

THE MORGANTON STAR.

'Hew to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where they May.'

VOL. I.

MORGANTON, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1885.

NO. 18.

The Morganton Star.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF BURKE COUNTY.

Published Every Friday.

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B. A. COBB, Manager and Soliciting Agent.

Terms: \$1.00 per Year in advance

Entered at the Post Office in Morganton as Second-Class Matter.

What Fish Sometimes Swallow.

Captain J. W. Collins, of the United States Fish Commission, sent to Professor Baird a knife found in the possession of a codfish, and wrote as follows: "I send by to-day's express a knife, apparently the kind known as a 'haddock tipper,' which was taken from the stomach of a large codfish on Le Have Bank. The knife was presented by Captain Henry McEachern, of the schooner A. F. Gifford, of New York, through Captain Benjamin F. Blatchford. Captain McEachern stated to me that the knife was found in the stomach of a forty-five pound cod, which was caught this winter on a trawl-line, in about forty-five to sixty fathoms of water, latitude forty-three degrees and eight minutes north, longitude sixty-four degrees eleven minutes west. As Captain McEachern is considered very reliable, there is no reason for doubting the correctness of the statement, though it does seem strange that a fish should swallow such an implement."

Mr. Henry Ffennell, of Land and Water, writes: "I have before me the pewter flask which was presented to my father, the late Mr. Ffennell, commissioner of fisheries. On the flask is the following inscription: 'This flask, containing two glasses of an ardent spirit, was found in the stomach of a ling (*Molva vulgaris*), taken off Brandon Head, County Kerry (Ireland), presented by G. J. E. Stopford, Esq., LL. D., and W. Andrews, Esq., to W. J. Ffennell, Esq., in testimony of esteem and of the sense of the services rendered by him as commissioner of fisheries. The flask is round in shape, and when full holds just four wine glasses. From its appearance it is supposed to have belonged to a Dutch sailor. Although I know many instances of strange things having been taken from the stomachs of a fish, I have never heard of so curious a case as this."

A correspondent at Cedar Springs, Ga., informs us that while fishing in Chatta-hochee river John Leedom caught a catfish weighing five pounds, and in its stomach was found a gold \$20 gold coin dated 1816.

The Hawkinsville (Ga.) News is responsible for the following: B. W. Fustell found last Friday floating near his midam a very large jack fish. Taking it from the water he found that death had been produced from swallowing another fish of the same kind. On examination the large fish was found to be sixteen inches long and the largest of the kind we ever saw, while the one that had been swallowed measured fourteen inches in length and was about one-third the size of the other. This may seem a little curious to the reader that one fish could swallow another only two inches shorter, but the fact can be substantiated by several gentlemen. The tail of the inside fish lacked about one inch of reaching to the point of the mouth of the outside fish.

A Swell Reporter.
The Baltimore American has the swell reporter of the country. He is a young man about thirty years of age. There is not the slightest necessity for his doing any work, as not only is his father a millionaire, but he has a fortune in his own name which yields a large revenue. Nevertheless this young man is so passionately devoted to journalism that he entered the service of the American as a minor reporter in order to master all the details of the business. He has now been a reporter a good many years, and loves his work as much as ever. He gets a good salary from the paper, but spends twice as much every week. When he goes out on any assignment he uses his private coupe or hires a cab, and if he does not wish to return to the newspaper office he will telegraph all his matter at his own expense. This journalistic phenomenon travels like a lord. He always stops at the very best hotels, and will take two sections of a sleeping car when he can get them. As for clothes, he has an infinite variety, and if ever a special correspondent had a suit for every day in the month this enthusiast has one for every day in the year. He cares nothing for his salary, but works hard to make his mark, and is one of the best newspaper men in this country.—New York Graphic.

LIFE'S SUNNY SIDE.

What—you are dull to-day!
In a sad mull to-day!
Up and be social and stirring, I pray,
Why so lugubrious?
Take a salubrious
Walk, and we'll talk, for I've something to say.
Verily, verily,
Things will go merrily
When you are merry and brave.
But if not cheerfully
Tempored, but tearfully,
Life is a tyrant, and you are its slave.

If you go willfully,
However skilfully
Nursing your moods and your delicate whims,
Life will be dumb to you,
All things will come to you
Touched by a shadow that saddens and dims.

Life has two sides to it,
Take the best guides to it,
Look at the best and the brightest, my friend.

Be a philosopher,
Don't look so cross over
Matters you never can alter or mend.

Look not so dimly
Down the abyssally
Dark—hanging over the precipice brink.
Worst of all bias is
Hypochondriasis—
Sunshine is healthier than shadow, I think.

If you would drive away
Gloom, and would give away
Honey-like peace in your innermost cell,
Work—like the humble bee,
Soft let your grumble be:
Burn your own smoke, and the world will go well.

—C. P. Cranch, in Youth's Companion

TOM'S EXPERIMENT.

Tom was in a dilemma. He sat on the rocks overlooking the sea, in the very spot to which he had been attracted two hours before by the sight of a scarlet jacket, and thought over his perplexities, and wondered how it would turn out.

"Plague take the girl," he said, with rather more emphasis than politeness, as he ground a pebble into the earth under his heel. "I'd like to know how to get the start of her."

That was just it! How to get the start of Janet Stafford was what puzzled him more than anything he had attempted in a long time. He had tried, in more ways than one, to accomplish the feat, and every attempt had been a failure. He was getting discouraged.

The way of it all was this: Tom Winters had met Janet Stafford a year ago, and had straightway fallen in love with her. Now Miss Stafford was something of a flirt, "a regular, born flirt" was Tom's way of putting it, and she liked to tantalize the men, and especially Tom, it seemed to him. Time and again he had opened his mouth to propose, but she always seemed to know what was coming, and by adroit tact would turn the conversation upon some other topic, and talk on and on, until poor Tom would get disgusted, and conclude that he would wait for some other opportunity to declare his love. In no way could he determine whether she cared for him or not. He thought she did, however, and that kept him following her round as faithfully as her shadow, watching for an opportunity to put his fate to the test, and

"Win or lose it all." He had seen her sitting on the rocks that afternoon, reading, and of course he joined her. He wouldn't have been Tom Winters, if he hadn't.

Janet knew, before he had been five minutes by her side, that she was verging toward a proposal. She could tell it by his face, and the awful silence which seemed to settle down about him, as he concentrated his courage for the momentous crisis which he hoped was at last at hand.

Suddenly she started up. "I'm getting absent-minded, I think," she laughed, "I promised to go boat-riding with Jack Devere this afternoon, and I had forgotten all about it till this minute. I'm sorry to leave you, Mr. Winters, but a promise is a promise you know, and has to be kept," and with that she was gone, and poor Tom swallowed the words that were sticking in his mouth, and sighed dolefully, while he thought unutterable things about Jack Devere, who was his special aversion, because he was a good deal more attentive to Miss Stafford than Tom thought he ought to be.

"I wish Devere was in—China," growled Tom, getting up and brushing the dust off his clothes, preparatory to going back to the hotel.

"What did you say, Mr. Winters?" asked a voice at his side, and there was Miss Stafford again. "I left my book here somewhere, and came back after it."

"Don't go boat-riding to-day," pleaded Tom, growing desperate under the laughing glance she gave him. "I—I've something particular to say to you."

"I must go," she answered, "though I'd like to stay ever so much. But I'll have to keep my promise."

"But one doesn't keep all the promises one makes," said Tom. "Do stay here with me, please."

"If I had promised to go boat-riding with you, and didn't keep my word, I wonder what you'd think of me?" asked Miss Stafford. "Think how disappointed Jack would be if I shouldn't come."

"He'd get over it," answered Tom. "And as I said, I've something particular to say—"

"It will keep till some other day," answered Miss Stafford, biting her lips to keep back the laugh that always came when Tom's face took on that lugubrious look. "There are more days coming, you know."

"I suppose so," Tom had to admit. "But—but you never give me a chance to say what I want to. I really believe you know what I want to say, but won't let me say it, just to torment me."

"There comes Jack," exclaimed Miss Stafford, as a whistle was heard down the path leading from the beach to the cliffs. "Some other time you may tell me the 'something particular' you were going to say to-day—if you get a chance."

That was it! If he got a chance! "It's a downright shame for her to treat me so," said Tom, watching her and Jack Devere, as they went down the bay. "Sometimes I think she does it to bother me, and sometimes I think she does it because she likes me and wants to make me jealous, so that I'll be sure to propose. But it can't be that, either, for she won't let me propose. Hanged if I know what she does mean by it."

Poor perplexed Tom sat down and took a newspaper out of his pocket, and tried to forget his trials in its accounts of murders and accidents and other cheerful matters of that sort. Finding them dull, he turned to the story department. There was a little sketch there called "Washed Ashore." Tom read it. It was about a man who loved a woman—as he loved Miss Stafford—and singular coincidence, he couldn't find out whether she loved him or not. One day he was out rowing and lost his hat. The waves washed it ashore. The woman he loved found it. She thought he must be drowned, and to the poor, inanimate thing, she confessed the love she had borne for its owner. The supposed dead man happened to be near at hand, and heard her tardy confession of love—and then and there all his troubles ended—or began.

"Why couldn't I try such an experiment on Janet!" thought Tom. "If I could only contrive to make her think I was drowned, I might find out whether she cares for me or not. I don't see as I'm ever likely to find out in any other way. I'll try it."

He went down to the beach and engaged a boat. He saw Devere coming as he went down the bay, and Miss Stafford waved him a passing greeting with her sunshade.

"That's lucky," thought Tom. "She's seen me going out on the water. I'll leave the boat somewhere along the shore, and it'll be found, and I'll be missing, and she'll be sure to think I fell in, and was drowned, or committed suicide, and when she thinks that, she'll be likely to say or do something that'll give herself away, and I'll hear of it after I turn up, and then I'll know what to do."

"It looks squally in the west," Devere sung out after him. "You'd better not go far, Winters."

"Thank you," answered Tom; "but I'll look out for myself," and he was soon out of hearing of Miss Stafford's merry laugh and Jack Devere's jokes at his expense.

A peak jutted out into the bay, and Tom concluded that a boat abandoned there would be pretty sure to float back to the hotel when the tide came in. Accordingly he left the boat to the mercy of the waves, and started back a round-about-way to the hotel, over the rocky cliffs.

The sky was overclouded by this time, and the wind began to blow. To add to Tom's discomfort, the rain soon began to pour down in great torrents, and he was drenched to the skin before he could find shelter.

The sun was going down before the storm abated.

It was quite well along in the evening before he got back to the vicinity of the hotel. He was thoroughly chilled in his wet garments, he was hungry, and he was afraid that his plan would prove a failure. Therefore he was not in a very

pleasant frame of mind when he saw Janet Stafford's red jacket just a little way ahead of him, as he came down the beach. The sight of that jacket, in itself, was not very disagreeable, but the sight of Jack Devere's broad brimmed straw hat, looking in the moonlight like an aureole about his rival's head, made him very angry.

"Deuce his impertinent attentions," growled Tom. "He's a puppy! I suppose he answers her, but I'd like to punch his head for his amusement. They're coming this way. Now's my time to produce a sensation."

The waves were tumbling in on the beach. Tom threw his hat out among them, knowing they would wash it in, and that the couple coming toward him would be quite sure to see it on the sand. Then he hid behind a rock.

"I haven't seen Winters come back yet," Miss Stafford was saying, when they came within hearing distance.

"She's thinking about me," said Tom, "and that shows she's—she's—well, it shows she's thinking about me, anyway, if it doesn't show anything else," and this was some consolation to the poor fellow. "Perhaps they won't recognize the hat as mine, but if I keep shady tonight and the boat is found, then they'll think that I must be lost and we'll see what she'll say."

"He may have been cast away on some island along the shore," laughed Jack Devere. "Maybe he'll turn hermit and end his days and troubles there."

"I hope not," said Miss Stafford, "for if that should happen I should never know what 'something particular' was that he wanted to say to me." Then she laughed, and the sound of her merriment made the listener's ears tingle.

"Poor rowdy," said Devere, but his tone didn't seem to have as much pity in it as his words did. "You're really too hard on him. What's that at your feet, Janet? A hat, isn't it?"

"Sure enough," said Miss Stafford, stooping to pick it up. "Why, Jack, I do believe it's Tom Winters', for here's a bunch of blackberry leaves sticking in the band, and I remember giving him some I had gathered yesterday. He begged so hard for them that I couldn't refuse him. Oh, Jack! do you suppose he is drowned?"

"I wouldn't wonder at all if he was," answered Jack. "It made Tom's blood run cold to hear his rival's matter-of-fact tone. 'He was a perfect muff with a boat, and never ought to have been allowed two rods from shore in one.'"

"I hope he isn't drowned," said Miss Stafford, and Tom listened delightfully to the sigh that accompanied the words. It proves that she must care something for him.

"Just wait till she hears of the boat," chuckled Tom. "I presume she'd give way to her feelings now over the hat if he wasn't by."

Poor Tom!
"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Miss Stafford, a moment later, "if he is drowned I shall never listen to that 'something particular' shall I," and then she laughed.

Tom could hardly credit his senses. Looking at it from their standpoint, in all probability he was dead. And yet she could laugh.

"Heartless creature," thought Tom, disgusted with all the world. "I wouldn't have believed it of her. She didn't care two buttons for me. What a fool I've been. I wish somebody'd kick me!"

"I don't want gentlemen saying, 'something particular' to my promised wife," said Jack, and then he kissed Miss Stafford, and she kissed him back, and said she'd "do just as he thought best, only it was such fun to bother the silly fellow."

His promised wife!
Tom didn't want to hear anything more. He didn't want to see anything more. He had heard and seen enough already.

"I don't know but we'd better go back and get some one to turn out and look for Winters," he heard Jack say.

A Brahmin Explains His Religion.

Gopal Venayak Joshee is a Hindoo and a native of Sangamner county, in the Bombay presidency. He left Bombay more than nine months ago, and traveled thither via Burmah, Siam, China and Japan. Joshee was visited by a *Chronicle* reporter in his rooms, on Bush street, and, having placed a lighted candle on a small table, with his legs crossed under him on his chair, his small bronzed hands clasped his small bare feet, he proceeded to explain that the communications he was bound to make were not volitional, but only in answer to questions.

"I travel for my pleasure and instruction, and to find out for myself if all that English missionaries say is true. They make attacks on my religion and customs, and I want to find out what is fact and what is falsehood."

"Are you a Brahmin or a Buddhist?"
"I am a Brahmin. There are very few Buddhists, but hundreds of thousands of Brahmins. We are all idolaters, and we are proud of it. We do not respect the images, but the holy men whom they represent."

"Do you believe in a Supreme Being?"
"Yes. But we do not worship Him. Of course not. A Supreme Being does not want any worship. People can not worship what they can not conceive."

"Tell me about your religion."
"People in this country respect the memory of their dead relatives; they worship insignificant beings such as their fathers and mothers. We worship those who have been worthy men and have left records behind them, and who are God incarnate like your Christ. Our religion is not idolatry; we do not worship gods, but godlike men."

"You seem to have studied different religions."
"I believe I have studied well and maintain my own ground. Our aim is to destroy our individuality. We should be above our passions, else we are only animals."

"But you worship animals," remarked the reporter.
The Brahmin, however, was not to be cornered. "We do not worship the serpent," said he, "but the extraordinary power it possesses. A serpent with us is the symbol of eternity, because with a single sting he can pass a man into eternity."

"What other animals do you thus revere, since we must not say worship?"
"The cow is very divine. We respect it the same, because it gives milk to all. I must tell you we do not worship animals themselves, but their powers. I am a Hindoo—a so-called idolator; our religion is superior to yours. We strive to look on all things with even eyes. A man who says 'this thing is good and that is bad' is not fit for absorption in God, because he is selfish. Nothing is bad in this world. If a man hits me I must bear it, or I am selfish, for I am the one hurt."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Live Stock of the United States.
The live stock of the United States in January, 1885, is given by the department of agriculture at \$2,456,425,005, divided as follows: Cattle, \$1,107,285,000; horses, \$852,282,000; mules, \$162,494,000; swine, \$226,401,683; and sheep \$107,960,950. There were \$43,771,000 cattle, an increase of \$1,220,000 during the year; 50,360,000 sheep, a decrease of 266,000; 45,192,000 swine, an increase of \$940,020; 11,564,000 horses, an increase of 194,886; 1,072,000 mules, an increase of 58,000. There was a shrinkage in value of all kinds of live stock during the year, least in horses and greatest in sheep and swine.

From English and other statistics it is found that the stated increase of cattle in Great Britain and Ireland for the last seventeen years of 395,223 is offset by a diminution in the sheep supply equivalent to 748,902 head of cattle, a net decrease of 353,679.

Of cattle, sheep, and swine, all told, Great Britain possessed in 1884 about one head per capita of its population, of \$5,000,000 head. For the same period the United States possessed two and one-half head per capita of its population. In the former country there are 230 head to the square mile, and in the United States thirty-five head.

Of countries outnumbering the United States in particular species of domesticated animals Russia leads in horses, with the United States second. Australia is first in sheep, with \$77,250,000; the Argentine Republic second, with \$87,416,000; and the United States third, with 10,360,000.—Chicago Tribune.

One-third of the cattle and less than one-third of the sheep imported by Great Britain come from the United States.

Tea stains can be taken out of lace by boiling it in milk.

Singing Parrots.

An advertisement called for a singing parrot, with the addendum that the price must not be a fancy one, and that no dealers need apply.

"Are singing parrots rare?" a bird fancier was asked.

"Singing is an accomplishment that very few parrots acquire," he replied, "and a good singing parrot—one that knows three or four songs and sings them well—is very rare indeed." The advertiser will hardly secure one without paying a 'fancy price.' His warning to dealers not to apply seems unnecessary, for if a dealer chanced to have a good one he certainly would not care to sell him cheap. But dealers do not very often have singing parrots in stock, for the birds only learn to sing well in private families, where music is an everyday recreation, and some one is patient enough to give them lessons. After they are once taught their owners are not willing to part with them.

"The African and Mexican parrots are, by long odds, the best singers, as they are the best talkers and whistlers. They are, in fact, by far the most intelligent, and so, of course, much the easiest to teach. If one of either kind is a pet in a musical family, and the person who feeds him sings to him while he is eating, he will quickly learn both the words and the tune of the song—learn them so well that if his teacher is guilty of a false note it will be difficult to rectify the error later. One song should be thoroughly mastered before another is attempted, and no effort should be made to teach a parrot to sing before he has passed his first year. If a parrot is well and patiently taught he will sing so accurately, both as to the tune and the pronunciation of the words, that it will be found, after a time, wholly impossible to distinguish his singing from that of the human voice. We have had, though rarely, such birds, and if one of them were placed out of sight, but within hearing, I would defy the sharpest musical ear in the world to detect anything in his song indicating that it was a bird singing and not a man or a woman; for he sings always with a voice pitched after the manner of his teacher.

"Of course, such birds are very expensive, and it is folly to advertise for a cheap one. Some time ago we had an African parrot here that sang 'Pretty Polly Perkins,' but not very well. We sold him to a dealer for \$50. He was perfected in 'Polly Perkins,' and sold for \$100. Later, having learned a second song, he brought \$200, and finally, a finished master of three songs, he was bought by a gentleman in this city for \$300. You could not purchase him now for love or money, he knows so many songs and whistles such a number of tunes, to say nothing of his conversational powers.

"The birds learn to sing in German, English or French indifferently. The language of their songs is dependent upon the nationality of the family by whom they are brought up. Some sing in more languages than one, and such are highly valued."—New York Sun.

Before Paper.

Wood was one of the earliest substances employed on which to inscribe names and record events. Stone, brass, lead and copper, were also used at an early period; after which the leaves of trees. These were superseded by the outer bark of the tree, but this being too coarse the inner bark came soon after to be used, that of the lime being preferred. This bark was called by the Romans *liber*, the Latin word for book, and these bark books, that they might be more conveniently carried about, were rolled up, and called *volumen*, hence our word volume. The skins of sheep, goats and asses were the next materials used, and so nicely were they prepared that long narratives were inscribed on them with the greatest accuracy. Some of these were fifteen feet long, containing fifty and sixty skins, fastened together by thongs of the same material. The intestines of certain reptiles were also used, for it is a well authenticated fact the poems of Homer were written on intestines of serpents in letters of gold. This roll was 120 feet long, and was deposited in the great library of Constantinople, where it was destroyed by fire in the sixth century. The next material was parchment—skins smoothed and polished by pumice stone—to which succeeded vellum, a finer description of parchment, made from the skins of very young animals. On this vellum gold and silver letters were stamped with hot metal types. Some of these productions are very beautiful, requiring much time and labor to prepare and complete them, and the more carefully they are examined the more do we admire the taste and ingenuity displayed.—Chambers' Journal.