

The Carolina Watchman.

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A SECOND TRIAL.

It was Commencement at G— College. The people were pouring into the church as I entered it, rather tardily. Finding the centre of the audience-room already taken, I pressed forward, looking to the right and to the left for a vacancy. On the very front row I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to make room for me, looking into my face with large gray eyes, whose brightness was softened by very long lashes. Her face was open and fresh as a newly blown rose before sunrise. Again and again I found my eyes turning to the rose-like face, and each time the gray eyes moved, half-smiling to meet mine. Evidently the child was ready to "make up" with me. And when, with a bright smile she returned my dropped handkerchief, and I said, "Thank you!" we seemed fairly introduced. Other persons coming into the seat, crowded me quite close against the little girl so that we soon felt very well acquainted.

"There's going to be a great crowd," she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always like to see how schoolboys are made into men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and pride as she said:

"My brother's going to graduate; he's going to speak; I've brought these flowers to throw to him."

The were not greenhouse favorites; just old-fashioned domestic flowers, such as we associate with the dear grandmothers; but, I thought, they will seem sweet and beautiful to him for his little sister's sake.

"That is my brother," she went on, pointing with her nosegay.

"The one with the light hair?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said smiling and shaking her head in innocent reproof; "that homely one with red hair; that handsome one with brown wavy hair. His eyes look brown, too, but they ain't—they are dark-blue. There! he's got his hand up to his head now. You see him now, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from me to him, and from him to me, as if some important fate depended upon my identifying her brother.

"See him," I said. "He's a very good looking brother."

"Yes, he's beautiful," she said, with a slight sigh; "and he's so good, and he studied so hard. He has taken care of me every since mama died. Here is his name on the programme. He is not the valedictorian, but he has an honor, for all that."

I saw in the little creature's familiarity with those technical terms that she had closely identified herself with her brother's studies, hopes, and successes.

"He thought, at first," she continued; "that he would write on the 'Romance of a Monastic life.'"

"What a strange sound these long words had, whispered from her child lips! Her interest in her brother's work stamped them on the child's memory, and to her they were ordinary things.

"That then," she went, "he declared that he would rather write on Historical Parallels, and he's got a real good oration, and he says it beautifully. He said it a good many times. I must know it by heart. Oh! it begins so pretty and so grand. This is the way it begins," she added, encouraged by the interest she must have seen in my face: "Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a Destiny's hand—"

"By bless the baby!" I thought looking down into her bright, proud face. I can't describe how very odd and childish it did seem to have those enormous words rolling out of the smiling infantile mouth.

"The hand striking up put an end to the quotation and to the conference."

"At the exercises progressed, and approached nearer and nearer the effort in which her interest was concentrated, my little friend became excited and restless. Her eyes grew larger and brighter, two red spots glowed on her cheeks. She touched-up the

flowers, manifestly making the offering ready for the shrine.

"Now, it's his turn," she said, turning to me a face in which pride and delight and anxiety seemed about equally mingled. But when the overture was played through, and his name was called, the child seemed, in her eagerness, to forget me and all the earth beside him. She rose to her feet and leaned forward for a better view of her beloved, as he mounted on the speaker's stand.

I knew by her deep breathing that her heart was throbbing in her throat. I knew, too, by the way her brother came to the front that he was trembling. The hands hung limp; his face was pale, and the lips blue with cold. I felt anxious. The child, too, seemed to discern that things were not well with him. Something like fear showed in her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then a bewildered, struggling look came into his face, then a helpless look, and then he stood staring vacantly, like a somnambulist, at the waiting audience. The moments of painful suspense went by, and still he stood as if struck dumb. I saw how it was; he had been seized with stage-fright.

Alas! little sister! She turned her large dismayed eyes upon me.

"He's forgotten it," she said. Then a swift change came into her face, a strong determined look; and on the funeral-like silence of the room broke the sweet, grave, child voice:

"Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the kaleidoscope of history, we often find that a turn of Destiny's hand—"

Everybody about us turned and looked. The breathless silence; the sweet, childish voice; the childish face, the long, unchildlike words, produced a weird effect.

But the help had come too late; the unhappy brother was already staggering in humiliation from the stage. The band quickly struck up, and waves of lively music were rolled out to cover the defeat.

I gave the little sister a glance, in which I meant to show the intense sympathy I felt; but she did not see me. Her eyes, swimming with tears were on her brother's face. I put my arm around her. She was too absorbed to heed the caress, and before I could appreciate her purpose, she was on her way to the shame-stricken young man sitting with a face like a statue's.

When he saw her by his side, the set face relaxed, and a quick mist came into his eyes. The young man got closer together, to make room for her. She sat down beside him, laid her flowers on his knee, and slipped her hand in his.

I could not keep my eyes from her sweet, pitying face. I saw her whisper to him, he bending a little to catch her words. Later, I found out that she was asking him if he knew his piece now, and that he answered, yes.

When the young man next had spoken, and while the band was playing, the child, to the brother's great surprise, made her way up the stage steps, and pressed through the throng of professors and trustees and distinguished visitors up to the college President.

"If you please, sir," she said, with a little courtesy, "will you and the trustees let my brother try again? He knows his piece, now."

For a moment, the president stared at her through his gold-bowed spectacles, and then, appreciating the child's petition, he smiled on her, and went down and spoke to the young man who had failed.

So it happened that when the band ceased playing, it was briefly announced that Mr. — would now deliver his oration—"Historical Parallels."

"Amid the permutations and combinations of the actors and the forces which make up the great kaleidoscope of history—?" This the little sister whispered to him as he rose to answer the summons.

A ripple of heightened and expectant interest passed over the audience, and then sat stone-still, as though fearing to breathe lest the speaker might again take fright. No

danger! The hero in the youth was aroused. He went at his 'piece' with a set purpose to conquer, to redeem himself, and to bring the smile back into the child's tear-stained face. I watched the face during the speaking. The wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole rapt being said that the breathless audience was forgotten, that her spirit was moving with his.

And when the address was ended with the ardent abandon of one who catches enthusiasm in the realization that he is fighting down a wrong judgment and conquering a sympathy, the effect was really thrilling. That dignified audience broke into rapturous applause: bouquets intended for the valedictorian rained like a tempest. And the child who had helped to save that day—that one beaming little face, in its pride and gladness, is something to be forever remembered.

HOW TO PLEASE A WOMAN.

It is not always easy to please a woman. This is an axiom the truth of which has been recognized in all ages. When Socrates said to his jailers, "Give me the hemlock; perhaps this will meet Xantippe's views, and then again, perhaps it won't." He obviously had in mind the thousand and more times that he had vainly tried to hit that lady's humor and avert from his head the all-avenging broomstick. Sometimes a woman will scold a man for not doing some particular thing, and then, when he subsequently does that precise thing, will call him a middle-some and impertinent person. So often has this occurred, that a wise observer of men and women once asserted that he pleases a woman best who never pleases her at all. This might have been said by a Boston philosopher, but it so happened that it was not. In fact, a very eminent philosopher of that school once seriously contemplated saying it, but refrained on the ground that, although it was sufficiently paradoxical it was not sufficiently obscure to be really profound.

There recently occurred near St. Louis an interesting incident, which painfully illustrated the difficulty of pleasing a woman. It should be mentioned that the woman in question, who was young and pretty, was also very wet, and everybody knows that a wet woman is far more exacting and captious than a dry woman. Still, inasmuch as this particular young woman was excessively hard to please when she was thoroughly dry, it may be assumed that her wetness did not make any material change in her character. The story is undoubtedly a true one, for it appears in substance in a Missouri Democratic paper, which cannot tell a lie. As, however, few of the subscribers to the paper can read it can hardly be said that the story has been fairly published.

In the town of La Grange, a small settlement on a branch of the Missouri River, resides an extremely beautiful young lady. Among her lovers are two who have hitherto been popularly regarded as the leaders of the field and on whom the local betting has been very nearly even. One of the two—Mr. Scott—is a young man of the most gentle and amiable disposition, whose constant effort is to please his lady-love. The apples that young man has bought her, the times that he has taken her to ride, and the money that he has lavished in ice-cream for her benefit could not be computed without a large consumption of chalk.

In point of moral character he has seldom been equaled and never excelled. He is especially conspicuous for his extreme and delicate modesty, and it is believed that in this particular he could give odds to the most violently and obviously delicate maiden lady of advanced years in Missouri or any other State.

Mr. Dobbs, his rival, is in all respects his exact opposite. Mr. Dobbs is addicted to horse-racing and other wicked ways, and he has never been known to put himself to the slightest inconvenience or expense in order to gratify the young lady whom he professes to admire. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings—the other evenings of the week being pre-empted by Mr. Scott—he is accustomed

to call on Miss Wilson—which, by the way, is the young lady's name—and sit for an hour with his chair tipped back against the wall, discussing politics with old Mr. Wilson. In almost any other town, the betting would have been heavily in favor of Mr. Scott, but the people of La Grange, knowing Mr. Dobbs' character, and being persuaded that when he undertakes to do anything, the chances are that he will do it at any cost, were rather inclined to back Mr. Dobbs. In fact, for the last six months the betting has several times been ten to nine on Dobbs, and on one occasion, when he bought a new pistol on Wednesday morning, so hopeful did his marriage prospects seem to his backers, that they offered eight to six on him, with few takers. It was often remarked that Mr. Scott lacked energy, and that when Mr. Dobbs was entirely ready to marry the girl he would kill Mr. Scott, pitch old Mr. Wilson out of the window, and carry off his bride to the nearest Justice of the Peace. Three weeks ago Miss Wilson took part in a picnic excursion, and Messrs. Dobbs and Scott, of course, were also in the party. The entire company, including say thirty persons of assorted sexes, were lounging after dinner on the bank of the stream when Miss Wilson suddenly felt a desire to walk out on a log that projected into the water. Mr. Scott implored her not to do it, and Mr. Dobbs, temporarily removing his pipe from his mouth, remarked, "You'll get pretty blanked wet if you try it." Nevertheless, the willful beauty persisted in her purpose. She had nearly reached the end of the log when it turned under her, and with a sharp shriek, she fell headforemost into the stream. The water was about four feet deep, with a bottom of soft mud, and in this latter the head of the unfortunate young lady penetrated some distance. Being thus anchored, as it were, her feet waved wildly above the surface, and mutely begged for help. It was an awful and impressive scene, and most of the ladies who were present subsequently said that no one could call them prudish, they must say that Miss Wilson's conduct was shameful.

Mr. Scott and Mr. Dobbs simultaneously rushed to the rescue. The former first reached Miss Wilson's feet, but, instead of seizing them and pulling her out, stood as though wrapped in profound thought. In another moment Mr. Dobbs was at his side, and would have caught the nearest of the waving feet had not Mr. Scott laid his hand on his arm and begged him to reflect. "It will be," said Mr. Scott, "to the last degree indicative to pull her out by the feet, and I am sure she would not like it. At any rate, let us ask the gentlemen to withdraw and then leave the ladies to extricate our poor friend." To this Mr. Dobbs simply made a monosyllabic and theological reply, and promptly hauled Miss Wilson out.

When that young lady had been somewhat repaired, so that she no longer resembled an inverted umbrella with a curious duplex handle, her first act was to slap Mr. Dobbs' face and tell him that he was a brute and a coward to insult her by pulling her out by the feet. Mr. Scott, eager to improve the opportunity, hastened to remark that he had warned Mr. Dobbs not to do it, and had himself refrained from touching her feet. Another slap, and a demand to know if he was really fool enough to be willing to let her drown, was the reply which astonished Mr. Scott. After which Miss Wilson burst into tears and called her father to take her home.

Now, here was a young lady who was angry with one man because he had pulled her out of the water and with another because he had not done so. To please such a girl was manifestly an impossibility. Mr. Scott, at all events, gave up the attempt, and left town that very afternoon without saying good-bye to Mr. Dobbs, who was waiting at a street crossing to wish him farewell with a shot-gun. A week later Miss Wilson married Mr. Dobbs, and although it has never been learned that he has done anything whatever to please her, there is reason to believe that she is very well reconciled to her lot.—N. Y. Times.

Fungus in Man.

The human ear is sometimes attacked by a disease which shows itself in the form of a running sore; in many cases the tympanum is destroyed and hearing lost before the nature of the malady is discovered. The disease is due to the growth of a microscopic plant or fungus of the *Aspergillus* family. It especially thrives when, from any cause, the secretion of wax in the ear is stopped or hindered. The microscope is a valuable assistant in the discovery of this fungus.

Consumption, the most disastrous malady that afflicts humanity, is now said to be caused by a yeast plant that flourishes in the blood. The presence of this fungus in the blood is readily shown by the microscope, and now forms the subject of careful study among physicians.

Dr. Ephraim Cutter, M. D., of Boston, Mass., has devoted much labor to this subject, and, we understand, has recently produced micro-photographs of the fungus with Tolles' remarkable objective.

We believe that Dr. James H. Salisbury, of Cleveland, Ohio, was among the earliest to detect and describe this curious yeast plant of the blood.

Luck and Labor.

Many people complain of their bad luck when they ought to blame their own want of wisdom and action. Cobden, a distinguished writer in England, thus wrote about luck and labor:

Luck is always waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eyes and a strong will, turns up something.

Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy.

Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen, or ringing hammer, lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck whines.

Labor whistles.

Luck relies on chance.

Labor on character.

Luck slips down to indigence.

Labor strides upward to independence.

DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED—A SAD ACCIDENT.

A very unfortunate and distressing accident, says the *Wilson Advance*, occurred in Nash county last Sunday week. Mr. Spencer Lindsay called to see his neighbor, Mr. W. W. Cooper, and, on entering his house, discovered a pistol lying upon the floor, where Mr. Cooper's children had been playing with it. He reached down to pick it up, and Mrs. Cooper remarked that it was not loaded. As if to frighten her he cocked the pistol and pointed it at her when it fired, the ball entering Mrs. Cooper just above the left breast and lodging under the right shoulder. Dr. Robert Sills, of Nashville, was sent for at once, and, upon examining the wound, pronounced it fatal. Slight hopes are entertained of her recovery.

Everything is bitter to him who has gall in his mouth.

A fool may throw a stone into a pond; it may take seven sages to pull it out.

No bones are broken by a mother's fist.

It is hard to say which is the most crushed: The wife's new bonnet, or the unfeeling husband who sat down upon it.

The editor of daily papers always claim to have country seats. Don't believe them, if they have it is only a stump.

The world is composed of two great classes of people. Those who work and those who spend all their time in getting ready to work.

Many young ladies at the sea-side just now seem to tie a string around their waists, and consider themselves properly array to take a sea bath in public.

It is a singular fact that since 1842 there have been yellow fever cases in New Orleans every year, with the exceptions of 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864 and 1865. There may have been cases during those years, but they were not reported.—Wilmington Star.

Saving Fences.

This is an item that should be carefully estimated, as it is one of the heaviest burdens of agriculture. Fences are needed only to restrain stock; and if the stock is not pastured no fence is needed, except for yards, and perhaps a lane to lead the cattle to the wood lot for simple exercise. Take the fact of fencing ninety acres into four fields, for pasturing thirty cows or cattle. These fields would be 22½ acres, and would require 720 rods of fence. Now, if this fence cost only \$1 per rod, and if we suppose it to last twenty years, then the decay will amount to five per cent. a year, and the labor of annual repair is generally estimated at five per cent. The interest on the original cost at seven per cent. would be \$50.40, and the ten per cent for decay and repair \$72, making \$122.40 as the annual expense for fencing a pasture for thirty head of cattle. We shall see that this is more than the cost of labor for soiling the thirty head of stock. Mr. David Williams carefully prepared the fence statistics of Walworth county, Wisconsin, and after deducting for waste lands in ponds and lakes and one-half of the division fences, he makes the annual cost for the whole county about \$1 per acre. Mr. Prince, of Maine, goes into an elaborate calculation of the cost of fences in that State in 1860, and the result does not vary much from an annual cost of \$1 per acre.—The late Ezra Cornell took a great interest in studying this question, and gave his views in an address before the State Agricultural Society of New York in 1862, and he arrived at the conclusion that the average cost of fencing for every acre inclosed in that State is \$1 per annum. If then we take this as a fair estimate in the older States, every acre of the farm must be charged at this rate, or a farm of 300 acres, which usually keeps about 60 head of cattle, would pay a fence tax of \$300 in labor and material.—The smaller the farm and the smaller the lots the greater the cost of fence per acre.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—One coffee-cup of tapioca in three pints of new milk; soak over night. In the morning set over a kettle of boiling water; let it come to a scald, stirring it often. Add four well beaten eggs and about half a pound of white sugar; stir constantly until it thickens. Set it aside to cool; when cold flavor with vanilla or lemon, and you will have a dish fit for a king.

This is now about the time of year the lady who goes out of town for her health lands up somewhere in Brighton, Scarborough or the Isle of Wight, with five large Anglo-American trunks, and two pet dogs. She visibly declines in weight the moment she discovers that another lady has brought seven trunks, a lady's maid and a brace of pug lap dogs.

The impeachment trial of Comptroller Goldsmith, of Georgia, is progressing very slowly and circumspectly, and it is stated by one Georgia newspaper that thus far nothing has been developed against Goldsmith nor against the State.

Do All for God.

"The practical life of the Christian comprehends three distinct elements, viz: working, fighting and suffering. We have to do the will of God in our business; this is working. We have to oppose our bosom sin and to resist temptation; this is fighting. We have, finally, to endure with cheerfulness and submission whatever cross the Lord Jesus pleases to lay upon us; this is suffering. And to be right in the practical departments of the Christian life is summed-up in these three things, to work devoutly, to fight manfully, and to suffer patiently. Each man's wisdom and happiness must consist in doing, as well as his faculties will admit, the work which God sets him. And now that the true motive, which lifts up the humblest duties into a higher atmosphere, and refines away their earthliness, and glorifies them: 'Whatever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ.'—Goldburn.

A MALIGNANT FEVER IN MISSISSIPPI.—New Orleans, September 15.—Green-ville, Mississippi specials, report the prevalence of a malignant fever at Concordia. Several deaths have occurred during the last week, including S. Frank, George Tobin, and Attorney Key. The surrounding neighborhoods have quarantined against Concordia.

REFUSED TO PAY.—The statement has been made through the public press that the *Delta Insurance Company* has refused payment of the life policy of the late Col. R. C. Patterson, of Salem. This is a matter of not mere family but of general concern, as we have waited for the explanation, which is due of the company's refusal to pay over to the family of deceased the amount of insurance which he had with it. It has, we understand, proposed to compromise the matter by a partial payment. It seems to us that if it owes anything it owes all, and if it owes nothing on this policy it ought to have found out that the policy was invalid sometime during the thirteen years while Col. Patterson was paying up his premiums. The whole matter looks suspicious. Let us have some explanation of it. The company is suffering from its silence. If its explanation is not worse than its silence it cannot make it too early.—Char. Ob.—This is well said.

THE DIVORCED DEMOCRAT.—What the papers and politicians say of it; The *Times* congratulates the Republicans and says that their opponents are worthy of their best efforts.

The *Herald* says that the Robinson ticket is strong.

The *World*, of course, commends the stalwart action of the regulars.

The *Star* upholds the bolters.

The *Tribune* says that the bolt means Cornell for Governor.

The *Philadelphia Times* thinks that it puts Democracy under a blue light.

Hon. Abram S. Hewitt says that the defection will have no effect upon the vote and the convention remains.

Mayor Cooper declined to be interviewed.

Clarkson Potter's friends say that he will not accept the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor.

John Kelly is very silent.

Hoffman follows Robinson.

MR. CORNELL UNHAPPY ABOUT CORNELL.—The Republican nomination for Governor of New York is an exceedingly unfortunate one, and all that has been said of the unwisdom of precisely such a nomination remains true. The importance of the result in this State, both of the election this year and of the next, is such that it was the duty of all Republicans who understood it to select some candidate truly representative of its principles and purposes. It will not be contended that, with whatever excellencies of character, Mr. Cornell is such a representative. He has been long a familiar figure in the parties of the State, and whatever may be the personal and friendly regard entertained for him, it will be denied that it is an extraordinary nomination to be made by the Republican party in the State at this time.—Harper's Weekly (Rep.).

THE MOTHERLY INSTINCT STILL THERE.—A whoop-bang sort of a boy, with feet as broad and flat as a pie tin, trotted through the Central Market till he reached a stall kept by a single woman about thirty years old. Halting there he yelled out: "Say! say! Your little boy has been run over and killed by the City Hall!" "Oh! oh! heavens—oh!" she screamed, as she made a dive under the counter, came up on the other side, and started to follow the boy. After going ten feet she halted, looked very foolish, and all of a sudden remarked: "What a goose I am! Why, I ain't even married!"

THE SURVEY OF THE DAN.—We had the pleasure of a call yesterday from Maj. J. H. Gill, United States associate engineer, in charge of the survey of the Dan river. Mr. Gill and his party have completed the survey of Dan river from Danville to the western limit of the survey above Madison, N. C. and will now proceed to make it from Danville to Clarksville. After completing the entire survey the notes and charts will be sent to the chief office at Washington and the recommendations submitted as to whether the river shall be improved for the navigation of steamboats or only for batteaux.—Danville (Va.) News 14th.

HOW THE GEESE DEPARTED.—It is a remarkable fact, witnessed by a witness, no means "windy," that the severe storm which prevailed last Monday, a flock of geese near the Stewart House were literally lifted from the ground, and hurried upon the wings of the wind rapidly out of sight, and as we have reports from different sections of the severity and extent of the storm, and as no tidings have been received from these unfortunate geese it is supposed by our informant that they are still driving before that rude tempest into some far-off land and with the same velocity he saw them swept from view. Sad, sad casualty.—Monroe Eng.

CETWAYO A FUGITIVE.—Capetown, Aug. 26.—The pursuit of King Cetwayo continues hotly. He has split up his party and taken to the bush. His pursuers have been within three miles of him and have seen some members of his following. Gen. Wolsley has had a meeting with the Northern chiefs, at which he informed them that the only obstacle to the settlement of peace is the failure to capture Cetwayo, and that any chief harboring Cetwayo will be punished. Lord Gifford captured a native who has promised to show him the King's hiding place. The Bush wherein he is supposed to be secreted is now being surrounded by three hundred men.

HE WON BUT IT KILLED HIM.—James Johnston, a well known negro in Lynchburg, Va., made a bet at the breakfast table that he could eat more fruit than any one present. Silas Jones and Peter Lindsey took up the bet, and all three set to work eating peaches, apples, watermelons and grapes. Johnston won this bet, having eaten one watermelon and a half, one dozen peaches, twelve bunches of grapes and four large apples. He was taken sick an hour after, and died last night.

WORKINGMEN OUT OF WORK.—Chicago, September 15.—In consequence of a resolution arrived at by the Scotch iron masters last week, not yielding to the demands of the workingmen for an increase of wages until the price of iron exceeds fifty shillings per ton, fifty-four farmers have been blown out in various parts of Scotland rendering three thousand men idle.