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A QUERY.

Ab, me! and what is life?
An ardent, anxious, checkered race
With Time, a little breathing space
Of care and strife.

And whither does it lead?
Alas! poor fools, we little know
To what sad goal or bitter woe
Our courses speed.

And wherefore is it so?
Why should we struggle, fight and die,
Not knowing whence we come, or why,
Or whither go?

If death be life, indeed,
Why should we longer tarry here,
Beast by hope and doubt and fear--
Why not be freed?

Yet why do I deplore
My present lot? If God so will
That I should tarry longer still
Need I ask more?

And if this life be sad
Will death no brighter prospect bring?
Will it not lose the only sting
It might have had?

And if to die be gain
Will not my gain be greater still
To leave the world with all its ill
And all its pain?

Oh, why should I repine?
To Him who marks the sparrow's fall
Shall I not leave my life, my all--
Ay, even mine?

—J. Sansome, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

JOEL'S PUNKIN HOOD.

By SUSAN B. ROBBINS.

It was the first really cold day of winter. There had been sharp winds and frosty nights before, but this day was bitterly blustering. Along the frozen road, giving thunderous notice of its approach, clattered a blue farm wagon, drawn by a white horse, which was driven by a tall man, who wore on his head a large green hood of the pumpkin variety.

Every one who saw him pass, on the way to his wood lot, said or thought: "Joel Bennett has got out his punkin hood." And some of the men looked after him almost enviously as they paused to rub their tingling ears.

After Joel Bennett's mother died, leaving him alone in the old house, the neighbors wasted a great deal of sympathy on him. The women offered to do his mending, and on baking days sent him pies and doughnuts. But when he told them that he could probably mend fully as well as they could, and when they found that he gave their cooking to the pig, they sympathized less, and contented themselves with buying his butter, which was of excellent quality.

With all his independence, however, he had one weak point; he could not resist Miss Serena Bowen's gingersnaps. He had tried repeatedly to make them himself, but, although at times he felt encouraged and had hopes of mastering the art, he finally gave it up in disgust, and vowed, amid a blue cloud of smoke which was ascending from a painful of rounds of carbon, that he never would attempt the impossible again.

So every week he carried eggs and butter to Miss Serena Bowen and bartered them for her gingersnaps. And she would remark to her tortoiseshell cat, after he was gone: "I don't see how that man manages to consume such a quantity."

It was five years now since, with the remark, "I have froze my ears once too often," Joel had adopted the headdress before mentioned.

The old green hood began to show the effect of wear. There were places where the green outside had worn off and showed the white cotton batting inside. It was also evident that this threatened dissolution caused Joel some anxiety, for in one place there was sewed on, with large, laborious stitches, a patch of thick black cloth, which, in contrast with the faded green of the surrounding territory, could be seen for nearly half a mile.

Everybody noticed this dilapidated condition, and felt sorry for Joel. "I wonder if he'll wear that old thing at year," said Miss Serena. And she looked about the cozy room that served for her little bakery she sighed, for some unaccountable reason.

Spring came, and for some little time Joel had worn a hat, while the punkin hood hung on a hook in his back entry. Then one day toward the end of April Joel decided that it was time to pack it away for the summer.

He took it down and looked at it dubiously. "I'll have to mend you," he said, and preparatory to the undertaking he took it out of doors and hung it on the clothesline by its two strings to air.

Miss Serena Bowen, passing along the road, was a witness to this act.

That evening Joel had finished his day's work and was sitting in comfort in his kitchen reading. On the stand beside him was his lamp and a plate of gingersnaps. Every so often he would put out his hand mechanically, take one of them and eat it slowly as he read. The last bite he invariably gave to the large black cat that sat on his knees. It was evident that he was taking solid comfort.

But presently, when his hand groped on the empty plate and failed to find what it sought, he roused up. A determined, almost grim look came on his face, and he put the cat on the floor with scant ceremony.

He went into another room and came back with a work basket and some patches. He put them on the table, threaded a needle with much difficulty and then went out to get the punkin hood.

It was gone.

He groped along the whole length of the clothesline, but it was empty. He lighted his lantern and searched all the yard, but in vain.

Joel felt his loss keenly, but he kept it to himself, and no one suspected what had befallen him. He was a forehanded person, and he determined that before much time had passed he would have another hood.

He got the materials, and thereafter his evenings were spent in a desperate tussle with the problem of hoodmaking. At such times Miss Serena's gingersnaps were the only mitigating feature of his night labors. Joel's disposition gave way under the strain and the black cat learned to flee his presence.

The 1st of May came and the hood was still unfinished.

One night, when Joel was surrounded by cotton batting, cloth, needles and thread, there came a gentle knock at his door. He had been annoyed before by boys rapping and then disappearing. Now he was glad of the diversion, and he started for the door in hot haste.

He sped out into the night and up the road. In the distance he could see a black figure. How he ran!

In a few minutes he overtook the figure, and, catching it by the shoulders, shook it vigorously. "I'll teach you to come knocking at my door," he said, fiercely.

"Oh!" gasped the victim. "I didn't mean for you to know I did it."

At the sound of that voice Joel's arms dropped at his sides, and just then the moon shone out from behind some clouds and showed Joel Bennett and Serena Bowen to each other.

"I think of her doing it," said Joel as he went sadly home. "I wouldn't a' thought it."

When he reached his door he paused. There was something hanging to the knob.

He took it off and carried it into the house.

It was a beautiful brown punkin hood, quilted with tiny stitches. Inside it were a quantity of gingersnaps and a bunch of carnation pinks.

For full five minutes Joel stood looking at these things, then he said: "To think of her doing it. I wouldn't a' thought it!"

Then with a beaming face he gathered up his unfinished hood and the pieces of cloth and cotton batting and put them in the stove.

While he was fixing the pinks in a vase he was struck by an enlightening thought. "Why, she stole the old one off the line for a pattern."

He took out the gingersnaps and going to the glass tried on the new hood. It was very becoming.

Then, in thoughtful silence, he ate a gingersnap and gave the last bite to the black cat.

It was a week later that Joel was in Miss Serena's little bakery.

"Yes," she was saying, "I am tired this morning. Things didn't go well yesterday, and there is so much to fret about, trying to suit everybody."

Joel cleared his throat and spoke hesitatingly. "Would it—would it be easier if you should only suit one?" he asked.

Miss Serena blushed beautifully as she answered, very low: "Yes, I think it would."—Chicago Record.

DOGS OF GREAT SAGACITY

INSTANCES SHOWING THAT THEY USED THEIR BRAINS.

Tricks of a Dog That Wanted His Dinner and One That Wanted Honors and Sweetmeats.—Remarkable Exhibitions of Reasoning Powers in Animals.

"The physical expressions which animals employ to manifest their passions, requirements, distresses, and emotions," said a naturalist in the New York Sun, "are precisely similar to man's. They careen with their lips and limbs; show resentment by facial distortion, bites, and kicks, and fear by a tremor; they leap with joy, loll with thirst, lag with fatigue, and attack for revenge and reprisals. Even fishes, with their poor, deficient bodies, are able to manifest many apparent mental operations in a manner intelligible to man as well as to one another.

"There is no end to the authentic instances of animal sagacity indicating premeditation, plan, purpose, sense of duty, prudence, gratitude, method, judgment. Animals memorize. They cherish malice, they dream in their sleep, they can count, they have a sense of injustice, a consciousness of error, and notions of forgiveness and reparation. Animals meditate. Dogs have been seen to sit in a fit of such abstraction that no one could engage their attention, and presently start off with an impetus that showed plainly there was mental impulse behind it. A friend of mine had a setter dog so intelligent that at a certain hour every day he carried a coin, inclosed in an envelope by his master, to the butcher's shop, deposited the money on the counter, and got in return meat for his dinner. One day the dog's master, being very busy, did not put up the coin as usual, and the dog, after waiting some time and seeing that there didn't seem to be any chance of his getting his dinner, went away. An hour or so later the butcher came into my friend's store and told him that there was no money in the envelope the dog had brought over that day. The dog's master informed the butcher that he hadn't sent the dog with an envelope that day, and was astonished to hear that the dog had visited the butcher's carrying an envelope as usual. The dog had put down the envelope, got his meat and scampered out of the store as if in a great hurry, something he had never done before. Every time before that he had brought his meat into his master's store and eaten it there. This time he had not been seen since he went away. His master looked him up, and found him lying in the grass behind the store, and in response to his master's call the dog came to him, a most shame-faced looking animal, his hanging head and drooping tail betraying the guilty feeling he had. The dog, having seen that his master wasn't inclined that day to give him his usual envelope inclosing the coin, had picked up one somewhere about the store, taken it over to the butcher's, and, getting his meat, scampered away before the cheat could be discovered. He knew he had done a wrong thing, and that if he took the meat to the store as he had always done before he would be found out at once, and when his master called him he hadn't the face to try and hide his guilt.

"I had a Newfoundland dog once that one day bravely rescued a child from the water at a seaside resort where I was stopping. The act was rewarded by much caressing and petting of the dog, and by his being fed generously with candy, of which he was extremely fond. This ceased after a day or two, and then one day the news came to me that a little girl had fallen from the end of the pier and that Ponto had rescued her. Again the dog became for a time a great hero, and the best of bonbons came again. This in turn became a thing of the past, and then, the very next week, the dog rescued another child that had fallen from the pier. Petting and candy followed this third noble act, and when they again ceased only a couple of days passed before Ponto had brought safely ashore another child that had tumbled into the water from the pier. Now, it began to strike me as something odd that the dog should happen to be so opportunely present on these critical occasions, and when he ceased being the petted hero after this fourth life-saving effect I kept a sly eye on him. The pier was a favorite play spot for the children, although so many of them had fallen into the water, and one day I saw Ponto strolling down there to join them. I followed without his knowing it. He mingled with the children, and before long I saw him deliberately, in apparent play, edge a little boy toward the side of the pier and actually pushed him off into the water. Then he jumped in after the boy and easily carried him the short distance to the shore. The scoundrel was actually making a practice of tumbling children from the pier and magnanimously saving them, just to receive the homage and praise and sweetmeats of the grateful and admiring guests. I shipped this Jekyll and Hyde dog back to New York that very day. Now, if he hadn't reasoned all that sly business out and acted on his conclusions, I don't know what it might be called."

HEART WOUNDS.

Several Instances in Which Patients Have Recovered.

The murder of the actor Ferriss has directed public attention very strongly to the subject of wounds of the heart, and professional interest is aroused by the important fact that, notwithstanding the extent of the wound, "which pierced the heart right through," the murdered man lived close upon an hour. The cases in which patients suffering from small wounds of the heart have lived for some time, and have even recovered, are by no means rare. A case was reported to the Clinical Society last year in which a man who had been stabbed over the third left costal cartilage, and had suffered severely from hemorrhage, died seventy-nine days after the injury from general causes, and after death a scar was found in the right ventricle, showing that the heart had been penetrated. But much more severe injuries of the heart may be recovered from.

Muhlig relates the case of a man who was stabbed with a stiletto on the left side of the sternum. For a time his life was despaired of, but he recovered, and returned to his employment; and on his death, from other causes, ten years later, it was found that the pericardium was intimately adherent to the heart, and that there was a rounded opening on the inner surface of the right ventricle admitting the little finger, and a corresponding hole in the inter-ventricular septum leading into the left ventricle.

It is, however, very important from a medico-legal point of view to remember that after large wounds of the heart patients have been known to walk or run some considerable distance after the receipt of the injury. An instance is on record in which a stag, the article of whose heart had been practically destroyed, ran fifty or sixty yards. Taylor relates the following case: The keeper of a disreputable house was tried in Glasgow in the year 1819 for the murder of a sailor by shooting him through the chest. The auricles and part of the septum next to the heart were "shattered to atoms" by the slugs and brass nails with which the piece was charged; and, in the opinion of the medical witnesses, the deceased must have dropped down dead on the moment that he received the shot. The body was found in the street, and the door of the prisoner's house was eighteen feet up an entry; so that it followed, if the medical opinion was correct, that the prisoner must have run after the deceased, and shot him in the street. It was, however, urged and proved that he had shot the deceased through the door of his own house, while the latter was attempting to enter by force. There was, in fact, a stream of blood from the door to the spot where the body lay. The prisoner was acquitted. But many very extraordinary instances of the persistence of life after injury to the heart are on record; for example, one of a man who lived for twenty days with a skewer traversing the heart from side to side, and another of a boy who lived for five weeks with a piece of wood three inches long in his right ventricle.—London Hospital.

Oregon Sends Its Carp East.

At last a market has been found for carp, and if it only proves adequate to the supply which can be furnished, the number of carp in this section will soon be reduced. Mr. Reeder, of Sauvie's Island, says there are now three men fishing for carp in the outlet of Sturgeon Lake, and they sell their catch to a dealer in Portland for two cents per pound, to be frozen and shipped East. If the fish find a ready market and the sale increases there will soon be many more persons fishing for them.

When the water is rising the carp rush up the river into the lake, and when the water begins to fall the sagacious fish rush out again. They are caught in a bag or purse nets set in the outlet of the lake, and by turning the nets around as the flow of the water changes they are caught "acommin' or a-gwine."

The lake and sloughs on Sauvie's Island are swarming with carp, and there is no end to the quantity that can be taken. Carp grow to weigh forty pounds or more and it is said that some weighing forty pounds have been seen in Sturgeon Lake, but the largest seen in the market here weighed a little over twenty-five pounds. If the Eastern people will eat carp, they can have all they want at low rates from this section.—Portland Oregonian.

Thicker Shoes.

Women have made a great advance in the matter of being properly shod for walking. We can remember when paper soles and silk stockings were quite as often seen on a winter pavement as anything more sensible. Now they wear a thicker sole. As a consequence, red cheeks have taken the place of blue noses; and though the family physician may have a fee or two less, we know of nobody else who can grumble. Ah! we forgot—the shoemaker. He tells us, that since ladies took to thick soles he sells only one pair of boots where he used to sell two. So that, as a matter of economy, it seems the ladies have reason to congratulate themselves on this blessed reform.—New York Ledger.

HOW WILD ANIMALS DIE.

Hunger Gets Them, Even if They Escape the Gun or Spear.

What becomes of all the dead birds and animals? Some of them, hastened in their exists by villainous salt-petre, go into cooking pots or yield up their blood-dabbled feathers for woman's adornment. But how about those who die a natural death?

It is the rarest thing to find the bodies of wild animals, except such as have plainly died in conflict or by accident. At salt-licks the ground is often covered with the bones of animals who have been killed in fights with each other.

In tropical countries the bodies of dead animals rapidly decay and their smaller bones are devoured by greedy beasts of the pig and hyena types. But the same scarcity of animal remains is noted in the Arctic regions, where decay is almost unknown. Here big beasts like the Siberian mammoth have been "cold-storaged" for many centuries, and actually eaten at the last.

But each succeeding spring does, as might be expected, disclose the skeletons of birds or animals who have died during the year and been buried by the snow. Yet birds swarm by the millions in summer on the Arctic tundra and seals, reindeer, foxes, walrus and other land and water animals are there. Nordenskiold notes this strange absence of "self-dead" polar animals. Not one did he see, though there were plenty of traces of man's wanton waste of life in creatures dead of gunshot wounds. "The polar bear and the reindeer," he writes, "are found in hundreds, the seal, walrus and white whale in thousands, and birds in millions. These birds must die a 'natural death' in untold numbers. What becomes of their bodies?"

It is strange that on Spitzbergen it is easier to find the vertebra of a gigantic lizard of the Trias than the bones of a seal, walrus or bird which has met a natural death.

It is probable that animals almost universally hide themselves when they feel the pangs of approaching death. Their chief foe is hunger, coupled with old age. Distemper kills foxes and wolves as well as domestic dogs and cats. Chills and heart disease count animal as well as human victims. Old animals die of indigestion, especially when their teeth become too poor to permit of chewing their food.

Tumors, diphtheria and consumption are frequent animal complaints, and anthrax, influenza, glanders and cholera claim their share. Rabies comes in epidemics among wild animals as well as tame ones. It was so common among foxes in 1830 to 1838 in France and Switzerland that fox hunts were organized for the protection of domestic animals.

All this, however, doesn't explain what becomes of the dead animals. Perhaps that will cease to be a mystery when we find out where all the pins and shoe buttons go.—New York World.

WISE WORDS.

Education is a mental mariner.
Vanity is the yeast cake of pride.
Reading is planting seed thoughts.
Character is the mirror of thought.
Effort converts the ideal into the real.
Moderation is a check to presumption.
The past is the schoolmaster of the future.
Reason is the dissecting knife of thought.
True politeness is kindness kindly expressed.
Make education a science and it will become an art.
The true prophet is seldom a prophet to his own people.
If stolen dollars would burn, there would be some hot pockets.
Sympathy is the channel in which the current of a man's thought runs.
Tolerance is good, so far as it goes, but it has no place between equals and friends.
There is a vast difference between speaking "one to another," and one about another.
Some men blow their own trumpets by praising in others what is most conspicuous in themselves.
It is one thing to survey yourself with pride, and quite another to explore your heart with humility.
Without first making everything else, God would have been without a language with which to speak to man.—Ram's Horn.
The Drink a Man Needs.
An average man requires fifty-nine ounces of food per diem. He needs thirty-seven ounces of water for drinking, and in breathing he absorbs thirty ounces of oxygen. He eats as much water as he drinks, so much of that fluid being contained in various foods. In order to supply fuel for running the body machine and to make up for waste tissue he ought to swallow daily the equivalent of twenty ounces of bread, three ounces of potatoes, one ounce of butter and one quart of water. The body of a man weighing 154 pounds contains ninety-six pounds, or forty-six quarts, of water.

LIFE'S SUMMARY.

What have we won? Old age and silvered hair;
Some small successes that we never sought;
Some blessings that, though sweet, we yearned not for;
Some victories for which we never fought.

What have we done? Worn out our youth's desires,
Its high ambitions and its earnest will
In vain endeavor. Then, all longing past,
We see our days with unsought duties fill.

Yet, after all the failure and defeat,
The broken hopes, the joys that would not stay,
Grown strong with strife, our souls rejoice,
and own
The way God led us was a blessed way.
—Adelaide D. Reynolds, in Christian Register.

PITH AND POINT.

"He's rather timid, is he not?"
"Very. Why, he's so timid that he's scared by war-scars!"—Puck.

He—"Then I go—and for ever."
She—"Very well! But don't call tomorrow evening; for I sha'n't be in."
—Life.

Watts—"Bixley is a sad wag."
Potts—"Especially when none will laugh at his jokes."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. B.—"The lady Dabbs is going to marry a highly intellectual. She speaks three languages." Mr. B. (condolingly)—"Poor Dabbs."—Boston Traveler.

"The jury were out several days, and then failed to agree." "That shows the folly of masculine juries—a jury of women would have disagreed much sooner than that."—Tit-Bits.

She—"I know there's something I've forgotten to buy." He—"That's just what I thought." She—"Why did you think so?" He—"Because you have some money left."—Tit-Bits.

She—"I suppose the underground road will be run by electricity?" He—"You can't tell. Electricity will probably be a back-number by the time the underground road is built."—Puck.

The Sitting One—"Jones is so near-sighted he once took a man for a giraffe." The Standing One—"That's nothing. I once took a lady for a sail."—Browning, King & Co's Monthly.

Lady—"Now that you have partaken of a good dinner, are you equal to the task of sawing some wood?" Tramp—"Madam, equal is not the proper word; I'm superior to it."—Chicago News.

"Steam has rendered man inestimable service," remarked the observer of men and things, "and women, also, since it has enabled her to open her husband's letters without his knowing it."—Detroit Journal.

Her Adorer—"May I marry your daughter, sir?" Her Father—"What do you want to marry for? You don't know when you're well off." Her Adorer—"No, perhaps not; but I know when you're well off."—Truth.

Mr. Perkley—"Oh, if you could only learn to cook as my first wife did!" Mrs. Perkley—"If you were as smart as my dear first husband was you'd be rich enough to hire the best cook in the land."—Cleveland Leader.

Maude—"Young Dashing is simply awful." Clare—"Why, what did he do?" Maude—"The very first time I met him he had the audacity to put his arm around my waist twice." Clare—"Is it possible! Why, I had no idea his arm was long enough for that."—Chicago News.

"Why, yes, the boy was eternally playing the violin about the house, and in self-defence I had to hire teachers, and let him develop himself into an artist or it would have been unendurable." "That's what might be called making a virtuoso out of necessity."—Chicago Tribune.

One day an Irishman was taking a walk in a small town near Glasgow when he met an old friend. After walking along the road together, Pat's friend said to him: "Have you heard the latest news?" Pat—"No; what is it?" "There's a penny off the loaf." Pat—"Bedad, and I hope it is off the penny ones."—Tit-Bits.

The Zoar Community.

The community of Separatists at Zoar, Ohio, which was established by a band of Germans from Wurtemberg early in 1800, is now held together by three old widows, who refuse to consent to the dissolution of the society. The women in Zoar have a vote on all questions pertaining to the management of the community, and there can be no disbandment unless by unanimous agreement. All of the members of the society are said to favor a division of the property, amounting to about \$1,000,000, excepting these three venerable women, who are satisfied with the community plan of government, and declare that it must be maintained while they live.

British Naval Divers.

Divers in the British navy, before being passed as proficient in their craft, have to be able to work in twelve fathoms of water for an hour, fifteen fathoms for half an hour and twenty fathoms for a quarter of an hour.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Horse Next to Camel.

The horse will live twenty-five days without food, merely drinking water.