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NEW SERIES--VOL. X. NO. 23.

The cigarette is an illegal luxury for youth in twenty-nine States.

A complete list of embezzlements in the year 1890 is published by the Chicago Tribune, filling two newspaper columns. The most notable month for events of this nature was November, the misappropriations revealed then amounting to \$1,550,860. The total amount for the year is \$8,622,956. Pennsylvania leads in the greatest amount of funds embezzled—\$2,326,837. New York comes second, with \$1,923,270; Missouri is next, with \$596,384, while Illinois ranks fourth, with a total of \$406,938. The treaty abolishing the Dominion as a harbor of refuge for embezzlers and other defaulters was ratified last March, yet the total of \$8,565,956 for 1890 is greater than in any one of the many past years, the single exception being 1884, when the aggregate exceeded \$22,000,000.

Says the St. Louis Republic: We think we have some big churches here in America, but few of them have a seating capacity of over 1500 persons. Compared with some of the big churches of Europe ours are but as mole-hills to mountains.

Church	Seats
St. Peter's Church, Rome	54,000
Milan Cathedral	37,000
St. Paul's, Rome	32,000
St. Paul's, London	35,000
St. Petronio, Bologna	34,400
Florence Cathedral	34,500
Antwerp Cathedral	34,900
St. Sophia's, Constantinople	33,000
St. John's, Lateran	32,000
Norie Dame, Paris	31,000
St. Stephen's, Vienna	32,400
St. Dominic's, Bologna	32,000
St. Peter's, Bologna	31,400
Cathedral of Vienna	31,000
St. Mark's, Venice	7,000
St. George's, London	7,000
Dr. Hall's, New York	2,000

That the Chilians, who have been dubbed the Yankees of South America because of their business enterprise and stability of character, should have a revolution on their hands has disappointed and even shocked their well-wishers in this country, admits the New York Tribune. But the trouble seems to have sprung not from the lawlessness or unrest of the people, but from the unpatriotic course of a few politicians, especially Senor Balmaceda. The Chilians have advanced too far in the path of civilization to make it either possible or probable that they will revert to the state of chronic insurrection which has characterized so many countries of Latin America. After they have taught some politicians a salutary lesson order will doubtless be restored, and the people will again resume the industrial and commercial pursuits in which they have so signally distinguished themselves in the past.

The Atlanta Constitution deems that the Duke of Bedford, who died in England the other day, deserves more than a passing notice. That he was an able statesman few will deny. He sat in the House of Commons twenty-five years, and never made a speech. Then he went to the House of Lords, where he remained eighteen years, without saying a word. A parliamentary career of forty-three years passed in profound silence. But he was an able statesman—able, useful and honored. What kind of ability did he possess? The most potent—his estate covered 118 acres in the city of London. He owned about 3000 residences and business houses. It has been said that a very little wit goes a long way with an Emperor, and it is equally true that a very little thought, speech and work will go a long way with a millionaire. The Duke was a power in himself. Why should he speak, when his frown, his nod, his smile, his look did more to shape legislation and move society than the eloquence of a Sheridan? Statesmen and common mortals watched this phœnix for the slightest sign, and were eager to do his bidding. Brains were enlisted in his service, and the result showed ability somewhere, and the fountain head, after all, was the Duke. He could scowl down a bill, or nod it through by a good majority. Was not this ability of a very rare order? When the Duke died he left orders for his body to be cremated. Perhaps the thought had struck him that as a public man he had always been too cold. Finding that he had no fire in him—no spark—he wisely declared that, if he could not throw any heat into his carcass, he would throw himself into the fire. Able to the very last!

THE FLEET.

was long ago that my dream ships sailed Day by day to that shadowy sea. And I watched each one till my vision failed And the ships were lost in mystery. Sometimes a rose-hued and billowy cloud Shut out my view ere the ship went far. But often the darkness would seem to shroud The vessel before she crossed the bar. They sailed at the sunset, every one. They sailed away on the ebbing tide. Sometimes a brave vessel went out alone, And again two sailed forth side by side. I left them alone in the hands of Fate; Prayed she would make them really; And many a time did I watch and wait For my fleet to return from the sea. Then my last ship sailed—for my dreams were done— And I grieved that my ships came not back. But only last night at the set of sun I saw a mast o'er the wasteful track; And the twilight mists gave away and made A pathway lit with the sunset's beam; And a ship sailed in through the twilight shade, And brought back to me a youthful dream. —Flavel Scott Mines, in Harper's Weekly.

How Peter Won Juliana.

STORY OF AN ESKIMO MARRIAGE.

The little Eskimo settlement of Kartalik was in a great state of excitement. For a long time young Peter Manasse had wanted to marry pretty Juliana Marie Andreas, but because of the opposition of the girl's parents and brothers he had been unable to accomplish his desires. To the villagers the opposition of the relatives had seemed to be wholly unwarranted, for Peter was a most likely young Eskimo. He had a beautiful kayak, with two harpoons and a bird spear, two fish lines and two hooks, beside a net with which to scoop out the little salmonoids that throng the water there at certain seasons. Moreover, he could use them as well as any one that had ever paddled that way. Further still, he was courageous. Once in early spring, when the field ice had filled the fjord for several days in such a way that no one could go seal hunting, Peter, having seen a seal on an iceberg, ran across the floating ice cakes till he could strike it, and so, in spite of the dangers relieved the pressing need of the colony.

However, the relatives of the girl remained obdurate, while she looked on with apparent indifference, and so poor Peter sighed in vain until at last his father determined to interfere by giving a great feast to all his neighbors. It was the announcement of the date of the feast that had excited the people, and not without reason, too, for if during the course of the festivities young Peter could manage to pick up and carry away the pretty Juliana to his father's house, the matter would be settled; she would be constrained by the usages of polite Eskimo society to accept the bold lover, while the relatives would not be allowed to interfere once the young man got his sweetheart safely at the door of the hut.

It appeared that the Manasse family had had the feast in mind for a long time, for, now that it was announced, the people remembered that both father and son had been very assiduous in looking after their traps during the winter, and had taken many foxes. The pelts had been carefully prepared and deposited at the store of the white man. Among other things obtained in exchange were three kinds of hard bread, a large supply of coffee and enough tobacco to last a long time. It was when the father and son carried home these things that the feast was announced and everybody knew that a very great feast it would be.

When the afternoon arrived Mrs. Manasse placed three flat stones close together not very far from the entrance to her house, and built a fire of driftwood and faggots from the tiny forests hard by. Over this was placed a big iron pot bought of the whites, long before. The pot was filled with sea water, and into it she placed as many big chunks of seal meat and seal fat as would serve to make the foundation of a most nourishing and savory Eskimo stew. To the seal meat she had added enough ptarmigans and hares to give each member of the community one, and thereafter she carefully tended the fire so that the mess simmered gently and continuously, and the broth was kept well replenished. Meantime a host of youngsters gathered about the fire, sniffing the odors and dancing with one another and singing a song that related the trials of an Eskimo lover who, having failed to win the object of his desires, went away and married a wild

goose, a song very popular on such occasions in Eskimo land. But the older part of the community kept strictly within the huts.

By and by, when the stew was done to the taste of Mrs. Manasse, she called her husband from their hut, and thereupon he began shouting at the top of his voice: "O-e-yo! O-e-yo!" which is an Eskimo word of invitation to eat boiled meat. The people all came out so quietly that a stranger would have surmised that they had been waiting, perhaps not without some impatience, for the word to come. Gathering about the fire, they all squatted down in a circle. Then Peter's father, with a seal rib sharpened at one end, dexterously picked a piece of boiled meat from the kettle and passed it to Mr. Andreas, who was squatted by his side. Mr. Andreas put as much of it as possible into his mouth, and then cutting his bite clear with a knife he had brought with him for the purpose, he passed the chunk to the next person on his right.

A tin can full of the soup followed the meat in its travels around the circle, each man drinking a swallow and passing the can along—growler fashion—the men being served first and the women and children afterward in succession. Then the bread was passed around, so that each one had a biscuit, and in the meantime coffee had been boiled on a fire in the hut by one of the Andreas girls, and this was brought out and passed as the soup had been.

It was a remarkably fine Eskimo feast, and no attention was paid to anything but the eating, save by the two most interested persons present, young Peter and pretty Juliana. As for Juliana, she was seated on a rock on the side of the circle furthest from the Manasse doorway, and was keeping a bright lookout for every motion that Peter made, being determined to give him such a tussle as he had never dreamed of whenever he strove to capture her, as he was sure to do before the festivities were ended.

Peter was waiting until when, after the edge had been taken from appetite, the oldest woman in the village would get into the centre of the group and would there entertain everybody by contorting her face just as children do making faces. He had noticed, wily fellow, that the old woman's doings always convulsed pretty Juliana, and he guessed that if he were ever to capture the girl he must make his rush at the climax of the fun, when the old woman, with bulging eyes, wide, extended mouth and protruding tongue, would call herself Quamat—the moon. It was, therefore, with beating heart and rising emotions that he watched the well-known programme of the feast pass on till at last old Marie Tirra stepped into the ring and began the fun by looking square at pretty Juliana and then drawing one side of her face into a remarkable grimace.

Under ordinary circumstances Juliana would have roared with laughter, but this time her eyes had been wandering elsewhere, and she had seen, looking over the shoulder of her father and past the head of her unaccepted lover, an oomiak or great boat full of strangers coming around the rocks at the entrance of the little harbor, while two men in kayaks paddled beside the oomiak. Instead of laughing she jumped to her feet and shouted:

"Strangers! Strangers!"

It was a most startling event in the history of the little settlement. At the sound of the girl's voice everybody stood up and looked toward the strange boat. Then all looked down to the landing and greeted the newcomers by shouts and inquiries regarding their health. It was a cordial meeting in appearance only, however, for according to custom, one of the strangers had to wrestle with a picked man of the settlement, and under a very old custom the stranger, if defeated, could be killed by the victor—a custom now obsolete.

Now, the party of strangers included an old man, his wife, two sons, a daughter-in-law and several children. The sons were in the kayaks, and it was the unmarried one who led the way to the landing. As he stepped from his kayak the villagers by common instinct turned toward young Peter Manasse. He had had hard luck in wooing a wife, and here was his opportunity to show his prowess such as he had never had before.

In some way—probably from the chatter among the gossips—the young stranger seemed to apprehend the condition of affairs in the village, and looked at one after another of the maidens standing behind their elders and glancing

shyly at him when they thought he wouldn't observe them, until at last his eyes fell on Juliana. Her beauty of face and form would have convinced a less observant youth that she was the one sought for, but had anything else been wanting, her quick flush was enough to betray her. Thereat the young stranger picked a great dead swan—a very rare bird in those parts—from the top of his kayak and carried it to the feet of pretty Juliana, who said not a word, though she smiled very brightly toward her mother. Then the young man said:

"My name is Habakik. Who is it that will meet Habakik?" and young Peter Manasse stepped from the group and said that it was he. The two eyed each other and then, as white athletes would say, began to wrestle catch-as-catch-can. It was a mighty and memorable struggle. No such match had ever been seen by any one present. With equal strength and skill they pulled and pushed and lifted, hither and thither, about the level beach, till both were flaming red in the face and bathed in perspiration. Then the foot of the stranger slipped and he stumbled forward, head down, under Peter's right arm. A shout went up from the villagers, but before Peter could take advantage of the slip Habakik had grabbed the young man about the knees, lifted him from his feet and threw him heavily with his back on the sand. And there the two lay panting, while blood oozed slowly from Peter's nose, the shock of the fall having burst a small blood vessel.

After a minute or so, when both had partially recovered their wind, they rose slowly, and the villagers began once more giving the strangers a cheery welcome, in which, though crestfallen, Peter joined heartily. As he stood before Habakik, saying it had been a fair fight and well won, he saw the pretty Juliana, her big brown eyes watching the blood flowing down his face with a look of concern in them that no bright young Eskimo man could mistake. She was just outside of the group of villagers, and her father and brothers had run down to help draw the strange oomiak on shore. Juliana, catching the eye of Peter, turned her head very quickly away, and then the long disappointed lover reached her side with a jump, picked her up in his arms, and fled away in triumph to his father's iglu, and there they remained till the rest were through with the feast.

A week later the moon was full. Juliana received from her mother a new scraping knife and a new butcher's knife, and from her father a kmp made of a hollow stone. The white trader gave her a very fine, large iron kettle, a coffee pot and a great quantity of bright colored goods, and beads enough for a new collar a foot wide, which, under the circumstances, was a very decent thing for the trader to do. Juliana, as was said, was a very pretty girl. Then Juliana and Peter went to the house of the native preacher, and in the presence of all the people were married according to the Lutheran service, for nearly all Greenland Eskimos are Lutherans.

When Juliana had married him Peter went to live with his mother-in-law, according to the usual Eskimo custom. Eskimo wits never make jokes about the mother-in-law. It would not be in good form. The Eskimo mother-in-law rules the household. She can even command a divorce, the process being a simple one. She orders her unacceptable son-in-law out of the house, and when he obeys, as he always does, she throws any personal property after him that he may have left behind. Both the young people are then free to marry again.

The Eskimos do not marry cousins. A man could always have as many wives as he could support before the Danes discouraged polygamy, and it was the rule for a man to take one of the sisters of his chosen sweetheart. It is said that the old practice is still adhered to, though without the sanction of any religious ceremony.

It occasionally happens that a newly-married couple do not begin housekeeping at once—each instead remaining home. On the other hand, some young men set up a separate establishment at once by building a new iglu or house. Even then, the husband is not unlikely to have his wife's parents come in and live with him. When the new husband goes to his wife's house one end of the low platform, used as a bed in the house, is cut off to form the bridal chamber, and in front of that the young wife

may set up her own lamp if she choose. The bridegroom is expected to make a present to his wife's parents, even when he has to fight to get her or when he is betrothed to her in early years. In the old days he had to buy her.—New York Sun.

How Many Ties are Required?

Assuming the entire railroad system of the United States to be 161,397 miles, as appears from Poor's Manual, with the addition of the lines in construction during the current year, and taking 2640 ties per mile of track, there are in use at least 426,088,080 ties. This estimate, large though the total appears, is under the mark, for on the word of the Superintendent of a Pennsylvania Railroad construction corps no road uses less than 2640 ties per mile, and many of the roads with heavy traffic have 2816 and in a few cases more.

In a recent lecture on "American Woods," Professor Bickmore mentioned the enormous consumption of wood for this purpose, but it is doubtful if the real magnitude of it was properly understood by his hearers. The life of these ties varies according to their quality and the climatic conditions. On the Eastern roads, where only the best ties are employed, the average life is found to be six years, while in the West, where poorer quality of timber is often accepted, and where dry rot and other disadvantages have to be confronted, the average life is from three to five years, so that even after allowing for a few exceptional cases in which ties may last ten years, the average life of ties in the United States cannot be counted as more than five years.

Therefore it follows that the annual consumption must be about 85,217,616, which, with steady increase of railroad building, must soon exceed 100,000,000—a gigantic demand to be satisfied from the forests each year when one considers the many other calls made upon them.—New York Times.

The Sap-Sucker.

A great many useful birds have been destroyed on the erroneous charge that they are in some way wholly detrimental to the farmers' interests with no compensating habits, and twice as many more that are admitted to be useful in some degree, in the mistaken belief that on the whole they are the authors of more harm than good. In the first category may be named the sap-sucker that is commonly considered a fair target for everybody's gun, on the plea that he is continually injuring young fruit trees for the purpose of feeding on the tender bark or sucking the sap, as popularly supposed. This is the head and front of his offending, for it is never pretended that he seriously injures fruit or grains.

Close observers, however, are fully convinced, that the little bird in question does not make original holes in the bark of the tree at which it is pecking, but that all its efforts are directed to destroying and devouring the borers that are concealed in holes already existing, which the birds have not made. At the very worst the bird does no more than in some cases to widen the hole enough to allow its beak to reach the worm.

As good an authority as Cassius M. Clay is on record as saying, from his own study of its habits, that the sap-sucker is the deadliest foe of the vermin which destroy our trees, and that every one should encourage the multiplication of sap-suckers.—St. Louis Republic.

The Deepest Hole in the World.

The deepest bore hole in the world, claimed at different times for a number of places, is, according to latest accounts, at Schladebach, a small German village near Leipzig. It measures 1748.4 meters, or about 5735 feet. The time expended in boring to this depth amounted to six years, at a cost of \$52,500. A peculiar experience encountered in connection with this and other deep holes in different parts of Germany is, that the observed temperatures, while steadily increasing with the depth, show a smaller ratio of increase in the lower strata.—New York Dispatch.

Resurrected by Hot Water.

A woman who is a passionate lover of flowers, and, being a city bred, regards them as a luxury, says that after wearing roses an entire evening she is enabled to bring them to life again by a hot water bath. When she finds that from any cause whatever the blossoms droop and threaten an early death she clips the stems, and, by letting the stalks rest for a while in steaming water, finds every leaf revive and freshen under the process.—Illustrated American.

Hens With Strange Pets.

John Stewart, of Columbia, Penn., owns a clucking hen that is carefully nursing a trio of sparrows, fully grown and able-bodied. Charles Starbough, of Hanover, Penn., has a hen that is brooding in a most affectionate way over a pair of kittens.

The sparrows flutter about the bushes and in the trees near the farm yard during the day, keeping as near as possible in the neighborhood of the hen, whose wings unfortunately do not enable her to accompany her adopted brood; but at nightfall all the sparrows, like little chicks, come back and gather eagerly beneath the protecting wings of the mother hen in her nest in the chicken yard. Before daybreak, however, they set up a great chattering, and, becoming real sparrows again after a night's rest, take leave of the old hen and start out again on their customary excursions. The sparrows were placed with the hen last summer, before they had learned to fly, their parental nest having been destroyed and the father and mother sparrow driven away in a storm. The affection existing between them and their foster mother, the hen, is the wonder of the neighborhood.

In the odd case of the kittens at Hanover the situation is similar. The pussies sometimes wander away from the old hen, but she soon hunts them up and gathers them under her wings. They seem content with the hen, except when they happen to get very hungry. Then they return to their real mother. She does not appear to be a bit jealous of the interest taken in her children by the old hen.

A Maltese cat belonging to Farmer Howard Murphy, of Salsbury township, in Chester County, Penn., set fire to her master's barn the other day in a novel manner. She had been lying snugly and warm under the kitchen range when one of Farmer Murphy's daughters in raking the range fire inadvertently let some live coals fall on pussy's back. Pussy's fur immediately took fire, whersupon she ran to the barn in a flaming condition, mewing and squealing piteously. The flames at once communicated to the straw in the barn, and soon the entire structure was reduced to ashes and its contents consumed, although frantic efforts were made to get out the live stock and implements.—New York Times.

Bismarck "Eats Dry."

At luncheon I observed that Prince Bismarck drank nothing with his food, and asked him whether "eating dry" was a habit of his own choice or an article in the dietetic code drawn for him by his famous "Leibartz," Dr. Sweninger.

"The latter," he replied, "I am only allowed to drink thrice a day—a quarter of an hour after each meal—and each time not more than half a bottle of red, sparkling Moselle of a very light and dry character. Burgundy and beer, of both of which I am extremely fond, are strictly forbidden to me; so are all the strong Rhenish and Spanish wines, and even claret. For some years past I have been a total abstainer from all these generous liquors, much to the advantage of my health and my 'condition,' in the sporting sense of the word."

"Formerly I used to weigh over seven-stone. By observing this regimen I brought myself down to under fourteen, and without any loss of strength—indeed, with gain. My normal weight is now 185 pounds. I am weighed once every day by my doctor's orders, and any excess of that figure I at once set to work to get rid of by exercise and special regimen. I ride a good deal, as well as walk. Cigar smoking I have given up altogether, of course, under advice. It is debilitating and bad for the nerves. An inveterate smoker, such as I used to be, probably gets through 100,000 cigars in his life if he reaches a fair average age. But he would live longer and feel better all his time if he did without them. Nowadays I am restricted to a long pipe, happily with a deep bowl, one after each meal.—London Weekly.

"To a large majority even of our readers," says Public Opinion, "it will probably be a surprise to know that at the close of the sixteenth century there were in Japan 60,000 nominal Christians, not a few of them influential and holding official positions. Then commenced an era of persecution, and in 1637 the 60,000 then surviving rose in revolt, but were, after a brave and heroic struggle, defeated, and the native Christian church practically exterminated from the empire."