

THE BLUE RIDGE BLADE

VOL. IV.—NO. 5.

MORGANTON, N. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1878.

WHOLE NUMBER 161.

INDIAN SUMMER.

At last the toil encumbered days are over,
And stars of morn are mellow as the morn;
The blooms are brown upon the seedling clover,
And brown the silks that plume the ripening corn.
All sounds are hushed of reaping and of mowing;
The winds are low; the waters lie uncurled;
Nor thicket down nor gossamer is flowing,
So hushed in languid indolence the world.
And vineyards wide and farms along the valley,
And meads amid the vintage and the sheaves,
Save round the barns the noise of roust and rally,
Among the tenant-mansions of the caves.
After the upland glades are stocked in dapple
By flocks of lambs and gambol from the fold;
And orchards bend beneath their weight of apples,
And groves are bright in scarlet and in gold.
But hark! I hear the pheasant's muffled drumming,
The turtle's murmuring from a distant dell,
A drowsy bee in many tangles humming,
The far, faint tinkle tinkle of a bell.
And now, from yonder beech-trunk, sheer
and sterile,
The last-lap of the yellow-hammer's bill,
The sharp accents backing of the squirrel,
A dropping nut and all again is still.

Winning the Widow.

"Oh, what a handsome man!" cried Mrs. Hunter, "and such a charming foreign accent, too!"
Mrs. Hunter was a widow—rich, childless, fair and thirty-five—and she made the remark above recorded to Mr. Bunting, bachelor, who had come to pay an afternoon call, apropos of the departure of Prof. La Fontaine, who had, according to etiquette, taken his departure on the arrival of Mr. Bunting.
"Don't like to contradict a lady," said Mr. Bunting. "But I can't say I agree with you; and these foreigners are generally impostors, too."
Mrs. Hunter shook her head coquettishly.
She was rather coquettish and rather gushing for her age.
"Oh, you gentlemen! you gentlemen!" she said; "I can't see that you ever do justice to each other."
And then she rang the bell and ordered the servants to bring tea, and pressed bachelor Bunting to stay to partake of it.
There was a maiden aunt of elderly in the house, to play propriety, and allow her the privilege of having as many bachelors to tea as she choose, and Mr. Bunting forgot his jealousy, and was once more happy.
He was, truth to tell, very much in love with the widow, who was his junior by fifteen years.
He liked the idea of her living on the interest of her money, too.
She was a splendid housekeeper and a fine pianist.
She was popular and good-looking.
He intended to offer himself for her acceptance as soon as he felt sure that she would not refuse him.
But this dreadful Professor La Fontaine, with black eyes as big as saucers, and long side-whiskers—black also as any raven's wing, had the advantage of being the widow's junior.
This opportunity to make a fool of herself so irrisorbible to every deal.
It troubled her dreams a good deal—not that he thought him handsome.
Oh, no!
But still at fifty a man does not desire a rival, however may despise him.
"She did not ask him to stay, and she did ask me," said Mr. Bunting, and departed, after a most delightful evening, during which the maiden aunt who was, at best, as deaf as a post, eared sweetly in her chair.
But, alas! on the very next evening his sky was overcast.
Professor La Fontaine took the widow to the opera.
He saw them enter the doors of the opera house, and, having followed and secured a seat in a retired portion of the house, also noticed that the Professor kept his eyes fixed upon the widow's face in the whole of the performance, and that she now and then even returned his glances.
"It can't go on," said Mr. Bunting to himself. "I can't allow it. She'd regret it all her life. I must remonstrate with her. No woman likes a coward. Faint heart never won fair lady. She'll admire me for speaking out."
And that very evening Mr. Bunting trotted up to the widow's house, full of a deadly purpose, and with a set speech learned off by heart.
The speech he forgot as he crossed the threshold.
The purpose abided with him.
There were the usual remarks about the weather.
The usual chit-chat followed, but the widow saw that Mr. Bunting was not at his ease.
At last, with the sort of plunge that a timid bather makes into chilly water, he dashed into the subject nearest his heart.
"He's a rascal, ma'am, I give you my word."
"Oh, dear! Who is?" cried the widow.
"That frog-eater," replied the bachelor. "Upon my soul, I speak for your own good. I am interested in your welfare. Don't allow his visits. You don't know a thing to Monsieur La Fontaine!" asked Mrs. Hunter, solemnly. "I allude to that fellow," said bachelor

Bunting. "Why, his very countenance proves him to be a rascal. I—I'd enjoy kicking him out so much, I—"
"Sir," said the widow, "if you haven't been drinking, I really think you must be mad."
"Ma'am!" cried Mr. Bunting.
"Perhaps, however, I should take no notice of such conduct," said Mrs. Hunter. "Perhaps I should treat it with silent contempt."
"Oh, good gracious!" cried bachelor Bunting; "don't treat me with silent contempt. It's my affection for you that urges me on. I adore you! Have me. Accept me. Marry me and be mine to cherish and protect from all audacious Frenchmen."
The widow's heart was melted.
She burst into tears.
"Oh, what shall I say?" she sobbed. "I thought you merely a friend. I am—I am—I am engaged to the Professor; he proposed yesterday evening."
Bachelor Bunting had dropped down upon his knees while making the offer. Now he got up with a sort of groan—not entirely caused by disappointed love, for he had the rheumatism.
"Farwell, false one," he said, feeling for his hat without looking for it. "I leave you forever."
He strode away, banging the door after him.
The widow cried and then laughed, and then cried again.
In fact, she had a genuine fit of what the maiden aunt called "stericks," and the chambermaid "highstricks," before she was brought to, and prevailed to take a glass of wine and something hot and comforting in the edible line.
After which the thought of her fiancé consoled her.
Days passed on.
Bachelor Bunting did not drown himself or sup cold poison.
The wedding day was fixed.
The household informed her friend that Mrs. Hunter "kept steady company."
The maiden aunt, who had no income of her own, curried favor by being almost always in a state of apparent coma.
The widow was in the seventh heaven of bliss, and all went merry as a marriage bell until one evening, as the betrothed pair sat before the fire in the polished parlor, there came a ring at the bell, and the girl who answered it soon looked into the parlor to announce the fact that a little girl in the hall would come in.
"In so fond of the dear children in the neighborhood. It's one of them, I presume?"
But while she was speaking, a small, but very old looking little girl in a short frock, with a tambourine in her hand, bounced into the room, and throwing herself into the Professor's arms, with a strong French accent screamed:
"Darling papa, have I then found you? How glad mamma will be! We thought you dead."
"I am not your papa," said the Frenchman, turning pale. "Are you crazy, my dear little girl?"
"No, no, no; you are my papa!" cried the child. "Do not deny your Estelle. Does she not know you? Ah, my heart, it tells me true. Dear mamma and I have almost starved, but she has never pleased her wedding ring—never. She plays the organ, I the tambourine. We have suffered, but now papa will return to us. Ah, heaven!"
"My gracious! the morals of furniers. He'd have married missus!" cried the girl at the door.
"She tells one black lie. Never believe I see her; believe me, madame!" screamed the poor Frenchman. "Ah, mon Dieu, am I dreaming?"
"Oh, Alphonse," cried the widow. "But there, I will be firm. My best friends warned me of you. Take your hat—go. Never enter my presence again. Go with your unfortunate child—your poor, half starved little girl. Go home to your deserted wife. Go!"
"Ah, madame, zese is falsehood!" cried the unfortunate Frenchman, losing his temper in his excitement. "Believe!"
"Out of my house!" cried the widow.
"Peggy, open the door. Go! What an escape I have had!"
The Professor departed.
Mrs. Hunter threw herself into her chair and burst into tears.
After awhile she grew more calm, and taking a letter from a drawer, she perused it.
"Ah me! what deceivers those men are!" she said, as she pensively lay back on the cushions. "Only to think she'd write a letter so full of love, and prove such a villain; but I am warned in time."
And she tore the letter into fragments.
The maiden aunt, who had not heard a word, demanded an explanation.
Biddy howled it through her ear trumpet in these words:
"The scoundrel has ever so many wives and families already, playin' tambourines for their bread—the rascal!"
And in the midst the door bell rang, and Mr. Bunting walked in, with a polite bow.
Biddy and the aunt slipped out of the room.
Mr. Bunting approached the widow.
"I called to apologize," he said. "I was hasty the other day. Had I known the gentleman was dear to you, I should have restrained my speech. I wish you happiness; I—"
"Don't, please," cried the widow. "He's worse than you painted him. I've found him out. I hate him. As for me, I can never be happy again."
"Not with your own bunting?" cried

the bachelor, sitting down beside her. "I'm afraid not," said the widow. "Are you sure?" asked Mr. Bunting. "No, not quite," said Mrs. Hunter. "Then marry me, my dear, and try it. Do, oh, do!"
Mrs. Hunter sobbed and consented. After having a white colored silk made up and trimmed with real lace, it was too bad not to figure as a bride after all.
She married bachelor Bunting and was very happy.
It was well, perhaps, that she had not the fairy gift of the invisible cap, and did not put it on and follow Mr. Bunting to a mysterious recess in the rear of a theatre, whither he took his way after parting from the widow on the night of his engagement.
There he met a little girl, small but old looking, the same indeed who had claimed the Professor as her lost papa, and this is what he said to her:
"Here is the money I promised you my child, and you acted the thing excellently well. I knew that by the effect you produced. She believes that he's a married man, and he can't prove to the contrary. I saw you'd be able to act it out, when I saw you play the deserted child in the tragedy."
Then one hundred dollars were counted out into the little brown hand, and bachelor Bunting walked off triumphant.
To this day his wife does not know the truth, but alludes to poor, innocent Professor La Fontaine as that wicked Frenchman.

The Dog when Banned.
There was a time when the man who exhibited a ten dollar gold piece in a Detroit restaurant would command the respect of a small State Convention, but resumption has killed all that. Yesterday afternoon, when a traveler for an Eastern crockery house entered a Griswold street restaurant with a half eagle on the tip of his right forefinger, the show didn't cause any one to look around a second time. The traveler came in for a nip, and he presently offered to "head or tail" with any other thirsty customer. Just as a man stepped forward, the milk-woman, who supplies the restaurant with four or five gallons of milk, came in, accompanied by her dog. A whole chapter might be written on the lean-sided, ravenous-looking old Towser who acknowledged her authority, but it is useless to go behind the returns. The woman was talking with the man at the counter, when the traveler gave his gold-piece a toss, and the other fellow cried out, "Heals!" The dog probably thought an oyster on the half-shell was being tossed up for his benefit, and he took measures accordingly. When the gold-piece came down to a certain point it was "taken in" by the canine with neatness and dispatch. One spring and one gulp did the business, and he looked around to see when the others were coming from.
"Heaven and earth! but that brute has swallowed my ten dollars!" cried the traveler, as soon as he could work his jaws.
"Kill him! Kill him!" shouted the three or four men at the bar.
"Who talks of killing my dog?" inquired the woman, as she turned around.
"He has swallowed my money—my ten dollars!" explained the agent. "It was a gold-piece, and he gulped it right down! I must have it back!"
"But don't you dare to lay your hand on Towser!" warned the woman. "If you was throwing money around it wasn't his fault, and I won't have him hurt!"
"I'll buy him—I'll give you a dollar, for him?" replied the agent.
"We don't run on cheap dogs out on the Pontia road," said the woman as she shook her head. "The price of that dog is \$15."
"But—but—he's got my \$10."
"I can't help that. If you want to buy him you can kill him, but as long as he's my dog I'll quote the law to any man who lays a hand on him!"
and, eight dollars, one bid after another, but the woman was firm, and conveyed stove-pipe elbow was nowhere compared to the sad wrinkles on the traveler's face as he saw the milk wagon rattle away and Towser take his place under the axle-tree.

Cheese as Food.
The very low price of good cheese and its production in excess of the demand have led the manufacturers into a serious consideration of the methods by which the home consumption can be increased; and this, of course, brings up the question of the value of cheese as food. It is true, as is claimed by a leading stock journal, that cheese contains at least fifty per cent. more nutriment in a given weight than beef. As the two retail at nearly the same price, this is an exceedingly interesting question. Let us first look at the matter from the point of production. It has been lately shown that a fattening steer and a milk cow eat nearly the same amount of food for a given weight and time, and that the product of gain in beef on the one hand and milk on the other are of almost identical food value. In the light of this, the cheese producer can get the extra labor of milking under the same conditions of feed and manure as the beef producer, and still undersell the beef producer by thirty-three and one-third per cent. In a time of great depression like the present, beef as well as cheese must be sold at very nearly the cost of production; and as both are largely exported, we must consider the effect of this on the price to be nearly the same with each. If, under such circumstances, the cheese-maker can give us fifty per cent. more food for our money than the beef-raiser, it is a most interesting question for all agriculturists to know how he can do it. "Bischof, Henneberg, Stohman, Grouven and others have found the composition of pure lean flesh to be about twenty per cent. of nitrogenous matters and from four to ten per cent. of fat; but as E. Smith remarks, in his work on food, this is not a fair way to arrive at the food value of any part of the pure fat. For in every case a certain amount of pure fat is attached, which is used as food and increases the value. The only proper way to arrive at the results obtained by Laws and Gilbert in determining the percentage of fat and flesh used as food when the whole carcass is considered. These gentlemen found that in every 100 pounds of fat beef there were fifteen pounds of nitrogenous constituents and thirty-five pounds of fat. Now, average new-milk cheese contains per hundred pounds about twenty-three pounds of nitrogenous constituents to thirty-one pounds of fat; that is, four pounds less of fat and eight pounds more of nitrogenous matters. It is known that in the body by far the greater part of the nitrogenous elements of the food are transformed into fat and consumed for the production of heat; and in this transformation two parts of the former are required to produce one of the latter; consequently, the eight pounds of nitrogenous matter in the hundred pounds of cheese in excess of that found

in a like quantity of beef are fully counterbalanced by the four pounds of fat which the latter contains in excess of the former. Cheese and beef of this composition should, therefore, be of about equal food value, if equally digestible—which is not the case. It is true that some kinds of cheese make a better showing than this, especially those that have an extra quantity of cream incorporated; but when we consider that a considerable part of cheese is not digested, as was proved by E. Smith, it will not do to give the best cheese a greater food value than beef.

The Writers of the Bible.
Moses wrote Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy.
Joshua, Judges, and I Kings wrote the book of Joshua, but it is not certain which of them.
Samuel is the penman of the books of Judges and Ruth. He also wrote the first acts of David, and probably Nathan and Gad wrote his last acts; and the whole was formed into two ed, which were named after Samuel, as the most eminent person, called the first and second books of Samuel.
Jeremiah most probably compiled the two books of the Kings.
Ezra compiled the two books of the Chronicles. He is also author of the book bearing his name.
Nehemiah wrote Nehemiah.
The author of the book of Esther is unknown.
Elijah was most probably the penman of the book Job. Moses may have written the first two chapters and the last. Some think Job wrote it himself.
David wrote most of the book of Psalms. Asaph penned a few of them.
Solomon wrote Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Songs of Solomon.
Isaiah is the author of the prophecy of Isaiah.
Jeremiah wrote the book bearing his name, and the Lamentations of Jeremiah.
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, probably Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, wrote the books of prophecies bearing their respective names.
Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, wrote the Gospels named after them.
Luke wrote the Acts of the Apostles.
Paul is the author of the Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, Philemon and Hebrews.
James, the son of Alphaeus, who was apostle, wrote the epistle bearing his name.
The Apostle John wrote the three Epistles of John.
Jude, the Apostle, the brother of James, called also Lebbeus, whose surname was Thaddeus, a near relative to St. John, wrote the Epistle of Jude.
Our Lord, the Divine, wrote Revelation.

Are Mules a Pest?
There is a great difference of opinion as to this question. Our own is that the mule is harmless as a rule—some times it damages lawns and gardens in pursuit of its food, which usually is the earthworm, which it should go through a hill of corn and injure it by loosening the rootlets, it is still in pursuit of the earthworm, which is, in dry times, found about the roots of corn and other vegetables, grass, etc., more abundant than elsewhere. So far as our observations extend, we have never known the mule to eat vegetable matter. It would seem to be strictly a carnivorous animal. And on this head there is something to the point: Mr. Weber, one of the savans of Zurich, Switzerland, recently examined the stomachs of a number of mules caught in different localities, but failed to discover therein the slightest vestige of plant or roots; whereas they were filled by several of these animals in a box containing earth and sod with growing grass, and a small case of grub or earthworms. In nine days two mules devoured three hundred and forty-one white worms, one hundred and ninety-three earthworms, twenty-five caterpillars and a dead mouse. Fed with a mixed diet of raw meat and vegetables, the mules ate the meat and left the vegetables, and when vegetables exclusively were dealt out to them, in twenty-four hours both died of starvation.

What He Saw in Switzerland.
He is to be pitied, is the common place tourist; he loses so much. When he comes home his descriptions are somewhat like those given to a friend of mine when he was a little boy by a newly returned traveler:
"And did you see Switzerland, and what was it like?" asked the boy breathlessly.
"Switzerland, boy? Yes, boy; Switzerland is just gay!"
Appalled by his incongruous adjective the boy tried again, in the hope of obtaining more implicit information:
"Yes, and did you see the Alps, and how did they look?"
"The Alps, boy? Yes, boy, I saw the Alps; and now I tell you, boy, the Alps are just gay!"
There was an increased emphasis in the enunciation of this second "gay," which promised well; so the boy pricked up his ears and made a final effort:
"And tell me, sir, did you—did you see Mount Blanc, and how did it look?"
"Mount Blanc, boy? Yes, boy, I saw Mount Blanc; and now, boy, I tell you what it is, boy, Mount Blanc is just gay!"
There was a whole collection of availed during the year 1878 the oldest being 114 years of age.
—Pennsylvania supplies one-fifth of the whole potato crop. North Carolina produces more sweet potatoes than any other State.

BRIEFS.

—There were 7633 marriages in New York last year, for all the hard times.
—The U. S. Revenue Collector at York Pa., recently sold in one day, \$2531 worth of stamps for cigars manufactured in that county. One dealer bought \$900 worth.
—South Carolina supplies nearly half the rice produced in the country. Georgia is next, or 47,000,000 pounds ahead of Louisiana. Nearly all the rice comes from these three States.
—Sylvester Scott, the California bear hunter, keeps twenty-five bears; his time "out" is usually a fortnight, and he follows the dogs about. His usual luck is a "dozen bears" in the summer he is in camp.
—The Boston Advertiser says that Dr. Oliver has an "endless" stock of one open for all his literary works from 1867 until September of last year, when he sent it to the makers to be repaired, with a "certificate of honorable service."
—Mr. Cassius M. Clay has just given the Kentucky Historical Society the oil portraits of Alexander II. of Russia and his wife, painted by Winterhalter. He has also presented to the Society more than 800 rare and valuable objects, including many desirable autograph letters.
—Baron Gustave de Rothschild has presented the Jewish Consistory in Paris, with a piece of land, measuring nearly 1386 metres, for the construction of a Jewish wash house, and the deed provides that the establishment to be erected bear the name of "L'École Gustave de Rothschild."
—Miss Anna E. Dickinson has written for Mr. John McCullough a play called "Aurelian," which he is to bring out next April, with Miss Dickinson as the first female part of Queen Zenobia. The scenes of the play are laid in Rome and Palmyra.
—King Louis of Bavaria is the most monarchic. A few days ago he gave a dinner to Louis XIV, and his court. Fourteen courses were laid, one for the living king, and the other for the dead one and his imaginary attendants. After this cheerful repast, King Louis was an accomplished linguist, and was in the habit of translating at sight the newspaper articles in different articles collected by her husband during his travels. A short time before she had she had commenced a translation of one of Schiller's plays for Salvini's repertoire.
—Elminda Lewis, the colored sculptress, contracted to make a plebe of statuary to put on a grave in St. Louis. The play model pleased the artist, but Mr. Thomas, who paid \$1500 down, agreeing to give \$500 more on the delivery of the marble statue. The completed work was sent from Italy, but Mr. Thomas refused to accept it, claiming that the workmanship was poor; that "the statue is a burlesque on art." Miss Lewis has sued for the \$500, and a large number of art experts are to testify on the matter.
—The Grand Chancellors of the Legion of Honor has just issued a table of the extinctions in that order during the latter half of 1868. They are: Grand Croixes, 2 military, 1 civil; Grand Officers, 1 of the former and 7 of the latter; Commanders, 25 and 58; Knights, 248 and 252. In consequence, the number of nominations which can be made in the first half of 1878 is as follows: Grand Officers, 2 military, 3 civil; Commanders, 13 and 5; officers, 45 and 29; Knights, 274 and 176. During the same period 1558 military medals became extinct, leaving an opportunity of conferring 436.
—The Evelina Hospital in London, for sick children, founded in 1869, in honor of his wife, who died in 1866, by the Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, was the scene of a very interesting festivity on the 7th inst. The poor inmates had their Annual New Year's tree. Many were able to run about and themselves obtain the presents provided for them, while other little sufferers sat up in their beds in high delight, surrounded by toys. Baron Ferdinand himself was busy among them distributing gifts and cheering the little people whose benefactor he has been, being assisted by many friends, and by the lady superintendent and nurses.
—Every day, of the arrival of Conductor Elmore's train from Hartford over the Connecticut Western Railroad at Lakeville, a small dog can be seen on the platform, who immediately runs up to Mr. Elmore, keeping up a furious barking until that official hands out to him a Hartford paper, which the brute takes in his mouth, and after wagging his tale a number of times as much as to say, "thank you," starts off with it to the residence of his owner, distant some half a mile from the depot, where he always safely delivers it. No matter what the state of the weather may be, the animal is always found on the platform, and only on the particular train.
—The subscriptions made by the French Government to the principal Paris theatres have been in part announced for this year. The Opera gave a grant of 840,000 francs (1368,000 dollars) for the remaining period of 1878, 30,000 francs, which expires October 31, 1878. The Opera Comique, directed by M. Carvallo, receives 300,000 francs. A credit of 450,000 francs has also been voted for popular concerts and military matinees, a form of amusement quite unknown here. It is divided as follows: 100,000 francs; 30,000 francs; 100,000 francs; 100,000 francs, and Bertrand, 10,000 francs.