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THE COST OF A WINK.
OR,
How I Lost My Arabella.

I contend now, as I contended then I did not do it!

With this preliminary I will tell the sad story that led to the train of circumstances which have left me a lonely bachelor at the mercy of all the boarding-houses in existence.

We were traveling from—I will not give any names, in consideration of her feelings (she always had such tender feelings) I will say then from somewhere to somewhere else—Arabella, (beloved name!) her mama (a dignified, I might say gloomy old lady) and myself. At first we were the only people in the car, but after awhile an old gentleman with a troublesome cough and a confirmed habit of expectoration came in; next a maiden lady of uncertain age, who took great care of a wicker basket, on the top of which I espied a bible and a brandy bottle; then a continuous stream of men, women and children; then babies—squalling babies, sleeping babies, staring babies. How I wish my fellow old bachelors would get a bill through Congress to abolish babies. At last, when the car was full, in came a lanky fellow, with an undeniably pretty wife. There was one seat opposite me, by mother-in-law cleft, and here her water-proof and best cap had so far reposed in safety. The gentleman gave the pretty wife directions to take the seat, and she did so in such a hurry that she sat on the whitey-brown parcel containing the cap, thereby turning its rose into a squash. That began it! and I do verily believe it was the loss that cap that did it all.

The next thing was a weak voiced lady with head rolled up in a red muffler, asking the new comer to shut the window. Standing by his wife, he was long enough to do it without moving. Arabella, whose feelings were of the tenderest description, calmly announced her intention of fainting, whereupon my mother-in-law cleft, scowling at the ruined cap, asked me in a cutting tone if I cared to save her child's life and exert myself sufficiently to open the window. I obeyed with alacrity, and I had scarcely seated myself when a gust of smoke swept in, and landed a cinder right in my eye. Of course in human nature I closed the injured organ, and only opened it in sheer force of amazement at feeling the long man's hand laid with a determined grip on my windpipe. I choked, struggled, and continued to grab my one eye and stare with the other.

"What do you mean?" I gasped.

"What do you mean?" came in sepulchral tones from my mother-in-law cleft.

I followed with my eye literally, and saw the direction of her bony forefinger, as well as the hold of my collar admitted; it was a paper one, and began to show signs of giving away. To my utter horror, I saw my adorned Arabella lying stiff and stark in a dead faint, except that her extended finger ends quivered convulsively.

"What, may I asked, is the matter?"

"You winked, sir," said the long man, in a solemn, grating voice.

This was true, and winked again as he spoke.

"Well," I asked, "what harm?"

"What harm?" grated the long man.

"What harm?" groaned my mother-in-law cleft.

"What harm!" screamed Arabella, and the pretty girl burst into tears.

"Look me in the face, sir, and say if you did or did not wink at my wife?" said the long man, still firmly holding the fractured end of my patented West End collar.

Now I contended that a man with a cinder in his eye could not have looked him or any other man in the face and this was the most unjustly taken and a conclusive mark of guilt by my sensitive Arabella.

"Leave me," she said in a husky

voice, and with outstretched hands; "leave me at once and forever!"

It happened to be an express train, and I didn't exactly like to run any risks, so I ventured to suggest to her that if I did leave her at once it would likely be forever; but alas nothing softened her. I turned stiffly round, hold the weak eye. I tried to gaze tenderly with the sound one, but except for the bliss of looking after all their little parcels—twenty three and a missing tin box without a latch, at the journey's end, I never again either spoke to or was answered by my lost Arabella. The long legged demon with the pretty wife—she was pretty, I hold to that—never crossed my path in future, and when I read the announcement of my idol's marriage in the paper, last year, I supposed her mama had acquired a new cap, and then I sat down and wrote my own obituary notice.—Sunny South.

Business will improve.

We cannot doubt that the election of Gov. Tilden will have a most salutary effect not only upon the political condition of the country, but upon all industrial interests. A change may not be perceptible at first, but it will come we believe, and men of all parties before twelve months have elapsed will rejoice that the wise and admirable statesman was elected in place of the negative and pliant fourth-rate man who was thrown to the surface amid the convulsions of the political waters. We do not hesitate to aver as our sincerest conviction, that Gov. Tilden when he shall have been President for a few months, will cause a wonderful change in the general prosperity of the country.—When the capitalists of the country feel satisfied that a wise, economical and honest government is in full operation, they will once more bring forth their millions from the locked coffers, and new enterprises and new agencies will be set a-going. The desert places will blossom with roses, peace and good will among all men will prevail, and every interest will revive under the life-giving touch of the statesman's magic wand of authority.

While there was great uncertainty as to how long Grantism, with its withering influences, should continue, no man was willing to enter upon new experiments, and no capitalist was willing to make new investments. There was a wide-spread want of confidence in every branch of trade, and among all classes of men. No wonder the national streams were dry, and individual confidence was gone.—Trade was at a stand-still; commerce languished; ships were idle, like Coleridge's painted ship upon a painted ocean; the wheels of the cotton mills had ceased their revolutions; the looms were silent; the hammers in the shops had ceased to ring out their cheery sounds—all was gloom and fear and despondency, and, in many cases, even despair. In New York city alone there were 40,000 able-bodied men without work, the majority of whom had families to provide for. In Philadelphia, as a leading Republican merchant wrote us, at least 20,000 men are walking about without any means of living, and with nothing to do. All through the manufacturing portions of the North operatives, mechanics and employes of various classes were idle and hopeless, and for the most part, breadless.

It will require time to cure all these evils. The channels so long dry cannot be filled in an hour or a week, but they will be filled. As soon as the intense political agitation ceases, and the men who have blasted the fair American fields with the midweed of the death, shall have retired, and other and better and abler men shall have taken their places, confidence will come back, stability will be given to all kinds of business, the financial situation will be changed altogether, and investments will be entered upon with an assurance of success. There is money enough in the country for all legitimate uses, but it has not been in circulation. It is a want of confidence that has prevented investments

and that has so materially affected the values of the securities and caused such an immense shrinkage in property of every description. Men have had the money, but were simply afraid to make any ventures.—*WV Star.*

A Cat in the Parlor.

Alvy Moody was paying a visit to his dulcinea. She had smuggled him into the parlor, and the darkness only served to conceal her blushes while Alvy told his story of love. The muttered words reached the parent's ear, and coming suddenly into the room he demanded to know of Mary whom she had with her.

"It's the cat, sir," was the mumbling reply.

"Drive it out here," thundered that paterfamilias.

"Seat!" screeched Mary; and then sotto voice: "Alvy, meow a little."

Alvy set up a woeful yowl.

"Confound it, bring a light and scare the thing out."

This was too much, and poor Alvy made a leap for the window, carrying glasses and frame with him.

"Thunder, what a cat!" exclaimed the parent, contemplating the ruin after the light was brought; "I never saw anything like it, and confound it, its tail is made of broadcloth," as he viewed a fluttering remnant hanging from the window.

Future of the Negro.

The *Journal of Commerce* of November the 1st gives some interesting and rather startling figures regarding the colored race. In Jamaica and Hayti there is not now one-half the population that existed at the time of emancipation there. A recent traveler in Hayti says that at Port au Prince, out of a population of 26,000, there were only eight married couples. This shows a most fearful state of morals that, added to disease, smallpox and rum, is fast diminishing the population.

From the census of the Southern States from 1840 to 1870 we have the rate of increase in the colored population in these thirteen States every ten years. In the first ten years the rate of increase was 33 per cent., in the second, 23 per cent., in the third; 4 per cent. Taking South Carolina, we find the following figures: The colored population was in 1840, 335,314; in 1850, 393,914; in 1860, 412,320; in 1870, 415,814. The rate of increase between 1840 and 1850 was 17 per cent; the next ten years, 5; the next, less than 1 per cent.

It is not so surprising that in the ignorant black republic of Hayti the population should diminish. And it will diminish here till the negroes reach a higher stage of civilization. Will he ever do that? The prospect is not promising. Take away what the negro knows about politics, and he is almost as ignorant as on the day of his emancipation. And his general surroundings and comforts are not superior—rather the opposite; his food is not as good, nor his clothing as warm; nor his shelter as secure from cold. Yet he stubbornly and persistently opposes every measure looking to the bettering of his condition, and delights in his ignorance and poverty like a bat in darkness. If they would unite politically with their friends and neighbors they might soon hope to better their condition.

Scraping and Washing Fruit Trees.

Scraping and washing the trunks and larger limbs of fruit trees will destroy the eggs of injurious insects. For a wash use common soft soap, or one pound of soda in one gallon of water; whale oil soap is still better. Severe scraping is not advisable, as nature doubtless gave to the trees the rough bark the better to stand the vicissitudes of climate.

Chicken Cholera.

Chicken cholera yields readily to the following treatment: Remove the diseased fowls to apartments by themselves. Then chop up some common garden rue, mixed in oat-meal gruel; or cooked corn meal will answer. Put a drop or two of carbolic acid in a quart of water, and let them have no other drink. Place the sick fowls on clean dry straw, and keep them in confinement until restored to health. The rue can usually be had of a druggist, if one has none growing in his garden. The dry leaves will answer as well as the green.

A Sure Remedy for Colic in Horses.

1 pint of Whiskey.
4 table spoonfuls of Spirits Turpentine or $\frac{1}{2}$ gill.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ gill spirits of camphor,
Put into a bottle, the bottle filled with water; then drench the horse. This remedy I want all to know, and the faena connected with it. About 20 years ago an intelligent old gentleman from Kentucky who had traded in horses for 38 years and had made a handsome fortune at the business, gave me this recipe, and I have used it since with singular success. I have given it scores of horses and mules, and have not in a single case known it to fail in giving relief in a short time.

A Marvelous Occurrence.

We copy the the following marvelous story from the *Charlotte Observer*:

"A gentleman writing from Gastonia under date of the 30th, gives an account of a truly wonderful occurrence. He states that a shower of flesh—genuine, unmistakable flesh—fell in sight of Gastonia, in Gaston county, on the farm of James M. Hanna. The circumstances so far as they can be gathered from the letter alluded to from the statement of Mr. G. W. Chalk, of this city, who visited the spot and heard the statements of those who witnessed the phenomenon, are as follows: On Saturday afternoon, about 3 o'clock, while Mr. Tas. M. Hanna and some of his grand children was picking cotton in a field near his house, they were astonished at the sight of small pieces of flesh falling all around them. The shower continued for some time, and when it ceased it was discovered that the flesh was scattered over an area of about a half an acre of ground. The pieces varied from half an ounce to an ounce in weight. In the words of our correspondent, "the ground was not covered but fell like an ordinary light hail." In appearance it is described as resembling beef, part of it being filled with small sinews, but in no pieces were found bones or fatty matter found. When it fell, it had the appearance and odor of fresh meat, but the pieces sent for inspection are entirely orderless and resemble dried beef." Wonder if any one tried it as an article of diet?

The Lawyers Fee.

Jones gave a lawyer a bill to collect to the amount of \$30. Calling for it, after awhile, he inquired if it had been collected. "Oh, yes," said the lawyer, "I have it all for you." "What charge for collecting?" "Oh," said the lawyer laughing, "I'm not going to charge you—why I have known you ever since you were a baby, and your father before you; \$20 will be about right," handing over \$10. "Well," said Jones as he meditated upon the transaction, "it's lucky he didn't know my grandfather, or I shouldn't have got anything!"

South Carolina.

It is now certain that the prostrate State is once more on her feet, standing erect and clothed with all of the powers and guarantees that are conferred by the Constitution of the United States. Gen. Hampton is certainly elected Governor of South Carolina. And wonder of wonders, the Democrats have carried the Legislature by a majority of one, which secures the election of a united States Senator to succeed Robertson next March. The Senate will stand; 18 Republicans and 15 Democrats; House, 60 Republicans, 64 Democrats—Total, 78 Republican, 79 Democrats.

Recently, at Saratoga Springs, New York, while Harper, the clown of Barnum's Circus, was passing up Broadway, a little child slipped from a three story window, and came headlong toward the pavement. Harper at the instant, as it would seem providentially, caught sight of the child as it left the window above, and with the alacrity of a cat placed himself in position to break its fall. When it came down to him he caught it with a firm grasp, and not only broke its fall, but held it from going to the pavement. The act was bold and dangerous, but successful. The athlete suffered some little injury, but not enough to speak of in connection with so extraordinary a feat.

When Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois he and the Judge once got to bantering one another about trading horses, and it was agreed that the next morning at nine o'clock they should make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour and no backing out under a forfeiture of \$25. At the hour appointed the Judge came up, leading the sorriest-looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden saw-horse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and the laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the Judge's animal, set down his saw-horse and exclaimed, "Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

A note, written in a lady's hand, was picked up in the street the other day. It was addressed to "Dear John!" and it requested this blessed young man to "Come round and see me! We have a new lamp at our house, that we can turn down until there is hardly a bit of light in the room." We have given on this matter calm and careful consideration, and it appears to us that "Dear John" has a perfectly smooth and placid thing on his hands if he chooses to take it. We advise him, as a friend, to go "round" and see about that lamp.

We sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream; it may be so the moment after death.

An editor, puffing air tight coffins, said: "No person having once tried one of these air tight coffins will ever use any other."

"Ah, Jemmy," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, "you did not run fast enough." "Yes, I did," said Jemmy, "but I didn't start soon enough."

A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended; justified the act by quoting the passage: "Whatever you would that men should do unto you, do ye even unto them."

A Frenchman brought two mugs to the milkman in place of one, as usual, and on being asked the meaning of it, replied, "Dis for te milk, and dis for te water, and I will mix dem so as to suit myself."

An Irishman, being tried for assault and battery, Virginia City Nevada, when asked by Judge Knox if he had anything to say by way of defence replied: "Well, your honor, I saw but little of the fight, as I was underneath most of the time."

Vanderbilt's advice to his son:—"William, I want you to act through life on your own judgment. It is better to be wrong than to go to others for counsel. If you make a mistake nobody will see it quicker than yourself. If you should be right, others whom you consult will make use of that knowledge. Rely on yourself and keep your own counsel. Trust nobody with your mind, but trust in God."

Nothing is more easy than to grow mean. It is only to trust nobody—be friend none—to get everything and save all you get—to stint ourselves and every one belonging to us—to be the friend of no man and have no man for our friend—to heap interest, cent upon cent—to become miserably and despised for some twenty or thirty years—and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment. And when pretty near enough wealth is collected by a disregard for all charities of the human heart, at the expense of every enjoyment save that of wallowing in filthy meanness—death comes to finish the work—the body is buried in a hole, the heirs dance over it; and the spirit goes—where?

Way up among the White Mountains, an old bachelor lives with two maiden sisters on a farm paid for and a surplus of money in the bank, who teaches by some incidents of his life the value of frugality. He is said to carry his boots under his arm to save wear, his present pair being fourteen years old and good yet. In his early life he sat up nights to burn coals to make cob ashes. Fifteen bushels of corn coals would make a peck of ashes, for which he obtained 25 cents per peck. Recently his maiden sisters were picking the geese under an open shed, when a flurry of wind drove off a single feather into the air. The bachelor seeing it go started with boots under his arm and ran several miles into the neighboring township, inquiring in a lipping tone of every one he met if they had seen a speckled feather fly over this way.

Irish Wit.

An English gentleman wishing to test the Irish wit, thus accosted an Irish laborer, who was at work mending a fence:

"Say, Pat, suppose Satan was to come along now and see both of us here, which do you suppose he would take, you or me?"

"O faith yer honor, he'd take me."

"How so?" said the Englishman, in astonishment.

"Well, sir," said Paddy, he'd take me now, because he wouldn't be sure of me when he came again; and he'd be sure of you at any time, and he could afford to wait."