

# THE BLUE RIDGE BLADE.

VOL. IV.—NO. 1.

MORGANTON, N. C., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1879.

WHOLE NUMBER 157.

### A SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind;  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath is rude.  
Smite, smite, thou tempest fierce;  
Thy lance doth not pierce  
As thankless hearts of scorn,  
Who oft at princely feasts  
Bowed to the golden priest  
Now of his splendor shorn.  
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite as nigh  
As benefits forgot;  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friends remembered not.  
Roar, roar, thou raging sea;  
Sweeter thy song shalt be  
Than ruthless words of ill  
That seek to rend fair fame,  
Or smite a soul with shame.  
By keen, malicious skill

### In The Cloak Room.

There was mistletoe everywhere at Harbington Hall; it had even found its way into the cloak room, where the gossamer was full of it.

It was Christmas Eve, so of course the mistletoe had a right to be there, but I don't think it ever hung over anything more fierce looking than that night on the face of Colonel Verschoyle, a great tall soldier like, brown-haired, brown-faced hero from Abyssinia.

Colonel Vivian Verschoyle, C. B. and V. C., had done his country good service, and laurels had been amply heaped upon him.

His handsome face was bronzed as it could be, but all the mischief the African sun had done his complexion, and not spilt the beauty of those dark deep eyes or the perfect symmetry of those noble features.

All the girls about Harbington had fallen down before his throne and worshipped; but their adoration was short-lived; it died away with a faint struggle when they heard the gallant Colonel was engaged to be married. It was all up with our hero then! Abyssinia was no longer an interesting topic of conversation, and I don't think the Colonel was considered so handsome as he had once been.

There was a grand entertainment at Harbington Hall on Christmas Eve, and Colonel Verschoyle and his fiancée were at it.

The evening was more than half over and the Colonel was in the cloak room standing under the mistletoe, looking with great dark angry eyes into the glowing fire.

Let me tell you this brave warrior was very much put out just then, and about as angry as he could be; you could see he had a hot temper, and that something had occurred to render it hotter than ever.

The Colonel was a man who would not stand being trifled with in the most shameful manner; he was there to learn the cause, and he was waiting for Enid Vavasor to come and render an explanation.

"Meet me in the cloak room in a quarter of an hour," he said to her in a low, determined, hard voice, as she was whirled away in a waltz, by a tall dashing young officer, whose name the Colonel did not know, and whose uncommonly handsome face he had not seen until a few minutes before, when he had caught sight of it in the conservatory, amid orange trees and camellias, in very close proximity to the lovely laughing lips of Enid Vavasor.

The storming of Magdala was nothing to the fierce war in the heart of Vivian Verschoyle as he witnessed that kiss.

This great, strong, noble-hearted man had given all his pure true love to that girl, and she had made a fool of him.

She was long in coming. He pulled furiously at his great tawny beard in his restless impatience, and yet he had not made up his mind what he was to say to her, though he felt that a girl could not act as Enid had acted that night, was not fit wife for him.

He was bitterly disappointed in her, for he believed her to be all that was pure and womanly, having a lively aversion to the fast, free "girl of the period."

They had been engaged about a month, and her father's estate joined Harbington, where Colonel Verschoyle was now staying on a visit to Lord Wenborough.

Enid Vavasor was the only girl in a family of nine sons, most of whom were in the army, and she was the very idol of her dotting parents.

Ha! she comes now—and Vivian Verschoyle turned his haughty face towards her as she passed through the door of the cloak-room.

A little mischievous smile parted her coral lips. For a moment she looked about to laugh outright, but she controlled herself, and looking up with a dancing light in her blue eyes, she asked:

"What is the matter?"

Now our Abyssinia hero did not expect this effrontery, so he came to the point at once with soldier-like brevity.

"Enid Vavasor, you are a coquette—and I won't stand it! I will not be trifled with!"

Of course he meant to say much more and make a longer speech, only his pretty face looked so mocking that he stopped short in abrupt attempt.

She came a step nearer, and for some

minutes they stood there under the great bunch of mistletoe together.

"What have I done?" she asked.

The lovely laughing eyes were raised inquiringly to his, but as he felt the spell her beauty was casting over him, he grew more fierce.

"What have you done? What you shall never have the chance of doing again—made a fool of me!" he thundered forth, his generally clear voice thick with passion.

Remember, the Colonel was madly in love and bitterly disappointed, and the storm in his breast as I told you before, was even hotter than the storming of Magdala.

"I don't see how it can be," said Enid with provoking calmness, going up to the fire-place and putting her tiny white-slipped foot on the fender.

"If you have been made a fool of, as you say, you must have made yourself one, Colonel Verschoyle."

The pretty lips once more wreathed themselves in that mocking style, and he was beside her in one fierce stride.

"Enid," said he, "you know you have done wrong; you have played with me long enough, but it ends now. Look here."

She looked up all sweetness and surprise, but I think she shrank a little as she met the blaze of passion in his eyes.

"Look here," he continued. "Since you have found some one else to kiss and flirt with, you can let me go. I have been miserably mistaken; but it can't be helped now, only we had better part. You have shown me plainly enough this evening what you are."

"What am I?" she asked simply.

"A flirt!" he exclaimed—"a heartless flirt, and we must part."

"Oh yes, if you wish it, I suppose we must," said Enid; "but you have said a hard thing of me—a thing I have never heard before; and I would not stand it now, only I see you are very angry and don't quite know what you are saying. I never flirted in my life sir!"

The sweet eyes looked into his, but he was too irate to see their sweetness.

"You tell that—that fellow kiss you in the conservatory?" he cried. "What more would you have, or do I need, as a proof of what you are?"

The color came into her cheeks. "Oh then you saw that, did you?" she said, and she gazed down thoughtfully into the fire.

"Why did you allow it?" he demanded.

"Because—oh, because I like him," she replied; "and then you see, I stupidly let my maid put a sprig of mistletoe in my hair to help it, and so I suppose he—couldn't help it."

She was laughing now, and her face was flushing brightly, until it looked lovelier than he had ever seen it before.

Almost roughly the Colonel seized her round white arm, and the laugh died away on her lips.

"Let me go," she said; "you hurt me; please remember you are not in Abyssinia now, and English people have feelings."

"Then where are yours, pray?" he cried. "Enid Vavasor, answer me, why have you trifled with me?"

"His lips were white with suppressed passion, and though she struggled to free her arm, he held it still.

"You told me you loved me," he said hoarsely.

She smiled faintly as she replied, "I told you the truth, Vivian."

"Then why have you been false to me?" he asked. "Enid, cease this mockery, and tell me what you mean by your conduct this evening?" he added, stamping his foot until the whole room shook.

"Oh, dear, you do frighten me so!" said Enid, shuddering and looking pathetic. "I wish you would be more considerate, and not treat me as if I were a great strong man like yourself, and could fight it out."

He let go her arm with a contemptuous exclamation. She had tried him very much, and as he said to himself, that he was not a man to be trifled with, and I think it was wonderful he kept as calm as he did.

"There is nothing more to be said than what I have better part now, and let the world think what it will of us," he said in a low cold voice; and Enid, who was watching him keenly, saw how deeply he was roused.

For a moment she hesitated, and a look of contrition passed over her face; the next instant her lip curled with the old expression of laughing derision.

"The world will wonder when they hear that Colonel Verschoyle has jilted Miss Vavasor," she said.

"They will never hear that, and you know it. There shall never a word go forth against you from my lips," he said sternly.

"Then you give me up? May I go away now?" she asked, like a child who had just been reprimanded. "Are we to say good-bye here?"

A little white gloved hand was offered to him, and the sweet young face was raised towards his, but his heart was growing bitter against her and her playful coquetry; so he did not take the outstretched hand; he only bowed low and said, "That is the best thing we can do."

Enid Vavasor's eyes rested upon him for a moment as if she were about to speak, and he watched with a heart, the quick fierce throbs of which told him she had only to say "forgive me," and she would be his once more; but Enid did not say it; for after that one long wavering look she simply bowed

her young head with its crown of holly and went away, and Vivian Verschoyle was left there alone under the mistletoe bough in the cloak room. Not long ago, for presently the door was opened quietly, and when he turned, perhaps expecting to see Enid again, he came face to face with the dashing young officer, the cause of all this trouble—a young man with skin as brown as Verschoyle's own, for he had but lately escaped from India's sun and had been out two days on English ground.

In less than a quarter of an hour afterwards you might have seen Colonel Verschoyle with a very different expression on his countenance hastily searching the great drawing-room, his handsome features glowing and a bright color tinging his brown cheeks. He was looking for Enid Vavasor, but he could not find her among the merry-makers and dancers. Presently however, he caught a glimpse of something white in the conservatory, amid the orange trees, and he was there in a moment. He threw himself beside her on the sofa, imploring forgiveness in tones of earnest entreaty, as though he almost feared to be denied. But it was a very sweet young face that smiled up at him, with large loving eyes as he caught her to his heart, saying, "Enid, Enid, my darling, you should have told me that he was your brother."

Two Wives.

Recently two buggies stopped in Little Rock and two gentlemen jumped out almost simultaneously and went into the hotel, leaving two ladies in their respective buggies. One of the men came out in advance of the other, and by the uncertain light thrown from the hotel was led aside from the actual fact in the little matter of getting into the right buggy. In a word, Mr. J. got in with Mrs. P., who were as totally unknown to each other, so far as acquaintance is concerned, as if one had died ten years ago in Africa and the other hadn't been born. As married men often do, Mr. J. drove some distance before speaking. Finally he remarked:

"I've got a corn on my toe—the one you persist in putting your foot on, too—that hurts about as bad as the common run of things generally do."

The lady was very much surprised, and rather haughtily replied:

"You've been trying to pick a quarrel with me all day, and now to make the matter more exasperating, you change your voice to an unnatural growl."

"It's you, madam, you have changed. My voice is natural. I am not trying to assume anything. You screech like an old gate."

"You are an old fool."

"Give my teeth here; you shan't wear them another minute."

"Teeth! teeth! What in the world do you mean?"

But just then driving through a flood of light, the parties recognized that they didn't recognize each other.

"Madam," said Mr. J., stopping the horse and straightening himself up, "I hope you will excuse me, but I would like to know how you come in my buggy; and furthermore, I'd like a little intelligence as regards the whereabouts of my wife. What have you done with her, madam?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir. Get out of my buggy!"

"Your buggy! What madam, you are beside yourself!"

"Yes, and beside yourself, which fact I deplore to such an extent that I will be forced to call the police."

"Police! police?" was shouted lustily, and when Officer Dailey came to the spot the woman insisted on the man's arrest.

The buggy was driven back to the hotel just in time to meet another buggy, the occupants of which had a similar experience.

Sagacity of Animals Overrated.

It is next to impossible to shake the public faith in the value of the observation of the lower creation. We know by experience that our barn-door fowls will with infinite composure retire to rest at ten o'clock in the morning in case of an eclipse, yet that knowledge does not prevent the public from assuming the possession by birds of mysterious sources of information on the subject of weather which are sealed to us. Dogs are supposed to have some intuition which warns them of approaching death, and many a heart has been tortured by accepting as a forewarning of dissolution a dog's complaint against the moon for unreasonable brightness. The fact is that animals in general are far less wise than we think, even in the matters that come directly under their ken. Observations of phenomena on the part of a man who, by noticing the influence of changing condition upon various objects, animate and inanimate, becomes weatherwise, are far more trustworthy than that kind of feeling, which, like pain in an old woman, warns birds or animals of the approach of wet. Although curious it is, indeed, to see how far animals are from possessing the kind of knowledge we are most ready to assign them, that of things they may eat with impunity. Quite recently Lord Lovelace undertook a serious loss in consequence of a herd of cows eating some excelsior-plugs indiscriminately mistake the reach. Cattle continually mistake the kind of food that will suit them, especially when they are strange to the district in which it grows. After a time they will find its noxious qualities, and are, it appears, able to transmit the knowledge to their descendants.

No Tick.

As he sauntered into a Virginia street saloon, his mind was not occupied by his dungaree overalls or Cardigan jumper, neither upon the remains of a lunch hat on the back of his head, or the massive brogans upon his feet, for he was intent upon more vital matters, although to look at his cheerful and indifferent smile you would never have thought it. He lounged to the bar and said in an absent sort of way:

"Let's have the bottle Charley."

But the young man in the white jacket said with equal ease:

"What on, Mike?"

"Fwat on?"

"That's what I said."

"Aint me credit gud or a drink?" demanded the man in the white jacket, standing back from the bar and viewing the white jacket with dignified indignation.

"No it aint," and impassively the white jacket polished a tumbler and carelessly glanced out the window.

"Fwat!"

"I said your face aint good for no drink here."

Mike thrust his hands into his trousers' pockets, breathed hard, walked to the farthest end of the room, suppressed his feelings and returning mildly addressed the white jacket:

"Charley, didn't Oi pay ye two buta Oi owed ye day afore yesterday?"

"So you did," replied the indifferent white jacket.

"Well, luk at that now!"

Silence on the part of the unmoved white jacket, which curled its moustache and picked up a newspaper.

"An' ye'd not trust a man for a drink f'wat pays his debts loike that?"

"Give it up, Mike, you've stood me up for three drinks on the strength of that already. Two-bits pay four-bits tick don't go in this shop."

"Bad seran till ye!" roared Mike, dashing his fist down on the walnut. "If Oi'd knowed that Oi'd never paid ye! Oi'd dang it, and didn't Oi bring ye back a carlscrew that was worth two dollars?"

"Yes, it belonged here, though and you borrowed it."

"Av course, Oi knows that, but mightn't Oi have kip it? Sure ye don't know how to trate a daer man that spends his money here an' acts honest wid the house! Come now Charley," pleads Mike suddenly, "gie a poor divil wid the shakes a wee drop. Oi'm sufferin' wid the agee."

"Not a smell," replies the impassive white jacket.

Mike bounces out of the house, picks up a rock and threatens the windows so boisterly that he is seized by an officer and taken to the calaboose raving.

The Wrong Handkerchief.

He purchased a bottle of the preparation, and trying it on a pair of last year's trousers, found that he had not been deceived, for it did remove the polish, and removed "all dirt and stains."

Alring them until they were free from the tell-tale odor of renovation, he put them on, and with the satisfaction of practising an economy that would be sooner made all his over the being of his choice, harked to her home on South St.

He found her placid and full of mischief, and the merry laugh with which she greeted his tumble over her head and brother's whelbarrow in the hall, showed her to be what he tenderly called, high-feather.

From bundaging them to romping when putting his handkerchief from his pocket, she darted off leading him a chase around the chairs and things.

They laughed and ran, and ran and laughed, when, with sudden spring, he snatched the handkerchief. But on the instant his laugh ceased, the flush of joy deepened to the peony redness of embarrassment and distress, and hands and handkerchief were thrust convulsively behind him. Something had torn—and his thoughts flashed back to the preparation.

But the wayward girl would see nothing of this, nor the passionate anxiety with which he strove to keep his face toward her. She could not be denied, and, catching a glimpse of a white hemmed corner peeping out beneath his coat, clutched it with all the grip of her little hand.

With an awful calm in his face, he protested "he would give up and play no more."

Not she, and laughed a little saucy laugh, and tugged away at the corner she held.

"You may as well yield, and give it to me," she said.

"I—cannot!" he desperately replied, as he felt his collar slipping down his back.

Another pull, and his whole shirt-front disappeared, and so did she—from the room, and he from the house.

String Around the Toe.

A young lady in Manchester, Eng., who found it impossible to rise early enough in the morning to be at her music teacher's in time to take her lessons, accepted the proffered services of a gentleman friend who offered a somewhat novel suggestion to overcome the difficulty. He proposed that she should tie a string to her toe (presumably the great toe) at night when she went to bed, and hang it (the string, not the toe) out the window. When it was time for her to get up, he on his way down town, would stop under her window and pull the string. This plan was put into operation with the consent of the lady's mother and the telephone was found to work admirably. Like the course of true love, after a time it failed to run smooth. It was through no fault of the lady that trouble arose. Her toe was always bound with the cord ready for the young man to ring it from the other end, and her dreams were blissful scenes in which she was led to Hymen's altar by a string attached to the identical toe, while Cupids innumerable, with toes by the hundred, flitted through her vision, shooting with golden arrows at her toes suspended by silken cords. Neither did the young man prove recreant to his trust. He took pleasure in performing his self-imposed duty, and each morning the lady's dreams were disturbed by a tug at her toe. The trouble came from another quarter. The rector of the church the young people attended heard of the matter, and, holding it was an "act of impropriety," refused the young man to be married. The Bishop of Litchfield has been appealed to, but he declines to interfere, and the telephone inventor is still debarred the sacrament and the young lady's toe is recovering from its frequent dislocations, while her music teacher daily scolds her for being late.

### An Indian's Gratitude.

There resides in Wichita, Kansas, a widow by the name of Mrs. A. H. Gibson. She is of slight stature, and very quiet and retiring, and with her laughter carries on the profession of milliner and mantua maker. During the late visit of the Indians to that town, and as the sons of the forest were in single file passing along the streets, a Cheyenne brave suddenly broke ranks, and rushing into the store where Mrs. Gibson is employed, put his arms about Mrs. Gibson, patted her with his hand and in broken English gave expression to great joy and satisfaction. All the ladies in the store were, of course, nearly frightened out of their wits, while the Indian's savage kept reiterating: "Good squaw! Heep good squaw!" The sequel is not uninteresting. Previous to the great Indian massacre of 1862, Mrs. Gibson, then Mrs. Southworth, lived alone on the Minnesota frontier. One day a squaw came to her house and made her understand that she wanted soap, after obtaining which she carried it away to the woods. For several days she came regularly on the same errand. A few days before the bloody massacre, in which so many settlements were wiped out, and in which so many men, women and children were ruthlessly butchered, two or three Indians with two squaws came to Mrs. Gibson's and asked for dinner. After the meal one of them told her that they must bind her in secrecy and that no harm could befall her. Of course, she could only submit, and as she was being carried to her destination during the next day, she saw the burning homes, fleeing settlers and scenes that will never be effaced from her memory. They kept strict watch over her for two weeks, after which two squaws took her to within a few miles of a fort, forty miles distant, put her down in the road and told her when dark came to go in, which she did. From the squaws she learned the soup she had daily made for a sick chief, Monoway, who recovered, and who had determined to save her and hers. When she returned to her home the next spring, after several months' absence, she found everything just as she had left it. Not a cow or even a chicken was missing, but everything had been cared for, fed and protected during the long winter by some Indians who had been detailed for that purpose, and who immediately relinquished everything to her peaceful possessor, Mrs. Gibson's victor was one of the party, and, in spite of the time intervening, immediately recognized her, and expressed his satisfaction as related.

### NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Canned fruit is an important item, in South American commerce.

—Brazil gets most of its foreign agricultural products from Portugal and other European countries.

—The number of emigrant arrivals at Castle Garden, New York, last year was 70,802, against 63,855 in 1877.

—Onions are largely imported from Brazil to the United States, and are said to be superior to the American onion.

—Statistics show that there are 634,743 children in France between the ages of 6 and 13 who do not attend school.

—At auction, in Savannah, a cargo of white pine of 165,000 feet was sold, for export to the West Indies, for \$3.75 per thousand feet.

—Mr. Lewis Swift, the astronomer of Rochester, N. Y., has had plans made for an observatory at that city, and expects subscriptions of \$5000 to enable him to build it.

—The value of the entire amount of gold in the world is estimated at nearly \$7,000,000,000. It might all be contained in a block 17 feet high, 25 feet wide, and 86 feet in length.

—The receipts of all kinds of grain at Philadelphia for 1878 were nearly 19,000,000 bushels in excess of 1876, when the total were greater than during any previous year.

—A decision has just been rendered in St. Louis that the city cannot be held responsible for damages to a person is run over by fire engines while hastily answering an alarm.

—A sixteen-year-old boy and a fourteen-year-old girl were married at North Adams, Mass., several days ago, and just after the ceremony a sheriff put in an appearance to take them home.

—Ives Statue of Roger Sherman has been received in Hartford, Conn., from Rome, and will be placed in position over the east entrance to the Capital building opposite the statue of Governor Trumbull.

—The telegraph at Holly, Michigan, stepped out to get a bucket of coal the other night, and, while he was gone, some one stepped in and stole his stove. His thoughts were indescribable, but he said nothing.

—The Russian Government has conferred upon Mr. F. D. Millet, a correspondent of the New York Herald, the Order of St. Stanislaus and Stanne of the third class.

—The report of the mortality of New Haven, Conn., for the year 1878 shows that there were 1441 deaths, of which 1277 were of white persons, 164 being males. Of the whole number, 743 were born in Connecticut.

—A violent shock of earthquake occurred on a recent Sunday at Calatraguera, Sicily. The congregation in a church was panic-stricken and rushed to the door, and many were killed to death, and twenty persons were seriously injured.

—On November 11, the occasion of the ninth birthday of the Prince of Naples, he fell apparent to the Italian throne, he was taken by his mother, Queen Margherita, to the Hall of the Five Hundred, in Florence. He was enthusiastically greeted by 8000 children.

—Another mysterious disappearance of a picture is reported. Of M. Jean Paul Laurens' picture, "L'Exposition de l'ape Formose," which was hung in the French galleries at the Paris Exhibition, no trace can be found, in spite of the most careful researches. M. Laurens intends to bring an action against the managers.

—In 1828, New York, with a population of 169,000, had thirty newspapers. It was estimated at that time that the United States had one paper in every 13,800 of population. France, in 1849, had 45,500; France, in 1853, 65,300; Prussia, one in 43,000; Austria, one in 40,000; Russia, one in 67,000; Sweden and Norway, one in 47,000; Portugal, one in 207,000; Spain, one in 868,000.

—The son of King Theodore of Abyssinia, who was taken to England after the fall of Magdala, is being educated for the British army. He is a slender and dusky youth, and haughty and shrewd as becomes a descendant of the Queen of Sheba. He likes his English life, admitting that a sprig of grass and a silver pipe are preferable to a mat and bare legs and a blanket in Abyssinia.

—Dr. Buchner, a personal friend of the Princess Alice of Hesse, says that the latter expressed a desire some days before she was taken sick, that she contemplated death with the utmost fortitude and resignation. Only a few weeks ago the Princess was stricken by the dying bedside of Dr. Buchner's wife, to whom she was devotedly attached.

—Miss C. Moore who died in Kings-ton recently, was the daughter of Thomas Moore, one of the merchant citizens of Boston who composed the famous party which threw over the tea in Boston harbor, December 16, 1774, and, singularly enough, she died on the anniversary of that event. She was the only person of the second generation present at the centennial celebration of the tea party held in Boston, December 16, 1874.

—The Committee on the Summer Memorial in Boston, finding that a balance of \$750 is still in the treasury, after paying all the bills connected with the placing of the statue on the Public Garden in that city, have decided to join with the trustees of the estate in erecting a mausoleum over the grave of standing at Mt. Auburn. The structure will be simple in style, but of a sufficiently solid appearance, and the ornamental design, its expense being estimated at about three thousand dollars.

—The French Court of Cassation consists of fifty-six members, and their salaries aggregate 210,000. The first president has a salary of \$6000 a year, the three other presidents each receive \$5000 a year; the forty-five councillors \$3000 each, and the six functionaries called procureurs general and advocates general—much like public prosecutors—receive salaries varying from \$3000 to \$6000. The several courts of appeal are estimated to cost \$1,377,350—there being 25 first presidents, 92 other presidents, 617 councillors, 93 procureurs general and advocats generaux, and 41 substitutes.