



The Old North State

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CONTRACT RATES. [Union City, Tenn., Correspondence of the Louisville Commercial.] THE "SLEEPING BEAUTY" OF TENNESSEE.

So much has already been written in regard to the lady known here as the "Sleeping Beauty" that I can scarcely hope to give you anything new, but will add my testimony to that already given, and make you a plain statement of facts, as I know them from her mother, brother, and friends, who now have her in charge in the same house in which I am stopping, and from which I am now writing to you.

Miss Susan Caroline Goad was born in Olin county, Tennessee, and within ten miles of this city, of poor, but honest parents. Her father has been dead for twelve years. Her mother still lives and watches over her loved child, and the comely eyes and beaming brow show very plainly the traits and sorrows she has experienced in her duty for twenty-one years.

One of the strangest points of this strange case is the seemingly total absence of anything like respiration. A piece of the finest polished glass held close to her lips fails to disclose the slightest trace of breath. Her pulse is perfectly still, and but for a nervous and trepidulous motion of the body, which never ceases, you might at any time call her dead.

MASONIC.—The New York Times recently published an interesting history of Free Masonry, from which we take the following extracts: The Universality of Masonry.—Whether in England or Scotland, or from an ancient Egyptian origin, it spread all over the globe, and now Masonry can be found among almost all the nations of the earth.

The only prisoner in the Nantuxet jail notifies the authorities that if they don't fix up that jail so that the "sleepers" can't get in to bother him, he will be blown if he will stay in there.

MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN RUSIA.

According to the ritual, "When the bridegroom is presented, the whole house is in confusion; all the relations, friends and neighbors, on both sides, are invited to the house of the bride. When all the expected company are assembled, the match-maker comes in, leading the bridegroom by the hand, and going straight to the head of the house, presents him. The bride's father then sends a young man to a table covered with a white cloth; on the table is a silver salver with a loaf of bread in it, and on the bread a salt-cellar with salt. Two rings—one of gold, the other of silver—are placed on a small silver tray before a golden image of the Virgin Mary holding the Child Jesus in her arms. With this image, they bless the future couple. All the company stand; the mother holds the bride, completely dressed in white, by the hand, surrounded by all her dearest friends and companions. All bow before the image. The father takes the image, the mother the bread and salt; the young couple then kneel under the image, and are first blessed by the father; the latter then takes the bread and salt from the hands of the mother, and then gives her the image, and the same ceremony is repeated. After this the father and mother of the bridegroom do the like. Then comes the giving of the rings. The bride's father gives the golden ring to the bridegroom, and the silver one to the bride. They are now affianced to each other, and give each other the first kiss. When the ceremony is over, the company enjoy themselves; they chat, laugh, eat and drink, and separate, after having fixed the day for the marriage. During the interval between the ceremony and the marriage the bridegroom spends all his evenings with his bride, often late at night. The marriage ceremony follows. It is also called the coronation, because during the ceremony a crown is placed on the heads of the affianced. Then the priest offers them a cup of wine, of which they both drink, as a sign of the union they have contracted. A solemn procession is led by the officiating priest, the bride and bridegroom following him, round the desk placed in the centre of the church, upon which is laid the Bible. This is meant to represent the book which, during the public celebration of the marriage, the rings worn by the young couple are exchanged; the husband now wearing the silver one, the bride the golden. From the church all the company are invited to go to the house of the bridegroom's father. A week after, they return to church, when the priest lifts the crown from their heads. This is the final consecration of marriage."

THE BABY.

In his recent volume entitled Society and Solitude, Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "The perfection of the providence for childhood is easily acknowledged. The care which covers the seed of the tree under tough husks of earth and stone, provides for the human plant the mother's breast and the father's house. The size of the nest is comic, and its tiny, beseeching weakness is compensated perfectly by the one happy, patronizing look of the mother, who is a sort of high-reposing providence toward her. Welcome to the parents the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with perspiration which Charlemagne and Pericles in manhood had not. His unafflicted lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high, or more beautiful, the sobbing child—the face all liquid gold, as he tries to swallow his vexation, soften all hearts to pity, and to his kind and clamorous compassion. The small despot asks so little but all reason and all nature are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtues. His death is angels' flesh all alive." "Infancy," said Goethe, "presents body and spirit in unity; the body is all animated." All day, between his three or four sleeps, he comes like a pigeon house, spatters and spurs, and puts on his faces of importance, and when he fasts, the little Pharisae tells not to sound his trumpet before him. By lamp-light, he delights in shadows on the wall; by daylight, in yellow and scarlet. Carry him out of doors—he is overpowered by the light and by the extent of natural objects, and is silent. Then presently begins his use of his fingers, and he studies power—the lesson of his race. First it appears in no great harm, in architectural tastes.—Out of books, thread-spoils, cards and checkers: he will build his pyramid and the apparatus of wheels and rattle, he explores the laws of sound. But, finally, like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedy modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh.—The small eucharist nothing can withstand—no seniority of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, grand-uncles, grandmothers, fall an easy prey; he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laureled heroes.

A man in Rhode Island has been sent to jail for ten days for sleeping in church. Nothing was done to the clergyman who put him to sleep.

A WEDDING NIGHT INCIDENT.

How Tom Bennett fled Joe Thompson. It wasn't hardly the fair thing that the boys did to Joe Thompson the night he was married, but the temptation was irresistible. They could not have helped it to have saved their lives. I'll tell you how it was: Joe was about the most fancy dressed chap in town—over nice and particular—a perfect Miss Nancy in manner, always a perfect gentleman, and more dainty and neat than any man in town. One night he was dressed, drunk empty, and his pants, especially fitting him as if they had been made, and his legs, curled up, and ran into them. Tight was no name for them. Their set was immense, and he was prouder than a half dozen peacocks. "Aren't they nice, boys?" he asked of the two who were to be groomsmen, and see that he threw himself away in the most approved fashion. "Approved?" Groggins replied Tom Bennett. "Never saw anything equal to them. But I say, Joe, aren't they just the last little thing I strike me that you will have some difficulty in heading 'em off?" "Pshaw, no?" They are as easy as an old glove; see!" To prove the matter he bent down so as to touch his patent leathers, when a crack followed like the twin reports of a revolver. "That don't" exclaimed Joe, as he clasped his hands behind and found a rent in the casement from stem to stern. "Thunder! the pants have burst and what shall I do?" "I should think they had," answered Tom, getting purple in the face as he endeavored to control his laughter. "But there is no time to get another pair. It only wants half an hour to the stand-up time and we have a mile to go. Carriage waiting too."

"What shall I do? what shall I do?" "I'll tell you what Joe, if mine would fit you should have them and welcome, but they are a mile too big. I see no way but to have them mended."

"Who can I get to do it, Tom?" "Well, I am something of a tailor and can fix them so that they won't show.—Hold on a minute and I'll get a needle and thread."

"Can you?" "I can mend 'em," commanded Tom, as he came back. "Now lay yourself over on the bed and I'll fix you in short order."

The command was obeyed—the pants were laid—the coat tails carefully pinned over, so as to conceal the "distress for color," and all went merry as a marriage bell, until Joe followed his blushing bride, to the natal couch.

There was only a dim light in the room, but it enabled Joe, as he glared haphazardly around, to see the sweetest face in the world, the rosy cheeks and ripe lips, the lovely and loving blue eyes, and the golden curls just peeping out from the snowy sheets, and he extinguished it altogether, and hastened to disrobe himself. Of came coat, vest, fancy necktie and collar, boots and socks in a hurry; but somehow the pants stuck. The more he tried, and more they wouldn't come and he tugged vainly for half an hour.

"Thunder!" muttered Joe. "What is the matter, dear?" came in the softest of accents from the bed, where somebody was wondering what it was that annoyed him.

It was a moment of desperation. Joe was entirely overcome by the situation, and forgetting his bashfulness, blurted out: "Molly, that cursed Tom Bennett has sewed my pants, drawers, shirt and undershirt, all together!"

"It is too bad." Wait a moment, dear." A little stockinged foot, peeped out, then a ruffled night dress, the lamp was lighted, a pair of scissors found and Joe released, manly vowing that if ever he got the opportunity he would pay his friend Tom back with interest for the joke had played on him.

A Thought.—A seed, buried in the earth for centuries, may contain the power of vitality, and by the action of light and heat, spring up and yield an abundance of fruit. "A thought casually dropped—in the corner of a letter—in the bottom of a newspaper column—or amid a crowd of juveniles—may remain unproductive for years, and at last spring up to gladden and refresh thousands.

REORGANIZATION OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

On the 9th inst., at 10 o'clock, several members of the Historical Society of North Carolina met in the University Library for the purpose of reorganizing the Society by electing new officers. Prof. Alexander McIver was elected temporary President, and on the 11th inst., all persons who were then present in the meeting and had not formerly been members of the Society were unanimously elected members. R. W. Lasser was elected temporary Clerk. Prof. D. S. Patrick moved that the President pro tem appoint a committee of three members to prepare and report permanent officers for the reorganization of the Society, which motion was unanimously carried. The Chair appointed Prof. D. S. Patrick, Prof. James A. Manning and Col. Jas. F. Taylor. The committee returned and very soon reported for President, John Hill Wheeler, the Historian, For Vice President thirteen persons to be selected by the Society. For Secretary and Treasurer, A. McIver. The report of the committee was unanimously adopted. Col. Wheeler on taking the chair made a few appropriate remarks and the Society being thus reorganized proceeded to elect Vice Presidents and members. The following thirteen gentlemen were unanimously elected Vice Presidents of the Society: Gov. W. W. Holden; Gov. H. T. Clark; Rev. Solomon Pool, President of the University; Col. William A. Moore, of Edenton; Neils Mendenhall, of Guilford; Hon. Wm. J. Battle, Raleigh; Hon. Thomas L. Gorman, Asheville; Dr. S. S. Satchwell, New Hanover; Wm. J. Yates, Charlotte; Rev. B. Craven, D. D., President of Trinity College; Rev. E. F. Rockwell, President of Concord Female College; Palmon John, Elizabeth City; and Gov. D. S. Reid. All the trustees of the University who are not already members were unanimously elected regular members. The following gentlemen were unanimously elected: Hon. Alexander H. Stevens, Gen. D. H. Hill, Reverend Thos. Allison, D. D., Hon. Thos. C. Fuller, Gen. R. B. Vance, Rev. George W. Walker, Rev. Brently York, Hon. J. W. Holden, Hon. Lewis Hanes, Hon. S. S. Ashley, Gen. G. H. Bogden and Col. James F. Taylor were appointed a committee to prepare from the next Legislature an act to incorporate the Historical Society of North Carolina. On motion of Rev. Solomon Pool a vote of thanks was unanimously given to Col. John H. Wheeler, the President of the Society, for the able and interesting address which he had delivered on the day before on the history of North Carolina, with a request that a copy be given to the Society for publication. It was voted that the Secretary and Treasurer be instructed to collect the books, papers and other property of the Society, and deposit them in the University library. It was voted that Rev. Solomon Pool, Morgan Clapp, D. S. Patrick, James F. Taylor and S. S. Ashley be appointed an executive committee to conduct the printing and other executive business of the Society. Ex-Gov. Henry T. Clark was unanimously elected to deliver the next annual address before the Historical Society of North Carolina at the next regular meeting, which will be held at the University on the day before the commencement week of 1871 in the University library.

Catching a Fly in Church.—A lady in one of our churches rested her head on the back of a pew in front, as all devout people do in a young man who neither bowed his head nor knelt. A beautiful plume nodded and danced upon the head of the fair one behind him, occasionally touching the neck of the youth, who evidently considered it a fly or some other troublesome insect. For a time he bore the unpleasant sensation without a murmur, but at last patience ceased to be a virtue and from the back of his eagle eye one could plainly see that the hour of "that fly" had come. Instead of saying "who fly, don't bother me," cautiously his hand moved toward the supposed offending insect; then followed a frantic clutch and a spring behind him. Imagine the horror of the youth to find in his hand the nibby hat of the fair one, which he had torn violently from her head, sadly disarranging the contour of braids and chignons. The lady was indignant, of course, and the youth could have been purchased at an immense sacrifice about that time. Explanations and apologies followed, and the disorganized hair was put in order as soon as possible, and the devotional exercises were resumed.—Lima (Ohio) Gazette.

A Specimen of Hifalutin.—A Western political stump speaker demolishes his opponent in this wise: Build a warm fence around winter's supply of summer weather; skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon; break a hurricane to atoms; ground-slate an earthquake; lasso an avalanche, put a diaper on the crater of an active volcano; live all the stars in a small keg; hang the sky on a grape vine to dry; put the sky to soak in a gourd; unhook the belt of eternity, and paste "To Let" on the sun and moon; but never for a moment stir, delude yourself with the idea that any ticket of your party can beat ours.

THE DEATH OF THE LION.

Perhaps no case of royalty in reduced circumstances is so sad as that of the lion in his latter days. Frequent as are in neither the vicissitudes of monarchs, Bayonne, nor the exploded Bomba in Philippi appearing suddenly in England as Mr. Smith with a corresponding and coterie umbrella is so melancholy a figure of decline is marked by the inability to generate spring on the simple assuage, or to cope with the sturdy buffalo, and against his better nature, the hollow Leaf, still grand and imposing of aspect, but bereft of his power, is driven to watch for stray children going to the well, or old women picking sticks in the forest. It might be imagined that the noble philosopher of the bereaved tribe would regard this abduction of aged females as praiseworthy, or would at least consider the eating of them as a sufficient punishment for the offence. Not so, however; a lion once known as a man, woman, or child eater, by no means encouraged, even in Africa, for the indignity of his tastes; and the necessity for increased vigilance against his foe, he seldom enjoys a meal in peace.—As his teeth fail and his joints stiffen, he is no longer able to capture the feeblest crane, or to masticate the tenderest virgin; and, in the last stage of all that ends this strange eventful history, he catches mice for a subsistence, gulping them like pills, and ekes out the insufficient diet with grass. Imagine the incarnation of absolute power; this rioter in the blood of swift and powerful beasts; this emitter of the roar that causes all the hearts in the wilderness to quake, driven, in what should be a majestic old age, to pick his own salads and to turn mouse! The number of times that, with his large frame and corresponding appetite, he must perform for each scanty meal the degrading act of watching for and poisoning upon a mouse, must ultimately deprave his whole character; daily he must sink lower in his own esteem; reformation and suicide are equally denied him; till, happily, the savage who come upon his track, knowing by signs that his fleshness is great; and finding a bush, in the sleep of extreme old age, torpor of self-concept, considerably hastens with his assegai to draw a veil over the painful scene.

LATE HOURS.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preached lately on "Late Hours" and the "Unfruitful Works of Darkness," and in the course of his sermon said: "If you want to make the ruin of a child give him liberty after dark. You cannot do anything nearer to insure damnation than to leave him at liberty to go where he will without restraint. After dark he will be sure to get into communion with people that will undermine all his good qualities. I do not like to speak to parents about their children, but there are thousands who think their child cannot do wrong. Their child will not be, when his tongue is like a bended bow; he will not drink, when there is not a saloon within a mile of his father's house where he is not as well known as one of its own owners; he never does iniquitous things, when he is reeking in filth.—Nineteen out of every twenty allowed perfect freedom at night will be wounded by it.

"There is nothing more important than for a child to be at home at night; or, if he is abroad, you should be with him. If he is to see any sights or take any pleasure, there is nothing that he should see that you should not see with him. It is not merely that the child should be broken down, but there are thoughts that never occur to find a passage into a man's brain. As an owl, if he wriggles across a carpet will leave his slime, which no brushing can ever efface, so there are thoughts that can never be got rid of, once permitted to enter; and books and pictures under the lapsels of their coats that will leave ideas in the mind of your child that can never be effaced. There are men who have heard a salacious song, and they never be effaced. There are men who have heard a salacious song, and they never can forget it. They will regret having learned it to the end of their lives. I do not believe in a child's seeing life, as it is called, with its damnable lust and wickedness, to have its imagination set on fire with the flames of hell. Nobody goes through this fire but they are burned, burned, burned; and they can never get rid of the scars."

A young Virginian has this year graduated at the Princeton (N. N.) College with higher honors than have been taken at that college since the graduation of Aaron Burr. His name is Theodor B. Pryor, a son of Roger A. Pryor, late of Virginia. The New York Tribune of the 30th ult., in a notice of the Princeton commencement, says: "The Jay Cooke Mathematical Fellowship, after the most difficult, and in its results the most brilliant examination in the history of the college, was given to Theodor B. Pryor.

"Why do you call me Birdie, my dear?" inquired a wife of her husband.—"Because," was the answer, "you are always associated, in my mind, with a bill."

From the Charlotte Democrat.

Mr. EDITOR—Many dangerous pills for illuminating purposes are now appearing under divers names and hawked about the country, and sold at cheap rates, against the use of which all persons should be cautioned; and for this end I send you an extract transcribed from the American Agriculturist: "There is one preparation, called 'Sun Light Oil' for \$2. The recipe reads as follows: To make one gallon take three quarts of Benzine, 1 oz of pulverized alum, 1/2 oz. alcohol, 2 oz cream tartar, 2 oz. sal soda, 1 pint potash (cut fine), 2 table-spoonsful of fine salt, 2 drachms of assafetida, and 4 do gum camphor. Then follow directions for mixing these ingredients. If the thing was not so wicked we should not ridicule its absurdity. It is an attempt to induce people to believe that with the various additional and prescribed mixings, the Benzine can be converted into something safe for illuminating purposes. The oil of assafetida and camphor are added to make the compound smell differently from pure Benzine—they are combustible and so far are not foolish; but the other ingredients, alum, soda, potash, &c., are sheer nonsense. They have not the slightest effect in making the Benzine otherwise than Benzine, and the person who proposes to add them is a fool if he did not know it, and a rascal if he did. Recollect that this oil is Benzine, unsafe, explosive and deadly. Better that your children should have no other light than tallow dips, or go to bed at dark, than run the risk of sudden death, or what is worse, being maimed for life by this S. L. or C. R. oil. If you will use it, first make your will, then insure your life, and ask your minister to get ready a sermon on the 'mysterious dispensation of Providence.' These recipes are being hawked about the country by agents who, by pleading the cheapness of the light, doubtless sell a large number. They should be arrested and punished. A SUBSCRIBER.

A Divorced Wife and her Husband.

Married again after a Separation of Thirty three Years—A story of real life, shrouded somewhat in romance, runneth in this wise: About thirty-three years ago, a young lady, about fifteen years of age, beautiful and accomplished, but specially noted for her musical talent, (for she could sing like a bird) was wooed and won by a young mechanic, who was also a noted singer. The union did not prove harmonious, and after an experience of about six months the young wife returned to the parental roof for support and protection. A committee was selected to confer with the estranged parties. One of the committee was Hon. D. R. Tillam of Lenoir, N. C., June 9.—A tragedy similar to the McFarland-Richardson affair has recently occurred in this State—so analogous, indeed, to that case that I am tempted to give the particulars thereof. We see that the determination to slay seducers is not confined to particular localities alone, nor to the white man only. In the instance I am about to give you the parties are black, and were lately the slaves of families distinguished in the old North State. The history of the case, which has just been tried in the court for the county of Burke, at Morganton, and before his Honor, Judge Mitchell, is briefly this: Some time ago Andrew Caldwell took the wife of Harvey Avery, and eloped with her from her home in Burke county, to East Tennessee. The woman is said to have been a faithful and devoted wife for about fifteen years; but was inveigled into a desertion of her husband by the wiles of Andrew. The pleasures of this new life not proving to all the woman had been told they would be, she wrote to her injured husband to come and take her back to the home again. This was done. But the seducer soon followed, and a short time after his return was caught by Avery under circumstances which convinced the husband of the continued guilt of his wife. Dashed upon the parties with a knife and a rock. The wife, rightly guessing his intention to kill, fled, but Caldwell stood his ground and called for the woman to remain alive, as the two might successfully defend themselves. But it was in vain; for in a few minutes Avery had cut Caldwell's bowels out with the knife, so that death ensued soon afterwards. The affair has created quite an excitement in the county where the tragedy occurred, and where the trial, as before stated, has just taken place. Eminent counsel appeared in the cause, and the trial assuming such a political phase, His Honor, Judge Mitchell, had to interpose and confine the counsel to law alone. The Lieutenant Governor of the State, Hon. Tod R. Caldwell, appeared as one of the counsel for the prosecution; and I am told, has greatly augmented his influence among the Radical negroes for laboriously clamoring for the life of the prisoner. The deceased formerly belonged in the family of Caldwell—hence his sympathies. The counsel for the defendant were all distinguished Conservatives and politicians. There has been an almost life-long feud existing between the Averys and Caldwells, and the circumstances connected with this tragedy gave additional excitement and rancor to the feud. The cases of Sickles, of Cole, of McFarland, and others, were cited by the counsel for the defence; and the supposition being that the jury in this case would consider the case one of justifiable homicide, according to public opinion. His Honor charged the jury that they should not weigh the case as a mere public opinion was, but must confine themselves alone to the law of the question involved. Their verdict was, "not guilty of murder, but guilty of manslaughter," from which decision defendant's counsel have appealed. Good words and good deeds are the rent we owe for the air we breathe.

A BLACK MCFARLAND IN NORTH CAROLINA.

LENOR, N. C., June 9.—A tragedy similar to the McFarland-Richardson affair has recently occurred in this State—so analogous, indeed, to that case that I am tempted to give the particulars thereof. We see that the determination to slay seducers is not confined to particular localities alone, nor to the white man only. In the instance I am about to give you the parties are black, and were lately the slaves of families distinguished in the old North State. The history of the case, which has just been tried in the court for the county of Burke, at Morganton, and before his Honor, Judge Mitchell, is briefly this: Some time ago Andrew Caldwell took the wife of Harvey Avery, and eloped with her from her home in Burke county, to East Tennessee. The woman is said to have been a faithful and devoted wife for about fifteen years; but was inveigled into a desertion of her husband by the wiles of Andrew. The pleasures of this new life not proving to all the woman had been told they would be, she wrote to her injured husband to come and take her back to the home again. This was done. But the seducer soon followed, and a short time after his return was caught by Avery under circumstances which convinced the husband of the continued guilt of his wife. Dashed upon the parties with a knife and a rock. The wife, rightly guessing his intention to kill, fled, but Caldwell stood his ground and called for the woman to remain alive, as the two might successfully defend themselves. But it was in vain; for in a few minutes Avery had cut Caldwell's bowels out with the knife, so that death ensued soon afterwards. The affair has created quite an excitement in the county where the tragedy occurred, and where the trial, as before stated, has just taken place. Eminent counsel appeared in the cause, and the trial assuming such a political phase, His Honor, Judge Mitchell, had to interpose and confine the counsel to law alone. The Lieutenant Governor of the State, Hon. Tod R. Caldwell, appeared as one of the counsel for the prosecution; and I am told, has greatly augmented his influence among the Radical negroes for laboriously clamoring for the life of the prisoner. The deceased formerly belonged in the family of Caldwell—hence his sympathies. The counsel for the defendant were all distinguished Conservatives and politicians. There has been an almost life-long feud existing between the Averys and Caldwells, and the circumstances connected with this tragedy gave additional excitement and rancor to the feud. The cases of Sickles, of Cole, of McFarland, and others, were cited by the counsel for the defence; and the supposition being that the jury in this case would consider the case one of justifiable homicide, according to public opinion. His Honor charged the jury that they should not weigh the case as a mere public opinion was, but must confine themselves alone to the law of the question involved. Their verdict was, "not guilty of murder, but guilty of manslaughter," from which decision defendant's counsel have appealed. Good words and good deeds are the rent we owe for the air we breathe.