

The Carolina Watchman.

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Do Your Best.

An honest Davy Crockett said: "You are not right then, as ahead, crystallized in a main true; I builded better than he knew." "You're right; or come as near right as mortal man may steer; so does his best, exhausts his store—begs themselves can do no more." "High you aim; then if you miss, your consolation will be this: I did miss, I missed the sun, and so has many a prouder one." "Not discouraged—work away; words are not builded in a day; rough clouds envelop you far and wide, ere a sunshine on the other side." "Be needles, whose magnetic soul never searches for the pole. On this will vary; judge ye, then, consistency can dwell with men." "Perhaps the storm may by its force compel a little change of course; it yield with care, and when you can, same your 'on, straight on,' again."

A NICE LITTLE GAME.

"Frank!"
"All right, Dolly!"
He sat before the glowing grate, feet on one corner of the mantel, chair tipped back. His young eyes looked at him; and her pretty eyes, which only a minute before had been with tears, emitted sparks of fire. Her rosy mouth closed in a firm expression, and her dainty foot came down upon the rug in a decided manner.
"I won't stand it," she said under her breath; "I can't—I will kill me!"
"See him this night after night, bodied, degraded, ruining both soul and body. I must save him for my boy's sake!"
Then she sat and meditated. They had been married a little over two years, and the baby in the wicker cradle was a thriving boy. No happier woman than Dolly the wild girl held but for one thing. Her husband would drink. He loved his dinners. He did not neglect his wife, but often came home in the small hours in an inebriated condition.
Dolly tried everything—tears, entreaties, persuasions—but he only laughed her off.
"Where's the harm, Dolly? Can't I follow be merry now and then with my friends?"
But Dolly saw the awful evil growing upon him, and knew what the end would be. She shuddered, and her eyes filled with tears but the minutes after they flashed fire, and she smiled.
"I'll try it," she said to herself; "if it does no good, it can't do much harm."
Then she said:
"Frank!"
Her husband roused up, and opened his eyes with an imbecile stare.
"All right, Dolly!"
"Frank, you believe that a wife would follow in her husband's footsteps, don't you?"
"To be sure. You're a sensible woman, Dolly!"
"And you're a sensible man, Frank. That's right for you to do is right for me, isn't it?"
"Precise, Dolly; just so, exactly. You're a wise woman, you are."
"Very well, Frank, if you go to the very any more at nights, I'm going to be sure."
Her husband looked up, half soberly.
"Nonsense, Dolly," he said, "that's nothing the thing into the ground. You'll do no such thing."
"You'll see that I will, Frank!"
"I answered resolutely; 'I love you and what you do I shall do too? If you see fit to ruin yourself, soul and body, and shame your son, I shall follow you example. I care for nothing that you cannot share. As you go, so will I!'"
His cheek paled and his lips quivered. Her words touched him to the quick. He sat silent for a minute, then he got up and said:
"Nonsense, Dolly. Come to bed, little girl."
She followed him obediently, and nothing more was said on the subject. For three or four nights Frank came home punctually; then his old habit mastered him.
Dolly had his supper all waiting, and his slippers and dressing-gown before the fire, but he did not come. She waited patiently till 10 o'clock, when she called the housemaid and

put on her wraps.
"Sit by baby's crib, Mary, and when Mr. Mayfair comes tell him I have gone to the Reindeer. Ask no questions, and take good care of baby and you shall have a dollar extra, this month."
"Very well, ma'am," with wondering eyes.
Twelve o'clock, one, and then the young husband let himself in with his latch-key, and came reeling into the sitting room. There sat the maid beside the sleeping child.
Frank looked about him a little anxiously.
"Ah, fast asleep, fine little fellow," he said, bending over the crib. "Mary, my girl, where's your mistress? Gone to bed?"
"No, sir, she's gone to the Reindeer hotel."
He stood and stared.
"What do you say, girl?"
"She went out at 10, sir, and made me tell you when you came that she'd gone to the Reindeer."
The young husband stifled something like an oath, and sat down before the hearth. Half an hour went by then he started up, and glanced at the clock.
"Great Heaven! 'tis nearly 2 o'clock and she not here."
He seized his hat and rushed from the house like one mad.
By the time he was half way to the Reindeer he was perfectly sober.
"Could she have meant what she said?" he asked himself over and over again.
Presently a carriage came down from the lighted tavern on the hill, and as it passed him a woman's voice rang out, singing the chorus, "We won't go home till morning!"
It was wife's voice. He caught at the horses' heads, frantic with rage. Dolly's pretty curly head looked out as the vehicle stopped.
"Frank, old fellow—hic—is that you? Get in, get in—why didn't you come up? Oh, we had a jolly time—hic—we did. Such a dance. Don't blame you for going out, Frank. Didn't know it was so pleasant—hic—I mean to go every night."
"You do?" he gasped, leaping into the seat beside her grasping her arm.
"Ever dare to do such a thing again, and you will be no wife of mine!"
Dolly laughed uproariously.
"Nonsense, Frank. Let me do as you do, that's fair. Let go my arm, you hurt and you'll break my flask, 'tis prime brandy, Frank—take a drop."
He caught it from her hand and flung it out of the window.
"Bah!" said Dolly, her cheeks flushed. "I wish I'd stayed at the Reindeer. What makes you so cross, Frank?"
"Hush! say no more, Dolly," he answered, his teeth set hard. "I can't bear it. I—I may do something I'll be sorry for. Keep silent—I don't want any more crooked words."
"Ran's horn, if I die for it!" cried Dolly.
Then she clapped her hands, and laughed gleefully, breaking off into—"A moonlight night for a Ramble!"
Frank let his head fall into hands.
"Good heaven!" he groaned; "I'd rather have died than have seen this sight!"
He got her home and into her own room, at last, but she was very unmanageable, and persisted in cutting up all manner of capers; dancing and singing, her cheeks flushed and her hair streaming, and asking him if they would not go again—it was such a jolly fun?
His pretty, modest little Dolly! Long after she had fallen into a deep sleep, her husband sat over the smouldering fire, with his face hidden in his hands.
"Dolly," he said, when she awoke late on the following morning, "what happened last night must never happen again."
She looked up with her old clear eyes.
"Very well, Frank, that is for you to say. Just as you do, so will I."
He was silent for a moment.
"I would rather die than see what I saw last night over again," he said then.
"Frank," she said, her lips quivering, "I've seen the same sight once or twice every week since the day I

married you, and only God knows what it cost me."
He caught her close to his heaving heart.
"Poor little wife!" he almost sobbed, "you shall never see such a night again. I shall sign the pledge to-day."
"So will I, Frank."
They both signed it, and kept it too. Ten years after, Mayfield was a rich man, and one of the most renowned temperance leaders of the day.
"Frank," said his pretty wife, one day, as they watched their children playing on the lawn, "I did fool you handsomely that night, Frank, it was all make-believe. I didn't go to the Reindeer that night, and not a drop of the hateful stuff had passed my lips. Didn't I fool you handsomely, and cure you in the bargain?"
"You little witch!" he cried, but the instant after his eyes filled—Yes, Dolly," he said, drawing her close to his side, "you cured me of a habit that would have been my ruin."

The Young Merchant.

Two country lads came at an early hour to market in town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own cultivation, and the other supplied with lobsters and fish. The market hours passed along and each little merchant saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing and an equivalent in silver shining in his little money-bag. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it said:
"What a fine large melon! What do you ask for it my boy?"
"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.
"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's fine open countenance, "is it business-like to point out the defects of your fruit to the customers?"
"It is better than being dishonest," said the boy, modestly.
"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God and man also. I shall remember your little stand in the future."
"Are those lobsters fresh?" he continued turning to Ben Williams.
"Yes, sir, fresh this morning; I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.
"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon. Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those lobsters I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."
"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning, besides, I shall be better off in the end; for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."
A man who, by lying and cheating drives away one customer a day, will in a little while have very few left, for they will soon find him out and leave him.
AN ILLINOIS HURRICANE.—St. Louis, March 12.—Information has reached here that a violent wind storm, amounting almost to a tornado, passed over the southern portion of Macoussin county, Illinois, yesterday, destroying houses and barns and other property.
Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, nineteenth wife of the late Brigham Young, has written a letter to Mrs. President Hayes, declaring woman suffrage in Utah a delusion and a snare, and asking her to exert her influence against the vast and increasing crime of polygamy.
"Bridget, I told you to let me have my hot water the first thing in the morning." "Sure, sir," said Bridget, "didn't I bring it up and lave it at the door last night, so as to have it in time?"

Hand Book of the Department of Agriculture.

Commissioner Polk, of the Department of Agriculture, has prepared and is now getting through the press, a hand book of North Carolina, embracing historical and geographical sketches of the State, with statistical and other information relating to its industries, resources and political condition.
The book is issued in compliance with the act creating the Department of Agriculture. This is the first work of the kind ever given to the people of North Carolina, and results from that wise policy on the part of the Legislature, the pursuit of which led, two years ago, to the establishment of our State Agricultural Bureau. This department has been of vast benefit to the agricultural and all other interests of the State, and through its reports and publications it has imparted information to our people, the value of which no one can approximate, and in a thousand ways quickened the industrial and material spirit of the people of the whole State.
While the success and rapid development of the Agricultural Department has been unexpected and unprecedented, and the results of its workings most gratifying and satisfactory in every respect, it has done nothing during the two years of its experimental existence at all approaching in general usefulness the preparation and publication of this hand book. It is, of course, imperfect and incomplete in many respects. The Commissioner recognizes and acknowledges this fact. It is necessarily and unavoidably so, for as great as is the aggregate amount of statistical information already obtained and on file in the Department there is still wanting much of detail information of all localities from which such information comes. The Commissioner says:
"The facts and information set forth in these pages have been for the most part obtained through the voluntary aid of public spirited citizens in various counties, and has been compiled within the past three months. No work of a similar character has ever before been published in our State, and defective as it may be, should this volume stimulate inquiry and investigation, and awaken an interest that should lead to a higher appreciation of our character and dignity as a people, and of those bounteous blessings with which a kind Providence has so graciously favored us as a State, one of the chief objects of the work will have been accomplished."
The Hand Book is of three hundred pages, containing, in part, a historical sketch of the State, from 1584 to the present time, presenting the names of every sovereign body assembled since Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, Executive and State officers and members of Congress since 1663; natives of North Carolina who have become distinguished citizens of other States; distinguished divines and eminent physicians. An alphabetically arranged description of the counties of the State appears, also a geographical description of the State by State Geologist Kerr, comprehending its situation and extent, its physical geography, geology and minerals, climate, temperature tables, rain and clouds, mean humidity for 1879, winds, comparative climate, forests and soils. Part third is devoted to our form of government, taxation, new debts, municipal corporations, education, homestead, liens, punish ments, charities and modes of amending the constitution, the relations of the races, native products, fishing interests, the propagation of food fishes, railroads, elevations and a partial list of North Carolina inventions. Part four contains the public and literary institutions of the State, the public schools, State press, tabulated statement of farm products, cotton and woolsen mills, general statistics, agricultural organizations, the productive capacity of soils, the cities, towns and villages, silk culture, bee-keeping, and fruits adapted to our soils.
The Hand Book of the Department of Agriculture will prove both an interesting and valuable contribution to the practical literature of the State, and should be placed in the hands of every reading family. The Commissioner makes his acknowledgments to "that devoted son of North

Carolina—the venerable and patriotic historian—Hon. John H. Wheeler," and he also consulted the histories of Hawks, Lawson, Williamson, Martin and Wheeler, and Ruffin's Sketches of North Carolina, and the work may be relied on as historically authentic, while the scientific, statistical, agricultural and industrial contributions are the results of patient research, careful compilation, practical test and observation, and painstaking labor and experiment.—*Ral. Observer.*

Hampton's Condition—His Views on Prominent Questions.

A Charleston (S. C.) dispatch states the only visible trace of suffering Senator Wade Hampton has undergone since his accident is a slight increase in the gray in his whiskers. His general health is excellent, except that the change from his former active outdoor life to the necessary confinement of the past three months has developed dyspepsia, which causes him the loss of much sleep. His leg still gives him great trouble and frequently intense pain, the end of the remaining portion of the bone being dead. The physicians are waiting to allow this an opportunity to come off itself, but should it fail to do so during the next month it will probably have to be amputated.
Senator Hampton, who is now recruiting his health at the Londe plantation, Colleton county, S. C., in an interview with a correspondent, Sunday last, said he was as yet uncertain whether he will be in Washington at the extra session, although he would go if he possibly could and his doctors would allow it. In case the business was particularly important he will go anyhow. In reply to a question as to his opinion concerning the action of the House in refusing to pass the appropriation bills, he replied that he thought the House was right. He would favor Congress sitting forever if necessary before it receded an inch from its position. He did not think Mr. Hayes would have a right to oppose the amendments if Congress continued to urge them, as such action would show that they were the will of the people. On the Chinese question he expressed the opinion that Mr. Hayes' action was right. In the first place, he did not think Congress had the power to abrogate a portion of a treaty. He thought that body wrong in yielding to the clamor from California.

A Glass Mountain and Road.

Mr. P. W. Norris, the Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, on a recent visit to the capital gave a lecture on some of the natural curiosities of the region over which he presides and is engaged in exploring. Among these may be mentioned as the most novel a mountain of obsidian or volcanic glass, and a road made from this material.
Near the foot of Beaver Lake the explorers discovered this mountain of glass, which there rises in basalt-like columns and countless huge masses many hundreds of feet high from a hissing hot spring forming the margin of the lake, thus forming a barrier where it was very desirable that a wagon road should be, as the glass barricade sloped for some 300 feet high at an angle of 45° to the lake, and its glistening surface was therefore impassable, there being neither Indian nor game track over it. To make the road, huge fires were made against the glass to thoroughly heat and expand it, and then by dashing cold water from the lake against the heated glass suddenly cool the latter, causing large fragments to break from the mass, which were afterward broken up by sledges and picks, but not without severe lacerations of the hands and faces of the party, into smaller fragments, with which a wagon road one-quarter of a mile long was constructed, about midway along the slope, thus making it, it is believed, the only road of native glass upon the continent.
On reaching the Grand Canon of the Gibbon river the explorers found the eastern passade, for about two miles in length, to consist of vertical pillars, hundreds of feet high, of glistening black, yellow, mottled, or band-

THE MENACE TO EUROPE.

We have been taught to look upon the return of the plague which devastated Europe repeatedly during the middle ages, and ceased its ravages in Europe only at the beginning of the present century; as a practical impossibility. In one epidemic five hundred years ago, when Europe was much less densely populated than now, it has been estimated that not less than 25,000,000 people perished. It was, indeed, a common thing in former ages for entire communities to be utterly wiped out of existence by this terrible pest. That could not happen now, it is said. Our modern physicians are better able to combat disease than were those of the past. Sanitary science has been developed, and effective quarantines are possible. Besides men are more intelligent now, and better fed, better housed, and more amenable to sanitary regulations. All of which is true; and we sincerely trust that the experience of the coming year will demonstrate the present impossibility of any widespread epidemic of the plague now filling Europe with alarm.
But Europe must not neglect to take account of conditions now prevailing in Western and Central Europe—indeed, all over the Continent—especially favorable to the development of an irremediable scourge, which may diminish the population of Europe by one-half within the next five years.
It must not be forgotten that the facilities for rapid communication characteristic of modern civilization may be a source of deadly peril in case of a disease so malignantly infectious as the plague. Nations are most intimately bound together by commerce, and every letter or bale of goods may be a means of transmitting infection. Victims of the disease may traverse the entire breadth of the Continent between the time of exposure and the full development of the disease. With every extension of the area of the plague the possibility of staying its advance by quarantine regulations becomes less, and after it passes a certain limit, pestilence, like fire, is uncontrollable. The supply of physicians and medicines at any time is adequate only for ordinary conditions; let the usual bounds of disease be much overpassed and resistance is hopeless. Such a state of things is by no means impossible in Europe to-day.
Consider the situation of affairs in Eastern Europe. Turkey is a chaos, and the military power which keeps a semblance of order there would soon break down with the plague in its camps. The local governments have neither the power nor the intelligence required to successfully combat an epidemic. The spread of the plague is little hindered by climatic conditions. Russia seems to be unable to stay its progress. The Russian people are already upon the brink of desperation and revolt through poverty and military oppression. Let the controlling arm of the government, the army, be paralyzed, as it is liable to be by the plague, and Russia will present scenes of disorder and death appalling to think of. On such food the plague fattens. The government would be blamed for every disaster, and mobs crazed by fear, and revenge, and hunger, and blood, would do their fatal work in every city. All who could command means of flight would fly, and carry the infection into adjoining lands in spite of the strictest sanitary regulations. Germany is almost ripe for revolution. Add to existing hard times and financial disorders the business derangements which precautions against contagion must entail, and a general lack of food and remunerative labor would necessarily ensue. Under such conditions, socialist outbreaks would be inevitable. The experience of Russia would be repeated, and the steady advance of the plague over Western Europe would certainly follow. Once under way, the wave of death would sweep over Europe as surely and as destructively as it did in the fourteenth century.
Do we, therefore, predict a repetition of those terrible times? By no means. We have only shown that they are possible; that Europe presents conditions which, with plague upon its border, must be considered, to say the least, as decidedly menacing to the entire Continent, if not to the entire civilized world. If reports are true, and the plague is steadily approaching the heart of Russia, the promptest, most rigorous, and most thoroughgoing measures to stay its advance are imperatively needed. Indifference and inaction now will entail the most fearful consequences.—*Scientific American.*

The Western North Carolina Railroad has achieved a decided victory in a House. That body, Tuesday night, by 67 to 25, tabled a bill to repeal the annual appropriation of \$70,000, for the prosecution of the work on that road.
Lumberton Robesonian.
A VERBATIM COPY.—The following is a copy of a report by a Senator *verbatim et literatim*:
The Committee Cooperation has examined the bill to organize and incorporate the Christian Association and Beg loys mend that it, do, Pass.
Hereby Eppo for Committee