

THE SALISBURY TRUTH.

VOL. I.

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Who Is My Friend?

Who is my friend? My little song shall say,
For that I do not find him every day;
Though if by that vexed name alone I
guessed,
A motley multitude might pass the test,
Nor, to my ear, their speech its guide be-
ware.

I may not gauge true friendship in that way;
The false like pure gold shines in Fortune's
ray;
In its eclipse and shade I may know best
Who is my friend.
Since glittering ores oft fall the fire's assay,
And mocking jewels, in the glooms, grow
gray,
Give me no changeful bosom for my rest—
Save that it warmer throbs when I'm sore
pressed—
And such sweet faith shall prove beyond
gainsay,
Who is my friend,
—Youth's Companion.

WILLFUL MADGE.

BY HEENE PRESTON.

"They'll not treat me as if I were a
grown-up child. They'll not select a
husband for me. I detest Mark Thor-
nton. I'll run away if they don't stop
pestering me about him."

Madge had rushed from the presence
of her elders, with rather disrespectful
haste, had ordered Brownie, and was
arranging herself hastily in her riding
habit. Her eyes were flashing, and two
red spots were burning in her dark
cheeks.

She descended the stairs, holding her
head like a young princess, not deigning
to look right or left, and passed out
into the sunshine. Tom held Brownie
beside the block; Madge sprang into
the saddle and galloped off down the
road in the direction of Saxtonville, a
small railway and post-office station a
few miles distant.

Miss Mary and Miss Martha watched
the angry cloud of dust settle away, and
then looked at each other helplessly.
They meant well, they were painfully
conscientious, after their light, but
somehow they lacked the tact and wis-
dom to govern this girl, whom their
brother had found in the south, shortly
after the close of the war, a homeless,
friendless child, and had brought her
home and adopted her.

"She's so high-strung and willful,"
sighed Miss Mary.
"I wish George would come home,"
remarked Miss Martha. "Everything
has gone wrong since he went away.
He has a knack of smoothing things
over. The more we try to smooth the
more we ruffle her, and she's never been
the same any way since she came home
from that visit in the west."

Miss Martha would have been still
more unhappy had she known the exact
foundation for the fact of her last as-
sistance. Madge had formed the ac-
quaintance of Alfred Winship during
that visit. She had kept up a secret
correspondence with him ever since,
which was easily managed, since she
always rode to the office for the mail,
and was to-day expecting a letter.

"I am old enough to be my own mis-
tress," she thought, all the petty re-
straints that had chafed her willful,
imperious spirit from childhood coming
uppermost. "I will not submit any
longer. I would like now to gallop on
and on away into freedom. I am an
alien any way. I feel like a caged bird
all the time. There is wild blood in
my veins, I believe. Whatever my
parentage I never came of such hum-
drum stock as these people—never!"

Her thoughts touched upon Mark
Thornton. He was owner of the estate
adjoining that of Mr. Bishop. He was
ten years older than she, and had made
no secret of his preference for her. She
liked him fairly well until she found
that Miss Mary and Miss Martha wished
her to marry him, when she began to
treat him with freezing civility.

"Time and commonplace, always
reading and studying. What do I want
of him?" she questioned spitefully, giving
Brownie an extra touch with the whip.
I want vim and dash of spirit.
How Alfred Winship—"

She had reached the station. She rode
up to the window, through which the
postoffice clerk handed her mail as
usual. She repaid him with a dazzling
smile as she sought sight of Alfred's
handwriting, lifting him into the seventh
heaven, for she was beautiful, and in her
gracious moods irresistible.

She let her reins fall upon Brownie's
neck while she read Alfred's letter. Her
heart gave a great bound. He was com-
ing east, would be in Boston on the
16th.

"How delightful it would be," he
wrote, "if you could get out of your
cage for a week and meet me
there. I suppose the dragons would as
soon give you permission to visit the
moon without an escort; and yet we
could have a delicious time if you could
join me."

Had some evil clairvoyance conveyed
to Alfred Winship the present state of
Madge's mind? In her unreasoning reck-
less mood, with her "balance wheel,"
George Bishop, away, she was open to
any suggestion that had a spice of free-
dom in it.

"Why not break loose from this re-
straint at once and forever? Why not

meet Alfred Winship as he suggested? She knew he was desperately in love with her, and she had never seen a happy moment since she parted from him.

"If I had any privileges like other girls," she thought bitterly, "I could invite him out to see me, but Miss Mary and Miss Martha would be scandalized at the mention of such a thing."

She glanced over the letter again. He had given her his Boston address, and, good gracious! tomorrow was the 16th. He would be there tomorrow.

Acting on a sudden impulse, she turned Brownie's head again towards the station, walked into the telegraph office and deliberately wrote this mes-
sage:

"I shall leave for Boston on the 11.30 train. Meet me at the depot."

There! It was done and not to be repented of. She glided home and took her place at the dinner table with a silent, subdued air.

She spent the rest of the day in her room making a few preparations, musing upon her grievances and picturing the meeting on the morrow alternately. She was allowed to remain unmolested by the sisters, who were used to her moods.

There was a dash of Spanish gypsy blood in her veins, as she herself sus-
pected. She had a daring disregard for conventionalities, which was now, under high pressure, overflowing its boundaries. Yet she was high-princi-
pled and warm-hearted at bottom, and would be easily governed by one who understood her complex nature with its seeming contradictions.

When Miss Mary and Miss Martha saw her gallop off the next day they little guessed that she was a traveling suit under her riding habit, nor that she had stolen out the evening before and secreted a well-filled valise among the brushwood under the trees by the road, half a mile distant.

Making sure that no one was in sight, she secured the valise and rode on again until she came to a strip of wood-
land not far from the little depot. She removed her riding habit, then, after securing Brownie and lavishing parting caresses and a few tears upon him, she walked around the "bend" to the station, and was soon steaming over the road to Boston.

Excitement kept her up until, as the train neared Boston, she began to grow nervous. Suppose Alfred should not meet her? Suppose the telegram should have miscarried? Was she not doing a reckless thing?

She banished reflection. She struggled against a homesick feeling as she walked up the long platform of the depot and found her way to the ladies' room. She sat down near the door. Surely he would come soon. She had a lonely, unprotected feeling. Men passing the door gave her bold, rude, questioning glances she imagined.

At length, with a cry of relief in her heart, she caught a glimpse of Alfred's face at the door of the waiting room. He stood looking around uncertainly for a few moments, then, with rather unsteady steps, he crossed to where she sat, held out both hands and said familiarly, "Ah, here you are, beauty. I've been looking for you this half hour."

Madge was on her feet in a moment, warding off his touch. His handsome face was flushed and the quality of his glance and smile was insulting. The odor of the potatoes he had imbibed sickened her. She could have sunk through the floor with shame and dread of him. He had undergone a metamorphosis. She had never seen him thus when she met him at the home of her friend. Something like disgust she felt, which was quickly succeeded by a flash of anger as he laid his hand upon her shoulder and said rather unsteadily, "Come and have something to eat. You must be hungry. You—you are under my protection, you know," he finished with a meaning laugh.

The effect upon Madge was madden-
ing. She scorned him and herself for her folly. He quailed a little under the fire in her eyes, as she shook off his hand and stepped backward, with an imperious air, that had its effect upon him.

"I am not under your protection," she retorted, with a certain desperation in her voice and manner.

At that instant she saw Mark Thor-
nton coming towards her across the marble floor.

Her first sensation was one of dismay that Mark had found her in such a com-
promising situation. The next moment she had rallied her forces.

"They have sent you after me," she said recklessly, after this quiet saluta-
tion. "If I return it will not be with you."

"I came on the train with you, but I was not sent," he returned, "and I have not the slightest intention of asking you to return with me. I thought you seemed in trouble, and I merely came to ask if I could be of service to you."

Madge looked up at him. He seemed so grand and grave and masterful in contrast with Alfred that a sudden sense of his superiority came to Madge like a revelation, while a fear that she had compromised herself forever in his

eyes came over her as Alfred said sneer-
ingly:
"I thought your engagement was with me, but it seems I am one too many."

With that he walked off. Madge's defiant mood broke down utterly. She was wretched, humiliated.

A SEAL HUNT.

Description of an Expedition in Quest of Sealskin.

The Animals are Surprised and Killed With Clubs.

Seals once having taken to a place will never desert it unless frequently alarmed. Here they periodically return to breed, and thence the old ones never wander far. Three expeditions, of two nights on each occasion at most, are made yearly, and as only one attack is possible each time, great caution and experience are necessary to ensure a good bag.

The oars have to be muffled, and the island approached according to the wind; for seals are not the sleepy creatures one associates with the 200, but post videttes in commanding positions, and on the slightest alarm there is a rush and a splash, and good-bye to your prospects for that night. Having disembarked in silence, the men, armed with heavy clubs somewhat resembling though longer than a policeman's staff, are posted at intervals of two or three yards on the glacié by which the seals invariably come and go. When all is ready every one begins to shout, and then comes a rush like a thousand sheep, and thwack, thwack, right and left, as hard as you like, and the more the better, followed by a splash, and every one makes for the boats and shores off.

For the old bulls, often six feet and seven feet long, are very dangerous and will often follow a boat knowing at the gunwales. For purposes of commerce the old ones are absolutely worthless, and attention is only paid to the smallest and youngest. We started at one a. m., the writer continues, for the seal island. A glorious moon made every object as clear as day, and in about half an hour we found ourselves alongside about as difficult a landing-place as can well be conceived. Imagine then, a rather steep glacié, as slippery as a slide and extending without one friendly foothold for about twenty yards.

But our nimble companions lost no time in the ascent, and in less time than it takes to write it, we found ourselves seized by sturdy arms and in position at the top of the glacié. "Hoo, hoo!" intermingled with shouts such as none but Afrikaner lungs could possibly emit, then rent the air, and then a roar such as I can only describe as that of a hundred onyx, followed by a scampering of what seemed a thousand feet and a literal avalanche of seals came tumbling past us and dashed furiously into the water.

Personally, I was too excited to do justice to my club; I struck about, regardless of all instructions, indiscriminately at old and young that came within reach, and was delighted to find when the counting began that I was the proud extirpator of four. The experts had, of course, done better, and our night's work for thirty-two clubs was represented by 316 seals. To make for the boats and shove off was the work of an instant; and, having laid-to for a short time in case of attack, we again landed, collected our victims and returned to the guano island.

The night's work, however, was by no means over; and after a hearty supper, the skinning process began and continued till well into the afternoon. The preliminary preparing (or braying as it is called) of the skins is somewhat peculiar; and as the fur known as seal-skin is an undergrowth, all the bristles have to be removed,--i. e.: pulled backwards from the inside. In the very young animals these bristles have not appeared; hence, the value of the seal the younger he is, and the absolute worthlessness of the old bulls. On the following night the seals were to be left in peace; but on the Thursday we repeated the attack, with much the same experience and an addition of 207 to our bag, making a grand total of 523.—[London Field.

The Olive in California.
The olive is to be a source of great wealth to Northern California. It will flourish here better than in Italy, where about 2,000,000 acres are devoted to the tree. We say "better" advisedly, because in the new soil of this state the yield is fully double to the acre attained in the warm soil of Italy. There is no tree worthy of so much attention here. It is pre-eminently adapted to the foot hill region, since it thrives in the driest and most rocky soil without irrigation, and in such situations gives off of a finer quality than that obtained from olive orchards on rich alluvial soil. But both the valley and foothills are suitable to the olive.—[Oroville (Cal.) Register.

A Leap Year Explanation.
Griggs—"See here, Simley, a word with you before you go. You've been calling on my sister for three months, and I think it's about time to ask your intentions."
Simley—"Perfectly honorable, Tom. She proposed to me to-night, and we'll be married soon."—[Sittings.

The Virtues of the Violin.

In power, volume and variety of sound, the organ is justly entitled to be called the king of musical instruments. But in two important points it yields to the violin and to the other members of the violin tri-c—the viola, the violoncello and the double bass. When some one asked Mozart to state what was requisite to constitute a good pianoforte-player, he touched his fingers, his forehead and his breast, thereby indicating that the pianoforte-player needs brain, feeling and dexterity of hand. Now, given the feeling, the piano is naturally so cold an instrument that even the most skillful performers on it find a difficulty in throwing all the feeling of which they are conscious into their playing. The violin, on the other hand, is a warm and sympathetic instrument, and readily responds to the mood of the performer. In other words, the connection between the performer and the instrument is more intimate in the case of the violin and its congeners than in that of any other instrument.

Next, all other instruments lack the power of "singing." In this respect, the piano, the harp, the guitar, and its first cousin, the banjo, are notably deficient; since, rightly considered, they are merely instruments of percussion, and cannot even sustain the notes which they emit. The flute, the organ, and all other wind instruments, on the other hand, do possess this sostenente capacity. But they cannot, like the human voice, fill in, so to speak, the gaps in the gamut. But are there any gaps in the gamut? Most undoubtedly there are—enormous gaps. The octave at present in use among all civilized nations comprises but thirteen distinct sounds, all told. But in the scale constructed by scientists—Helmholtz and others—and hence called the Philosophical Scale or Gamut, the number of distinct sounds is seventeen; and even this gives but a very faint idea of the almost innumerable degree of tone, distinguishable by an acute ear, between say middle C and its octave. Now, the human voice can render all these shades of sound, and I so also can the violin tribe. The music produced on these instruments may, therefore, most aptly be termed "linked sweetness long drawn out."—[Cassell.

A Pet Ostrich's Mishap.
When, as sometimes happens, a solitary chick is reared at the farmhouse, it becomes absurdly and often inconveniently tame. One called Jackie was the terror of all the little Africans about the place; for, as they sat on the ground with plates of rice and pumpkin in their laps Jackie would bear down upon them, requisitioning from one plate after another. Occasionally he acted in such a menacing manner that the youngsters dropped their plates and ran away crying. Jackie would then squat on his heels among the debris and regale his enormous appetite at leisure. But one day retribution came. Having spotted the pot in the kitchen out of which the pumpkin and rice always came, he thought he would attack the fountain head, so plunging his head into the pot, he greedily scooped up, and, with the lightning-like rapidity of ostriches, tossed down his throat a large mouthful of boiling rice. Poor fellow! the next moment he was dancing round the kitchen, writhing in agony, shaking his head nearly off, and twisting his neck as if bent on trying it into a knot. Finally he dashed wildly from the house; and the last that was seen of him was a little cloud of white dust vanishing on the horizon.—[St. James Gazette.

Sunshine a Remedy for Obesity.
But here is a secret for women troubled with obesity, which we anticipate will carry some weight, namely, that bodies exposed constantly to the sun "gain such activity of the blood forces as to prevent any excessive forming of adipose matter." It must not, however, be supposed that, on the other hand, plenty of sunshine is conducive to leanness. Not so, for the really healthful condition is neither fat nor lean, but shapely and plump, and the sun's rays quicken the nutrient functions, producing a beautiful and elastic roundness of form; indeed, the constant action of the sun upon a human body is like the effect upon a plant, vitalizing and strengthening to every part.—[Press.

A Well Endowed County.
Randolph County, in West Virginia, has many things to be proud of. Its area is nearly as great as that of Rhode Island. It has the highest mountain in the state—Mount Bayard. The Wilson vein of coal is the richest in the world. The Scott family, on Roaring Creek, will outweigh any family in the United States, and Winchester Park, in the county, is the largest game preserve east of the Rockies.—[New York World.

Past Mending.
Bjones—That fellow Gagley tried to borrow five hundred dollars of me this morning.
Snythe—Five hundred. He must be cracked!
Bjones—No, he's not cracked. He's broke.—[Lift.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The thick deposits covering ancient ruins are now believed to have been largely brought by the air.

The model of an earthquake is a unique piece of apparatus that has been constructed by a Tokio (Japan) seismologist.

Dr. W. D. Miller of Berlin has reduced the proportion of lime-salts in the teeth of dogs more than one per cent. by changing the diet of the animals for four months.

Water is not the only physical agent concerned in carrying the earth's solid materials from place to place, modern investigations proving that the dust carried by the wind produces astonishing changes in the configuration of the land.

Fresh researches by Brown-Sequard and d'Arsonval confirm the conclusion that the air emitted from the lungs contains a powerful organic poison, probably an alkaloid. Further evidence of the nature of the poison is being sought.

Tests to determine the durability of various kinds of wood when buried underground show that birch and aspen decay in three years, the willow and horse-chestnut in four years, maple and red beech in five years, elm and ash in seven years; the larch, juniper, and arbor vite were unharmed at the expiration of eight years.

Wine from a hermetically sealed bottle, exhumed in 1877, from the Roman cemetery of Aisacamps, near Arles, is said to have been analyzed by Berthe Lot, the well-known French chemist. The analysis shows that the liquor has retained its vinous character and contained four and one-half per cent. of alcohol.

Corn is a food abounding in starch—66 per cent. of corn is starch—and it is well known that starch cannot be dissolved in water blood warm or at the temperature of the animal stomach; but when the heat is raised to 140 degrees, a part of the grains of starch will completely dissolve. When the starch is in solution it must certainly be more easily digested than when undissolved.

The mean height of the land above sea level, according to Mr. John Murray, is 2950 feet, and the mean depth of the ocean is 12,480 feet. Only 2 per cent. of the sea is included inside a depth of 500 fathoms, while 75 per cent. lies between 500 and 3000 fathoms. If the land should be filled into the hollows the sea would roll over the earth's crust to a uniform depth of two miles.

The fact that small springs of petroleum, together with certain gases, have been met with in the course of boring the Suram tunnel in Russia, have given rise at Baku to the opinion that large supplies of petroleum probably exist in the interior of the Caucasus. A large petroleum field has been opened on the shores of the Black Sea, in the government of Kutaisk, on the estate of Prince Gourieli. It has been taken up by some large capitalists. The great petroleum fountain at Baku has at last ceased to spout, although the oil in the well is still agitated.

The Australian War Dance.

The customs of the "black fellows" of the Australian bush in their wild state are not uninteresting. Their grand dance or corroboree, performed on occasions of great state, such as a victory over an enemy, or to appease an angered deity, for they have crude notions of a Supreme Being, is a weird and ghostly spectacle. It is always performed at midnight in the darkest glade. A huge bonfire is built, and the natives, with their bodies outlined on the surface of their bodies with white paint, thus giving them the appearance of skeletons, leap and jump in a circle about the fire to the tune of a rude chant. Paster and faster the dance becomes, higher and higher the leaps are made, till, in one grand finale, all fall flat to the ground. Should one fall before the end, he is at once tabooed as possessed of the evil spirit, and death will be his lot if he fails to make his escape.—[Alta California.

A Curious Superstition.

It seems that the superstition that no marriage can be a happy one unless the bride has one hair of every member of her family sewn into the lining of her wedding gown is no longer a monopoly of the French. A young lady was married at St. Jude's, Kensington, a few days ago who had a general collection of hair—even including one from the favorite pet dog—made, and attached as much importance to it as to the fifty yards of material, exclusive of lace, which her French maid brought from Paris for the wedding dress.—[London Life.

Cause for Singing.

Brown—That Jones is an insufferable bore.
Robinson—How do you make that out?
B.—Hear him singing "I've got fifteen dollars in my inside pocket."
R.—Why not? By Jove, if I had fifteen dollars in my inside pocket, I would sing too.—[Boston Courier.

The Hollow.

The hollow in the old oak tree, Where happy children play, Where woodhens climb and cing amid The roses' clustering spray.

The hollow in the old oak tree, Where happy lovers meet, To linger long and whisper low Upon its mossy seat.

This hollow in the old oak tree, Where old men feebly come To tell their tales and crack their jokes Or ere they totter home.

The hollow in the old oak tree— One haunts it when the moon Gleams on the dewy wood walls, close Beside the streamlet's tune.

Upon the roughened bark to spend Hot kisses, passionate tears; To murmur to the old oak tree Life's grief for Love's lost years. —[All the Year Round.

HUMOROUS.

A scratch race—Bara yard fowls.

A promising band—The engagement ring.

There will be no eclipse of the honey-moon this year.

The Envelope Trust does not appear to bear the stamp of public approval.

A Michigan girl has found 2125 four-leaved clovers, and is not married yet.

"I'm stuck on that girl," said the court-plaster. "Well, she breaks me all up, too," remarked the peanut candy.

Stranger (to workman driving railway spikes): Are you working for the contractor of this road? Pat: No sir; O'm workin' for the extender av it.

It is in the highest degree improper and unjust to ridicule a man on account of his small stature. Because he happens to be little it isn't right to belittle him.

The hen, fool though she is considered, possesses in a marked degree the faculty of making much out of little. Feed her corn by the pint and she eats it by the peck.

The original elements are earth, air, fire and water. Fire is the most destructive and water is the most powerful. Fire-water, therefore, forms a combination that is a teaser.

A young preacher picked up Bishop Pierce's hat and put it on his own head, and it was exactly a fit. "Why, Bishop," said he, "your head and mine are exactly the same size." "Yes," replied the Bishop, "on the outside."

It is not always safe to reason by analogy. Because a water-soaked clothes-line becomes fearfully tight it does not necessarily follow that every intoxicated gentleman you meet upon the street is a confirmed cold water drinker.

A lady who had been abroad was describing some of the sights of her trip to her friends. "But what pleased me most of anything," she continued, "was the Strasburg clock." "O how I should love to see it!" gushed a sweet companion; "I am so interested in such foreign sights. And did you see the Watch on the Rhine, too?"

One man can boast a pedigree:
Of his descent, he says; he's proud.
Another is self-made, and he
About his rise talks long and loud.

Effect of Glare upon Eyesight.

It appears that Professor Plateau, of the University of Ghent, while trying to observe the effects of the irritation of the retina caused steadily at the sun for twenty seconds, the result being that chronic irido-choroiditis developed, ending eventually in total blindness. A number of cases are known in which choroiditis and retinitis occurred in persons who had observed an eclipse of the sun. The single flash of a sun-reflector has been known to cause iritis, and other temporary visual disturbances of a functional character have been frequently noted. M. Reich has described a curious epidemic of snow blindness, which occurred among a body of laborers engaged in clearing a way through the masses of snow which obstructed the road between Passanour and Metei in the Caucasus; the rays of the sun reflected from the vast stretches of snow on every side, produced an intense glare of light, which the unaccustomed eye could not support without the protection of dark glasses. A few of the sturdiest among the laborers were able to work with impunity, but the majority suffered so much that among seventy strongly marked cases thirty were so severe that the men were absolutely unable to continue work or to find their way home and lay prone on their faces, striving to hide their faces from the light and crying out from pain. Recovery was gradual but complete.

Japanese Oranges.

The Japanese seedless orange is now being introduced into California, and is attracting attention because this dwarf variety is more hardy than ordinary kinds. The fruit, although small, is remarkably sweet. Should it thrive on this coast it will extend the range of citrus fruits, for it is claimed that it is hardy enough to resist considerable frost.—[Pacific States Weekly.