The Pee Dee Herald.

"IDEA IS A SHADOW THAT DEPARTETH, SPEECH IS FLEETING AS THE WIND—READING IS AN UNREMEMBERED PASTIME; BUT A WRITING IS ETERNAL."—TUPPER.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VILLAGE PRIZE.

In one of the loveliest villages of old Virginia there lived in the year 175—, an old man whose daughter was declared by universal consent to be the loveliest maiden in all the country round. The veteran in his youth had been athletic and muscular above his fellows; and his breast, where he always wore them, could show the adornment of three medals, received for his victories in gymnastic feats when a young man. His daughter was now eighteen, and had been sought in marriage by many suitors. One brought wealth—another a fine person—another this and another that. But they were all refused by the old man, who become at last a by word for his obstinacy among the young men of the village and neighborhood.

At length the nineteenth birth day of Annette, his charming daughter, who was as amible and modest as she was beautiful, arrived. The morning of that day her father invited all the youth of the country to a hay making and frolic. Seventeen handsome and industrious young men assembled. They came not only to make hay, but also to make love to the fair Annette. In three hours they had filled the father's barns with newly dried grass, and their own hearts with love = Annette, by her farther's command, had brought the malt liquor of her own brewing, which she presented to each enamored swain with her own fair hands.

"Now, my boys,' said the old keeper of the jewel they all coveted, leaning on their pitch forks they assembled round the door in the cool of the evening. 'Now my lads, you have nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette. Now, you see, I don't care anything about money or talents, book larnin' or soldier larnin'—I can do as well by my gal as any man in the country—but I want her to marry a man of my own grit. Now, you know, or ought to know, when I was a youngster I could beat anything in all Virginny in the way o'leaping. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the eastern shore, and I have took the oath and sworn to it, that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for it. You understand me! yes, there's the green, and here's Annette,' he added, taking his daughter who stood timidly behind him, by the hand. 'Now, the one that jumps the furthest on a 'dead level' shall marry Annette this very night.'

This unique address was received by the young men with applause. And many a youth, as he bounded forward to the arena of trial, cast a glance of anticipated victory back upon the object of village chivalry. The maidens left their looms and quilting frames, the children their noisy sports, the slaves their labors, and the old men their arm chairs and long pipes, to witness the triumph in the success of the victor. All prophesied and many wished that it would be the young Carroll. He was the handsomest and best humored youth in the country, and all knew that a strong mutual attachment existed between him and the fair Annette. Carroll had won the reputation of being 'the best leaper,' and in a country where such athletic achievements were the *sine qua non* of man's cleverness, this was no ordinary honor. In a contest like the present, he had therefore every advantage over his fellow *athletes*.

The arena allotted for this hymenial contest, was a level space in front of the village inn, and near the centre of a grass plat, reserved in the midst of the village, denominated 'the green.' The verdure was quite worn off at this place by previous exercises of a similar kind, and a hard surface of sand, more befitting for the purpose for which it was to be used, supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and, withal, happy prize, (for she well knew who would win,) with three other patriarchal villagers were the judges apponted to decide upon the claims of several competitors. The last time Carroll tried his skill in this exercise, he 'cleared'—to use the leaper's phraseology—twenty one feet and one inch.

The signal was given, and by lot the young men stepped into the arena.

'Edward Grayson, seventeen feet,' cried out one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale, intellectual student But what had intellect to do in such an arena? Without a look at the maiden, he left the ground.

'Dick Boulden, nineteen feet.' Dick with a laugh turned away, and replaced his coat.

'Harry Preston, nineteen feet and three inches.'

'Well done, Harry Preston,' shouted the spectators, 'you have tried hard for the acres and homestead.'

Harry also laughed, and swore he only jumped for the fun of the thing. Henry was a rattle brained fellow, but never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk and talk, and laugh and roomp with Annette, but sober marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for the fun of the thing. He would not have said so if he was sure of winning.

'Charley Simms, fifteen feet and a half.' 'Hurrah for Charley! Charley'll win!' cried the crowd, good humored. Charley Simms was the cleverest fellow in the world. His mother advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife, she would fall in love with his temper, rather than his legs. Charley, however, made the trial of the latter's capabilities and lost. Many refused to enter the lists altogether. Others made the trial, and only one of the leapers had yet cleared twenty feet.

'Now,' cried the villagers, 'let's see Henry Carroll. He ought to beat this; and every one appeared, as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success.

Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers, and rested, before he bounded forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit and assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his lip, he bounded forward.

'Twenty one feet and a half!' shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges, 'twenty one feet and a half. Harry Carroll forever.—Annette and Harry.' Hands, caps and handkerchiefs waved over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.

When Henry Carroll moved to his station to strive for the prize, a tall, gentlemanly young man, in a military undress frock coat, who had rode up the inn, dismounted and joined the spectators, unperceived while the contest was going on, stepped suddenly forward, and with a knowing eye measured deliberately the space accomplished by the last leaper.—He was a stranger in the village. His handsome face and easy address attracted the eye of the village maidens, and his manly and sinewy frame, in which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.

'Mayhap, sir, stranger, you think you can beat that,' said one of the bystanders, remarking the manner in which the eye of the stranger scanned the arena. 'If you can beat Henry Carroll, you'll beat the best man in the colonies.' The truth of the observation was assented to by a general murmur.

'Is it for mere amusement you are pursuing this pastime?' inquired the youthful stranger, 'or is there a prize for the winner?'

'Annette, the loveliest and wealthiest of our village maidens, is to be the reward of the victor,' cried one of the judges.

'Are the lists open to all?'

'All, young sir; replied the father of Annette, with interest, his youthful order rising as he surveyed the proportions of the straight limbed young stranger. 'She is the bride of him who outleaps Henry Carroll. If you will try, you are free to do so. But let me tell you, Harry Carroll has no equal in Virginia. Here is my daughter, sir, look at her and make your trial.' The officer glanced upon the trembling maiden about to be offered on the altar of her father's unconquerable monomania, with an admiring eye. The poor girl looked at Harry, who stood near, with a troubled brow and an angry eye, and then cast upon the new competitor an imploring glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one of the judges, he drew a sash he wore beneath it tighter round his waist, and taking the appointed stand, made apparently without an effort, the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Henry and Annette.

Twenty two feet and an inch! shouted the judges. The announcement was repeated with surprise by the spectators, who crowded around the victor, filling the air with congratulations, not unmingled, however, with loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him his son, and said he felt prouder of him than if he was a prince. Physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true patents of nobility.

Resuming his coat, the victor sought with his eye the fair prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the superiority of the stranger in an exercise in which he prided himself as unrivalled, while he hated him for his success.

'Annette, my pretty prize,' said the victor, taking her passive hand, 'I have won you fairly.' Annett's cheek became paler than marble; she trembled like an aspen leaf, and clung closer to her father, while the drooping eye sought the form of her lover. His brow grew dark at the stranger's language.

'I have won you my pretty flower, to make you a bride!—tremble not so violently—I mean not myself, however proud I might be,' he added, with gallantary, 'to wear so fair a gem next to my heart. Perhaps,' and he cast his eyes inquiringly, while the current of life leaped joyfully to her brow, and a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd, 'perhaps there is some favored youth among the competitors who has a higher claim to this jewel. Young sir,' he continued, turning to the surprised Henry, 'methinks you were victor in the list before me—I strove not for the maiden, though one could not well strive for a fairer—but from love to the manly spot in which I saw you engaged. You are the victor and as such, with the permission of this worthy assembly, you receive from my hand, the prize that you have so well and honorably won.'

The youth sprang forward and grasped his hand with gratitude, and the next moment Annette was weeping from pure joy upon his shoulders. The welkin rang with the exclamations of the delighted villagers, and amid the temporary excitement produced by this act the stranger withdrew from the crowd, mounted his horse and spurred at a brisk trot through the village.

That night Henry and Annette were married, and the health of the generous and noble hearted stranger was drank in overflowing bumpers of rustic beverage.

In process of time, there were born unto the married pair sons and daughters, and Henry Carroll had become Col. Henry Carroll of the revolutionary army.

One evening, having just returned home after a hard campaign, he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country house, when an advance courier rode up and announced the approach of Gen. Washington and suite, informing him that he should crave his hospitality for the night. The necessary directions were given in reference to the household preparation, and Col. Carroll, ordering his horse, rode forward to meet and escort to his house the distinguished guest, whom he had never yet seen, although serving in the same widely extended army.

That evening, at the table, Annette, now become the dignified matronly and still handsome Mrs. Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of her illustrious visitor. Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his commanding features, and half doubtfully, half-assuredly, shake her head and look again to be still more puzzled. Her absence of mind and embarrassment at length became evident to her husband, who inquired affectionately if she were sick?

'I suspect, Colonel,' said the General, who had been some time, with a quiet, meaning smile, and observing the lady's curious and puzzled survey of his features—'that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognizes in me an old acquaintance.' And he smiled with a mysterious air, as he gazed upon both alternately.

The Colonel started, and a faint memory of the past seemed to be revived as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair, and bending eagerly forward over the tea urn with clasped hands and an eye of intense, eager inquiry fixed full upon him, stood for a moment with her lips parted as if she would speak.

'Pardon me, my dear madam—pardon me, Colonel—I must put an end to this scene. I have become by dint of camp fare and hard usage, too unwieldly to leap again twenty-two feet and one inch, even for so fair a bride as I wot of.'

The recognition, with the surprise, delight and happiness that followed are left to the imagination of the reader.

Gen. Washington was indeed the handsome young 'leaper,' whose mysterious appearance in the native village of the lovers, is traditionary—and whose claim to a substantial body of bona fide flesh and blood, was stoutly contested by the village story-tellers, until the happy denoument which took place at the hospitable mansion of Col Carroll.

A VERY TOUGH STORY.

The following story is told by the renowned wag, John Phœnix, of the California Pioneer. The reader will see that it records the verdict of a coroner's inquest," and in other particulars bears a strong resemblance to some of the tough stories which politicians have circulated against their political opponents in Eastern States:

Mr. Tushmaker was never regularly bred as a physician or surgeon, but he possessed, naturally, a strong mechanical genius, and a fine appetite; and finding his teeth a great service in gratifying the latter propensity, he concluded that he could do more good in the world, and create more real happiness therein, by putting the teeth of the inhabitants in good order than any other way, so he became a dentist.

He was the man who first invented the method of placing small cog wheels in the back teeth, for the more perfect mastication of food; and he claimed to be the original discoverer of the method of filling cavities with a kind of putty, which, becoming hard directly, causes the tooth to ache so grievously, that it has to be pulled, thereby giving the dentist two successive fees for the same job.

Tushmaker was one day seated in his office, in the city of Boston, Mass., when a stout old fellow named Byles presented himself to have a back tooth drawn.

The dentist seated his patient in the chair of torture and opening his mouth, discovered there an enormous tooth in the right hand side about as large, as he afterwards expressed it, as a small Polyglot Bible. "I shall have trouble with this tooth thought Tushmaker, but he clapped on his heaviest forceps and pulled. It did'nt come. Then he tried the turnscrew, exerting his utmost strength, but the tooth would'nt stir.

Go away from here, said Tushmaker to Byles, and return in a week and I will draw that tooth out, or know the reason why.

Byles got up, clapped his handkerchief to his jaw, and departed.

The dentist went to work, and in three days he invented an instrument which he was confident would pull anything. It was a combination of the lever, pully, wheel and axle inclined plane, wedge and screw. The castings were made and the machine put up in the office over an iron chair, rendered perfectly stationary by iron rods going down into the foundations of the granite building.

In a week old Byles returned. He was clapped into the iron chair, the forceps connected with the machine firmly attached to the tooth, and Tushmaker stationing himself in the rear, took hold of a lever four feet long.

He turned it slightly—old Byles gave a groan, and lifted up his right leg. Another turn—another groan, and higher went old Byles right leg again.

"What do you raise your leg for?" asked the doctor.

"I can't help it," said the patient.

"Well," said Tushmaker, "the tooth is bound to come now"

He turned the lever clear round with a sudden jerk, and snapped old Byle's head clean and clear from his shoulders, leaving a space of four inches between the several parts!

They had a post mortem examination—the roots of the tooth were found extending down the right side through the right leg, and turned up in two prongs directly in the sole of the right foot. "No wonder," said Tush, "that he raised his leg." The jury thought so, too, but they found the roots much decayed, and five surgeons swearing that mortification would have ensued in a few months, Tushmaker was cleared on a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

He was a little shy of that instrument afterward; but one day, an old lady, very feeble and flaccid, came in to have a tooth pulled, and thinking it would come out very easy, Tushmaker concluded, just by way of variety, to try the machine.

He did so, and at the very first turn drew the old lady's skeleton completely and entirely from her body, leaving her a mass of quivering jelly in the chair.

Tushmaker took her home in a pillow case. She lived several years after that, and they called her the India Rubber Woman.' She had suffered terribly with the rheumatism, but after this occurence, never had a pain in her bones. The dentist kept them in a glass case.

After this the machine was sold to the contractor of the Boston Custom House, and it was found that a child three years of age could, by a single turn of the screw, raise a stone weighing twenty five tons.

Smaller ones were made on the same principle, and sold to keepers of hotels and restaurants. They were advantageously used for boning turkeys.

There is no moral at all to this story, and it is possible that the circumstances may have become slightly exaggerated. Of course there can be no doubt of the truth of the main incidents.

GOOD ADVICE.—Don't get in a fuzzer and go on a bustor, nor allow yourself to be irritated by, but keep a cold head, and never be too fast to join in a hurrah and huzza.

THE AGE OF A HORSE!

Col. James S. Allen tells the following good anecdote of a German neighbor.

A German named Sweely—I think that was the name—came to the Colonel one morning with his customary salute—

'Goot morigin, Kernel, how ish your powels to-day?'

'All right, Jake; what can I do for you?'

'Wells, I delis you; I ish goin' to pay a prown horse, and I wants you to show me how you knows how olt he is?'

'Oh that's easy, Jake; you can tell that by his teeth.'

'Vat you say—by his teeth?'

'Yes just look at his teeth, and that will tell you'

Old Jake went home perfectly satisfied that he had gained the information, and the same afternoon a man came to his house with a fine colt that Jake had been trying to purchase. He rode up to Jado's door, dismounted, and requested Jake to examine the animal. The old fellow accordingly put on his specs, went up to the horse, patted him, and finally pulled open his mouth. There was a sound heard as of counting until *tem-und tresh*, (32,) was reached, when the old fellow let go the animal's head, and, without saying a word, walked away.

'What's the matter, my friend,' asked the horse-dealer.

'Go way mit you, you ish the piggest liar in Cheesey Shore,' was all Jake condescended to say.

'What the devil do you mean, you old Dutch fool?' asked the horse-dealer, now thoroughly angry. 'What in thunder ails you?'

'Mean; what I mean? Why you told me dat der horse was chosea six years olt last krass, and I counts his teeth and sees dat he is shoost thirty-two years olt! You go way mit your darned olt horse. You can't sheat me!'

The dealer said no more; he jumped upon his animal and rode away like a streak of lightning. Old Jake swears there isn't a young horse in Lycoming county, and thinks that nothing but Col. Allen saved him from a clean swindle.

N. Y. Cor. of Phila. Mer.

TITLES OF FIRMS.—One of the best titles for a mercantile firm that we have ever seen is "Call & Settle," which is painted in golden letters on a sign in one of our eastern cities. [illegible] minded every time they pass of their outstanding accounts. "Neal & Pray" is the name of another firm. But the following beats all. "Two attorneys," says an old newspaper, "in partnership in a town in the United States, had the names of the firm, which was "*Catchum & Cheatum*," inscribed in the usual manner upon their office door; but as the singularity and ominous juxtaposition of the words led to many a coarse joke from passers by, the men of law attempted to destroy, in part, the effect of the old association, by the insertion of the initials of their Christian names, which happened to be Isaiah and Uriah; but this made the affair ten times worse, for the inscription ran;

"I. CATCHUM & U. CHEATUM."

On the failure of two bankers in Ireland, named Gonne and Going, some one wrote:

"Going and Gonne are now both one,
For Gonne is Going and Going is Gonne."

SCHOOL-BOY QUESTION.—Three boys at school learning their catechism, one asked the other how far he had got? To which he answered, "I'm at a state of sin and misery." He then asked another what length he was? To which he replied, "I'm just at effectual calling." They were both anxious, of course, to learn how far he was himself, and having asked him, he answered, "Past redemption."

If you want to feel about light, get into a pond of strawberries and cream, and swim round about a quarter of an hour. It is a great invention—strawberries and cream.

Blessed are the young girls who have no beaux to plague them, for they shall not be kept awake Sunday night.