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IN GOD WE TRUST.

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M. Jules Simon declares that the way to reach old age is to keep the mind actively employed all the time. This, the New York Recorder thinks, is why newspaper men live so long.

In a recent work on criminology the learned investigator says that out of ninety-eight young criminals forty-four per cent. did not blush when examined. Of 122 female criminals, eighty-one per cent. did not blush.

And now it is discovered that Columbus started on Friday on his world-finding voyage and actually sighted land on the same unlucky day, which, in the opinion of the New York Times, should forever rid it of its ban to Americans.

The New York Herald states that it was the opinion of many who saw the recent naval review in the North River that some of the luxurious steam yachts of New York's millionaires were the most beautiful and graceful of all the craft afloat.

The business of colonizing Africa with white people goes on apace. An expedition left England some weeks ago for Mozambique as advance party of settlers who are to colonize some 300 square miles of territory between the rivers Zambesi and Sabi.

If inventors go on making armor plate more and more invulnerable and guns which throw a projectile with greater and greater velocity, the time may come when a cannon ball will have to be made of something about as hard as a diamond to stand the impact and will cost nearly as much.

Chicago opened her big show with a population, visitors not included, of about 1,250,000, or about 600,000 behind that of New York. Philadelphia's estimated population is 1,160,000; Brooklyn's, 1,004,090; Baltimore's, 511,500; Boston's, 475,000; Cincinnati's, 325,000; Cleveland's, including a recently annexed suburb, 322,000; San Francisco's, 320,000; Buffalo's, 300,000; Washington's, 263,000, and Detroit's 250,000. Most of these are moderate official estimates, and they show that the chief cities of the country are growing with even more than their usual rapidity.

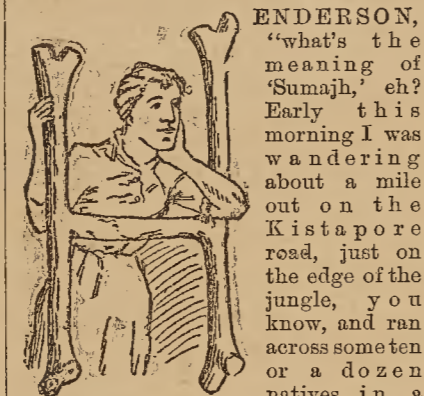
Harness marks, physical or mental, come to most men who are busy in doing the world's work. Even so light a task as the handling of a pen often leaves its traces upon the fingers. Perhaps the commonest result of constant writing with a pen is the formation of callous spots on the middle finger of the right hand just where the pen crosses and on the first joint of the little finger where it is moving in contact with the paper. Sometimes a disease of the nail of the middle finger results from the same cause. Any carefully observant person could easily pick out a penman by examining his right hand.

It is a curious fact, notes the Boston Herald, that, while the westward movement of the population has covered no less than $9\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of longitude (9 degrees 21 minutes, 7 seconds), this movement has run almost on a straight line, the extreme northern and southern variation embracing less than one-third of a degree of latitude (18 minutes, 56 seconds). To put the contrast more distinctly, we may say that, while the western movement for the century aggregates 506 miles, the extreme northern and southern variation is a little under twenty-two miles, and the finishing point of the line is only some six miles south of the starting point.

Herr Krupp's gift of his great 124-ton gun to Chicago is peculiarly generous, maintains the San Francisco Examiner, since he cannot expect it to lead to anything in the way of orders from this country, and guns are good cash assets in Europe just now. We have adopted the policy of making our own munitions of war, and Krupp has no market here. Herr Krupp has combined patriotic prudence with liberality. If he had presented his gun to our Government it would have been mounted at New York, and might possibly at some time have been directed against a German war-ship. At Chicago it can never encounter any enemy but England, and Krupp is probably willing to take the chances of that.

SO LITTLE.
Hereafter, when I sleep beneath the grass in yonder churchyard plot, And what I was, or might have been, is then that which is not, if you should come in kindness to stand there by the spot, And sometimes think of me As if I were not better than you thought, but that I were less bad, I know in that dark, dismal grave of mine I should be glad Through all eternity.
—W. J. Lampton, in New York Sun.

"SUMAJH."



ENDERSON, "what's the meaning of 'Sumajh,' eh? Early this morning I was wandering about a mile out on the Kistapore road, just on the edge of the jungle, you know, and ran across some ten or a dozen natives in a ring around a poor wretch of a leper. Ugh! he's the first I've seen and he made me feel bad, I can tell you; I don't want to see any more."
"Hah!" broke in Henderson; "and how do you know the man was a leper, if you had never seen one before, eh?"
"Oh, he was a leper right enough—there was a horrible grayish scaly look upon him, and he was bloated and his arms were only stumps and—"
"That's enough—I pass," said Henderson quickly, with a shudder.
"Well, this leper seemed to be asking a great favor of the other fellows—implored them to do something, you know—and they didn't want to; and the poor chappie turned from one to the other and moaned and cried; and well, upon my word, Henderson, what with his pitiful appearance, I felt—well—I couldn't see quite straight for a little while. And look here; I thought lepers weren't allowed to come near anybody?"
"Hu," Henderson's face assumed a puzzling expression, half-pitying, half- stern, as he rose from the camp chair in which he was loitering. Placing his hands on my shoulders and looking into my eyes, he went on: "So you want to know the meaning of that word, do you? Let's see; how long have you been grilling in this devil's kitchen, eh?"
"Nearly five weeks," replied I, surprised at the peculiar hardness of his voice; for Henderson, I had already seen for myself, was big brother to all the children of the cantonment.
"So; five weeks." His voice assumed a satirical tone. "Five weeks—and you don't know the language yet! You're very slow for a competition wallah. And what did you understand of the conversation between your leper and his friends, eh?"
"Why," said I, gridding up somewhat, "I learned a good bit of the language before I came out, and I know as much of it now, I'll guarantee, as the average man does after he's been here a couple of years."
"Modest," dryly ejaculated Henderson, waiting for an answer to his question.
"Oh, I understood it all right enough except that blessed word 'sumajh.' It was wrapped up in very figurative language—calling the earth his mother and the sun his father, and all that sort of stuff, you know. He wanted them to do 'sumajh' for him; but it seemed as if they were half afraid to do whatever it means. In the end, though, they gave way, and the poor chap was wonderfully pleased, for he held his wasted arms to the sky and invoked blessings on them, and then crouched down and kissed the earth; and finally burst out into a sort of song that didn't go very far before it faded away into a dismal croak that was painful to listen to. I couldn't stand it any longer, and came away."
"So; that's all you know about it, is it? Well, youngster, take my advice and it's good, too—don't poke your nose into the natives' business. Let them alone as much as you can. Cultivate a convenient memory when you're reading the regulations about them. Remember, that the men who make most of these rules don't have to keep them; and between you and me, their knowledge of the theory of government is only excelled by their ignorance of the practice of it. As for that word you're so curious about, forget it, and don't hear it again—understand?"

With that he went out abruptly. I was greatly perplexed. Half the night I pondered over Henderson's strange conduct, and wondered why on earth he should refuse to tell me the meaning of a simple word. I did not care to ask any one else, for fear of its getting to Henderson's ears. Although I was on pretty familiar terms with him, he was my chief, and in addition I had already become much attached to him.
The next morning, I tackled him again. "Henderson—that word?"
He turned and gazed at me with half-closed eyes and said deliberately and coldly: "The keenness of your curiosity would do infinite credit to a corporal's wife." He cleared his throat and said testily: "Picnic, picnic; that's what the word means; he wanted them to treat him to a picnic in the jungle; and you say they consented. And—he turned on me quite fiercely—'why shouldn't they?' And look here, my boy, if you say one word about it to any one else in the cantonment, I'll make it warm for you."
I was hurt and angry and gave Henderson a wide berth for the rest of the day.

In the evening I strolled down the Kistapore road. It was against the regulations, for the jungle ran right up to the road and at night there was a certain amount of danger to be feared from the wild beasts that occasionally explored the road, almost up to the cantonment. But in my brief experience I had seen the spirit, if not the letter of one or two of the regulations, ignored and I wanted to be alone, to think out the meaning of Henderson's strange words and manner.
It was almost the last of the few brief moments of twilight, when, being still some couple of miles from home, I quickened my pace. The night was falling as only those can understand who have witnessed a nightfall on the edge of the jungle. No need to tell them how the darkness drops like a heavy blanket nor of the startling transformation of the tangled underwood and the gigantic grasses, which suddenly become strange monsters endowed with life, moving to and fro, now smoothly, now jerkily, pointing with strange fingers; now uttering husky cries of hate, now jibbering idiot-like. And the wild animals in the thickness of the interior, how they howl and shriek and cry and moan—roars of defiance, screams of pain, trumpets of victory! All made more intense by being subdued, as if the vegetation were unwilling to let the outside world know of the scenes enacted in that fearsome place.

I confess I started to run, holding my revolver at the full cock. But my steps were suddenly arrested by the magical appearance, directly in my path, of several lights. I pulled up sharply, and stood stock-still. The lights advanced, keeping time with the thumping of my heart. At last I could dimly descry a body of twenty or thirty natives, several of whom carried torches, which they must have just lighted. I awaited their coming not without trepidation, for I could not imagine what they were about. Just before reaching me, however, they turned quickly into the jungle. They were not five paces distant from me when they left the road, and I felt some surprise at their not having seen me. By a sudden overpowering impulse of curiosity I started to follow them, in order to learn the meaning of their strange journey. With as little noise as possible I swung round, stepping almost in their footsteps. I had little difficulty in doing so, for they followed what seemed to be a beaten track. For some hundreds of yards the strange procession went slowly on. Suddenly I heard a strange noise that thrilled me through and through. There was something about it, too, that seemed familiar; but my brain was excited and refused to recall the sound. It was a kind of moan, half human, half animal. As the natives and I drew nearer it took the character of a chant; and then it flashed on me that I had heard the sound before; it was the leper's voice! The poor wretch was crooning a dismal hymn or invocation, just as he had done when soliciting his relatives to do what I was to my great satisfaction, about to find out. His low, weak voice rang out stangely clear.

"Ohe! Ohe! Mother, my mother. Thou only art merciful. Thou only, Ohe! Ohe! Brethren, my brethren, lead me to my mother; she only will welcome, she only will give peace. Ohe! Ohe."
The voice died away in a moan that mingled with and seemed to rise again in the soft whistling of the long grasses, as they quivered with the breath of the wind that presaged the coming rains. I shivered.
The party having now arrived at a space which had been cleared of the tangle-wood and grass, abruptly stopped and formed into a ring. I pressed forward as near as I dared. Then I saw, in the centre of the ring, a large cavity, perhaps four feet deep, with the earth banked up on either side. The torch-bearers ranged themselves at the head and foot of the hole, which, now that it was in the light, I saw to be of oblong shape, shelving somewhat at the end nearer to me. The other natives stood at the sides, four with tom-toms and two with little pots of burning incense. The leper limped out, from the jungle seemingly, and crouched at the shelving end of the hole. I had expected him to appear on the scene, yet when he did so, I could not help giving a bit of a start. Not one of the natives looked at the leper, nor did he seem to see them. As soon, however, as he approached, the whole of the natives set up a cry—subdued and dismal beyond description. The burden of it was something like this: "To Thee who art all knowledge, all power, all love, all hate. To Thee, know only of Thyself. To Thee who art Life and Death. To Thee we bring our brother. He seeks Thee where Thou art. He comes

to Thee. He comes to Thee." Their voices and the noise of the tom-toms died down; and as they faded away the leper, who had been beating time by nodding his head, crawled down the slope and squatted down at the deep end of the hole. In a shrill, quivering voice that sounded strangely piercing on the electrically charged air he took up the refrain.
"Ohe! Ohe! Fire of the Lightnings, I come. Cloudless brightness of the sky, I come. Winged Messenger of the Mountains, I come. Ohe! I come!"
Then, amid more chanting and tom-tom beating, two of the natives handed the leper some liquid in a small bowl and some food. After drinking a little of the liquid and eating a little of the food, he cast the remainder into the hole in front of him, accompanying the action with subdued but intense cries. But now several of the natives retired for a moment, returning with large flat pieces of wood. With these they started throwing earth into the hole. The leper did not move. They were going to bury the poor wretch alive! The thought in all its hideousness flashed through my brain. For the instant I went as cold as ice and was unable to raise a finger. Only for a moment though; and then, acting for the second time that night on the impulse of the moment, I dashed forward, my revolver still in my hand, to do what I could not tell. But before I had gone two steps I found myself seized, disarmed, gagged and pinioned. I struggled, or, rather, attempted to struggle, for I could neither move nor utter the slightest sound. I gave myself up for lost. I expected nothing but death, and I remember doing what I had not done for years: I offered up a prayer—incoherent and vague; but never was prayer more fervent. Contrary to my expectation I was only dragged back several paces and tied hand and foot to what I suppose was a small tree. My captors had bound me with my back towards the leper, apparently determined that I should see nothing more of what was going on. However, by screwing my neck round I could just catch sight of the wretched creature in the pit that I now felt certain was to be his grave.
The horrible sight fascinated me. I had no thought for anything else. When my own perilous situation caused me no more fear or anxiety. The natives, still singing that sad, monotonous refrain, were now quickly throwing the earth round the leper. Quicker and quicker they shovelled, louder and louder they sang: "Ohe! Ohe! Thy wish is thine—is thine." The four beating the tom-toms threw them down and joined in. The earth mounted higher and higher round the doomed man. It reached his breast; he waved his poor stumps of arms towards the sky; he patted the earth with them, as if he were fondling a loved one. It reached his shoulders—he bent and kissed it passionately.

Oh, that scene!—the natives casting in the earth with frenzied energy; the torch-bearers standing like bronze statues, their torches throwing a red glare on the leper's head, now fast disappearing as if sinking in a pool of blood. Then the earth crept up to his mouth, his nostrils. * * * With a convulsive effort I shut my eyes.
In another moment the noise of the shoveling and singing ceased. My eyes involuntarily opened, just in time to see the torch-bearers thrusting their torches in the earth heaped up over the grave; they gave an angry splutter and then went out. For an instant there was utter darkness and silence. Then came the crowning horror. A vivid flash of lightning lit up the scene. It seemed to hang over the spot. And while the natives were thus enveloped with the ghastly hue of death, I heard—I vow I heard—muffled and faint as the shriek of a gagged man, the cry of the leper—the echo of a Voice—the Echo of a Life! Louder and louder grew that terrible voice; it roared like a cataract, like a thousand peals of thunder; it became a thing—tangible, palpable—filling the universe, pressing on my brain—crushing it—till at last something snapped and I knew no more.

Three weeks afterward I woke up. I was lying on a bed in my quarters. Henderson was bending over me; he raised his hand to prevent my speaking, saying, with a queer little smile: "Yes, yes—keep quiet; a touch of jungle fever, my boy, that's all—a trifle heady; you'll be all right again in a jiffy."
That "jiffy" was nearly three months. —Chambers's Journal.

Real Chinese Names Not Known.
"Chinese names are peculiar," said P. J. Allen, of San Francisco. "One would think they were very simple from reading the Ling Lungs, Sam Lees and Wong Chings on the windows of Chinese laundries. But these are not Chinese names at all. They are noms des affaires—business names, merely. Their owners have other names, their real, their family names, by which, and by which only, are they known to their friends in private. It doesn't make any difference to a Chinaman what name you call him, so that you give him your shirts to wash and do not designate him by that, to him, contemptuous phenomenon, 'John.'"
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WORDS OF WISDOM.
Life is a continued story.
Self-love is incurably blind.
No flower is jealous of another.
Sorrow finds a rainbow in tears.
Poetry is an hereditary disease.
Poetry is not prose out to measure.
Don't talk your good deeds to death.
Thoughtfulness is the core of charity.
The harvest is nature smiling at thrift.
Only the eyes can say unutterable things.
The fool has no fear; the brave man conquers it.
After seventy a man isn't anxious to look forward.
Action is the fruit of sentiment. It has no flower.
A man's words are not the index of his character.
A hypocrite is one-third thief and two-thirds liar.
A man's great deeds are always greater than himself.
When a woman is weak she is sweet; when she is strong she is bitter.
The bigger crowd a man is in, the harder he finds it to fight himself.
There are twenty-six letters in the alphabet, the largest of which is I.
A man is either a fool or a knave who buys without the means to pay.
A wise man knows much; a wiser man tells much; the wisest man keeps his mouth shut.
Some people are born good; some achieve goodness and some have goodness thrust upon them.
A dictionary comes about as near defining what love is as a grain of sand comes to filling the ocean.
The world is becoming more modest as it becomes more civilized; time was when the naked truth did not shock people.
Money May be Too Safe.
"I have no doubt that many a family now struggling along under the belief that the father died and left nothing would be well off could they go to the safe deposit vault where the head of the house kept his valuables, open the door of his particular compartment and carry away its contents."
The speaker was a man who is connected with an establishment of the kind mentioned. He evidently knew what he was talking about.
The safe deposit vaults are a modern institution. In them a man, by the payment of \$5 or upward annually, can keep his money, jewelry and papers safe from fire and burglary. Armed guards further protect his property, but even without their presence no gang of burglars could work quickly enough to despoil the vaults, built, as they are, of steel and granite into the very backbones of immense buildings.
"But the very care of the tenant is the doom of his nearest kin," said the interested gentleman; "he doesn't expect to die suddenly, but that mode seems the most general nowadays. No man should have his affairs so secret that his loved ones suffer the rest of their lives by what he considered his forethought."
"A recent case occurs to me. A young man with apparently many years before him, suddenly went insane. He was fond of jewelry, but one night a would-be thief snatched a very valuable scarf-pin the young man wore. After that, though he foiled the highway robber, he would not wear his diamonds, but put them in his safe, under the care of the deposit vaults."
"Had he not told me of the incident nobody would ever have known what became of the diamonds. No man puts his name and address in his safe, and the company only knows him personally and not his relatives."
Even savings banks have been able to build handsome edifices with the uncalled-for money deposited by men or women who have disappeared. Take many thousand accounts, and a certain percentage of them will never be called for. They are advertised, but very little results from the advertisements, and the bank is the winner.
The amounts thus lost to sight aggregate many hundreds of thousands of dollars. There is a grim fatality about the "safety" of a vault.—New York Journal.

An Artist in Paper.
It is remarkable how many wonderful children there are in the world in later days. Mrs. George Dunlap, who is the head and centre of the children's department of the World's Fair, receives almost daily letters giving an account of some infant prodigy in that especial region. One of the most unique is a youth who produces most interesting results with paper and scissors. His mother reads him a story, which he illustrates with figures, trees, houses and animals, all made of tissue paper, out with scissors. It is said that somewhere in the Eleventh Century there was a young prince who excelled in this art, which has been lost to the world ever since.—Detroit Free Press.

Nodding Off to Sleep.
The loss of voluntary power in a person sinking quietly into sleep is very gradual. An object is grasped by the hand while yet awake; it is seen to be held less and less firmly as sleep comes on, till at last all power is gone and it falls away. The head of a person in a sitting posture gradually loses the support of the muscles which sustain it upright; it droops by degrees and in the end falls upon the chest. The head falls by the withdrawal of power from particular muscles, the slight shock thence ensuing partially awakens and restores this power, which again raises the head, and this falling and raising, or, in other words, the nodding, continues as long as the dozing off to sleep while in a sitting posture continues. At the precise moment when the mind loses its consciousness there results a general relaxation of all the muscles. If the body be at rest in a lying posture there is no marked result, but, if the body be in an uneasy posture, such as sitting, then the relaxation of the muscles causes the falling of the head and nodding described.—Brooklyn Eagle.

ON LIFE'S BANQUET STAIRS.
We pass each other on life's banquet stairs;
New guests are mounting to the festa light,
While we descend together to the night.
Close muffled 'gainst the outside wintry airs
They tread upon our shadows as they climb
With quick strong steps to join the crowd
and crush.
We see in sparkling eyes and speaking blush,
How expectation glids the coming time.
Young forms go by us tossing rosy sprays
In brave apparel, tints of flower and bird,
Of blossom patches by the summer stirred,
With sheen of silk, and gems that scatter rays.
Knew we such zest, true heart! when mounting up?
Such haste to lift the chalice to our lips,
To learn if pleasure sweeter is in sips,
Or, when, with manhood's thirst we drain the cup?
Shall we stand by and carp at these, and say—
"Go, giddy ones, and moth-like fire your wings—
Pleasure is pain, and laughter sorrow brings."
Shall we speak thus, who once were young as they?
Farwell! We've sup'd. Life's wine was keen and bright;
Old friends move by and gain the outer door;
The wind blows buffets with a northern roar,
And past the shadows gleams the distant light!
—W. W. Masten.

PITH AND POINT.
Horse-sense—An ability to say neigh.—Truth.
"Tis only when they shadow us "Comparisons are odious."—Judge.
"Truth travels straight ahead, but a lie will stop at every corner and beat it."—Elmira Gazette.
The cynic is very frequently a man who couldn't make a dollar at any other job.—Somerville Journal.
Wheel—"You make me tired." Blacksmith—"Run around again, please."—Detroit Free Press.
Book-borrowers are reminded that the print of their nails doesn't improve the typography of a work.—Truth.
As a rule it is difficult to persuade an individual who rides a hobby that he had better take a walk.—Blizzard.
It's nice to have the girl you love present with you, a present.
But when you can't make out it's isn't quite so pleasant.—Pack.
A business left to run itself, as a rule, doesn't run very long. The man who stops it is the Sheriff.—Troy Press.
When two people get mad at each other, each begins to think how much he has done for the other.—Acheson Globe.
"Tis here—their confidence so fine,
And each man, full of mirth,
Feels certain that the local nine
Is fit to beat the earth."
—Washington Star.
If haste is the mark of a weak mind, there is reason to believe that the average errand boy is profoundly intellectual.—Washington News.
Aigh—"Bingley's wife doesn't prove to be all that he fancied she was." Bee—"Very likely; he got her at a bargain counter."—Boston Transcript.
With all the modern notions
One great world's fair is best—
Mr. Cleveland pressed the button
And Chicago did the rest.
—Washington Star.
"Is Newlywed a man that heeds the dictates of his conscience?" "Somewhat, but not to the extent he heeds those of his wife."—Rochester Chronicle.
It is easier for a man to find his own name in a newspaper when it is there than it is for him to locate a double-headed article with a scare-head.—Pack.
On willful waste the maiden frowns,
In saving she believes;
So she constructs of last year's gowns
This year's enormous sleeves.—Pack.
Nodding Off to Sleep.
The loss of voluntary power in a person sinking quietly into sleep is very gradual. An object is grasped by the hand while yet awake; it is seen to be held less and less firmly as sleep comes on, till at last all power is gone and it falls away. The head of a person in a sitting posture gradually loses the support of the muscles which sustain it upright; it droops by degrees and in the end falls upon the chest. The head falls by the withdrawal of power from particular muscles, the slight shock thence ensuing partially awakens and restores this power, which again raises the head, and this falling and raising, or, in other words, the nodding, continues as long as the dozing off to sleep while in a sitting posture continues. At the precise moment when the mind loses its consciousness there results a general relaxation of all the muscles. If the body be at rest in a lying posture there is no marked result, but, if the body be in an uneasy posture, such as sitting, then the relaxation of the muscles causes the falling of the head and nodding described.—Brooklyn Eagle.