

# THE SUN.



"Let There Be Light: And There Was Light."

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## THE SUN.

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## HOME CIRCLE.

### THE PLAGUE OF HIS LIFE.

"That girl has done nothing but provoke and annoy me ever since she came from school three months ago. I wish, Carrie, you would send her away somewhere—anywhere out of my sight. She is the plague of my life."

Miss Carrie Ives looked pleasantly up from her reading, her plump finger marking the paragraph that had been interrupted by her brother's impatient speech.

"Why, Fred, what has the child done now?" she inquired.

His fine, pale, grave face flushed a little, and a half confused expression came into his serious, gray eyes.

"This is the young vandy's latest achievement in the impertinent line!" he said, with a short laugh of chagrin as he pushed toward her a big volume of some abstruse work and turned the fly-leaf.

There had been sketched an inimitable portrait of himself, sitting in his familiar and scholarly attitude in his leather chair before his library table—an inelegant study gown hanging unbecomingly from his large shoulders—and the hand that supported the Websterian head clutching an untidy shock of hair. It was too consummate a resemblance to be gratifying, and altogether too exact for caricature; the distinctive peculiarities of Frederick Ives, for he had his own little eccentricities and mannerisms just as we all have, if we choose to admit the fact.

"It is an amazing likeness of yourself, 'Fred,' was his sister's laughing comment.

"Possibly," he returned in that half mortified, half angry manner; "and I dare say it may be good for a man to see himself occasionally as 'others see him.' But this sort of embellishment is not precisely desirable in a valuable book of science. Jessie Evelyn is becoming quite too mischievous, Carrie; and I fear if you cannot provide a home elsewhere for her, I shall feel compelled to leave you."

"O, Fred! the gentle little lady cried in dismay. "Surely you cannot mean that! Jessie must really stay with me while she is a minor and remains unmarried. If you would be less captious toward her, perhaps she would be more amiable toward you. You treat her as if she were a little vixen, and she resents it by being as fishy as possible; but that is a woman's way, I suppose," she added humorously.

"I know nothing about women and their ways," he answered grimly. "But you could try to win Jessie's liking, Fred," she returned coaxingly.

"I win her liking!" he repeated in a strange harsh voice. "You suggest what is impossible, Carry—it is only too obvious that our protegee detests me."

Just then a pale, sweet-looking thing rushed past the window outside. It was only a handsome, smiling girl riding a superb black horse rapidly up the gravelled path toward the stables; but at the sight Carrie uttered a quick cry of surprise and amazement, and the man started to his feet, his features ashy and his limbs unsteady.

"I advised Jessie not to ride at all, I forbade her going near that horse," he exclaimed after a long, incredulous stare at the composed rider and admirably behaved animal, "I wonder she is not killed."

"She has subjugated your horse, Fred, just as she manages to subjugate everything else which opposes her," the lady said admiringly. "Observe her and allow her cleverness. She has metamorphosed my old black cloth mantle into a really pretty habit; with characteristic ingenuity she has arranged your man's saddle to suit a lady's seat; and she has utilized your best silk hat, Fred—it becomes her, too, with that bit of deep gauze about the tall crown."

"I detest anything mannish in a woman," Fred declared crossly as he resumed his leather chair.

Certainly the gentleman had experienced very little peace since that perverse girl of seventeen—that incarnation of audacity and witchery, had invaded the tranquil country home of his indulgent spinster sister. If he wished a little season of particular quietude, the tinkle of the piano and a distracting sweet voice would sound through the house. If he consulted his labored notes upon some especially favored historical or poetical work, his equanimity would be disturbed by keen and pertinent interpolations that his own wit had never suggested. If he attempted any remonstrance she would blurt his censure with a pun and defy rebuke by an ingenious repartee. She would affect scientific themes that she might disconcert him by some problem too difficult for his elucidation; she dared his opinions and challenged his sentiments; she wore the colors, the flowers, the gems she knew he most disliked; and she was indeed the plague of his life.

"Why do you always wear the topaz, Miss Evelyn?" he asked her later that day.

He had glanced up with a ready frown at the exquisite shape and charming brunette face, perceiving only the yellow gem he whimsically abominated, glittering in her coal-black hair and amid the white laces on her bosom.

"As an amulet," she replied quickly, merrily and meaningly. "It is a preservative against poison, you know."

The speech was not quite civil; the laughing glance of the big black eyes was saucy and significant; but her manner was the perfection of innocent playfulness.

Fred's frowning face crimsoned. "What monster of iniquity would wish to harm so gentle and gracious a lady?" he retorted, with ungallicant irony.

She regarded him for a moment with a curiously intent and questioning look, before which his countenance suddenly changed—suddenly he seemed defensive rather than aggressive, as one who feared his own weakness rather than the strength of the enemy.

Perhaps she discerned something in his uneasiness that she wiffully declined to understand; perhaps she comprehended a pain that thrilled her more than she cared to acknowledge—for she, too, changed.

"Mr. Ives," she began at length, with a singular new splendor in her sweet smile and a singular new sweetness in her voice, "any sarcasm is absurd between you and me. The candid truth is so much better always; even if it is disagreeable. I am perfectly aware that you detest me; that everything I do displeases or annoys you. You have given me abundant proof of your dislike, and never yet manifested me a kindness or a courtesy. It is you who are ungentle—you who are ungracious. Why you are so, I may not inquire; but I shall implore our dear Carrie to send me away, and trust that you may never again be afflicted with the presence of so luckless a person as myself."

And while he marveled if this new amiability, this charming combination of humility and dignity, were sincerity or a snare, she had gone, leaving him somewhat bewildered and wholly uncomfortable.

"I have a mind to try the subjugated black horse myself," he thought presently, as he noted the gleam of a white dress and an amber scarf among the trees up the long shady road.

But the black horse had not been subjugated for Fred's pleasure, evidently. The mettle which had been obedient to the slightest command of one dainty, daring girl, had not been tamed for his control.

Jessie, pausing by the pleasant wayside, was suddenly startled by the unsteady tramp of hoofs, and looked up to behold the unmanageable animal galloping toward her. The next instant he tossed his vicious head aloft and reared on his haunches; simultaneously, the saddle girth snapped asunder, and the unfortunate rider was precipitated upon the level sward almost at her very feet.

"O Fred, are you hurt?" she inquired in tones of tenderest concern, as she knelt down beside him and slipped her pretty arm beneath his fallen head.

"Yes," he answered, gazing straight up into her anxious eyes. "I am hurt to death for love of the girl who hates me, who fancies that I have disliked her."

It was an odd love-making, doubtless; but there and then, holding fast the little wilful hand, the lover rehearsed the ancient and delectable thing.

"Of course I will marry you, Fred," she assured him sweetly. "I always knew I was doomed to be the plague of your life."

### Gen. Robert Toombs.

(Special Correspondence of the Chronicle.)

Yes, General Toombs is a very familiar figure on our streets. And he never comes to town but he gathers about him a goodly number of talkers. Even in these years of his decline no man can leave him after an hour of conversation without amazement. He is the grandest wreck living. In all her illustrious history, Georgia has produced no man who was his intellectual superior, perhaps never one who was his equal. That he lacked financial ability was a frequent criticism in past years which will be familiar to your older readers. But the daring and the grasp of his mind was always wonderful. In all history it would be difficult to find a more bold and undaunted bit of rhetoric than his famous threat to call the roll of his slaves about Bunker Hill monument.

He lives (mourning for his wife just now) much as he has lived ever since the war, at the quiet village of Washington. He is uncompromising, vain and profane. He has accumulated, chiefly by the practice of the law, one of the largest fortunes in the State; yet a more hospitable and open-handed and open-hearted man never lived. His health is periodically precarious; he is very stout, a rich liver and a careless man of his health; but the wonderful vitality with which nature endowed him may yet last a great many years. Before he became so corpulent, as everybody knows, he was one of the handsomest men in the Union. Even now, when carelessness of health and dissipation have done what they could, he is a noble looking man—a man like the portraits of the great Englishmen, such a man as God gives the world at somewhat rare intervals, massive, gigantic, strong in every way except in saving common-sense and that prudence which can make great intellects as useful to the world as they are wonderful.

PARIS POLICE.—The Paris police magistrates evidently believe, like all sensible people, that the only proper place to advertise is in the newspapers. For some years past one of the most conspicuous features of the Paris thoroughfares has been the staring red carts of an enterprising English tradesman. The driver was invariably attired in a gorgeous postilion's costume, and the horse, by a curious arrangement, was almost concealed from view inside what was really a huge perambulating square box. These ingenious advertising mediums have now disappeared pursuant to a decree of the prefect of police, to whom complaints had been made that they impeded the traffic in the streets, besides frightening the horses of other vehicles. The decree was at first disregarded, but this led to three of the offending structures being confiscated by the authorities.

A recent report of the actuary of an English life insurance company shows by statistics that the average duration of life has been increased, and instead of being thirty-three years, as has always been considered the standard, it is now nearly forty years.

The yield of the Pennsylvania coal mines last year reached the enormous amount of 30,000,000 tons.

### The Big Bridge.

The following is good advice to the following, and indeed to all who are writing to the *Chronicle*.

New York, October 31.—The risk of wearing your trousers shall positively bear down upon the Negro in New York and elsewhere. The Big Bridge is an old topic, I know, as we could hear now—that is to say, it becomes of the day after it comes into existence. But I must insist upon it that the Bridge (which I shall always spell with a big B) is yet news, for it has just now come to be itself. Before the cars began to run on it, and so long as a certain class of persons were complaining and calling it a failure, you could not really get an unprejudiced idea of the immense thing.

But now everybody has taken it for granted. The big speeches made at its opening, and the long descriptions of it which were published everywhere then have been forgotten. We now have the Bridge itself!

I am not going to tell again how high it is, how much money it cost, or how many people go over it every day. You know that old story. And yet no man who has not walked over this Thing time and again, ridden over it time and again, and lingered on it time and again, and thought about it time and again, can have an adequate idea of it.

We have built many structures in America, and have done many wonderful things. Consider the harbors and railroads and cities, and the number of them! Man's gigantic handiwork has become so common in this age of complicated machinery that we hardly stop to think even of such a thing as the building of a city. But this Bridge will last longer than any thing else we have done. It is bigger than any other material achievement on the continent.

If a person comes to know it thoroughly, to walk over it habitually, to view the two great cities from it early when the throng of busy walkers are going one way, and late, when it is returning, and at midnight, when it is still packed with the thousands of lights on the ships in the harbor along the wharves, up in the heart of the city, and the spectator above them all—there is a sermon (and a poem) in this!

What becomes of the people who pass and pass again? How do they earn their living? Why do they pay one cent and walk on the bridge two cents and ride on ferry-boats? Is it poverty, or are they all sentimental?

When another civilization shall have taken the place of ours, when another people come and wonder what manner of mould-builders we were; when these splendid cities are in ruins and this archway shall have fallen down, these pillars will tell more of our history than anything that now stands on American soil. I never tire of the Bridge! Since it was opened I have walked over it five or six times every week, and now can find no better rest than a stroll there. It is the one thing we have that is big enough never to become commonplace.

CONVERTED TO CHRISTIANITY BY INGERSOL.—Gen. Lew Wallace says that he was converted to Christ by Col. Ingersol. He was inclined to be skeptical as to the divinity of Christ, Ingersol possessed his infidel views. Wallace was much impressed, but finally remarked that he was not prepared to agree with Ingersol on certain extreme propositions. Ingersol thereupon urged Wallace to give the matter a careful study, expressing his confidence that he would, after so doing, fully acquiesce in the Ingersol view. For six years he thought, studied and searched. At the end of that time he said: "The result is the absolute conviction that Jesus of Nazareth is not only a Christ, but that he is also my Christ, my Savior, and my Redeemer."

A colored pastor led his congregation to the diamond field in Houston, Texas, where the boys were playing at base ball on Sunday, and there the brethren and sisters knelt in prayer. They occupied all the bases and thus effectually stopped the game.

Black toilets are still much worn.

### Young Man, Read It.

The following is good advice to the following, and indeed to all who are writing to the *Chronicle*.

Thousands among these learned professions are starving while waiting for their star to rise; thousands are earning a scanty subsistence; thousands are forced into other and lower walks of life, while only a few rise to eminence and fewer still become wealthy. Our young men should just as well know this first as last. Parents will do well to heed it.

There is more certainty of a good living in a machine shop than in a doctor's shop; in a saw mill than in a law mill; in the printing room than in the editorial room; in book-binding than in book-writing; in running an engine than in running a school; in building bridges over the streams of life than over the streams of death; in mixing drugs than in prescribing them; and, generally, there is more profit in skilled hand than in skilled head.

In these days there is not only no monopoly of education, but it is almost a drug in the market. On the other hand, skilled labor of all sorts is in extraordinary demand and sure of remunerative reward.

A young man, whose parents are not able to support him for some years after he enters upon his professional trade. It may not be pleasant for the first ten years, but it will be far more pleasant the balance of his life.

The fruit of professional life is coated with a sweet rind, but within is often bitterness. The fruit of mechanical life has a bitter rind, but is generally full of nutritious meat.

These facts need not be grieved over but rejoiced at, for they put opportunities in the reach of every young man, whether his parents be rich or poor. A good trade is a good fortune, and a good trade being in reach of all, fortune can be had by anyone who has the energy to make the effort.

CROWNED WITH A WREATH OF I-VE.—It is upon record that the coffin of Catharine Parr was several different times opened, and that upon the last occasion it was discovered that a wreath of ivy had entwined itself around the royal temples, it being supposed that at some previous examination an ivy berry must have fallen upon the corpse, the seed taking root, and silently day by day and night by night, weaving itself into this green sepulchral coronal. A lock of hair taken from her head after it lay for two centuries in the dust and darkness of the grave was found to be exquisite in quality and color, exactly resembling in hue the threads of burnished gold.

THE THREE CENTS.—The three-cent piece must go, or at least it ought to go in the opinion of the *New York Times*, which gives an interesting history of that undesirable little coin. It came into existence with three-cent postage, and the Times says it should go into permanent retirement. The coin bears no relation to our decimal system; it is of no real value in its present silver form; it is inconveniently small, and as nickel it is a base counterfeit of the ten-cent piece, and not easily distinguished from it except on careful inspection in a good light.

PEARL FISHERY.—A pearl fishery which is said to be of great promise has been opened up in the Gulf of California. One pearl taken from the shell of an oyster in December last is believed to be the largest yet found. It weighed seventy-five carats, and was purchased by a jeweler for \$14,000. Another of forty-seven carats has been found. It is perfect in form and finely tinted, and is valued at \$5,000. A third very beautiful pearl of forty carats has been exhibited at the Fair, where a bid of \$300 for it was refused.

In 1880 there were seventy-five female lawyers in this country.

### FIELD AND FARM.

#### Root Pruning.

A series of experiments were made on the apple and pear. A vigorous apple tree eight or ten years old, which had scarcely made any fruit buds, has done best when about half the roots were cut in one season and half three years later, by going half way round on opposite sides in one year and finishing at the next pruning, working two feet underneath to sever downward roots. It has always answered well also to cut down such trees all the larger and longer roots about two and a half feet from the stem, leaving the small and weaker ones longer, and going half way round, as already stated. The operation was repeated three or four years later by extending the cut circle a foot or two away from the tree. By this operation unproductive fruit trees become thickly studded with fruit spurs, and afterward bear fruit profusely.

This shortening of the roots has been continued in these experiments for twenty years with much success, the circle of roots remaining greatly circumscribed. The best time for the work has been found to be in the latter part of August and the beginning of September, when growth has nearly ceased, and while the leaves are yet on the tree, causing greater increase of bloom buds the following year than when performed after the leaves had fallen.—*London Garden.*

BONE MANURE.—An English paper, in commenting on the subject, remarks that the Cheshire farmer, by the free use of bone manure laid on the grass lands, makes his farm, that at one time, before the application of bone manure, fed only twenty head of cows, now feed forty. In Cheshire two-thirds or more generally, three-fourths of a dairy farm are kept in perfect pasture, the remainder in tillage. Its dairy farmers are commonly bound to lay the whole of their manure not on the arable, but on the grass land, purchasing what may be necessary for the arable. The chief improvement besides drainage consists in the application of bone manure. In the milk of each cow, in its urine, in its manure, in the bones of each calf reared and sold off, a farmer puts with as much earthy phosphate of lime, as is contained in half a hundred weight of bone dust. Hence the advantage of returning to this mineral manure by boning grass lands. The quantity of bones now given commonly in Cheshire to an imperial acre of grass land is 1,200 to 1,500 weight. This dressing on pasture land will last seven or eight years, and on mowed land half that period.

FATTENING SWINE.—It is generally conceded that there should be no stand-still period in the fattening system of feeding, but that growth ought to begin with young pigs and steadily and continuously increase until the animal is ready for killing. But while, everywhere, acceptance of the "no stand-still" system in those who most farmers in reality keep pigs, during the summer months, on very fat, fattening swine, waiting until cold weather to begin feeding with the view of fattening.

STEWARDS OF PORK WHO PRACTICE THE SYSTEM OF making the most of the summer and winter seasons by regular feeding testify to the advantage of this system.

DRAINAGE FOR LIGHT.—Trees to be planted on heavy clay, which had been trenched down to a four foot depth, and the trees made no growth, and moss and lichens grew on them. The orchard was then thoroughly drained. In six months the lichens began to disappear, and the next year a fine growth was made. The soil had been warred by the drainage, and the fact had been made possible to the growing roots.

FOOD FOR FOWLS.—The French use the following method for supplying animal food to fowls: Fill a basket, box or mail bag with two-thirds full of finely chopped fresh horse manure that has not been exposed to the weather; stir into it one gallon of shelled oats and two gallons of ground yeast. Mix the mass fully and wet it in a warm place to heat. This plan has been tried also in this country with great success. It produces 100 bushels of shells a bushel or two shrink to 90 in the crib.