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NO. 1.

Our Little Girl.

"Oh, mamma, mamma, it's half-past eight!
Where are my rubbers? I shall be late;
And where is my pencil? I know just where
I laid it down, but it is not there.
Oh, here is my bag, with my books all right—
I'm glad that my lessons were learned last
night.
And now I'm off—here's a kiss—good-bye,
And out of the door I see her fly.
I stand at the window and watch her go,
Swinging her school bag to and fro,
And I think of a little girl I know
A long way back, when my years were few;
And the old red house beneath the hill
Where she went to school—I see it still.
And I make for the child a little moan,
For her face, through the mist, is like my own.
The hours go by—it is half-past two,
And here comes Nell with her schoolmate, Sue;
They had their lessons; they both were "five."
There are no happier girls alive.
They laugh and shout, and to and fro
Through every room in the house they go.
The music teacher will come at four,
But they can play for an hour or more.
It is evening now, and with look sadate,
Our little maid, with her book and slate,
Comes into the room. We chatter and read,
But she to be perfect must work indeed,
No need to be talking in days like these
Of the early birds and busy bees,
There's work enough, and (don't you tell!)
There's quite too much for girls like Nell.

THE VIOLINIST.

The little inn at Veschi, near Milan, had but two guests; Mr. Holbrook and his daughter Mabel, for whose sake the father had left home and country to wander through foreign lands.

For, almost at the altar, Mabel Holbrook's lover had forsaken her, wrecking the life whose promise had been so fair. She could not bear the pitying words and looks of those who knew her fate, so begged her father to take her away till the story should be forgotten.

Nearly a year had passed since that unhappy day, and she had found, if not happiness, a quiet content which was almost peace. They had been spending some days at Veschi, for Mabel liked the almost Sabbath stillness of the little place. It rested her after the restless life in the great cities which they had visited.

One day she sat by her window when suddenly there came a sound of music—a violin softly playing, and the jingle of a tambourine, while a clear, sweet, childish voice sang one of the delicious "pleasant songs" so often heard in Italy. Looking out from behind the flowers in her window, Mabel saw the violinist, a young Italian, tall, graceful, almost noble in his bearing; and though his clothes were poor, and worn, and travel-stained, his hands were white and shapely, and the cloak which hung over his shoulder was such as any cavalier might have carried. Beside him stood a young girl in the picturesque dress of the country, her little hands fine and white, too—holding a large tambourine, the lovely bright eyes raised to the face of her companion as she sang, as if inspired by his playing.

Drawn by the sound of the music, Mr. Holbrook entered the room and stood beside his daughter.

"The child sings well," he said, and in a moment a glittering gold coin lay at the singer's feet.

"Oh, Paolo!" she cried, stooping in wonderful amazement to pick it up, "see, it must be fairy gold!"

"Not so, little one," laughed Mr. Holbrook, who had come out from the inn in time to hear her exclamation. "It is an honest English half-sovereign, which you have fairly earned by your song. Come in with me and I will change it in Italian scudi, which will be of more use to you."

His accent was not very perfect—Mabel had taught him, and he was not an apt pupil—but the young musicians understood. They felt the kindness in his voice, and gladly followed him into his daughter's room, where Paolo bowed with the grace of a young prince before Mabel.

Nina Basaldi—for that was the girl's name—in answer to Mr. Holbrook's kindly inquiries soon told all their story; how their father (who was of a noble Florentine family, she said with a proud lifting of her pretty head,) had had to leave his home because of enemies, and had fled to Switzerland, where her mother had died when she was but a baby; how their father took care of them and made them so happy till at last he sickened and died from some strange, fierce fever; how Paolo had sold all but their father's violin (and cloak, which she wore when it was cool, for Paolo was so careful of her) to pay the debts; and how they were making their way to Milan, where the dear brother hoped to earn money that she, Nina, might study and become a great singer.

"But now that your father is dead," said Mr. Holbrook to Paolo, "why do

you not seek your relatives? They can have no cause of anger against you, surely."

Paolo shook his head sadly, saying: "It is the old story of the Vendetta; and my father made me swear that I would not let them know of my existence even, lest I might fall a victim to their vengeance, and little Nina be left alone in the world. You know the feud is from father to son for generations."

"Paolo says we shall find friends somewhere," said Nina, with a little sigh; but it is weary seeking, and the road is so long."

"Dear Nina," said Mabel, impulsively, her heart won by the girl's simple story, "the friends are here and the weary road is passed. We will keep you, will we not, papa?" and she turned to her father, who stood by with smiling face, pleased at her interest and animation.

"Oh, sweet lady!" cried Nina, in an ecstasy of delight, "do you mean it, truly? Shall Paolo no more have to play in the streets? And shall I be taught to sing, so that I may earn money with my voice, and make a home for him?"

"Yes, yes!" nodded Mabel, in answer to the eager questioning. "Truly I mean all that, and more."

"Dear Paolo," cried Nina, "do you hear?"

But Paolo was silent, for pride was struggling mightily within him. He was no child, like Nina, to accept every proffered gift, but a man, though scarce twenty years had passed over his head; and it galled him to receive favors where he could give nothing in return.

But for Nina's sake—he had promised father to do everything for Nina—he would not refuse what these strangers might offer. So, when Mr. Holbrook, in all seriousness, offered to place Nina in the Conservatory at Milan, and to assume the expense of her musical education, Paolo accepted gratefully; though for himself he proudly refused all aid, nor could any entreaties alter his decision. But at last Mr. Holbrook obtained for him a position with an old violin-maker, whose home was the resort of all musicians of note, and where, if Paolo had musical genius, a way would be opened for its development.

"Your proteges are growing famous," said Mr. Holbrook to Mabel, one day, at breakfast, in their hotel at Milan, where they still lingered. "Nina's voice is wonderful, her *maestro* says: She is to sing for the Duchess of Parma at her children's carnival next week. A rare honor for a child."

"And Paolo?" asked Mabel, with a blush, for which she hated herself. "And Paolo?" echoed her father. "Why, Paolo is already a finished violinist. It seems that his father was something wonderful in that way, and devoted his life to training his son, bequeathing him as a legacy his violin, a real *Stradivarius*. Paolo, modest fellow, said nothing of this, but went at once to Bartolini, the greatest violinist in Milan, told his story, and after playing a bit, was joyfully accepted as a pupil. Since then he has been studying night and day, and to-morrow he is to play at the grand concert instead of Bartolina, who is suddenly ill. But, all unheralded as Paolo is, those who know say he will take the audience by storm. I only found this out by chance. I suppose he was too shy to tell of it himself."

"He might at least have told me," thought Mabel. For Paolo and she met almost daily, and had grown to be friends—dear friends. But—was it friendship only, Mabel wondered that made her heart beat so fiercely when he came into her presence? That made her long for his coming, and grief when he went? Surely it could not be love, for love was dead; killed by one man's base act. Could love live again? And was it only friendship that burned in Paolo's eyes? Those haunting eyes, whose glance she sometimes dared not meet? His lips had spoken no word of love; did his eyes tell the secret he dared not speak? Well, she would be cool and distant when he came that day; she would not speak of his playing; would declare, perhaps, that she did not intend to go to the concert. Then, what would he say?

But alas for her plans; the day passed and Paolo came not. Nor did he the next day; and she dressed for the concert in eager, feverish haste, fearful lest she might be late, and so miss one moment of Paolo's presence.

When he appeared, in faultless evening costume, so young, so handsome, so proudly serene, as if sure of success, there was a faint whisper of surprise through the house, which died away as he began playing, with so marvelously sweet and gentle touch that the audience listened in almost breathless silence, lest one note should be lost. When the music ceased for a moment no sound was heard; then a wild, tumultuous burst of applause followed. Paolo had indeed won, not only the hearts of the audience, but—in one giant stride—fame; and fortune was

sure to follow. Again and again he was recalled, and the whole evening was one unbroken success at the young violinist. "Almost faint with excitement when at last the concert was over, Mabel begged her father to hasten home, yet scarcely had she reached her parlor when Paolo sought admittance.

"I saw your face only!" he exclaimed, in impassioned tones. "It was my inspiration! You smiled and I was glad, and my heart spoke to you in the music. Did you not understand, beloved?"

Mabel raised her eyes to his face with one sweet, tremulous glance, then the snowy lids fell. But her secret only then revealed fully to her own heart, had in that brief moment escaped her keeping.

When a little later they met together to tell Mr. Holbrook and ask his blessing, he was astonished. But a glance at Mabel's happy face checked the words that rose to his lips. He desired nothing so much as his child's happiness; and he loved Paolo as a son. So by and by there will be a quiet wedding at Milan; for Nina cannot be left there alone, and they could not be married without her. And though Mr. Holbrook would like his daughter to be married from her own stately London house, Mabel is the best pleased that it cannot be.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Rows of braid trim traveling dresses.

Wide moire antique sashes are stylish.

A bow with many ends is called a "flat."

The new style of scrap-bag is pyramid shape.

New note paper has a flower in place of the monogram.

Wristlets of black velvet studded with jet are fashionable.

Buff or white chambray gauntlets are worn at riding parties.

Wide Cluny collars and cuffs are pretty on sailing suits.

Bosom bouquets are pinned low on the right side of the corsage.

A pretty conceit for a fan is Cupid twining roses round a maiden.

Muslin dresses, to be handsome and stylish, must have the least starch in them to make them drape gracefully.

A Grand Wedding.

The recent wedding of Mr. William Mackie and Miss Isabella Mitchell, in Milwaukee, was a grand affair. There were present 1,500 guests, and fully 20,000 people thronged the neighboring streets to witness the out-door display. A correspondent says: "From every point about the great mansion, from ever tree and branch, from flower beds, from fountains, pavilions and marquees, ten thousand lights of different hues lit up the resplendent scene from the grass beneath one's feet to the tip of the great dome overshadowing the house. The promenades of the guests led them among artificial lakes, fountains and statuary. One of the most imposing spectacles of the evening was a huge, many-jetted fountain, which burst into a grand display at the roar of artillery. From among jets a number of miniature dark lanterns flashed through the water with peculiar brilliancy and effect. The bridal parlor was constructed in Moorish style. The furniture and decorations formed a reproduction of the marvels of the Alhambra. The embroidery was arranged at Cairo, Egypt, from special designs. The porcelain and pottery ornaments were Bellanger's latest designs from Paris. The dados on the walls were manufactured expressly for the occasion at Lyons, France. The presents, which were not on exhibition, were said to amount in all to a value of upward of \$100,000. It required the assistance of one-hundred men to arrange the grounds."

A Clever California Girl.

A young man in the neighborhood had taken up 160 acres of land, built a house upon it, a barn, bored wells, dug ditches, sown it in wheat, and in all spent hundreds of dollars upon it. It happened to be a dry season and the crop failed. He became discouraged, and offered his claim and improvements at a sacrifice. The young lady gave him \$100 for his right, title and interest in the land and everything on it. She let it lie. She need do nothing more. She sold the insufficient crop for hog feed. The hogs roared and scattered it. The winter rains came, and with them came the volunteer crop, which matured and has just been cut, yielding twelve bushels per acre on 120 acres. She will clear at least \$1,500, besides having the land and the improvements.

Dr. Robert Moffat, the venerable African missionary, has no confidence in the professions of the Boers that they do not hold slaves, and says that no reliance can be placed on their most solemn declarations.

The Red River Country.

The Red River of the North rises near the head-waters of the Mississippi, but flowing in the opposite direction to the larger river, forms the boundary between Minnesota and Dakota, and entering the Canadian province of Manitoba, finally discharges itself into Lake Winnipeg. The prairie drained by this river and its tributaries contains, roughly, 40,000,000 acres, and speaking from our standpoint, is the beginning of the vast section of fertile land which, stretching in a widening belt to the Rocky Mountains, is drained by the Saskatchewan rivers, and further north by the Athabasca and the Peace. This Canadian division contains certainly 150,000,000 acres of land, and may probably be found to include 250,000,000 acres, when a thorough survey shall have been made by the Dominion government.

The southern limit of this section of fertile land has a latitude as high as that of Montreal, and what may be called its northern limit lies distant one thousand miles. The climate, however, differs essentially from that found in Eastern British America, at a corresponding distance from the equator. The isothermal lines, as they approach Hudson Bay from the Pacific Ocean, bend decidedly to the south. The mean temperature of the Peace River Valley varies but little from the mean temperature of the valley of the Red River. Throughout the country wheat may be planted in April, or fully as early as spring wheat is sown in the United States. But as the summer is not warm enough to ripen Indian corn, and the winter, while it lasts, permits no thaw to take place, the climate is a cold one, compared with that over the grain states of the Mississippi Valley; and to this fact, doubtless, the superior quality of the cereals raised here is due. In 1872 railway construction had extended far enough in the Northwest to afford an entrance to this new territory. But the disasters which speedily overtook the two pioneer lines stopped at once all immigration. Three years ago it was resumed. Since that time, it may be safely asserted, in no other part of the United States has it gone forward with so much vigor and been attended with so much prosperity as in the Red River Valley. The towns of Fargo and Grand Forks, in Dakota, and Winnipeg, across the border—the country around them presenting no resources except a prolific soil—exhibit a growth as rapid, and commercial transactions as heavy, as cities which have sprung up in the richest mining districts of the Rocky Mountains. Intense as the character of the immigration has been, it has not yet exercised any disturbing influence on the grain market. The part of the land reclaimed is comparatively trifling. At various points in the valley farms have been laid out, and fields of wheat, some of which are thousands of acres in extent, have been cultivated, but the greater part of the land is still an unbroken prairie, without a trace of settlement. The immigration into the valley of the Red river, and the small immigration into the valleys of the Saskatchewan, have been of most importance in proving that this country produces the cereals in a state of perfection which has not manifested itself farther south—a result possibly to have been anticipated from its latitude and soil. In a climate warmer than is needed to bring it to maturity, wheat shows an imperfect development of grain, with a deficiency in weight. It is always more subject to drought, the hot sun acting more to evaporate moisture from the ground and to burn the plant afterward. The same facts are observable in the growth of other cereals. Even grass shows a marked change in value made by latitude. Many of our stock raisers in the Southwest do not sell their cattle in Texas or New Mexico, but drive them from the coarse and poor vegetation there to feed on the sweeter and more nutritious grasses of Montana, the increased prices which the cattle bring in their improved condition paying for a drive of fifteen hundred miles.—*Harper's Monthly*

It does not take long for a man to display his amount of knowledge when he sets about it in the right way, as for instance Yeast talking to his wife, says: "It don't take brains to edit a newspaper; pshaw, I believe I could run one myself!" Mrs. Y. smiles, and quietly responds: "If you tell the truth, I don't see why you couldn't."—*Statesman*.

When a woman has discovered that the paint on the front door-steps doesn't match the door-knob of the left-hand closet of the upstairs parlor bedroom, you may talk new bonnet to her by the hour and her heart strings won't tighten.

Greenfield, the New York murderer, who had six trials and was then hung, said he was glad to have it decided one way or the other.

Cherries were first planted in Britain 100 years B. C.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The number of professional burglars in America is estimated at 3,000.

First cotton mills in the United States were at Beverly, Mass., in 1778.

The annual raisin production of California amounts to about 62,000 boxes.

Since 1866, 9,000 divorces have been granted in Italy, Milan being set down for no less than 3,000.

The United States pays out for the making of postage stamps a little over nine cents per thousand.

A Swiss canton (Schaffhausen) has prohibited all boys under fifteen smoking in the streets or at home.

In 1852 the United States produced only 2,000,000 tons of coal, while last year about 70,000,000 tons were produced.

No man can enlist in the regular army of China until he has shown his courage by having a tooth pulled. If he yells he is a goner.

Dogs in a state of nature never bark, they whine or growl. The explosive sound is only found among those which have been domesticated.

Each watering place has its own peculiar fashion. At Cape May young ladies make their arms more attractive by wearing bracelets while bathing.

Herr Krupp, the great German gun-maker, is so much pressed with orders that he has engaged 8,000 more workmen, making the total force of workmen 13,000.

Morgan Lane of Pittsburg, Penn., was knocked senseless by lightning, and a perfect representation of the tree under which he was standing at the time was burned into his shoulder.

The ambulance is comparatively a modern invention, due mainly to the French. We find no trace of regularly organized military hospitals until the time of Henry IV.

A Terrible Affair.

The London Times has the following: Some days ago Russian letters reported that 117 persons had been burnt in a barn. Naturally the story was received with incredulity, but the St. Petersburg *Golos* declares that it is only too true. According to this journal, 119 women and girls employed in a large turnip farm in the district of Putaiol, in the government of Koursk (Southern Russia), were much dissatisfied with the bread supplied by the farm steward, alleging that it was unfit for food, and threatening to leave off work. After their dinner they all withdrew to a barn to rest during the hottest period of the afternoon. The steward locked them in and went away; soon after four farm laborers came and set fire to the barn. The fire spread rapidly through the building, which was like tinder, and soon the whole barn was in flames. The shrieks of the unfortunate prisoner brought some people to the spot. They could not help them because the doors opened inwards, and already the mass of frantic women so jammed the doors from within as to make an effort to open them fruitless. Five women were taken out alive, but so fearfully burnt that they died almost immediately. All the remaining 114 perished on the spot. One of the incendiaries went off and drowned himself straight away; the other three are in prison. The object of the laborers who set fire to the barn was to free the prisoners; but, as in the case of incendiary attempts in jails, those who were intended to be saved were the first to suffer.

A Bachelor's Defense.

Bachelors are styled men who have put their foot into it as only half-perfected beings, cheerless vagabonds, but half a pair of scissors, and many other like things; while, on the other hand, the bachelors extol their state as one of perfect bliss. Most men get married in order to have some one to darn their stockings, sew buttons on their shirts and trot their babies—that they may have somebody, as a married man once said, "to pull off their boots when they come home a little balmy." These fellows are always talking of the loneliness of bachelors. Loneliness indeed! Who is petted to death by ladies who have daughters, invited to tea and evening parties and told to drop in when it is convenient? The bachelor! Who strews flowers on the married man's grave? His widow? Not a bit of it! She pulls down the tombstone that a six weeks' grief has set up in her heart, and goes and gets married again—she does! Who has woad to split, house-hunting and marketing to do, the young ones to wash, and the servants to look after? The married man! Who is taken up for whipping his wife? The married man! Finally, who has got the Scripture on his side? The bachelor! St. Paul knew what he was talking about—"He that marries does well; but he that marries not does better."