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**A Chain of Songs.**  
This is the song of the bee:  
"Open wide the sweet enclosure  
Of your bosom wide to me;  
I would enter in, O Rose,  
I would come to dwell with thee.  
All the sweets of wild-flowered field,  
All the wealth the garden yield,  
All these shall the garden be  
For thy love," sings the restless bee.  
This is the song of the rose:  
"You are nothing to me, O bee,  
For at night there's a wind that blows;  
In the dark he kisses me,  
And no flower the secret knows.  
I wind, that wayward darts,  
I take my hundred glowing hearts!  
To are they, to win or lose,  
You love me," sings the rose.  
This is the song of the wind:  
"I love you not, wanton flower;  
I kissed you, count it sport;  
You're a young tree near your lover,  
And to him I pay my court.  
Fold me sweet, in your swaying arms;  
I will praise your maiden charms  
East and west, if you are kind  
To your lover," sighs the wind.  
This is the song of the rye:  
"Nought care I for wind that woos  
There's a lark that flies and sings,  
And him for my love I chose;  
Ah, vain would I clip his wings!  
Draw near, love, and build thee a nest  
Right here, love, upon my breast,  
And safe shall thy dwelling be."  
This is the song of the tree:  
"O tree, I regard thee not;  
Higher, higher, I aspire  
For I long to reach the spot  
Where I see you ball of fire,  
Glowing, flaming, burning,  
And my heart is madly yearning  
Just to be a tiny spark  
Of the great sun," sings the lark.  
This is the song of the sun:  
"O children, with hearts to break,  
As ye lie on the world's broad breast,  
I can see you quiver and ache,  
With longing that's never at rest;  
Only love that burns upward is living,  
Such love lives on with the giving,  
Though love in return 'n'er be won."  
This is the song of the sun.  
—Annette W. Holt in the Continent.

## THE MISSING DEED.

"Any news from the case this morning, Mr. Hutchinson?"  
This question was asked by Mr. Tom Hutchinson of the firm of Holbrook & Hutchinson of September, as he entered the office.  
His partner, Tom Hutchinson, without looking up from the papers he was reading, answered in the negative.  
"Well," continued the senior member of the firm, "we must exhaust every effort to find the missing deed. There is a letter in the morning's mail from Mr. Arnold, authorizing us to increase the reward to five thousand dollars."  
"That ought to fetch it, if it is in existence," said Tom Hutchinson.  
And he threw down his papers, and he wheeled his office chair to face Mr. Charles Wilson, aged twenty-two, with legal aspirations, who was "reading" in the office of this celebrated firm.  
"Wilson," he said, "write out another advertisement, in the Arnold case, and take it around to the Ledger."  
"Yes sir!" answered the young man.  
And he took a sheet of paper and began to write.  
After awhile he read the following, and the firm agreed that it was the proper thing:  
"INFORMATION WANTED.—Information wanted of a certain parchment deed, given by Andrew Sharp to Archibald Arnold, conveying to the said Arnold a certain parcel of land, containing about one hundred and thirty-five thousand acres, more or less, situated in the state of Iowa, said deed having been given at Burlington, Iowa, in the year 1858. This deed was lost or stolen some fifteen years ago, and any one furnishing information which will lead to its recovery, will receive a reward of five thousand dollars by applying to HOLBROOK & HUTCHINSON, Attorneys at Law, Philadelphia, Pa."  
"You'd better take it around at once," said the head of the firm.  
And the young man left the office to perform the errand.  
Messrs. Holbrook and Hutchinson's student was a poor young man—very poor—but he had a stout heart and great ambition, and although he found it a serious matter to make ends meet, he was studying very hard to perfect himself for the bar, after which auspicious event, he felt that all would be plain sailing.  
He had rosy day-dreams, sometimes, of a future, after fame and wealth should have fallen to his share, and the central figure of these dreams was pretty Madge Bevan, who was nearly as poor as himself, and whom he had loved ever since he was a boy at school.  
"If I could find the missing deed" he thought, as he hurried to the newspaper office, "all would be well. Five thousand dollars would give me a good start in life, and I could make dear Madge happy, and lift the burden of the support of her mother from her frail shoulders. I shall be admitted to the bar next term, and it will be pretty up-hill work at first, unless I have a reserve capital. By-the-way," he muttered, aloud, "I promised Madge to take tea with them this evening."

Charlie Wilson had expended a great deal of thought on the most important factor in the great land case of Arnold vs. Sharp, the missing deed to the immense tract of Western land, and for the past month he had spent his idle moments visiting junk-stores, in the hope of somewhere running across the parchment.  
In the course of his search he had overhauled tons of old paper, but so far he could discover not the slightest trace of the missing document, and hundreds of others who had been tempted by the large reward offered for its discovery, were equally unsuccessful.  
To-day he thought more about the deed than he did of Coke and Blackstone, and was so restless and pre-occupied that when the clock struck three he laid aside his books and left the office.  
Mrs. Bevan and her pretty daughter lived in an old farm-house in the suburbs.  
Madge was employed as a copyist in a big Market Street publishing house, and she usually finished her day's work at 4 o'clock.  
Until that hour, Charlie paced slowly up and down the sidewalk in front of the tall building where she worked.  
They walked home together, and Charlie, of course, spoke of the missing deed.  
They amused themselves with discussing what they would do with the reward, supposing they should find the important document, and were talking in this ridiculous strain when they reached Madge's home.  
"Tea is ready," said Mrs. Bevan, greeting Charlie kindly, "and I've opened a jar of my home-made strawberry-jelly just for your benefit."  
While Mrs. Bevan poured out the tea, she removed the cover of the jelly-jar. Suddenly he turned pale, his lower jaw dropped, and he sat gazing fixedly at the jelly-jar like one spell-bound.  
"Are you ill, Charlie?" cried Madge, springing to her feet.  
"You haven't come upon one of those nasty black beetles?" ejaculated Charlie, with a gasp.  
"No, no!" gasped Charlie, after a time. "It's nothing. I shall be all right directly. It's—it's—the five thousand dollars!"  
He seized the part of parchment that had covered the jelly-jar, and bending over it, began to decipher the written characters upon it.  
"Witness this, my hand—Andrew Sharp—witness!" he muttered; and then raised his head and turned to Madge, who was bending over his chair, with a glad light in his blue eyes. "I've found it, dear!" he cried.  
"What?"  
"A part of the missing deed; and now if we can trace the rest," he cried, excitedly, "our fortune's made."  
"Mercy on us!" gasped Madge, beginning to cry, in her bewilderment.  
"Did you ever?" ejaculated Mrs. Bevan, and in her excitement she dropped the teapot to the floor, smashing it into bits. "Madge," she finally managed to say, "the rest of the jars are in the cellar, on the swinging-shelf."  
Charlie dashed down the cellar stairs, and there, on a shelf in the middle of the cellar, were two-dozen jelly-jars, lacking one, each with a piece of parchment tied over it for a cover.  
"Take them up stairs!" he ordered to Mrs. Bevan and Madge, who had followed him.  
And he gathered up as many of the jars as he could carry.  
When they were placed on the table he removed the covers.  
It was an anxious moment, and his hand trembled as he fitted the bits together.  
At last the thing took definite shape. Not a line was wanting. A few of the "and whereases" and "provided alsos" were a trifle sticky, and a few of the words had lost a letter or two; but the main points were all there, and Charlie Wilson fairly danced with glee.  
"Where did you get it?" he asked, turning to Mrs. Bevan.  
"I had no idea the paper was of any value," answered that good lady, "and I selected it from a number that I found in the attic, because it was parchment. They were there when we moved into the house, and I expect they were left by Mr. Arnold, the owner of the property, when he moved out."  
"Arnold—" began Charlie.  
"Yes—Mr. Archibald Arnold. He owns this house and land, but the property is managed by an agent."  
"That explains it," said the young man. Mr. Archibald Arnold is the plaintiff in the suit.  
"Well, I'm glad it's found, although they were excellent covers for jelly-jars. Sit down and eat your supper."

"I can't stop," cried Charlie, reaching for his hat.  
He put the precious jar covers into his pocket, and proceeded, with all possible speed, to the office of Holbrook & Hutchinson.  
The firm had not yet gone home, and Charlie laid the disjointed document before them on the big office table.  
One glance convinced them that their student had secured the long-just deed, and the good news was telegraphed to their client, who lived in New York. He came on the next day, and they told him the story.  
At its close he drew a cheque for five thousand dollars, payable to Charlie's order, and the following week Charlie and Madge were married.  
Mr. Arnold won his suit, and one day paid a visit to the old homestead where Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Bevan still lived.  
They received the rich man very graciously, and he helped to eat some of the strawberry jelly.  
"That paper," he said, at parting, "was worth a hundred times five thousand dollars to me."  
A few days afterward a letter was received, addressed to Mr. Charles Wilson, inclosing a very kind note and a deed to the old farm-house and the plot of ground in the center of which it stood, "given," as the letter read, "in token of my appreciation of the great service you have rendered me."  
Charlie is quite a distinguished lawyer now, and every year his wife sends a jar of strawberry to Mr. Archibald Arnold.  
Martha Washington's Garret.  
Writing about a visit to Mt. Vernon, Joaquin Miller says: Let no one hereafter complain of having to live in a garret alone and without a fire. For here, with all this spacious and noble house to select from, the widow of Washington chose a garret looking to the south and out upon his tomb. This is the old tomb where he was first laid to rest, and where the fallen leaves are crowding in heaps.  
The garret has but one window, a small and narrow dormer window, and it is otherwise quite dark. A bottom corner of the door is cut away so that her cat might come and go at will. And this is the saddest, tenderest sight at Mount Vernon. It seems to me that I could see this lady sitting there, looking out upon the tomb of her mighty dead, the great river sweeping fast beyond, her heart full of memory of a mighty nation's birth—waiting, waiting, waiting. Her work was done. She had lived quite the allotted three score and ten. Her companions were in the tomb, and so she chose this garret, just above the bed in which her immortal husband had died, as a sacred place in which to sit down and cherish her memories and wait with folded hands for the end. And so here, after a year and a half of waiting, the angel of death found her; the hands were folded forever, and the nation mourned for its mother.

**Effect of Salt on the Blood.**  
Dr. Stevens, a French physician, saw a butcher killing a pig. He observed that he stirred the blood of the animal, and added a handful of common salt to it while stirring, which made it crimson, and the stirring being discontinued remained fluid. The change of color awakened his curiosity. The butcher could give no explanation, except that it kept it from jollying and spoiling. Dr. Stevens seized a vessel, caught some of the blood, and made several experiments by putting salt into it and found that the blackest blood was instantly changed into a bright vermilion by the use of salt. "And," said he, "here is a fact that may lead to a practical rule." He had observed, that in cases of yellow fever in the army, that the blood drawn was very black and fluid, and on adding salt it became vermilion, and it retained its freshness; whereas, putridity of the blood is one of the characteristics of yellow fever. He therefore abandoned the usual way of treating it and gave his patients a mixture of various salts, and in a very short time reduced the mortality from fever in the West Indies from one in five to one in fifty.  
**Took the Bait.**  
"Well, dear," remarked Mrs. Smith as her husband started out for a day's fishing. "I hope you will be successful and bring home a nice basket of trout."  
"Never fear," responded Smith, "if there are any trout to be caught I am the boy to catch 'em. It's a cold day in the spring time when a trout gets away from me."  
"It is, indeed," his wife said; "and by the way, here is your pocket-book lying on the table. You mustn't forget that. You can't catch trout without bait, you know."—Philadelphia Call.

**Water Waves from Earthquakes.**  
In some South American earthquakes the wall of water raised by the first shock has reached the almost incredible height of 200 feet, and successively smaller walls have rapidly followed to the shore in a gradual diminuendo, till at last the undulations died away to a mere ripple. Occasionally these big waves have radiated outward right across the entire face of the Pacific, to be recorded in Japan (according to Professor Milne) twenty-five hours afterward, at a distance of nearly 9,000 miles from the original centre of disturbance—not bad time as ocean travelling goes. The Java wave not only affected the entire coast of India, but ran up to Hooghly half-way to the straits of Calcutta, and even made itself felt in the port of Aden. It was also noted in South Africa and at Mauritius. Curiously enough, the great earthquake of Lisbon produced no visible effect on land in England, but it jarred and shook all the rivers, lakes and canals, so that the water in them oscillated violently for some time from no visible external reason. Loch Lomond rose and fell two and a half feet with every wave of five minutes; Coniston Water dashed itself wildly about as if it expected it was going to be made into a reservoir for the supply of still infantile Manchester; and the barges on the Godalming Canal were only prevented from supposing that the course by considerations of historical propriety (highly praiseworthy in men of their profession), owing to the fact that steam launches themselves had not yet begun their much oburgated existence. This curious effect is, of course, due to the greater mobility of liquids, just as a very slight jar which would not visibly affect the substance of the table will make the water in the finger-glasses rise and fall with a slight rhythmic motion. Indeed, it was similarly noticed at the time of the Lisbon catastrophe that in distant places where no other effect was produced, chandeliers, and even rows of tallow candles hung up in shops, began to vibrate and swing slightly after the manner of pendulums.

**UNCLE SAM'S MANY BOOKS.**  
The Unique Collection of Books and Newspapers in Washington.  
The movement to have a separate building put up in Washington for the exclusive use of the Congressional Library—which is then to be called the National Library—is gaining strength each year among the congressmen, and the authorization of the construction of the building is only a question of time. A correspondent of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* gives some interesting facts about the condition of its present collection:  
The present library, including the law library, has shelf-room for only 300,000 volumes. But it is not only because it is insufficient to accommodate the books, but because the space now given to them is imperatively needed by both houses of congress for committee-rooms, that many congressmen formerly opposed to letting the collection go outside the capitol, now favor the plan for a separate structure. Seventy thousand books could be left in the center of the present library where there is shelf-room for that number, and the two wings, each of which is four stories in height, could be converted into between fifteen and twenty committee-rooms of ample size for the purpose.  
There were in 1880 twelve libraries in Europe outnumbering the library of congress in the books upon its shelves, yet the growth of our national library has been so rapid as to have twice doubled the numerical extent of the collection in fifteen years. The Boston public library alone among American collections approximates it in size, and even a little exceeds it, if we count the books contained in its branches in the suburbs of Boston, which, however, are duplicates of the parent collection. It may be said of the library of congress that in the main its stores have been selected with a view to the highest utility, and with some general unity of plan.  
In addition to the books it is deemed necessary to purchase annually, and those which are of a large number.

**The Archon.**  
Looks so shy and innocent,  
Blushes like a startled thing;  
Who would think it knew the whole  
Of the secrets of the spring?  
Keeps its rays so hid low,  
Harkening, harkening, at the ground,  
Never missed a syllable  
Of the slightest stir or sound.  
Checked often on its leaves,  
Thinking how the world would wait;  
Searching vainly for a flower,  
Wondering why the spring was late.  
Other secrets, too, it knows—  
Secrets whispered over its head;  
Underneath its snowy veil  
Oh those secrets turn it red.  
Whisper on, glad girl and loyal,  
Send the fragrant rays to me;  
You and spring are inseparable—  
Never the archon lets!  
—Alice Hunt, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Good advice for the better—better quit.  
"I herd," is the way the cow-boy begins his conversation.  
Beware of dried apples. They love not wisely but to swell.  
The early fisherman beats the early bird in getting the worm.  
The piano is the most moral of instruments—being grand, upright and square.  
"This is a suggestion of spring," said the rat when the trap closed upon him.  
Who killed the greatest number of chickens? Hamlet's uncle did. "Murder most foj!"  
"What is it that you like about that girl?" asked one young man of another. "My arm," was the brief reply.  
"What is laughter?" asks a scientist. It is the sound you hear when your hat blows off.  
A young lady called her beau "Honey-suckle," because he is always hanging over the front railing.  
A convention of barbers was broken up because one man said he had a "razorition" he desired to offer.  
It is all folly to say love is blind. A fellow in love is very anxious to detect a correspondent of a local paper.