

# The People's Press.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.

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## JOB PRINTING.

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#### News Brevities.

A fight on Mexican soil between two hundred Indians and fifty whites from New Mexico is reported. The whites are said to have lost thirty-two killed.

Colonel John Hay, formerly private secretary of President Lincoln, has been appointed Assistant Secretary of State, to succeed Hon. F. W. Seward, resigned.

When the girl who has encouraged a young man about two years suddenly turns around and tells him that she can never be more than a sister to him he can for the first time see the freckles on her nose.

Fifty-five ballots, skillfully altered with a pen, were cast at Rochester, N. Y. They were counted as changed "Allen O." instead of "Allen C." Beach, Democratic candidate for Secretary of State. An error of 500, in favor of Potter, was found in Tennessee county, N. Y.

An exchange says: The largest cotton crop gathered in Texas in one year, before the war, was 200,000 bales. The crop this year will reach one million bales, and the increase is due to white labor, as the immigration to that State since the war has not included any negroes. The total cotton crop of this year is estimated at five million bales, and it is claimed that more than half of it is the production of white labor.

Religious papers, and all in the North, are united "solidly" in persistent misrepresentation and slander of the South. They know the power of iteration. It is the long-continued, oft-repeated dropping of water that wears away the stone. By repetition of a lie even good men will be induced to believe it. The South is held responsible for a murder or an outrage or a fair-fight in an open field, if the slayer is a Democrat and the slain a Republican.

A disgraceful scene occurred at a funeral in Henrietta, N. Y., on last Wednesday. The widow of the deceased and his sons by a former wife differed concerning the arrangements of the funeral and the place of burial. Graves were dug at Bloomfield and at Mount Hope, in Rochester. The corpse was forcibly transferred from one coffin to another in the street, and the burial proceeded to Bloomfield without further difficulty. It will probably be necessary to guard the grave.

At Sterling Valley, New York, on Thursday, a girl aged ten, daughter of one of the proprietors of the grist mill of that place, was playing about the mill, when her hair, which hung in long, luxuriant tresses down her back, was caught in an upright shaft revolving sixty times a minute. Her father heard her piercing screams and on looking around was horrified in beholding his girl lying on the floor, the entire scalp and one side of her face torn off. Surgeons replaced the scalp and dressed the wound, but recovery is doubtful.

The Memphis Appeal declares that in two years that city has lost nearly eight millions of dollars and buried six thousand of her people. Filthy gutters, bad drainage and accumulated garbage, it claims, were the cause of it all. The Appeal now pleads for such method of purification by fire, drainage, fumigation, street-paving, and the most rigorous enforcement of the well-ascertained laws of health as shall insure the city against a recurrence of the epidemic. Otherwise, Memphis is threatened with decay, if not extinction.

The regulators in Elliott county, Kentucky, have served a notice on the Judge of the Circuit Court asking that he will not continue any of the cases that are on the docket on mere technicalities, but give them a speedy trial. They say: "We don't want to threaten this court, but we want thieves, robbers, house-burners, and men who slay their wives and are so handy with pistols, to distinctly understand that we mean business. If we have to call a special term of our court, we be into you, for death is your portion, and remember the walnut." The organization now extends over four counties, and is said to number 3,000 citizens.

And now the painful intelligence comes from Philadelphia that Mrs. Potts, the walking widder Potts, the pedestrian, all of which sobriquets she captured in her celebrated walks from Philadelphia to New Orleans and back, is now walking a kitchen floor; in short, Potts is a cook. Her "hosts of friends" in the South have been waiting with anxiety for the announcement that she had received that mint of money which she alleged was to be paid her on the accomplishment of the wonderful walking feat and instead of this comes the humiliating statement that she has had to resort to the kitchen for a livelihood. This, too, the fate of a native of North Carolina, and one who promised to again become a citizen, for did she not say she intended to purchase a farm near High Point and settle there?—Charlotte Observer.

## MARRYING A CLOD.

Godfrey Prime was a very rich and successful merchant.

He had no wife, and but one child—a daughter—whom he adored, and upon whom it was his delight to lavish everything she asked for, if money would buy it.

Annis Prime was very beautiful, and she was, beside, a girl of considerable sense—too much, indeed, to be easily satisfied in her choice of a husband.

She had many suitors, but none of them suited her.

One day the merchant came home to his splendid mansion, looking like a ghost, he was so pale. His hair had grown several degrees whiter since he went away in the morning.

"If I kill myself," he said, "Annis will be compelled to marry some of her rich admirers, because she will never have a home without. I could never endure to live and see her suffer the miseries of a poverty which her rearing has so illy fitted her to bear."

Then he took the pistol in his hand, and looked at it calmly.

"Shall I blow out my brains, or shoot myself through the heart," he said.

"You will do neither, if you please, papa," said Annis herself, coming forward from behind the curtain of a window in which she had been sitting ever since he entered the room.

"Why do you wish to kill yourself?"

"Annis," said the merchant, sadly, "ever since your mother died I have only lived for you. All I cared to get wealth for was for you. But of late I have been unfortunate. I stand to-day on the verge of bankruptcy."

"Well, I am sure that is bad enough without your killing yourself," said Annis. "Do you imagine, oh foolish papa, that all the riches of the world could make up to me the loss of you?"

The merchant started and looked down as if ashamed. Then he opened his arms wide and his daughter flew into them.

"Promise me, this moment, papa," she said, "that you will never think of such a wicked thing again?"

"My darling," answered the merchant, with emotion, "I never will! Now you must make me a promise. I can stem the tide, I think, a month longer, possibly six weeks. I should not care, for myself, how soon the crash came, if I could see you provided for. Will you not in that time choose yourself a husband from all those who are so anxious to marry you?"

Annis made a face. Then, seeing how anxious her father looked, she said: "I'll honestly try, papa. But whoever I choose must know the truth about your affairs before I will marry him."

able man, and gave up everything to his creditors, even his daughter's many and costly ornaments—with her consent, too.

But even then all was not paid, and humble as was the home to which the pair betook themselves, the saddest thought that entered there was that a dollar remained unpaid against the name of Prime.

"It must be paid somehow," said Annis. "Oh, if there was anything great, anything grand, that I could do! It is a shame there is not, after all you have laid out on me, papa. Why, I am the worst investment you have made, I do believe. Help me think if there is no way in which I can earn money to make you even with the world again. I could not be an artist, for though you paid my drawing master such fabulous sums, I am sure that if I were to sketch you something you would be able to distinguish that it had four legs and a head and that would be all. I never could make any difference on paper between a horse's head and a dog's. I don't think I should succeed as an actress, and though I have a tolerable voice, I should be so frightened if I were to try and sing in public that I could not utter a note."

"Ah, my child," said the father, "if you had only married some one of those rich admirers of yours!"

Annis laughed.

"What is the use of saying that, papa? Not one of them has been near us since your failure. I always suspected their devotion was not to be trusted. But if one of them did come forward now and offer to pay these dreadful debts, I believe I should fall in love with him out of sheer gratitude. I would marry a clod to see your name clear of debt."

The father and daughter had come out for a short walk at evening, and neither of them noticed that, as Annis said these words, a gentleman who had been walking behind them, passed them slowly, with a lingering glance into the girl's beautiful face.

Some days passed, and then a very queer letter came to Annis Prime. It read:

"Dear Mis:—I hav wach you often when yu didud no it. I hurd what you sed to yure father about marruin enny wur hood kood pa hiz detts. I kan doo it an ef yule hav me. I will ime a clod but ive got the munny. ware a wred roze in yure hair wen yu go out too wauk the nex time, if yu aksep, an the jent what gives yu a bokay will be me.

"Clod."

Annis spelled out that strange epistle with some difficulty, for it was miserably written aside from the spelling. Then she showed it to her father and laughed till she cried.

"He spells, rose with a 'z' and red with a 'w.' But I think I shall aksep, papa, if you don't object, just for the sake of the 'bokay.' You'll be with me, you know."

Accordingly, the merry girl, when she went to walk that night, wore a red rose coquettishly below one ear, where its crimson and velvet beauty brought out the golden loveliness of her matchless hair ravishingly.

Her father was with her. They had not been walking long before they noticed approaching them the strangest specimen of humanity either had ever seen.

He was tall and awkward in his movements; his hair hung long and straight upon his shoulders. He wore a very broad-brimmed slouch hat of soft felt, a red necktie, a blue vest, a swallow-tail coat and plaid unmentionables, with patent-leather boots, narrow of toes and high of heels. In one hand he carried a boquet, which he held at arm's length, as if it was something explosive.

"Here he really is, papa," said Annis, with a smothered laugh. "Now be sure you are civil to him." She accepted the boquet which the stranger proffered her, smilingly, and her father politely invited him to go home with them, which he did.

ready to do it, if you will marry him."

"My heart warms to him already." The marriage took place soon.

The merchant was reinstated in his business, and in a grander and more flourishing manner than before.

The splendid residence which he and his daughter had inhabited before his bankruptcy was repurchased and refurbished in a most magnificent manner.

Only one thing troubled Annis. Her 'clod' remained a 'clod' do what she would. All her efforts—though she had made him cut his hair and banish his rainbow suit—could not make him any different from what he was at first.

But he was devoted to her; and because of his riches everybody courted him. His very awkwardness became the fashion, and his most ungrammatical speeches were passed from tongue to tongue as profoundest wit.

Besides all this, he had a kind heart, so much genuine kindness of disposition, being always ready to succor the unfortunate, and he loved her so well that Annis could not help loving him in return.

"Dear Clod," she said to him one day, despairingly, when, in spite of all her instructions, he would flume out in a fancy necktie, and persisted in saying 'hain't' for 'have not.' "Dear Clod, you are too stupid for belief; but somehow I can't help loving you, in spite of that."

The 'clod' smiled and kissed her. "I have been stupid," he said, "and you have been more patient than I deserved. But from this hour you shall see a change in me."

Annis laughed indulgently. She had resigned herself to see him always a 'clod.'

But, to her amazement, that evening, when her parlors were filled with the elite and fashionable of the city, her husband presented himself attired in exquisite taste, and so altered in every other respect that only the eyes of love could have traced in this elegant gentleman any of the characteristics of the 'clod.'

Everybody stared, and Annis, understanding that he had been playing a part, was grieved and offended.

"How could you, sir?" she asked him reproachfully. "I don't know how I can ever forgive you!"

"Her husband laughed in her face roughly.

"I'd do it again for the same reward; and if you don't forgive me I'll go back and be a clod the rest of my days."

The threat was sufficient.

infant, for the deliberate purpose of making a mendicant of him as soon as he should be able to go out and beg.

To those who have been reared in a civilized land such monstrous crimes on the part of parents towards their own flesh and blood seem too revolting and too unnatural for belief.

But those who want the evidence of their own senses to convince them of the truth of this horrible fact can find it by visiting the Asylum for the Blind in Philadelphia.

In that institution there is a Chinese woman now about twenty years of age, whose father put her eyes out with a needle when she was a child, for the purpose of making a street beggar of her.

A missionary in China who became acquainted with the facts obtained possession of the child and sent her with her history, to the Asylum, where she now is.

The missionary was attracted to the little girl by her bright qualities, and he has since been rewarded for his kindness by seeing the young woman advanced to the position of a teacher in the institution where he secured her a home ten years ago.

It is therefore more than probable that the little Italian boy's story, that his parents crippled him, is a true one.

The Italian Consul is to send the boy back to Italy on the first vessel sailing for that country; but what kindness there is in returning a child to such brutal parents it is hard to understand.—Philadelphia Record.

Kindness to Animals.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Michigan writes the Elmira Husbandman concerning the treatment of fractious animals, embodying the following excellent ideas:

I propose to give your readers the benefit of a discovery that I made long ago, that is not patented, is free to all, costs nothing, saves time, annoyance, irritation, rage, profanity; a weak and futile effort to subdue by brute force, an intense perspiration mingled with extreme madness, and finally failure, mortification and surrender.

It is a matter that I have tested thoroughly in practice, and I learned that animals that are treated unkindly are apt to be vicious or ugly. Treat them kindly always, young or old; let them know that you will not hurt them; and, more, teach them that you are their best friend. It is very easy, and also a very pleasant thing to do, and if you do it the chances are that your cows will be kind and gentle, your steers and oxen, and your colts and horses will be, also. If it be found that animals cannot be made useful by kind treatment, it is best to get rid of them. Treated kindly from the start, they yield to it easily.

Professor Miles, when going round with me to see sheep, said:

"What is the matter with your sheep? They do not run when they see you?"

I could only say, in reply that they knew me, and had come to regard me as their best friend. I should feel that something was wrong with me if my animals did not welcome me and appear pleased at my approach.

CONFEDERATE MONEY.—"H." the New York correspondent of Hale's Weekly, answers inquiries about the value of Confederate money as follows:

#### Roots and "Yarbs."

BY PROF. ASA GRAY.

[The following extracts from a letter from Prof. Gray to the Charlotte Observer, will give some idea of a little known region, and a peculiar local industry.—Ed.]

As agriculture embraces all practical herbageous matters, I will call your attention to a branch of it—a small branch, you will say—which I have no idea of. It is the root and herb business as carried on in the mountain districts of Carolina.

Our glorious botanical journey—which only wanted your companionship to make it perfect—took us to the headquarters of the business, and through the regions where most of the collecting is done, and we have had at times the company of the two men who control it—Hyams, of the firm of Wallace Brothers, of Statesville, and Cowles, of Gap Creek, whose father organized and developed the business in the first place.

Being members of the herb-confraternity, we were received with enthusiasm, and shown all the operations. "Sang" L. C. Ginseng, the original founder of the trade, has been collected ever since the earliest settlement of the country, and is by this time pretty well rooted out from the more accessible districts; but is still brought in, and brings 75 or 80 cents a pound.

When I was first in these mountains, between 35 and 40 years ago, this, and Angelica-root were the only things which were gathered for market. Now, the price-list which you will find posted at almost every road-side store, enumerates over two hundred articles. Some of them are cultivated things, such as summer savory, southern wood, penny-flowers, watermelon-seed, and leaves of the poppy and garden lettuce. But most are of wild herbs, or the bark or berries of trees, or in some cases blossoms. Elder flowers, for instance, are a prime article. The collecting is done by women and children—it could be done only by cheap labor—and the articles, when dried, are taken to the country stores, usually to the nearest country seat, and exchanged for "store goods," very little money passing. Almost every day we would meet women on horseback, with a bundle of the more bulky herbs on the off side, commonly wrapped in a sheet or blanket, and another on the pommel, and a basket in one hand. With the proceeds they buy most of the clothing that is not made at home (for happily the wheel and the loom hold their place in most every house,) perhaps some sugar, and their small finery. But "tree-sugar" is made for home consumption, and serves for the coffee (tea is unknown, at one place, where our tea was pronounced "not bad to take," we were requested to tell them what they should call for if they ever got any at the store), and the best of honey abounds. In these mountains milk and honey literally flow without price. At least we could never get the people to fix any.

From the country stores the roots and herbs pass to the larger dealers, and from these only would you get any idea of the magnitude of the business. You should see the herb-warehouses of Mr. Cowles at Gap Creek, in Ashe county, and the much larger one at Statesville, of the enterprising Wallace Brothers, under the charge of Prof. Hyams, three of whose sons are in the business at different points, and one of them in McDowell county, where he was the fortunate rediscoverer of the long-lost Sordia. Bales upon bales of roots and herbs, compacted by a powerful screw-press, accumulate in these warehouses, and pass on to northern cities and ports. What becomes of them? Some are standard articles of the materia medica, such as mandrake-root, from which podophyllin is made. One day, while we were present, an order came to one of these establishments for ten tons of mandrake to go to France. The larger number of articles go into patent medicines. You may form some idea of the demand for this purpose from two orders just received, one for an unlimited amount of liverleaf (Hepatica), the other for two tons of maiden-hair (Adiantum). Consider what a quantity of these, in a dried state, would go to a ton!

And now, if I begin to tell you anything about azaleas and laurels—both rhododendrons and kalmia, there will be no end. We were just in the season for these in all their glory, having timed it accordingly. You may say there is no need to go to the mountains of North Carolina for these, but you will get new ideas if you do. Nowhere else can you see wooded hillsides of the richest green break out into flame with azaleas canadensis and nowhere but in Roanoke can you see some miles of grassy mountain top all ruddy and rosy with rhododendron catawbiense. Now you can comfortably reach the top of Roan Mountain in 36 hours from New York, and be in the mountain air all the way after leaving Lynchburg, and on the mountain be most comfortably and cheaply housed

and fed, at the Cloudland Hotel, at an elevation a few hundred feet higher than the top of Mount Washington, and enjoy an air which is cool without bleakness, and views such as we have never elsewhere seen the like.

#### Indian News.

DENVER, November 18.—A Los Pinos dispatch of the 15th says: Ouray's power to day is trembling in the balance, and within a few days we shall witness the final success on his part in establishing his absolute authority over the tribe, or his virtual dethronement and ascendancy of the war faction. He has succeeded in exacting from the hostiles a promise to appear, but as to giving testimony and all further proceedings they decided for themselves. Sowerwaick testified, but he lied from the beginning to end. General Adams having put the question, "Was I ever in your house on the Grand River?" he answered, "No," Sowerwaick was then discharged and Adams made the following speech to Ouray: The last answer was not true. I did stop in Sowerwaick tent and there we had a council from 11 o'clock until six in the morning. Sowerwaick was present and with others was fully cognizant of what was being done, and to-day he comes here and says he does not know anything. For that reason I believe he has not spoken the truth, nor does he wish to speak the truth. I believe also that none of them wish to speak the truth, and therefore it is almost unnecessary to go any further. They have refused to mention the name of a single Indian, while they well knew the names of all of them. I now present the situation to you so that you can recommend some other course where by we may execute the laws of the government. The government wants us to ascertain who were engaged in the difficulties at White River; we want the names of the guilty parties, and if you think we cannot find out who they were we had better go home.

Ouray replied: I cannot force them to say what they do not wish. I brought them here that they might speak for themselves. He afterwards added: Show me any act of law by which a man may be compelled to convict himself.

Ouray afterwards acknowledged he was afraid of assassination.

Commissioner Raum, in reply to enquiries from Cincinnati, has returned the following decision, which will be of interest to rectifiers and distillers: The commissioner decides, first, that rectifiers may, before or after filling their packages, put on the marks and brands necessary to indicate the name and place of business of the rectifiers, and the particular name of the spirits known to the trade. If, upon gauging such spirits the gauger finds that the brands do not correspond with the facts, he will cause immediate correction. Second, that under section 3,287 of the Revised Statutes, as amended by act of March 1st, 1870, the particular name of the spirits as known to the trade to be put on the package of spirits filled at the distilleries, may be placed thereon in a legible way by use of a steel plate and durable paint, as well as by burning or stamping.

An amusing story comes to us from an adjoining county. A girl was about to give birth to an illegitimate child, but the man whom she intended to swear to to die before she could get a chance to swear it.

Thereupon the young girl applied for advice to a young sprig of the law, who had recently settled in the county. After mature deliberation and a careful examination of the authorities, he advised her to swear it to the administrator of the deceased.—Greensboro North State.

At Washington Co., Superior Court, one Thomas Maitland colored, swore, a lie about 12 a m. The Solicitor was instructed to draw a bill of perjury: the grand jury found it true, trial and conviction ensued, and by five p m the perjurer was sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. If this sort of thing could happen in every county this common crime would cease.

LARGE YIELD OF WHEAT.—The Indianapolis Journal makes the following statement: "A short time ago Gen. John Gibbon, of St Paul, made the assertion that 100 bushels of wheat had been raised on an acre of ground in the territory of Montana. The statement having been received with incredulity, he wrote to the President of the First National Bank of Helena for proof. In reply he received the certificate of the President and Secretary of the Territorial Fair Association that one James L. Ray, of Lewis and Clark County, was rewarded first premium for the best acre of wheat, being 102 bushels to the acre. This is believed to be the largest yield of wheat on record."

#### A World of Good.

One of the most popular medicines now before the American public, is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters as it is not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old-fashioned bone set tea that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right try Hop Bitters.—Nunda News.