

CAROLINA MOUNTAINEER.

VOL. VIII.

MORGANTON, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1884.

NO. 52.

At Eventide.
Low burns the sun; soft evening zephyrs
stir
The silent copse; while o'er the yielding
tuft,
Full starred with yellow diadems, and bloom
Of myriad rose-tints, warm, sweet odor
steal.
A wave of peace, deep, indefinable,
O'er spreads the waiting earth; low, mystic
tones,
More palpable to soul than sense, steal
through
The dreamy hush, as when the late's soft
rings
Vibrate to responsive touch, and waken
Tones that linger round its throbbing wire,
And speak to us, when ears list not.
O Death!—Life's truest friend—come hither,
when
I am thin the earth with its sweet parting
kiss;
And in the golden glow, touch lips and
brow,
And mould them into perfect grace: that
when
Love comes with old, passionate caress,
It may behold the wondrous hush of peace,
And learn its sweeter, nobler destiny,
And wake to higher bliss. O'er marble
cath
Draped the soul's great, glad surprise, that
Love
May whisper softly: "Tis not Death, but
Life,
And she hath learned its blessed mystery!"
Eva Gordon Taylor, in the Current.

Not a Dry Love Affair.

Old Estmore owned a valley farm, through which wiggled a restless stream. From the dining-room window you could see the perch gleam as they turned their golden sides and caught the rays of the sun, and at the foot of the garden you could, in summer, always see the mocking-bird and the smart little wren that came down to dip their bills in the limpid stream.

Tom Estmore was a great, strapping young fellow with a disposition to eave the steers standing under the apple tree while he went down to the creek bank to throw stones at the frogs that persisted in calling "jug o' rum," "raw, raw," and "come over." When he saw the old man, though, the industrial side of his nature, which, however, did not gleam like the side of a perch, was shown; for after making a pretense of taking a drink of water, he would hurry back to the field and gee-haw his sullen companions of toil.

Minnie Estmore was a bright-eyed girl with a face as fresh as a baby's kiss. She was none too fond of handling the churn-dasher, and when Tom stole to the house, which he often did, she romped with him, always keeping a sharp lookout for the old gentleman.

"I think it is a shame that anybody has to work this bright weather," Tom said one day when he stepped into the house, seized a piece of bread and butter which he dipped from Minnie's churn.

"Tom, you goose, that butter is not salted," said Minnie.

"Neither is the milk," he replied. "But we drink it. Where's the old gentleman?"

"Gone over to Anderson's."

"Believe he wants to marry that widow, don't you?"

"No, you foolish thing. He thought too much of mamma, ever to marry again. What have you been doing in the field?"

"Scraping cotton. Have just finished the patch to the right of the turn row. Say, suppose we drop everything and go fishing?"

"Papa might come home."

"Suppose he does. Hang it, I'm tired fooling around with corn and cotton."

"All right, we'll go. Wait till I wash the churn."

They went to the creek, after having turned over the door-step and dug under it in search of worms, and the broad hearty laughter of Tom, and the tripping cacklings of the girl made merrier the beautiful scene. Seated on the grass, under an elm tree, they threw their lines, and sat with that electrical expectancy with which an angler is from time to time thrilled. The long egged skipper skimmed the blue surface of the pool: the "dollar bug" lodged around like a streak of blue; the hard-shell crawfish, with extended pincers, touched the bank with his antennae, then shot backward into the water and disappeared, it seemed in the sky.

"You've got a bite, Min. Hold on! Wait till he sinks your cork."

"Tom, you are as mean as a dog. He had, with a pretense of non-intention, moved his line in the immediate vicinity of Minnie's nibble. "I wouldn't treat a dog that way."

"Which way?"

"Try to take a fish away from him."

"Neither would I, for I wouldn't have a dog-fish you know."

"You think you're awful smart. I suppose you'd have a catfish, wouldn't you?"

"Hi, you've got him. Pull him out, jerk him. Thunderation, he's gone."

"It was your fault with a dis-

pointed pout. "You scared him till he wouldn't take a good hold."

"No, I didn't. If I had scared him he wouldn't have taken a hold at all."

"Oh, you are so smart."

"Hold on. He's after me, now. Keep still. Hi yab!" and he pulled out a goggle-eyed perch, but as he reached out to seize it, the fish gave a lounce, fell back, and darted away."

"Now you've done it," said Tom.

"Done what?"

"Caused that whale to get away."

"I had nothing to do with it."

"Yes, you did. You stepped over my pole just now."

"I hope you're not that supersititious. Yonder comes John Harvey."

"I reckon you are glad of it," replied Tom, with an air of disappointment.

She did not reply, but arising, greeted John Harvey with a smile and a hearty shake of the hand.

"What luck, little girl?" Harvey asked.

"Both of us caught fishes but they jumped back."

"That was bad. Tom, how's your cotton?"

"So-so," baiting his hook.

For a time they were silent, intently watching the red floats—that is, all but Harvey, who watched the beautiful reel on the girl's cheek.

"Tom," Harvey at length said, "if your fishing is tiresome—that is, if you have any business on hand, I'll relieve you of the rod."

"By George, you are cool," Tom replied. "If you have any business on hand we will relieve you of sentinel duty."

Harvey laughed and said: "Tom, don't say 'we.' Perhaps Minnie does not agree with you."

"Yes, she does. Don't you, Min?"

"I declare you men are too foolish for anything. You may both do as you please."

"I like Tom first rate," Harvey said, "but I think he hangs around you too closely."

"It's none of your look out if I do," "Oh, yes, it is. Suppose Minnie and I were in love with each other. You would never give us a chance to say anything."

"In love with each other!" repeated Tom, contemptuously. "She couldn't love such a looking specimen as you are."

"Yes, she could. Couldn't you, Minnie?"

"I'm going home if you people don't hush."

"Tom, your father's calling you," said Harvey.

"No, he isn't."

"But he will if you don't go home."

"Look here, it's none of your business."

"Yes, it is, for I want to tell this little girl how much I love her."

"Minnie, did you ever see such a fool?"

"Don't ask me," the girl replied, hiding her face. Harvey approached her and took her hand.

"Min, make that fool turn loose your hand. I'll tell pap, blamed if I don't. Well, I will be dad blamed," as Harvey kissed the girl. "That does settle it."

"Minnie," placing his arm around her waist, "I have loved you ever since you were a child. I want you to be my—"

The bank crumbled, and "our chug" he lunged into the creek.

Tom shouted. He fell on the ground and whooped. He rolled on the grass and yelled. The girl could not repress her glee, and clapping her hands she laughed until the tears wet her long lashes. Harvey scrambled out, and joined in the laugh.

"Nobody can say that this is a dry love affair, eh, Tom?" and Harvey took off his coat and spread it over a bush.

"Say, Harvey," called Tom, "I think you deserve the girl. I have known all the time that she was in love with you."

"Why, Tom, ain't you ashamed of yourself to tell such a big story?"

"There comes pap," exclaimed Tom.

"Now we'll catch it."

Old man Estmore came up, and after exchanging greetings with Harvey, turned to Tom and said:

"Why ain't you scraping that cotton?"

"Because I'm here, I reckon."

"So I see; but why are you here?"

"Because I'm not scraping cotton, I reckon."

"Hello, Harvey, you seem to have been in swimming with your clothes on."

"Yes, I fell in just now," looking appealingly at Tom.

"You needn't think that I am going to say anything about it."

"About what?" asked the old man.

"Why you see," Tom said, regardless of Minnie's imploring gestures, "Harvey made love to Min just now—"

"Tom!"

"And while he had his arm—"

"Oh, Tom!"

"Arm around her waist, the bank gave way and in he went."

The girl burst into tears and Harvey, as Tom afterwards expressed it, stood with his head hung down like a sheep-killing dog.

"Don't cry, Min," said the old man. "Harvey is a clever feller, and will make you a good husband. There, you needn't hang on to me."

The marriage was quiet, but as bright as the perch which you can sit at Estmore's window and see, gleaming as they turn up their sides of gold to catch the sun's rays.—*Arkansas Traveller.*

The Progress of Invention.
One hundred years ago when three hundred 150 by the standard set up by spinners, which was considered the utmost degree of fineness possible by English spinners, a pound of cotton spun such fineness would give a thread seventy-four miles in length—sufficient to reach from Boston to Concord, N. H. The machinery of to-day spins for useful purposes thread numbered 600—from one pound, a thread one hundred and ninety-five miles in length. And machinery has been constructed so delicate that a pound of cotton has given a thread reaching 1061 miles—further than from Boston to Chicago. The weaver of my boyhood could throw the shuttle perhaps twenty-five times a minute, but at that rate during the day—human muscles would break down under such rapid action. In 1850 Compton's loom threw the shuttle fifty times a minute, whereas so great has been the advance of invention that the loom of to-day is considered a slow-moving mechanism if the shuttle does not fly two hundred and forty times a minute! "No man can afford to take as a gift to-day a cotton machinery equipped with the machinery of 1860," was remarked by the late superintendent of the Amoskeag mills. "We are breaking up the machinery of those days for old iron."

In some departments of cotton manufacture, a man with the present machinery will do eight times the amount of work which he could do in 1860. In the manufacture of coarse cloth, an operative with ten machines does twice the work he could accomplish with thirteen machines before the war. There never was a period so fruitful in discovery, so fertile in invention, as the present.—*Charles G. Coffin.*

"He's a Brick."
Very few of the thousands who use the above slang term know its origin or its primitive significance, according to which it is a grand thing to say of a man, "he's a brick." The word used in its original intent implies all that is brave, patriotic and loyal. Plutarch in his Life of Agesilaus, king of Sparta, gives us the meaning of the quaint and familiar expression.

On a certain occasion an ambassador from Epirus, on a diplomatic mission, was shown by the king over his capital. The ambassador knew of the monarch's fame—knew that, though normally only king of Sparta, he was ruler of Greece—and he had looked for some massive walls rearing aloft their embattled towers for the defence of the city, but he found nothing of the kind.

He marvelled much at this, and spoke of it to the king. "Sire," he said, "I have visited most of the principal towns, and I find no walls reared for the defence of the city. Why is this?"

"Indeed, Sir Ambassador," replied Agesilaus, "thou canst not have looked carefully. Come with me to-morrow morning, and I will show you the walls of Sparta."

Accordingly, on the following morning, the king led his guest out upon the plain where his army was drawn up in full array, and pointing proudly to the patriot host, he said, "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta—ten thousand men, and every man a brick."

Wedding Customs.
There is a custom prevailing among the inhabitants of the Sanderman Islands, which may throw a light upon the civilized use of wedding-cake. When a native girl, whose exceptional beauty has brought her many suitors, is knocked down and carried off by her accepted suitor, the wedded pair, within forty-eight hours of the wedding send a cup of poison distilled from the hulubula tree to each and every one of the bride's former admirers. If any recipient feels that he cannot become reconciled to the marriage, he drinks the poison and dies; but if he decides that he will survive the loss of his intended wife, he throws away the poison, and feels bound in honor never to show the slightest sign of disappointment. By this admirable system the husband is spared the pangs of jealousy, and is able to live on friendly terms with the surviving admirers of his wife.—*Second Century.*

Marriage o'ten unites for life two people who scarcely know each other

JAPANESE EXECUTIONS.
The Difference Between Our Mode and That Of The Japanese.
"Speaking about executions," said a stranger to a Pittsburg Leader reporter at the court house, "as far as I can see, the mere fact of hanging, the way it is done here, does not require a great amount of courage. Indeed, I think a man has very little courage who could not go through with the short ceremony necessary. After the trap falls, the victim, as we have every reason to believe, becomes unconscious immediately, and does not suffer even as much as the strain upon the systems of the persons looking on. The only agony is that borne in getting ready, and ceases when the real work commences. When it was the custom to fix the rope in such a manner that the neck of the criminal was broken, there was more of a contortion of the muscles of the body, but the present system even lessens that. I happened to get admitted to the recent execution of George Jones, and I must say I was impressed with the extreme slickness of the work. Everything was done that could lessen the suffering, and the contortions were slight at first and only lasted a short time. I can't help but contrast the system here and the one used in Japan where I visited some time ago. If the people who are opposed to capital punishment on account of cruelty and suffering would witness an execution there and compare the two they would get an idea of what 'barbarous' execution was. While I was in Yokohama I witnessed the public execution of a criminal. He was a fine-looking Japanese, in the prime of youth and strength, and was standing under a huge post in the middle of a posse of guard. The post had a cross-piece. Nearly nude, he was standing erect, but as motionless as a statue, and gazed straight before him. Presently his jailers moved aside and a gaunt, repulsive-looking native, the executioner, made his appearance, clad from head to foot in a dress of dingy yellow. Two assistants accompanied him, carrying half a dozen round bamboo rods. The assistants dropped the rods and stretched the criminal's hands over the cross-piece of the post. The executioner now dallied with the bamboos, and the poor creature still looked into the shadowy distance as though he was dumb. I watched him closely and thought I detected a pallor spread over his countenance. The executioner now spat on the pointed end of one of the bamboos, and with a twisting, pushing motion thrust it easily into the flesh, about half-way between the hip and the arm-pit. The poor wretch turned and looked at his tormentor and his lips slightly opened, but he did not struggle. In a couple of minutes, though it seemed longer, the bloody point of the instrument emerged from the sufferer's shoulder, and a slight exclamation of satisfaction escaped the crowd. Then the executioner went to the other side with another bamboo and did the same thing. During all this there was not a single groan or cry for mercy from the man. At this juncture, to my surprise, the executioner and his assistants picked up the remaining bamboos and walked away. I inquired what they meant and was told that the execution was over. It was customary to leave the man that way, and he would die in a couple of hours or so. The bamboos would remain in him until he had expired. A Japanese executioner is taught to carefully avoid the vital organs so as not to bring death too quickly, and the executioner's reputation is gauged by the length of time his victim lives. I tell you that is the kind of an execution that takes nerve, both on the part of the victim and the crowd, and the ones like the last here are tame affairs compared with my Japanese experience."

The Alligator Trade.
The business of catching alligators provides occupation for quite a number of persons in our state. The hide of a large alligator is worth from \$1 to \$3. It is almost a day's task to skin a large one. Alligator oil, which has at first a most unpleasant smell, is valued as a remedy for rheumatism. Fishermen sometimes eat portions of the animal's body. The flesh of the tail, when cooked, is said to be like veal in look and like pork in taste. Young ones are bought by dealers at \$2 to \$4 a dozen, if not over one foot in length. They fetch a much higher price when retailed, as they are hard to keep alive. There is an increase in the selling price of 50 cents to every additional foot over a certain length. Alligators sixteen to eighteen inches long are often found in shallow water, and they may be handled without trouble, provided the old one does not take alarm. Most alligator-fishers are turtle hunters as well, pulling out animals from holes with a hooked pole. *Jacksonville (Fla.) Times.*

Had a Tearful Piece.
A literary society had assembled at a house on Clifford street when a stranger pulled a bell and said to the gentleman who answered it: "Is this a literary meeting?" "Yes sir."

"Very well; I would like to come in and read my piece."

"What is it?"

"It's something to draw tears from every eye."

"But what's the subject?"

"It's about onions, sir."

"For a long minute the two glared at each other, and as the owner of the house reached for his revolver the stranger fled into the darkness.—*Des Moines Free Press.*

that his way is the only good way. Put into their places some others, young or old, who love simple pleasures, and are ready to help others to enjoy them.

Next in importance to the company is the place. It must not be at a great distance, or you will all be tired, not to say cross, when you arrive there. It must be reasonably shady, and not too far from a supply of good drinking water. If the company are to walk, you must be especially careful not to be overburdened with baskets and wraps, for the bundles which seemed so light when you started are sure to weigh down much more heavily before you reach your destination. Be careful to have this work fairly distributed.

Never start until you are sure that you know just where you are going, and the best way of getting there. Wandering about to choose a place and thinking constantly to find one more desirable, is very fatiguing. The matter should be settled beforehand by two or three of the party, and the others should go straight to the spot, and make the best of it. If any do not like it, they can choose a different place when their turn comes to make the selection.—*St. Nicholas.*

Serpent Worship.
"It has been suggested, and apparently with some reason," says Mr Gordon Cumming, "that in ancient pagan times it may have been a recognized symbol in serpent worship, and hence may have arisen its common use as a charm against all manner of evil. The resemblance is obvious, more especially to that species of harmless snake which is rounded at both ends, so that the head and tail are apparently just alike. The creature moves backward or forward at pleasure; hence the old belief that it actually had two heads and was indestructible, as even when cut into two parts it was supposed that the divided heads would seek one another and reunite. It stands to reason that in a snake-worshipping community such a creature would be held in high reverence. Even in Scotland, various ancient snake-like bracelets and ornaments have been found which seemed to favor this theory; and at a very early period both snakes and horse shoes seem to have been engraved as symbols on sacred stones. We hear of the latter having been sculptured, not only on the threshold of Old London houses, but even on that of ancient churches in various parts of Britain. And in the present day we all know the idea of luck connected with finding one, and how constantly they are nailed up on houses, stables and ships as a charm against witchcraft. In Scotland, all parts of England and Wales, and especially in Cornwall (where not only on vans and omnibuses, but sometimes even on the grim gates of the old jails), we may find this curious trace of ancient superstition. Whatever may have been its origin, it is certainly remarkable that it should survive both in Britain and in Hindostan."

Some Coins of Peculiar Value.
A New York dealer in old coins says: we take coins of no current value yet they are worth from \$1 to \$1,000. For instance, a silver half dollar coined by the Confederate Government would fetch \$800 or 1,000. There were only four coined, when that government thought paper was cheaper than silver and stopped the coinage. Jefferson Davis had one of them in his possession when he was captured, and he wrote us that he either lost it then or it was stolen from him. At one time we had the die from which they were coined, and we struck off one half dollar. We hold it at \$500. You will see that the Goddess of Liberty is the same as that of our half dollars. They took our die, or that half of it, made the opposite half to match it, and substituted "Confederate" for "United." There is not much demand for Confederate notes. They were so plentiful that it seems he supply will never become scarce.

Tame Frogs.
Frogs are easily tamed. Dr. Townson had two tame tree-frogs, which he named Damon and Musidora, and placed a bowl of water in the window where they lived. After half an hour passed by either of them in the water, he used to find that they had absorbed half their weight. They ejected water to a considerable distance, and often suffered their prey to remain before them untouched as long as it was still, but when it made the slightest motion they instantly seized it. Dr. Townson made a provision of dead flies for Musidora, to serve her during the winter, but she would never take them till he moved them with his breath. When flies could not be had, he tried cutting up some tortoise-flesh into very small pieces, moving them in the same manner. At first Musidora seized them, but instantly rejected them from her tongue. They evidently recognized Dr. Townson's voice, and approached him at his call.—*Month.*

Recent statistics show that a total of 1,000,000 people in England and Wales are connected with the business of moving goods and passengers. This is in proportion to one in 6 1-2 of the male adults, and exceeds the number employed in any other industry.

Protective and Attractive Colorings of Insects.
One more peculiarity of great interest must also be noted. It appears that many insects have two sets of colors, seemingly for different purposes; the one set protective from the attacks of the enemies, the other set attractive to their own mates. Thus several butterflies have the lower side of their wings colored like the leaves or bark on which they rest, while the upper sides are rich with crimson, orange, and gold, which gleam in the bright sunlight as they flit about among their fellows. Butterflies, of course, fold their wings with the under side outward. On the other hand, moths, which fold their wings in the opposite manner, often have their upper surfaces imitative or protective, while the lower sides are bright and beautiful. One Malayan butterfly has wings of purple and orange above, but it exactly mimics dead foliage when its vans are folded; and, as it always rests among dry leaves, it can hardly be distinguished from them, as it is even apparently spotted with small fungi. In these and many other cases one can not help believing that, while imitative coloring has been acquired for protective purposes, the bright hues of the concealed portion must be similarly useful to the insect as a personal decoration.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

What Americans Should See in Paris.
According to an old traveler the things to be seen by an American in Paris are: The ancient picture exhibition in the Rue St. Honore, the underground aquarium in the Trocader Garden, the Arc de Triomphe, Tripps Art Gallery, the Ecole des Arts, the Bibliotheque Nationale, the Catacombs open on Saturdays, the palace at Fontainebleau, the Gobelins manufactory the great Central Market, the Jardin d'Acclimation, the Jardin des Plantes, the Louvre and Luxembourg galleries, the Mint, Bings' Oriental collection, the royal tombs at St. Denis, the St Germain Museum, Versailles Palace, the Musee Grevin, which is the French Mrs. Jarley, and the Madeline, only they won't let you walk around the church until afternoon. The Hotel Invalide is interesting, but Napoleon's tomb is not open now, I believe. Don't fail to go through the sewers. The Prefect of the Seine gives you a ticket and ladies and everybody go. Its slumming—the real thing. These and the Hotel Cluny, the Pantheon vaults, the Chateau Pierrefonds, Sainte Chapelle and the Sevres Museum, with the theaters, are about all worth seeing. The Mabilles I played out.

Never.
Never begin a dinner with pie.
Never sleep in your overclothes.
Never ride a thin horse bareback.
Never walk fifteen miles before breakfast.
Never carry a barrel of potatoes on your head.
Never put your feet in the fire to warm them.
Never swallow your food before you chew it.
Never jump out of the window for a short cut.
Never drink more than you can carry comfortably.
Never give a tramp your summer clothing in winter.
Never jump more than ten feet to catch a ferryboat.
Never leave the gas turned on when you retire at night.
Never sit by a red-hot stove with a sealskin cap or an ulster on.
Never thrust your knife more than half-way down your throat.
Never kick an infuriated bull-dog when you have slippers on.
Never let your clothes dry on you when you are caught in the rain.
Never walk into a parlor at a reception and put your feet on the mantel piece. It will cause the blood to run to your head.—*Figaro.*

Origin of the Bagpipe.
It is a popular mistake which assigns the origin of the bagpipe to Scotland long before it sounded "the war-note of Lochie!" it had been heard in various countries and cities of Europe, particularly in Rome, where it was held in great esteem; so much so, indeed, as to have been thought worthy by Nero to place on the coin of the empire. It even went further, for it is related of him by Suetonius that, when his life and empire were in danger, he made a vow to the gods to the effect that if they would only extricate him from his difficulties he would condescend to play in public on the famous bagpipe. Strangely enough, the bagpipe, though supposed to be of Scotch growth and manufacture, has not always been looked upon with favor, in that country. It is a fact that the magistrate of Aberdeen in 1630, "discharged the common piper going through the town at night, or in the morning in time coming, with his pipe—it being an uncivil form to be used within the famous burghs, and being often found fault with, as well by sundry night-bowls of the town as by strangers."

HUMOROUS.
A hungry gleam in his eye,
He says he's sought work o'er and o'er;
Oh, he'll but a chance to try,
He'd work his bones and muscles sore!
But just ere listening to his cry,
He'll turn away with weary sigh,
And you'll never see him more.

"Are you having much practice now?" asked an old judge of a young lawyer. "Yes, sir; a great deal, thank you." "Ah, I'm glad to hear it. In what line is your practice particularly?" "Well, sir, particularly in economy."

"What do you suppose makes so many worms get on me?" said a young man at a Sunday School picnic. "I don't know," replied the young lady who was with him, "unless it is because worms are so fond of green things."

A woman applied to a doctor for a prescription for her husband's rheumatism. "Get that prepared," said the medical man, and rub it well into your husband's back. If it does him any good let me know; I've got a touch of rheumatism myself."

"Doctor, I want to thank you for your medicine." "It helped you, did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased. "It helped me wonderfully." "How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?" "Oh, I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle and I am his sole heir."

Captain P— sat in a restaurant eating his breakfast, when a little cur of a dog came sniffing around his legs. The captain gave the dog a kick, whereupon a snobbish youth arose and exclaimed: "Aren't you ashamed to kick such a small dog?" "No, sir," retorted Captain P—, "and I can kick big dogs, too." "Try it on, if you dare," cried the snob.

"The Tale of a Bumble Bee," is a new book for children, but we would advise the kids to keep away from the tail of a bumble bee just as long as they conveniently can. There is a vigor in that particular kind of literature, even older persons do not thoroughly appreciate, until they get so tough that you can drive a nail into them and hang your hat on it without disturbing their serenity of mind.