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There is no corn whiskey in Elizabethtown, so Gum says.

Three Congressmen from Mississippi were privates in the late war.

Prince Bismarck sent his photograph to the President and had it elegantly framed.

Blaine is the name of a new county in Nebraska, guess they named it before the election.

Tilden says:—He expects to see Ohio and New York go Democratic this fall. Sam went once himself.

The latest thing is, when a fellow goes off he leaves his sock with his girl.

The body of an unknown colored man was found floating in the river at Wilmington.

Parties in London have made preparations to purchase 500,000 acres of land in Georgia. Poor North Carolina, with better land and climate more genial, why is she slumped?

Please bring on your rattlesnakes, we are out now. And we feel certain that you won't complain at us for we have faithfully published the death of every one that occurred in the county since we have been publishing the BULLETIN.

He who is open without levity, generous without waste, secret without craft, humble without meanness, bold without insolence, cautious without anxiety, regularly yet not formally, mild yet not timid, firm yet not tyrannical, passes the ordeal of honor, friendship, and virtue.

FAIR.

Several prominent gentlemen in Bladen county have organized and have incorporated an agricultural association. It is understood that there will be an annual fair held at some place in the county—wherever the greatest inducements are offered for locating the Fair Ground—we suppose.

Mr. Commissioner Jones' tobacco has not disappointed him. He planted it for the purpose of testing the capabilities of the soil and climate to produce the weed, and he is now fully satisfied that tobacco is a very fine quality crop in Bladen and Columbus counties. The land seems specially suited for producing fine tobacco.

A great many colored persons use an infusion of a plant called boneset for the purpose of curing chills and fevers. It is a bitter tea and there is nothing strange about the remedy, but there is one thing, which they believe about its effects, which seems to be indubitable. They assert that if the leaves from which the tea is made are stripped down, when it is gathered, that it causes the bowels to run off, and therefore, they are particular to strip the leaves up when they gather them.

A report that some of the dynamite cartridges which have been placed in position for blowing up Flood Rock in Hell Gate were injured by corrosion, and would be removed, has been contradicted by Lieut. McFarland. Everything is going on smoothly, and is now expected that the explosion will take place on Wednesday, October 7.

It hath been said for all who die
There is a tear,
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh
Or ever die;
But in that hour of pain and dread
Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
One farewell tear.

Who'll watch the fast departing ray
In deep despair,
And soothe the spirit on its way
With holy prayer?
What mourner round my couch will come
In words of woe
And follow me to my lone home
Solemn and slow?

When lying on my earthly bed,
In deep sleep,
Who'll come and whisper
By the side of my pillow
And bid me close my eyes
And bid me rest?
Oh! I would know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground
One faithful heart would then be keeping
Watch all around
As I lie in my coffin
That cold and gloomy room,
T'would mitigate the pangs of death
And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel
From the halls of gloom
And beauty's presence would steal
In secret
And kneel and sit or stand by me
In my death room,
Oh! I would ask of memory
No other boon.

But, ah! a lonely fate is mine,
A deeper woe,
From all I've loved in youth's sweet time
I soon must go,
Draw round me my pale robes of white
In a dark spot
To sleep till death's long dreamless night,
Lone and forlorn—*Yes.*

His Ideal.

SERGEANT WALTER DWIGHT, in the autumn of 1874, received his appointment to take charge of Signal Station No. 10. His lines heretofore had been cast in pleasant places, but No. 10 was a post on the dreariest stretch of the New Jersey coast.

The house was a red-roofed, wooden one, on a ridge of sand. The sea rolled up in front of a treacherous bar. Behind were the marshes, gray and sullen now under the freezing, unresting December winds. The incessant driving spray wet the windows and covered the roof with sheets of ice.

The lower story was occupied by the crew and appliances of the life-saving service. One great barrack apartment was filled with the boats, life-car, mortars, etc., kept in exquisite order; back of that was a little room, with the bunks for the men, and another with their cooking apparatus and provisions. They patrolled the beach for five miles day and night, and when off-duty sat about the fire smoking and spinning marvelous yarns.

A rickety ladder in the kitchen led up to Sergeant Dwight's apartments. The ceiling was hung with flags used in the service. In front of the square window overlooking the great heaving plain of water were his desk, instruments, etc. In the little snugery at the back he had his stove, a case of boots, and his cot bed, with a quilt on it, which his mother's old nurse, black Andy, had patched for him, his bible on a little bracket, and his mother's photograph over it.

Water looked at the photograph every day. She was dead now, that mother; he had no kinsfolk; even old Andy was gone. There were a good many other pictures on the plank walls; several racers, Miss Nilsson as Gretchen, and one or two visions of vanishing legs and tulle skirts, to which the men from down stairs, on their occasional visits, gave their hearty approbation. There was, too, a likeness of Ruskin, and Huxley. These belonged to the last year of Sergeant Dwight's history.

Seven times a day the young man measured the heat, the wind, the rainfall, etc., and telegraphed his account of them to Washington. The remainder of his time was his own.

"Some men," he thought, holding his wet feet up to the bars of the grate on the night after his arrival, "would find this solitude in-

tolerable. But I like it! I'll use it so that it will tell on my whole life. I'll take up—let me see—I'll take up German philosophy!"

He went to work vigorously, on a queer mixture of Kant, Schlegel and Novalis, and at the end of a month made up his mind that he did not know where to begin, and that it was not worth while to find out.

Dwight had been a devout boy years ago; his old feelings woke again for a season in this solitude; he began, half-ashamed, to resume his old habits; read a chapter in the Bible every morning, and put himself through a rigid self-examination every night. But in a few weeks he flagged in this discipline. He kept a diary. He wrote a story and sent it, in vain, to one magazine after another. He wrote letters to all that he knew, but nobody answered them.

The most singular change in his course of thought was its constant reversion to the young women whom he had known. He had not known many—not more than three or four. He used to sit by the hour on stormy nights whistling and keeping time with the poker on the grate, conning over the color of their eyes and hair, comparing them, criticising them. They had not been near friends to him in the least; but he could not help thinking of them. He began to listen with interest to the talk of the crew down stairs about the bells of the fishing village, and once walked to church—six miles—and saw them all. But he came home disgusted. Some of them were extremely pretty, but their meddled voices, shrill laughs, and gaudy, artificial flowers nauseated him.

During the next week, after this church-going venture, there was a heavy nor'easter gale; many south-bound vessels put into Manasquan inlet, among them one going to Norfolk with two or three passengers aboard. They landed, hired a wagon, and drove over to Station No. 10, being anxious to inspect the life-boats. Sergeant Dwight was busy telegraphing overhead when they came in. He gave a little start when he heard a woman's voice. It was a young voice, sharp and dogmatic, but it seemed to him sweet as the breath of an Arabian harp. He half rose and sat down again. This detestable dispatch must go. His hands shook a little. "Humidity, 20 percent; velocity of wind—what the deuce was the velocity of the wind?"

There were steps near the stairs. "And who lives up here?" demanded the lady's voice.

"Oh, that, ma'am, said the keeper, "is Old Probabilities!"

"Was there ever so musical a laugh!"

"Do you think we could go up?"

"I'm sure you can, ma'am," answered Kenyon. "Sergeant Dwight is quite the gentleman, and the sight of a lady'll do his eyes good."

Sergeant Dwight reddened with mortification. But he did not turn, even when the footsteps sounded on the stairs. He went on telegraphing.

"Camille-Straites, N. E."

The wires gave a final click and then he rose. Two or three gentlemen stood at the back of the room, and a lady in a coarse traveling dress. She was tall, nobly proportioned; a dark brunette, with heavy, black coils of hair. Probably Walter had never made up his mind on the matter before, but he knew now, by an electric flash of conviction, that this was the woman of his hopes and dreams, a Juno, imperial, with a Sildon's like sweep of gesture and of drapery.

He went forward to meet her, in answer to her question explained his instruments and work, like a man coming out of a dream. He had a vague consciousness that he would like to appear in the life of this strange, beautiful creature as a being equally noble and divine; to stand at once on her own level, to claim her as companion. She would understand these pent-up rights and hopes of months, instead of which he was forced to babble of thermometers.

The sun was nearly down, and the sky was thick with fog; it was so dark in the little shed-like room that their faces were indistinct to each other. She spoke only once to him on matters outside of his vocation, and her words were: "Yours is a terribly solitary life."

He bowed, but did not answer. After she was gone he thought of a dozen answers which he might have made—epigrammatic, suggestive, pointed answers, which would have been pregnant with meaning to her, and have lingered in her memory as her words in his.

He looked out over the waste of water. What was this that had come to him? It was Fate, Destiny, he said to himself.

"That was a handsome girl, Sergeant," said the keeper, interrupting. "Uppish, though."

Dwight turned on his heel. It was as if a beast had come grunting at his feet while he listened to a mass of Mozart.

But old Kenyon continued: "I asked the driver, Joe, who she might be, an' he says she's a Yankee teacher, goin' South. He says she talks like the way."

Dwight's heart throbbed fiercely. She was poor, then? He could work for her, give all to her. When he had dreamed of this queen, this sweetheart that was to come to him, he always had thought of her as poor, like himself, living in a little house which love made glorious!

What a fool he was! As if he should ever meet the woman again. He dimmed up the sand hill to measure how fast the wind was blowing. Meet her! Yet why not? A certainty as that he should meet Joy or Pain or Death! She was Fate itself in his life, he felt.

He was so rapt in this belief that he did not even think to ask her name. But Kenyon told him as he passed through the kitchen, where the crew were cooking supper.

"That girl's a Miss Paulet, Sergeant—Sylvia Paulet, Joe told me."

Sylvia Paulet. The very name was music! All through the night, with the fierce beating of the surf ringing in his ears, he repeated it, and hung upon it the urgent, warm, passionate fancies of his twenty-five years. He felt in his secret soul that he had found his ideal.

The gale still kept the vessels harbor at the inlet. With his field-glass he could see that the Wing-and-Wing, bound to Norfolk was among them. In the afternoon he crossed the sands to the inlet, and boarded the vessel. But Miss Paulet, with her friends, had gone on an exploring journey up to head of Barneget Bay. He returned disappointed and sick at heart.

That night there was a change of wind. The vessels scudded out of the inlet and reached the open sea. Dwight had intended to keep watch all night for a glimpse of the Wing-and-Wing as she passed down the coast. But in fifteen minutes he was fast asleep.

Being a healthy young fellow, Dwight slept soundly until he was awakened by Kenyon's shout below. "Sergeant! Vessel on the bar! Telegraph to Nos. 9 and 11 to send news and mortars!"

He sprang to the wires and sent the message before he even looked out of the window. Outside nothing could be seen but fog. Moon and stars had gone out in the impenetrable, universal, wet gray. The Coston signals, which the stranded ship was sending up, looked like mere threads of light. The roar of the incoming tide was deafening.

Dwight dragged on his clothes and dashed down to the beach, where Kenyon and his men were launching the life boat.

"What's it all mean?" he cried, as he took hold of it with the others. "The moon was shining and wind due south when I went to sleep."

"Chopped round in ten minutes. Drove this inizzabul little schooner on the bar first lick. I see it a comin'," said Peters, the man next to him.

"So did I," said another, "cussed fools! Hed their foresails set! Shouldn't think there was a sailor aboard. Yo-o!"

The boat was dashed back by the terrific force of the waves again and again, but at last she cleared the second breaker, and the men took their places. They were cool, held their oars in a grip like iron, and chewed away as the quids in their mouths. Dwight was quivering with excitement.

"Let me go, Kenyon! Give me an oar!" he cried.

"Take care, my lad," was the answer. "You're in the way."

The boat was off, with the keeper and six of the crew. The remaining two men, with Dwight, stood on the beach watching the vessel.

In half an hour the roll of wheels was heard reverberating along the wet sand, and the crew of No. 9 came up, dragging their life boat. Just as they reached the beach the line from the mortar fell over the vessel, was fastened, and the life-car was sent across the rigging whirlpool.

"Do you know what she is?" asked Dwight of one of the new comers. "Constant steamer, Wing-and-Wing."

"Men!" said Dwight, with sudden firmness in his tone. "I must do something for the people on that vessel. I—I have a friend aboard."

"They did not answer him for a minute; they were hauling on the life-car with might and main.

"Tis that," said the keeper of No. 9, standing up. "I felt her strike the hull of the schooner. What'd ye say, Sergeant? Want to risk yerself, eh? Well, ye might go over in the rubber suit, if you like. Can't do no harm."

He chuckled as Dwight rushed up to the house. In five minutes the young man came back, encased in the great, watertight suit of India rubber, and was fastened on to the rope by a ring through the belt and hauled over to the ship, as the ear had been.

"Boys will be boys," groaned the keeper. "What kin ke do that?"

Dwight knew what he would do. He would save her! It was for this that he was born. All the high passion, the devotion, which has fired the bosom of knight or lover since time began, burned in the breast of the sergeant as he went whizzing, breathless, through the water. He could see nothing; but groping, striking out wildly with his hands, he felt bits of spar, reeve which told him that the vessel was rapidly going to pieces.

He was close to it when he felt a hand clutch his arm; he caught at it, and held—a woman's long hair! Dragging her toward him, he raised her with one hand out of the water, pulling fiercely on the line with the other to be taken back. His nerves stiffened with the strength of a giant.

"Dwight's hed enough of it a'ready," the men said, hauling him in.

He was almost insensible when they dragged him up on the beach; but he still held the woman high above his head. The men, greatly excited when they saw his burden, carried them both up to the house, followed by two or three of their wives, who had come down from the village at the sound of the firing.

The surfman gave the lady over to their care.

"She's comin' to," said the keeper. "Take her up to Dwight's room; it's the deentest place. He kin stay here."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Keep Grapes Fresh.

The fresh California grapes that are offered in Eastern markets throughout the winter are preserved by packing in sawdust. The method generally practised by the Spaniards is to pack the clusters in wide mouthed stone jars, putting into the bottom of the jar a layer of hard wood sawdust, then a layer of grapes, then another layer of sawdust sifted in carefully by hand so as to fill all the interstices between the grapes and cover them, then add another layer of grapes, and so continue until each jar is filled. The jars are then put in a cool, dark room or cellar where a low, even temperature can be maintained and all light excluded. Soft wood sawdust would be more likely to impart a disagreeable flavor to the fruit.

Fruit Trifle.

Any kind, or two or three kinds of fruit, will do for this dish. You can put at the bottom of the dish a layer of fresh raspberries, then a few slices of stale sponge cake soaked in wine would be an improvement, but the wine may be omitted; then a layer of stewed red currants, then a few ratifias, now a few stewed cherries, and over these a little boiled custard, and on top of this, if convenient, a whip of cream in form of a pyramid, and over this a few hundreds and thousands—a tiny confeit of various colors sold by confectioners. In country establishments it is not difficult to get variety of fruit, and cream is generally in the house or can easily be got. It is an improvement to many dishes, but when it cannot be had the custard alone will do. The top can be ornamented with almonds, blanched and cut into spikes, or with candied peel stamped out with a tin cutter in leaves or any other design, or the hundreds and thousands strewed over.

Walking.

Every healthy person, man or woman, should be a good walker, able at any time to walk six to twelve miles a day at least, and for double that when gradually brought up to it. The points to be attended to are, to see that the walk be brisk and vigorous, not of a loitering or dangling kind; that there be some object in the walk besides its being a routine constitutional (i. e., not like the staid promenade of the orthodox ladies' school), and if possible in pleasant company; that there be no tight clothing, whether for the feet or the body, which will constrain or impede the natural movements of the limbs and trunk; and that the walk be taken as far as possible in the fresh country air. In regard to this latter particular, although towns are increasing so rapidly as to make it almost a journey to get out of them on foot, still many suburban tramways and railway lines that in a few minutes we can find ourselves in the country, where the air is fresh and pure. Whenever an opportunity presents itself for a little climbing in the course of a walk, it should be taken advantage of. We gain variety of muscular action, as well as increase the exertion, and we get into regions of purer air and fresher breeze at the same time. What may be considered as the weak point in walking as a mode of exercise is the comparatively small play which it gives to the muscles of the shoulders and chest, while it is still less for those of the arm. This should be compensated for by use of light dumb-bells or Indian clubs, or some other form of exercise which brings in play the arms and shoulders.