

# RED SPRINGS COMET.

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EQUAL AND EXACT JUSTICE TO ALL.

Secretary Blaine has concluded to loan the New York Advertiser, to send a most interesting exhibit to the Columbian Exhibition. It will consist of the original Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the Articles of Federation, the famous protest of the Philadelphia Carpenters Company to King George III., and other documents which are the heirlooms of the country itself, of our National history. These will not be shown by fac-simile, but by the originals. They will be shipped in steel caskets, and guarded by soldiers while on route and at the Fair.

Mr. Rite, author of "How the Other Half Lives," in Scribner's Magazine asserts that the lack of small parks and playgrounds in the tenement house district of New York, and the consequent perpetual tussle between the children, at harmless play in the street, and the police, are the chief forces in the development of the "tough." The germ of the gangs, he says, that terrorize whole sections of the city at intervals, and feed our courts and jails, may, without much difficulty, be discovered in these early and rather grotesque struggles of the boys with the police.

A man in Leeds, England, looked a gift horse in the mouth the other day with profitable results. The keeper of a skating rink had advertised "a great fancy costume carnival," and by way of stimulating the invention of his patrons, he promised that the wearer of the most original costume should be rewarded with a watch of the value of \$20. The man who won the watch took it to a jeweler, who said the time piece was worth only \$20. The winner, therefore, applied to the courts for redress. The skating rink proprietor defended himself with the plea that the giving of the prize was a purely voluntary act, and the recipient should not take the giver's estimate too literally. The judge, however, took a different view, and gave judgment for the plaintiff for \$20.

One of the curiosities of French legislation was brought to public notice by a recent incident in the Riviera. An Englishman, who rented a cottage near the seashore, directed his servant the other day to bring him a peacock or two of sea water for his bath. The servant informed him that it was against the law, and if done without the special permission of the civil authorities would subject him to various pains and penalties. He investigated the matter, and found that the permission was not easy to obtain, and was only granted on making affidavit that the water was to be used for no culinary purposes, and was not to be boiled down for the salt. Nobody can have salt in France, even from the sea, without paying the Government for it.

It is calculated that the number of immigrants who have come into the United States in the last 100 years is, in round numbers, 16,000,000, or the equivalent to one-fourth the present population of this country. Of this number nearly 5,000,000 were from Germany, 3,500,000 from Ireland, 1,500,000 from England, nearly 1,000,000 from Sweden and Norway and nearly 500,000 from Italy. Of the 16,000,000 who have come, fully 14,000,000 were from Europe, 300,000 from Asia, over 1,000,000 from British America and about 150,000 from other American countries. The Chinese immigration from 1855 to the time of its prohibition, in 1882, amounted to about 275,000. Since the passage of the Chinese exclusion act in 1882 the number known to have come in under the law is but about 500, though it is asserted that large numbers have come in by devious methods in violation of the law.

A bicyclist who is attempting to ride across the continent has come to the conclusion that it is very hard work and does not pay. He made the distance between Los Angeles, Cal., and Albuquerque, New Mexico, in twenty-four days, suffering a great deal from hunger, thirst and exposure, and met with adventures that were not always desirable. For instance, the Navajo Indians exhibited a rude and annoying curiosity concerning the reason for the existence of his machine and their ability to ride it themselves. Popping up out of the sandhills they chased him for miles, and as they overtook him insisted on having a mount, which under the circumstances it was hard to refuse. Several nights he was obliged to sleep on the sands, where his teeth chattered with cold till daylight. On one occasion he broke his canteen, and racked with thirst dared to stop an express train and ask for a drink. He reports that the engineer showed a good deal of indignation, but relieved his sufferings. When the bicyclist arrived at Albuquerque many of the spokes of his machine were broken and twisted, and he himself presented a sorry spectacle.

## FACE TO FACE.

Something is dead.  
The grace of sunset solitude, the march  
Of the solitary moon, the pomp and power  
Of round on round of shining soldier-stars  
Patrolling space, the bonnet of the sun—  
Nolan, tremendous, inaccessible—  
The intemperate magnificence of the sea,  
Possess no more—no more.

Something is dead.  
The autumn rain-rain deeper and wider soaking  
And spreads, the burden of winter heavier  
weighs.  
His melancholy closer and closer yet  
Closes, and those incantations of the spring  
That made the heart a center of miracles  
Grow formal, and the wonder-working hours  
Arise no more—no more.

## A VISION OF CHARLES XI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF PRO-  
F. MERIMEE BY FRANCIS L. AMY.

"There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."  
—SHAKESPEARE, Hamlet.

People are apt to laugh at supernatural visions and apparitions. Some of these, however, are so well attested that one cannot consistently refuse to believe them, without at the same time rejecting all the mass of historical evidence.

A report, given in due form, and bearing the signatures of four trust-worthy witnesses, guarantees the authenticity of the incident I am about to relate. I will add that the prediction contained therein was known and cited long before its confirmation by events occurring during our days.

Charles XI., father of the famous Charles XII., was one of the most despotic and the same time one of the wisest, among the monarchs that Sweden ever had. He curtailed the monstrous privileges of the nobility, abolished the power of the senate and made laws to suit himself, in one word, he altered the constitution of the country, which up to that time had been oligarchical, and compelled the States General to invest him with absolute authority. Aside from this, he was an enlightened man, brave, strongly attached to the Lutheran faith, of an inflexible, cold, positive nature, wholly destitute of imagination.

He had but recently lost his wife, Elvira Eleonora. Though his harshness towards that princess, it was said, had hastened her end. He had held her in great esteem and appeared more affected by her death than was to be expected of so stern a heart. After this bereavement he became more gloomy and morose than ever, and devoted himself to work with an assiduity which bespoke the imperious need of dispelling painful thoughts.

At the close of an autumn evening, he was sitting in gown and slippers before a fire lighted in his study in the palace of Stockholm. With him were his chamberlain, Count Brahe, whom he honored with his good graces, and the physician Baumgarten, who, he said, by the way, posed as an aspirant for, and pretended to doubt everything outside of medicine. He had been summoned that evening to be consulted on some sort of indisposition.

It was getting rather late, and the king, contrary to his custom, had failed to signify, by bidding them good-night, that it was time for retiring. With his head bent low, and his eyes fixed upon the embers, he maintained an absolute silence. He was tired of his company, and yet feared, he knew not why, to be left alone. Count Brahe could not help noticing that his presence had ceased to be agreeable, and more than once ventured the suggestion that His Majesty might need some rest. Each time a gesture of the king had detained him in his chair. In his turn the doctor talked about the unhealthy effects of protracted watchings. But the king replied between his teeth: "Stay, I am not yet sleepy."

And they took up different themes of conversation, which were wholly exhausted at the second or third remark. It was evident that His Majesty was in one of his gloomy moods and under such circumstances the position of a courtier was extremely delicate. Count Brahe, suspecting that the king's sadness arose from his sorrow for the loss of his wife, looked attentively at the portrait of the queen, which hung in the study, and exclaimed with a deep sigh: "What an admirable likeness! Observe that expression, at once august and gentle."

"Bah!" brusquely responded the king, who thought he heard a reproach when ever the queen's name was mentioned in his presence. "This portrait flatters her. The queen was homely."

Then, in a scarcely repressing himself for his harshness, he arose and strode about the room to hide an emotion of which he was ashamed. He stopped before the window which opened upon the court. The night was dark and the moon at its first quarter.

The palace where the kings of Sweden reside to-day was not yet completed, and Charles XI., who had commenced it, lived at the time in the old palace, situated at the point of the Rittenhof, looking upon Lake Malar. It was a large structure, shaped like a horseshoe. The king's study occupied one of the extremities, and, nearly opposite, stood the large hall where the States General met whenever they had some communication to receive from the throne.

The windows of this hall appeared at that moment all aglow with a brilliant light. This struck the king as being very strange. He at first thought it was caused by a torch in the hands of some valet. But what business could any one have at that hour in a hall which had not been opened for so long a time? More-

over, the light was too great to proceed from a single torch. It looked more like a conflagration, but no smoke was to be seen, the panes were not shattered; no sound was heard; all had rather the appearance of an illumination.

Charles looked at these windows for a while, without asking. However, Count Brahe stretched out his hand, toward the string of a bell, and was about to ring for a page to send to inquire into the cause of this singular phenomenon, but he was arrested by the king, who said: "I will go myself."

As he uttered these words he was seen to turn pale, and his countenance expressed something like a religious terror. But he left the room with a firm step; the chamberlain and the doctor following him, each with a lighted taper in his hand.

The porter, who kept the keys, was already in bed. Baumgarten went to awake him and convey the king's order to straightway open the doors of the legislative hall. Great was the surprise of the poor man at such an unexpected command. He hastily dressed himself and joined the king, with his bunch of keys. He first opened the door of a gallery which served as ante-chamber, or passage to the main hall. The king entered. What was his astonishment when he saw that the walls were draped in mourning.

"Who ordered the hall to be thus decorated?" he asked in an angry tone.

"Sire, nobody to my knowledge," responded the bewildered porter. "The last time I had the gallery swept, the oak of the ceiling was bare, as it has always been. Suddenly, these hangings do not come from your Majesty's lumber-room."

Meantime, the king, walking with a quick pace, had already penetrated through more than two-thirds of the gallery. The count and porter followed at his heels, while Doctor Baumgarten lagged behind, struggling between the fear of remaining alone, and that of facing an adventure which had announced itself in such a strange fashion.

"Proceed no further, sire!" cried the porter. "In my soul, there's sorcery here. At this hour—and since the death of the queen, your gracious consort—'tis said that she haunts this gallery. God defend us!"

"Hold, sire!" exclaimed the count in his turn. "Do you not hear the noise coming from the legislative hall? Who knows what dangers await your Majesty?"

"Sire," put in Baumgarten, whose light had blown down by a current of air, "allow me at least to go and fetch twenty of your majesty's trabants."

"Let us get in," said the king firmly, stopping before the door of the large hall. "Porter, open quick!"

He struck it with his foot, and the sound, repeated by the echoes of the vault, reverberated in the gallery like the discharge of a cannon.

The porter was in such a trepidation, that his key rattled against the lock, and he could not manage to insert it.

"An old soldier trembling!" cried the king, shrugging his shoulders. "Come, count, open thou the door for us."

"Sire," replied the Count, stepping back, "let your Majesty command me to march to the mouth of a Danish or German cannon, and I will go without flinching; but this would be defying the powers of hell!"

The king snatched the keys from the hand of the porter, and said in a tone of contempt: "I see that this affair concerns me alone."

And before his suit could prevent it, he had opened the thick oak door and entered the great hall, muttering the words, "With the help of God."

His three aides, impelled by curiosity, more powerful than fear, and perhaps ashamed to forsake their king, entered with him.

The large hall was illumined with innumerable torches. A black drapery had replaced the antique figured tapestry. All along the walls were seen, arranged in order as usual, the German, Danish and Moscovite standards—trophies of the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus. In the centre were prominently displayed Swedish banners shrouded in funeral crape.

An immense assembly filled the benches. The four orders of the State nobility, clergy, burghers and peasants—so-called seats according to their respective ranks. All were dressed in black, and this multitude of human faces gazing against the sombre background, so dazzled the eye, that none of the four witnesses of this extraordinary scene could recognize any. In like manner a actor, leaving his audience, only saw a bonfire mass, where his wandering gaze fails to distinguish a single individual.

Upon a raised throne, from which the king was wont to address the assembly, they saw a bleeding corpse, clad in the livery of a crown prince. On its right stood a boy with a crown upon his head and a scepter in his hand, on the left, an old man, or rather another phantom, bearded almost to the throat. He was attired in the mantle of state worn by the old administrators of Sweden, yet his face was transformed into a kingdom. Facing the throne several grave and austere personages, dressed in flowing black robes, who seemed to be judges, were seated before a table filled with large folios and scribbled parchments. Between the throne and the benches of the assembly stood a block covered with crape, and an axe lying beside it.

Nobody, in this superhuman concourse appeared to notice the presence of Charles and his three companions. As they entered they heard a confused hum, from out of which no articulate word could be distinguished. Presently the chief of the judges in black robes, who served the president, arose and knocked lightly with his fist upon a volume open before him. A deep silence followed. Several young men of gentle appearance, richly attired, and with their hands pinned behind their backs, entered the hall through a door opposite the one Charles XI. had just crossed. They advanced with head erect and firm look. Behind them a slight young man, wearing a brown leather coat, held the end of the cord which with their hands were tied. The one who walked in front seemed the most important of the prisoners, stopped in the middle of the hall, close to the block, which he surveyed with haughty disdain. At the

## LIFE IN THE NEW STATES.

### FOUR ANNUAL INVASIONS OF THE NORTHWEST.

Sheep-Barbers From California and Cattle-Herders From Texas—Hoppers and Wheat-Harvesters.

BECAUSE it is impossible to picture the novelty—to an Eastern reader—of life in the Northwest, and because it nevertheless must be suggested, let me tell you of four peculiar visitations that the new States experienced—of four invasions which take place there every year. In May there came into the stock ranges of Montana shearers by the hundreds, in bands of ten or twenty, each led by a captain, who finds employment and makes contracts for the rest. These sheep-barbers are mainly Californians and New-Yorkers, and the Californians were said to be the more skillful workers.

To a layman, all seem marvelously dexterous, and at ten cents a head, may average to earn \$6 to \$8 a day. They lose many days in travel, however, and may not average more than \$5 on that account. Their season begins in California in February, and they work through Oregon, Washington, and Montana, to return to a second shearing on the Pacific coast in August. Some come mounted and some afoot, and some are shiffling and dissipated, but many are saving, and ambitious to earn herds of their own.

They come upon the Montana hills ahead of another and far stranger procession—that of the cattle that are being driven across the country from Texas. This is a string of herds of Texas two year olds coming north at middle age to spend the remaining half of their lives fattening on the Montana bunch grass, and then to end their careers in Chicago. The bands are called "trails," and follow one another about a day apart. With each trail ride the hardy and devil-may-care cowboys, led by a foreman, and followed by a horse wrangler in charge of the relays of broncos. A cook, with a four horse wagon load of provisions, brings up each rear. Only a few miles are covered in a day, and the journey consumes many weeks. These are enlivened by storms, by panics among the cattle, by quarrels with settlers on guard at the streams and on their lands, by meals misfed and nights spent amid mud and rain. That is as queer and picturesque a procession as one can easily imagine.

Then there is the early autumn hopping in the luxuriant fields of the Pacific coast in Washington. Down Puget Sound and along the rivers come the industrious canoe Indians of that region in their motley garb, and bent on making enough money in the hop-fields to see them through the rainy and idle winter. They are not like the Indians of story and of song, but are a squat-featured people, whose chests and arms are over-developed by exercise in the canoes, which take the place of the Indian ponies of the plains, as their rivers are substituted for the blazed or foot-worn trails of the East. To the hop-fields they come in their dug-out iron as far north as British Columbia and Alaska. When all have made the journey their camp fire touches the air with blue. Women and children accompany the men, all alike illuminating the green background of the hop-fields with their gay blankets and calicoes, themselves lending still other touches of color by means of their leather skirts and jet hair. They leave a trail of silver behind them when they depart, but the hops they have picked represent still more of gold—a million last year, two millions the year before.

Again, a fourth set of invaders appears; this time in Dakota. These are not picturesque. They come not in boats or astride horses, but straggling or skulking along the highways, as the demoralized peasantry made their way to Paris during the French revolution. These are the wheat harvesters, who follow the golden grain all the way up to Texas, finding themselves in time for each more and more northerly State, until in late autumn they reach the Red River Valley, and at last end their strange pilgrimage in Manitoba. The hands all skill they bring to the densest wheat-fields of Eastern North Dakota are most well come there, and these harvest folk might easily occupy a high niche in sentimental and poetic literature, yet they don't. As a rule, they are not all the sort of folk that the ladies of the wheat lands invite to their tea parties and sewing bees. On the contrary, far too many of them are vagabonds and fond of drink. In the Red River country the harvesters from the South are joined by lumbermen from Wisconsin and Minnesota, who find that great natural granary a fine field for turning honest pennies at lighter work than felling forests.—Harper's Magazine.

### The Newest Weapons of Warfare.

German investigators have been figuring upon the probable effect of the newest weapons in the next war. In 1870 the proportion of soldiers wounded on the German side was 14.08 per cent of the total number in the field. Only 2.2 per cent were actually killed, and since then an immense improvement has been effected in arms of precision. It is believed that in future engagements the proportion of wounded will be greater than heretofore, but that the wounds will be less severe, as bullets owing to their small size and great velocity, will often pass through bones without splintering them. It is estimated that about 20 per cent of the troops will be wounded in the next campaign, and that a little more than 3 per cent will be killed. That is to say, that in an army corps of 35,000 men, 1,200 will be killed, and 5,800 wounded. About one-third of the wounds, it is thought, are likely to be serious.

### The Texan Pecary.

Extirpation is the impending fate of the Texan pecary, according to a recent publication of the National Museum by Mr. Frederick A. Lucas, an animal recently extinct or threatened with extermination. He finds that in nearly every instance the cause is "reckless slaughter by man." As an instance of the way in which animals may be destroyed, he refers to the introduction of pecaries. In 1885 these little animals were so abundant in several counties of Texas that their wild worn tails were everywhere to be seen, while their favorite haunts could be readily picked out by the peculiar musky odor characteristic of the creature. Shortly after that date, hogskin goods being in favor, a price of 50 cents each was offered for pecary hides, with the result that by 1890 the pecaries were practically exterminated.

### Double-Headed Snakes.

Double-headed snakes, which have been known to occur, and in a German journal Dr. Collin, of Berlin, describes and figures a double-headed earthworm, and mentions four other cases of such malformations. Double-headed and double-tailed fishes. Dr. Collin infers that all such cases as double tails are due to abnormal processes of regeneration, after the original tail has been lost.

### Police Figures.

In New York there are 72 65 policemen to each square mile of territory, in Chicago 69.08, in Philadelphia 11.01, in Brooklyn 34.91, in St. Louis 8.72, in Boston 15.25, in New Orleans 4.66, and in Washington 35.94.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

### Reckoning Time by the Stars.

The astronomers at the National Observatory, Washington, do not calculate time by the sun, but by the "fixed" stars, which are so "fixed" on account of being so far away from the earth that in some instances they do not change their relative positions to our little planet in years. This being the case, the ultra-exact astronomer remarks that star time is the only true time to go by. In calculating "star time" the observers use a large sized telescope and watch for a given star to cross the plane of a certain known meridian. As the star crosses the observer records it to the minute time of a second, using a star time clock with a twenty-four hour dial for that purpose. The clock and the star may or may not correspond, but the simple fact makes no difference to the star gazer, who is renowned for his ability for using a half a hundred figures for expressing the distance in miles to his so-called "fixed" clock regulators. The error, should one be detected, although it is but the twentieth of a second, is corrected later on. In his next calculation, computation and operation, the observer reduces the time as shown by his star clock which is corrected with sun time, which is so small mathematical part, especially when we take into consideration the fact that the sidereal or star year is about one full day longer than the solar or sun year. A "standard" time clock stands near the timepiece whose regulator is the stars, and the amount of variation between the two is calculated, and the next instant exact time is transmitted all over the land. A Washington writer, who knows whereof he speaks, says that it takes twenty-one weeks to properly regulate and test the chronometers used by the Navy Department of the United States. During these tests they are subjected to every known degree of heat and cold with which they are at all likely to come in contact.—St. Louis Republic.

### Good and Bad Feathers.

Feathers figure very prominently in the religious customs of most aborigines, and remarkably so in the Southwest. Among Navajo and Pueblo alike these plume-symbols are of the utmost efficacy for good or bad. They are part of almost every ceremonial of the indefinite superstitions of these tribes. Any white or bright-hued plume is of good omen—"good medicine" as the Indians would put it.

The gay feathers of the parrot are particularly valuable, and some dances cannot be held without them, though the Indians have to travel hundreds of miles into Mexico to get them. A peacock is harder to keep in the vicinity of Indians than the finest horse—those brilliant plumes are too tempting.

Eagle feathers are of sovereign value, and in most of the Pueblo dark, dark, captive eagles are kept to furnish the coveted articles for most important occasions. If the bird of freedom were suddenly exterminated now, the whole Indian economy would come to a standstill. No witches could be exercised, nor sickness cured, nor much of anything else accomplished.

Dark feathers, and those in particular of the owl, buzzard, woodpecker and raven are unspeakably accursed. No one will touch them, except those who "have the evil road"—that is, are witches—and any Indian found with them in his or her possession would be officially put to death. Such feathers are used only in secret by those who wish to kill or harm an enemy in whose path they are laid, with wicked wishes, that ill-fortunes may follow.—New York Journal.

### The Seven Moons of Sonoma.

Sonoma Valley, in Sonoma County, California, is, in one respect at least, one of the most remarkable spots on the continent. It is the only place in America where the moon may be seen to rise and set seven times in one evening. The Indians gave the valley the name it bears away back in the misty past, and many have been the explanations offered by the white man to account for it. Even a slight acquaintance with the language spoken by the original inhabitants of the valley teaches one that when the word Sonoma is attached the whole phrase means "Valley of the Moon." But why does the natural sink have Luna's name stretched so far? That was the question asked and left unanswered for many years, even though the phenomenon which had caused the observation was given the valley its name was regularly witnessed and admired. A year or two ago the editor of the Sonoma Index-Tribune visited an Indian who was supposed to be between 100 and 150 years old. In course of the conversation the old Indian stated that the reason the valley was called Sonoma was because it had "heep muchee moon," meaning many moons. Then he told how between the town of Sonoma and a certain peak the moon, when in its full, can be seen to rise seven times in succession in one evening, owing to the peculiar formation of the mountains. This old man noticed centuries ago by the Indians, who, on that account, called the depression "The Valley of Many Moons."—St. Louis Republic.

### A \$6,000,000 Cathedral.

The choir of our new cathedral is soon to be begun, and it is hoped, will be ready for dedication and the contact of services by St. John's Day, December 27th, 1895. It will be 150 feet in height and 150 in length, while the completed cathedral will be 250 feet long—as long as the longest English cathedrals, which are the longest in the world, although being very narrow, they do not cover as much ground as some great continental churches. Two contributions of \$20,000 each have recently been received for the building fund. But they do not sound very hopeful when one is told that the choir will cost \$600,000 and the whole church some \$6,000,000. Just where the money is to come from, or even to be expected from, is not generally divine, and the site itself has not yet been entirely paid for.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### Experiment in Evolution.

Professor A. J. Shidell, of Lexington, Ky., a disciple of Darwin, got a pair of white mice and cut off their tails. He had to cut the tails off the mice, he says, for two generations, but after that the tails became shorter and shorter, and at the tenth the mice had no tails at all. Professor Shidell says he continued his experiments to the ninety-sixth generation, covering a period of eight years, by which time he had bred the tails back again, the last generation having tails like the first pair.—Atlanta Constitution.

### Paris Getting Ready for a Siege.

The report just furnished to the French Minister of War states that the camp of Paris, which would include all the ground enclosed by straight lines drawn between the advanced forts, has a population of 3,300,000, which, in the event of a siege, would be reduced by the departure of troops not belonging to the garrison, and by the flight of residents who did not wish to remain, to about 3,000,000. A calculation based upon the average consumption per head, under normal circumstances, shows that the following supplies would be required for a siege of six months: Provisions (in French metric quintals)—corn, 2,500,000; fresh meat, 1,200,000; salt, 150,000; dried vegetables, 350,000; potatoes, 2,000,000; liquors (in hectoliters)—wine, 3,000,000; milk, 300,000; wood, 600,000 cubic kiloliters; coal, 1,000,000 French tons. The horses in camp would require 7,000,000 quintals of hay, 700,000 of straw and 600,000 of oats. The cost of these supplies at the average trade prices would be a little over \$100,000,000.—New York Tribune.