Meeting and parting as the young spring breeze Rous giddy races playing seek and hide; For all flowers died when Eve left Paradise, Ind all the world was flowerless awhile. t mil a little child was laid in earth; Then from its grave grew violets for its eyes, And from its lips rose-petals for its smile,

Clover and cowslip-cups, like rival seas,

And so all flowers from that child's death took NORTH CAROLINA WORTHIES. Caldwell and Swain.

Paul C. Cameron, Esq., at Chapel Hill.] * Two remarkable features stand out most prominently in the life history of our college. First, its conception and its origin. Born of our first Constitution, amid the first throes and upheavals of the Revolution, is it not a marvel that the men who tracted struggle with the mother country should then have resolved to provide for a higher education? And when, at the close of the war, exhaustion had so completely done its work; when the country lay, as it were, panting for breath, pressed by want | ended of almost everything needful for human comfort, without resources, save those extracted by the rudest agriculture from a virgin soil; when the spinning-wheel and hand card were the sole reliance for clothing; without a press to declare the wishes great marvel that the men of the Revolution should, in the fundamental law of an netant State, have declared for the estabishment of a Uniterate by the broad basis of providing instruction "in all useful learning"? Does it not declare the highest type of fortitude and manhood? of learning and of letters? Unquestionative of the mother country, and the refired the resentment of the Revolutionary

essings of liberty under the shield of the new-born Republic. two individuals in the persons of Joseph

For the gratification of those who never saw him (and that embraces a very large part of this audience), I will here present short pen-and-ink sketch of the good man, as I saw, and as I now remember him, Dr. Caldwell was introduced to the Board of Trustees and the people of North Carolina by Mr. Charles Harris, of Cabarrus county, N. C. Whilst he was a stulent at Princeton he made the acquaintance of Caldwell, either as a student or a tutor-most likely the latter, for their personal intercourse was so slight that Dr. Caldwell scarcely remembered that he had ever seen his correspondent at Chapel Hill, Mr. Harris, then a tutor in this infant institution. To me this seems the most marked exhibition of Mr. Harris's estimate of worth and character in so al and international law. He was a young a man, and stamps Caldwell as a great learner—he made himself a great man of mark at a very early day. And to Mr. Charles Harris we owe a lasting debt of gratitude for such penetration. For services so fortunate and so extended he richly deserves the perpetuation, of his name and services by a tablet on these walls. Caldwell, in agreeing to come to Chapel Hill, acted on the advice of his best informed relatives and friends, and grew fat on sorghum and corn-bread;" even after he had taken leave of his duties and friends at Princeton, halting in the city of Philadelphia, he was invited by his distinguished friend, Dr. Green, a leading Presbyterian clergyman, to occupy his pulpit, and he made so favorable an mpression that inducements were held out to him to remain in the city with a view to taking charge of a congregation there.

He rejected it and continued his journey to his destination at Chapel Hill. There he remained to the end of his days, in labors most unremitting, living a life of self-denial, surrounded by a population but in sympathy with his parsuits, and the students here assembled rude and unculured to a degree hardly to be believed by one who has not marked the mile-stones in the progress of our education, civilization comfort. What a contrast between Dr. Caldwell's life here, with his bullies and gladiators, and Dr. Battle's orderly, gentle, well-mannered and generous youths! Often have I looked on with fear and apprehension as to the results and personal disequences to the good President. The good man was as cool and deliberate as he was fearless. I have often thought that, like Stonewall Jackson, his faith in the otherting care of Heaven made him equal ony fortune. Brave old President! What trials he suffered, and how like is level father he bore himself! In lookg back, how vividly do I recall the chief turs in some of those unpleasant upavals and volcanic eruptions of college a names of those who so blackened their lege lives: but, as a warning to others, their lot let no man choose." Neither public nor private life did any of them in to any eminence, and at least two ubordination, he lived, a President, a next, sir."

meacher, a teacher and a bachelor! Was not a martyrdom to duty? was deprived three years afterward by morriage with the honored name of Hooper he became a land-owner and a slave holder, thus making his citizenship in North Carolina complete. A man small of ought not to eat those green apples. They stature, quick in motion, light in his step, are not good for little boys." was every inch a man - born to control, with his mouth full. "Guess you don't know much about 'em, mister. Three of these apples 'll keep me out of school for a grade for his work. Did the State fail to week."

with his mouth full. "Guess you don't knew York, 11 East Seventeenth Street; The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1885, 16mo. cloth, Street apples 'll keep me out of school for a these apples 'll keep me out of school for a three Publishers on receipt of the price."

with his mouth full. "Guess you don't knew York, 11 East Seventeenth Street; The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1885, 16mo. cloth, Street apples 'll keep me out of school for a three Publishers on receipt of the price." ready for his work. Did the State fail to | week."

Raleigh

Register,

RALEIGH, N. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1885.

NO. 76

provide funds, did the South Building IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS. | is goin', fur all he ain't got no invite, an' | waters that lay between the New Helvetia | The pleasure and the possible profit of the | martyrs, if not their falling churchly stand uncovered for two years at the second story, he volunteered to collect money for its completion. Not in term-time, but in the six weeks' vacation in the summer of 1811, in his stick-sulkey, he canvassed the State. Having headed the list by a substantial subscription, he brought home and paid over to the Treasurer of the Board \$12,000, with which it was com-

Did time allow, I could recall many pleasant memories of President Caldwell. In 1824 he was requested by the Board of Trustees to go to Europe for making additions to the libraries and to the chemical and philosophical apparatus. A trip to Europe was not then a summer jaunt of a week. In his case it consumed nearly a year. From New York he, by letter, announced the probable day of his arrival home. A welcome was resolved on a brilliant illumination of the college build-

ings, the first and only one ever made. It is now a pleasant memory to recall the procession to his modest home and the hearty cheers that were given as he stepped out on the floor of his back piazza, from whence he was conducted to the front of the south building, and from a stand near the well he returned his thanks for the pleasant welcome, addressing the students with the had but just entered upon a long and pro- affection of a long-absent father returned to his home and duties. His heart was full and his emotion most manifest. His labors continued only ten years longer, and in his vard, his sufferings and his life

The death of Dr. Caldwell deeply moved the intelligence and sympathy of the citizens of North Carolina. All felt that a great benefactor had been removed. He was old-be was a great sufferer-death was looked for-yet, when men met and or the purposes of the people; is it not a looked each other in the face, came first the anxious question, "Who will take his place?" Not many men have died in this State more honored whilst living, or rev-

erenced when dead! GOVERNOR DAVID I., SWAIN. The appointment of his successor was felt by the Board of Trustees as a grave Whence came this lofty purpose—this love and anxious duty. Gentlemen eminent for learning and piety at home and abroad ably it had its origin in the Scotch-Irish were presented for the position; but, to element occupying the midland belt of the the surprise of the State at large, the State. The early emigrants and settlers of | Board, with but few dissenting voices, this people brought their preachers, who tendered the Presidency to the then Govyoung. Tradition informs us that the most | term of office was about to expire, and in granting of a charter for William and Ma- who had shown himself so successful in the ry, and for Harvard, by the royal prerog- management of men, would not be less so fusal of a like charter to Queen's College, at Charlotte, in Mecklenburg, during the Coloeial government, angered the hornets, patriots, and quickened their action in the Bench over ex-judges and able lawyers who were in full practice before he was born; he had been elected Governor of the The other feature to which I refer as a State at an age younger than any man who prominent one in the life of the Univer- had preceded him, and in all had sustained himself with marked ability. He entered committed to the care and direction of the same industry and energy that had marked him in all other departments. The Trustees soon realized the wisdom of their selection, and the public, with his learned Faculty, recognized his capacity and pronounced for the new President. He gave

> ber of students largely and rapidly increased; the Faculty enlarged, the course of instruction extended, the finances improved; large and handsome additions were made to the college buildings, with large and ample provision for libraries and society halls; the campus was enclosed and ornamented by walks and shrubbery, and the village prompted to improvement in its streets, avenues, and dwellings-all responded to his untiring efforts. Making himself the master of his office, his recitation room became most attractive by the brilliancy of his lectures, the fascinations in political economy, history, constitutionteacher. His learned Faculty and Board of Trustees seconded him in all his purposes with increasing confidence, and all moved in hopeful harmony. It was his boast, that during the four years of war the college bell never failed in its daily calls; that the Faculty was ever in place for duty, and "that all that the institution was maintained in full working order. But the shadows of a dark night were falling around him and his colleagues and the object of his and their care. A special Providence seemed watch-

a new impulse to the institution: the num-

ful to save these old servants of our State University from the humiliation of a painful exile from homes, honors, labors, offices, and altars. Professor Mitchell had fallen on rest in the deep and dark cham bers of the Black Mountain. Professor Phillips had laid down with his harness on, upon the rostrum of the chapel, for his long sleep, whilst the students were assembling for morning prayer. President Swain, in visiting a small farm in preparation for the comfort of his small family of old servants, was, by an accident, fatally injured. Lingering a few days, his useful life and well rounded labors were closed in charity and kindness to all, but with anxious fears for the future of an institution that he had loved so long and served so

well. He knew that new and unknown men would soon be placed in charge. Pleasant is the memory of such a man to the people of North Carolina, and they silently rebuked the punishment of a man without a crime and a Faculty without a stain, and in fortitude submitted to the inenitable and passed their sons over to the care of the undisturbed institutions of learning of our sister State of Virginia. This Hall is erected to commemorate his worth of commemoration here!

Warning to Busy Lawyers.

[New York Herald.]

"I'm what?"

'Next." Marrying first Miss Susan Rowan, of 'No, you don't," said the client, moving been invited, Miss Darley, but Rick don't keer fur that. He is a-goin ennyhow, an't tle indignation as he proceeded to light a to get shaved." The Small Boy Knows his Business.

> [New York Sun.] "My little boy," said a gentleman, "you

"They hain't, eh?" the boy replied. ever equal to his office and his duty. From with his mouth full. "Guess you don't

Miss Murfree.* "Fur ye see Mis' Darley, them Harrison folks over yander ter the Cove hev

determinated on a dancin' party." The drawling tones fell unheeded old Mr. Kenyon's ear, as he sat on the broad hotel piazza of the New Helvetia Springs, and gazed with meditative eves at the fair August sky. An early moon was riding, clear and full, over this wild spur of the Alleghanies; the stars were few and very faint; even the great Scorpio lurked, vaguely outlined, above the wooded ranges; and the white mist, that filled

with opalescent gleams.
... All the world of the watering place had converged to that focus, the ball-room, and the cool, mounlit piazzas were nearly deserted. The fell determination of the "Harrison folks" to give a dancing party made no impression on the pre-occupied old gentleman. Another voice broke his reverie-a soft, clear, well-modulated voice-and he started and turned his head as his own name was called, and his her ter dance." niece, Mrs. Darley, came to the window.

"Uncle Ambrose—are you there? So Mrs. Darley, surprised. "She came here lindulged at a more convenient season, and glad! I was afraid you were down at the to sell peaches one day, and I thought her threw himself into the vortex of preparasummer-house, where I hear the children such a nice, pretty, well-behaved girl." singing. Do come here a moment, please. in January, 1835, in his little brick office This is Mrs. Johns, who brings the Indian peaches?"

Mr. Kenyon knew the Indian peaches. the dark crimson fruit streaked with still darker lines, and full of blood-red juice, which he had meditatively munched that very afternoon. Mr. Kenyon knew the Indian peaches right well. He wondered, principal industry of the mountain people nor to appear at all after nightfall.

Mrs. Darley proceeded to explain "Mrs. Johns's husband is ill and wants to send him some medicine." Mr. Kenyon rose, threw away the stump of his eigar, and entered the room. "How

asked, dismally. sleeves of her thin, black dress. Mrs. and shaking their contents.

calico sun-bonnet, talked about her hus- But Kossute say he'll dance with her ef by the announcement that Mrs. Johns con- Mrs. Darley listened in amused surprise; sidered her husband's illness "a blessin', that these mountain wilds could sustain a none o' the Johnses should come."

wiles of the expert horse thief.

Pearson," said old Mr. Kenyon. "Has a a little as she repeated, "Scandalous, ain't peace never been patched up between it?" and proceeded in the same lack-lustre

he kin stand up ter what he does do, but it's these hyar lies on him what kills him out. But ye know, Miss Darley, ye know that she should fear for so young a fellow verself, he never give nobody two bay as Kossuth. "Surely," he said, "the man fillies in this world, an' what's more he's is not brute enough to injure a mere boy; never goin' ter. My old man an' my boy
Kossute talks on 'bout that thar bay filly
like she war stole yestiddy, an' 't war five

| Shot of the energy to injure a mere boy."
| Your son is a mere boy."
| That's so," Mrs. Johns drawled. | Shot of the energy to injure and solemnly gazed at the dancing, while his followers trooped in and obeyed his expectation. | Shot of the energy to injure and solemnly gazed at the dancing, while his followers trooped in and obeyed his expectation. | Shot of the energy to injure and solemnly gazed at the dancing, while his followers trooped in and obeyed his expectation. | Shot of the energy to injure and solemnly gazed at the dancing, while his followers trooped in and obeyed his expectation. | he would kill him for his sass the very | they'll slaughter the boy," self, an' is a-goin' ter dance too; he ain't piazza. he say ez how he ain't a-goin' ter let Kos- fresh cigar. "How cold and unsympasute come, 'count o Kossute's sass an' the fuss they've all made 'bout that bay filly self. And, after condoling effusively with that war stole five year ago-'twar five Mrs, Johns on her apprehensions for her

* "In the Tennessee Mountains," by Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree): ninth edition: Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: the Publishers on receipt of the price.

The Dancin' Party at Harrison's Cove. is a-goin' ter dance too, 'kase you know, Miss Darley, it's a-goin' ter be a dancin' Harrison's Cove, where, from a rude log so much of his scanty store of this world's The mountaineers about the New Helparty; the Harrisons hev determinated on hut, the vibrations of a violin, and the goods and risked the eternal treasures laid vetia Springs supposed that Mr. Kenyon that. Them gals of theirn air mos' crazed bout a dancin' party. They sain't been a bit of account sence they went ter Cheatham's Cross Roads ter see thar gran'mother, sounds of the hills; the cry of birds among men in the room, there would certainly be of his own head. For many of them were getting the upper hand, he shouted out in an' picked up all them queer new notions. | the tall trees, the stir of the wind, the mo-So the Harrisons hev determinated on a notonous chanting of frogs at the waterdancin' party; an' Rick say ez how he is side, the long, drowsy drone of the nocgoin' ter dance too; but Jule, she say ez turnal insects, the sudden faint blast of a how she know that ain't a gal on the distant hunter's horn, and the far baying mounting ez would dance with him; but I of hounds. ain't so sure 'bout that, Miss Darley; gals air cur'ous critters, ye know yerself; thar's daughters, and had arrived at the concluno sort o' countin' on 'em; they'll do one sion that something must be done for the thing one time, an' another thing nex' girls, for, strange as it may seem, the pruthe long, deep, narrow valley between the parallel lines of mountains, shimmered But Jule say of he kin git Mandy Tyler ter ting folks." Men there realize the impor-

But Jule say of he kin git Mandy Tyler ter dance with him, it's the mos' he kin do, an' the gang 'll be no whar. Mebbe he kin git Mandy ter dance with him, 'kase the eligible youth is as highly esteemed in other boys say ez how none o' them is a- those wilds as is the much scarcer animal goin' ter ax her ter dance, 'count of the trick she played on 'em down ter the was that Mr. Harrison had "determinated Wilkins settlemint—las' month, war it! on a dancin' party." True, he stood in bodily fear of the judgment day and the the boys ain't forgot how scandalous she circuit-rider; but the dancing party was a done 'em, an' none of 'em is a goin' ter ax rarity eminently calculated to please the Why, what did she do?" exclaimed

ich a nice, pretty, well-behaved girl." tion with an ardor very gratifying to the 'Waal, she hev got mighty quiet say. nuthin' sort'n ways, Miss Darley, but that peaches to sell- you know the Indian that gal do behave rediculous. Down that ter the Wilkins settlemint-ve know it's bout two mile or two mile 'n a half from hyar-waal, all the gals walked down thar ter the party an hour by sun, but when the boys went down they tuk thar horses ter give the gals a ride home behind 'eun. Waal, every boy axed his gal ter ride among them for many a day. Such trifles however, what had brought Mrs. Johns while the party war goin' on, an' when as killing a man in a quarrel, or on suspiback in so short a time, for although the 'twar all over they all set out fur ter come cion of stealing a horse, or wash-tub, or home. Wasl, this hyar Mandy Tyler is a anything that came handy, of course, does their invitations to dance, and she had about the New Helvetia Springs is selling mighty favorite 'mongst the boys-they not count; but a dancing party! Mrs. fruit to the summer sojourners, it is not sin't got no sense, ye know, Miss Darley—

Harrison could only hold her idle hands, an' stiddler one of 'em axin' her ter ride and dread the heavy penalty that must home, thar war five of 'em axed her ter surely follow so terrible a crime. ride, ef ye'll believe me, an' what do ye It certainly had not the gay and lightthink she done, Miss Darley? She tole all some aspect supposed to be characteristic five of 'em yes; an' when the party war of such a scene of sin: the awkward over, she war the last ter go, an' when she | young mountaineers clogged heavily about | countenance; she felt the slight, of course | circuit rider, but even the sophistication | who had shouldered the old rifle in an ab started out'n the door thar war all five of | in their ancouth clothes and rough shoes, long has he been ill, Mrs. Johns?" he them boys a-standin' thar waitin' fur her, with the stolid-looking, lack-lustre maids of the sting of wounded pride; all her heard of a preacher who did not object to taining his powerful grasp on the arm of an' every one a-holdin' his horse by the of the hill, to the violin's monotonous ite- long anticipated enjoyment had come to dancing. Mr. Harrison could not believe the outlaw. and he was a dismal-looking old man, others war a-waitin' fur. An' this hyar Trough, or The Rabbit in the Pea-Patch, her ill-timed jest at the expense of those pression of opinion. popular and best sustained of these nurpopular and best sustained of these nurseries of the young were located in the inseries of the young were loc was tall and lank, and with such a face as an' seen 'em all a-standin' thar, never said The music now and then changed sudden- umphant partners and bestowing upon her gals dance?" he inquired. "Ye don't

> In reply to Mr. Kenyon's question, Mrs. ennything then. An' now the boys all say Johns, sitting on the extreme edge of a none of 'em is a goin' ter ax her ter dance substantial sin than the fiddle or the grave middle together. chair and fanning herself with a pink ter pay her back fur them fool airs of hern. jiggling up and down the rough floor. A While Rick was

'kase of he war able ter git out 'n his bed, first-class coquette was an idea that had he 'lowed ter go down ter Harrison's Cove not hitherto entered her mind; however, ter the dancin' party, 'kase Rick Pearson "that thar Mandy "seemed, in Mrs. Johns's war a-goin' ter be thar, an' hed said ez how opinion at least, to merit the unenviable distinction, and the party at Wilkins set-"What, Rick Pearson, that terrible tlement and the prospective gayety of outlaw!" exclaimed Mrs. Darley, with Harrison's Cove awakened the same sentiwide open blue eyes. She had read in the ments in her heart and mind as do the newspapers sundry thrilling accounts of a more ambitious germans and kettledrums noted horse thief and outlaw, who with a of the lowland cities in the heart and mind gang of kindred spirits defied justice and of Mrs. Grundy. Human nature is the roamed certain sparsely-populated moun-same everywhere, and the Wilkins settletainous counties at his own wild will, and she was not altogether without a feeling of fear as she heard of his proximity to the New Helvella Springs—not fear for life or New Helvella Springs—not fe limb, because, she was 'practical-minded outlined in Mrs. Johns's talk of Harrison's enough to reflect that the sojourners and cove, the Wilkins settlement, the enmities employes of the watering-place would far and scandals and sorrows and misfortunes out-number the outlaw's troop, but fear of the mountain ridge. As the absurd rethat a pair of shiny bay ponies, Castor and semblance developed, Mrs. Darley could Pollux, would fall victims to the crafty not forbear a smile. Mrs. Johns looked up with a momentary expression of sur-"I think I have heard something of a prise; the story presented no humorous difficulty between your people and Rick phase to her perceptions, but she too smiled

tone as before: it always war. My old man 'll never be- with her ef none the rest will, fur Kossute lieve but what Rick Pearson stole that say cz how he hev laid off ter dance. Miss enough ter steal a horse, ennyhow. Rick say he never tuk the filly; say he war a-fixin' of hisself this very minit ter go; a-goin' ter shoot off the next man's head but I am verily afeard the boy'll be slaughez say so. Rick say he'd ruther give tered, Miss Darley, kase thar is goin' ter two bay fillies than hev a man say he tuk be a fight, an' ye never in all yer life hearn g horse ez he never tuk. Rick sav ez how sech sass ez Kossute and Rick Pearson

year ago an' better; an' when they hearn Rick Pearson is double that ef he is a day; his'n, an' he could hit it two mile off. An' the gang would tear him ter pieces in a Rick Pearson, he sent Kossute word that | minit; an' 'mongst 'em I'm actially afeard

nex' time he see him, an' ef he don't want | Mr. Kenyon looked even graver than "Now then," said a busy lawyer to one of a number of waiting clients, "you are next, sir."

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"Now then," said a busy lawyer to one of a number of waiting clients, "you are next, sir." give, 'kase Rick say he's a-goin' ter it his- her husband, he returned to his seat on the

vear an' better. But Rick say ez how he son's safety, she returned to the gossips in the hotel parlor, and Mrs. Johns, with her pink calico sun bonnet on her head, went her way in the brilliant summer moon

young hunters of the settlements round about; so he swallowed his qualms, to be

bued with sophistication at Cheatham's Cross Roads. Not so Mrs. Harrison; she almost expected the house to fall and crush them. as a judgment on the wickedness of a dancing party; for so beinous a sin, in the estimation of the greater part of the mountain people, had not been committed

boots; he wore an old soft felt hat, which with a roguish twinkle; the expression of trines. his countenance was rather good-humored Dull and dismal was Mr. Kenyon, and ever-the expression of a man accustomed

posite door with the pitcher in his hand.

to have his own way and not to be trifled with, but able to afford some amiability ferent types, but with one invariable bond since his power is undisputed. He stepped slowly into the apartment, and solemnly gazed at the dancing, while ample. As the eight guns, one by one, ing old churchman in those days of battle ez how Rick Pearson hed showed that red but ye see it's the fire-arms ez makes Kos- rattled against the wall, there was a star- and bloodshed and suffering and death! mountains. head o' his'n on this hyar mounting las' sute more'n a match fur him, kase Kossute tled silence among the pious elders of the Not a man sat within the walls of St. week, they war fightin' mad, an' would is the best shot on the mounting, an' Rick assemblage and a sudden disappearance of Martin's who had not received some signal hyar," said Rick Pearson, imperiously, hev lit out fur the gang sure, 'ceptin' they hed been gone down the mounting fur two hed been gone down the mounting fur two better able to take keer of hisself an' hurt intercourse during the evening. Mrs. Harintercourse during the evening the eveni services and to stand as a Memorial to all others who have been associated with this institution, and who, by honorable service, either in civil or military life, are deemed of the stand as a Memorial to all others who have been associated with this institution, and who, by honorable service, either in civil or military life, are deemed of the stand as a Memorial to all days. An' my son Kossute, he sent Rick somebody else nor ennybody. Kossute's more likely ter hurt Rick nor Rick is ter word that he had better keep out 'n gun-shot o' these hyar woods; that he didn't want no better mark than that red head o' want no better able to take keer of hisself an' hurt in the claims of certain ante-Augus-rison, who, by reason of flurry and house-wise in more, youngster."

I've come hyar ter put you out, ye cus-such that wise in the claims of certain ante-Augus-rison, who, by reason of flurry and house-wise in more, youngster."

I've come hyar ter put you out, ye cus-such that we may not only adgment had even now descended, and in ing the wounded and comforting the dying; what that that bay filly is, or light out, what terrible and unexpected guise! The men turned the quids of tobacco in their domitable spirit and courage that cut his cheeks and looked at each other in uncer- way from surrender and safety, through tainty; but the dancers bestowed not a glance upon the new-comers, and the musician in the corner, with his eyes halfclosed, his head bent low upon the instrument, his hard, horny hand moving the bow back and forth over the strings of the crazy old fiddle, was utterly rapt by his own melody. At the supreme moment when the great red beard had appeared portentously in the doorway and fear had frozen the heart of Mrs. Harrison within her at the ill-omened apparition, the host was in the shed-room filling a broken-nosed pitcher from the cider-barrel. When he reëntered, and caught sight of the grave sun-burned face with its long red beard and sharp brown eyes, he too was dismayed for an instant, and stood silent at the op-

catching suddenly the small brown eyes, lead. he held up the pitcher with a grin of invi- The conclusion of the mountaineers was the old times."

shook the pitcher significantly. the fiddler had fallen upon Mr. Kenyon at Not that Mr. Harrison would for a mo- the threshold, and, supposing him a clerment have thought of Rick Pearson in a gyman, he immediately imagined that the matrimonial point of view, for even the man of God had come all the way from sophistication of the Cross Roads had not New Helvetia Springs to stop the dancing yet brought him to the state of mind to and snatch the revelers from the jaws of consider such a half-loaf as this better than hell. The rapturous bow paused shudderno bread, but he felt it imperative from every point of view to keep that set of young mountaineers dancing in peace and racking their slow brains to excuse their ued; "You must go," Mr. Kenyon reiterated.

"You must go," Mr. Kenyon reiterated.
"Preachin's yer business," Rick continued; "Preachin's yer business," Rick continued; "pears like ye don't 'tend to it, quiet, and their guns idle and out of mis- apparent conniving at sin and bargaining though. chief, against the wall. The great red with Satan, and Mr. Harrison felt that this beard disappeared and reappeared at intervals, as Rick Pearson slipped along the undoubtedly be dispersed by the direct inhumoredly; "I s'pose ye'd say ye'd make gun-lined wall to join his host and the terposition of Providence before the shed- me. cider-pitcher, and after he had disposed

of the refreshment, in which the gang | As to his soul-poor man! these constantly shared, he relapsed into silently watching recurring social anxieties were making him me, but I intend to see you off first." the dancing and meditating a participation in that festivity.

eallous to immortality; this life was about to prove too much for him, for the fortigirl unprovided with a partner was "that thar Mandy Tyler," of Wilkins settlement renown; the young men had rigidly ad- itated in the door-way, but when the host, in the effort. Had it done so. Mr. Ken

hered to their resolution to ignore her in

shadow-flecked foliage or under the crystal waters; on the long, white, sandy road winding in and out through the forest; on the long but his antique hobby, the ancient interference till a peaceable dawn.

What they found in Bitals. The young profits which is the did churchman, with the boy at Kenyon's voice, he abstractedly hoped that his side and the gun still on his shoulder, ascended the rocky, precipitous slope on nothing but his antique hobby, the ancient interference till a peaceable dawn. the frowning crags of the wild ravine; on church. Mr. Kenyon was the most promthe little bridge at the entrance of the inent man in St. Martin's church in the that Kossuth Johns, who had by no means stream, he said but little of admonition to The sound of the galloping of horses broke suddenly on the music and the noise broke suddenly on the music and the noise however, Mr. Kenyon's own health had which beset a man dressing for a party highest qualities Rick Pearson could imof the dancing; a moment's interval, and the gigantic succumbed, and he was having a little who has very few clothes, and those very agine—he had grit enough to belong to the door gently opened and the gigantic sore throat in the mountains on his own old and worn. It is sister in law, had the gang—had smitten a tender conscience. form of Rick Pearson appeared in the aperture. He was dressed, like the other mountaineers, in a coarse suit of brown jeans somewhat the worse for wear, the trowers stuffed in the large of his beautiful the mountained on his own is of the means of the gang—had smitten a tender conscience. He, at his age, using none of the means of the beautiful the same of the means of the same of the means of the same of the means of the same of the same of the means of the same of the trowsers stuffed in the legs of his heavy for drier sermons than those he selected a neck-tie. But all these things take time, their hands, threatening with such viowere surely never heard, and a shuddering and the moon did not light Kossuth down lence that an outlaw and desperado, rehe did not remove immediately on entering, and a pair of formidable pistols at his

were surely account and desperado, reimagination shrinks appalled from the
imagination shrinks appalled from the
problematic mental drought of his ideal
tically from the sky and the Harrison Cove and lawless spirit, should say that he belt conspicuously challenged attention. original discourse. But he was an integHe had auburn hair, and a long full beard rant part of St. Martin's; much of his together in high feather. The ecclesiastic heaviest scourge of the sin-laden con-

> strange that he should be a notable fav-orite with men. They were of many difof union; they had all at one time served as soldiers; for the war, now ten years room. The men fell back; so did the passed by, its bitterness almost forgotten, had left some traces that time can never obliterate. What a friend was the dronnot a man who did not applaud the inorders on which the fate of an army depended; not a man whose memory did not narbor fatiguing recollections of long, dull ped a link here or took in one there, he had caught the spirit of those staunch old of young Johns's gun, and Kossuth was

a fight, and in all probability one would accustomed on Sunday mornings to ocbe killed, and the dancing party at Harri- cupy humble back benches in the ball- I'll break your head! Well, Mr. Pearson." son's Cove would be a text for the bloody- room, where on week-day evenings the he continued, as he stood between the minded sermons of the circuit-rider for all butterflies sojourning at New Helvetia combatants, one hand still over the muzzle time to come. However, the father of danced, and on the Sabbath metaphori- of young Johns's gun, the other, lean and four marriageable daughters is apt to become crafty and worldly-wise; only for a avowed that they were "miserable sin- arm with a vise-like grip, "well, Mr. moment did he stand in indecision; then, ners," following Mr. Kenyon's lugubrious Pearson, you are not so good a soldier as

"Rick!" he called out above the not unnatural, therefore, and when the the fiddler had fallen upon Mr. Kenyon at fightin' preacher agin!" he cried. room was opened and the supper eaten.

partially recovering himself, came forward | you would have been in sweet converse and offered a chair, he said with one of with the Forty Monks in about a minute been sitting since the beginning of the fes- his dismal smiles that he hoped Mr. Har- and a quarter. Kossuth had finally let go tivities, quite neglected, among the mar- rison had no objection to his coming in the gun, and made frantic attempts to ried people, looking on at the amusement and looking at the dancing for a while. borrow a weapon from some of his friends. which she had been debarred sharing by "Don't let me interrupt the young people, but the stern authoritative mandate of the that unpopular bit of coquetry at Wilkins I beg," he added, as he seated himself. belligerent peace-maker had prevented settlement. Nothing of disappointment The astounded silence was unbroken for a them from gratifying him, and he now or mortification was expressed in her few moments. To be sure he was not a stood empty-handed beside Mr. Kenyon, -even a "mounting" woman is susceptible of Cheatham's Cross-Roads had never sent-minded manner, although still reion of penance for his ears, and asked for a more explicit ex-

"Ye say ye don't keer ef the boys an' duential counties of Iredell, Mecklenburg, Guilford and Orange. It was from these nurseries came the desire for higher education that formulated the article that decreed a State University, Doubtless the state and acknowledged creed a State University, Doubtless the state and acknowledged creed a State University, Doubtless the state and acknowledged creed a State University, Doubtless the state and acknowledged creed a State University, Doubtless the state and acknowledged creed a State University, Doubtless the state and acknowledged creed a State University, Doubtless the state and acknowledged creed as the state and acknowledged creed as the state and acknowledged dashed the state and acknowledged creed as the state and acknowledged as the state and ackn care and suffering had been her lot; hold- bout which one war a-goin' ter ride with barricades out in the moonlight yonder, or ending reel with slow, dark eyes. Rick's cheerful, and healthful amusement, suping out wasted hands to the years as they pass—holding them out always, and always fur I hearn ez how the whole lay-out foot empty. She were a shabby, faded calico, ed it all the way ter New Helveshy. An' ests, than to the movement of the heavy, sitting and proffered his hand for the ity he was disposed to consider objections sassy child home ter his mammy?" and spoke with the peculiar expressionless drawl of the mountaineer. She was a wonderful contrast to Mrs. Darley, all furbelows a long with 'em an' tried ter keep the peace belows a food flounces, with her fresh, atwixt 'em. An', Miss Darley, all them was tried to the mountaineer as a fight 'mongst 'em, dance. She did not reply immediately, but looked timidly about her at the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. but looked timidly about her at the shocked pious ones one either to such harmless recreations a tithing of the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. but looked timidly about her at the little log cabin in the was disposed to consider objections and should not reply immediately, but looked timidly about her at the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. The elders, sitting in rush-bottomed chairs shocked pious ones one either to such harmless recreations a tithing of the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. The elders, sitting in rush-bottomed chairs shocked pious ones one either to such harmless recreations a tithing of the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. The looked timidly about her at the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. a looked timidly about her at the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. and looked timidly about her at the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. and looked timidly about her at the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. and looked timidly about her at the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. and looked timidly about her at the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. and looked timidly about her at the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. and looked timidly about her at the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. and looked timidly about her at the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. but looked timidly about her at the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. and looked timidly about her at the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. The looked timidly about her at the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. The looked timidly about her at the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. The looked timidl smooth face and soft hair, and plump, married folks down thar at the party- merriment, well-pleased despite their re- "dancin" ennyhow air bad enough, the clean hearts-hands clean of blood and times," he said to Mr. Kenyon, with a reround arms half-revealed by the flowing them folks in the Wilkins settlement is the ligious doubts, were somewhat more lively; Lord knows, but dancin' with a horse- ill-gotten goods, and hearts free from gretful cadence in his peculiar drawl; biggest fools, sure—when all them married every now and then a guffaw mingled with thief air jest scandalous!" Then, for falsehood and cruel intention—these were "good old times, them war days. I wish Darley was in mourning, and therefore did not affect the ball-room. At this moment, on benevolent thoughts intent, she ment, on benevolent thoughts intent, she

While Rick was according grave atten- strange new guest and asked him questions air, a-sittin' up an' lookin' at sinners dance little more cider, too, and a very bad arti- tion to the intricacies of the mazy dance concerning his church, being instantly, it and then gittin' in a fight that don't conband, and a misery in his side and in his back, and how he felt it "a-comin' on high on ter a week ago." Mr. Kenyon expressed sympathy, and was surprised to the surpressed sympathy, and was surprised to the intreactes of the int nor delay, and jogged up and down quite some other man's horse with the Sheriff of its retreat to the hills of Wales under "ye've got a damned deal to much grit fur intoxicated with the mirthfulness of the hard at his heels, the solitary figure of a lits oppressors' tyranny, of many cognate a preacher. But I ain't forgot Shiloh yit, plaintive old airs and the pleasure of other tall gaunt man had followed the long themes, side issues of the main branch of an' I don't mean ter nuther." motion than following the plow or hoeing winding path leading deep into the woods, the corn.

tall gaunt man had been deep into the woods, winding path leading deep into the woods, and now began the steep descent to Hardright drifted, the like of which Mr. Harrison oath or two, the quick tread of horses' And the moon smiled right royally on rison's Cove. Of what was old Mr. Ken- had never heard in all his days. And as hoofs pressing into a gallop, and the outher dominion: on the long, dark ranges of mountains and mist-filled valleys between; whingled shadow and sheen? Of St. Au- lin's strains, and beheld as in a mental vison the woods and streams, and on all the gustin and his Forty Monks, probably, and ion the solemn gyrations of those renowned the moonlit summer woods. half-dormant creatures either amongst the what they found in Britain. The young Forty Monks to the monotone of old Mr. As the old churchman, with the boy at

thar bay filly we lost 'bout five year ago.
But I don't believe he done it; plenty of his soul ef he dances, he other folks around is ez mean ez Rick, leastways mos' ez mean; plenty mean he kin hit it he's welcome; fur soul or no the inclement mountain weather; his eyes the ancient name had been conferred upon the room. The moonlight and the lamplight fell mingled on the calm, inexpressive did not think of others. He paused on features and tall, slender form of the young reaching the summit of the ascent, and quick, sharp glances, and occasionally ing apostolic succession and kindred doc- mountaineer. "Hy 're Kossute!" A cheer- looked back at the little house nestling in ful greeting from many voices met him. the ravine, the lamplight streaming The next moment the music ceased once | through its open doors and windows across -a sort of imperious good humor, howtherefore it may be considered a little again, and the dancing came to a standthe path among the laurel bushes where still, for, as the name fell on Pearson's ear, Rick's gang had hitched their horses. he turned, glanced sharply toward the door, and, drawing one of his pistols from his belt, advanced to the middle of the hear the music and dancing?" frightened women, without screaming, a moment, "Now, I kin," he added as the however, for that indication of feminine wind brought to their ears the oft-told sensibility had not yet penetrated to Cheat- tale of the rabbit's gallopade in the peaham's Cross Roads, to say nothing of the

one. parley long on these occasions. Kossuth maker had prevented any killing, "kase It is not the habit in the mountains to solid barriers of enemies to deliver the had raised his gun to his shoulder as Rick. with his pistol cocked, advanced a step nearer. The outlaw's weapon was struck upward by a quick, strong hand, the little sermons read for the souls' health of the log cabin was filled with flash, roar, and soldiery. And through it all-by the smoke, and the stars looked in through a camp-fires at night, on the long white hole in the roof from which Rick's bullet country roads in the sunshiny mornings; had sent the shingles flying. He turned in the mountains and the morasses; in hil- in mortal terror and caught the hand that arious advance and in cheerless retreat; in had struck his pistol-in mortal terror, for the heats of summer and by the side of Kossuth was the crack shot of the mounfrozen rivers, the ancient British clergy tains and he felt he was a dead man. The went through it all. And, whether the room was somewhat obscured by smoke, old churchman's premises and reasoning but as he turned upon the man who had were false, whether his tracings of the disarmed him, for the force of the blow succession were faulty, whether he drop- had thrown the pistol to the floor, he saw

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swearing loudly that by the Lord Almighty

irate tones, "if you don't stop that noise, you used to be; you didn't fight boys in

Rick Pearson's enraged expression rid scraping of the violin and the clatter of the dancing feet, "slip round hyar of ye kin, I've got somethin' for ye;" and he suddenly ceased. The half-closed eyes of me with a soot bag of hyar ain't the old "Ye may drag me through hell an' beat "I have only one thing to say to you, said Mr. Kenyon. "You must go. I will not have you here shooting boys and breaking up a party."

Rick demurred. "See hyar, now," he said, "you've got no business meddlin',"

"You must go.

"I am going to take the boy home with

Mr. Kenyon had prevented the hot-headed Kossuth from firing by keeping his Now, it so happened that the only young tude and tact even of a father of four hand persistently over the muzzle of the marriageable young ladies has a limit. gun; and young Johns had feared to try Mr. Kenyon, too, seemed dumb as he hes- to wrench it away lest it should discharge

"I'll go, jest ter pleasure you-uns. Ye see,

"I am not talking about Shiloh now,"

"Ye say ye'll take that -that"-Rick

was engaged in uncorking sundry small phials, gazing inquiringly at their labels, later and small mighty smart an' funny in Mandy; but she phials, gazing inquiringly at their labels, later and small mighty smart an' funny in Mandy; but she tion than was their wont, under the stress one thing, parson," he added, his mind reversay a word till she kem up the moun. of the unusual excitement of a dancing responded, "Don't keer ef I do," with a vigorous tones, and the joy of the dance verting from tea years ago to the scene just ting, an' I never hearn ez how she say ennything then. An' now the boys all say ing came an anticipative odor of more the two outlaws were flying down the gling back and forth. Meanwhile Mr. Harrison sat beside this rups, "ye're a mighty queer preacher, ye

"Not now," said Kossuth. Then, after patch. "They're a dancin' now, and all

right agin." As they walked along, Mr. Kenyon's racked conscience might have been in a bravery. Now that the heat of anger was over, the young fellow was glad that the fearless interposition of the warlike peaceef the old man hedn't hung on ter my gun like he done, I'd have been a murderer like he said, an' Rick would hev been dead. An' the bay filly ain't sech a killin' matter nohow; ef it war the roan three-

year-old now, 'twould be different." One of the World's Ways.

[Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.] We understand that numerous farmers favor prohibition because they believe that negro labor is demoralized by country stores that sell liquor. These farmers do not, as a rule, intend to quit drinking themselves, but desire to compel negroes by law to be sober. If some of our church friends are right, this is an attempt to make negroes better than white people.