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Sleep.

He sees when their footsteps falter, when their hearts grow weak and faint, He marks when their strength is failing, and listens to each complaint; He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has grown too steep; And, folded in fair, green pastures, He giveth His loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn-out children, that sigh for the daylight's close, He knows that they oft are longing for home and its sweet repose;

So He calls them in from their labors ere the shadows around them creep, And silently watching o'er them, He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother will hush to rest The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast.

Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep; For with many a soothing promise He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it! Friends the dearest can never this boon bestow; But He touches the drooping eyelids, and placid the features grow.

Their foes may grieve about them, and storms may round them sweep, But, guarding them safe from danger, He giveth His loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future, all fears that oppress to-day, Like mists that clear in the sunlight, have noiselessly passed away.

Nor call nor clamor can rouse them from slumbers so pure and deep, For only His voice can reach them Who giveth His loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are o'er; weep not that their race is run, God grant we may rest as calmly when our work, like theirs, is done!

Till then we would yield with gladness our treasures to Him to keep, And rejoice in the sweet assurance— He giveth His loved ones sleep.

—Golden Hours.

VOSS.

A group of young men were standing one morning last April on the banks of the river Aar, which flows by the quaint old Swiss town of Berne. There was Johann Leid, the baker's son, and Fritz Bund, the wood-carver, and half a dozen others with their sisters and sweethearts.

Bund, as usual, was loud-mouthed and voluble. He talked with one eye on the girls to see the effect.

"What do you say to the race, boys? There is Johann Leid with his big muscles. I can outrun or throw you in five minutes, Leid."

Leid nodded, threw off his coat and was beaten, in both race and wrestle. He was a big, sheepish-looking fellow, and grew red with anger.

"If you want to look well in Jeannette's eyes," he muttered, "it is Nicholas Voss you should throw, not me. She thinks more of his finger than of your whole braggart body."

Bund was enraged. Everybody saw that plainly. He looked at Jeannette, standing with the other girls, like a modest little rose among flaunting dahlias. Nicholas Voss was playing with his dog on the other side of the field. He was a quiet, under-sized fellow, the son of the schoolmaster.

"Throw Voss! I could do it with one hand. No credit in that. The fellow has no more strength than a girl, poring over his books. I'll put him to a test that'll shame him. Jeannette shall see the stuff the baby is made of. Hey, Voss!" he shouted.

Nicholas came over, smiling, but coloring a little as he passed the girls. He was a diffident, awkward lad, and felt his arms and legs heavy and in the way whenever a woman looked at him.

"Come, girls!" cried Bund. The girls drew a nearer, shy, but curious.

"Here's a question of courage to be settled. Leid wants me to try a throw with Voss, but it wouldn't be fair, for I could fling him with one finger, and blow him over for that matter."

Voss changed color; he played nervously with the dog's collar. He knew it was true that he could not compete with Bund in a trial of strength, but it was hard to be told it; before little Jeannette, too.

"But there's something Voss can do as well as I."

"What is it?" said Nicholas, eagerly. "You can swim. Come, jump into the river yonder with me, and see which of us can reach the other shore!"

The girls looked at the river. It was swollen with the spring floods, and filled with great lumps of ice which crunched and tore each other as they went rushing by.

"Ah, that would be a brave deed!" they said, looking admiringly at Bund. Jeannette looked, and turned away with a shudder.

"Well done, Bund!" said the other lads. "There's no cowardice in Bund, that's certain!"

Bund tore off his woolen jacket and boots, straightening himself and clapping his hands. He was not sorry that the girls should see his broad chest and embroidered braces.

"Come, little one, off with your coat! You're a famous swimmer—and Jeannette is looking," under his breath, with an angry flash in his eye.

Nicholas looked at the lads waiting, and at the excited, silly girls, and then at the icy river. He did not trust himself to look at Jeannette. In this very he had often swam the Aar at this very point. But his lungs were weak. He could not bear the slightest exposure; to plunge into this flood would be certain illness—perhaps death. And for no purpose but to gratify the pride of a vaporing idle fellow.

"Come, come!" cried Bund. "Afraid, eh?"

The lads and girls looked at Voss; even Jeannette's eyes were fixed curiously on him.

"I am not going to swim."

If he had bluffed it out in a strident, jocular voice, he might have carried the day. But he was painfully conscious that they all thought him a coward. He was a sensitive lad, and it cut him to the quick.

"Afraid! afraid!" laughed Bund, insolently. "Well, Voss, I wanted to do you a good turn, and let the girls see that you had the making of a man in you. But no matter," turning away contemptuously. "A pity he could not wear gowns and a bonnet," he said to Jeannette, loud enough for Voss to hear.

Voss turned away and went hastily down the road. He was bitter and angry, and would not go home to his old father in that mood. He went to the bear pits. Now, everybody knows that bears are a sort of sacred animal to the Bernese, and Nicholas, like his neighbors, took a keen delight in watching the great sluggish beasts in their pits. But he had no pride in them now; in fact, though he leaned over the barrier and looked with the crowd, he did not see them at all.

There were many strangers there that day, principally English travelers and Americans. Their children were climbing about the edge of the pit, as no Bernese child would dare to do.

"Take care, youngsters!" cried a workman. "They are fierce—those monsters down there. An English officer fell in last spring, and though he fought for his life, that big fellow killed him."

"Ach! See his red eyes, the murderer!" cried a woman.

All the people stretched their necks to look where he lay blinking up at them; and a stupid nurse-maid, with a child in her arms, stood on tiptoe to lean further over. There was a push—a scream.

"The child! Ach Gott! It is gone!" The crowd surged and pressed against the barrier. Voss was almost crushed upon its edge. For a moment there was a silence like death as people looked with straining eyes into the darkness below.

Then they saw the little white heap close to the wall of the pit. Two of the smaller bears were sniffing it curiously. The monster that had killed the Englishman was slowly gathering up his fore-legs and dragging himself toward it.

There was scarcely any sound in the crowd. Men grew pale and turned away sick. A woman who had never seen the child before fell in a dead faint on the ground. But its mother stood quite still, leaning over the pit, her hands held out to it.

There came a wild cry from the crowd. A man had jumped into the pit. The bear turned, glared at the intruder with sudden fury, and then rushed upon him. He dealt it a blow straight between the eyes; but it fell like a feather on a stone wall.

"He leaps over him!"

"The others are coming on him!"

"Ach, what blows!"

"Well struck!" Again, again!"

shouted the Englishmen.

"But he can do nothing. He will be torn to pieces!"

"Oh, the poor boy!"

"See, the bear has torn his flesh!"

"He has the child! He has the child!"

A ladder! A ladder!"

But there was no ladder to be found, nor weapons of any kind. The mass of people leaned over, praying, shouting, sobbing, while the struggle went on below as silent as the grave.

The men, bleeding and pale, was pushed to the wall, the child lifted high in his arms. The savage brutes surrounded him. There was a trunk of a tree in the center of the pit, placed there for the bears to climb upon. He measured it with his eye, gathered his strength, and then, with a mighty bound, he reached it, and began to climb. The bears followed to the foot of the trunk.

"A rope! a rope!"

The rope was brought and flung toward him.

"He has it! He will tie it about his waist. No, it is the child he ties. He will save it first."

He fastened the child, and watched it swing across in safety. When they threw him the rope again, he did not catch it. He was looking at the mother when they put her baby in her arms.

When he had taken the rope and tied it about him, a hundred strong hands, English, French, Swiss, were ready to help pull him up. As he swung across the chasm, going half-way to the bottom of the pit, the bear caught at him, but it's hold slipped, and the animal fell back with a baffled growl.

There was a great shouting when the lad stood on the ground safely; everybody talked at once to his neighbor.

"God be thanked!"

"That is a brave fellow!"

"Who is he?"

"It is Nicholas Voss, the schoolmaster's boy."

"Where is he?"

But Nicholas had disappeared in the confusion.

Nothing else was talked of the next day in Berne. In the shops and kitchens, at the balls, in the brilliantly-lighted great houses, even in the government council, the story was told, and the lad was spoken of with praise and kindness. At the theater, somebody called for a cheer for him, and the whole house rose with the vivats! Mothers held their babies closer to their breasts that night, and with tears prayed God to bless him.

Meanwhile, Nicholas lay in his cot, attended by his old mother and father. His legs were sorely torn. But he was merry and happy, as he always was at home.

In the afternoon a messenger from the council knocked at the door and left an official document. It was a deed conveying to Nicholas Voss a house and pastureland in the vicinity of the town.

He put it into his father's wrinkled hands. "Now, father, you are sure of a home for you and mother," he said.

He fell asleep soon after that. When he awoke the sun was setting, and shone on the bed, and the happy old people were watching him.

A few days later his father put a little case into his hands.

"Look at this, my son! Never did I think a lad of mine would reach such high honor!"

It was the gold medal of the Humane Society of Switzerland, awarded only to the bravest.

"And here," said his mother, "is a bunch of violets which little Jeannette left for you."

Nicholas' eyes shone as he looked at the medal. But the flowers he held close to his lips.

Some English sparrows built their nests in a box that had a mirror back, and nearly exhausted themselves fighting their own reflections. Failing to get satisfaction, they have resorted to large pieces of gravel, which they take in their bills and beat forcibly against the mirror.

Professor Watson, the astronomer of the Michigan observatory, whose death took place recently, was the discoverer of no less than nineteen planets and asteroids and of two comets.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Feather trimmings are again very popular.

Kerchiefs are made of net rather than of mull for winter wear.

Some of the new Jersey polonaises are laced down the back.

Plaid must be waning in favor. It is made up crosswise for skirts.

The Quaker dress, fashioned in America, is now adopted in Paris.

The size of tournures is decidedly less exaggerated than the fashion prophets made them early in the autumn.

Gowns of black silk and brocade are almost invariably brightened either with jet or with cashmere beads.

Very fashionable walking suits are made of black velvet or silk, in the colors, combined with a plain dark color.

Cloth jackets matching the costume, or of cream-colored material, are very stylishly trimmed with plush, which is used for hood, collar, cuffs and muff.

The richest and most effective hoods are of black velvet or silk, densely covered with sparkling jet ornaments and appliques, and finished at the point of the hood in the back with handsome jet cords and pendants.

Fleece-lined pique, which is so prized by mothers who dress their children in white all winter, comes in better qualities this season than ever before. The Marseilles fabric is stouter, and the back has a warm, heavy fleece like Canton flannel. The figures are in flower and leaf brocades, instead of diamonds and honeycombs, and the goods are also suitable and pretty for children's cloaks as well as for dresses. Very little trimming is needed with these suits.

Walking dresses of cloth are very fashionable. Very stylish and elegantly fitting jackets are also made of this material, and draped over underskirts of plush or velvet. Many of the new over dresses are untrimmed; some are trimmed with extra wide bands of fur or plush. A few of the earlier importations of costumes of cloth were heavily trimmed, but there seems to be a reaction setting in, and plain unadorned slightly looped dresses are considered the most distinguished looking.

Fashions in Gloves.

There has been but one innovation made in the standard fashions for gloves, and that is the introduction of lace insertions in ladies' gloves. Two or three rows of half-inch wide lace are placed between a similar width of the kid at the wrist. For street and evening wear, especially when short or elbow sleeves are worn, the lace top is the favorite. It is an ordinary glove of any number of buttons, with a lace pattern perforated in the kid for an inch or two at the edge, making a much more artistic finish than the ordinary plain band. The glove with an insertion of lace extending the length of the wrist is also one of the most popular gloves worn.

The favorite shades for evening are flesh, cream, ecru and mastic tints. The number of buttons varies with the taste of the wearer, six to eight being worn on most occasions. For the street black is very popular. In colors either a match for the costume or a contrasting color is used, old gold, mastic and wood browns being the favorites. Undressed kids are extensively worn for mourning. Street gloves have from four to six buttons generally. As the weather grows colder dogskin gloves of a fine quality are preferred by many to those of kid, as they are heavier and warmer. They are made with two, three and four buttons, and cost \$1.75. Kid lined with lamb's wool, with fur tops, is made in gloves and mittens for winter wear. They are made in all dark colors, and cost \$1.50 a pair. Lined gloves, with wide gaunlets of seal and beaver for driving, are also used for the street, and are \$2.50. The castor gloves may be had in grays, chamois and light brown.

For children lined dogskin and kid and cashmere gloves are made in the same colors as those for older persons.—New York Herald.

A bug has turned up in Asia Minor which feeds upon the eggs of the locust. Where a cluster of locust eggs is examined the destroying insect appears in the midst of them. Locusts from time immemorial have made themselves disliked in Asia, and the new bug, which is believed to deposit its eggs in the live locust's body, has general sympathy and encouragement.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

There are 3,000 miles of canals in France.

You may give the cold shoulder to the poor; but let it be of mutton, says the *Yonkers Gazette*.

Some of the palm trees in Jay Gould's late conservatory on the Hudson were over 500 years old.

A Nevada critic, speaking of a harpist, said: "We never before knew there was so much music in a gridiron."

The cook who can give sage advice does not always put the right herbs in the soup.—*New York Herald*.

The military enrollment of Connecticut shows that there are in the State 79,236 citizens fit for military duty.

"Kissing your sweetheart," says a triding young man, "is like eating soup with a fork; it takes a long time to get enough."

A railroad station would seem to be the best place for marriage or divorce, for they are used to coupling and uncoupling there.

The comparative value of wood and coal as fuel is shown by the fact that two and a quarter pounds of dry wood equal one pound of soft coal.

An Iowa judge, although sixty-eight years of age and considered a pretty well educated man, has entered a college in Boston as a student.

Detroit, Mich., has 620 manufacturing establishments representing an invested capital of \$13,286,373, and giving employment to 17,870 skilled workmen.

By investigation at the records in the treasury, Washington, it is found that out of the 650 millions registered bonds less than 150 millions are held by foreigners.

The Baron Charles de Rothschild, of Frankfurt, is reported to have just purchased for his collection one of the most superb and expensive silver gilt cups in the world. It cost \$150,000.

Jute culture is one of the rising industries. In North Carolina alone 1,200,000 yards of jute cloth are used annually for cotton baling. It can be produced at one-eighth the cost of cotton.

The great glacier which gives rise to the Zaratshan river in Central Asia has been explored and recently described by Mr. Mushketof, a Russian geologist. It is fifteen miles long, and a mile wide.

"What good deed have you done today, Johnny?" said a benevolent father to his heir. "I gave a poor little boy a cent, papa," was the good child's answer. "Ah, that was right, and why, my son, did you give him the cent?" "I gave it to him, dear papa, for a good three-cent stamp that he thought was only a piece of green paper."

Elbridge T. Gerry, grandson of Elbridge Gerry, who was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and at one time Vice-President of the United States, is the richest practicing lawyer in New York, and owns the finest law library. He is a nephew of the late Peter Goeliet, lives in the Goeliet house, and has his wealth from his share in the eccentric Peter's immense estate.

A Fantastic Pair.

The *Figaro* states that two phenomenal specimens of humanity are now in Paris; one is a giant and the other a dwarf. The giant named Nicolai Simonoff, seven feet five inches high, is a young Russian of twenty-four, who served in the body-guard of the emperor of Russia during the Turkish campaign. He is one of the one hundred and seventy men who forced a passage across the Danube near Semnitz on the 15th of June, 1877, and was rewarded with the Saint-George medal for his bravery. During the war many of his companions tell around him while he cased unhurt, and as some people expressed their astonishment at the fact, "It is very simple," he said; "All the shots passed between my legs." Nicolai Simonoff began to grow so enormously only when he was about twenty; until eighteen he was of ordinary stature. He had married before joining the military service, and on his return his wife, much astonished to see a giant enter her house as her husband, refused to recognize him.

Princess Paulina, the dwarf, is Dutch; she measures only one foot two inches. The giant holds her on his stretched-out palm.