by persons who have never bestowed one thought upon the capabilities and peculiarities of their own individuality, and to whom the Grecian motto "Know Thyself" is as something they had not even seen, read or heard of.

Men cheat and over-reach one another in trade to-day, apparently oblivious of the fact that their bad actions are noticed and their reputation duly black-balled by spectators and the injured parties themselves, that in the course of time most of people will be so afraid to deal with them, they will have to seek some other locality where they are not so well known, to carry on their infernal work of licensed deception and lawful robbery.

Others bind themselves down to labor, business and study, under the most intense bodily and mental application, for weeks and months together, forgetting that it must all end in a premature decline of the faculties and in the sure recompense of disease and death. Thousands of dying consumptives now look back with unavailing regret to their long breach of nature's laws—to their utter banishment of true exercise, recreation and rest from their daily life.

The ardent youth, in the pursuit of knowledge, bends over the pine faggot at night and strains and ruins his eye-sight, to wear spectacles before he is forty.

Hypochondriacs get into the habitual use of pills, tonics and patent medicines for the regulation of the digestive apparatus, forgetting that these things will while unduly stimulate the constitution and establish chronic complaints, when, if they would only get out to work and eat corn-bread, the whole system would be toned and regulated according to nature's laws and infallible agency.

Some folks starve themselves, when they do not feel well, as if they didn't know "wisdom will as certainly be engendered by too little food as by too much."

Terrible tirades these temperance lecturers deliver against drunkards—when "gluttony kills more than drunkenness in all civilized societies."

The over-worked laborer glories in "not being a lazy man"—yet he and the sluggard will both go down to the grave prematurely—one by wear and tear, the other by rust and rot.

John Jones won't eat meat—cracked wheat, Graham bread and milk is the diet for him—he don't live a bit longer than the average hog and hominy fellow—scurvy so long. He's forning how the antediluvians used to eat meat and live a thousand years.

Seraphina Slick oils her beautiful hair every morning with "bars grease" and pomatums, not knowing these nostrums will make her lose this "glory of womanhood" before she is in her prime.

Bill Gizzle pours down his throat, along with his liquor, horses and lands, and bread and clothes for his wife and little ones.

Timothy Thoughtless buys lottery tickets—the most forgetful, unreasoning fool of them all.

Dear, unconscious mortals! Happy suicides! Content with poverty, disgrace, ill-health! How unselfish and self-sacrificing! How ingenious, and yet how wise!

E. P. H.

THE WISDOM OF MOSES.—After having, in his farewell address, contained in Deuteronomy, warned his people against all forms of idolatry, and again impressed on them the duty of moral life, he closes his paternal admonitions with the words of our text: "The secret things belong to the Lord our God," which transcribed in modern words, mean, We do not know how the future life is constituted.

The mosaic books contain three words which forever reconcile it with every possible progress of science and civilization. They are, "In the beginning God created heaven and earth"—in the beginning. When and how this beginning was neither science nor theology will ever be able to answer. It is one of the questions which will burn like the thornbush that is never consumed.

And the second word is the answer to the question, "What is God?" "I am what I am." Let modern science, with its theory of evolution and struggle for existence advance as far as its praiseworthy researches may allow, it will be ordered to stand still for a final cause which underlies the whole development, and no better name can be given to that final cause than "I am what I am," which again translated into our modern mode of expression means: "The finite man can never grasp and understand the infinite!"

Rev. Dr. Lilienthal, of Cincinnati.

A people never fairly begins to prosper till necessity is treading on its heels. The growing want of room is one of the sources of civilization. Population is power, but it must be a population that, in growing, is made daily apprehensive of the morrow.

"GOD KEEP MAMMA."

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I was young then; the summer had been a very hard and busy one on the farm, and I had done all the housework myself, and when autumn came my very hands unpremeditatedly and shunning the labors and responsibilities of discharging his honest debts. He knows how to make wars of wind and frost and sleet and snow, and also how to sound a truce and give us rest from his rigors, whenever it pleases him.

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and had no need of one, because I was not intending to stay all night. The boy rubbed his hands and looked embarrassed, but he was only obeying orders, and I said no more to him. I thought he might be mistaken, and taking the key went to room No. 29, and found my trunk there, and the room as cozy as the little nest of a humming-bird.

Thinking, perhaps, I had been misunderstood, I put the key in my pocket, went back to the parlor, looked at my watch, and sighed over the slowly passing hours. While sitting at the table reading, two or three strange men came in, and soon entered into conversation of a lively and familiar character with the ladies, especially the two who came up to the hotel in the morning when I did.

It was not long until an elderly gentleman came into the room, and sat down at the same table opposite me, bowing slightly. Something in his eye compelled me to return the bow. His hair was quite gray, his forehead bold and massive, he was well dressed, and wore a sash, or regalia, or something about, or across his breast, that showed him to be an officer in the organization of Odd-Fellows.

I remembered seeing him among them that day. I thought him intrusive coming into that room, and I did think it strange that a man of his appearance would sit at a table without a word of apology, or an introduction, and commence a conversation with a stranger. But there was something in his clear, cool, gray eyes like steel—they held one like the grip of strong hands on one's shoulders—they were earnest, honest eyes not to be feared or be feared or shrunk from. He looked me right in my face, and said—"I believe you were among the many who witnessed the Odd-Fellows on parade to-day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you friendly to the organization?"

"I know nothing of them but what is good; their deeds and good works in my own State are praiseworthy. I know of bereft families made comfortable and happy through their assistance, orphans educated, poor widows cared for, and many noble and generous things that the Odd-Fellows have cheerfully and kindly done."

"I am glad to hear that," was the old man's reply, and his steely eyes grew soft and tender.

We must have talked half an hour on this subject and others that grew out of it; I was hardly conscious that I was conversing so freely until he drew out his watch, looking at the time, and said—"I have sat here talking with you, an entire stranger, more than half an hour. You will excuse me if I tell you that I feel an interest in your welfare, that I think I can do you a kindness; and on the honor of a gentleman, I ask you to answer the few questions I desire to ask you. I shall do it for your own good." I did not know how to stand the strange man's words; I felt as though I was being led to the scaffold, but I gasped out—"I will answer honestly any questions you may ask. I believe you are a gentleman."

"The interrogatories were—"Is Ohio really your native State? Have you a home and friends? Are you a married woman? Why did you stop at this house?"

I answered his questions frankly, but I kept on wondering—"What will the end be?" At the last question I caught my breath hysterically, and rising to my feet, felt as though it would give me great relief to indulge in a good, noisy cry.

"Sit down," said he kindly, but sternly enough to make me obey him. "You think me impertinent, child, but I am honest, and so are you. I like your appearance, and I think you stand in need of a friend, though you may not know it now. The kind words you spoke in favor of Odd-Fellowship almost make it obligatory upon me to assist you. Are any of these women associates or friends of yours?"

"No; I never saw any of their faces until to-day."

"Do you know anything of them?" said he.

"Nothing. I came to this house because it was recommended as a quiet one, and because the boat did not connect with the train I came in on."

"The boat did connect?" said he excitedly, "and there have been boats passing since that one. It is just as I suspected, that you had been imposed upon."

I rose to my feet again, ready to go, I knew not where—and ready to cry out, woman-fashion, when the steely eyes holding mine, and the stern voice said—"Sit down, child!"

I obeyed.

"I am glad that I listened to the voice that bade me come and talk to you," said he, speaking low enough that the chattering ones around us could not distinctly hear him. "Something made me come here. Do you know that these women in this house are of those who steps take hold on hell?"

I looked around cautiously on the glittering, sparkling, handsome women about me. Startled and bewildered, I put my hands on my head, rose, and staggered off to the door.

"Stop!" said the old man, opening the door for me, and looking at his watch again; "don't be foolish now; the boat going up to M—will arrive probably in half an hour. I will come here and go

down to the landing with you; be all ready in time—remember!"

"He was gone, and I was walking the long hall backward and forward, looking for No. 29, both eyes staring wide open, and both hands holding my head."

I thought I was the most unfortunate and the worst-abused woman, and the most shamefully imposed upon of all women in the world, when I tumbled down on the floor in the little room No. 29, and gave utterance to sundry long moans and groans. At last the fountain was unsealed, and I began to cry piteously. There I lay in utter abandonment, weeping as if my heart would break, with my hands, the usual sign of despair, clasped on my forehead.

All at once a beautiful vision came before me—the sight that angels most love. I do not know why I had forgotten it—why it had not come to me sooner. I saw my baby in her night robes on her knees, her little, white, waxen feet showing from the hem of her garment, her beautiful face turned heavenward, her long, golden curls floating like a misty mantle about her dimpled shoulders, her fat little hands clasped, praying for her absent mother, and the sweet petition was the simple words of her own praying—"God, keep mamma!"

God had heard her; He had kept—oh! so tenderly, and strangely, and lovingly—her mamma when danger had beset her path and encompassed her about.

If ever an earnest, grateful prayer went up to heaven, it surely ascended from that little room away in that far city where all were strangers.

I rose from my knees, comforted and clear-sighted, dressed myself all ready to start, and in less than half an hour the shrill whistle of the coming boat sounded, and soon after came the good old man, as stern, as steely as ever. He treated me as if I were a little girl; he ordered a drayman to take my trunk, then, lighting a cigar, he tucked my portfolio under his arm, and strode off with long steps, and I hurried along behind him. I tried to tell him how much I thanked him, and how grateful I was, but he walked so fast that it took all my strength to keep my breath going.

After we reached that boat, I gave him my portmanteau, and he went and paid my fare, and did everything for me; then we shook hands, heartily and cordially, and gave me good advice, and told me all ways to be honest, and to love the true, and good, and beautiful; and then, laughing a little, short, jolly, gurgling laugh, he said, after this, I had better not travel alone, that if my Charlie couldn't go with me I must wait until he could go, or stay at home altogether.

I asked him for his address, so Charlie could write to him, and thank him out of the depths of his dear, old, true heart, but he said he didn't deserve any thanks, and to this day I don't know who the royal, old, steel-eyed eagle was who swooped down and lifted me up and set my feet on solid ground.

A treacherous quiver sometimes thrills to my fingers' ends when the reality of that baby vision comes up before me. It was so real then, that I almost caught her in my arms. I believe God's angels do meet us often when we seem to stand alone, sorrowing, and no eye sees us, and no arm is reached out to help us.

AN EXPERIMENT FOR BOYS.—Take two empty oyster cans and a stout, smooth string. Let a small hole be made in the bottom of each can, through which the string, say fifty to one hundred feet in length, is passed and secured. Then let the experimenters set up their telegraph by choosing their stations as far apart as the tightly stretched string will permit, and while one operator holds his ear to one of the cans and his companion his mouth to the can at the other end of the line, they will find that a conversation can be carried on, so that low tones, and even a whisper, will be distinctly perceptible. What usually most astonishes those who make this experiment is that the sound does not seem to come from the person speaking at the other end of the string, but to issue from the can itself, which is held to the ear of the listener. This at first appears to be a deception, but it is really not so. The ear tells the exact truth. The voice that is heard really comes from the can that is held to the ear of the hearer. The voice of the speaker communicates sounds producing vibrations to the wall of the can with which his voice is in immediate contact. These vibrations are communicated to the string, but so changed that they no longer affect the ear. A person may stand by the string while the sound is passing, and yet hear nothing. At the other end of the string, however, these hidden vibrations reproduce themselves as sound.

"Civilization," said a father to his inquiring son, the other day, differs from barbarism in this: the one kills its enemies off at six thousand paces with a cannon-ball; the other cuts off their heads with a sabre at close quarters."

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

THE FATAL DANCE.

A Terrible Tragedy that Grew Out of the Ball Room.

Our readers will remember that in the constitution of Sunday there was a short notice of the capture of Kate Southern. This notice revives in the minds of those familiar with the circumstances, a story which has few parallels. The tragedy around which it revolves was committed in the heart of Pickens county, beyond the reach of newspapers, and what we know of it is received through mere hearsay. The following is the account most generally accredited.

A YOUNG AND JEALOUS WIFE.

In Pickens county about sixteen months ago, Mr. Robert Southern was married to Kate Hambrick. Southern is represented as a young fellow of rather wild habits, but clever enough at the bottom, handsome, popular and brave. Miss Hambrick was one of the prettiest girls in the up-country. She weighed about 135 pounds, had a fine supple figure, blue eyes, auburn hair and handsome features.

The marriage was for a time a happy one. In a month or so, however, Mrs. Southern began to grow jealous and restless. There was a Miss Narcissa Cowart, a young lady of highly respectable family, (as indeed were all the parties toward whom her suspicions were directed.) It is said that young Southern had been quite attentive to this lady before his marriage to Miss Hambrick, and the latter always looked upon her with a wife's jealous fear and disfavor. Nothing occurred, however, to make an outbreak, until on the

FATAL NIGHT OF THE KILLING.

On this night there was a country ball, held at the residence of Mr. Hambrick, Kate's father. Miss Cowart was invited and was present. It is said that when the ball opened, Mrs. Southern went to her husband and asked that he would not attend to any other dance with or speak to Miss Cowart during the evening. He appeared to agree to this, and everything went on smoothly until late in the night.

At about 12 o'clock young Southern appeared in a cotillion, with Miss Cowart as his partner. This seems to have enraged his wife, who at once walked up and said that she had promised to dance that set with her, or that she wanted to dance it with him. He made some resistance, and it is said that Miss Cowart protested that she had a right to dance with Southern, as she had known him a long time. We learn that it is denied that she made this statement. In any event Mrs. Southern was turned away and her husband remained to dance with Miss Cowart.

DETERMINED TO HAVE REVENGE.

She watched the dance for a while, and then left the room. She went to her father, who was outside of the house, and asked him for his knife. He asked her what she wanted it for. She replied she wanted to cut a tooth-brush. Her father reminded her that it was too late to do that. She reiterated her request. Her father then gave her his knife. She took it and returned to the dancing room. She found that the dance in which her husband had been engaged was ended, but that Miss Cowart was just then in the act of dancing across the floor.

WITHOUT A WORD SHE RUSHED UPON HER, and seized her by the right shoulder. She then said, "You have danced enough!"

With this she drew the knife from the folds of her dress and plunged it into Miss Cowart's neck, cutting a frightful gash down towards the region of the heart. Her victim was very much heated and very plump. The blood spouted from her neck to the wall, a distance of fully five feet. She staggered under the blow and fell. As she was falling Mrs. Southern dealt her another blow, this time cutting her in the left breast. As she fell she slashed at her again, this time cutting through her belt, her clothes, and making a terrible wound in her stomach. Of course the victim was dead by this time. We believe she did not speak after she was attacked.

OF COURSE CONSTERNATION

seized the crowd, and no one seemed able to comprehend what had happened. One of the men present rushed forward and said, "Where is the man that struck that woman?"

At this Mrs. Southern arose and shouted, "I am the man that did it!"

The crowd then gathered about the doors and declared that no one should leave the house. Bob Southern at once took his wife by the arm, and whatever his carelessness towards her might have been formerly he now showed his devotion to her. He strode to the front and said

"Gentlemen, I am going to leave this house, and take my wife with me—and we are going through, if we have to shoot through."

With this he drew his pistol and started toward the door. The crowd, still dazed and bewildered, gave way before the man and wife, and they were lost in the darkness. A hasty pursuit was organized, but it was unavailing. Southern and his wife were gone, and could not be traced. Miss Cowart's family offered a reward of \$250 for the capture of the fugitives.

The governor supplemented this with a reward of \$150. Despite this, however, a full year passed and nothing was heard of the runaways.

A short time ago old man Southern and his two sons left their home and went to North Carolina. A few days afterwards Mr. W. W. Findley, ex-sheriff of Pickens county, received some news of the fugitives.

He heard that the Southern, after leaving Georgia, had gone to Franklin, N. C., and had there settled upon a farm, and that the old man and the boys had followed them. He at once started two good and trusty associates, and started to find them.

RODE RAPIDLY THROUGH THE COUNTRY, and soon reached Hayesville. They there received evidence that convinced them they were on the right track, and pushed ahead. They found the farm upon which the Southern had settled, but discovered that their birds had flown. They had been gone only a day or two, and had gone towards north Alabama. They were traveling with an ox-wagon, and carried Mrs. Southern with them.

The pursuers then rode day and night until they came to Murphy, N. C. They learned there that the fugitives were only a few minutes ahead of them. Feeling sure that they would catch just out of town, Findley waited for night before he made his raid. In the meantime the Southern had

RAISED A DIFFICULTY WITH THE GATE-KEEPER,

On the turnpike, and he was getting ready to go out after them and collect the toll they had refused to pay. The two parties were joined, and after some scouting, done by Mr. Findley, to assure himself that he was on the right track, they started out after the wagon. They reached the camp about 4 o'clock, but discovered that the Southern had already moved, and were proceeding on their journey. They followed them and soon came up with the wagon; passing it quietly they went on ahead and then made an ambush. When the wagon came up they closed in from both sides and secured the arrest of the whole party. The attack was so unexpected that no resistance was possible. The capture was complete. Two guns and two pistols were taken, and Southern and his wife taken in charge by Mr. Findley and his party. An affecting incident is narrated of the capture. When the wagon came up they closed in from both sides and secured the arrest of the whole party. 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