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W. C. ERVIN, EDITOR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1883.

"COUSIN FRANK."

BY MRS. E. H. HOUGH.

"I must now bid you good-morning, Miss Ogden; my train is about starting. I am sorry you are obliged to remain here until to-morrow, in consequence of the break in the road; but you will find everything pleasant at the Sherman House. I have entered your name on the books, and have also given the name and address of your father, which will be all the guarantee you will require for the best treatment they can give you."

"That is alright, Mr. Werden, and I am greatly obliged for your kindness," was the pleasant response. The lady whose attendant had thus bowed himself out and away was a happy young girl of eighteen, who had been spending the holidays with some relations in St. Louis, and was now on her way to her home in Rochester. She had been accustomed to travel, both in company and alone, and did not regard it as a very serious calamity when she learned from the gentleman in whose charge she had been placed, and who had accompanied her as far as Chicago, that she would be obliged to remain there a day or two.

It was now eight o'clock in the morning, and having breakfasted in her room, and while thinking how pleasant it would be to find some one in that great city whom she knew, she chanced to remember having heard her father say that he had a nephew residing there by the name of Charles Brown, a dealer in hardware.

The city directory having been sent for, gave her the address of "Charles Brown, Hardware," and within the next twenty minutes a cab placed the young lady, with her satchel in her hand, at the door of his residence.

The bell had been rung, and steps were approaching the door, when our heroine began for the first time to query herself as to whether she had gone into the cousining business in the most prudent way. Would it not have been much better to have sent her card and informed those cousins that she was at the hotel, and would be glad to see them? She must now go in and say to the lady:

"I am a cousin of your husband. My name is Agatha Ogden, and I am a daughter of Ralph Ogden, of Rochester, New York."

How different an awkward transaction looks, when we get fairly into it, from what it does when thought of or seen at a distance!

"I am much pleased to see you, Miss Ogden!" was the form in which the young lady was received by Mrs. Brown. "Please let me take your hat and wraps. My sister, Miss Williams," she added, as the lady thus introduced entered the room. My husband is out of the city, but will return to-morrow. His brother, Frank is at the store, and will be home to lunch. I know very little in regard to my husband's relatives, and do not believe Frank knows much about them, he having left home when not more than ten years old."

"I do wish I was back at the Sherman House!" Agatha said to herself, the first moment she was alone. "These ladies seem very kind; but how extremely awkward I shall feel if the gentleman should not be a relative of mine, after all! They will think, and so shall I, that I have made a very great fool of myself. And even if they are my cousins, they will no doubt suppose that I came here to save my hotel bill. But I am here now, and they are making me welcome; of course, I cannot do otherwise than remain until the elder brother comes home. I do wonder if other people ever act as foolishly as I do sometimes! How father and

mother would scold me!" Frank Brown the cousin who would be home to lunch, was an earnest young fellow, twenty-two years old, overflowing with life, and had seen just enough of the world to make him somewhat bold and self-reliant.

To make sure of Frank's company to lunch, Miss Williams went down to the store soon after the visitor came in, and told him the whole story, ending with:

"She is really a very pretty girl, Frank. We are just delighted with her!"

Frank Brown had never heard of any cousin of that name; but that only made the discovery more interesting.

Having put himself through the hands of his barber and boot-embellisher, and given each part of his wardrobe a few extra touches, he ordered a cab to set him at his door—that unusual precaution having been taken in order to bring himself into the presence of his new cousin in an unsoiled condition. Then, after giving himself a few more touches and scrutinizing glances on entering the hall, the young man marched boldly in, and having been duly announced, said:

"I am delighted to meet you, cousin!"

At the same time—for the whole story may as well be told—he took her fondly by the hand, and placing his left arm gently around her, waited a second or two, until he saw her fair blue eyes looking firmly, and affectionately, and as he thought invitingly right into his own, and then gave her a cousinly kiss, not roughly or hastily, but in a very becoming and orderly way. He said, again:

"I am delighted to meet you, Cousin Agatha!"

To which the young lady responded:

"And I am pleased to meet you, Cousin Frank."

The young man remained at home that day an hour longer than usual—in fact, did not return to the store until one of the clerks came for him, and then remained only long enough to answer a question or two. A little business at the Sherman House required his attention. Cousin Agatha's trunk, the check for which he had received from her, must be sent over to their house, and her name withdrawn from the books. Miss Ogden would be their guest while she remained in the city, and she had already very kindly promised to prolong her visit some two or three days.

"Well, my dear," said the elder Mr. Brown, on hearing the whole story from his wife, immediately after he came home, "this is a comical adventure—one however, that does not seem likely to damage any of us. The young lady certainly is not my cousin, nor in any manner related to me. I understand, however, exactly how the mistake has occurred. There was another Charles Brown, who left here a year ago, whom I knew very well, for he was also in the hardware business, and he had, as he told me, an uncle by the name of Ralph Ogden in Rochester. We were talking one day in regard to our respective families, when he incidentally mentioned that fact, and spoke, as I remember, in very high terms of that uncle. The young lady is, of course, the daughter of that gentleman. She is now, as you say, down in the city with your sister?"

"Yes; they went out together an hour ago, to do a little shopping, and will soon return."

"Well, we must correct the mistake as gently as possible, and make the young lady's visit none the less pleasant to her. I will go to the store now, and return within an hour, and while I am gone you will, of course, explain the mistake to the visitor. Meantime I will set Frank all right in regard to the matter, and prepare him to be a little less demonstrative."

The mistake was first explained to

Miss Williams by her sister, and then both ladies united in making the revelation to their guest, and all were soon laughing heartily at what seemed to them a very enjoyable joke.

As for Frank, his feelings were mixed and peculiar; and our heroine also experienced a sensation that seemed like a gentle confusion, when she thought of the earnest and affectionate kiss she had already received from the young gentleman, whom she had never met before, and to whom she was in no way related.

A slightly awkward and embarrassing situation, and to get back to the formal and dignified propriety which should be observed between strangers, and do so in just the right way, might possibly require more skill and tact than a girl of eighteen would be expected to possess.

"Well, Cousin Agatha, how have you enjoyed yourself since I saw you last?" was the greeting Frank gave their guest, the first time they met after the mistake was discovered.

Agatha flushed a little, but not very crimson, and managed to go through her part of the programme in a way that made all parties feel as if they had found a happy and congenial friend, worth knowing and loving, even though she was not their cousin.

Mr. Charles Brown mentioned to his family, in the course of the evening, that he had learned from reliable parties that the young lady, as he had conjectured, belonged to one of the most respectable families in Rochester.

"A good and worthy girl," he added; "whose visit we must make as pleasant as possible."

And to the carrying out of that programme, the whole family addressed themselves—especially Frank.

Of the mistake that brought the young lady to their house, nothing was said to friends who come in. Miss Ogden was simply introduced as a young friend from Rochester, who was paying them a visit; and all joined with them in saying how very sorry they were that her visit would terminate so soon.

Whether the cousinly kiss with which Frank Brown and Agatha Ogden greeted each other, when first meeting, was repeated at parting, has never been known—unless to the young people themselves. But for some reason the acquaintance begun in that random way did not end with that visit.

On thinking over the whole matter, on her way home, Agatha came to the conclusion that it would not be best to tell any one, except her father and mother, the story of her cousinly adventure; nor did she tell quite the whole story, even to them.

"A letter for you, Agatha, and from Chicago," was Mr. Ogden's remark, while distributing the mail-matter the postman had brought in, one morning, a few days after his daughter had returned. "From your cousins, perhaps."

"Have we any cousins in Chicago?" asked an older sister.

We had, some time ago," was the evasive answer which Agatha, with a sly but imploring look, prompted her father to give.

"Who is your letter from, Ag?" asked her sister. "I saw the address—a gentleman's writing."

"Please don't bother me now," said Agatha, placing the letter in her pocket without reading.

"Just the way," said the sister, "that young ladies treat the first letter they receive from their beaux."

"After they have received as many as you have," retorted Agatha, with just a very little spite in her tone; "I suppose they give the first reading to any one who is willing to perform a service of that sort!"

"A love letter, as sure as I live!" exclaimed the sister.

It is scarce necessary to say that the letter was from Frank Brown, who managed the correspondence so cleverly that at the end of two months,

he was a welcome guest at the residence of Mr. Ralph Ogden, and the accepted lover of his daughter Agatha.

A few young friends, that sister among them, were mischievous enough to say, on the day of the wedding, that Agatha—"Ag," as they persisted in calling her most of the time—knew very well, when she called on Mr. Brown, that those people were in no way related to her, but just went on a love-making adventure.

A slander, of course, and they knew it. No young lady ever made a more honest blunder, or a more lucky one; for the young man, whose first introduction was that earnest and affectionate kiss, proved to be a worthy and faithful husband. Agatha could not have found one who would have suited her better if she had looked the whole continent over.

HOW TO MAKE THE GARDEN PAY.—

The garden pays well, even with hand labor. It would pay much better if the man burden of the cultivation were put upon the muscles of the horse. But the saving of cost in cultivation is only a small part of the benefit of the long-row arrangement. It would lead to a much more frequent and thorough cultivation of our garden crops. Most farmers neglect the garden for their field crops. The advantage of a frequent stirring of the surface soil to growing crops is greatly underestimated. It is said that it pays to "hoe cabbage every morning before breakfast during the early part of the season. We can testify to the great advantage of cultivation every week. This frequent breaking of the crust admits of a freer circulation of the air among the roots below, that fall. The manufacture of plant food goes on more rapidly, and to a certain extent, cultivation is a substitute for manure. Another benefit of the long-row system would be the almost certain enlargement of the fruit and vegetable garden, and a better supply of these fruits for the table. This, we believe would have an important sanitary influence in every household.

DEVON COWS FOR BUTTER.—

We have been looking over reports of what Devon cows have just been doing in the butter line among us, and find that nineteen of the cows have been producing from 15 to 20 lbs. 5 oz. each of best quality of butter per week. Considering their medium size and economy of keep, these are great yields, but in years gone by, there are records of still larger yields, nearly equaling those of the most famous Jerseys of the present day. The Devons, however, not only excel in the dairy, but in several other respects. They are very superior as working oxen, have a quicker step and greater endurance than any other breed, and are the most powerful of all for their size. When fattened, they turn out a choice quality of beef. Thus we see that they are a most excellent general purpose breed—good in the dairy, for work, and for the shambles. The only other cattle that can be compared to them in uniting so many superior qualities are the Red Polled Norfolk and Suffolk, which in fact, are hornless Devons.

The Devons have been much neglected by the public for twenty years or so past, both in England and in America; but attention is now awakening to their great merits, and we have no doubt they will soon come into as high favor again as formerly; for, aside from their Polled congeners, no cattle are so profitably bred and raised on light pastures, and billy, rocky districts.

At a public sale of eighty-six lots of Devons the past year in England, they averaged \$180 each. One cow of these sold for \$635, and a bull for \$875, while a calf brought 25 guineas (\$250). These are about 25 per cent. higher prices than the average of any herd of either Guernsey, Jersey, or Ayrshire cattle sold in England in the year 1882. We can learn from this the appreciation of Devons in their own native land.—*American Agriculturist for May.*

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