

# BESSEMER CITY MESSENGER.

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There is reported to be an increasing demand for bicycles among Congressmen, and it is becoming a not infrequent sight to see the well-known members of the House spinning along the avenues of Washington on wheels.

The city of Cincinnati has for many years been a favorable abiding place of Hebrews, remarks the New York Press. At a recent celebration there Rabbi Wise said that "Cincinnati would hereafter be the Zion of Judaism in America."

The pneumatic tube is fast being perfected. In St. Louis mail matter is to be carried two-thirds of a mile by such service. Some day the Eastern States will be gridironed with pneumatic tubes, and then, the New York Mail and Express predicts, Gotham newspapers will be left on an Albany doorstep within thirty minutes after leaving the press. The perfection of pneumatic service will revolutionize many lines of industry.

Within three years passenger rate on the railroad across the Isthmus of Panama have been reduced to ten and five cents a mile for first and second class tickets. Up to that time the charge for passenger transportation on the Panama Railroad was the highest in the world, being \$25 in American gold for first-class and \$10 in gold for second-class passengers between Panama and Colon, or about fifty cents and twenty cents a mile, respectively.

Says the St. Louis Republic: There is plenty of money in New York—but it doesn't grow on trees. Bank coffers are overflowing with idle dollars, and they are so cheap that the Union Trust Company will allow only one percent on deposits, while bankers are declining new accounts. An authority says: "Commission houses are overrun with bank messengers offering to lend them funds at almost nominal rates and almost any sort of collateral."

"Our afternoon papers," says a San Francisco newspaper man, "are one day ahead of the world in giving the news. For when they are ready to go to bed, and the London Times has gone to press for the next day. In the case of our morning papers, they have the advantage of securing the exclusive news of New York or any other large Eastern paper may have for the representative of the San Francisco papers wait until the New York papers come out at 3 A. M. and then wire the sensation west, where they arrive long before midnight."

The dreams of science penetrate the field of miracles, soliloquizes the Detroit Free Press. Since that German genius has found a way of transforming sawdust into sugar, other chemists are busily seeking to convert articles that have been useless for food into nutritious and toothsome dishes. The wonderful accomplishments of the age war us against scoffing at the wildest predictions of science. No one knows how soon we may be eating hot basswood biscuits, dog-wal sausages or Norway pine apples. Hardwood army crackers and slabs of side meat may feel future warriors and the food of our navies may be towed in log-like rafts. You can't tell.

English is now in the lead as the probable universal language of the world, asserts the New York Gazette. In Germany and Russia it has supplanted French as the first foreign language to be learned. In Russia it is the fashionable thing to be able to speak English. Moreover, the Russians prefer English to their own language for use in telegrams, as English conveys more meaning in fewer words. The deliberations in international conferences are now conducted in English instead of in French. In un-civilized regions the triumph of English is, needless to say, even more complete. It has everywhere on the coast of Africa driven out all other European languages. Even in the French Colonies it is asserting itself against French, and in the German Cameroons it divides the honors with German. It has no dangerous rival in Africa except Arabic. Portuguese was the dominant language on the west coast for many years; now English is spoken continuously from Sierra Leone to the San Pedro River, a distance of over 300 miles. The Nile and Niger and the Great Lakes are already English; the Congo and Zambesi will most probably end by being so. It is therefore difficult to see what can prevent English from becoming the common language of the whole world. Omitting all mention of India, where English has spread with unexampled rapidity, Japan is said to be adopting English wholesale, the signboards of the shops being very generally, and the names of towns and villages always, inscribed in English as well as Japanese characters. The agency which has done and will do the most to make English the universal speech is colonization, and the agents are English-speaking

## A Race Between Tongue and Hoof.

YOU want anything" in a decidedly terse tone, was the greeting of the old Joel Gringer school-master, who stood fumbling the latch of the front gate.

The young man, and shrewd Joel Gringer knew it. He wanted to make him go through the torture of telling him plainly that he had come to see his daughter; so that he could put an end to the thing then and there.

"Hm! I—I—just wanted to know if Miss—hm—hm—is at home," and the young fellow relieved his nervousness by digging up the gravel walk with his left toe.

"I thought your business was to teach the children to speak the English language, and here you can't do anything but hum and haw. I'm at home, and so is the Growler there. Anything else?"

"No, sir," with a loud ahem; "I was just going up the road to Mr. Mason's, and I wanted to know if the family were all well—that's all." And the bashful young fellow seemed to have found his wits somewhere, for he turned coolly away.

The old farmer's eyes were not so sharp as he prided himself they were, or he might have seen the flutter of something white, three distinct times, from the narrow opening in the blinds above, and have guessed why the young man was so easily satisfied.

He watched the straight, lithe young man until it seemed only a shadow against Neighbor Mason's barn.

"Gone on to Mason's," was his gruff answer to his wife's questioning look. "Only wanted to inquire after the health of the family. S'pose he thinks the deestrick is assessed to pay him for goin' round an' doin' that—ha, ha! We'll see how his fractions will work in this house. Much good it will do him to talk it over with John Mason, the old—"

"Sh—!" hissed cautiously into his ear, and a warning finger told him to leave uncomplimentary references to the neighbor—with whom he had been embroiled in a bitter lawsuit, and between whose farms a "devil's lane" prevented any joining of line fences—unsaid. "There's Mason's hired man again."

"Well!"

"The old man sent me over to say them these hogs o' yours' been into the back cornfield ag'in an' he won't turn 'em out till doomsday nor let me. They're there yet an' making the interest on \$5000 fly like sixty—that's what the old man 'lows the field'll fetch him. Better not take that there pup along, had ye? Hi! wait till I can get out!"

The last exclamation was caused by preparations for unchaining the huge bulldog Growler; and Ben Stone made one leap over the fence.

darting swiftly forward toward the little dell which seemed to be the rendezvous sought.

"Is that you, Nannie?" a hoarse, excited whisper met her a few rods distant from the horses.

"Sh—! Yes; but do let us hurry! I'm afraid every minute those hogs haven't done justice to the obstinacy of their nature, and, father—"

"Well, give me your foot, and off we go. We'll show Joel Gringer whether I am competent to teach a girl addition."

"And are you sure the preacher understands?"

"Sure, darling, he's to be at Brother Stillwell's to-night, on his way to the Kildeer appointment. Now, old fellows, do your best."

Patter, patter! click, click! Neck to neck and nostril to nostril skimmed the two fleet couriers, like two well-mated birds of flight.

Away back on the last ridge, a mile or more away, the moonlight glimmers on something bright—a silver plated buckle or saddle decoration—and then there comes a clear, ringing sound, as when steel strikes flint.

As the clatter of the hoofs rang down the road past John Mason's two unusual night incidents might have been witnessed, the gleam of a light across the fields evaying and flickering as though carried by an excited, unsteady hand, and a man leaning against the door of John Mason's stables, whittling a stick and musing over something which evidently pleased him much. "Ha, ha! I never helped take them out of here. Can't prove it by me who's takin' to stealin'; hain't I been behind the haystack tryin' to hammer the bung in that barrel! There's one consolation; if them there horses have to go fur, they've been well fed an' every shoe is as sound as a trigger—ha, ha!"

"He's coming! Oh, hurry, Dick! We cannot reach Mr. Stillwell's in time; it's—"

"Three miles yet, and—"

"You know Fleetwood's gait; Mr. Mason never had a horse that could outrun him. What shall we do? Oh, I only wish we were—"

"Married, and I could call you my own; that I would not run a step, but could defend my right to you in the eye of the law. Listen! what's that ahead?"

"The corners are just down there, yet know, and someone may be coming on the cross-road."

"That is the direction from which the preacher comes. What if it should be—But no; he's going straight ahead of us. Yes, there he turns! Whip up and let's overtake him."

A quarter of a mile; half a mile; three-quarters. The sound of hoofs in both directions are growing distinct.

"Call him, Richard! He may stop. Oh, if it only is!"

"But your father will hear, too, and hasten! Hello, there? Wait!"

In a moment the overtaken party was seen, near enough, to be the very preacher they were riding hard and fast to find. But while the situation was being explained, the footsteps of the pursuing horse were heard close by, and in a minute another "Hello!" rang on their ears, and hoarse and infuriated: "Stop! stop, I command you! Young man, I'll horse-whip you on the spot if you don't give me my daughter!"

The two looked at each other in despair. But the preacher, backwoodsman that he was, was a man of wit and resources, and of heart as well.

"Keep on," said he quietly, "and ride as fast as you can. Join your hands and sit firm in your saddle when I tell you. I have it all on the top of my tongue."

Clatter, clatter—clink, clink! rang the sharp hoof beats! Nearer and nearer they came together; but the words rolled off the preacher's lips, as he rose and sank in his stirrups, faster than the speed of the racers.

Nearer and nearer sped Fleetwood until his horse pausing almost drowned the preacher's words. But a few rods separated them.

"Join your right hands," came the sharp command.

"Halt, I command you, in the name of—"

"Put spurs. Foreasmuch as Richard W. Anderson and Annie Gringer have consented to—"

"Hold up there! 'Man officer of the law' demanded another voice, drowning the rest of the preacher's "foreasmuch."

But the wild wedding party dashed forward, and the preacher's lips worked fast.

"In the name of the Father—"

"Halt, or you suffer the penalty—"

with pleasant reflections, and Ben Stone had many an opportunity to wonder aloud in his sly way:

"How under the sun them hogs ever did get into old man Mason's cornfield just when Dick Anderson wanted to steal Joel Gringer's daughter."—New York Press.

## How Animals Bear Pain.

One of the pathetic things connected with this life is the manner in which the animal kingdom endures suffering, says the Florida Times-Union. Take horses, for instance, in battle, and after the first shock of a wound they make no sound. They bear the pain with a mute, wondering endurance, and if you hear a wild groan from the battlefield it comes from their loneliness, their loss of human companionship which seems absolutely indispensable to the comfort of domesticated animals.

The dog will carry a broken leg for days wistfully, but uncomplainingly. The cat, stricken with club or stone or caught in some trap from which it gnaws its way to freedom, crawls to some secret place and bears in silence pain which we could not endure. Sheep and other cattle meet the thrust of the butcher's knife without a sound, and even common poultry endure intense agony without complaint.

The dove, shot unto death, flies to some far off bough, and as it dies the silence is unbroken save by the patter on the leaves of its own life blood. The wounded deer speeds to some thick brake, and in pitiful submission waits for death. The eagle, struck in mid-air, fights to the last against the fatal sunbeams. There is no moan or sound of pain, and the deafest look never fades from its eyes until the lids close over them never to uncover again.

## People Who Throw Pennies Away.

Have you ever picked up a penny on the street? If so, you probably have not stopped a minute to think how the copper coin came to be lying there. It probably never entered your mind that the former owner of that penny threw it away purposely. Your natural conclusion after finding the coin was that some one had accidentally dropped it.

It is a fact that Chicago has many men whose avocation is the form of regarding the possession of copper coins as unwholesome. These men will never keep a copper in their pockets if they can help themselves, for which newsboys are profoundly grateful. Should a stray penny find its way into the clothes of these superstitious creatures, it is quickly flung away with a sigh of relief—and as quickly picked up unless invisible to the Chicago eyes.

This habit is common among politicians, speculators, gamblers of the ordinary kind, actors and some business men who would rather lose a good dinner than be among thirteen at the table. These men, who look upon the despised but useful copper as a "hoodoo" are the same men who carry the lid hind foot of a rabbit, a horse chestnut or other supposed charm in their vest pocket to ward off the evil genius known as bad luck.

Some of these cranks go so far as to keep pennies out of their homes, and as long as the children get their pocket money in more valuable metal there is no objection to the boycott on copper.

There are men in the city hall and county building who honestly think they would be beaten at the polls or lose their job if a penny got into their pocket.—Chicago Tribune.

## Black Buck-Hunting in India.

The black buck of India is a very graceful animal, weighing between thirty and fifty pounds. The hide of the male, when full-grown, is of iridescent blackness on the back, while the belly is as white as snow; the contrast being very striking. The horns are black and spiral in shape, and in length average about eighteen inches, although they have been known to reach twenty-six inches. The animals are usually found in herds, and are difficult to approach on foot, as the bucks toss their heads into the air from time to time in a very graceful manner and some of them are almost sure to detect any attempt at stalking. They are at times hunted on horseback, but the usual method in many sections is to use a conveyance very much like the back of a horse, only shorter, and made of wood. This is on wheels, is drawn by bullocks, and is called a jungle-cart. It is very close to the ground, and from both sides project flat pieces of wood upon which the feet rest. The inside is hollow and holds ammunition and luncheon. It is believed that they take the queer little wooden arrangement on wheels for a plow, and consequently are not much alarmed as it draws nearer than its ever-decreasing circles. The bullocks move at the work of command, and are accompanied by a shikaree, or native hunter. The bucks never seem to fear the inhabitants, doubtless having learned they are without guns, and therefore not to be dreaded.—St. Nicholas.

## THE KILLER WHALE.

### A FEROCIOUS AND AGGRESSIVE MARINE MONSTER.

It is the Demon of the Deep,—and It Attacks and Kills the Largest Whales—An Insatiable Appetite.

THE shark is, by many persons, considered the fiercest and most cruel denizen of the ocean, and the octopus, or devil fish, the most forbidding and stupidly daring, yet neither of them can compare in ferocity, voracity and audacity with that demon of the deep, the killer whale, or orca, whose destructive habits and ferocious disposition make it the terror of the seas to everything that swims, from the largest whale to the smallest mackerel. It seems to have been created as the special opponent of all large marine animals, for it never misses an opportunity of attacking them, and its strength and speed are so great that it always proves victorious in a contest. Even man, armed with the best modern weapons, does not dare to assail it, although it gives him every opportunity to try conclusions by "nosing" his boats when they are on the fishing grounds and taking harpooned whales away from the crews having charge of them.

The orca, or killer, ranges from fifteen to twenty-five feet in length and is thick in proportion, its outlines proving conclusively that it possesses both speed and strength. It is readily distinguished from all its kindred by the huge dagger-shaped fin which towers to a height of six or more feet above its spinal column, and its powerful conical teeth and heavy jaws. This fin may be readily recognized at a distance, when the killer swims close to the surface, on account of its peculiar form and the speed with which it travels through the water.

Two species of the orcas are known in the Pacific Ocean, one being called the low-finned killer, and the other the high-finned killer, and both are equally destructive. They are the inveterate foes of the shoals of seal that follow the salmon of the Pacific to their spawning grounds in British Columbia and Alaska, it being nothing unusual to behold a seal in the act of swallowing a salmon, gulped down by a pursuing killer. It is also very destructive among fur seals, often staying near a rookery for a long time and devouring every cub incautious enough to enter the water in its vicinity. It commits greater havoc among the fur seal than the entire Canadian fleet, as it works unceasingly and its appetite never seems satisfied.

The sight of a single killer is sufficient to make a shoal of seal scatter like terrified sheep or run ashore, if land is convenient for they will face any danger rather than encounter their rapacious foe, which seems to fairly revel in bloodshed and the tortures it inflicts on its prey.

When killers move in companies they attack their prey on every side, but devote particular attention to the lips, to which they cling like so many bulldogs until they pull the quarry to the bottom, where they soon finish its earthly career. Should the object of their assault be a whale, they tear out its tongue the moment it opens its mouth, and cripple its fins to prevent it from escaping. Two or three of them are able to kill the largest whale afloat, but they rarely assail an adult if they can secure its young, unless they are very hungry or in overpowering numbers. This is not through any lack of courage or objections to a contest, but their desire to secure provender as expeditiously as possible.

When a whale is accompanied by its calf the latter is usually the object of their main attack, the dam only receiving punishment enough to keep her from protecting her progeny, but if she proves very pugnacious they assault her fiercely and rarely leave her until she is dead and eaten.

They are as greedy as they are fierce, for they cut huge lumps out of the whales they kill, swallow them when they come to the surface and descend immediately after more. One of them thinks nothing of gulping down a seal or small porpoise, and four of them can, in all probability, devour a bowhead whale in twenty-four hours.

They attack a walrus as promptly as they would a common seal, and often rob it of its young, and instances are known where they carried away the carcass of a whale which was being towed to a whaling vessel by members of the crew.

The size of their prey may be inferred from the fact that fourteen seals and thirteen herring hogs, or bay porpoises, were found in the stomach of a killer only sixteen feet in length, and eight tunnies in the stomach of another about nineteen feet in length. As an adult tunny weighs from 500 to 1500 pounds, and the appetite of that particular killer must have been in fair condition.

The tunny, or horse mackerel, has the deserved reputation of being one of the most ferocious and voracious of its fierce

and hungry family, yet it becomes perfectly panic-stricken on seeing its arch enemy, the killer. I have seen vast shoals of tunnies sweeping along the southern shore of California and chasing smaller fish ashore or devouring them by the thousands, and a little later these shoals rushing about in the wildest confusion to escape the onslaught of a small detachment of killers. The water was in a state of violent ebullition under the impulse of their movements, and hundreds of tunnies could be seen leaping into the air at a time trying to escape their merciless pursuers, but all in vain, as nothing that swims can escape them when they put forth their best exertions.

I have also known them to chase the beluga, or white whale, ashore on the Alaskan coast and follow it out of the water, despite the presence of Indians and many canoes.

They seem to have no fear of man, probably because he has never waged war on them, their strength, speed and courage and great vitality rendering us too uncertain and costly an experimenter for those who pursue fish for profit. The Makah Indians of Washington used about twenty years ago—and may not for all I know—to attack the killers and capture some of them, but they considered it very arduous and dangerous work, and would never willingly take a white man on one of their expeditions for fear he might get injured. They considered the fat and flesh of a young orca superior to that of the elk and possess "good medicine" properties in all maritime pursuits.

Although the killers will, when hungry, devour small fish, yet their natural prey is the largest marine animals, such as whales, dolphins, porpoises, seals, walruses and their congeners. They seem to have the deadliest hatred for whales and assail them at every opportunity and generally either kill or rob them. They have no prototypes on land in dash, courage, perseverance and ferocity, so that either species of the genus deserves the title of the demon of the deep.—Detroit Free Press.

## Checking Slight Hemorrhages.

When minute bleeding points, such as sometimes occur upon the face after the use of the razor, are neither checked spontaneously nor by the usual means, a drop of tincture of iron, applied on a pledget of cotton or the end of a match, will at once put an end to the bleeding. Sometimes obstinate and even alarming hemorrhage follows the extraction of a tooth. In such a case a bit of cotton saturated with alum solution or sprinkled with alum powder and applied to the cavity will usually have the desired effect, but should these means fail to afford relief a pledget of cotton saturated with tincture of iron pressed into the cavity will promptly staunch the flow, unless the case be an exceptional one. In case of the bursting of a varicose vein, the ensuing hemorrhage may be at once checked by pressing a finger upon the bleeding part and laying the person down flat, either on the ground or on a bed. A pad is then applied over the injured part and bound down tightly with a roller bandage. Bleeding from the nose is a common, though seldom serious, form of hemorrhage. It is often checked spontaneously by such simple means as bathing the face and nasal cavities with cold water. Sometimes, however, when more persistent, some styptic application may be needed. Alum water or a solution of tannic acid may be snuffed up the nose from the palm of the hand, or some powdered styptic may be blown into the nasal cavities by means of a quill, roll of paper or other tube. But the most unique, simple and efficient way to check an obstinate nasal hemorrhage is the old-fashioned one of pressing an ordinary clothespin firmly over the cartilaginous portions of the nose from above downward.—Courier-Journal.

## FLAT FEET OF INDIANS.

The Indian who is persuaded to wear shoes or boots is the easiest man to fit imaginable. This is because nearly every Indian is flat-footed, to use a favorite expression of athletic circles. Hence in fitting a semi-civilized redskin, all that is necessary is to find a shoe that will go on fairly easy, whereas with a white man it is necessary to take into consideration the expansion caused when he presses down his foot and raises either heel or toe. The peculiar gait of the Indian is the result of the way he puts his foot down perfectly flat and lifts it up again all at once, as it were. An Indian can run very rapidly, but he never runs gracefully, because he never acquires the spring which the athlete obtains by keeping his heels off the ground and running on his toes.

The Palace Hotel in San Francisco, Cal., is said to be absolutely safe in any earthquake. It is built of iron and has finer and outer walls, separated by a wall thirty-five feet wide and connected by hundreds of iron braces.

Money is not exactly a religious article, but still it has a denomination of its own.—Rochester News.

## A Utah Execution.

In regard to the talk about the different modes of execution, writes the Gleaner, I wish to say that shooting is not so ignominious nor so frightful in its general aspect. I saw Frederick Hopt, a murderer, shot in the Utah Penitentiary at Salt Lake City a few years ago. Lillie Langtry had been appointed a Deputy United States Marshal to witness the shooting of the same man a year before, and she was with the other spectators on the wall, but he was relieved as he was being led out for execution. He was shot on the occasion of my visit. There was a square canvas inclosure with five perches in the prison yard, and thirty-two feet away an army blanket was spread, in its middle a chair. Five men carrying Winchesters and masked with black dominoes marched into the yard and entered the tent, inside which at each perch-hole was an inclined board for

gasp. It was a mean job.—New York World.

## It Ticked Through the Revolution.

In an old-fashioned, low, Dutch style stone house on the banks of the Hudson, at Nyack, N. Y., is the home of the Sarvents, a family whose descendants have occupied it for over two centuries. The house is filled with relics of ye ancient time, especially in rusty old swords, flint locks, muskets, cannon balls, grape and canister shot and links of the iron chain which was submerged across the Tappan neck during the Revolution to prevent the passage of the British fleet to West Point. There are many other relics, but the most highly prized of all is an eight-day clock which rings out the hours as regularly and keeps as splendid time as it did when it was first placed in the old house by Philip Sarvent in 1755, when he bought it from Whitlock in New York and conveyed it by sloop to his house.

The clock has a history, as it "fit inter the Revolution." Twenty years afterward, when the old house was shelled by the British fleet and the redcoats were pillaging the homes of the honest Dutch settlers and patriots, the clock was conveyed back in the country to Clarkstown, and there buried under a barn, where it remained for over seven years.

Garret Sarvent, a grand old patriarch of eighty years, a grandson of Philip, now resides in the old house. He was for many years Assessor and Mayor, and widely known and highly respected throughout Rockland County. In an interview recently he declared that his love and veneration for his grandfather's clock and the historical associations connected with it was so strong that no amount of money, even if it was thousands, would tempt him or his children to part with the relic. It has kept such fine time for 137 years, and is possibly equal to the task for another century.—New York Advertiser.

## The Wren.

"The wren," says an observer, "hatches a remarkably large number of eggs, sometimes as many as seventeen. The building of the nest shows a desire for ample house room. It is usually so long and narrow that a small child can scarcely get in its two fingers together, and then they will not reach one-third of the distance to the end. Now, how are the little ones fed? The bird must make several trips for food at every meal, feeding one or two of her numerous brood at a time. How does she recognize those which have received their portion and those which have not? The little ones always stretch their necks, open their beaks, and, like Oliver Twist, persistently calls for more; but their mother carefully avoids giving anything beyond the quantity which will not interfere with the digestion of her offspring. The question is one which I have never been able to answer. It is one upon which the scientists of the ken observation of Darwin or Richard Jeffries could throw an interesting light." Brooklyn Citizen.

If you have rows against the tide, And all your ready cash is spent, If you have nothing left but pride, The landlord's sure to raise the rent.