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BENJ. H. SWAIN, OWNER AND EDITOR.

VOL. IV.

WINDSOR, BERTIE COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1888.

NO. 8.

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MASTER AND REAPERS.

The master called to his reapers:
"Make scythe and sickle keen,
And bring me the grain from the uplands,
And the grass from the meadows green;
And from off the mud clad marshes,
Where the salt waves fret and foam,
Ye shall gather the rustling sedges
To furnish the harvest home."

Then the laborers cried: "O master,
We will bring the golden grain
That waves on the windy hillside,
And the tender grass from the plains:
But that which springs on the marshes
Is dry and harsh and thin,
Unlike the sweet field grasses,
So we will not gather them."

But the master said: "O foolish!
For many a weary day,
Through storm and drought ye have labored
For the grain and the fragrant hay.
The generous earth is fruitful,
And breezes of summer blow,
Where these, in the sun and the dews of heaven,
Have ripened soft and slow."

"But out on the wide bleak marsh land
Hath never a plough been set,
And with rapine and rage of hungry waves
The shivering soils wet.
There flower the pale green sedges,
And the tides that ebb and flow,
And the biting breath of the sea wind,
Are the only care they know."

"They have drunken of bitter waters,
Their food hath been sharp sea sand,
And yet they have yielded a harvest
Unto the master's hand.
So shall ye all, O reapers,
Honor them now the more,
And garner in gladness, with songs of praise,
The grass from the desolate shores."
—Zoe Dana Underhill in Harper's.

EVENING MUSINGS.

From the space girl island on which we stand shaded with arbors of fleecy clouds dipped in the rainbow's heaven, we look aloft to the gallery of worlds that gem the coronet of omnipotence. From the starfires that burn the borrowed sunbeams in heavens pendulous chandelier over night's sable sheeted couch of dreamy slumbers scattering their pelucid radiations through all space along the pathless vistas of unnumbered worlds, canopied by wavy banners of sublimated ether, we look onward and away to the permanent glories of that far distant heaven where the tempted and fallen of earth shall be gathered again and the bright and beautiful shall abide forever amid the green vales and sunny hills and sparkling streams of our unchanging home, cheered by the light of unwavering spheres, of the music of sidereal song. Go stand upon some landscape, clothed in nature's own simple loveliness where the wild flower is perfuming the breeze; where the butterfly is revelling in a paradise of sweets. Look up into heaven which an invisible hand has painted so deeply so beautifully blue, while the sun is looking bright upon all beneath his radiant track. Go out at night, fall upon some spreading vale which reposes the peaceful herds upon its couch of turf and the mob, like a pearl in heaven is scattering her lucid coruscations of her silvery car as the shower of the dust of diamonds was sprinkling the shining air, and the stary hosts that rejoice in her train are serenely floating amid wavy undulations of sublimated ether. See there how God has left his impress. The mountains enthrone him in his sunlit grandeur; then his smile is in the sunshine, and his song is on the gale. The flying storm bears upon its billowy folds, there his chariot is the cloud, and his voice is in the thunder.

DEATH.

There is perhaps no feeling of our nature so vague, so complicated, so mysterious, as that which we look upon the cold remains of our fellow mortals. The dignity with which death invests even his victims inspires us with an awe no living thing can create. The monarch on his throne is less

awful than the beggar in his shroud. The marbles features, the powerless hand, the stiffened limbs, oh! who can contemplate these with feelings that can be defined! These are the mockery of all our hopes and fears, our fondest love, our fellest hate. Can it be, that we now shrink with horror from the touch of that hand which but yesterday was fondly clasped in my own, is that tongue whose accents even now dwell in our ear, forever claimed in silence of death? These black and heavy eyelids, are they forever sealed in darkness. The eyes whose glance no earthly power could have dimmed, are they now dead? The spirit which animates the clay; where is it now. Is it wrapt in bliss, or dissolved in woe? Does it witness our grief and share our sorrows? or is the mysterious type that linked it with mortality forever broken and the remembrance of earthly scenes are they indeed to the enfranchised spirit as the morning dream, or the dew upon the early flower? Reflections such as these in every heart, their influence is felt though their import cannot always be expressed.

NIGHT.

The deepening shadows of night as she silently approaches and majestically assumes her empire over the earth. Star after star peeps out through the sky until the great arch of heaven is studded with gems of rarest beauty and sapphire brightness. Now here comes pale Cynthia the silver queen of night proudly sweeping o'er her ethereal pavements while the stary sentinel smilingly welcomes her to her transparent empire. Night with her azure zone and coronet of stars and wealth of light that floats so dreamily along the stary expanse of heaven's stupendous dome. The sable goddess from her throne stretches her purple curtain down around the couch of mother earth and light stars taper to watch her slumbers. May we ever have as glorious reign in this world and when we die; may we be wafted through the planetary world, and a crown of immortality placed upon our brow.

ANNA N. IRWIN.

REAL FRONTIER JOURNALISM.

The last issue of the Arizona Kicker contains the following:

A LIE NAILED,

Old Mose Tayloe—that excrement on the face of humanity, who has been licked railridden, jailed, and bounced from every town in the East is reporting around town that we let up on George the Gouger because he subscribed for the Kicker. As there may be some one fool enough to believe in the old hyena's yarn we will explain that George, who keeps the checkered front saloon, was falsely misrepresented to us by a rival in business, who hoped to drive him out of town. We did wade into him for a spell, and even tried to get him lynched, but we were in error. While he has shot three men, they were all trying to get the drop on him. George has subscribed for the Kicker because he likes it, and we have let up on him because he is an outspicing citizen who means to do what is O.K. We return our thanks for a bottle of port, set us yesterday. As for old Mose, we've bought the rope which will hang him within a week if he doesn't leave town.

A BAD, BAD MAN.

If there is a meaner and more contemptible coyote on the face of this footstool than "Major" Jackson Doty, the old skinflint grocer on the corner of Sitting Bull avenue and Cheyenne street, we'll give \$50 for his address. We object to personalities in a newspaper, but we must say that of all the low down, dogged old gum backs in this Territory he takes the cake. He'd cheat a blind woman out of her dead baby's coffin, and he'd lie if offered \$100 to tell the truth.

LATER.

Major Doty has come in and subscribed for the Kicker since the above was in type, and has

also contracted for \$60 worth of advertising. We take pleasure in informing our readers that he is a business man of the old school, honest, reliable, and truthful, and that as a citizen his record is above reproach. Long may he live.

A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.

That od, superannated wind bag who runs the Weekly Star and calls himself an editor and publisher has again been criticizing the political course of the Kicker. We invite and can stand criticism from men of sense, but the idea of a weekly paper, a farmer of his hogs, and coming West to start a paper with the proceeds and criticize his superiors from week to week is a little too catch. For the benefit of the officers of the law we would say that his old ens, who goes by the name of Daniels, is about 50 years old, yellow faced, long nosed, several warts on his chin, and has a game leg. He can, no doubt, be tried for a dozen different crimes. We did think once of shooting him, but the cost of the shot and powder figured more than his carcass is worth.—Detroit Free Press.

A HORSE'S DELIBERATE REVENGE.

"I will just tell you a story" said M. Foster L. Backus, "about the memory and reasoning power possessed by a horse on my father's farm. The horse was in the habit of making journeys about the neighborhood in charge of a certain groom, who was coarse, ignorant, low and cruel. The horse had been brought up on our farm and was very good tempered and gentle, but the groom's roughness and tenderness for laying on the whip confused him so much that he was not prompt in obeying orders sometimes. Then the groom beat and bullied him. The horse never showed the slightest sign of resentment till one day the groom approached him in the pasture field. The horse was free for the first time in the presence of his enemy and he charged the groom. A short halter was around his neck, and the groom, seized this and hung on. The horse tried to strike him with his forefeet; tried to bite and kick him.

The fight was desperate and very exciting. The horse fairly roared with rage. The groom was nearly fagged out, and in another five minutes would have been knocked and trampled to death, when my father came on the scene. He seized the halter and told the groom to run. As soon as he was gone the horse subsided and was as docile as ever. Now, I am satisfied that the horse deliberately planned to kill that groom at the first favorable opportunity. See how carefully he chose the time and place of the assault. A lonely pasture field where he had his enemy all to himself. He had never shown the faintest sign of viciousness before. The groom kept away from him afterward was known to exhibit rage. If he had killed the groom it would have been murder in the first degree, for the element of deliberation was there. Yes, my horse has reason, and they have memory also."—Brooklyn Eagle.

TO MAKE YOUR OWN PERFUMES

Our grandmothers well knew the delight of stealing the perfume from the flowers, and their "still room," where were all conveniences for this, was a part of the machinery of every home. In our country vast quantities of flowers go to waste and we send to France for our perfumes, yet nothing is easier or more womanly than to make the perfumes from flowers which we use. Into a large, flat, clean earthenware vessel pour some purified fat lard and sweet mixed, warmed sufficiently to make it liquid. Throw into it as many scented flowers of one kind as it will contain. Let remain twenty-four hours covered, then strain off the fat and add more flowers, repeating the pro-

cess every day for a week. The method of liberating the essence of flowers from the fat is very simple. Permit it to harden, cut it into small cubes and put into spirits of wine. The delicate odor immediately transfers itself from the coarse fat to the spirituous solvent, and such a strength of perfume is procured with little trouble as would cost a great deal at a perfumer's.—S. S. E. M., in Chicago Herald.

THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AND WHO CONTROLLED IT.

The National Republican paper of the Northwestern States, captioned the convention Sunday morning, previous to the nomination of Mr. Harrison on Monday against the nomination of that gentleman because of his connection with railroads, monopolists and lobbyists; and among other reasons made the following arraignment of the convention, showing clearly who controlled it. The following great syndicates as given by the Tribune were directly represented on the floor of the convention and finally decided its result:

1. Jay Gould and the Wabash ring, represented by G. M. Dodge and other skillful lobbyists.
2. The Central Pacific Stanford Crocker Huntington ring, with Creed Hammond at the head of the California delegation and its representatives.
3. The Union Pacific Credit Mobilier crowd, represented by its attorney, Thurston, who was honored with the temporary chairmanship of the convention in recognition of the power of his principles.
4. The great Vanderbilt railroad syndicate, with Chauncey M. Depew as its representative and Thomas C. Platt and Wood Pulp Miller as his assistants.
5. The Wisconsin railroad combination, with Senator John C. Spooner controlling the Wisconsin delegation in its interest.
6. The Northern Pacific railroad ring, represented by a strong body of lobbyists and wire pullers and fighting against the forfeiture of 40,000,000 acres of land.

Such is the combination of great railroad corporations that worked harmoniously together to give the Republican party a candidate for the Presidency. It has been estimated by the Chicago Tribune that this combination represented a capital of upward of a thousand million of dollars. With such an enormous weight thrown into the scale, the candidates to whom the railroad corporations were hostile or indifferent kicked the beam one after the other. The Tribune has been constrained by the spirit of party to give its support to a ticket nominated under such auspices. But the facts it has adduced, and the reasons which it has given for voting against the Republican candidate cannot fail to exert a powerful influence over the independent voters of Illinois and other portions of the Northwest.

SKILL OF IRISH BOAT WOMAN.

The women of these coasts and islands are as skillful as the men in handling the oar and rudder. They know every sunken rock and dangerous current of the intricate channels between the great island of Aran and the mainland, and take the boats in and out in all weathers. For many years a Grace Darling of this Western coast, the daughter of a pilot who lived on Eight Islands, went out in storm and darkness with her old father, never trusting him alone, as she knew his weakness for the whiskey. This brave girl never flinched from facing the wildest gales, fearing that disaster might befall her father and the vessels it was his business to guide to a safe anchorage, if she were not at the helm. Many a ship's crew beating about between Aran and Owey owed its preservation to Nellie Boyle. Two sisters have taken the post boat into Aran for many years past, their father, John Nancy, being now old and infirm.—Woman's World.

F. D. WINSTON. W. L. WILLIAMS
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