

THE BLUE RIDGE BLADE.

J. H. HALLYBURTON, Editor and Proprietor.

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SONG.

BY DR. LA MOULLE. Not where the poison dew distill, Which brings such we to morn, That we our burning glasses fill, And drink and fill again.

STARVING TO WIN A WIFE.

It was a July afternoon. Three men sat on the veranda of the village hotel. Their feet were on the balcony railing, their chairs were tilted back and they were fanning themselves.

"Well, we are too old for this sort of thing," said the Judge, leaning back again. "But, speaking of fasting—I will have it that way—reminds me of my attempt at suicide."

"I was in the papers," said Gherkins, stopping his fanning long enough to glance sideways at the other.

"That's what he thought," observed the Colonel, with a sneer, half cough and half laugh.

"With a girl," continued Barron. "Well added!" cried Gherkins. "Thought the tendency of young men is, we know, to fall in love with old women."

"And not, as you well know, Colonel, for young women to fall in love with old men."

"You're as old as I am," shouted the Colonel. "Not by fifteen years," exclaimed the Judge. "But you take my remark as personal."

indifference crazed me, I wanted to tell her that, as a man, I loved her. She knew that in my childhood I had idolized her. But what chance had I? What good would it do, if she were going to marry the infirm fellow who was sitting next to her? I went home assured that life had no value to me. The more I thought of it the less I cared for it. The less I cared for it the greater my anxiety to be rid of it. To be rid of it meant to take it. Suicide is horribly vulgar, ordinarily. It is only the Frenchman who makes it sublime. He

"There! here! I must protest," exclaimed the parson, looking up his hands in horror. "Such talk is not orthodox."

"I'm not telling an orthodox story, doctor. What I think now and thought then are two different affairs. Enough to say I resolved on killing myself. As in my disappointment I felt no hunger, starvation seemed a very refined method of self-extinction."

"Economical to the last!" exclaimed the Colonel, returning to the attack.

"You'll never carry the practice of your life to such an extreme," said Barron. "I have the satisfaction of knowing that. However, Colonel, your bitterness is natural. I forgive you. Dr. Miller cannot fail to see that I'm treating you like a Christian—that is, as if you were one. Well, I began the siege myself. The supplies were cut off. I retired to my room and refused to eat. That meant a great deal when it is considered that for four years I had lived at a college boarding-house. It meant more when one remembers that it was done for love! Men talk of killing themselves for the objects of their affections, but they seldom, if ever, try the starvation plan. It takes true grit for that sort of thing. Perhaps this story of mine hasn't the sentimental fervor that animated me then. It seems now to have been an example of rather funny obstinacy. The first day was lived through without much discomfort; the second found me hungry; the third, I was half crazy for food, and the smell from the kitchen infuriated me. I began to wonder if I wasn't making a fool of myself."

"Yes! You were the only one who had doubts about it!" said the Colonel, quite cheerfully, all things considered.

"Meanwhile," continued the Judge, "every relative got wind of the matter and came to hold an anti-mortem inquest. The doctor was summoned, and at last the newspaper of the town came out with a highly-seasoned story, in which Miss Dexter was, by innuendoes, referred to as the cause of the trouble. Of this, however, I knew nothing. I was too busy in scheming to counteract the plots of my friends to force food into my stomach to care what was being said outside of the house. The night of the third day was a horrible one. It was made up of a succession of dreams of banquets at which I could not eat enough to satisfy my hunger."

"The next morning I was out of my head until noon."

"Out of your stomach! Brains had nothing to do with it," said the Colonel. "Out of my head," repeated the Judge. "It seemed as though I was about to collapse and die. Everything was whirling around and around, when the door was opened and a face came into view. It had a familiar look, but at first I could not tell whose it was. I looked and looked and looked, and then dropped away in a fainting fit. It lasted for a minute. When I came to, the first thing that met my gaze was this same face. The eyes had the same electrical gleam as of old; the lips were just as seductive in their expression, and the voice made the sweetest of music. She took my thin face in her little hands and looked sadly into my eyes."

"Fred! Fred!" she whispered. "Dear old boy, tell me what this means!" I shook my head wearily. "I've been away," she said, "and there's a horrible story about us in the paper—about me, I mean—that I am the cause of this. Have you seen it?" "No, Lou."

of his fist, as he sprang from his chair. "If she did, sir, I demand satisfaction, the satisfaction of a gentleman; sir! 'Animated Old Petrification!' And this by a woman I would have honored by marrying! It is too much, too much! You shall give me revenge!" Barron laughed. So did the minister. "You shall have what you want, Colonel," said the Judge.

"When, where, how? That talk suits me."

"By coming around to dinner with me this afternoon. You know Mrs. Barron has changed her mind about you since that day?"

"I'll be blanked if I will," roared the Colonel, slamming the chairs aside as he trumped away.

"At 4 o'clock sharp," said the Judge, leaning over the railing, and speaking to the angry man on the walk below.

"He is very wrathful," observed the minister.

"But he will come all the same," said the Judge.

"I suppose that young lady gave you a favorable reply," merrily observed Dr. Miller, who wanted to hear the conclusion of the story.

"Favorable? Of course! See that lady over the street there?"

"Mrs. Barron? Oh, yes!" "Well, she was Lou Dexter before I married her. Her 'yes' stopped my suicide."

CAUGHT IN A WOLF TRAP.

A Frenchman's Horrible Fate. Some years ago a trap was placed near a deserted footway, the usual warning precautions being taken.

The same day a young man left his home a little before sunset, and, for the purpose of shortening the distance he had to go, took his way across the forest, and came exactly on the track where the trap was set.

The night was nearly dark, and he failed to observe that several little pieces of string were swinging to and fro in the breeze from the branches of the thicket near him. Suddenly he felt a terrible shock, accompanied by most intense pain, the bones of his leg being apparently crushed to splinters.

He was caught in the wolf-trap. The first few moments of pain and suffering over he must have comprehended the danger of his position, and had, it is presumed, endeavored to open the serrated iron jaws which held him fast.

But the trap refused to give up its prey. At each movement of his body the iron teeth thrust themselves deeper in his flesh. His agony must have been of exquisite description.

He probably shouted, and would have continued to shout, however hopelessly, for help, had it not been for the fear of attracting the wolves that might be lurking in the neighborhood.

He had under his coat a small hatchet; and with this he trusted to defend himself. As the night lengthened, the moon rose and shed her pale light over the forest.

He may now be pictured immovable, with eyes and ears on the qui vive, his body in the most excruciating torment, listening and waiting.

All at once, far, very far off, he hears indistinct sounds. Approaching with rapidity, these sounds become cries and yells. They are those of wolves on the track—demons, which in a few minutes would be upon him, carried direct to the spot by the trails set for the destruction of his destroyers.

A few minutes more and he was surrounded by a cordon of yellow flames from the eyes of the brutes, the animals themselves, which he could scarcely distinguish, sending forth their terrible yells full in his face.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

TEXAS has six oil wells. The rolling-mill at Birmingham, Ala. employs 358 hands. Fifty cents is the price of a marriage license in Tennessee.

LOUISIANA moss is becoming an important article of commerce. There are three colored men on the Grand Court grand jury at Memphis. His public schools of Columbia, Ga., are attended by 514 white and 542 colored children.

The coadjutors of the American Bible Society distributed 10,253 Bibles in Texas during the last four months. The Tribune is of the opinion that the people in Bonn, Ga., are too high, and unless they are reduced the city's interests will be materially affected.

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On the following morning, when the unfortunate forester who set the trap came to examine it, he found it at the foot of the oak, deluged with blood, the bone of a human leg upright between the iron teeth, and all around, scattered about the turf and the path, a quantity of human remains.

BIOGRAPHY.

Thomas Robinson Knowlton. This noted historian was the son of Zachery Macaulay, a West India merchant and wonderful philanthropist. His grandfather was Sir John Macaulay, a Presbyterian minister of West Scotland. Young Macaulay was born in the year 1800, educated at Trinity College, where he acquired a reputation as a scholar and debater, and twice won the Chancellor's medal, first, by his poem "Pompeii," second, "Evening."

He was elected Fellow of Trinity and devoted himself to literature, becoming a contributor to Knight's Quarterly Magazine. In 1825 he made his appearance in the Edinburgh Review in his poem "The Edinburgh Review," a production so learned, enthusiastic, and brilliant that it captivated the wide reading world, and placed him in the first ranks of essayists. In 1826 he was called to the bar but never practiced the profession.

About this time he was elected to Parliament, for which he repaid his constituents by setting forth their doctrine in a manner so luminous, powerful and attractive that his adversaries were charmed, and convinced if they were not converted.

In 1836 he went to India and spent some time in the preparation of a new penal code, but was not very successful. On his return he was re-elected to Parliament. As a statesman he was the implicit friend of freedom, both civil and religious. He eloquently sustained the Roman Catholic bill for the relief of Catholics, and in consequence was unseated, but five years thereafter was re-elected without effort on his part. In 1848 he published the first two volumes of his world-renowned "History of England"—the finest history, too, ever written by ancient or modern writer. It was received with an enthusiastic popularity which has been attained by very few of the great novelists.

When he published in 1850 his two last volumes they created such excitement in Paternoster row as had never been seen before. Shortly after he was elected a member of the French Academy of Moral and Political Science, and was raised to the peerage in England under the title of Baron Macaulay. He died in 1858, at Holly Lodge, near London. He was a man of superlative talent, thorough scholarship, and his accurate knowledge and his profound knowledge of modern Europe and especially English history from the time of Henry VIII was unsurpassed. His style is pure, luminous and exquisitely modulated, or musical, while his powers of description were such that his "History of England" might be compared to the cartoons of Raphael in the Sistine Chapel of Rome.

Allison said: "After a review of the chief characteristics of Lord Jeffrey, McIntosh and Smith, we find Macaulay's turn of mind and style peculiar, and exhibiting a combination rarely, if ever, exhibited in ancient or modern literature. Unlike Jeffrey, he is deeply learned in lore—ancient and modern. His mind is richly stored with the poetry and history, both of classical and continental literature. Unlike McIntosh, he is eminently dramatic and pictorial. He alternately speaks poetry to the soul and paints pictures to the eyes. Unlike Smith, he has omitted subjects of party contention and party interests, and grapples with great questions and important names, which will forever attract the interest and demand the attention of such men as Milton, Bacon and Machiavelli. The grand characteristic of his style is the shortness of his sentences. He often conveys several ideas in one line."

NO CLIMATE AT ALL. South America, it might almost be said, has no climate at all. Here, in the southern continent, the same wind from the South pole blows throughout the year, fresh and keen all along the coast; so fresh and keen that on the sea, or close to it, the vertical sun of the tropics loses all its power, even at noon, and the long equatorial night has a chill which renders it unsafe as well as uncomfortable to sleep in the open air, and unwise and almost impossible to dispense with heavy blankets. On the western coast of South America the vapors that would be wanted up to it from the Pacific are met by the tropical breezes which, as I said, come up from the pole, and they are driven up till they reach the Andes, where, condensed by the cold of that lofty region, they fall in copious rain, drenching and fertilizing the entire water-shed, and passing over the western slope and leaving it untouched, arid, barren and desolate. For the six winter months in the year that in the West Indies is the rainy season is here the season of clouds and fogs. We have the constant threat of rain, with hardly ever a drop of it, and the sun that breaks out in pale glimpses toward noon is seen but not felt. This is especially the case with Peru, the coast of which, projecting westward in all its length from Arica to Paita, is more immediately exposed to the "polar" wind and more immediately searched and blighted by its blast. That it is, as a tropical one, is very possible; and, indeed, there is no fault to be found with the force of the sun's health, but it is gloomy and doomed to perpetual drought. Dew and moisture are wanting to the land, consequently no vegetation, or only that which is fostered by the scanty rills creeping through the sand and stone of their narrow glets, and only breaking down, so-called fashion, when the thaw of the perpetual snow of the Cordillera sets in in good earnest in the summer months.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

On the occasion of the fire which destroyed part of the Crystal Palace in the winter of 1866-7 part of the menagerie had been sacrificed to the flames. The chimpanzee, however, was believed to have escaped from his cage, and was presently seen on the roof endeavoring to save himself by clutching in wild despair one of the iron beams which the fire had spared. The struggles of the unfortunate monkey. What was the surprise of the spectators of an imminent tragedy to find that the animal which, in the guise of a grunted ape, had earlier in the day, leaped itself into a piece of canvas blind so larded that the eyes of the imagination, and when shaken by the wind, it presented the exact counterpart of a struggling animal! Such an example is of especial interest, because it proves to us that not one person alone, but a large number of spectators, may be deceived by an object imperfectly seen—and aided in the illusion by a vivid imagination—into fancying all the details of a spectacle of which the chief actor is entirely a myth. A singular case has been given, on strict medical authority, of a lady who, walking from Penryn to Falmouth—her mind being occupied with the subject of drinking-fountains—was certain she saw on the road a newly-erected fountain, bearing the inscription, "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink." As a matter of course, she mentioned her interest in seeing such an erection to the daughters of the gentleman who was supposed to have placed the fountain in its position. They assured her that no such fountain was in existence, but, convinced of the reality of her senses, on the ground that "seeing is believing," she repaired to the spot where she had seen the fountain, only to find, however, a few scattered stones in place of the expected erection. —Chambers's Journal.

A PRINTER'S DREAM. A printer sat in his office chair; his boots were patched and his coat threadbare, while his face looked weary and worn with care. While sadly thinking of business debt, old Morpheus slowly round him crept, and before he knew it he soundly slept; and, sleeping, he dreamed that he was dead, from trouble and toil his spirit had fled, and that not even a cow-bell tolled for the peaceful rest of his cobweb soul. As he wandered among the shades, the smoke and scorch in lower Hades, he shortly observed an iron door that creakingly swung on hinges ajar, but the entrance was crossed by a red-hot bar, and Satan himself stood peeping out and watching for travelers thereabout, and with growing voice the echoes woke: "Come in, my dear, it shall cost you nothing, and never fear; this is the place where I cook the ones who never pay their subscription sums, for though in life they may escape, they will find when dead it is too late; I will show you the place where I melt them thin, with red-hot chains and scraps of tin, and also where I comb their heads with broken glass and melted lead, and if of refreshments they only think there's boiling water for them to drink; there's the red-hot gridstone to grind down his nose, and red-hot rings to wear on his toes; and if they mention they don't like fire I'll sew up their mouths with red-hot wire; and then, dear sir, you should see them squirm while I roll them over and cook to a turn." With these last words the printer awoke, and thought it all a practical joke; but still at times so real did it seem that he cannot believe it was all a dream; and often he thinks with a chuckle and grin of the fate of those who save their tin and never pay the printer. —Louisville Post.

TO OBLIGE HIS HOSTESS. "Yes," said a popular lecturer, as the writer took a seat beside him in a smoking-car—"yes, a peripatetic lecturer has some strange experiences. In a little town in Ohio, last winter, I was met at the depot by the Mayor, and taken to his house, the best one in the place, by the way. Here I was met by a score or so of the worthy citizens of the place; we had an excellent dinner, and I was expected to entertain the company. Now, I like to go to a hotel, take a comfortable smoke, a light tea, and go to the platform without being bothered by anybody. But a servant of the public can not do as he likes. The lady of the house where I stopped was indisposed and did not put in an appearance—not then. She was to tell to go the lecture. Whether you know it or not, I put a good deal of vital energy into my platform efforts, and I was thoroughly tired out when I got into the carriage with the Mayor to go home. I had of my hat and overcoat, lounged listlessly into the parlor, thinking I could at least rest, now that there were no visitors. The lady of the house was lying on the sofa, propped up by pillows. I was introduced, and what do you think? That female requested me, as she had been unable to attend the lecture, to read it to her—actually to go over the whole thing again. And did it! I hate to disappoint a lady. For nearly two hours I droned out that lecture. It was horrible. I have hated the thing ever since. But I couldn't, you know, disoblige my hostess." —Adrian (Mich.) Times.

A NEGRO barber, at St. Louis, studied law at night for several years, and was finally admitted to the bar. He now works in the shop on Saturdays and Sundays, and practices with considerable success in the courts on the other days.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA is said to be a skillful fencer. The Cape May Hotel-keepers are charging guests with puppies \$10 per week extra. POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF dresses are common in England. They are garments to wear over.

An old thermometer is never very popular. Nobody wants to see a thermometer over 70. The fellow who picked up the hot penny originated the remark, "All that glitters is not gold."

ELIAS POPE, the colored carriage-driver of President Peck, still lives at Nashville, aged 76 years. The sale of Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" has been twentyfold greater in America than in England.

"LITTLE BOY: "Ma, when you go to heaven shall you let this house?" "When I go to heaven I shall not think about such things as that." Boy: "But when everybody is dead what will become of all the world?" Ma: "The world will be destroyed." Boy: "And all the houses, too?" Ma: "Yes." Boy: "O! what a awful waste!"

Three little girls had great fun in a neighbor's house at South Bend, Ind., during the absence of the family. They first broke all the window panes. Then they poured several gallons of milk on the parlor carpet. Finally, they emptied six dozen cans of raspberries and blackberries into a tub, and dyed all the fine dresses they could find in the juice.

HENRIET SPENCER defines life to be "the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external existence and sequences;" G. H. Lewis as "a series of definite and successive changes, both of structure and composition, which take place within an individual without destroying its identity."

The railroad monopolies don't have it all their own way, after all. A lady in Chicago made the Central Pacific for \$75 damages for allowing a locomotive to scald all the hair off a valuable dog expressed her from San Francisco. She obtained judgment and collected the money before the company found out that it was a Japanese dog and never had any hair.

The London Economist says hundreds of thousands of sheep, if not millions, have died of plague in England, and the Russian, Turkish, English, and Afghanistan wars, as well as those of Turkey, Syria, Persia, and the Trian country, have caused tens of millions of sheep to be killed. In fact, wool-growing in Turkey, Russia, Persia, and India has been almost given up on account of the wars and the low prices current for the past five years.

While trout-fishing in Holden, Mass., C. G. Parker saw a woodchuck and a fox running toward the burrow of the former. The fox reached the entrance first, and, turning, faced the woodchuck. The latter turned to run away, when the fox seized him by the throat, and a life-and-death struggle ensued, the fox being constantly on the aggressive, and in about five minutes he had the woodchuck hors de combat. He then took the carcass by the nape of the neck and trotted off into the woods.

ARTHUR (Tex.) Review: While bathing in Bear creek, Lembert Briott, a stone-cutter, was bitten by a water-moccasin. After being thus wounded he made a dive for the shore, striking the snake from him, but had scarcely reached the bank when he discovered that the snake was pursuing him. He made good his escape, but upon reaching his camp he discovered that he was bitten on the finger, and, taking a coal of fire, burnt the flesh of his finger to the bone, thus destroying the poison of the bite.

WEEDS. There is one peculiarity about weeds which is very remarkable, viz, that they only appear on ground which, either by cultivation or for some other purpose, has been disturbed by man. They are never found truly wild, in woods or hills, or uncultivated wastes far away from human dwellings. They never grow on virgin soil, where human beings have never been. No weeds exist in those parts of the earth that are uninhabited, or where man is only a passing visitor. The Arctic and Antarctic regions are destitute of them; and above certain limits on mountain ranges they have no representatives. There were no traces of them in New Zealand and Australia and America, when those countries were discovered, though they now abound in them. We never see the familiar weeds of our gardens and fields anywhere else except in association with our cultivated plants. The dandelion illumines our raxways with its intricate suns, and, far and wide as its downy seeds may float in the air, they alight and germinate only around the dwellings of man. The chickweed and the groundsel have no home except in the garden beds; the thistle belongs to the corn-fields, the sheep's sorrel to the potato plot, and the dock to the meadow. —Dr. Macmillan.

A HARTFORD gentleman has nearly completed a carriage for use on ordinary roads, to be propelled solely by compressed air. The shafts, of course, have been omitted, but otherwise the carriage will resemble, in the main, those commonly used. The machinery, in very compact form, is under the seat of the axle, and the air will be taken out from a reservoir in sufficient quantity to furnish motive power for a run of many miles.