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THE FAITHFUL COUPLE.

"You are still a youth to me, John, You are still my bonny bean; The same as when we plighted troth Full fifty years ago! The same as when our wedding bells Rang out so glad and gay; And here the good wife breathed a sigh And shook her locks of gray."

"It seemeth strange to me, John, Who married you for aye, Who holds the ring you gave me as The apple of my eye, To see the youngsters ne'er content To give their hearts and hands, As we did in the good old times, Without the scrip and lands!"

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in New York Ledger.

The Wrong Note.

When I left the train at Elmwood and found that no one was there to meet me I was surprised. Twice I walked around the station vainly peering into the gathering darkness in search of the Torrington trap. I was nonplussed, for I saw nothing but a rickety public hack with a rickety horse and a rickety driver importuning me to become his fare. Loath to believe my eyes, I sought the station agent.

"Wasn't Mr. Torrington's carriage here to meet this train?" I asked.

The man shook his head. "It was down for the 3 o'clock," he replied, "Took a gentleman off."

This announcement served to increase my perplexity. Here I, having been formally asked to spend Sunday at a house and having formally accepted, was compelled to make my way thither in a public conveyance, while another had been met at the station and carried off in comfort. Over this unusual condition of affairs I puzzled my brain on the drive out to Torrington's. The discomfort of my position was heightened by the increasing darkness, for the rickety horse made no very good speed, and I realized that the dinner hour was rapidly approaching. But at length we rattled through the gates and up the driveway to the house.

My hostess, Mrs. Torrington, greeted me on the porch as she so kindly lighted the lamp to see me in; yet I was surprised to find her looking at me with a certain amount of confusion.

"Yes," she murmured, hesitatingly, "but it's good to see you again. You must stay for dinner. Hobson, show Mr. Bostomley his room."

Here a tall figure loomed out of the darkness into the foreground, and before I could follow the servant who had taken my bag my hand was seized and a heavy voice said: "Hello! old man; glad to see you."

"Why, hello, Brooks!" I exclaimed. "I'm glad to see you."

"Glad to see you—glad to see you," I repeated, as I followed Hobson into the hall and up the stairs to my room. Glad to see Brooks! Glad to see the man with whom I had been racing for two years for the fair prize below. When the servants had gone and I was alone I stamped the floor vigorously and tore open my bag with such violence as to send the contents scattering in every direction. This thing was getting unpleasant. I could overlook the lack of hospitality in allowing me to make my own way to the house; I could forget her evident surprise at my coming after I had been formally invited by her mother and had as formally accepted; but I could not forgive her asking Dick Brooks and myself at the same time and driving him home in triumph, as it were. I was angry—so angry that I crumpled three ties in dressing and started down to dinner with tan shoes on, and when I finally entered the drawing room to find the family awaiting me. I remembered that I had forgotten to brush my hair and was conscious that it was all standing out at the back. It seemed that I was making a very poor showing in comparison with the immaculate Brooks.

"I am very glad to see you," said Mrs. Torrington, cordially. "It's a special pleasure, as we understood you weren't." Maria glanced sharply at her mother, and the kindly woman stopped, flushed, and added: "As we were afraid you weren't coming. The train must have been late. But come."

I shall never forget the dinner that followed. It seemed as though there was a pall over the little company, or, rather, over all but Brooks. He is a clever fellow, I admit, and, seeming to realize that the rest of us were embarrassed and hampered by some secret which could not be his, he proceeded to make the best of things and to bear the brunt of the conversation.

But at length it was over, and Mr. Torrington cornered my clever rival over coffee and cigars, while I slipped away and, though it was late in October and a stiff breeze was blowing from the sea across the bleak meadows, crackling cheerlessly through the dying leaves of the trees, I succeeded in inducing Maria to take a walk on the veranda.

"Now, tell me why there is all this surprise on the part of you and your

ular, and in his presence, is not so agreeable if he occupies the position of one rejected.

"And you have also asked me," Maria Torrington went on, with a coolness that would have astounded me had I not known her.

"Yes," I said, stupidly, "asked you frequently."

"I like you both very much," she said, fixing her eyes on Brooks, who was still fumbling his stick among the leaves.

It hardly seemed fair that she should look so kindly on my rival, so I called her eyes back to me by asking, "Can't you choose between us?"

"No," she replied, after a moment of thoughtful silence, "I've tried very hard, but I can't. A plan of choice was suggested to me by your unexpected coming."

"We are both to go away and stay away?" growled Brooks.

"One may come back."

"If?" Brooks started eagerly toward her. She raised her hand in warning.

"I don't know which," she said. "There is an old saying about marriage being a lottery. I propose to increase the chances. If you two consent I shall carry out at once the scheme that I have got up after long and careful thinking."

"Are you to toss a penny?" I asked.

"No. This afternoon I shall write two notes, one an acceptance, the other a refusal. They will be put in plain envelopes, mixed up, directed and mailed. The one of you who receives the refusal shall—"

Brooks' gloomy countenance gave credence to a suspicion that in event of his receiving the wrong note he would resort to self-destruction. The girl, however, speedily crushed all hopes of such escape from suffering.

"You shall not!" she cried. "If you do I shall never speak to either of you again."

There was a long silence, and then Maria looked from one to the other of us and said, earnestly: "You'll agree to my plan, won't you?"

"There is nothing else that we can do," said I.

"Nothing," repeated Brooks.

"In fact the scheme rather appealed to me, for of late things had not been going so smoothly as I could have wished."

Brooks and I were drawing a line in the sand. Now a choice had to be made. The question would be settled. There was no such thing as a free lunch, and my luck was usually good. The plan was not so agreeable to my rival. Doubtless he felt that he had the advantage of me and in entering into such a game was gambling to obtain what was already almost his own. He had no other course but to assent, though, and he did it with rather bad grace.

"It seems hard," he said to Maria, "but you will it, and I obey."

"It is agreed, then," said she.

Brooks and I bowed. The three of us walked back to the house.

I was up early next morning at my rooms in town. I had calculated everything to a nicety. The postman would reach the house at 8.10 o'clock. The train for Elmwood left at 9 o'clock. Provided the contents of the note that I expected were satisfactory, I would just have time to breakfast and reach the ferry. Should the note prove to be the wrong one, I certainly would not need any breakfast and much less to catch a train. I had been awake at dawn; excitement had driven sleep from my eyes, and the dragging hours gave me more than ample opportunity to figure out my chances. I revolved over and over again in my mind the history of my acquaintance with Maria Torrington. I reviewed my own life and picked out incidents in it in which luck had played a part, and I found such a balance in my favor that I was almost convinced that it was useless for me to worry over the outcome of the game of chance I was playing. Having brought myself to a state of comparative ease, I began to pack a couple of bags full of clothes, for I had made up my mind to make a long stay at the Torrington house while I was about it. As I stuffed my golf things into a portmanteau I pictured Maria and myself plodding over the links together. As I folded up my riding clothes I thought of the gallops we were to have, and I broke into song, and as I sang I forgot all about the note that was then on its way to me and worked away as cheerily as though it were but the matter of an hour till I was speeding to her. But a loud knock at the door called me back to realities, and when the hallway held toward me a square envelope addressed in a small, angular hand, I realized that, perhaps, after all my joy had been premature. Decidedly premature! The note was brief, so brief that in an instant I comprehended its contents, sank into a chair and, tossing the paper from me, repeated the fatal words: "Miss Torrington regrets she cannot accept Mr. Blank's kind invitation to become his wife."

Why had I ever consented to risk all on a mere throw of dice? Why had I tried to win by a gamble what other men worked, waited and suffered for years to obtain? It would not have been so bad had Harkinson, who had been out of the game a year, won her. But that snob Brooks! He would

BILL ARP ON THE CANDLERS.

How Allen's Father Drilled His Company During the War.

HE DID NOT GIVE COMMANDS

But Made Polite Requests—Predicts That Candler's Election Will Prove a Great Blessing.

I never meet a Candler or read of one but what my mind involuntarily whistles, "Gentlemen of the Banks County Guards." I know of but one Candler family in the State and all its members are marked for force and originality. This family goes back to the revolutionary era and has inherited his virtues, his patriotism, his integrity and self-reliance. I never knew a family that had more self-reliance. They lean on nobody, ask no favors, but forge ahead. Yes, they forge ahead and carve their own way in the battle of life, but not to make money. They are all poor, but are independent and are poverty stricken, but I never knew one of them who was rich. Riches are not their goal. I know of two generations of these Candlers and they are all alike—the girls and the boys—alike in their family training—their estimate of duty, their sobriety, their high ambition, their cheerfulness, their faith in God and His decrees.

"Gentlemen of the Banks County Guards, you will please to right face." It was during the long winter of 1861-62 when we were in winter quarters at Centerville, Va., we boys used to go down occasionally to hear Captain Candler drill his company. This Captain Candler was the father of our next Governor, and like all the other Candlers, had his own ways and methods. He was a Chesterfield in manners, a Stonewall in patriotism and was never known to use any profane language or relate a vulgar anecdote. His politeness was intuitive. He couldn't help it. "Gentlemen of the Banks County Guards, please to give me your attention. I hold in my hand an order from the colonel commanding, directing me to take you on picket to Mason's Hill tomorrow morning at sunrise, and the

TWO CALVES IN THREE MONTHS.

Remarkable Performance of a Cow in South Carolina.

W. McC. Venning of Mount Pleasant is the proud possessor of a cow that has given birth to two calves within the last three months. In June she became the mother of a healthy calf. Since then she has been a steady milker, and a few nights ago astonished the little village by having an offspring. The second calf is a stout, well-built young animal, and is sporting around to the amusement of the villagers. The first one is almost large enough to eat hay, and is disposed to fight its younger brother for the mother's affection. The cow is still furnishing milk to her people, and does not seem to think her feat near so strange as the citizens of the neighborhood do. For a time Al-

Certainly Complimentary.

"John," said Mrs. Harkins, "I heard a nice compliment for you today."

Mr. Harkins put his paper down, twisted up the ends of his moustache, looked pleased, and said:

"Well, that's nothing so remarkable. I receive compliments nearly every day."

Mrs. Harkins went on sipping her tea, and her husband waited for her to resume. Finally, he said:

"Well, why don't you tell me what it was? Who was it that complimented me?"

"Oh, you couldn't guess in a week."

"Mrs. Deering?" he ventured.

"No."

"Not Bessie Fallington?" he rather eagerly suggested.

"No."

"Oh, well, of course, if there's any secret about it, I don't care to hear that it is or who said it."

"There isn't any secret about it," Mrs. Harkins sweetly replied. "Mr. Harkinson told me that every time he and I met he became more thoroughly convinced that you were a man of excellent taste."

John Harkins then shoved his hands down in his pockets and walked outside to think it over.

Inducement to Build.

There are in Vienna 1263 old buildings whose owners are guaranteed eighteen years' freedom from taxation if they tear them down and put new structures in their places. Last year 242 owners made use of this privilege. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Bicycles are used for smuggling on the frontier of France and Belgium.

of these political combinations not dead nor dormant, and that the voice of the people was unanimous for Candler, it was possible to defeat him in a nominating convention. County conventions still be packed by shrewd politicians and the only remedy is to have primaries in every militia district on the same day. Rings may pack one convention, but they can't pack two in each county on the same day.

Friends, Romans, countrymen! Let all awake to the magnitude of the nation and place sentiments on the platform and see to it that honest deeds are used in the next election. The dead rest but bury its dead, but let the care of the future, and as Col. Allen once wrote, "the people of this district and crushed independence brought political harmony out of chaos, so he will now compass a field and restore harmony to the factions of our Georgia democracy. On all hail to the plowboy of Pigeon Hill—Bill Arrp, in Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution."

WHAT THEY EAT IN CHINA.

at a General Article of Food as Well as Rice.

though rice is generally regarded the Chinese as the "staff of life," the quantity of wheat has been used on the most ancient times, and in earliest classifications wheat is mentioned as one of the five grains. The northern provinces, where rice is not grown and can only be purchased by the well to do, wheat is the common cereal, but it is of a very poor quality. Blasted heads are seen large numbers every year and ergotism is a too frequent cause of disease among the poor.

The wheat is ground in a very primitive process. The mill consists of two stones, which are turned by a hand-blended mule. This flour is fine and dark, chiefly used in the form of vermicelli, and, when steamed, makes good substitute for rice, and when mixed with a little broth, flavoured with a dash of soy, it forms a very savory dish. To use the Chinese phrase, they are the "suspended" and "dropped," the former in the true sense, the manufacture of which is a common sight in many northern villages, where strings of the paste, suspended at the ends of two light

the cottage before the

the cottage before the marsh. The strings are generally thickened by pulling down "little by little" the lower stick, a dozen or more strings being fastened to each if it sticks. The chopped vermicelli is made by rolling out the dough cutting it in thin strips with a fastener like a straw chopper. Wheat flour is also used for making "or patties; the latter are dipped in these are cooked by steaming, and the many varieties of patties containing minced meat, molasses, or of jam. The steamer consists of a vessel, sitting tightly one upon another, which are covered and placed in the kettle in which the meat or food is being cooked.

Ordinary Chinese, whether in or village, takes his breakfast at a house or restaurant. It consists almost entirely of these meat or patties; the latter are dipped in sugar, soy, or a solution of red pepper, when eaten. Sometimes the patties are after they have grown more palatable by being fried on a grill over a charcoal fire. Her popular dish is doughnuts in oil. Baking is almost unknown, here is a cake of the size and shape of an ox rib which is baked by sticking on the inside of a jarred furnace, in which there is a charcoal fire. These cakes are miles circular, but in every case are covered with the seeds of the wheat, which add very much to the taste. Another variety is a large round cooked on a griddle, and is divided into quarters when served. The Mohammedans make a similar cake, of which they are very fond, without using any

the better quality of native

the better quality of native and confectionery, rice flour is used at the treaty ports and the so which foreign influence has had, many forms of sweet cakes are made of American flour. Even for purely native varieties and cakes the American flour is preferred on account of its softness and wholesomeness.

to Primitive Methods.

in the interior of China, the primitive mode of drying the remains of their dead, is, as a rule, in a new suit of clothes, and is placed on a platform of twelve feet high. These, however, to civilization have been adopted, but even then the new suit is indispensable, and the body is in an upright or sitting position. Some hillside facing a lake of the eyes of the dead may be seen, or chimneys passing by the weapons are invariably interred in the bottles.

long-distance telephonic trans-

long-distance telephonic trans- now commercially carried on between St. Louis and Boston, a distance of 1400 miles, is the longest telephonic service in the world.