

THE BLUE RIDGE BLADE.

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WORK.

Anywhere, everywhere, something to do! Something for me, and something for you!

Mary Moore.

All my life I had loved Harry Moore; all my life I had loved her. Our mothers were old playmates and first cousins.

small circle, suggesting thoughts, perhaps, by its elegance of the beautiful white hand that was to wear it.

"Do you wish to see my father, sir?" I looked up; there stood a pretty, sweet-faced maiden of twenty, not much changed from the dear little girl I had loved so well.

When I was fifteen, the first great sorrow of my life came upon my breast. I went to school, and was obliged to part with Mary.

I left college in the flush of my nineteenth year. I was no longer awkward or embarrassed. I had grown into a tall, slender stripling, with a very good opinion of myself.

But now I know that had Mary met me she would have despised me. Perhaps in the scented and affected student she might have found plenty of sport.

playmates in your younger days—yes, Harry," and he slapped me on the back for the sake of old times.

Many years have passed since that night, and the hair that was black and glossy is fast turning gray.

When I got to the place, lo! and behold, the pad of my gun had fallen off! To go back and look for it would have been like hunting for a needle in a haystack.

The full moon was just rising over the trees (a glorious sight, I can tell you), when I heard a distant tramping like the tread of an elephant.

Recently some boys found a man lying in a snow drift, so near frozen to death that he could not speak. There was a terrible odor of whiskey about him.

Beasted by a Rhinoceros. "Boss, haas! spoop grand one-horn skullum!" Such was the, to me, rather unpolite announcement with which my friend M.'s bush-boy came rushing in.

Accordingly, we started out that very night, Swart, the bush-boy, making the third of our party; but I suppose the rhinoceros was too modest to face so many visitors at once.

I should have told you that the hollow spring frequented by my four-footed friend lay about eight miles from the water, in a deep gully, one side of which went up into a steep, hog-backed ridge.

The next few seconds were a blank; and then I awoke to the consciousness that my shoulder was aching as if it were broken, and that something was gnawing savagely at my jaws.

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The Piano Forte of the Future. At the recent Covent Garden Frome and Co. Concerts in London a new instrument was played for the first time.

It is the privilege of the woodland particularly of the Ingapagos, where the India rubber collector is most frequently found.

A friendly passenger wants to talk. I am not feeling particularly sociable this morning, and consequently I do not propose to talk to anybody.

He thinks that is what he would call "far," and I make no response. Two babies in the car are rehearsing a little and in rather faulty time.

The Church at Box in Switzerland. In which the Helvetic Society held its meetings last year, presents, it is said, a curious acoustical phenomenon.

NEWS IN BRIEF. —During the year 1878 there were 119 failures in the State of Georgia.

—A school of technical education is to be established at Bradford, England, at an estimated cost of \$100,000 for the building.

—The watch worn by Major Andre when he was arrested as a spy is said to be in the possession of an Oakshott (Wis.) woman.

—The demand for Welsh books and periodicals is quite large in the United States, and one weekly paper printed in that language has a circulation of 8000 copies.

—As about thirty hundred weight of slag are made for every ton of pig-iron, the importance of utilizing this waste product is very obvious.

—The Lowell (Mass.) Courier says that four new steam factories are to be erected in Maine, which is a proof that business prospects are brightening.

—There are now 136 American vessels employed in the whaling industry, with an aggregate tonnage of 20,000.

—General Albert Pike is now said to be engaged in organizing the "Knights of the Cactus," to be composed of veterans of the Mexican war.

—The eruption of mud at the foot of Mount Etna continues, and a smoking lake of steadily increasing dimensions has been formed.

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