

## The Morganton Star.

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T. G. COBB, Editor and Proprietor.  
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### King of the Wall Street Bears.

Addison Cammack is the most important man in Wall street on the bear side. The small operators circle around him like June bugs around a gas jet. They look upon him as the fountain head of all bear wisdom and inspiration. Words from his lips are as precious as pearls, and are caught and carried along from one to another until they have gone the rounds.

He is a heavy, broad shouldered man of fifty-eight, with iron gray hair and mustache. His eyes are gray, and his mouth and chin and nose are large, and indicative of firmness and resolution. He dresses very plainly, although his clothes are made by the most expensive tailor in town, and he always carries a walking stick. He speaks quickly, and almost invariably follows each remark with the inquiry "Huh?" Being a bachelor, he has a valet, who attends to his wants.

He is a member of the Stock exchange, but is rarely seen on the floor, and is not down town even half as much as one would suppose he would be. He goes out walking and driving a good deal, and is often seen in Central park. Cammack is a man of exemplary habits. At one time he was an inveterate smoker. He smoked the strongest kind of cigars and a great number of them. A year and a half ago his physician told him that his health would be improved if he smoked less. He never smoked a cigar after that. The man's will is so strong that he will do anything he makes up his mind to do. He is a Southerner. He was born in Kentucky and drifted down to New Orleans. He subsequently came North and started as a cotton broker in New York. It was not long before he got to dealing in stocks, and he was successful.

He is now worth \$6,000,000 or \$7,000,000. He goes on his judgment, which is next to unerring. He works the market against Jay Gould, and Gould does not seem to be able to entrap him in any way. He is always posted on everything, and there is scampering when he makes a move. He is gruff blunt, and to the point, and has a mind of his own. He can form his own opinions. That is the great secret of his success. A friend who was talking to him one night said:

"I hear you are called 'The Mephistopheles of the street.'"

"What is that for?" growled Old Cam. "Because you raise Hades down there I suppose."

"Well, if they mean I do as I want to, that's what I am, and I don't care what name they give me."

Cam used to be shaved by a certain barber in the shop in the Windsor. The man was very attentive. Not long ago the man had a chance to buy a shop, and Cam let him have \$2,200 to start in business.

Cam made \$1,600,000 in the fall in stocks at the time of the panic in 1873. In the last great decline he has made all of \$2,000,000. It is no uncommon thing for him to make or lose a quarter of a million.—*New York Chronicle.*

### The "Square of the Gun."

In the center of the town of Teheran, Persia, the seat of government of Nussir-Deen, the King of Kings, the Asylum of the Universe, is a large square; it is called the Square of the Gun. The huge piece of ordnance that gives its name to the place is very like one of the cannon which stand behind the horse guards. Clustered round it are a group of weary-looking men. They are murderers; safe for the time being from the law (generally), even from the avenger of blood; the place is bast or sanctuary. Under the shadow or within touch of this gun, the murderer, even the traitor, is safe. Let him once leave this refuge, if only for a few yards, and the criminal will fall into the hands of the law or the clutch of the avenger of blood. For in Persia, the murderer has not so much to fear the laws of his country as the vengeance, legal or otherwise, of his victim's relatives. Blood has a price, and the price must be paid, or the criminal must be prepared to shed his own. The price is not arbitrary; it is fixed at so much for a freed man, another price for a woman, another for a slave.

### A NATURE PRAYER.

Oh, birds that sing such thankful psalms,  
Rebuking human fretting,  
Teach us your secret of content,  
Your science of forgetting.  
For every life must have its ill—  
You, too, have times of sorrow—  
Teach us, like you, to lay them by  
And sing again to-morrow;  
For gems of blackest jet may rest  
Within a golden setting,  
And he is wise who understands  
The science of forgetting.

Oh, palms, that bow before the gale  
Until its peaceful ending,  
Teach us your yielding, linked with strength,  
Your graceful art of bending;  
For every tree must meet the storm.  
Each heart must encounter sorrow—  
Teach us, like you, to bow, that we  
May stand erect to-morrow;  
For there is strength in humble grace—  
Its wise disciples shielding—  
And he is strong who understands  
The happy art of yielding.

Oh, brook, which laughs all night, all day,  
With voice of sweet seduction,  
Teach us your art of laughing more  
At every new obstruction;  
For every life has eddies deep  
And rapids fiercely dashing,  
Sometimes through gloomy caverns forced,  
Sometimes in sunlight flashing;  
Yet there is wisdom in your way.  
Your laughing waves and wimples:  
Teach us your gospel built of smiles,  
The secret of your dimples.

Oh, oaks, that stand in forest ranks,  
Tall, strong, erect, and slightly,  
Your branches arched in noblest grace,  
Your leaflets laughing lightly;  
Teach us your firm and quiet strength,  
Your secrets of extraction  
From slimy darkness in the soil  
The grace of life and action;  
For they are rich who understand  
The secret of combining  
The good deep hidden in the earth  
With that where suns are shining.

Oh, myriad forms of earth and air,  
Of lake, and sea, and river,  
Which makes our landscapes glad and fair  
To glorify the giver;  
Teach us to learn the lessons hid  
In each familiar feature,  
The mystery which so perfects  
Each low or lofty creature;  
For God is good, and life is sweet,  
While suns are brightly shining  
To glad the glooms and thus rebuke  
Our follies of repining.

Each night is followed by its day,  
Each storm by fairer weather,  
While all the works of nature sing  
Their psalms of joy together.  
Then learn, oh, heart, their songs of hope!  
Cease, soul, thy thankless sorrow;  
For though the clouds be dark to-day,  
The sun shall shine to-morrow;  
Learn well from bird and tree and rill,  
The sins of dark resentment;  
And know the greatest gift of God  
Is faith and sweet contentment.  
—J. E. Jones, in *Courier-Journal.*

### THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

A STRANGE BUT TRUE STORY.

Many decades ago a vessel from Boston arrived at a dock in London. Among the hands on board was one named Tudor, a steady, well-looking young man, who acted as a sailor. Very early one morning a young, beautiful and decently dressed woman came tripping down to the vessel and inquired of Tudor for the captain. She was told he was not risen, but she insisted on seeing him without delay. Tudor called him up, and she addressed him with:

"Good-morning, captain! I have called to see if you will marry me."

"Marry you?"—believing her to be a suspicious character—"leave my vessel instantly, if you know what is for your good!" She next went to the mate and received a similar answer; she then went to where Tudor was, being engaged in handling ship tacks, and put the same question to him. "With all my heart," answered Tudor, in a jocular manner.

"Then," said she, "come along with me." Tudor left his work and followed her. By the time the principal shops were opened the lady entered a barber's shop followed by Tudor. She ordered a knight of the razor to clip his beard and hair, both of which he stood in need. She paid the bills and entered a hat store. The requested the best of beavers in the store, and told Tudor to select one, and he did so, the price being paid by the lady. Tudor threw his old tarpaulin aside. They next visited a shoe store, and selected a pair of boots, the lady also paying for them. Tudor, by this time, was puzzled to devise the object the lady had in view. He solicited an explanation, but she told him to be silent. She led the way into a clothing store. Here Tudor was told to select the best suit of clothes in the store. The man of the tar bedaubed pants and checkered shirt was in a few minutes metamorphosed into as fine a gentleman as walks the streets, the bill, as before, being paid by the lady. Tudor's amazement was now complete. He again and again earnestly insisted on an explanation; the only answer he received was: "Follow me and be not afraid; all will be explained to your satisfaction." He there

fore resolved to ask no more questions. Next she conducted him into a magistrate's office and politely requested the minister of the law to unite her and her companion in matrimony. This was rather a damper to Tudor, but he yielded. The ceremony over, the couple were pronounced man and wife. Without uttering a word or exchanging a kiss, Tudor and his wife left the office, not, however, until she paid the magistrate his fee.

The couple walked in silence, Tudor hardly knowing what he was doing or what he had done. Turning the corner, he saw a splendid house, toward which the wife directed her steps and into which they entered, passing into a room that was furnished in a magnificent style. She told him to sit down and make himself contented while she went into another room. The first one who addressed her was her uncle, who asked how she escaped from her room and where she had been. Her only answer was: "Thou fiend in human shape; I allow you just one hour to remove your effects from this house. You have long deprived me of my property, and meant to through life; but you are frustrated. I am mistress of my own house. I am married, and my husband is here!"

We must leave the newly-married couple for the purpose of giving the history of Mrs. Tudor. She was the only child of a wealthy gentleman, Mr. A., his daughter's name being Eliza. He had been at great expense in her education, she being the only object of his care, his wife dying when she was quite young. A short time before his death he made a will by which his brother was to have possession of all his property until his daughter was married, when it was to be given up to her husband, but if she died without marrying, the property was to go to her uncle and his family. After the death of Mr. A., his brother removed into his house and Eliza boarded in his family. She soon discovered that her uncle did not intend she should ever marry. He shut her up in one of the centre rooms in the third

story and refused her associates by telling them when they called that she was gone on a journey. The unfortunate girl was thus shut out from the world for three years. Her scanty breakfast happened one morning to be carried to her one morning by her old servant Juan. Seeing the face of her old friend and servant, Eliza burst into tears. Juan well understood the meaning.

"Hush, Eliza? Some of your old servants have long been planning means for your escape."

"What?" exclaimed Eliza, "is it possible that I am to be delivered from this vile place?"

It is unnecessary to detail all the minutia of the escape. Suffice it to say that on the morning of the fourth day after the interview she made her escape. This was about daylight. She immediately bent her steps to the wharf where the Boston vessel lay.

The amazement of Tudor and transport of his wife at the sudden change of fortune may possibly be conceived but cannot be expressed.

One pleasant morning some days after the marriage the crew of the Boston vessel's attention was drawn to a splendid carriage approaching the wharf. The driver let down the steps and a gentleman and lady elegantly dressed alighted. The gentleman asked the captain what port he was from, and many other questions—all the time avoiding his scrutiny; at last, turning to the captain and calling him by name, he said: "Captain, before leaving your vessel, permit me to make you acquainted with Mrs. Tudor." The captain and those about him had not recognized him to be their old friend and shipmate Tudor, whom they supposed some fatal accident had befallen. You may judge of the congratulations that followed.

The captain regretted the harsh judgment he had at first passed upon the young lady, but unlike the mate, being a married man, he was spared the added mortification of the latter that he had spurned even to consider so fortunate an offer of marriage.

This remarkable marriage, the bride being snatched from prison walls, as it were, and the groom called from the hard and humble lot of a common sailor both brought suddenly and unexpectedly to positions of freedom and affluence—has hardly a parallel in all history. The union thus formed proved to be a very happy one. The large fortune that then fell under the active management of Frederick Tudor was wisely handled and largely increased. In due time Mr. and Mrs. Tudor transferred their residence to Boston.

With shrewd foresight, Mr. Tudor entered largely into the ice business, being the first person to make shipments of ice by sea. His venture was made in 1805, when he sailed himself with a cargo of 130 tons, in his own brig to Martinique, West Indies. In 1815 Mr. Tudor obtained the monopoly of the Havana ice business, and important privileges from the Cuban government. In 1817 he introduced the business in Charleston, S. C., the next year in Savannah, and in 1820 into New Orleans. In May, 1833, he sent the first cargo of ice to the East Indies, which was delivered at Calcutta in the autumn of that year. Of the 180 tons, nearly one-half was wasted in the voyage and in going up the Ganges. The ice was sold immediately, at no more than half the cost of that prepared by the natives. In 1834 the first cargo of ice was shipped to Brazil by Mr. Tudor, and until 1836 he had a monopoly of the shipment of ice, but it finally became so large and profitable that others entered into the business from various ports.

Mr. Tudor's foresight secured to Boston the chief position of the Calcutta trade, and gave her ships cargoes for Southern ports, thus reducing the costs of freighting southern products to the North. The extensive and valuable Tudor estates in Boston and vicinity, where representatives of the family still reside, are well known. The Tudors have always been noted for public spirit, intelligence and refinement, and it was a streak of good luck for more than two that about the establishment of the family in America.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

### Romance of a Once Famous Publisher.

Among the inmates of the ophthalmic department of the hospital on the corner of Twenty-third street and Third avenue is a man who has an exceedingly interesting history. Forty years ago his name was literally a household word in every cultivated home in the United States, for it was attached to a magazine which justly takes rank as the pioneer publication of first-class American periodical literature. The man in question is George Rex Graham, the founder of *Graham's Magazine*, who was once also the chief owner of the Philadelphia *North American* newspaper, who has twice made and lost handsome fortunes, and who was often the host of men who have occupied exalted places, both at Harrisburg and Washington. Blind, helpless, worn out and subsisting on the generosity of others, this poor old man now more than three-score and ten, has for over eighteen months past been waiting in the institution named to have operations performed on his eyes for the removal of cataracts. Although a writer of grace and force, Mr. Graham has never made any pretence to be, strictly speaking, a literary man, but he was a generous employer and in many instances was also the discoverer of our best known and greatest writers. He was the first American publisher to pay respectable prices for literary wares. Bayard Taylor, whose earliest poems he published, was amazed when Graham tendered him a \$25 check for two poorly prized poetic effusions. For his "Spanish Student" Longfellow received \$150 from Mr. Graham, and for "The Village Blacksmith," \$50. Fenimore Cooper once called on him in answer to a note; Graham wanted him to write ten naval stories.

"I can't write for you," said Cooper, rather contemptuously, adding: "You can't pay me enough."

"How much do you want for each story?" asked Graham.

"One hundred dollars—in advance—" was Cooper's reply, pausing before uttering the two last words as if he thought they would end the matter. Without a moment's hesitation Graham wrote out and handed Cooper a check for \$1,000. The stories were written and published, but Mr. Graham believes they did his magazine no special good. His fame as a large handed publisher spread, however, and did him great service.—*New York Herald.*

Mrs. Helen L. Capel, of Pleasantown, Kan., has abandoned the newspaper business, after some years of successful management. In her valedictory, she says: "As the editor and business manager of a newspaper, my business is more with men than with women, and my work, to be done successfully, must be done as men do it. If I do not follow the beaten path, the business must suffer. If I do my work like a man, I am made the subject of such a continual fusillade of malicious gossip that I choose to abandon a profitable business rather than bear it any longer."

There are published in Honolulu four English daily newspapers, four English, three native, one Chinese and one Portuguese weeklies, and three English and one native monthlies.

### Finding One's Way on the Prairies.

To find the way for yourself to a new ranch across the prairies, or to drive anywhere after dark, is a feat only attempted by the unwary. "Love will find out a way" through bolts and bars and parental interdiction; but Love itself would be baffled on the prairie, where the whole universe stretches in endless invitation, and where there is absolutely "nothing to hinder" from going in any direction that you please. "Foller a kind of a blind trail, one mile east and two miles south," is the kind of direction usually given in the vernacular; and so closely does one cultivate the powers of observation in a country where a bush may be a feature of the landscape and a tall sunflower a landmark, that I am tempted to copy verbatim the written directions sent by a friend by which we were to find our way to her hospitable home:

"Cross the river at the Howards'; turn to the right, and follow a dim trail till you come to the plowed ground, which you follow to the top of the hill. Follow the road on the west side of a corn field, and then a dim trail across the prairie to a wire fence. After you leave the wire fence, go up a little hill and down a little hill, then up another till you reach a road leading to the right, which angles across a section and leads into a road going south to Dr. Read's frame house with a wall of sod about it. Through his door-yard and then through some corn. Leave the road after driving through the corn, and angle to the right to the corner of another corn field. Take the road to the west of this corn, and go south, up a hill, then turn to the right and follow a plain road west; afterward south, past Mr. Dever's homestead, a frame house on the right with a stone house unroofed. South, past a corn field and plowed land on the right. The road turns to the right toward the west, for a little way, then south, then a short distance east, and you reach the guide-post, which is near a thrifty looking farm owned by Mr. Bryant; a frame house; corn field, wheat stacks, and melon patch. At the guide-post, take the road going south, with cornfield on the right, till you come to two roads. Follow the right-hand road (a dim trail at first) down the hill, past some hay-stacks, to the Osage-orange hedge. Follow that to the creek crossing, then through the grove of sunflowers to a sod house. Go through the corn directly west, following the creek to the crossing near our house."

The distance was sixteen miles, but we took the letter with us, and found the way without the slightest difficulty, though a little puzzled at first by finding that "at the Howards'" meant anywhere three miles of the Howards'.—*Harpers Magazine.*

### Inoculation against Cholera.

The description of his own vaccination for cholera by the *New York Herald* correspondent, at Valencia, Spain, is one of the most interesting and extraordinary recitals in the annals of medical experiment. The bacilli had been grown in meat-broth. This broth was injected hypodermically, very deep in the upper arm. The dread effects of cholera (but in a form mitigated to human endurance) soon evidenced themselves. Rigidity, nausea, muscular spasm, the dysenteric pain in the spine, collapse, and sleep followed each other. At the end of twenty-eight hours the correspondent wrote his description, and expected to have a severe headache for twenty-two hours more, whereafter he would be secure from cholera for three months. A second inoculation would insure a longer period of immunity. A score of other investigators underwent vaccination at the same time. Some experimenters are unable to sleep. There remains no doubt that the doctors have found the right microbe, but it is probable that they will be forced to breed it down until it shall create a less serious disturbance when scientifically introduced in the human system. At present the trial is far too severe for practical benefit to the race. Progress in this field of science seems to have been delayed until the Egyptian outbreak in 1883. Since then the march of knowledge has amazed the world. All honor to the great men whose skill, patience and bravery have at last borne fruit.—*Chicago Current.*

### Killed by Meteoric Stones.

Considering the number of meteoric stones which reach the earth's surface it would not be surprising if many lives had been destroyed them. It is stated that loss of life resulted from a large fall in Africa; that about the year 1020 many persons and animals were killed; that in 1511, about 5 o'clock one evening, a priest was struck and killed; and that still later, 1650, a monk was killed. But these, according to Mr. James R. Gregory, seem to be the only instances recorded of death from falling meteorites.

### FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The weight of an ostrich egg is equal to twenty-eight hen's eggs.

Experiments made in Paris show that the crocodile can bring its jaws together with the force of over 300 pounds.

It is said that the electric lights at Sacramento can be seen from the high land near Jackson, Cal., a distance of sixty miles.

The ancient name of Afghanistan was Bactria. It was among the conquests of Alexander the Great, and it was there that he married Roxana, his first wife.

The longest word used in Eliot's Indian Bible is "Weetappesiftukgussunookwehtunkquoh." It is found in St. Mark's Gospel, i., 40, and means "Kneeling down to him."

The climate of Iowa is reported to be changing because farmings has removed the tall, dense prairie grass and dried up the ponds and reservoirs of water that formerly abounded.

On Primrose Day, as the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death is now called, several London eating-houses advertised that every customer would be presented with a portrait of Lord Beaconsfield and a bunch of primroses.

A large business is done in old hats between England and America and the Nicobars. The savages there consider it a mark of affluence to possess as many old hats as possible, and a good tall white hat with a broad black band will fetch from fifty-five to sixty-five coconuts.

The blood of an innocent child was believed to cure leprosy in old times; that of an executed criminal the falling sickness. The hearts of animals, because the seat of life, were held to be potent drugs. The Rosicrucian physicians treated a case of wounding by applying the salve to the wound instead of to the wound itself.

No English peer or peeress can be arrested for debt, need serve on juries, or be called out in the militia, and they do not swear on oath, but on honor, except when witnesses in any court. They can sit in any court in England with their hats on, can wear a sort of uniform a peers, can carry arms, but not in their pockets, and, if they commit treason or felony, they must be tried by their peers.

A wealthy citizen of Rome, according to Tacitus, had pledged freedom to a slave and had broken his promise. The man, enraged and disappointed, assassinated his master. By law, in such cases, all slaves under the same roof should be executed. The public duty, in this case was discussed in the senate, and the celebrated stoic Cassius defended the law and urged its enforcement. The slaves, all innocent, to the number of 600 persons, were finally executed.

### The Bobolinks.

Bobolink is a very dandy looking fellow, proud as a belle who has danced with the Prince of Wales or the Duke Alexis. He has a habit of singing his rattling notes in the air and hovering until his rollicking solo is finished; or if he commences his song on a stake or tree he never rises until the music is completed. Many writers have tried to imitate his song. Bryant and Irving both give him a prominent place in the written picture galleries.

When I was a boy or the farm we used to call him the corn-planting bird, and as we read his song he said: "Dig a hole, dig a hole, put it in, cover't up, cover't up, stamp on't, stamp on't, step along." He wore his parti-colored suit, the main portion of a genteel black, a little whitish yellow powder in his hair, as if he had poked his head into a lily some time and carried away the pollen and a shoulder strap of the same on each side of the neck, proving him a brigadier in the army of peace. In the autumn the bobolinks go South on a furlough, take off their gaudy uniform, put on suits of rusty black, change their name and become either reed birds or rice birds.—*Heath and Linnæ.*

### Bird Migration in Cuba.

Statistics collected by the American Ornithologists' Union show that great numbers of birds are destroyed by flying against the light-houses of Cuba. At Paredon Grande, more than 100 birds were found one morning. In one night last October 378 were killed by flying against the light-house at Cardenas; and at the San Antonio light-house more than 500 are sometimes picked up after a single night's destruction. This is confirmed the view expressed by Prof. Spencer F. Baird, twenty years ago, that every autumn a great bird wave sweeps over from Florida to Cuba.

A Japanese dentist never uses forceps. When he draws a tooth he has to dig it out with his fingers.—*St. Paul Herald.*