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GERMAN CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, heart-loved baby! my darling art thou;
Close quickly thy little blue eyes—peep now;
All around quiet and still as the night;
Sleep, and I'll watch till thou wakest so bright.
Angels from heaven, as lovely as thou,
Float round thy cradle and smile on thee now,
Luller, 'tis true, yes! they'll hover still near,
Only to dry from thine eyes the sad tear.
Just now, my lambkin, is golden the day;
Later, ah, later! 'twill not be so gay.
When sorrows at first thy cradle surround,
Then, darling baby, thou'll not sleep so sound.
Sleep, heart-loved baby! although comes the
night,
Mother will sit near thy cradle in sight;
Be it so early, or be it so late,
Mother-love, darling, still watches thy fate.

"When Company Comes."

"There, Jenny, this is all right now."
They had been clearing and rearranging their luxuriant parlor, and now that the work was done, the last particle of dust removed and everything set back in place, Mrs. Lane looked about her with the utmost complacency and there was a world of satisfaction in her voice as she said:

"There, Jenny, this is all right now. Drop the curtains and then the room will be ready for company any time," and she went out, closing the door behind her carefully.

Left alone, Jenny dropped upon a sofa opposite a large mirror, and looking around the room with its graceful appointments, she sighed heavily, saying to herself, "It is pleasant here with the beautiful sunshine streaming in. I do wish we could sit here part of the time instead of always staying in those dingy back rooms. I believe we should all feel better; but then, mother don't think so," and she rose wearily to darken the room.

An hour later Mr. Lane strode rapidly up the gravelled walk, with all the haste which a hungry business man feels when approaching his home at dinner-time. Turning the knob hurriedly he wheeled impatiently about and walked around to the side-door, muttering to himself:

"I wish Maria wouldn't keep forever looking that door—as if the front hall was too good for a man to walk through in his own house."

The dining-room was empty and dark, and after waiting a few minutes he proceeded to the kitchen where, as he expected, his wife and girls were just setting the dinner upon the table.

The room was hot, uncomfortable and swarming with flies, the floor was dirty and the air filled with the odors of burned bread and fried meat.

His brow contracted when he sat down to the ill-cooked meal that was served up on a soiled table-cloth beside a hot stove, and he bit his lip in vexation that his wife did not think him worthy of any better treatment than that. But experience had taught him that remonstrance was foolishness.

"I told you that I was going to keep the dining-room nice after it was painted and fixed up," she explained.

If your cousin Eunice felt as if she must go home, I was willing to have her go, so we could shut up the front part of the house, and keep the furniture from fading, and put away the best dishes. I never should have anything decent if I wasn't particular with what I've got, and that is why I have to be careful of the best things. I have got the dining-room fixed to my mind now, and I mean to keep it so as long as I can; we can just as well eat in the kitchen, when there is nobody here but ourselves."

Mr. Lane rushed from the house as soon as he had swallowed his unrelished dinner, leaving his wife to wonder that he spent so little of his time at home.

"O, Jenny, what did you put on that pink dress for?"

Mrs. Lane looked up from her work in consternation, when Jenny came from her room an hour later.

"Your old calico is plenty good enough to wear—when there is nobody here, and do you go and take this right off and hang it away until we have company."

"I won't hurt it any, mother," the girl replied hesitatingly. "I am sure we want to look well for ourselves, and I think father likes to see us fixed up a little sometimes."

"Nonsense, child. Do as I tell you; and don't you put that on again unless there is somebody here; it is setting Fanny a bad example, and I won't encourage such silly notions."

Days and weeks went by, and the summer slipped into autumn, while the Lanes were still pursuing the even tenor of their way, save now and then when they were jostled aside a little by the advent of visitors.

But they always fell back on their old habits, as soon as the company had gone, shutting up their pleasant room and putting away the prettiest and best of everything to save for company.

It is strange how Mr. Lane could have

been in a pleasant mood when his coffee was muddy—it wasn't worth the while to make anything nice for one's own folks—when the toast was burned, and the breakfast table looked so shabby with its old cracked dishes, it is strange how he could have been in a pleasant mood, but he smiled and looked kindly at his wife one morning, proposing what she should go to a neighboring village and spend a week with her dear old friend, Mrs. Darling.

"The girls are so large they can get along very well without you for a few days," he said; "then I will take them and come after you, so we will all have a little recreation."

The preparations were speedily made, and Mrs. Lane departed having charged her daughters to do everything in her absence just as when she was at home, to let alone the sauces and sweetmeats, and all the dainties which she kept for visitors—she had looked to them, and knew they would be sure and not to use any of the "company things."

She and Mrs. Darling had been very dear friends in their girlhood, and, unlike many others, had kept their mutual attachment after they were married.

Their husbands were chums at college; had begun life at the same time, and under similar circumstances, and were now both of them doing a good and successful business.

Mrs. Darling had two daughters, of about the same ages as Jenny and Fanny Lane, and then there were three younger children, black-eyed, fun-loving boys. "Nellie is at home," Mrs. Lane had said to her husband; "for she wrote to me last week; and I believe I shan't send her word that I am coming. It will be so much pleasanter to give her a surprise."

It was evening when she stepped from the cars at the end of her journey, and taking a coach she went at once to her friend's home.

"The front rooms are lighted," she exclaimed to herself with some consternation as she stopped at the door, "I should so much rather have found them alone. Oh, dear!"

"Mrs. Darling opened the door herself, ushering her friend into the library, and the two exchanged greetings with all the warmth of their younger days.

They were so occupied that Mrs. Lane quite forgot her first impressions until she went out to the dining-room to partake of the tea which Mrs. Darling assured her was in waiting.

Then when the cheerful murmur of happy voices floated out through the open parlor doors, her first impression returned to her, and looking up she said:

"You have company to-night, Nellie? You must not let me keep you from them any longer."

"Yes, the best of company," replied Mrs. Darling with a smile, "my husband and children. Fred has just gone out, though; but he will be back by the time you have finished your tea, and then you shall see them all. Let me fill your cup again."

"How odd," thought Mrs. Lane, "that she should open the parlor just for her own family."

The evening passed pleasantly; and in the morning when Mrs. Lane arose, the air of comfort with which every bright room in the house seemed full, was very refreshing.

The morning meal was a simple one, but its tasteful arrangement made it very inviting, and Mrs. Lane partook of it with a keener relish than she had known for many a week.

Dinner was all ready when Mr. Darling came in from his office, and as they sat down to the neatly-laid table in the shaded dining-room, Mrs. Lane thought she had never seen a happier circle, or eaten a better meal, though there was nothing sumptuous placed before them.

"Nellie," said she, when they were left alone, "I told you not to go making company for me. I did not want you to get out your best dishes, nor put yourself to the least trouble on my account."

"It is exactly what I have not done, Maria," she replied, "because I never do it for anybody."

"I never saw any reason why I should take more pains for a guest than for my husband and children."

"We occupy the pleasantest room ourselves, because we feel better when our surroundings are cheerful, and we always prepare our food and set our table carefully and neatly. Our meals are so much more enjoyable."

"Then I let my company take me just as I am, sure if they come to see me they will be satisfied to live as I do."

"Well, if you can afford to use every thing common and live in style all the time, you will get along, but we should come upon the town," said Mrs. Lane, a little sharply.

An expression of pain flitted across Mrs. Darling's face when she saw how her friend had misunderstood her, but she went on, quietly:

"I did not begin housekeeping in this

way. I used to think that I must shut up the front of the house and keep the best of everything sacred to company. So we occupied the smallest, least pleasant rooms ourselves, used the plainest and homeliest things, and even ate our coarsest food when alone.

"The consequence was we were never ready to receive company unless in the most formal way, and then it always made a great deal of trouble. We never could appreciate any of those agreeable surprises when our friends drop in unannounced, and when trying to entertain, guests were never so fully at ease in our strange, unused rooms as really to enjoy it much."

"I thought the matter over and made up my mind that this was all wrong. My dear husband was doing everything he could to make our home pleasant and attractive, while I was just keeping him from enjoying it as he desired by my miserable ambition to appear well in the eyes of those who would never thank me for my pains. I was making him uncomfortable and worrying out my life for those who had comparatively no claims upon me; and besides I was forced to see myself a wicked hypocrite, forced to admit that my whole life was a farce, while I was all the time straining every nerve to make our friends think we were living in a style which we were not, and I saw this could not be right."

"I resolved it should be so no longer. So I opened the parlor doors and threw back the shutters, used whatever we had of furniture or food or clothing as we needed it for our comfort, and when our friends came to visit us, I would not allow myself to spoil my joy at seeing them, by doing a lot of extra work on their account, or worrying all the time lest I should leave something undone that might make them think a little better of me."

"Of course it seemed odd enough, and came rather hard at first, but I was satisfied it was the best way, and so I kept schooling myself into it till in a little while I wondered how I ever did otherwise."

"I am always ready for company now, and always ready to receive my husband with a smiling face to a pleasant and orderly home."

"I know he has been a great deal happier since the first year, and I never half enjoyed anything then."

"The effect upon our children is much better than if we taught them it is no matter how things are if there are no visitors, for they learn now how to behave with propriety at all times, and how to use those things that are worth preserving."

"I always pity people when I see them trying to make a little display before their company, pry them for the thankless labor they are giving themselves, and for the glimpse of their private life which is just opened up to me, because I am quite sure such folks live about as it happens when alone."

Mrs. Lane's face had changed expression several times as she listened, and when her friend ceased speaking she gazed at a picture on the wall opposite her for a full half minute in silence.

"You would be surprised," Mrs. Darling went on, anticipating her first objection, "if I should tell you that this mode of living is a matter of economy, too, but such is the fact."

You see we set a plain table, and our food is simple all the time, instead of getting expensive luxuries for company, and then pinching ourselves in the vain effort to make it up."

"This makes our table expenses actually less, while we treat ourselves as well as we do our guests, which is perfect justice, as you will see."

"Good, substantial furniture will last a long time with a little care, even when in constant use, and if our expense in this particular are a little more than our neighbors who keep everything for company, I am sure our greater happiness much more than compensates," stroking little George's head tenderly as he came up to her with some childish request.

The subject was dropped here, but in the few days that Mrs. Lane remained with her friends, she thought the matter over a great many times.

It was hard for her to realize that she saw the family just as they always were in their common everyday life; that with them there was no such thing as "company manners," or "company things."

"I enjoyed my visit a great deal better, though, than if I had made them turn aside from their beaten track," she admitted; "and I believe they do, too."

"Wonder if Mr. Lane loves me as Mr. Darling seems to love his wife?" she would query, "or if our children think as much of their father and mother as their's do?"

"How devoted to each other they all are; one would think they each regarded the other members of the family as the very best of company," and one day she even went so far as to ask herself, "Why shouldn't they?"

Mr. Lane and the girls came at length to spend the last day of their visit with her; and when Mrs. Lane saw how thoroughly they seemed to enjoy it, she almost reproached herself that such days were so rare to them.

"Perhaps I might make their home a little pleasanter for them," she mused. "I am afraid our meagre life will seem emptier than ever now."

The two friends were sitting in the library alone that last night, whither they had gone for a confidential chat after the others had retired.

"Nellie," said Mrs. Lane, at length, "I believe I shall try an improvement when I get home."

"As you say, it does seem wrong to treat company so much better than your own folks, and I am so charmed with your more excellent way that I mean to try it myself," and tears came to her eyes as she thought of the better things that were in store for her good husband. The Lanes went home on the following day, and if they turned back reluctantly, Mrs. Lane did not wonder, for she thought she had herself passed one of the happiest weeks in her whole life.

She laid her tea table with unusual care that night saying to the girls that she could not quite yet bear so strong a contrast to what she had been accustomed to lately, "I think we will sit in the parlor to-night," she remarked when the lamps were lighted; "we are so tired, perhaps it will rest us a little."

When Mr. Lane came home to dinner next day, he was surprised to see the front door standing invitingly open, and his astonishment was still greater as he passed on into the dining-room and found a tempting dinner waiting there with plates for only four.

"I thought we would begin to eat those pickles while they are good this year," said Mrs. Lane, as she passed the dish to her husband, "instead of keeping them to spoil as we did last year."

"This is such a pudding as Nellie makes sometimes," filling Jennie's saucer; "isn't it nice? And it isn't at all expensive."

"I think, girls," she said, when Mr. Lane had gone out, wondering in his heart what had come over his wife, "I think we won't use those cracked fragments of so many different sets of crockery any more, at least on the table. I believe the dinner tastes better when eaten from the white dishes, and there are enough for ourselves and company, too; we can be a little careful of them, you know."

"Expecting anybody to-night?" queried Mr. Lane at tea, glancing at his wife's fresh dress and nicely combed hair.

"Yes," she replied pleasantly, "I hoped my husband would spend the evening with me."

He did not need any urging; and after that he spent more of his evenings at home, and seemed to enjoy the society of his wife and daughters better than ever before.

"I am doing as I told you I should," Mrs. Lane wrote to her friend, Mrs. Darling a month afterward, "and it works charmingly. Mr. Lane seems to love his home as well as your husband does his now, and we are all a thousand fold happier. I feel as if our friends enjoy coming to see us a great deal better than they used to, too. I assure you we shall never go back to the old way of living. We are much happier now than when we thought we must save everything to show off when company comes."

Hot Days of the Century.

The present boiling weather makes interesting a retrospective glance over the hot weather our ancestors had to endure. Mr. J. A. Wheelock, of Hartford, contributes a record of the hottest days of each year for the past century, in which it is noted that the heat of the Centennial year is not without parallel. In 1776 the warmest day for the British was July 4, but the 13th of August was the warmest day for Connecticut, thermometer 103 degrees in the shade. Other days of extreme heat were July 3, 1790, 110 degrees; August 4, 1791, 115 degrees; August 13, 1798, 108. From this no very warm weather was noted until 1838, July 4, 107 degrees. In 1846, July 19, showed 110 degrees, and the same date in 1867, 109.

The warmest days in the past ten years were: 1868, August 4, 100 degrees; 1867, July 19, 109; 1868, July 7, 105; 1869, August 4, 104; 1870, July 17, 105; 1871, May 30, 96; 1873, July 4, 106; 1873, August 9, 103; 1874, August 19, 104; 1875, July 6, 105; 1876, July 9, 103; Several cool years are noted in which the temperature did not rise above 100 degrees, the hottest days being: 1873, August 11, 96; 1891, August 4, 96; 1811, August 17, 98; 1816, August 10, 93; 1818, August 26, 98; 1835, August 19, 93; 1833, May 30, 93; 1855, August 6, 93; 1871, May 30, 93. It will be seen that the hottest day during the last century occurred August 4, 1791, when the mercury stood at 115 in the shade. The coldest summer was that of 1816, when the mercury rose only to 93 in the shade; a cool, wet summer, with frost every month during the year in the Northern States. During the past 100 years the highest point of mercury occurred only three times in the month of May, and the balance in July and August.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—One of the show-cases in the Arkansas building is, with its contents, the exhibit of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad Company. The case is artistically constructed of many varieties of Arkansas wood.

—In the Kansas and Colorado building there is a clock which indicates the month, the day of the month, the day of the week, the hour and the minute. Its inventor says that one winding will cause it to run for one hundred years, although the spring-weight has from ten to one hundred times less power than is required to operate any other escapement in the world.

—The live-stock display, which is to begin on the 1st of September, will comprise 5,000 head, exclusive of poultry. The livestock judges will make a general report on the origin, progress, development and present type of each breed represented at the show. Among the animals entered is a steer weighing 6,900 pounds and a mule, 2½ hands high, and weighing 1,600 pounds. Both these animals are Tennesseans.

—The only life-size statue of the immortal Santa Claus at the Exhibition is in the German Department, where he groans beneath an enormous and heavily-laden Christmas tree, which he carries on his shoulder. The young folks, seeing him standing in the midst of innumerable and highly-tempting toys, conclude that at last they know the country containing the inexhaustible reservoir of the genial old Kris.

—No farmer or mechanic should miss seeing the Centennial exhibition. If he cannot go, he should send one at least of his sons. If he cannot afford to do that, he should take what recreation he can in the most convenient manner. Family parties, neighborly picnics to interesting places, and social gatherings, make us better acquainted with each other, and show the best points of people whom we might suppose had but little good about them. In business, one is seen at his best, and we want to think as well of our neighbors as we possibly can.

—Entries for the dog show are coming in from all parts of the country and promise that some of the best blooded canines in North America will be exhibited. The special prizes offered by the Philadelphia Sportsman's Club for setters and pointers are causing much excitement among the owners of crack dogs as to who shall be the lucky fella and fifty setters will compete for one prize alone, and that entries of some of the best dogs in Great Britain will be made. All entries are free of charge, but none will be received after the 10th of August.

—The Franklin Institute of the State of Pennsylvania for the Promotion of the Mechanic Arts, through the kindness of the Centennial commissioners, has opened a reception room at the northwestern end of Machinery Hall, for the use of its members and visitors from abroad, interested in the mechanic arts. The Institute cordially invites all who desire to do so, to visit their rooms, in which will be found files of the "Journal of the Institute" and other periodicals devoted to industrial sciences. The room is in charge of a committee of thirty members of the Institute, one or more of whom is in attendance to receive visitors and give any information they may desire in reference to the Exhibition. The following objects, of great historical interest, have been placed in the room: 1. Franklin's electrical machine. This instrument is doubtless the one used by the great philosopher in making his wonderful experiments in the science of electricity. Presented to the Institute by Dr. John R. Cox. 2. Oliver Evans' steam locomotive engine. This interesting model is among the earliest known, having been built about 1804. 3. Oliver Evans' high pressure steam engine. This is the model of an engine built by O. Evans, about 1804, and is described in Galloway's work on the steam engine, page 101, London, 1827. 4. Working model of a steam engine built by M. W. Baldwin, and presented by him to the Institute, about 1832.

—The first cake which really strikes the visitor as distinctly novel and foreign is the Viennese Bakery, where you can not only eat your cake but also see it made. For any one accustomed to foreign ways of life, I can imagine no pleasanter or more enlightened manner of beginning the day at Philadelphia than to go for his morning coffee to this restaurant. There he will find in the early morning an attentive and well-trained Viennese waiter, who will bring him, after he is seated at a neat table, not a simple Republican tumbler, to be separately filled, more *nostro*, first with ice and then with warm water, but besides the tumbler a delightful *cofak*, (decanter), the contents of which have been frozen in the bottle, and therefore immediately suggest to thoughtful minds a question analogous to that of the historic apple and dumplings. There is also to be had the Viennese bread in the form of *croissants* (crescents), which it may not be unappreciated to say compares favorably with Graham or even rye, and delicious coffee and chocolate. It is a pity that such bakery could not have been made a male annex of the Woman's Pavilion, an edifice which woman, with unusual sagacity, has made attractive by the total absence of all articles, or processes useful or pleasing to men. The Vienna bakery would be, in itself, a liberal education to any docile woman, and might be made the means of banishing cholera from many thousands of American homes. The boiled milk, to descend to details, is in itself a remarkable achievement of the human invention, capped as it is with the wonderful oilmax, which looks like a "whip" of some kind, but the precise nature of which I could not determine.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Man, man is thy brother, and thy father is God.
Life cannot subsist in society but by reciprocal concessions.

Where the gong sounds the loudest the supper is the smallest.
To the blessed Eternity itself there is no other handle than this instant.—
(German Proverb.)

I've never any pity for concealed people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.

God accepts man's hearty desire, and the will instead of the deed, when they have not the power to fulfill it.

Human glory is not always glorious. The best men have had their calamities, the worst their panegyrics.

Our sorrows are like thunder clouds, which seem very black in the distance, but grow lighter as they approach.

Deep learning will make you acceptable to the learned; but it is only an easy and obliging behavior and entertaining conversation that will make you agreeable in all companies.

Decision and promptitude, even though sometimes a man may err for want of due deliberation, will in the long run more often conduce to success than a slow judgment that comes too late.

Thoughtfulness for others' generally modesty and self-respect are the qualities which make a real gentleman or lady, as distinguished from the veneered article which commonly goes by that name.

Nothing more powerfully argues a life beyond this than the failure of ideals here. Each gives us only fragments of humanity—fragments of heart, fragments of mind, fragments of charity, love, and virtue.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have vigorous muscles, we must labor; and these three—thought, love, labor—include all that is valuable in life.

I have noticed that all men speak well of all men's virtues when they are dead, and the tombstones are marked with the epithets of the good and virtuous. Is there any particular cemetery where the dead are buried?

As laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair, and laughter is one of the privileges of reason consigned to the human species.

Have the courage to give occasionally that which you can ill afford to spare; giving what you do not want nor value neither brings nor deserves thanks in return. Who is grateful for a drink of water from another's overflowing well however delicious the draught?

The best way to keep out wicked thoughts is, always to be employed in some good ones. Let your thoughts be where your happiness is, and let your heart be where your thoughts are; so, though your habitation is on earth, your conversation will be in heaven.

Of this is certain, that no trade can be so bad as none at all, nor any life as tiresome as that which is spent in continual visiting and dissipation. To give all one's time to other people, and never reserve any for one's self, is to be free in appearance only, and a slave in effect.

Simplicity of purpose begets simplicity of life. This is manifested not in one way merely, but in every way. There is no double dealing in business. There is no praying for the salvation of souls, and then, for the sake of making money, helping them down to hell in the ordinary avocation of life.

It is better to secure an honest living from hard labor, than to swindle and live upon the work of others. No honest man would ask another to support him. No honest man would ask pay for work he never performed. Persons who do these things are not only dishonest, but are leeches upon the people.

The censure which men pronounce upon the conduct of others is mostly a censure proceeding from lofty expectations. The young especially should beware of this kind. They blame severely, because they look forward so hopefully both for themselves and others; and have as yet so little apprehension of the trials, struggles, and difficulties in this confused and troubled world.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

An old-colored woman is reported to have said in the experience meeting: "Whenever I's goin' on a journey, I always begin to pack my trunk a long ways ahead, and I pack a little every day. Den I's sure dat when de whistle blows I'll be ready. And just so I tries to do a little every day to get ready for de good world, so dat when Gabriel blows de big trumpet I may have my trunk ready to git right on de train."

It is remarked by some writer that "excess of ceremony shows want of good breeding." This is true. There is nothing so troublesome as overdone politeness. A truly well-bred man makes every person around him feel at ease; he does not throw civilities about him with a shovel, nor toss compliments in a bundle, as he would hay with a pitchfork. There is no evil under the sun more intolerable than ultra-politeness.

The Emperor William on his way to Coburg breakfasted at Eisenach. Around the table were eight chairs and a sofa with cushions. The emperor asked the head waiter for whom the sofa was placed there. "For your Imperial Majesty," said the waiter. "Take it away," replied the monarch, "and give me a chair like the others." This incident is characteristic of the Emperor, who will not submit, when traveling, to be distinguished in any way from his retinue.