

# The Carolina Watchman.

VOL. X.—THIRD SERIES

SALISBURY, N. C., FEBRUARY 20, 1879.

NO 18

For the Watchman.

## GOLD HILL LOCALS.

**A LITTLE FUN.**—It was rumored on our streets last Sabbath that a certain party were to be married that evening, and that they wished to elude certain parties who were determined to see them joined in matrimony. So to have a little fun they commenced a series of strategy. The bride lived in one end of our village and the bridegroom in the other, nearly one mile apart, and the said-to-be officiating magistrate in the center. Now as the sun began to lower in the western sky the above parties began to move. The bride in her full bridal attire was seen to move in a certain direction, and soon eluded the sight of the party; then the magistrate was seen to pop out from his residence and go to a certain point, and the party to be eluded was so intent and not wishing to be too bold, by this time had lost sight of the bridegroom, and they were in a quandary, but all of a sudden some of the eluded spied the bride, and when she found that they had surrounded her, she with a lady friend commenced to move again. This time she came down Main street to the main crossing and down Vinegar street and soon entered the house. By this time it was getting tolerably dark, and the door being closed after her and the curtains let down, the movements within could not be observed. So she remained only a moment and popped out the back way and made good her escape. Now both bride and bridegroom were secluded from the party. What next? Why the magistrate must be found, and away they went to his residence and found him sitting by the fire playing with his baby. By this time some one had gone to the church window where a prayer-meeting was being held, and spied the bride. This put a quietus upon things until the meeting was over, and then movements commenced anew. The bridegroom by this time had moved up under cover of the night, and joined the bride and went with her home—the party to be eluded all the time watching the movements, and being sure they now had them trapped. The only point to gain was the officiating magistrate. This was well done, and he by this time enjoying the sport, began with his lady to move. And the spies signaled the movement to the party, laughing among themselves that they were going to be victorious. The magistrate and lady moved in a straight line towards the place where the to-be married parties were, while the crowd marched cautiously along behind; and the nearer the magistrate and lady came to the objective point the nearer the nearer the party closed up, and by the time he had reached the gate they were close by. Then all of a sudden he and his lady turned around and came walking back, when such a jumping and falling over the fence and railings to keep from being seen and known, he says he never saw during his whole four years' service in the war. Thus it ended at 10 o'clock, P. M.

Monday morning movements were again commenced. The party harnessed a mule and away to Salisbury they went, and were joined, as we understand, by Esquire Bringle, and returned to our village the same evening as happy as happy can be.

**JINE GIBLETS.**—This is a traditionary term used by many of the more unlearned to express the marriage of two persons. "They are going to join giblets." We heard this term used a few days since and our curiosity led us to look up the definition, and we find that the literal meaning is, heart, liver, gizzard, &c., of fowls; and mentioning this to friends we find that it was once a custom among certain class of people to have all the hearts, liver, and gizzards of the fowls that were slaughtered for the occasion prepared and placed upon a dish, and when the party had been seated around the table, this dish with some ceremony was given to the married couple.

**LARGE COFFIN.**—There was made by Willie Jenkins, cabinet maker at Gold Hill, on February 5th, a coffin of the following dimensions: length 6 feet, depth 4 inches, width 27 inches, with at head 10 inches, at feet 9 inches. The coffin was for Lucy Pennington, an old colored woman, aged 90 years. Her weight at death was 250 pounds, and the cause of her death apoplexy.

**Yadlin River.**—Mr. Robbins has introduced a bill in the House of Representatives appropriating \$20,000 for the improvement of the Yadlin, which has been read twice, referred to the Committee on Commerce, and ordered to be printed. This sum appears small, but if properly expended will go far towards initiating the work proposed.

Never put the hands into butter. There is no excuse for so doing, and every sense of cleanliness forbids it. Even if the hands are clean, still as butter absorbs oil and every impurity with which it comes in contact, excessive perspiration of the hands, or any humor of the blood might thus be imparted to the butter. A wooden ladle should be used to lift the butter from the churn, or to turn it over while being washed.

## MY HOUR OF PERIL.

### A THRILLING SKETCH.

Some thought me plain, many passable, and a few decidedly handsome. Whether or not I could lay any just claims to beauty, I am unable to say; but certain it was, at eighteen, the honor and pleasure of my alliance were solicited by two individuals whose birth, education and position in life might have secured for them a hand, in a pecuniary point of view, far more desirable than mine. Herbert Stanley was a young man, handsome, rich, accomplished, talented, and in every way a most eligible match. Scarcely had I recovered from the surprise the unexpected offer of his hand and heart occasioned me when I met George Morgan, my second suitor, who was a lawyer from the thriving town of G—. He was neither brilliant nor particularly prepossessing in his personal appearance, but he stood well in his profession, had acquired property and had established for himself one of the finest and most unexceptionable characters, and to him my heart inclined.

We were married, and I returned with him to his pleasant home in G—. Twelve years of conjugal happiness, such as seldom falls to the lot of mortals, had passed over our heads, and two little ones had been given to us to unite our hearts more closely, and to bring fresh joy and sunlight to our happy home. It was an August afternoon, unusually warm and sultry, that I was sitting by the open window of my little parlor, busily plying my needle. My children were away passing the day with a friend, and Mr. Morgan was at his office. He had informed me in the morning that important business called him to New York, and that it was his intention to leave on the evening boat, and my fingers was flying to get the last stitches set in some clothes he was to take with him.

I had been sitting some time, wholly engaged in my work, when I heard the creaking of the front door upon its hinges, and it slowly opened; closed again; the stealthy steps in the hall fell distinctly on my ear. I caught a glimpse of a shadow on the floor. Hastily throwing aside my sewing, I arose to ascertain by whom and for what I was thus unexpectedly visited; but before I had time to advance a step the tall powerful figure of a man stood in the doorway.

One glance in the new-comer's face was enough to drive all the color from my lips and cheeks, to make my very blood freeze in my veins, and my knees smite one against the other. It was Herbert Stanley. I had not seen him since the night of his rejection, twelve years before. But I had heard, from time to time, that life had gone variously with him, that he had met with heavy losses in business, which had brought on mental derangement, and for some months he had been regarded as hopelessly insane. He had now escaped from the asylum where he had been confined, and had come to pay a visit to me the object of his early love. His head and feet were bare. A pair of coarse blue pants and a plaid calico shirt were his only attire. His long, black disheveled locks fell far down upon his shoulders, and in the red-leather hunting belt which fancifully encircled his waist, a pistol and bowie knife were dimly visible. A fierce gleam of wild delight shot from his dark eyes as they fell upon me.

Seizing the knife in one hand, he brandished it over his head, and with a laugh loud and diabolical, drew it several times across his throat and forehead so that I was in momentary expectation of seeing a frightful wound inflicted.

"Laura Moore," he exclaimed (Moore was my maiden name), "when we were young and handsome, I loved you; adored you, as no man ever before adored woman; but you scorned my love, you spurned me from you, you smiled graciously upon my hated rival, and you gave him the precious treasure of your heart, but I've got you now! You refused to be my bride on earth—you shall be mine in heaven! Thither I am going, and

you shall accompany me! Here is the instrument that will take us there!"

Saying this, he advanced with rapid strides toward me, secured me by the arm, flourished the deadly weapon dexterously over my head, brought the blunt edge directly across my throat, and then fell back again to the door, and stood gazing upon me with those wild glaring eyes of his till the very blood froze in my veins.

I essayed to rise, but terror rendered me powerless. I seemed as if every muscle had become rigid, and all power of motion denied me. I glanced toward the door. Herbert Stanley and he must have interpreted the glance. "You cannot escape," he exclaimed, exultingly. "I have taken care to prevent that—I've fastened the east door and the back door on the outside, and here is the key to the front."

And he took from his pocket a large brass key, and held it up triumphantly before me.

All possibility of escape was thus cut off—I was in the power of a desperate, merciless madman, bent on my destruction, as he had expressly avowed it, and that paralyzed every nerve and muscle.

"God help me in this hour of peril!" was the prayer which arose up in my soul, for I knew that no human aid was near.

Again the madman advanced with the glittering blade quivering in his hand. I felt the iron grasp of his hand upon my shoulder, saw the bright blade of the bowie knife pointed directly at my heart, and stood powerless and motionless as a statue.

But with this hour of peril came strength adequate to the emergency. The courage which had for a moment deserted me, revived and triumphed over fear. I knew that to plead mercy, or for life, would be in vain. My entreaties would be unheeded, and perhaps instant death would be the consequence. My only hope then lay in stratagem. A plan whirled through my brain with lightning speed, and upon it I determined to act.

"Release me, Herbert," I said with as much clamor as I could command, and come sit down by my side. I want to talk to you."

He obeyed. "You will be my wife?" he said. "You accept my proposition?"

I bowed an assent. A triumphant smile lighted up his features. "Herbert," I began, "you offered me the rich treasure of your heart, but I blindly and foolishly refused it, and I recklessly threw away my own happiness, but the act was thoughtless, an unprecedented one, and I have never ceased to regret it. This time you shall not sue in vain."

Another wild, shrill laugh resounded in my ears, and the maniac's eyes shone additional luger.

"I knew," he said, proudly brushing back the long black locks from his high, broad forehead, "I knew your woman's heart could not a second time withstand the power of my charms. Ladies have always courted and admired me. I have been for years the center of universal honor and homage, and though age is creeping on apace, I can slip into the heart of a woman as slyly and subtly as in the days of my early manhood."

"Herbert, I will, as I said, be the bride of your future life. The unseen joys of the eternal world we will share together. But no bride ever leaves her father's home without making preparations; neither can I leave the abiding place of my earthly husband without making some arrangements necessary for his comfort and happiness. I will prepare a dinner, to be ready against his return, and for the little ones God has given me. While I am in the flesh I must be faithful to the vows made in the flesh. We will refresh our bodies before starting upon our long journey. It shall be our marriage feast; you shall be the bridegroom and the honored. My husband will be there to see the happy exchange I have made.

Thus I ran on, betraying neither by look nor act the mental terror of my soul. The eyes of the maniac glared less fiercely; the knife was replaced in the belt. I had touched the right cord to his breast; his fan-

cy had been flattered by my praises, and by readily according to his wishes for the passing moment, I felt the danger was averted.

Determined to follow up the advantage I had so unexpectedly gained, I arose calmly, and with a forced smile, said, "I will go now and prepare the dinner—our wedding feast. We will eat for the last time with our fellow-mortals, and take of them an affectionate farewell."

"So we will!" replied Stanley, gaily. "So we will. It shall be a marriage like the marriage of Cana. Water will be turned into wine, and we will eat the bread of life," and he folded me to his bosom in a rough embrace.

"Now, Herbert," said I, after a moment, "I will go and make ready for our journey; time is precious and we will not delay our happiness." And I proceeded to the dining-room and commenced laying the cloth dishes on the table; getting necessary preparations for a meal, I hoped by so doing I should be able to elude the argus eyes of my jailor, and when a favorable moment present itself I would leap from the window and escape by flight.

But no cat ever watched for prey more closely than Herbert Stanley watched me. His eyes never left me, and I saw that an attempt to escape would be but to jump into the very jaws of death. But as my flight grew more and more hopeless, my mind grew active. A bright thought crossed it.

"If I remember rightly, Herbert," said I, "you used to be a great admirer of the canine species?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Now," said I, "I will show you a most splendid specimen of a dog; he is as cunning as a fox, and possesses traits of character and sagacity not unworthy of the human race. Here, Neptune."

And a large, shaggy, Newfoundland dog came slowly into the room, wagging his tail with doggyish joy.

"That is our only errand boy," I continued, pointing to the animal, "and a better one could not be found. He does our marketing daily, and saves us a deal of trouble. Such a sagacious creature you never beheld. All I have to do is just to write upon a bit of paper whatever we want, and the quantity, and put it in a basket, which Neptune takes in his mouth and presents to the butcher, baker or grocer, as we tell him; and forthwith he returns with the articles desired. Now, let me exhibit one of his exploits, and you shall judge if we overrate his exploits. We shall want meat for our repast, and I will send for some."

I took my pencil from my pocket and wrote upon a little scrap of paper these words:

"Mr. Brown—For heaven's sake come immediately to my rescue. I am completely in the power of Herbert Stanley, a maniac. Come with a force sufficient to save me and capture him."

LAURA MORGAN.

"What have you written?" inquired Stanley, whose attention had been for the last moment only diverted to the dog, perhaps fearing that in spite of my ready compliance to his wishes, I might play him false.

"Listen," I replied, "and I will read it to you." And I held up the note and read it.

"Mr. Brown—Please send me a nice piece of tenderloin steak. I have unexpected company to-day, and I wish to provide a dinner worthy of my guest."

I trembled violently as I read, for I saw the maniac was a little suspicious of me. With every movement I was in momentary expectation that he would snatch the paper from me to ascertain for himself if I had indeed read it as it was written, and I knew well the detection of my deception would be instant death. Hastily folding the note, I dropped it into the basket, and placed it before the dog.

"I believe, Mr. Stanley," I said, "that you have the key of the door in your possession. Do me the favor to unlock it, if you please for Neptune to pass out?"

The request was made politely, and Stanley, equally politely, opened the door for the dog. Hope once more entered my heart. My dreadful situation would soon be known, and help

might reach me.

A half-hour passed; Neptune had not yet appeared. Stanley grew impatient at the long delay. Again he drew the knife from his belt.

"Let the marriage feast go," he said angrily. "But I skillfully and adroitly managed to draw him into conversation upon old times, when I was the flame of his ambition. I told him several little stories, and amusing anecdotes of my childhood, spoke of my early school days and his college life, and the honors he had won.

At last steps were heard on the piazza; I distinguished my husband's voice, and the tread of half a dozen men. Stanley, too, knew that voice. Its rich, melodious tones had years before greeted harshly on his ear. Springing like a tiger upon me, he shouted in a voice of thunder:

"My keepers have come, but they cannot capture me; they will find me a cold, stiffened corpse. My spirit will have gone to the eternal world, to enjoy its celestial glories with you, my beautiful bride." And again the same wild, fiendish laugh rang through the house, and the bright steel blade of the bowie-knife glittered in the sunbeams.

A cold tremor ran over me, but courage did not forsake me. With herculean strength and energy I seized the madman's arm, and averted the deadly blow; then with the agility of a panther, I sprang through the open window, and rushed at lightning speed around the house.

Taken completely by surprise, and bewildered at my unexpected flight, Herbert Stanley stood for a moment undecided what course to pursue. He next found himself rudely assailed by half a dozen men. The uplifted knife was knocked out of his hand, a strong rope was thrown dexterously over his arms and shoulders and drawn tightly around him, and in spite of his desperate struggles to free himself, he was captured. My hour of peril was over. My life had hung as it were on a thread, and my soul had been fortified for the emergency, but now came a reaction. My brain whirled; a film came before my eyes, and I fell senseless into the arms of my husband.

At last I awoke to consciousness, as if from a dream. Life and its blessings were mine once more to enjoy, and from the very depths of my soul I breathed forth a prayer of unmistakable joy and thankfulness to the Most High for my unexpected deliverance. Herbert Stanley was taken back to the asylum from which he had escaped, and in a few months after completed his miserable existence.

## WARM SLEEPING ROOMS.

Cold Air Not Necessarily Pure Air—A Healthish Idea Explored.

Many people cherish the notion that cold sleeping rooms are healthier than rooms comfortably warm. They look upon a stove or a drum heated by a stove in another room, as an enemy of rugged health. They make an ostentatious virtue of jumping into cold beds, and then pile on the bed clothes in large quantities until the animal heat supplies the required warmth. While the rugged and vigorous constitutions can endure this, it is often a cruel mistake as regards people of lower vitality and poor circulation, and especially delicate women and children. The contamination of the air by breathing is as rapid in winter as in summer, and ventilation is as necessary in cold as in hot weather, so far as the supply of oxygen for the blood is concerned. If there is any special virtue or sanitary advantage in sleeping in a very low temperature, then people ought to sleep in ice houses in the summer time. "The golden mean" is the best in this case, as it is in many other things in life. Don't go to extremes. Make the bed rooms of the house pleasant and comfortable, and keep in mind these important rules: 1. Maintain thorough ventilation day and night. 2. Keep an even and comfortable temperature during sleeping hours. 3. Open the windows and let in sunshine and all the air possible during the day, not forgetting to open the closet doors so as to let them have the benefit of

nature's purifying processes. 4. At night provide for ventilation in such a manner as to avoid any draughts upon the sleepers. In this connection we commend to our readers the following sensible suggestions by "Linda Brown," in the *Rural New Yorker*:

I am glad the barbarous idea that it is healthful to sleep in frigidly cold rooms is being combated. For my part, when I recall all the discomforts, yes, and absolute pain I've endured in cold bedrooms, I'm ready to pronounce a sentence of perpetual banishment to the Arctic regions, against the inhuman monster who first promulgated the idea that it is "unhealthful to sleep with fire." If a fire is a good thing during the day when our bodies are at a higher temperature than during sleeping hours, why isn't it a better thing at night? People pile on a hundred weight or so of bedclothes, shut doors and windows to prevent the entrance of even a breath of fresh air, and in spite of their precautions, what with having to breathe the cold air of the room and the liability there is of the clothes slipping off, they are not comfortable. There is another thing to be considered, heavy covering is weakening. Many delicate women and children are made weary by sleeping under great quantities of covering. Then, it has been demonstrated time after time, in radical reviews, and in newspapers generally, that pure air is absolutely necessary to perfect health. What sort of air is that which has been breathed and rebreathed scores of times during the night? Have a fire, and open your windows an inch top and bottom. Instead of laying in a heavy stock of blankets and comfortables, just invest in a stove; the children can then make their toilets in their rooms instead of rushing through the house half clad to dress by the kitchen-fire, thereby impeding breakfast preparations. Besides it is a nice way to have washing and combing going on in the same room and at the same time as cooking. A fire need not be kept in the bedrooms all day. From eight in the morning until about six in the evening it could be dispensed with, and the expense and trouble would therefore be lessened.

**OVENAL DIET.**—Undoubtedly one of the most healthful and nourishing articles of diet is oatmeal. When properly cooked and eaten with sugar and cream it forms a dish which most people relish more than meat for breakfast, and is very much cheaper. Liebig has chemically demonstrated that oatmeal is almost as nutritious as the very best English beef, and that it is richer than wheaten bread in the elements that go to form bone and muscle. Professor Forbes of Edinburgh, during some twenty years, measured the chest and height, and also tested the strength of both arms and loins, of the students of the University—a very numerous class and of various nationalities, drawn to Edinburgh by the fame of his teaching. He found that in height, breadth of chest and shoulders, and strength of arms and loins, the Belgians were at the bottom of the list; a little above them the English; and highest of all the Scotch, and Scotch-Irish from Ulster, who, like the natives of Scotland, are fed in their early years at least one meal a day of good oatmeal porridge.

**THE LAST NATIONAL BANK IN PETERSBURG GONE INTO LIQUIDATION.**—Richmond, Va., Feb. 13.—The Commercial National Bank of Petersburg, has gone into liquidation and is closing up its affairs as rapidly as possible. Its condition is said to be sound and no loss will result to any one. This is the last of the national banks in Petersburg, the two others having succumbed to the crisis of 1873.

The Massachusetts Ploughman says: "We know of no better fertilizer for potato roots than a tablespoonful of Peruvian guano stirred into a pailful of water and this liquid applied for watering once or twice a week."

A poor farmer and a poor man in one is indicated by the dilapidated and forlorn condition of the farm buildings. A thrifty farmer, on the other hand, will keep all his buildings in good repair and as to let them have the benefit of

## ODDS AND ENDS.

**A Happy Retort.**—Lord Leonards, who died at the age of 94, was the son of a barber, and when a boy Leonards himself assisted his humble parent. On one occasion when—then being Mr. Leonards—addressing a constituency whose suffrages he desired, a man in the meeting shouted out, "You shut up; you were once a barber." "Yes," replied Leonards, "but if you had been once a barber, you would have been a barber still."

A bright little boy, who had been engaged in combat with another boy some time ago, was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait until the other boy "pitched upon him." "Well," explained the little hero, "but if I wait for the other boy to begin, I'm 'fraid there won't be any fight."

A schoolmistress, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils, and the names of their parents, at the beginning of the term, and asked one little fellow, "What's your father's name?"—"Oh, you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman," was the reply.

"Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?" asked a teacher in a commanding voice. "Joshua knows," said a little girl at the bottom of the class. "Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows he may tell." "In the fire," replied Joshua, looking very grave and wise.

"You told me, sir, that the horse was entirely without fault, and yet he is blind." The dealer looked blandly into the irritated countenance of the loser by the transaction and said, with charming naïveté, "I do not regard blindness as a fault, sir; it is a misfortune."

If you have any excellency, do not vainly endeavor to display it; let it be called into action accidentally. It will infallibly be discovered, and much more to your advantage.

"What men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor."

A thousand parties of pleasure do not leave a recollection worth that of one good action.

Ambition often plays the wrestler's trick of raising a man up merely to fling him down.

That which the fool does in the end the wise man does at the beginning.

What is it that a man with two eyes cannot see with one?—T'other eye.

Why is the nose put in the middle of the face? Because it's the centre.

**THE ARLINGTON ESTATE CASE DECIDED.**—The Arlington case (the Lee estate opposite Washington) was concluded at Alexandria on Thursday last in favor of General Lee. The defendant sent a motion for a new trial. The judgment of the lower Court reverses the entire estate to General Lee, and calls for the ejection of all tenants who have been in possession since the sale of the estate for taxes in 1863. Among the tenants is the United States Government occupying the Signal Service Preparatory School at Fort Whipple and the National Cemetery, in which lie the bodies of 15,000 Union soldiers. A bill now pending in Congress proposes that the Nation shall become by purchase the owner of the property. General Lee, it is said, has no desire to disturb the pot dead or regain possession of that part of the Arlington estate which is comprised in the cemetery proper. He has only wished to establish his entire property rights, and is quite willing to surrender that portion of the estate or the whole of it to the government at a fair valuation. This property first came into the possession of the United States through Secretary Stanton, who declined to receive the tender of taxes made by Northern relatives of the owner prior to the sale on the ground that General Robert E. Lee was a rebel and no relation should be permitted to redeem his property. Secretary Stanton, the Court says, had no authority to do this, and it is practically upon that act alone that the whole case turns.

Farmers lose money by keeping no account of farm operations; by paying no attention to the maxim that "a stitch in time saves nine;" allowing fences to remain unrepaired until strange cattle are found grazing in the meadow, grain fields or browsing on the fruit trees; planting fruit trees without giving the trees the attention required to make them profitable, and many other forms of neglect.