

THE INDEX.

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THE INDEX.

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Remarks by Rev. Gabe Tucker.

You may note it on de plain 'as a mighty risky plan
To make your judgment by de clo's dat kivers up a man;
For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come across
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar horse.
An' wuking in de low grounds, you'd skiver as you go.
Dat de insect' shuck may hide de means 'nubbin' in a row!
I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for Heben.
Dat holds on to his piety one day out of seven.
Dat talks about de sinners with a heap o' solemn chat.
An' nebber draps a nickle in de missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in de mestin' house for raisin all de clauses.
But lays aside his ligion with his Sunday pantalons!
I never judge o' people dat I meets along de way
By de places whar dey come from an' de honas whar dey stay;
For de Bantam chickens awful fon o' roostin' pretty high.
An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in de middle ob de sea,
And you finds de smalles' possum up de bigges' kind o' tree!
—Scribners Monthly.

IN BONDS OF STEEL.

"I am pleasantly surprised, Rufus," said Walter Dugald, cheerfully. "When you came down here to my wedding I never once imagined you might find a wife among these agreeable country people. She is an active, industrious little body, and I wish you both every possible happiness."
A bland but half-discontented smile flickered over the visage of the elder man.
"Is not your congratulation rather ambiguous?"
Mr. Dugald laughed uneasily. He was always disquieted when his shrewd cousin chose to be critical.
"Siba is no more perfect than any of us," he answered, evasively. "She is easily offended, and not disposed to be reasonable when angered. You are the same, Rufus. But she loves you and you love her; so when you come to understand each other thoroughly, I can apprehend no reason why you will not be an ordinarily happy pair."
"I am afraid you have contemplated disagreeable possibilities," remarked the other, with unnatural good humor. "But have you decided to come with us to Kentucky, Walter?"
"I shall be obliged to go, I suppose," responded Mr. Dugald, gloomily. "I can get no employment here, and I must do something speedily, for my funds are becoming uncomfortably small."
"Well, I have plenty for us all, and my business is lucrative," observed the cousin consolingly.
"Yes, I know," responded the younger man; "but can I adapt my abilities to your business; that is wholly commercial, I understand?"
"Certainly, and with profit," was the quick reply. "But we must dispense with a business consultation just now. I hear the ladies coming."
There was a sound on the stairs, not unlike the fluttering of birds' wings—a sound of almost harrowing rapidity—so rapid that neither the child's heels nor sweep of skirts was to be seen.
The next moment Siba Jaquitt entered the parlor with an unceremonious and a scarcely gracious assurance of manner.
"I would not wait for Regina,"

she purred with a smirk. "She is horridly slow and particular about her toilet. I'm afraid she is vain—I really am, indeed; and I think I should pity you, Walter—just a little, in a sisterly way, you know."
"I am not conscious of any special need of pity, in any sort of way," returned the young man, with some coldness. He had very little liking for Miss Jaquitt. She always reminded him of that type of woman of which Shakspeare must have been thinking when the passage—
"She is a vixen; * * * *
And though she be but little, she is fierce"—was written.
She was a brunette, with fine, lustrous, but lusterless dark hair; a small and unintellectual head; ordinary, but not displeasing features; a crimson mouth, with long, thin lips, and with large, dark, dull eyes, that only brightened in times of wrathful passion, and then with a strange, sly savage glitter.
Walter Dugald believed her to be as insincere as shallow, as relentlessly cruel as she was violent and shrewish. And he marveled at the infatuation of his cousin.
Falconbridge had led his betrothed toward the piano at the further end of the room, and the two were jesting and laughing so gaily that it was evident they would not be offended if they were left alone.
Walter quietly left the parlor, and went up to the pretty chamber where his beautiful young wife was adorning her bronze-brown curls and the simple corsage of her plain gray silk dress with pink and white rose-buds.
"I fancied and hoped you would come to me, dear. Do I hear Siba and Rufus singing already? How happy they are together!" she concluded, contentedly.
"Evidently our presence is not essential to their comfort just now," laughed the young husband. "Shall we go with them to Kentucky, Regina?" he ended with abrupt seriousness.
"I am not inclined to regard the project very favorably," was the gentle reply. "Siba and I have never been the most loving of sisters, and—pardon me, dear—I do seriously distrust this apparent friendliness of your cousin. But I shall cheerfully do what you think best, Walter."
"I know that, darling," affirmed the husband. "But I respect your wishes and value your advice. Of course I do not contemplate locating permanently there; but the experiment of a year, or two among new scenes and new faces might be beneficial."
"Yes, if you were an artist or invalid," said Regina, smiling. "But can Rufus assure you of any benefit or profits as an engraver?"
"Not at all," was the answer. "He is to find me some agency or something that he promises me will be most lucrative. In the meantime, if we are not pleased—if we are dissatisfied, we can return. I am afraid I can do no better than accept the offer, my love."
"Then we must accept it," averred the wife, promptly.
But Regina Dugald had a presentiment of ill. And her heart was weary with indefinable sadness as, some weeks later, she neared the wild mountains among whose emerald and amethystine shadows was the new home promised them by Rufus Falconbridge.
It was a curious, rude, wooden structure, oddly resembling a huge, square, dun rock among the rocks. Thick, low trees hid its low roof, and thick wild ivy hid its walls and narrow latticed windows. It was sufficiently comfortable, and its

several commodious rooms were finished tastefully.
"I had the house built after the model of a hunting lodge I once saw in the North of England," explained Falconbridge, cheerily. "Is it not delightfully secluded? Is not the site romantic and picturesque? Are not the green of the forests, the gray of the rocks, the purple of the peaks, superb? I have wine a century old in my cellars; I have the finest horses in the country in my stables; I have 'cattle grazing on a thousand hills.' I shall keep you pretty busy, Walter, what with my herds and flocks and other matters?"
"And what are we to do—Regina and I?" inquired Siba, briskly.
"Anything you may prefer, my dearest," declared Falconbridge, laughing. "You may read, embroider, gossip, or toast quail or broil venison steak for your mighty hunters. And when you desire something adventurous you may explore my subterranean shooting-gallery that leads through a wonderful cave, and then through a still more wonderful passage, to the bank of a deep and narrow stream. And there, in a dim, delightful grotto, you will find moored a canoe as light as a lark's feather, strong as an eagle's wing, and swift as an Indian's arrow. I have provided for all our desires and necessities, I assure you."
Regina glanced at him enviously. Something in its expression seemed to her unnatural and ominous.
"She fancied, too, that there was a sudden gloom upon her husband's fine, frank countenance.
"We shall regret we ever came to this place," was her mental prediction.
But that Siba was honestly glad and gratified she could not doubt. Indeed, in all the vicissitudes that followed, Siba astonished her profoundly.
"It is a new story of the Taming of the Shrew," Walter," she said once. "I should never have believed that Siba could change so."
"She has not changed so much," dissented her husband; "much as she really loves Rufus, she is only gentle with him because she fears him. Regina, my cousin is a man who, if he chooses, can hold 'one in bonds of steel.'"
He spoke mournfully, with singular despair in his tones.
"I do not quite understand what you mean, dearest," observed Regina, gently.
"I wish I could be sure you never would," was the bitter answer.
"Oh, my darling! It would have been better for us had we been laid side by side in the grave together than ever have come to this accursed place."
"When can we go away," she sighed.
"Never, I fear," he replied, in accents of intensest anguish.
"You frighten me," she sobbed, as she bent over her little child sleeping as sweetly on his tawny wolf robes as if his bed had been of down and satin. "This mystery is maddening. When and how will it end?"
All too soon an answer came to that bitter cry of grief.
Late that afternoon Walter Dugald reeled across the threshold, his face deadly pale and smirched with blood, one arm hanging shattered and limp by his side.
"What has happened? Where is Rufus?" shrieked Siba.
"The end predicted for your husband has come. His retreat is discovered. He will come shortly with a horde of mounted officers. His escape is impossible. It is known that the implements of his nefarious trade are in the subter-

anean room. We can only wait our doom."
Siba was once more, the savage, unreasoning creature of other days.
"Our doom is to die together!" she cried shrilly. "My husband will never be taken living."
Walter shuddered. Only Regina and her innocent babe did not know of the powder kegs stored in the cave for this contingency.
"My darling wife, if you would save our child take him and hurry away from this lated house," Siba said with passion and agony, and she will surely fire the powder if Rufus has no time to do so. Go, I beseech you!"
"I will never leave you," she answered, with a firmness he knew could not be shaken.
"I should think you would hate and abhor me," he groaned.
"For what?" she inquired, in simple wonder.
"Ah, you do not know," he mused again. "You do not yet know how that fiend bound me in bonds of steel. His herds and flocks were myths. He is a professional counterfeiter; but this he did not allow me to surmise even until I was powerless to leave him without being accused as a willing, or unwilling accomplice. Then I engraved my first plate—doing evil that good might come—that I might procure from him funds enough to take us away home, or to some distant land, where I could once more become an honest man. May Heaven pardon me! I failed, and this is the end."
Regina kissed him tenderly, and her pitying tears fell fast and thickly upon his ghastly face.
Just then the thunder of iron-shod hoofs rattled up the stony ravine. Through the low open door they saw Rufus Falconbridge turn suddenly in his saddle and lift his rifle, deliberately aim, and fire.
The next moment the multitudinous reports of revolvers echoed along the rocky hill walls, and a rain of deadly balls whizzed about him. Then the man who had tempted and destroyed the doomed penitent over whom poor Regina was weeping reeled in his saddle and fell dead beside his dying horse.
A woman's wild shriek of love and desperation, of rage and vengeance was heard, and Siba sprang past them toward the cave, followed by the officers. To revenge her dead she must perish too; to revenge her dead the innocent must perish with her.
A moment passed and then a great explosion rent the rocky mountain side. A volcanic blaze of crimson flame and orange fire, and then a pall of smoke and an awful silence settled over the place of tragedy.
Miraculously, there was one survivor—a small, dark woman—a maniac with fierce eyes and white-tinted hair, survived to gibber forevermore of the human passions and sorrows and sins that had ended with that sunset among the wild Kentucky hills.

Prohibition and Anti-Prohibition.

It is but a little space, as time flies, until the election in August, when the question of prohibition or anti-prohibition will be decided at the polls. Day by day the interest increases, certainly here in Raleigh, where public matters are so much discussed. Both sides are sanguine, and the majority, one way or the other, is generally put down at 40,000. Mr. T. N. Cooper, president of the State anti-prohibition committee, and Mr. F. M. Sorrell,

secretary of the same, were interviewed. They stated that the majority on their side would not fall under forty thousand; that the outlook for the prohibitionists was worse than gloomy, and that the anti-prohibition movement gained strength every day. Mr. Sorrell stated that 75 per cent. of the negro vote will be cast against prohibition; that the efforts of the colored preachers and other men of influence favoring prohibition cannot affect that state of affairs, save in a slight degree. Thickly settled places, cities and towns, will be the only ones in which prohibition will have any show; the country people are opposed to it. But even in Raleigh, where there is some strength, the prohibitionists will be beaten by 300 to 500, and in Wake by 1,500 or 2,000 votes. Mr. Sorrell declined to answer an inquiry as to the amount of the funds coming into the hands of the anti-prohibitionists, and also a question in regard to the aid given by Northern liquor dealers. He did not think the action of the Republican State executive committee will attract over 500 votes. He said that matters have been so managed with the administration that Republicans are left free in dealing with the prohibition question in their own States. The "anti" movement meets with the general approbation of the Radical party, and at least fifty per cent. of the Democrats favor it. The active canvass of the State has now begun and white and colored speakers will be actively engaged. There will be several preachers, among them Mr. Brown, who will deliver addresses in their sections in favor of anti-prohibition. Other speakers will be Dr. Norment, O. H. Dockery, C. M. Price, J. R. Winston, Dr. York, W. R. Trull, J. T. Respass, Judge Samuel W. Waitt, J. F. O'Hara, James H. Harris.
Mr. H. A. Gudger, president of the State prohibition association, was next interviewed. In response to a query as to the prospects of success for his party, he answered, with quickness and vigor: "Splendid, perfectly splendid. There is no question as to our success." He stated that the prohibition movement was growing in strength every day. The State will be carried by from 30,000 to 40,000 majority. The free use of whisky and money on the other side, he declared, did it more harm than good, and was an aid to the cause of prohibition. Funds are needed by the prohibition committee to carry on the work. In response to a question as to what effect the row in the Republican committee would have in aid of anti-prohibition, Mr. Gudger replied that he thought not much; in fact, would not affect this issue either way. The misrepresentations of the "anti" were the worst features. There were fine speakers in the field, such as General Vance, Judge Merrimon, Judges Schenck, Avery, Alberston and Dick, Major J. O. McKee, Rev. J. C. Price, Bishop Hood, and others.—News & Observer.

The investigation by the officials of the Postoffice Department of the alleged frauds in star route contracts has progressed so far that it has been determined to present the cases of at least some of the principals to the grand jury as early as date as possible. It is stated that, unlike some other cases in which the government is the party, attention will be given to the "large fish" first, and that the initial case will be against a few prominent politicians and ex-postoffice officials, one or two clerks and a few contractors, and that the prosecution will be on the charge of conspiracy to defraud the government out of large sums of money.

I Never Drink.

On the sleeper of an up train, from Carson City, recently, a traveler noticed an old, white bearded gentleman trying to get in an overcoat. The young and spry traveler rushed to his assistance, and in helping him with the garment, noticed a good sized bottle of whisky protruding from one of the inside pockets of the coat. Being of a waggish turn, he appropriated the bottle, and then pulling out the flask said:
"Will you take a drink sir?"
The old man did not recognize the bottle, and drawing himself up, remarked rather severely:
"No sir, I never drink."
"It won't hurt you," insisted the wag; "it's the best."
"Young man," said the old gentleman, in a tone intended for the whole car, "if you insist on drinking whisky you will be a ruined man at forty. It is the curse of the land. When I was a boy my mother died, and the last thing that sainted woman did was to call me to her dying bedside and said, 'John, swear to me that you will never touch a drop of liquor—'"
Here the old man clapped his hand to his side pocket, fished it empty, and recognized the bottle in the hands of the other continued.
"Except, my dear boy, an occasional snifter while traveling," and reaching for the flask he pressed it to his lips, amid a howl of laughter which shook the car.

Worth Knowing.

A practical gardener says that if you will set a tomato plant by the side of each cabbage plant, worms will keep a proper distance from both. Cabbage worms abhor tomato plants. As tomato and cabbage plants both bear transplanting well, it will be easy to try the experiment, without planting the seed together. The tomato plants could easily be pulled up and thrown away when the worms desert the patch, or when the plants are large enough to be troublesome. Possibly the tomato plant may be made very useful in protecting cabbage and other plants.
Probably the most remarkable case of death by lightning on record occurred at Florence, S. C. March 18th. James Best was crossing a field on his farm during a thunder storm and was instantly killed by a stroke of lightning, which tore up the ground whereupon the man had stood, to so great an extent as to bury him completely from sight at the bottom of a hole several feet deep. Mr. Best was seen just before the fatal stroke, and his disappearance during the flash from the sight of several people who were watching him from their windows produced the greatest consternation among them and several ran out to fathom the mystery.
They found an immense hole, surrounded by great heaps of dirt, but not a vestige of Mr. Best. After two hours hard work with shovels his dead body was found at the bottom of the hole. The case is producing a sort of religious terror among the more ignorant and superstitious countrymen, and they look upon it as an omen of some terrible calamity.—Florence Times
A French cook, who has been on a tour of inspection in the United States, tells his countrymen that "American cooking is murder in the first degree." And all because we don't have soup three times a day.