

# THE SUN.



"Let There Be Light: And There Was Light."

VOL. I.

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## THE SUN.

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### HOME CIRCLE.

Ivy Glen.

"To let?" said the agent. "Ready furnished? Afraid I haven't any property in my hands that will meet your expectations. I have houses to rent for a year, but for a month? There isn't any such real estate in the market."

"We don't want an unfurnished house," said Angela Frost.

"And we have no occasion to use a house for a year," added Josephine, her tall, blooming young sister.

"We are school-teachers," explained Miss Angela, "and we have a month's vacation, and we want to spend it in a country resort where I can botanize and my sister can sketch."

"I am sorry, ladies, but I do not think you will be suited hereabouts. The houses want slowly out of the stuffy little office with its high desk, dirty floor, and atmosphere of tobacco smoke."

"I'm sorry, Angel. The air of these pine woods might have eased your asthma."

"And the little river gorge is an exquisite study for your paintings, Jo."

"Couldn't we live in a barn?" suggested Jo, with a comical arch of the eyebrows.

"I'm afraid not," sighed Angela. The real estate agent, in the meanwhile, had hardly smoked a second pipe before the door burst open and a short, stout lady in a pink hat and feathers came in.

"Mr. Muggidge," said she, handing him a key, "you may let Ivy Glen, or you may sell it, with a cow, a poultry house and a pony chaise thrown in. The house is ready furnished."

"Madame!" said Muggidge. "I'm tired of it," she said. "You couldn't let it for a month?" hazarded Mr. Muggidge.

"For three days," said the lady. "I could find you tenants for a month," said the agent.

"There is the key."

Away she went; and Mr Muggidge clapped his hat on his head and set off to the hotel for an interview with the girls.

And it so happened that Jo and Angela took possession of Ivy Glen, with its boudoir, piano and a library of novels.

"Mrs. Fitch must have been a very literary person," said Jo.

"And musical," added Angela.

"As for a servant, one would only be a nuisance," said Jo.

"I'll groom the pony myself; he is no bigger than a Newfoundland dog," said Angela.

"And I'll milk the cow and feed the chickens," Jo added.

"It is really an earthly paradise," said the elder sister.

"So it is," said Jo.

Angela began at once to make additions to her herbarium, and Jo sketched to her heart's content, till an old-fashioned rain-storm set in and imprisoned them in the house.

"How stupid this is!" said Jo, starting up from her book as the twilight shadows brooded darker and darker in the room. "Let us go down to the barn and talk to Dick and Frizzle. Poor dears! I do know they are lonesome."

Dick was the pony and Frizzle was the cow; and Jo and Angela were already upon the most affectionate terms of intimacy with them.

It was quite dark when Marmaduke Framingham opened the door, and strode in shaking the rain from his shoulders, as if he had been a huge Newfoundland dog, and flinging his fishing-rod and tackle on the table.

"Lou!" he called, all over the house, in a cheery, stentorian voice. "Louisa!"

But, as might be expected, no answer was returned, and he went up to a pretty little circular-walled room, where he had been wont to keep slippers, gun-case and sundry other masculine appurtenances when sojourning with his sister, Mrs. Fitch, at Ivy Glen.

"It is as quiet here as an enchanted castle," he said. "Where are Lou and the children?"

But he paused on the threshold. Even by the waning twilight he could perceive that a general transformation had taken place.

A pretty easel stood near the window, the standards of the old-fashioned dressing-bureau were tied with blue ribbons, the chairs were freshly draped with chintz, and a fairy work-basket stood beside the sofa, while upon the table lay a gipsy hat and a pair of the finest gauntlet gloves that Mr. Framingham had ever seen.

"Hello! Lou has got girl company and she has put 'em in here, by Jove!"

He struck a match, lighted candles in the sconces and stared blankly around him. At the same moment a clear voice sounded below stairs.

"Come in, Angel, quick! Goodness, how the rain drives in at the door! What's this in the hall? A man's coat!"

"Burglars!" shrieked Angela, who was not as strong-minded in practice as she was in theory.

"And there are lights up stairs," cried Jo.

"Preserve us!" said Angela, beginning to tremble; "the house is on fire. Jo, don't stir a step. I insist that you shall not go up stairs!"

But Miss Josephine deftly evaded her sister and rushed up to the little apartment she had consigned to her own use.

"Who are you, sir?" she demanded, as, standing in the doorway her gaze fell upon Mr. Marmaduke Framingham.

"I beg your pardon," began that gentleman.

"Leave the house!" said Jo.

"Jo, don't," pleaded Angela, who had crept up in her sister's shadow and was now tugging at her dress. "Perhaps he's got a band of accomplices outside."

"Ladies, if you will only permit me to explain," said Marmaduke.

"Nothing can explain an intrusion like this," said Jo.

"My sister, Mrs. Fitch, the occupant of this cottage—"

"We are the occupants of this house," interposed Miss Frost. "Mrs. Fitch left the premises three days ago."

"I assure you that I was quite ignorant of such an arrangement. I have been on a fishing excursion up the hills and supposed, of course, that my sister was here."

"I'm quite sure he is a crazy man," whispered Angela, aside.

"And as it is such a stormy night I must beg to be allowed to stay in the barn," concluded the suppliant.

"Your sister left word for you at the Dairy Farm," said Jo, severely.

"But I came around by the other road," said the young man, abjectly.

The humor of the thing was too much for Jo—she burst out laughing.

"Angel, do stop twitching, my dear," said she. "Yes, you may sleep in the barn, Mr—"

"Framingham, ladies, at your service."

"Mr. Framingham, then," said Jo. "But you must have some tea with us first. I am going to cut some cold tongue, and Angel will make fritters, and we have M. Blot's receipt for chocolate. I am sorry I mistook you for a burglar."

"Or a crazy man," said Angela, apologetically.

"And we will entertain you as hospitably as we can," added Jo, with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes.

Mr. Framingham was heard to remark afterward that he never spent so delightful an evening before in his life. He found lodgings close by the next morning, and stayed down among the glens in preference to following his sister to the city.

When Josephine Frost's month of

enjoyment had expired she went back to the city to resign her position in the school.

"I am going to be married," she confessed, blushing very prettily when the mistress asked why.

So Miss Frost went on alone with her career, and Mrs. Marmaduke Framingham settled down for life at Ivy Glen.

"For," said she. "I think it is the sweetest spot in all the world."

"So do I," said her young husband.

**HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.**

In the year 1869 there died in Paris a rich old bachelor, who left his entire fortune to a poor girl, a seamstress, who was, moreover, almost unknown to him. The secret of the old man ignoring his friends and relatives puzzled everybody very much. The deceased was what might be called an original. He was quite eccentric. In order to test the honesty of his fellow-creatures he was in the habit of resorting to many curious experiments, which, as a general thing, did not improve the bad opinion he already had of the human race. One of his plans to ascertain how many honest people there were traveling in omnibuses was to occupy the seat nearest the conductor and hand the fare of the passengers to that official. Instead of handing the exact fare to the conductor he would give the conductor a coin of larger value. When the passenger received back the excessive change, he quietly pocketed the money. The sixteenth person who received back the excessive change was a young girl, poorly dressed, who had pity on the poor conductor, who only got three francs a day, and would have to make good the loss. She immediately exclaimed: "Conductor, you have given me back too much change," and returned him the surplus money. The eccentric was agreeably surprised. When the girl left the bus he followed her, and having made further inquiry about her, satisfied himself that she was respectable. The small coin that the girl returned to the conductor made her the heiress of half a million francs.

**AN ITALIAN BRIGAND.**—Pietro Gasperone, the renowned brigand chief, expired the other day in an asylum for the poor near Naples, aged ninety. More than half a century ago the inhabitants of his native province conferred the sobriquet of "The Terror of the Abruzzi" upon him. He positively revelled in crime. When a mere stripling of nineteen he took to brigandage on account of a disappointment in love. At that time he had spent three years as a cowherd in the service of a wealthy farmer, of whose only daughter he became enamored. The immediate result was Gasperone's dismissal, to revenge which he joined a predatory association, of which he subsequently became president, and persuaded his comrades to join him in a raid upon his unkind master's family and property. In this expedition he slew the object of his affections and her father with his own hand, leaving the other members of the family to be dispatched by his associates. Later on, under the Bourbon regime, he succeeded in inspiring the Abruzzi population with such abject fear that no one could be induced to betray him throughout his long career, although the Neapolitan Government at one time offered a reward of five thousand ducats for his head. As soon, however, as his physical powers began to fail him, he surrendered himself voluntarily, contriving to make terms with the authorities upon the assurance that a full pardon would be granted to him. During the last ten years of his life, spent in the asylum above referred to, he is said to have written his memoirs, to be published after his death under the title, "The Experiences of a Neapolitan Patriot from the Year 1811 to the Close of the Franco-Austrian War."

**A PRETTY COMPLIMENT.**—A gentleman admires a pretty woman who has long passed her first youth. "But, I say," says one of his friends, "she's very charming, I know; still, you must admit that she is wrinkled." "Wrinkled!" echoes the chivalrous lover. "No, sir! There may be the indelible impression of a smile upon her face here and there, but that is all!"

A wise man makes more opportunities than he finds.

### Republican Stories About Rutherford B. Hayes.

It would be pleasant for the Fremont statesman Hayes if he could sit around on the hotel piazzas at Saratoga and listen to the politicians as they play football with his memory. "I never have heard a good word for him."

Henry A. Storrs yesterday painted a great picture of Hayes as he stood at Cleveland upon the day of the Garfield funeral. "There he stood," says Storrs, "with a straw hat on the back of his head, clothed in all the gorgeousness of a lined duster, holding in his hand a green open-work satchel with R. B. H. worked in large purple letters upon one side, containing a lunch and a picture of Lucy. He stood there alone, and nobody spoke to him except a policeman, who told him to keep off the grass."

The picture should be framed and hung by the side of Storrs' sketch of a frugal lunch he once took at the residence of Hayes. "There was Lucy and the baked apples at one end of the table, and pickled beef and R. B. Hayes at the other," Storrs sat in the middle.

This story brought out Congressman Morse, of Boston, who is famous for his wealth and lavish hospitality. He said: "The Hayeses are a queer breed. When Hayes was President, one of his sons, Rutherford P. Hayes, came to Boston to enter a school of technology. I called on him on account of my respect for the office held by his father. I found the young man desirous of pursuing special studies in the school. He did not want to take the whole course. I was able to arrange this. I also showed him about town. I took down the bay and paid him every courtesy I could. He was in a boarding house there. I found, and I gave him a standing invitation to dine at my house whenever he should be inclined, saying to him: 'You are not old enough to be formally invited, but you shall always be welcome whenever you may come.' He came to dinner once or twice, and then I did not see him for several days. Finally one howling cold night I was just going out with my wife when there came a ring at my door. I was in the hall when the door was opened. It was young Hayes. He came right up to me and said: 'Mr. Morse, you said to me you would be willing to do me any favor I might ask. I have become acquainted with some young ladies out on the Boston and Albany road. Now our family has not been in the habit of paying much railroad fare within the last two or three years. I want you to go down to the depot office with me and tell them there who I am, so they will pass me up and down whenever I want to go.'"

"What does he mean," whispered Mrs. Morse.

"I should think the meaning was plain," I said; as I turned to him and told him I never in my life took a rail road pass, and I did think I could ask one for him. He went away, and I never saw him again. When I went to Washington his father never alluded in any way to the attention I had paid his son.

"Served you right," said a friend, "for trying to do anything for the Hayes family."

**THE LARGEST DIAMOND IN AMERICA.**—L. & M. Kahn, jewelers, of 10 Maiden lane, have just imported the largest diamond ever brought to this country. It is yet in the rough, and has the yellowish hue common to all uncut diamonds. The stone is African, and weighs 125 carats. It may be reduced one-third by the cutting. The value of the jewel cannot be approximately determined until after it has been cut, when its color and full beauty will be revealed. The important question how it shall be handled so as to bring out its beauty in the fullest degree is now under consideration by experts. At present the jewel has a faint bluish streak running through the centre. But when cut it may prove to be tinted or pure white. An idea of the size of this stone may be had by one who has not seen it when it is remembered that the famous Koh-i-noor is 102½ carats, and before cutting was 183 carats.

Out of the warp and woof of common daily life can be woven a noble and useful life, as any life must be, which is a psalm of cheerful labor and obedience set always to one grand note.

God's sweet dew and showers of grace slide off the mountains of pride and fall on the low valleys of humble hearts and make them pleasant and fertile.

### Memorable Epidemic.

Of all the gloomy times that New Orleans has ever passed through, the epidemic of 1853 was probably the most gloomy and it may fairly be claimed that the 20th of August of that year in New Orleans would, if fairly examined, rank with any day in any country or age for epidemical virulence, if we take into consideration the fact that the death roll had been constantly increasing from the middle of June and from the middle of July at an alarming rate—so much so that there had been a regular exodus from the middle of July—and by the 15th of August it was estimated that the whole population of New Orleans did not exceed 30,000 souls, yet out of that number the deaths on the 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st exceeded the average of 400 per day. The heaviest death rate was on Sunday, August 20th, when it reached 420.

On the morning of the 20th the writer started at about six o'clock down to the old French market to get a cup of coffee, then a common custom, as they kept coffee there, and not slop. Not meeting any one until I arrived there, and then only meeting a few colored people, after I had drunk my coffee, and seeing so few people on the street, I concluded to take a walk and see how many I would meet; so crossing the Place d'Armes in front of the Cathedral, I passed out to Chartier street, at the intersection of Orleans, and turning, walked to Canal, thence to St. Charles, up that to Tivoli, then east to Camp, then north to Poydras, and east to the river. In this route of nearly two miles through the most frequented and populous portion of the city, and at an hour when the streets on Sunday mornings are particularly alive—that is from 7 to 8 a. m.—the count of all that was met or passed only reached sixty-three persons, and the largest portion of that number was in the vicinity of the Cathedral and St. Patrick's church on Camp street, and they appeared to be either going to or returning from mass.

That evening I concluded I would visit the cemeteries and try to learn the actual facts. I did not, nor do I yet believe that any person that has had the real yellow fever will ever have it a second time, and having had it in its most virulent form, I have always considered myself exempt from yellow fever. As a place where most could be learned, I went out to the bayou, to what was then called the swamp, and the sight that met my eye was not soon to be obliterated from my memory. When I arrived I met old man Busby, formerly sheriff of St. Louis. He was engaged when I arrived in measuring off lines for a gang of ten men who were engaged in digging a trench from the main walk to the side. The trench was about seven feet wide three feet deep. That was all the depth the water would allow them to go. The earth taken out was thrown on both sides. On the other side of the walk the chain-gang was at work. As a wagon or dray, as the case might be, came in with its load (whilst I stood looking on four arrived) having from three to six rough boxes, each box containing a corpse, they were taken off the wagon by a gang of eight negroes and placed in the trench as near each other as possible, and another gang of twelve covered them with the earth that had been thrown out by the diggers, but first throwing a quantity of fresh lime over the boxes.

It was a strangely horrible sight to see the diggers at work. They had a demijohn of whiskey and a bucket of water on each side of the trench, which they were free to use. As they were digging by the square yard, they needed no overseer, except to measure and lay out the work and see that it was of the proper depth. Busby told me that the diggers averaged \$25 per day, and that they earned it, for he claimed that the ten white men did more work than the twenty negroes would, and required no driving. After the epidemic was over, Busby told me that not one of his Irishmen died, although fully exposed to the miasma arising from the bodies, also to the vertical rays of an almost tropical sun.

Without content we shall find it almost as difficult to please others as ourselves.

Few learn much from history who do not bring much with them to its study.

An hour of triumph comes at last to those who watch and wait.

Do not waste time in useless regrets over losses.

### The Curse of Scotland.

It has often been asked why the nine diamonds is called the "Curse of Scotland," and as an answer has lately been given by a writer, we may, perhaps, offer something additional of interest by giving three historical facts which are assigned as having caused the saying.

In the distracted state of the country, during the reign of Mary, one George Campbell by name attempted to steal the crown out of Edinburgh Castle. In this he was unsuccessful, but managed to abstract nine valuable jewels, and escape safely to a foreign shore. To replace these a heavy tax was laid upon the country, which the poor, oppressed people thought so great a grievance that they termed it the curse of Scotland, and the card it self used to bear the name of George Campbell in the Highlands.

The second explanation relates to the massacre of Glencoe. The mandate of this cruel deed was signed by the eldest son of the Earl of Stair, who was at the time Secretary of the State for Scotland. The coat of arms belonging to the Stair family bears nine diamonds on its shield, and the people, not daring to stigmatize the Master of Stair as the curse of Scotland, applied it to his coat of arms.

The last explanation relates to the battle of Culoden, which extinguished the hopes of the Stuart party, and was at the time considered a national curse. The Duke of Cumberland, who was known to have been a gambler, is said to have had a pack of cards in his pocket, and when he had won the famous field, he took out the nine diamonds and wrote his account of the victory on it.

**A BRIDGE OF SIGNS.**—A person writing from Venice says: "In the course of our wanderings through the palace our guide took us across the Bridge of Sighs, leading from the palace to the prison opposite. It is a tradition that no prisoner who has passed this bridge ever returned, or indeed was ever heard of afterward. Whether this is true or not, it is in keeping with the reputation which the Venetian Republic has obtained, and one does not care to dispute the assertion. Republics can be as despotic as monarchies or empires, and certainly the Republic of Venice can boast little of the freedom of its people. The Bridge of Sighs is more interesting when viewed externally, although there is nothing grand about it. It is simply a short covered corridor across a narrow canal, connecting the two buildings at the second story. There is a wall through the center, internally, dividing the bridge into two passages, one of which led to the prisons of political offenders, and the other to the cells of the common criminals. The former has served to give this bridge its unusual interest, for no romance can be predicated upon the fate of those convicted by law of crime. Possibly the 'Childe Harold' has had as much to do with the renown of this bridge, as the 'Merchant of Venice' has had with the Rialto, for you cannot pass either without quoting something from Byron or Shakspeare."

**BALZAC'S TASTE OF FAME.**—The late Madame de Balzac first saw her famous husband many years before she became his wife. When traveling in Poland he arrived late one evening at an isolated chateau and was obliged to stay there. He soon made himself known to the hostess, and had some conversation with her, when a beautiful girl came in and silently poured out the tea. She was advancing toward the stranger with a cup in her hand, when the lady of the house again took up the conversation: "You were saying, M. de Balzac—?" At that moment the cup the young girl was holding dropped to the ground, and she clasped her hands, exclaiming, "Can it be the great M. de Balzac?" "For that one instant," writes Balzac, "I tasted the sweetness of fame!" The young girl was Eveline Rzewuska, who afterward became Countess Hanska, and finally Madame de Balzac.

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