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## Forward.

Push on, brave heart, nor yet despair.  
Though dark and dreary seem the way,  
Thy sun will shine from skies as fair  
As ever gleamed before thine eyes.  
And ever kneel before thine eyes.  
The heroes of the mighty past,  
Think how they struggled for the prize,  
And thou shalt surely win at last.

Push on, as sons of brave swimmers do,  
Over storm-capped waves of life,  
Strike out against the undertow,  
And come off victor in the strife.  
Push on, and win a lasting name,  
The nations of the earth among,  
Nor stop to pause as they go,  
Thy fellow-men who round you throng.

Push on, and when thou gain'st the day,  
Remember these brave words of mine,  
Bear up beneath each darkened ray,  
Thy sun is waiting but to shine  
With tenfold glory from above.  
That hour is darkest next the dawn,  
Success is certain, do not fear,  
But let the watchword be—Push on.  
—Jack Guiltner in Detroit Free Press.

## THE SQUIRE'S APPLES.

"Such pretty apples!" cried Linnet Dessoir, ecstatically. "With red cheeks, just as if a fairy pencil had painted them, and delicious, bloomy streaks here and there! I should like to copy them on a plaque or a panel or something, if only one could be sure of reproducing those delicate tints of rose and white!"

"Well, I declare!" said Rose Hebron, the country cousin, whom she was visiting, laughing with a merry, thrush-like laugh, as the two girls sat on a moss-encumbered boulder under the boughs of the lady-apple-tree, with here and there a yellow leaf fluttering dreamily down at their feet. "Who would dream of such a poetical description applying to the apples that grow in Squire Sandford's orchard?"

"Wasn't it good of him to allow us to gather them?" said Linnet, trimming the side-falls off a lovely branch of yellow-goldenrod.

"I shall not believe that they are absolutely *ours*," declared Rose, "until I see them in the old apple-bin at home."

"Why not?"

"Oh, Squire Cedric is eccentric!" Rose answered, carelessly.

"Cedric? Is that his name?"

"Yes, isn't it an odd relic of the Sixton times?" laughed Rose.

"It's a very romantic name," remarked Linnet, wrinkling her brows in petty consideration of the epithet.

"It isn't romantic," observed Rose. "Isn't he? But why not?"

"He's so old! Thirty, at least!" Rose responded, with an emphatic nod of the head.

"Horrid age!" said Linnet, who was in her seventeenth year. "Come, Rosey, let's go home. I'm as hungry as a cannibal! Gathering apples is such hard work!"

"She skipped ahead, with her yellow tresses floating behind, like stray strands of sunshine, and her white dress rustling over the drifts of perfumed leaves that carpeted the path."

Rose followed, with affectionate eyes of admiration.

"What is the difference between me and Linnet?" she asked herself. "My dress is white also; my hair is as golden as hers. Why is it that she is like a dancing sprite—i. e., a plodding human being?"

Poor little Rosey! She did not realize that Linnet Dessoir had grown up in an altogether different atmosphere; that Linnet had unconsciously modeled her dress from the graceful robes which her father, the artist, kept to drape his lay-figures; that her eye had been trained, her taste cultured, in every possible point.

"He's only a poor struggling artist!" Farmer Hebron had been wont contemptuously to observe, when he saw his neighbor-in-law's name among the lists specially honored by the Academy of Design.

"It's a good fellow enough," Eugene Dessoir aptly remarked, when his agricultural connection happened to be mentioned. "But he hasn't an idea beyond his own fat cattle! He don't live; he only vegetates!"

Linnet, however, the bright, motherless young beauty, was a great favorite of the kind-hearted Hebrons; and when she had so enthusiastically admired the beautiful pink-and-white lady-apples on Squire Sandford's tree, Mr. Hebron had gone so far out of his way to ask the squire for a barrel.

"Just to please the little girl," said he. "She thinks a deal of pretty things."

"She is quite welcome," said Squire Sandford, with formal politeness. "If you will send a barrel to the tree to-morrow, Mr. Hebron, it shall be filled for your niece."

And when the squire said this he pictured in his mind's eye the aforesaid niece as a romp of eleven or twelve, with shingled hair, freckles and preternaturally long arms.

All night long Linnet Dessoir dreamed

of the lady-apples, and when the sun rose, a sphere of rubied fire, above the eastern hills, she jumped out of bed and dressed herself with haste.

"I can't sleep another minute," said she. "It's just the very sort of morning to walk out across the woods and look at the lady-apple-tree, with the little spring gushing out so close to its roots, and the blue asters, and thickets of golden-rod, by the stone fence. I won't wake Rosy. Rosy was up late last night, putting labels on the quince jelly. I'll let her sleep, and go by myself!"

But Miss Hebron was no more of a laggard in the morning than was her city cousin. At seven precisely she knocked at Linnet's door, but the bird had flown.

"How provoking!" said Rose. "But I'll follow her. She must have gone to try to make that sketch of the old mossy rock close to the lady-apple tree! I wonder if she knows that my father has pastured Ajax in the adjoining field?"

"Ajax" was a savage, beautiful bull, who was at once the pride and torment of Farmer Hebron, and a thrill of terror came into Rose's heart as she made all speed to follow the dewy track of Linnet's footsteps over the grass.

As she reached the belt of woods close to the apple-orchard, she paused in dismay at the sound of a sweet, high pitched voice.

"It's Linnet!" she involuntarily exclaimed. "And she's scolding somebody. Dear me, whom can it be? Surely not Ajax!"

"You are a thief!" she could hear Linnet exclaim—"a robber! Let that barrel of apples alone, I say. I don't care whether you are Squire Sandford or not. That barrel of apples is mine!"

And as Rose drew near, she could see this dimpled young Amazon resolutely defending the barrel of apples, with her single strength, against Squire Sandford and his stoutest farm laborer.

She stood there, with one slight hand on the red-checked fruit, which was brimming over the barrel-hoops, and before her the tall squire and his herculean aid-camp were helpless.

"If you will allow me to explain—" pacifically began the squire.

"I will allow nothing!" declared Linnet. "I repeat, these apples are mine! Touch them, at your peril!"

Thus far the young heroine was a conqueror. But alas! in that very moment of victory Nemesis was at hand. There was the dull sound of trampling hoofs, then a sullen bellow, and Ajax himself, bursting through a weak spot in the fence, was upon them.

Linnet Dessoir collapsed, so to speak, at once. She forgot her heroism, her dignity—everything but her danger, and flew for rescue, to Squire Sandford, shrieking:

"Save me! save me!"

The farm-hand dogged behind the wagon; but Squire Sandford never quailed, but held her resolutely in his arms.

"Do not be afraid," he said, almost as if he had been speaking to a frightened child. "Nothing shall harm you, little one!"

For an instant, things look very black; then Squire Sandford spoke gently once more.

"Do not hold my arm so tightly," said he. "Let me get at my revolver. I must shoot the brute! No, don't be so terrified. Do not you hear me say that nothing should harm you?"

And then the problem resolved itself, as problems often do. Ajax, butting his huge head against the barrel of lady-apples, sent them rolling in all directions, and caught his horns in the barrel itself, effectually blinding him. He set off at a wild gallop down the hill, bellowing as he went, and there he met his fate in the shape of two or three men with a running noose of rope and a good stout chain.

"Hello, pet!" shouted Farmer Hebron's voice. "What's the matter? She hasn't fainted, has she, squire?"

And Linnet, realizing that she was safe, blushing with wrath from Mr. Sandford's sheltering arms, and ran to her uncle.

"I am so much obliged to you, sir," she whispered. "And please—please don't mind what I said about the apples. You are quite welcome to them."

"Hey! Apples!" said Mr. Hebron. "Why, Linnet, didn't you know that I carted the barrel of apples that the squire gave you home last night?"

Linnet grew crimson all over, and fled to Rose's faithful breast for consolation.

"I shall never dare to look that man in the face again," she bewailed herself. "Oh, dear—oh, dear, what must he have thought of me!"

But of course Mr. Sandford considered it only right and proper to call that evening, and inquire how Miss Dessoir found herself; and really the meeting was not half as embarrassing as Linnet had fancied it would be.

They had a good laugh about Ajax and the apples; and Linnet confessed how dreadfully frightened she had been.

"And with reason," said Squire Sandford. "There was a second or two a which we were in very serious danger."

"But you will forgive me about the apples?" said Linnet, with pretty, coaxing earnestness.

"Oh, yes, I will forgive you about the apples!" Squire Sandford laughingly returned.

And in that moment Linnet thought what a very pretty color his eyes were, decided that he couldn't possibly be thirty years old.

"Isn't it strange," said Rose Hebron, "that we have lived neighbor to Squire Sandford all these years, and he has never been more than ordinarily polite to me? And here comes Linnet, and quarrels with him at five minutes' notice, and calls him all sorts of names, and now they are engaged to be married, and I am to be the bridesmaid?"

"Not at all strange!" said Miss Dessoir. "To me it seems as rice and natural as possible. But you are mistaken about his age, Rosy. He is only twenty-nine. And if he were a hundred and twenty-nine, I should love him all the same."

"Of course," said Rose; "that is what all engaged girls say."—*Helen Forest Graves.*

## Turkish Public Amusements.

The public amusements of the Turks consist of *meydan-oyunu*, *kara-göç*, and the *meddah*. *Meydan-oyunu* is a sort of low burlesque, acted by men only and without a stage, the changing of costumes being effected behind a temporary screen. The *kara-göç* is the Turkish "Punch and Judy," rendered in shadows, a white sheet being stretched across one of the angles of the room diagonally, forming the base of a triangle, behind which the performer takes his stand, and by the force of a strong light casts the "shadows of coming events" on the sheet. And the *meddah* is the famous story-teller of the East. The absence of works of fiction, and the general ignorance of the people, who do not even know how to read, make the narratives of the *meddahs* quite acceptable to the public, who flock to hear them for pastime, for the love of the marvellous is too powerful in the warm and imaginative nature of the people of that sunny clime to remain without some development. Hence their popularity. Then, again, these *meddahs* are not destitute of dramatic power, entrancing their attentive audiences by the magnetism of highly wrought fiction, exaggerated description, and effective mimicry. Indeed, some of them have acquired a renown for their speciality. *Kiz-Ahmed*, or *Lady Ahmed*, is so named on account of his successful ability in "taking off" the ladies, and *Pijemini* is noted for the "pathetic." They exercise certain *coup de theatre* of their own, and are by the excited fancies of the people invested with a geni-like power, as they condense into a passing-hour the scenes of an eventful life, or detail the enchantments of fairydom. In fact, these *meddahs* occupy the Oriental lecture field, and on festive occasions provide a most welcome part of the entertainment. Their tales, generally vulgar, to suit public taste, are often not devoid of some good moral, and their comicallities hold up some popular vice to public derision.—*Harpur's Bazar.*

**Going to Sea in a Flatboat.**

Recently the pilot at Eadsport on the Mississippi river, noticed a singular-looking craft, with two sails and a jib, making its way down the jetties to sea, but paid no particular attention to it. There was a heavy sea on at the time, and when she had got about five miles out into the gulf the pilot boat Underwriter caught sight of her, and seeing that she was in danger, went to her assistance.

On reaching the strange craft it was found that her rudder was broken and she was unmanageable—in fact, that she was an old-fashioned scow or flatboat, with two short masts and a jib. The calking was coming out of the seams, she had no bulkheads or strengthening braces, or any similar device of marine architecture. The only living things aboard were one man, his wife, two children, and a dog.

These adventurers were all the way from some interior point in Arkansas, on their way to Florida, without knowledge or even chart, chronometer, or other maritime appliances. There was no water aboard, and but little provisions. The captain of this nondescript must have been reading some dime novel, and probably thought he could hitch up at night, get water and provisions, and go ahead whenever he desired. He had, he said, been six years building this craft. The people aboard were rescued from death, and brought to the city.

## A TALK ON THIEVES.

What a City Police Inspector Knows about Them.

No Bolder than other Men, but Helped by Timid People's Fears.

"Many people have an idea," said Inspector Steers recently, "that burglars, and other lawbreakers, whose line of business is attended with personal danger, are built on a different pattern from the average human being. They are supposed to be without fear and to carry in their natures a large amount of terrifying material, ready to be set off at a moment's notice. They are supposed to be rough, gruff and careless of human life. This is true in some instances, but in the great majority of cases thieves differ little in these respects from the ordinary citizen. They don't like to work, are lazy and their organ of acquisitiveness is not regulated by a cultivated conscience. It is difficult to understand why a man with a wife and family, who moves in good society, has an income large enough to live in comparative luxury, and is respected by everyone, becomes a thief. He has everything to make his life happy, and yet will give it all up to have a little more money. It looks a good deal like a disease which comes over a man, and he cannot help giving up to its influence. Prisons are full of just such people."

"Thieves when committing crime always have in mind a way to escape if detected. They do not want to be caught or killed. They will take desperate chances to get away. If a life stands in their way of escape, they will take it, not as a matter of hatred or pleasure, but as a part of their education and trade. But this in every case is only a last resort, and no thief will add murder to his crime unless certain he can get away. As a rule they are not to be feared. A show of nerve will always unbalance them. This applies particularly to the policeman. Even though they know that they have an advantage over a man who wakes up suddenly in the night and finds a stranger prowling around they will respect and fear him, if he doesn't show any sign of fright. Scared people help along their business. But a policeman is on an equal footing with a thief in regard to being awake and armed. If he is possessed of the real genuine nerve, the case is soon settled, and the thief will usually surrender without trouble. Bluff will not do. A thief can see a lurking sense of fear in an officer's heart, and will make things lively if he finds it. A quiet determination on the officer's part, that indicates a supreme confidence in his own ability to take his man or men into custody, as if it was an every day affair, is what takes the starch out of the boldest rascals."

"Policemen frequently get into tight places. When they get out of them alive, and think what they have gone through, I have seen the most stout-hearted of them shake a little. A good man will never know his danger until it is over. If he should stop to think when there are many chances against him, he would be likely to lose his grit. He must think and act like a flash. Hunting for a thief in a dark house is what will try a man. The recollection of places I have been in at times during my long experience as an officer will bring on a chill of fright. I well remember a lively burglar I went after many years ago. An alarm had been given, and I had him located in the second story of a high building. He was calmly picking out the most valuable articles to take away when I surprised him. He was a tall sinewy and slippery fellow, and at the first sound I made he made a leap as if shot from a cannon. Up the stairs he flew like a streak, and I went after him. He evidently knew the building; I did not, and hit every obstruction I could find. He gained the roof when I was half-way up the stairs leading to the scuttle, and when I got there I could just see his figure in the darkness going like the wind. I followed him without hesitation and when he got to the side of the house he stood a second and then jumped. I was going so fast that I went right off the house without knowing where I would land. It seemed in the confusion as if I went down fifty feet, before I struck anything. Then I landed square on my feet with a force that nearly shook my teeth out. I thought for a moment that I had fallen between two houses. I was right on the thief's heels and before he could take a step, I caught him. I was sore from that fall and I did not put a tender grip on the fellow. He did not struggle and I took him in quietly. The next day I went around to look at the houses, and found that I had jumped from one roof to another, a distance of from fifteen to twenty feet. I never got over the shock from that jump. My ankle was severely sprained, and though

many years have since passed, the ankle is still barometrical—indicates an approaching storm and is exceedingly painful at times in damp weather.—*New York Tribune.*

**Won by an Accident.**

When we say that something happened from chance we really mean only that it occurred, without or in spite of previous planning by the men who wished to control events. History knows of empires which have been lost or saved "by accident," that is, as the result of acts which were not within the control of sovereigns and generals.

One such case—the story is narrated in the second part of the *Greville Memoirs*—was the victory, in 1845, of the English over the Sikhs at Ferozshah.

At a critical point in the battle, the governor-general of India, Lord Hardinge, who commanded in person, thought the battle was lost. Believing that his army would be destroyed, and not expecting to survive the defeat, he gave his watch and some other things to one of his officers, asking that they might be conveyed to his wife with the assurance that his last thoughts were about her.

Just at this time, one of Lord Hardinge's staff, also in despair, having lost his head, through nervousness or fear, rode up to the commander of the English Cavalry, and communicated an order which he declared he had received, that the cavalry should retreat. The commander asked for a written order; the staff-officer admitted he had none, but spoke so positively as to the instruction which he was charged to deliver, that the commander gave the order that his men should retire.

The Sikhs, seeing the cavalry drawing off, supposed the movement to be for the purpose of attacking them on their flank, and cutting off their communications. A panic seized them and they began to retreat. The English commander-in-chief noticed the disorder in the Sikh ranks, and ordered a charge along his whole line which resulted in the rout of the enemy.

Thus a victory which saved India to England was due to a nervous officer who invented an order he had never received. If the British troops had been defeated, the whole of India would doubtless have risen to throw off the yoke of those whom the Sikhs had beaten in battle.—*Youth's Companion.*

**Useful Hints.**

When a setting hen is too indisposed to rest on the nest continuously, let her stay alternate days and tie the rooster on the nest while she's resting.

The nest can be thoroughly swept out of a chimney by dropping a goose in it at the top. The goose, in vainly striving to fly upward, thoroughly cleans the chimney with its wings.

By immersing the entire body in soft tar before taking a bee-tree, one can render himself invulnerable to the assaults of the bees.

You can smoke a rabbit out of a hollow by smoking a cigarette close enough to let the stench enter the hole.

The scent of whisky on the breath can be subdued by smearing *asafoetida* on the moustache.

When your bedfellow snores and refuses to hush, trump up a counterfeit nightmare and straddle his neck. If this does not stop him, kick him out of bed in such a way that his head will strike the floor first. The resulting cerebral agitation will keep him awake for the rest of the night and give you a chance to doze a little.

If you make a habit of keeping live mice in your pockets, your loose change will be comparatively safe from your enterprising wife.

If you take a small step-ladder with you into the theatre it will be very serviceable when the stage is barricaded from view by a big hat.

Freckles can be removed from the face with sand-paper.—*Life.*

**"Wife Does the Milking."**

"A little story" brings to mind with renewed force the old proverb, "truth is stranger than fiction." We were talking of what disposition to make of a kicking cow, when our hired man said:

"I guess I can find a customer for her. There's an Irishman up in R— who bought a cow of one of our neighbors. He told the Irishman that he must tell him one thing about the cow before he closed the bargain—that the cow would sometimes kick."

"The tender 'God-ordained protector' of our sex replied:

"That makes no difference; my wife does the milking."

I have often heard such things told, and have sometimes thought they must have been made up "to point a moral or adorn a tale." But this is a fact; for I questioned the man about it, and he said he knew it was true.—*Woman's Journal.*

## The Wind Baby.

In summer the little wind baby  
Is pleasant as ever you please,  
And then is the time that we call him  
A zephyr, and sometimes a breeze.  
In autumn he gets a bit rougher,  
And blows the leaves hither and yon;  
In winter he piles up the snow-drifts,  
And thinks it most capital fun.  
But March comes, and then the wind baby  
Has nothing—no leaves and no snow.  
D'you hear him scream down through the  
chimney,  
"Come out! Oh, you daren't, I know!"  
—*Youth's Companion.*

## HUMOROUS.

An ulster covers a multitude of patches.  
The telephone operator has a perpetual holler day.

A young lady wrapped up in herself is a delicate parcel.  
"Lend me your ears," as the farmer said to the corn stalk.

A policeman, like a man climbing a ladder, goes the rounds.  
Two heads are better than one—on a freak in a dime museum.

The nick of time—The piece broken out of the ancient crockery.  
When the heart is full the lips are silent; when the man is full it is different.

John Ruskin wants the sewing machine to go. Let him put his feet on the treadle and work it, then.

The man who never gets mad is supposed to be a half-brother to the woman who never looks behind her.

A patent medicine advertisement says: "The human body is much like a good clock." This sounds reasonable. A good many men spend a large part of their time in striking.

"Are you pretty well acquainted with your mother tongue, my boy?" asked the school teacher of the new scholar. "Yes, sir," answered the lad timidly, "ma jaws me a good deal, sir."

One thousand dollars in gold weighs forty pounds. It is the necessity of carrying home from their offices the daily income of specie that makes so many newspaper men round shouldered.

A small child being asked by a Sunday-school teacher: "What did the Israelites do after they had crossed the Red Sea?" answered: "I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dried themselves."

Literary man (laughingly)—Yes, I took to literature nabadly. I was vaccinated from a quill, you know. Friend (grimly)—The world would have been the gainer if you had been vaccinated from a pick or shovel.

Sunday school scholar (to teacher)—"Did you say that the hairs of my head were all numbered?" Teacher—"Yes, my dear." Sunday school scholar—"Well, then, (pulling out a hair and presenting it), what's the number of this one?"

"How do you do, Mary? I've been trying to catch up with you for half an hour. I knew you just as soon as I set eyes on that bonnet. I've known it as long as I can remember." It is such remarks as this that fill the female heart with bitterness.

A Chicago boy of fourteen years recently ran away from home to become a pirate king. He was captured by a policeman and returned to his parents. He didn't become that kind of a king—but after a brief interview with his father he was aching.

**Making It Blinding.**

"I am a lawyer's daughter, you know, George dear," she said, after George had proposed and had been accepted, "and you wouldn't think it strange if I were to ask you to sign a little paper to the effect that we are engaged, would you?"

George was too happy to think anything strange just then, and he signed the paper with a trembling hand and a bursting heart.

Then she laid her ear against his middle vest button and they were very happy.

"Tell me, darling," said George after a long delicious silence, "why did you want me to sign that paper? Do you not repose implicit confidence in my love for you?"

"Ah yes," she sighed with infinite content, "indeed I do; but George, dear, I have been fooled so many times."—*Life.*

**An Ancient Chapter House Unearthed.**

A missing chapter-house, which was buried during the great fire at Dublin in the 13th century, has been discovered by some workmen who were excavating underneath Christ church cathedral. In the chapter-house were beautifully carved figures, coins, tiles, and marvelous specimens of architecture. The discovery was not divulged to the public until recently, and it has created quite a sensation. The lord mayor, the clergy and prominent officials and citizens have inspected the excavated articles.