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Handwritten signature: G. W. Johnson

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Punch and Judy.

The life of man to represent, And turn it all to ridicule; Wit did a puppet show invent, Where the chief actor is a fool.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

It had rained all day a dull, depressing down-pour; but now, just as the day was ending, the sun saw fit to burst out from behind a pile of jagged black clouds, and flood the little planet below with crimson glory.

Janet Stuart stood looking out at the radiant western sky, her heart in her eyes. The red light went shifting in fiery lanes through the thick masses of her blue-black hair, and flashed back from her deep, strong eyes.

One of these was Miss Ingestre, their New York guest—a delicate, fairy figure, not at all like Janet's; a delicate rose bloom face looking out at you through a halo of pure gold hair; the other, Mr. Etheridge.

Now the pair struck out into a duet. Softly and sweetly came across the room the delicious Italian song, a song full of passionate pain. Out of the western sky slowly faded the crimson sunburst, grayly crept up the twilight, palely gemmed with stars.

"Darkening!" Janet Stuart thought, with weary eyes, that never left the steel-blue sky. "Darkening—like my life!"

It faded entirely out, the last flush of the dying day. The stars swung in the blue-black concave; and a pale, young crescent moon sailed serene up to the zenith. And still, while the day faded and the night came, the twain at the piano never stirred. Their low laughter, their half-whispered words, their soft singing came to the listener's ear; but she never looked at them. She sat colder and whiter than snow, her still hands folded.

"He promised to love me, and be true to me always," her heart kept crying; "and see how he keeps his word!"

"In the dark?" called a cheery voice, and old Mr. Etheridge came in. He was the owner of all the broad acres that spread right and left; and his nephew, Ernest, was his sole heir; for his wife had died nine months before, and there were no children. Janet Stuart was his adopted daughter, of course; but she was to marry handsome Ernest, and reign in the fine old homestead, where all her happy girlhood had been spent.

"In the dark, you three young owls!" called Mr. Etheridge. "Jennie, lass, where are you? Leave off billing and cooing, and ring for the lamp."

He looked over at the piano, and the two heads so close together there separated suddenly. A tall, dark figure rose from the window.

"I'm not billing and cooing, uncle." Janet rang for the lamp as she spoke this; and Miss Ingestre fluttered off the piano-stool.

"Oh! so it was you, little Eva, and not Janet. I won't have it. I want a wedding in two months; and you mustn't cut Jennie out."

The red blood mounted guiltily to Ernest Etheridge's face, but Miss Ingestre's musical laugh chimed softly through the room. Janet sat by the table, fixedly pale, her eyes bent on a book; but the printed page danced before those eyes; and Miss Ingestre's faint, sweet voice, chattering pretty nonsense, with her blue eyes fixed on the old man's face sounded in her ears like the rushing roar of a waterfall. By-and-by some neighbors dropped in, and there was more singing, and some dancing; and Janet played waltzes, redows, and quadrilles, until the midnight hour struck; and she toiled up to her room, too fagged in body and mind even to think.

But she was up early for all that—up with the April birds' singing in the scented trees outside, and down on the seashore, staring with dreamy eyes over

the dancing sea. How bright it was, all sparkling in the bright sunlight, with the saline wind strong and sweet, and the fishermen singing as they cast their nets, and the noisy children, rolling in the warm sands, filling the air with their glad shouts.

"Oh!" she thought, "what happy creatures there are in the world! Men who love, and are never false; women who trust and are never betrayed. And I—to think I should have staked on one throw—and lost!"

A man's step came crunching over the sand—A man's clear voice singing, "O'er the muir among the heather," on the shrill wind. She knew both step and voice, but she never turned.

"Janet," cried Ernest, "I thought I should find you here! I know what heathenish hours you keep, and what heathenish places you frequent."

She never answered; her eyes were fixed on the far sea-line, her lips closed in nameless pain. He threw himself on the sands at her feet, and looked up with laughing blue eyes in her changeless face.

"My solemn Janet! What has come over you of late? Where has your sunshine, your sparkle, your youth, your smiles, your color gone? Tell me what it is, Janet?"

"Nothing you would care to know." He shifted uneasily; his eyes left her pale, still face, and wandered seaward. "You know I am going to-morrow, Jennie?"

"Yes, I know." "I wanted to speak to you before I went, Janet; that is why I got up at this unchristian hour, and looked for you here. I don't see the necessity of hurrying our marriage as Uncle Etheridge wishes to hurry it—we are both young enough to wait. I should like to spend this summer in Switzerland and Italy, if you have no objection."

"I have none." "And when I come back in the autumn, Janet, you will be my little wife?"

She rose up straight, and looked in his smiling, handsome face for the first time.

"No," she said, steadily, "I will never be that. Here is your ring, Mr. Etheridge, and here we part."

"Janet!" He sprang to his feet, and stood looking at her in surprise, in a sort of terror—in nothing else.

"Here is your ring—take it. You will not? Then let the waters take it, less faithless than you!"

She drew the band of gold, studded with brilliants, from her finger, and flung it far into the sea.

"Janet, listen to me, Janet—good heaven!—are you mad?" "I would be if I listened to you. Go marry Eva Ingestre to-morrow, if you like! What is it to me?"

She turned and walked steadfastly away, leaving him there a petrified gazer. Straight up to her own room, there to sink down by the window, her arms dropping on the table, her face lying on them. Not in tears—not in womanly sobs; only in mute, deadly pain, weary of life, of herself, of the sunshine, of all the world.

"False!" her tortured heart kept crying—"false! And I loved him so dearly—so dearly." The breakfast-bell rang. She rose up and went down, a little paler, a little stiffer than her wont—nothing more.

Old Mr. Etheridge was there, bright and lively, Miss Ingestre was there, chattering like a magpie, her pretty ringlets freshly perfumed and curled, her roses at their brightest. Ernest was there, silent and sulky, but glad, if the truth must be known, that he was so well out of the scrape.

"She gives me up of her own accord," he thought, with a sense of injury; "nobody can blame me. I'll speak to Eva after breakfast."

But he was forestalled. After breakfast, his uncle carried Eva off, to get her opinion about some ornamental gardening to be done, and his tender declaration had to wait. Janet attended to her household duties, and then, with her work-basket, went and sat down by the open window; presently the aching eyes closed in dull, dreamless sleep.

With voices in her ears, she awoke—voices that blended with her sleep, and that confused her. They came from the garden—the voice of Ernest, tender, pleading; the voice of Eva, sweet and clear:

"Marry you, Ernest! Good gracious me! what an idea! And you engaged to that solemn Janet?"

"She is engaged to me no longer; she has broken off of her own free will—jealous of you."

"And you want me to take what another lady rejects? Flattering, really! A thousand thanks, Mr. Ernest Etheridge; at the same time—no!"

"Eva! Eva! for heaven's sake, listen to me! I love you with my whole—"

you will break it because I refuse? I shall be shocked and disappointed if you do not. The! don't coax. I can't marry you because I'm going to marry your uncle! Now, the truth's out!"

Janet rose abruptly and left the window, fully awake at last. "I never thought of that," she said, in her way to her own room. "I might have seen; but I never thought of that." She kept her chamber until dinner-time, and then went down to preside at table with that fixed and stone-like face. Only her uncle and Eva were there.

"To think the boy should go off five hours earlier than he need." Uncle Etheridge grumbled. "Janet, how can you allow such capers?"

Miss Ingestre looked at her, a malicious smile on her rosy lips. Miss Stuart met the look steadfastly.

"Mr. Ernest Etheridge's comings and goings are nothing to me; he is free as the wind that blows. But when am I to congratulate you, my good uncle?" Mr. Etheridge stared—laughed—looked at Eva.

"So you have told her, Pussy?" "I protest I have done nothing of the sort," cried the amazed Miss Ingestre; "but then she is a witch, and knows everything."

"Precisely. And when is it to be?" "Well since you have divined it, in three weeks; and you must be first bridesmaid, Jennie."

"With pleasure, Miss Ingestre." "I'm afraid you'll find it rather dull during our absence, Janet," her uncle said. "We're going on a three months' bridal tour, and—"

"And I am going to New York. My dear uncle, don't say a word. I have set my heart on it. My old nurse lives there. I will lodge with her; and really, life in this stagnant village is growing insupportable."

So it was settled and duly the wedding came off. Eva, the loveliest of brides, Mr. Etheridge the most ecstatic of old saddle-headed bridegrooms, Janet Stuart the saddest and calmest of bridesmaids. Then they were gone—off to Paris to begin with; and Janet said good-by to the old homestead, and was whirled away to the metropolis, where she was soon busy in the precarious venture of writing a book.

Another summer, and it came out, and was a brilliant success. Another, and a second followed; and Jennie Stuart woke up one morning and found herself famous. Rich, too, or comparatively so; and able to gratify the desire of her heart, and go abroad to fair foreign lands, with an admiring party of literary friends. Once—ah! how long ago it seemed now—she had thought to wonder through these storied notions as Ernest's happy wife.

So the world went round, and the years passed, and ten of those years had gone by, when Janet Stuart came back to her native land. Wealth and fame had crowned her; but she came back Janet Stuart still, true to that old dream, a saddened and lonely woman.

There were changes before her. Her uncle was dead; his young wife inherited all his vast wealth; the fine old homestead was for sale, and Ernest was—where? No one knew; he had gone out to Australia, having quarreled with his new aunt, and consequently with his old uncle; that was all Janet could learn.

Janet Stuart went back to the village of her girlhood, purchaser of the fine old homestead where her happiest years had been spent, and settled down among the familiar sights and sounds to contented old maidenhood. There were friends there still glad and proud to welcome her—and she could do no good; and with her "gray goose-quill," and her piano, and her pets she was happy.

She stood in the May twilight under the sycamore by the gate, one radiant evening, six months after her coming, trying up early roses, and singing softly, when a man came slowly up the dusty road, and looked at the pretty picture. A man who was bronzed, and haggard, and weather-beaten, and poorly clad—with his cap pulled over his eyes—handsome blue eyes still. He paused at the gate, weary and pale.

"Janet!" She turned around with a low, shrill cry, dropped the rose-vine, and caught both his hands, her face more radiant than the sunset sky.

"Ernest! Oh, Ernest! Ernest!" "And you are really glad to see me, Janet?"

She opened the gate, her happy eyes shining luminous, and drew him in.

"Did you know I was here?" she asked.

"Yes—why else should I have come? But I did not mean to intrude. I only wanted to look upon your face once more before I went away again!"

"Went away? Where?" "Back to Australia. I am poor, and can do nothing here; there is still an opening there. And before I go, dearest,

bravest Janet, tell me you forgive me for the past."

His voice broke down; the old love, stronger than ever, looked at her imploringly, hopelessly out of his eyes. She stood before him, her hands lightly on his shoulders, her dear face smiling up at him so tender, so true.

"You must not go; you must not leave me! Dear Ernest, I don't forgive—I only love you!"

Later, when the crystal was at its highest, and the last lights were dying out of the homestead windows, Ernest Etheridge walked up the peaceful moonlit road to his hotel. But with, oh! such an infinitely happy face, and singing as he went along:

"Say I am old, and gray and sad; Say that health and strength have missed me; Say I am poor, but also add— Jennie kissed me!"

Fashion Notes.

Honors are divided between stripes and figures.

Byron shaped collars of moire and velvet are pretty.

Shirring is the leading feature in the making of dresses.

Mixed green and gold are hues that blend admirably, giving a tender beauty that is very fascinating by gaslight.

Wide-faced ladies make a mistake in wearing close-brimmed bonnet with broad, flaring strings tied under the chin.

Basques and cuffs will be fastened and draperies looped with flat nails or spikes, having large heads of gilt, silver, or jet.

No boudoir or parlor is now considered furnished unless a pretty Japanese lantern or two or more hang in its nooks and corners.

The English shoe, with low heels and half high, and large metal or paste buckles on the instep, is the favorite house and garden shoe.

The hip draperies of fall dresses are looped high, and seem to form decided paniers, while the back breadths fall in valuminous pleats, suggestive of a cock's tail.

White stockings are totally out of fashion, and ladies who dislike high colored or bright striped hose wear those of pale silver gray, mastic, pale lilac or black.

Mantles for the fall are elaborately trimmed with rows of black lace, black satin, bows of ribbon, elegant beaded applique bands and jetted cords, and are brightened by gay colored linings of Surah. Costly and ample "dowager" wraps are made of heavy brocatelles—some of the novel designs showing odd Egyptian heads, or quaint Persian figures. Others are made of brocaded satin, closely shirred about the shoulders and wrists, many of the sleeves being cut in the old leg-o'-mutton style.

Discovery of Egyptian Mummies.

The finding at Thebes of thirty-nine mummies of Egyptian royal and priestly personages, which has been hailed in Europe as the greatest archaeological discovery since Sir Henry Layard's researches at Nineveh, grows in importance. Two-thirds of the mummies are now identified by means of the inscriptions upon their cases and the manuscripts found. They are, for the most part, kings and queens, with their children, ranging through four dynasties, beginning with the seventeenth and ending with the twenty-first; or, stating it roughly, from 2,000 to 1,700 B.C. The mummy of the Pharaoh of Israel is among these, in a perfect state of preservation, and the mummy of Thotmes III, in whose reign the obelisk that stands in Central Park was first erected. The imagination falters in the attempt to realize that these figures have been brought back from the vast and shoreless sea of Egyptian antiquity to our own day, and our very doors. Lotus flowers that look as if they "had been plucked a few months ago," are found lying in the wrappings of kings who were dead centuries before the Pharaoh of Israel was born, and the passage of nearly 4,000 years has not dimmed the beauty of the colors of the inscriptions and pencillings, "which are as bright and fresh as if the artist had touched them but yesterday." This is a wonderful prize for archaeological science, the full meaning of which scholars probably are just beginning to appreciate.

The Louisiana land redemption company has drained 13,000 of its 200,000 acres, and will plant them with rice this year. The company makes the rosy estimate that it will have an income of \$30,000,000 when it gets its whole tract reclaimed. The land is a black loam, from two to six feet deep, and it is estimated that it will yield four hogheads of sugar or forty barrels of rice to the acre.

There are five cities in the world having each a population of over 1,000,000 inhabitants—one each in Britain, United States, Germany, France and Austria. Then there are nine having more than 500,000 inhabitants—three in Great Britain, three in the United States, two in Russia and one in Turkey.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Sitting Bull is horribly ugly. An officer showed him a looking-glass the other day which frightened the old man so that he rushed up to headquarters and surrendered six times in ten minutes.

It is said that broom corn was introduced to this country by Dr. Franklin. He saw a seed on a broom, planted it, and the seeds from this single plant were the beginning of broom corn as an American agricultural product.

A French Company, with a capital of forty million francs, is about to commence operations in Canada. The company proposes to loan money at remunerative rates on moveables, machinery and furniture of all kinds.

A Philadelphia man varnished fifty big watermelons to see how long they would keep. They kept until the workmen in a carriage shop next door discovered them.

Jumping over a fence in the middle of the night and meeting a bull dog that is a total stranger to you, is one of those exciting little incidents of life which go far to break the monotony and robs existence of a tiresome sameness.

There is a young lady in Keokuk, Iowa, who is six feet, four inches tall, and she is engaged to be married. The man who won her did it in these words: "Thy beauty sets my soul aglow—I'd wed thee right or wrong; man wants but little here below, but wants that little—long."

To give an idea of the immensity of the spirit trade in the country it may be stated that the amount appropriated by government for the maintaining of storekeepers and gaugers alone is above \$1,500,000, and the number of distilleries registered and operated above 3,000.

Took Three Throws.

There is always a crowd around the place on Griswold street where you can throw three balls at the doll-babies on a wooden rack and earn a cigar made of cabbage-leaves and old fly-paper for everyone you hit. An excursionist was plinking down his nickles there yesterday and tearing his coat up the back in a vain attempt to win a cigar, when along came a little old man with a pipe-stem voice and a plug hat which must have been at least twenty years old when the war closed. In addition to carrying a face as wrinkled as a spring bed, he was cross-eyed and inquisitive.

"What on earth is going on here?" he squeakily inquired as he pushed into the crowd. The game was explained to him, and he continued:

"Say, git about a million of them cigars out here, for I'm the boss thrower of this state! I've been huntin' this town all over for sunthin' to catch on to, and here she is. Boys, give me room to spread out!"

He removed his coat, put down his hat, spit on his hands, and away she went. A man standing over by the postoffice felt something strike his hat and hit the wall behind him, and his confusion raised a cheer.

"How many of them babies did I crush?" inquired the old man as he reached for the second ball.

"You must throw straight ahead, not off sideways," explained the man in charge.

"Straight as a bee-line, and best gets to knock down a full thousand!"

This time a man to the left with a cannon ball hit him in the stomach, and he sunk down and let the crowd bang out water, brandy, lemonade and a chunk of ice before he would recover.

"How many cigars that time?" asked the old man, as he spit on his hands for a fresh ball.

"Say, can't you see the babies?" demanded the owner.

"See 'em? You bet I can, and this time I'm going to clean out the pasture or bust."

"Why don't you throw straight ahead?"

"I do."

"Well, you look out. Here, move over to the right. There you are."

"You bet I are! Now, then—!" He hit the brick wall to the left, and the ball came back and bit him in the head with a "chug" which could be heard 200 feet.

"Who did that?" he yelled, as he hopped around and sated the air.

"You did! Say, you can't throw any more."

"Why not?"

"You can't see straight."

"That's another! I want them seven-teen cigars I won."

It was not until the crowd aided against him that he would give in, and he then went off with his coat on his arm, muttering:

"See straight! Why, them 'ere three throws knocked down more'n 400 babies and I know it, but they clawed off to save the cigars. It's a good thing for that crowd that I ain't got my old clothes on to-day!"—Detroit Free Press.