

# CAROLINA MOUNTAINEER.

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## The Blossomed Bud.

"Twas a babe—a three-month-old—  
That Death had come to see;  
It was white and still and cold  
As any babe could be.  
But its features softly traced  
A life that God had planned:  
Some one, dreaming this, had placed  
A rose-bud in its hand.  
Deeply wept the parents when  
That spirit fluttered free;  
They were sad and wretched then,  
As parents oft must be.  
Each the other's picture borne  
Saw in the fleeting face,  
When that heart from theirs was torn,  
It left so large a place!  
But when last in its repose  
They kissed it mournfully,  
That small bud had grown a rose,  
As sweet as rose could be.  
With its soft breath it perfumed  
The sad and solemn hour;  
And it smiled and glowed and bloomed,  
A grand and perfect flower.  
Then those hearts grew strangely light,  
And bade their doubtings flee;  
They were full of hopes as bright  
As stricken ones could be.  
And the pastor gently said,  
"This tells, to our din eyes,  
That your darling is not dead,  
But blooms in Paradise."

## "ZIGZAG."

The guests leisurely entered the large dining room of the hotel, and seated themselves in their places. The waiters commenced their service slowly in order to allow time for those who were late, so that they would not have to bring back the dishes; and the old fathers, the habitues of the place, looked with interest toward the door each time it opened, to see the new faces that appeared. This is the great distraction of watering places. One looks forward to dinner time to inspect the arrivals of the day, and to guess who they are, what they do, and what they think.

Therefore, on the evening in question, as on all other evenings, we were awaiting the arrival of the new comers. They were only two, but they were very strange persons, a man and a woman, father and daughter. They at once produced on me such an effect as the characters of Edgar Poe might; nevertheless there was about them a charm, a charm born of misfortune. I pictured them to myself as the victims of fatality. The man was tall and spare, a little bent, with white hair, too white for his yellow physiognomy; and there was in his manner a grave air and austere bearing. The daughter, perhaps twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, was small, quite slender and very pale, and had a weary and dejected air. She was rather pretty, having the diaphanous beauty of an apparition. She ate very slowly, as if she were hardly able to move her arms. It was evidently she who had come to take the waters.

They were seated opposite to me at the table, and I at once noticed that the father had a peculiar nervous affection.

Every time he wished to reach anything his hand described a rapid movement, a sort of zigzag, before he was able to touch the object he was seeking. In a few moments this movement tired me so that I was compelled to turn away my head in order not to see it.

I noticed also that the young woman while eating wore a glove on her left hand.

At dinner I went for a stroll in the park of the thermal establishment. This was situated at a little station in Auvergne, Chateaufort, concealed in a gorge at the foot of a high mountain, whence issued boiling waters, coming from the depth of an ancient volcano. Beyond, above us, the domes, extinct craters, reared their truncated heads above a long chain.

It was a very warm evening. I strolled to and fro in the shady walk, listening from the mountain side which commanded a view of the park, to the music from the Casino, the first strains of which were sounding.

I saw the father and daughter coming slowly toward me. I saluted them, as in watering place one salutes his hotel companions, and the man, at once pausing, asked of me:

"Can you tell me, monsieur, where I will find a short and pleasant promenade?"

I offered to conduct them to a valley which flowed a little stream—a deep valley, a narrow gorge between two steep declivities, rocky and wooded. They accepted my offer. We talked, naturally, of the virtue of the waters.

"Ah," said he, "my daughter has a strange malady, the seat of which is unknown. She shows incomprehensible symptoms of nervous trouble. At one time she seems to be affected with heart disease, at another time with liver complaint and again with a disease of the spinal marrow. To-day the trouble seems to be seated in the stomach, which is, as it were, the engine, the great regulator of the body. That is why we are here. I believe that the

trouble is seated in the nerves. At all events it is very bad."

I at once remembered the nervous affection of his hand, and I asked: "But is not the trouble hereditary? Have you not yourself a nervous affection?"

He responded in a quiet tone: "I? Oh, no; my nerves are always quite calm."

Then suddenly, after a short silence, he said: "Ah, you allude to the spasm of my hand whenever I attempt to take anything? That was caused by a terrible experience which I had. Imagine that my daughter were buried alive!"

I could make no reply, save an exclamation of surprise and emotion. He continued: "I will relate my experience. It is a brief story. Juliette had had for some time grave symptoms of heart disease. We believed that organ was affected."

"She was brought in one day, cold, motionless, dead. She had fallen in the garden. The doctor pronounced her dead. I watched beside her a day and two nights. I myself placed her in the coffin, which I accompanied to the cemetery, where it was deposited in our family vault. It was in the country, in Lorraine."

"I wished that she should be buried with her jewels, the bracelets, necklaces, rings, all the ornaments she had received from me, and in her first ball dress."

"You cannot imagine what was the state of my heart and of my mind on returning home. I had only her, my wife having been dead some time. I entered my chamber alone, half crazed, exhausted, and I fell into a chair unable to think or to move a muscle. I was nothing but a wretched vibrating machine."

"My old valet, Prosper, who had helped me dispose Juliette in her coffin and prepare her for her last sleep, entered noiselessly and asked if I wanted anything. I replied that I did not, and he thereupon retired."

"How the hours passed! I know not. Oh, what a night! What a night! It was cold; the fire had gone out in the large fireplace, and the wind, a wintry wind, a great wind full of sleet, made the windows rattle with a mournful and regular sound."

"How did the hours pass? I was there without sleep, weakened, crushed, my eyes open, my limbs extended, my body nerveless, my mind paralyzed by despair. Suddenly the door bell rang."

I received such a shock that my chair creaked under me. The solemn sound vibrated in the chateau as in an empty cave. "I turned to the clock to see what the hour was. It was two o'clock in the morning. Who could come at such an hour?"

"Suddenly the bell sounded again. The servants, I thought, would not dare to answer it. I took a light and descended. I was afraid to ask who was there."

"Then, becoming ashamed of this weakness, I slowly withdrew the great bolts. My heart beat; I was filled with fear. I opened the door suddenly and perceived in the darkness a form clothed in white, looking like a phantom."

"I drew back dismayed and stammering, 'Who—who—who are you?'"

"A voice responded: 'It is I, father.' 'It was my daughter. I thought I was mad. I retreated before the spectre as it entered. Then I raised my hand, as if to frighten it away, making the gesture which you have noticed—the gesture which I cannot get rid of."

"The apparition said: 'Have no fear, father. I was not dead. Some one wished to rob me of my rings and cut my fingers; the blood began to flow and that reanimated me.'"

"And I perceived in fact that she was covered with blood. I fell on my knees, choking with my sobs. Then, when I had recovered my thoughts a little, I conducted her to my chamber and seated her in my easy chair. Then I summoned Prosper in order that he might rekindle the fire, prepare a drink, and seek help."

"The man entered, looked at my daughter, opened his mouth in a spasm of horror, then fell back dead."

"It was he who had opened the vault and had mutilated my daughter. He had not effaced the traces of the robbery. He had not even taken the care to put the coffin back in its place, thinking that I would never suspect him, as he had my entire confidence."

"You see, monsieur, that we are most unfortunate people."

Night had enveloped the lonely and sombre valley, and a sort of mysterious fear took possession of me in the presence of these strange beings—this woman returned from the dead and her father with that extraordinary zigzag gesture. I could think of nothing to say. I murmured:

"How horrible!"

Then, after a minute, I added: "Shall we return? It seems to be growing cold."

And we retraced our steps toward the hotel.—Guy de Maupassant.

## An Affectionate Elephant.

On the Queen's birthday and the day following it the khedda party in the Duars, conducted by Mr. J. Shillingford, were fortunate enough in catching seven wild elephants by the noosing process. This makes the total number now captured twenty-eight. On the former day the noosing party, mounted on their kunkies (fast tame elephants trained to the work), proceeded up the Jotee River, near Buxa, at gray dawn, and soon espied a herd feeding along the bank of that river. Approaching stealthily from different directions to within a short distance, by a sudden movement the kunkies were aimed the unsuspecting quarry, and had secured four before the terrified herd rushed headlong and disappeared into the adjoining forest.

Among the captives was a fine young tusker about five and a half feet high. They were all lashed between the same ones and conveyed to camp, a long distance off, and there tethered for the night. Toward the small hours of the morning a great commotion where the elephants were encamped aroused every one, and a large female elephant could be just discerned moving about restlessly among the trees where the captured ones were tied. Being too dark at the time to attempt noosing, some of the kunkies were equipped with the rope-gear and kept in readiness; silence was enforced, and the appearance of daylight anxiously watched. The wild one very soon discovered the object of her search, when, with a cry of joy, she took up her position alongside of the young tusker above referred to, and began caressing him all over with the trunk. The younger made frantic efforts then to liberate himself, the mother encouraging all the while, and when, panting, he would fall to the ground, exhausted, she would endeavor to assist him up. This excessive affection cost her her liberty. As soon as there was sufficient daylight for the purpose, within a few yards of her offspring she was noosed, as, on the approach of danger, she was reluctantly moving away. It is really wonderful how she managed to trace her young to the camp. The distance cannot be less than eight miles, while the track lay through dense forest, and the trail was mixed up with those of at least some fifteen other elephants both tame and wild. She must have waited until it was dark, then followed the track, reaching camp between 1 and 2 A. M. The sense of smell must be developed to a marvellous degree in elephants. On two occasions when mothers with calves have been captured and led away, the young have followed and been secured in camp while another calf, a small suckling, is in camp with its mother, and is kept bolt. If any one tries to approach, it runs up to the mother for protection or else moves about among the captives without any fear or hesitation. The usual style of feeding wild elephants, when first taken, is to lash them to the side of a tame one and lead them out to graze. Some of the tame females here have taken a great fancy to calves intrusted to their care, and if by mistake a new one is brought up, she evinces her dislike to the change by kicking out at the unfortunate intruder. Elephants, it must be admitted, are curious animals, and the more you see of them the greater the interest generated regarding their habits.—*Bendigo and Tea Planters' Gazette.*

## A Land for Tramps.

The hospitality of the people of this district, says a Halifax (N. S.) letter, is a strange contrast to that which goes by the name among their city cousins. Here is an instance of it. Soon after entering this settled portion of the country we come in sight of a little dwelling by the roadside. The door is wide open, and we can see as we approach that the table is invitingly set for supper. As we are about passing along a woman appears at the door, and after a glance at us utters a kindly "Come in." It is a long way to our destination yet, and as the bracing air has given us somewhat elephantine appetites, we of course take advantage of the offer. According to the rules of local etiquette, however, there is no necessity of waiting for an invitation but when you are passing a house at meal time, you must walk right in and seat yourself at the table. It makes no difference if you are a perfect stranger, black, white or copper-colored. No honest stranger need fear to starve while travelling through this part of the country.

## SOME STRANGE RAILWAYS

Curiosities of Railway Building in Various Places.

Railroads Built Among the Tree Tops, in the Air, and on the Ice.

Reviewing a recent work—"Wonders and Curiosities of the Railway," by W. S. Kennedy—the New York Sun says: "The average reader, who has not made railway building a special study, will perhaps be astonished to learn that there have been railroads, not only under the ground and in the air, but among the tree tops, and on the ice, while the model of even a submarine railway has been exhibited."

It appears that some time ago a locomotive on sled runners was constructed in Scotland, and employed for drawing passengers and freight over the ice between St. Petersburg and Cronstadt. The two driving wheels in the rear were studded with sharp spikes, whereas the front part of the engine rested on a sled which was swivelled, and turned to the right or left by wheels working in connection with an endless screw and a segment rack. From this locomotive, which is said to have run eighteen miles an hour in any direction, the transition is natural to railroads whose ties and track have been laid on the frozen surface of rivers. Mr. Kennedy tells us that in 1879, when the mercury stood twenty degrees below zero, a train of the Northern Pacific Railroad passed over the Missouri River on ice three feet deep. The pressure which the ice resisted may be estimated from the fact that the track was laid on twelve-foot ties, and that the cars carried over a quantity of railroad iron as well as a number of visitors. About a year after a similar road was built across the river St. Lawrence at Hochelaga. In this instance a rough road bed was first levelled in the ice; then crossbeams were fitted in, and upon these were placed longitudinal beams which were themselves crossed by the ties that held the rails, water being then pumped over the whole structure to freeze it down.

Even more novel is the idea of grading for a railroad through a forest with a crosscut saw, and laying the ties on the stumps. This has actually been done in Sonoma county, California. Here the trees are sawed off and levelled, and the ties are fastened on the stumps, two of which are huge redwoods standing side by side, and sawed off seventy-five feet from the ground. So firm is this support that cars loaded with heavy logs can pass over with perfect security. It is not generally known that in 1839 no less than fifty-two miles of the projected road of the Ohio Railroad Company was laid on wooden piles which were driven seven to twenty-eight feet long, and driven ten feet apart in four rows. No train, however, was ever run over this track. Several wooden track railways, on the other hand, are actually operated in the United States and Canada. One of these in the province of Quebec is thirty miles long and is used in the transportation of timber. The rails are of maple, and trains are said to run over them with remarkable smoothness at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. Another wooden track railway more than fifteen miles long has been constructed on the gradings of the abandoned South Carolina Central Railroad in order to carry the products of turpentine distilleries to a market.

Still more curious are what Mr. Kennedy would call the bicycle railways, where the car wheels run on a single rail. One called the "steam caravan" was begun in Syria, between Aleppo and Alexandretta, but apparently never finished. In the case of this experiment the rail was raised on a wall of masonry twenty-eight inches high and seventeen and one-half inches broad. On this one rail were to travel the wheels of the locomotive and the carriages attached, but it was intended to brace the engine and the last car in the train by obliquely placed leather covered wheels, running along the sides of the wall, which wheels were further to serve as brakes. A single rail or bicycle railroad has also been built in the United States, and was in operation at Phoenixville, Pa., in 1875. Since that date a two-wheeled locomotive has been made in Gloucester, N. J., for an elevated railroad in Atlanta, Ga. With these bicycle engines may be compared the railway velocipedes, many of which, we learn, are used on Western railroads. These, which have a wheel on each track, can be propelled by the feet and hands of the rider at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Among several other curiosities described by Mr. Kennedy in this portion of his book may be mentioned the dynamograph cars, of which there are but two in existence. This remarkable

piece of mechanism, which was invented for the automatic inspection of tracks, is thus explained: A strip of plain paper about twenty inches wide is fed from a roll into a small machine where it passes under a complex set of overlying pens, which are connected by rods and springs with the car wheels below. For every fifty feet of track passed over by the dynamograph car the paper moves one inch, and on it the automatic machinery makes a complete register of the state of the track, showing the condition of every joint, frog, and grade crossing, and revealing at a glance any inequalities or undulations in the rails. After a railroad has been inspected by this machine, its operator shows the resultant chart to the superintendent, who then instantly perceives just where repairs are needed. Of the only two machines of this kind which have ever been made, one, we learn, is operated in the United States by Prof. P. H. Dudley, the inventor, the other has been sent to Australia.

## Sailing Among Glaciers.

We had already sailed past several glaciers larger than the Mer-de-Glace of Mont Blanc, but they were so far away that we got no adequate idea of their extent. Nor did any of them push their way into the sea. This glacier, to which our boat was now pointed, came down into deep water, and stretched back into the mountains until its course was lost in fields of snow. As the steamer checked her speed to keep at a safe distance from the monster, we found that we had sailed up point blank against the vertical wall of blue ice a mile and a half long, and 300 feet high above the water! As it is to illustrate the grand scale and magnitude of everything, just as our boat rounded to, a chip of ice, safely estimated to weigh 1500 tons, broke off from the face of the glacier and fell a distance of 100 feet into the sea. Of course there followed a mighty uproar, and then a wave that rocked our steamer as do only the big swells from the Pacific. As the tide was ebbing the mass that had just fallen into the water floated out past the boat, forming a field of broken ice several acres in extent.

The upper surface of the glacier was full of deep fissures, and at the water level there were mysterious caves which no one dared explore. Pieces of ice, large and small, were constantly dropping into the sea; and, as the ice wall acted as a sounding-board, there were constant volleys of sound as sharp as that of musketry or artillery—demonstrating to our satisfaction that the butt-end of a glacier, where icebergs are made, is a very noisy place.

Passengers were landed on shore; and after a climb along the side moraine to a height of some 500 feet, a few of us found ourselves at a point where we could overlook the stream of ice and get an idea of its deep fissures and impassable condition. High as we were there were yet peaks of ice between us and the water that were still above us, and we could only see a fraction of a mile inland. Everything was on a scale that could only be realized by the test of climbing. Along the side the glacier, in mid-channel, there were seventy-five fathoms of water; and as the steamer approached shore to land us, the leadsman reported no bottom at twelve fathoms.

Only last year did the boat make its first trip to this glacier. Farther up the bay four or five other glaciers come down from the Fairweather group of mountains, but very little is known about them. We only caught an occasional glimpse of the glaciers, and saw that but a small part of the floating ice in the bay came from the immense reservoir of ice that we had visited.

## Where Sharks Abound.

A Florida pilot tells big stories of the sharks which abound in the sea between Pensacola and Fort Pickens and the unfortunate sailors and soldiers they have eaten. "I'd just as soon try to swim a lake of red hot pitch as to swim over from Pensacola to Fort Pickens." The sharks would be sure to get him. "I've seen 'em moving around on the bottom like a drove of hogs. They generally swim slowly when not chased, but they can work up a tremendous race when they are chased, and I've seen one jump twenty feet into the air." He further remarked: "Some time ago a Spanish gun-boat dropped in there and the officers amused themselves with shark fishing. They had quite a circus. They would take a small dynamite cartridge, bind a piece of pork to it and fix it to a float and wire and send it 200 feet astern. Pretty soon a shark would take it and they would fire, and the fish would fly into a thousand pieces. If one was wounded the others went for him and ate him up."

## AFTER THE ALLIGATOR.

Hunting the Saurian for His Hide and Teeth.

Methods of the Hunters Along the River of Florida.

The men who hunt alligators for their hides and teeth are now reaping their harvest, says a recent letter dated Gulf Hammock, Fla. The warm weather induces great numbers of alligators to frequent the marshy banks of the rivers, and the absence of sportsmen during this season makes them comparatively fearless. The most successful hunters hunt only in dark nights. A few nights ago I had my slumbers broken several times by the discharge of guns. On repairing to the banks of the river the next morning to ascertain the cause of the noises I found two young men occupying a hastily constructed palmetto fan camp. Six dead alligators were lying around the camp, varying in length from four to eight feet. The hunters had killed them the previous night. One of the young men was busy skinning the alligators, while the other, with the aid of a single cooking utensil, which answered the purpose of baking oven and coffee pot, was preparing a frugal morning meal. The skin is removed from the body, the under part of the jaws, and the inside of the legs. The skin on the back is worthless, as soon as the skins are removed they are salted and packed in barrels, which are shipped to a New York firm. The hunters receive \$1 for all hides four feet long and upward.

After the skins are removed the hunters cut off the heads, and place them on the edge of the river, where they remain for about a week. At the end of that time the teeth become so loose that they can be readily pulled out with the fingers. The teeth from half a dozen large alligators weigh about a pound, and are worth \$4.

The two young men killed fifty alligators in the week that they hunted in this neighborhood. They begin hunting as soon as it becomes thoroughly dark. Their hunting outfit consists of a bull's-eye lantern, a double-barrelled shotgun, or "kill-em-sure," and a hatchet, with which they have given the very expressive name of "dynamite." The man who is to do the shooting for the night fastens the lantern to his forehead, and takes his place in the bow of a small boat. His partner paddles the boat cautiously along the stream, while the man in the bow keeps a sharp lookout for alligator's eyes, which under favorable circumstances he can "shine" with his lantern at a distance of 200 yards. As soon as they discover a pair of eyes they paddle cautiously up to within a couple of feet of the alligator's head and discharge a load of buckshot into it. As soon as the shot is fired the paddler catches the alligator by the jaws, which he holds together with one hand, while he cleaves the skull open with his hatchet.

Sometimes the alligators retain considerable power of action. When such is the case, it is rather exciting work getting them into the boat. Sometimes very large alligators turn the boat over. If an alligator is not handled at once after being wounded, he sinks to the bottom and is lost. I asked one of the hunters, who had killed more than a thousand alligators, what was the size of the largest one he had ever killed, and he told me 13 1/2 feet long. He said that his father killed one on the St. John's River 17 1/2 feet long, the head of which when placed in a flour barrel projected two inches over the top. He sold it to a museum for \$65.

## National Games.

Every great nation has some game indigenous to itself. As for instance, The national game of Spain, is bull fighting.

Ireland is content with dynamite festivities. England's favorite sport is lawn tennis and mild-eyed birds. America has her base ballers and presidential elections. France is partial to the pan-pan and the outlet of the mule. Russia fancies "hide-and-go-seek" in the mines of Siberia. Italy has her hand organ and monkey.

The great game of Germany just now is "porker."

The game of games in Palestine was Pharaoh.

Lapland dotes on sledge.

China has no game more delightful than rats.—Eye.

Venison was formerly so plenty in the San Francisco market that it sold for 3 to 6 cents per pound; now it costs from 10 to 15 cents.

## HUMOROUS.

I departing, I had clipped a curl  
That o'er her brow did hang;  
She, smiling, said: "You're like a gun,  
You go off with a 'bang.'"  
At which I pressed her lips, and cried:  
"For punning you've a knack;  
But now I'm like a fisherman,  
I go off with a 'smack.'"

A new device for wedding breakfasts is a pyramid of transparent ice having in the centre a photograph of the bride and bridegroom. This is suggestive of coolness as well as exclusiveness.

A single shoe manufactory in Massachusetts turns out by patent machinery in twelve months as many pairs of boots and shoes as 30,000 shoemakers in Paris make by hand in the same period of time.

To the city of Paris have been presented by the shah of Persia two diminutive camels no larger than ponies, which belong to an exceedingly rare species of which the shah has four specimens in his private stables.

"Why am I like a Wall-street financier?" asked a young farmer as he returned from the barn. "I give it up," replied his father. "Because I have been watering the stock."—*Brooklyn Times.*

"Halloo!" shouted one boy to another, whom he saw running wildly down the street. "Halloo! Are you training for a race?" "No," called back the flying boy, "I'm racing for a train."

"Going out with your bride to select your tableware, are you? Well, young man, let me give you a hint. Buy light cups and small plate. Many a man and wife have been seriously injured in a dispute by big plates." And old Mr. Budger chuckled and rubbed his head as the happy couple passed on.

## Curious Facts About Words.

Marsh tells us that the number of English words not yet obsolete, but found in good authors, or in approved usage by correct speakers, including the nomenclature of science and the arts, does not probably fall short of one hundred. A large portion of these words, however, do not enter into the living speech, the common language of daily and hourly thought. Some celebrated English and American orators have been able, upon occasions, to summon at their command one-half of this vast array of words, although they habitually content themselves with a much less imposing display of verbal force. Few writers of speakers use as many as ten thousand words; ordinary persons of fair intelligence not above three or four thousand. If a scholar were to be required to name, without examination, the authors whose English vocabulary was the largest, he would probably specify the all-embracing Shakespeare and the all-knowing Milton; and yet, in all the works of the great dramatist there occur not more than fifteen thousand words, in the poems of Milton not above eight thousand. The Old Testament uses but 5,642 words. The whole number of Egyptian hieroglyphic symbols does not exceed eight hundred, and the entire Italian operative vocabulary is said to be scarcely more extensive.

## To Prevent Baldness.

Dandruff is a very frequent cause of baldness, and this malady is usually contracted by inoculation of the cosmetics of the fashionable barber. In order to prevent as far as possible the commencement of baldness, the hair should be cut and dressed at home, and with one's own implements, and these thoroughly clean. When it has begun, the following mode of treatment is suggested: The scalp is to be daily well soaked with tar or fluid glycerine potash soap, which is to be rubbed in for fifteen minutes firmly. The head is then to be drenched first with warm water, and then gradually colder water. A two per cent. corrosive sublimate lotion is next to be pretty freely applied. The head is then to be dried, and the roots of the hair are to have a one-half per cent. solution of naphthol in spirit rubbed into them. Finally, a pomade of 1/4 to 2 per cent. of carbolic or salicylic oil is to be used to the head. This treatment has now in many cases brought the disease not only to a stand, but the hair has been to a considerable extent restored.

## A Garden Party.

What is a garden party? Do you want to know very much? Yes? Well, will you promise not to tell if we tell you know? All right, then we will tell you: A garden party is the old shanghai that gets over the fence and rakes up all the mignonette and other flowers.—*Puck.*

Of the 4,500,000 dead letters handled in Washington last year, over 13,000 were mailed without any address, and over 200,000 without stamps.