

# The Carolina Watchman.

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## The Cymr Chief.

In old Snowdonia's realm of clouds, where narrow winding trails thread through Caernarvon's mountain peaks and mid the hills of Wales; Upon a high and beetling crag, far out above the flood,

In long gone years of storm and strife a massive castle stood; And he who owned its rugged tower, its acres, and its battlements, was the Cymr chief.

No voice like his the angry waves of turbulence could tame; No stronger arm than Saxon hordes across the border came;

No deadlier sword in tourney flashed, no spear so quick to start; And fluid in battle's whirl a sheath in some strong foeman's hand;

His lances led in every fray, his huntsman's echoing trills in the forest, the oldest hearts among Caernarvon's hills.

Yet in the steel and iron hearts of this old warlike race A thread of gold wound in and out, with many a softer grace;

For kindred were they to friend and kin, and every vassal knew; Their loves were never lightly placed, but knightly and most true;

The gentlest maiden loved by them could with her favors tame; The boldest of those dauntless chiefs who bore Llewelyn's name.

So years passed on; they lived and loved, they conquered and they died, and for a century they stemmed the invading Saxon tide;

But still the hordes came rushing on in numbers like the sea, Outnumbered and the Briton bands were ofttimes compelled to flee;

Though struggling fiercely for their land against overwhelming fate, The Saxon warriors surged last around Llewelyn's gate.

For years the chieftain held his own, the eagle kept his nest, And proudly waved his banners still upon the mountain's crest;

But hunger clutched each vassal's heart with cold and chilling hands, While dart and spear had sadly thinned the bravest of his bands;

Though struggling sternly through the years the die was surely cast, The eagle's eye on its crag must be despoiled at last.

Then spoke the chieftain to his foe: "Protect my child and wife, Give each poor vassal the right to live, and take my worthless life;"

But stern the Saxon's answer came: "Thy men shall harmless go, But thou, bold chief, thy wife and child belong unto thy foe;"

Here is my pledge for all thy men, thy wife belongs to me, Whist thou within my dungeon keep a fettered slave shalt be!"

Then out upon the trembling air rang out Llewelyn's cry: Quick with hand and child sprang to his side upon the castle walls;

With ringing tones he bade his men throw each gate open wide, Then turning swiftly kissed his wife and daughter at his side;

Quick flashed his falchion through their hearts, and ere the startled foe received, he had raised their forms and hurled them far below.

Then spake the warrior once again: "Oh, brave but cruel foe! Thou'lt keep thy pledges for my men in sanctity I know; But never yet didst thou despoil the wives of Llewelyn's folk!"

And death but once again unites the eagle and the dove, Thy dungeon chains were never meant for such a one as I; The Cymr chieftain dreads thy bonds, but does not fear to die!"

Then with a war cry on his lips, and eyes which fiercely flashed, He turned toward the dizzy cliff and o'er its rampart dashed;

But as he fell, they watched and saw, with startled lips apart, His trusty blade was swiftly drawn and plunged into his heart.

The waves bore off the silent group, crumpled on their watery bed, Amid the silence of the crowd who watched them o'ercast, And never has the sea given up Llewelyn and his dead.

The castle stands in ruin now, and silence most profound, Except the moaning of the sea, the wind's use a long sound, Where Gwalia's watching mountain crests are circled all around, A truthful story, one of those time-tried and thrilling tales Which still descend from sire to son among the homes of Wales.

—I. Edgar Jones, in *Inter-Ocean*.

molasses in payment for a dozen eggs. There was a totally irreconcilable incongruity between him and his surroundings. He had the build of an athlete, and was one, without any scientific training. His head, superbly shaped, and set squarely on a columnar throat, was covered thickly with a yellow mass of short curls, and his chin with a long silky beard of the same color. His eyes were blue and bright and penetrating. A pure Saxon type was Davenport, with a general suggestion of great physical strength and deliberate purpose about him. If the gray store with its assured income had not come to him by inheritance, doubtless he would have done something with himself in the world. As it was, he shirked the tobacco box and the molasses barrel whenever practicable, and in the long summer days, when there was not much doing, he read Keats and Coleridge with oblivious delight on the long stone gallery fighting flies with one hand all the while. He had never been away from home to school, "couldn't be spared from the store." He had grown up in it, but has never grown into it. Hidden somewhere in that muscular organism of his was a dumb unsatisfied longing for better things to do and to be than fate had so far accorded him. When the war broke out it was with an availing pang he saw other fellows go off to the field. He would have loved to go with them, but, looking his duty squarely in the face by the best light he had, there seemed to be a stronger call to stay at home. He grew into a monster in local estimation. His staying out of the army had secured him the contempt of the neighborhood; his busy, earnest speculation excited its disgust and horror. Even in the little house behind the pomegranate bushes there were clouds and distrust. Davenport's wife was no longer proud of him. She hung her head for him, and he knew it, and winced under it silently, and thought enviously of the men who were off with the army, fighting and being wounded. He would gladly have exchanged his wound for theirs.

When the river was blockaded and all the country on both sides of the Mississippi, from Vicksburg to New Orleans, was virtually in a stage of siege, people said: "Now Davenport's hour of triumph had come," and those who had been most open in denouncing him recalled their rash words regretfully. What they had said was all true, of course, but it had better been left unsaid, for in all the country nowhere but at Davenport's were medicines, or sugar, and tea, and meal, and everything that went to sustain life to be procured. The grinders ceased grinding and the great mill wheels stood motionless. The ungathered crops stood in the fields, at the mercy of marauding cattle. A universal paralysis seized upon the land. Pallid-faced women asked, "What next?"

Yes, Davenport's hour of triumph had come! He did not call it his hour of triumph. He simply said that had befallen which he had known all along must come. Then, judiciously, wisely, patiently, he began his ministrations, meeting out comfort of a material sort with the stern impartiality of a judge on the bench, and the patient tenderness of a Joseph veining over his suffering brethren. Nothing that led to the relief of necessity was too remote for his acute grasp of the situation, nothing too minute to secure his attention. Without price he gave up his hoarded substance, and long after hoarded sugar became a luxury too costly for consumption on the table in the little white cottage, Randolph Fairfax's wife had no one to help him bear the burden of the obliquity that had been his share, and now, when the women who had so misguided him crowded about him with worldly recantations, he smiled at them inscrutably, and they were comforted. They said among themselves: "He took it so lightly, he had never cared much." Not much, you see there wasn't the making of a hero in him. All the glory was reserved for the men who had gone away in uniform.

It was in the third year of the war that Randolph Fairfax came home wounded, not badly, but he had fought splendidly and was entitled to a short respite. He tried hard to say something handsome and grateful to Davenport about the way he had looked after his wife and children during his own absence in the army, and he sincerely hoped those sharp and foolish words of his about Davenport's beard had died from his memory. They had not—he felt quite sure of it when Davenport, resting his blue eyes calmly on him for a moment, turned slowly on his heel and began giving directions about a bit of mackerel that was to be sent to old Mrs. Murray back in the Red Lick settlement. Fairfax did not come to the store any more after that, but remained closely at home on the plantation—so closely that he did not hear what Davenport heard one morning from the trembling lips of one of Fairfax's own freed slaves. What Davenport heard was that a posse of the enemy was going to raid the neighborhood that night to capture Major Fairfax; he would be a prisoner well worth their efforts. It was left with Davenport to warn the major of his danger. There was no one to whom he could intrust the task. The long, lonely gallop

through the woods and across the swollen sloughs over the weed-grown fields must be taken by himself. It was accomplished safely, and at a slower pace he turned his tired horse's head homeward. He would have liked to travel faster, for Fanny would be worrying about his not getting home before dark, but he must have some merriment on the jaded beast under him. Thank God, Fairfax would have plenty of time to escape, if he started right off. It was dark, quite dark, when he passed from the shelter of the trees that marked the boundary line of Fairfax's place out into the big road—so dark that he did not see a motionless group of horsemen drawn across his pathway until his own horse shied violently to one side and the single word "Halt!" fell commandingly on his ears.

"Fairfax's captors!" He had only time to think it, when the same commanding voice called questioningly to him from out the gloom, "Who goes there?"

"Randolph Fairfax," came back clearly, unflatteringly, defiantly. A gurgle of laughter, or rather a chorused huckle of triumph, and then he was completely surrounded as the posse hurried him forward away from Slowville. It was not of himself that he was thinking as he galloped through the somber woods with his captors that night. It was of the wife of Fanny, watching and wondering and weeping through the long hours alone. It was time he was bearing his share of hardships. If it was not for her, he wouldn't mind. Perhaps, when light came, they'd give him a chance to write back to her. He couldn't have done different. Fairfax was crippled and poorly mounted. These fellows were on well-fed army horses. It wouldn't have done to risk the truth. On and on through the night until in the gray dawn of the day, camp was reached; a brief respite, then he found himself on board a transport. It would be easy enough when he got to headquarters to satisfy the general in command that he was no military man, but a law-abiding civilian, staying at home and pursuing his usual vocations.

When he got to headquarters and made his statement his blue eyes fairly flashed lightning to find it discredited. His interlocutor's sceptical gaze traveled slowly down one of Davenport's shapely legs and up the other. Davenport's own gaze followed wonderingly and his brown cheeks turned ashen white. He told all about it after his release from Alton military prison at the close of war.

It was those red stripes down the side of my pants that Fanny was so proud of. You see, I had been in the saddle and out of reach of buying any new pants until I was about out of 'em. Then Fanny cut up her traveling shawl, and, considered as the work of an amateur, those pants were a success. If I did have to go into a corner and turn round three times before I could get my hand into my pocket; but she left the bordering of the shawl in for a fancy touch. Poor Fanny! I suppose she thought she'd make me look like a soldier whether or no, and it did the business for me. It was more than I could do to convince those fellows I wasn't a major-general at the very least. Instead of a poor stay-at-home skulk, you know our boys weren't much of dandies after the first year."

The gallery at Davenport's is once more a crowded rendezvous, and war yarns alternate with crop and polemical discussions, but whenever the heroes of Slowville begin to blow reminiscent trumpets, Davenport retires within, for if Randolph Fairfax is about, his (Davenport's) midnight ride with the raiders is sure to come up, and no one knows better than he does that he doesn't deserve even honorable mention.—*New York Post*.

## Small Toys.

HOW SHREWD YANKEES ARE MAKING GREAT FORTUNES OUT OF LITTLE THINGS.

The ingenious toy-maker of old who made a coach-and-four, complete as to all details, so small that the shell of a hazelnut would cover it, has been surpassed in the line of ingenious playthings by a Rhode Island Yankee. With true Yankee shrewdness this toy-maker has so constructed his creations they make money and draw it from two channels into one coffers. The devices are the little gold and silver steamboats, locomotives, fire engines and Corliss engines which are found in luxurious New York saloons and hotel lobbies, in one amusement hall and in public resorts all over the Union. The idea of constructing these toys, whose mechanism should be made to move by dropping nickels into a slot in the pedestal on which they rested, originated with an ingenious New England model-maker, and fortunes are now being made out of the enterprise. One large firm in Providence, Rhode Island, has a large factory devoted entirely to the business, and scores of men employed. Strange to say, the makers refuse to sell their goods. Last week the proprietor of the principal hotel on Union Square offered the manufacturer in question \$5,000 for the model of a steam fire engine, the machinery of which runs to the tune of a music box after one has dropped a nickel into the slot in the pedestal. The offer was refused because the firm never permits

its goods to go out of its possession. They lease the toys for the handsome sum of \$80 per month, or give the proprietors of profitable resorts a percentage of the income. In cases where a percentage is given the collector of a work designed by the owners, calls once a week to clean out the nickels that the toy has accumulated and to give the proprietor of the place his share, which never exceeds 38 per cent. In popular resorts the income from these toys amount to \$8 and \$12 a day. They are models of fire engines, locomotives, or steamers of certain well-known manufacturers of lines, which says the company for making them a handsome sum for advertising their corporations. Thus money from two sources accrues to the rich Yankee who originated the idea. One of the first of their machines was the model of a steamboat placed in a Chicago saloon of note. Since that steamer was put in a profitable operation, more than a dozen devices have been placed in New York resorts, and the makers have their models in saloons as far west as Denver and as far south as Texas. In the places frequented by the poorer classes they have music-boxes, which are operated by dropping cents into the slots. The average income from these is \$5 per day. The Yankee has not yet been able to make music-boxes that equal those of the Swiss manufacture, and the makers of the toys in question, all of which are provided with music-boxes send about \$50,000 a year for them. The most profitable model is a steam fire-engine. A magnificent locomotive, perfect as to every detail, ranks next in popularity. Its machinery works, its electric headlight blazes forth, and a music-box underneath it plays popular airs at the instance of a nickel. In a few weeks' habit of one New York place who chooses to spend their nickels on the device will see the perfect model of a modern perfecting printing press, which will throw off as soverain copies of a newspaper. The manufacturers will derive income from the nickels, from the royalty paid by the newspaper advertiser or from certain firms whose advertisements appear in the souvenir.

In addition to these toys are machines made by a New York firm which gather in the nickels at a surprising rate in much frequented resorts. One of these gives the depositor of a nickel a shock of electricity, and another shows his weight. One of the most peculiar inventions in this line is a little apparatus which, when a nickel is dropped in it throws out a receipt and presents the donor of the five-cent piece with a package of candy. The stock of the company making these machines last mentioned is so greedily taken up that none is on the market. Branch corporations for introducing their nickel collectors into Europe are to be organized.

The New England Yankee inventor who first originated the idea is making a miniature race course for sporting resorts. Several little horses run about a circular track so constructed that no one can tell which horse will win. The toy will give betting men a chance to wager their money on the miniature horses and the owner of the invention a handsome income from the nickels of the betters.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

## Boys Who Have Become Famous.

The month of January, 1750, was long remembered in the west of Scotland as the stormiest in the whole year. None save the boldest fishermen—and very few even of them—dared to venture out to sea in the teeth of the roaring gales which had raged unceasingly since Christmas Eve, while the hurried peasants of the hills, though familiar from their childhood with every ridge and hollow for miles round, often had hard work to find their way from place to place through the blinding snows and furious winds of that stormy season.

The last day of the month had come, and still the wild weather continued unabated. But neither the howl of the rushing blast nor the crash of the falling trees along the frozen river disturbed the chambers of a little boy, hardly a week old, who lay sleeping in the rude clay hovel which his father's spade had hastily thrown up not many months before.

A sturdy little fellow he was, and his strong arms and limbs, fully revealed by the kicking off of the tartan shawl that had been spread over him, might have served any painter as a model for the infant Hercules. Well might his mother look fondly and proudly at him as she sat near the wicker cradle, hard at work upon a half-finished pair of coarse blue stockings, such as the Scottish peasantry used to wear.

But a furious gust of wind, which flung the snow in huge drifts against the rattling casement, gave another turn to her thoughts, which were in truth, anything but pleasant ones. Her husband was out in all the fury of this storm. For there was no staying at home with him; however wild the weather might be, to work he must go. And the worst of it was that, no matter how hard she might work to help him, they seemed to be getting poorer and poorer. Everything appeared to go wrong with the a somehow, and if this winter were to prove as hard as one as it had, they would be sorely straitened to find food for themselves and their child.

Another and fiercer blast made the door and window rattles as if it would drive them in, calling to the lonely woman's troubled mind visions of deep snow and treacherous ice and steep slippery paths and falling rocks which had widowed many a wife during that terrible month. Was the sorrow that had already fallen upon so many now about to strike her likewise?

Fiercer and fiercer grew the fury of the storm, making the frail clay walls literally rock with every gust; but the lonely watcher was too much occupied with the thought of her husband's danger to heed her own.

"Oh, I wish—I wish he were home!" she muttered, clasping her thin hands convulsively.

Crash! The weakened end of the eastern wall gave way before a tremendous blast: and fell inward with a fearful noise shaking the whole house from top to bottom and filling it with a blinding cloud of dust.

The mother sprang to her feet, and with one bound she was beside the cradle bending over it as if to shield the infant with her own body. At the same moment the tottering door was dashed, and her husband came bursting in the room, followed by two of his neighbors.

"Haste ye, lassie; there's nae time to lose," snatching up his wife's light figure, like an infant, in his strong arms, while one of his comrades caught the baby out of its cradle.

There was no time to loose, indeed. Scarcely had the last of the three men sprang through the doorway when the whole roof came crashing in, and the hovel fell like a house of cards. Pressing closely together, the brave men bore the rescued mother and child safely to the house of a farmer who lived a little higher up the stream.

When they entered it was the farmer's old father (who was fast approaching his seventieth year, although his eye was still as bright and his cheek as red as that of many a younger man) rose from his seat by the fireside to greet his unexpected guests, who told him in a few hurried words what had happened.

"The Lord bless ye, my bonnie bairn!" said the patriarch, haying his hand tenderly upon the child's head, "I'm thinking He will have some great work for ye to do yet, since He has stretched forth His hand to save yer wee life frae the storm."

The old man lived to see his prophecy fulfilled more than twenty years later, when that rescued baby made all Scotland ring with the name of Robert Burns.

How to Become Companionable. It is, first, to make such an impression upon others that they will feel contented in our company. This cannot be if we have not at least the art of keeping in the background all our selfish feelings and our egotism. The person who possesses wealth or grandeur must not continually parade that fact; nor the person possessed of great learning make others feel uncomfortable by contrast. There must be a sympathetic response to the interests of others, and there must be ability to comprehend their feelings and preferences, and to show deference to their peculiarities.—*McClure's Magazine*.

A Big Grist. Canon Willberforce calls America "the great Anglo-Saxonizing machine of the whole universe." It has a tough grist in some of the Anarchists, but, by the aid of a little judicious hanging upon occasion, the great mill will do the work in time.—*New York World*.

Cayenne pepper blown into the cracks where ants congregate will drive them away. The same remedy is also good for mice.

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## Wanted—Froaks.

Tid-Bits.

A gentleman of this city thinks of starting a dime museum as soon as he can obtain the following curiosities. He expects to make a fortune. He wants:

A man who can bring proof that he has kept a dairy for one hundred consecutive days.

A man who never lost an umbrella. A church-choir singer who never flirted with the soprano.

A third-rate actor who never boasted of his so-called "mashes."

A man who is so strong minded that he don't feel a little uneasy if he sees the new moon over the wrong shoulder.

A girl graduate whose commencement essay was worthy of serious attention.

A college graduate who does not think himself able to manage the affairs of the nation considerably better than those who are at present struggling with them.

A man who, no matter how profound his learning or consistent his philosophy, cannot be twisted around the little finger (so to speak) of any pretty woman who thinks it worth her while to trouble herself about him. (A large salary will be paid this person, and he will be starved.)

A self-made man who never studied the light of a pine-knot.

A Pullman car porter with a conscience. (Fancy price paid if existence of conscience can be proven.)

A woman who, no matter how ugly she may be, does not believe the man who tells her that she is the loveliest of her sex.

A newly-returned European tourist who can talk about anything except what he saw "on the other side."

A man that can spell his own name, and yet never wrote a line for publication.

## The Overfeeding of Infants.

Medical News.

From some inquiries recently made at the Philadelphia Hospital we learned that of sixty-six foundlings received during four years into that institution thirty-five died within the first year. It is true some of these deaths were caused by measles, but the great majority of these infants perished from what though commonly known as marasmus, really means starvation. Now the starvation was not an inadequate supply of food, or failure to give it at proper intervals, but too much was given.

The most frequent mistake is the artificial nourishment of new-born infants in giving them the quantity of food which the infant at six months, for example, requires. Disorder of the digestive organs quickly follows this constant overload of the stomach, the child soon loses its plumpness, then becomes rapidly emaciated, gastric catarrh and diarrhea sets in, and the poor creature dies starved to death by over-feeding. The proper remedy, the true way to prevent this evil in public institutions and often in private practice, is to have nursing bottles which will only hold the quantity of food needed; for example, instead of using a bottle which holds from four to six ounces, as that generally used does, employ one which will only hold two ounces for an infant during at least two months of its life.

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## He Thought He Knew It.

"Hot day," said a stout gentleman on "Hot day," said the other. "Hot day," said the first something "Excuse me, I'm somewhat deaf and didn't catch your meaning. What did you say?"

"I say it's a hot day!" howled the man, glaring at his neighbor, and pointing to the face and ears, as everybody in the car looked up from their papers.

"Ah, yes, yes, how much must you be deaf? Five cents; that's the fare on the line."

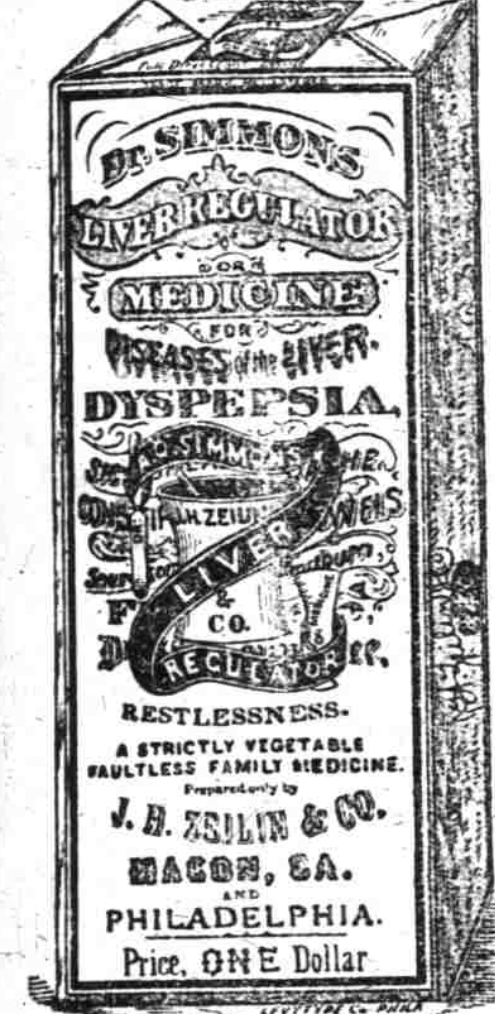
Whereupon the corpulent individual had his words under his breath and got out of the car.

"Yes," said the deaf man gently, "that's the tenth man within an hour that's told me it was a hot day. Praps they imagine I don't know it," and he smiled sweetly and fanned himself with his hat.—*Buffalo Courier*.

Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it.

## LOOK OUT!

Compare this with your purchase:



As you value health, perhaps life, examine each package and be sure you get the Genuine. See the red 'Trade-Mark' and fall into the trap of the wrapper, and on the side the seal and signature of J. H. Zelin & Co. as on the above fac-simile. Remember that no other genuine Simmons Liver Regulator.

Then upon the trembling air rang out Llewelyn's cry: Quick with hand and child sprang to his side upon the castle walls;

With ringing tones he bade his men throw each gate open wide, Then turning swiftly kissed his wife and daughter at his side;

Quick flashed his falchion through their hearts, and ere the startled foe received, he had raised their forms and hurled them far below.

Then spake the warrior once again: "Oh, brave but cruel foe! Thou'lt keep thy pledges for my men in sanctity I know; But never yet didst thou despoil the wives of Llewelyn's folk!"

And death but once again unites the eagle and the dove, Thy dungeon chains were never meant for such a one as I; The Cymr chieftain dreads thy bonds, but does not