Discriper.

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#### The Farmer's Dream.

typ have in the old oaken chair. . Is head, and his test on the and the days when his prospects tellined out sugar for Mary and person of the times took with the tills ... patent enthers that turned his party of our defining just over the

and they rouned minuting a still finites of that may whatesome a few for more times on an effecmany just over the rill.

As of the partires through spectacles and the same of th and at long furthered belockies.

year, a medical ho's worked overen mor harmw, plow, beam pole, and a got to propose that he are no wance shold only enid

on the boost pilleness full. The Spicific day time sure hing en present he adve by L. to there be treat morning till | worse

the decor bis "bahi" and his energy which set the bell in the easter change of his andness and woe, is of the empty oil wish. bed a a rewho could only say

#### IL COULD NOT BE WORSE.

or lost day? Dear, dear! Must a websy. Harvey?" said Mrs. no interness the breekfasts ther on with affectionate con-

and daughters, Kitty and Mar--discrewords. got and have got off for ansaid his father, breaking rad carefully; "now that you're

that I'm a partner, it's hard portage off," responded Harvey. at was all I could do; in

- uned -uddenly. was all you could do?" en-

Malle" aid Harvey, Jaying down to be and fork, with a beaming where goes! Here's the news, know Dora. con saving up for you till the om a natural modesty. It was muld do fo get things arranged so found go on my wording trip, a pance. Lam going to be mar-

k " . spoon fell into her saucer with and Mr. Seely dropped his Manual' said Margery breathless-

Mrs. Soely alone remained calm.

See selled up her napkin and put it is sing and looked at her son thin gold-rimined glasses combut, however, that this was an

When there their only son - had, an unendable independence, left macon home to "get a start" in they had all exal like if thences for him.

in would be rapidly successful; he - degraph himself in the proand amass a forind he would woo and win some should you got, with a long row of the Soelys, being themselves da I family, were great respectat life libert a bost of accomand a heavy dowry.

I was as had seemed askely to be I Harry had proved him-elf of terms kettle business qualiad the quasiy, and had re-The wide of the state of the st

definition was making to be desired a last the beautiful young person of their drough a cholar many talents and her

It is been to be windered at, therefor trustile firs were trembling with Mr. Seely fumbled The state which in nervous susthe and that Mr. Seely opened her as third hether she found strength important ques-

a lease inquiringly. "I don't

" but a set of the family." " Harvey rejoined. als quist people." Mrs. Seely repeated mus-

A . I have not heard of them. Wastreet," responded Har-

San y fell back in her chair with tion his son, and Kitty y is the little screams. It was miles from

" I an stocracy; it was poor with working-girls, with scamsand with small shopkeepers; for all the Seelys knew. Not the count street, Harvey?" said The state of the s

Weyman street," Har-

Is not she cannot be of n Weyman street?" Mrs Sorly anxiously.

The family is quite respectable." No responded quietly, "Dora's a whiley. She sews for a is house, and Dora has been I bookkeeper in our establishat - how I met her."

Mr. Sony grouned. A buyekeeper a seamstress!" . h.

ejaculated. Oh. Harvey, you could

not have done worse!" "A penniless girl" said his father solemnly; and after all we have hoped for you! Not it could not be

"A common working-girl," said Kitty in a choking voice: "and everybody will know it! On Harvey, it couldn't

The young mun looked from one to another in astonished, hurt, and half-

contemptuous signee. Margery turned to him, with a gentle sympathy mingling with the dismay

"Perhaps," she said, hopefully; "perhaps there is something to make up; Perhaps she is a wonderful beauty, or a great genius, or something?"

Harvey gave her a grateful smile. "I think her pretty, of course," he said: "but I suppose that's because I'm fond of her. I don't think she would be called a beauty. And as for genius she's very clever at accounts; but she doe-n't sing, or paint, or anything of that sort. She's never had the time

or money for such things, poor girl!" But Margery had turned away with an impatient gesture. "There is nothing, then," she said,

desparingly; "no; it couldn't be Harvey rose from his seat, with an

"This is absurd!" he said indignantly. "It is more than absurd: it is unjust and narrow-minded. How sensible - presumably sensible people," Harvey corrected rather bitterly, "can say, in regard to a person they have never seen, that "it could not be worse,"

is past my comprehension. "We will not talk of it," said Mrs. Seely, holding up a restraining hand. "Discussion will not mend matters. And you are to be married next

"On the ninth," Harvey rejoined. "Of course you will all be there?" he added rather dubiously.

div no means," said hi∉ father "You could hardly expect it," said

Mrs. Seely reproachfully. "Very well: "if Mohammed won't come " 'vou've heard the observation. We shall pay you a visit immediately on our return from our wedding-tour, with your kind permission. You must

When he left the house an hour later. he had the required permission. His mother and the girls had even kissed him good-bye, in an injured and repreachful way, and his father had

shaken hands coolly. But his ears still rang with that odious assertion. "It could not be worse!" and he was thoughtful all the way back to the city.

The Seelys were in a state of subdued excitement.

Harvey's wedding tour was' completed; and they had received a telegram that afternoon to the effect that he would be "on hand" to-night with

The dining-room table was set for dinner; and Mrs. Seely wandered from one end of it to the other nervously.

Her husband sat under the chandelier with his evening paper, but he was not reading it: Kitty and Margery fluttered about uneasily, watching through the window for the return of the carriage from the station.

"I hope," said Margery with a neryous attempt at cheerfulness, "that she will be barely decent presentable. Think of the people who will call! I hope she won't be worse than we're prepared to see her." "She couldn't be," said Mrs. Seely

There was a roll of wheels, and the

twinkle of the carriage-lamp at the I light made a juntor partner | door, and the bell rang sharply. Kitty and Margery clasped hands in

sympathetic agitation: Mr. Seely dropped his paper and rose; and Mrs. Seely advanced toward the hall-door with dignity. It opened wide before she could

reach it, and Harvey entered, his face suffused with genial blissful smiles. "This is my wife," he said proudly;

"my mother, Dora; my father, my sisters, Kitty and Margery."

And with a caressing touch, he took by the hand, and led forward among

A Mess Dora Berdan, at press Mr. Seely gazed at the apparition with startling eyes: Mrs. Seely drop-Mrs. Seely repeated, and ped the hand she had started to hold out, with her face growing ashy; and

Kitty and Margery gasped. For what they saw was a woman of apparently forty years, with a face powdered and painted in the most unblushing manner, with thin grey hair eringed over a wrinkled forehead in a slokening affectation of youthfulness. and with a diminutive gaily-trimmed bonnet perched thereon, with an af- soft dark eyes, which studied the her husband turned a dis- feeted, mineing gait, and a simpering carpet in pretty timidity; with dainty-

peat d; "have you no welcome for form.

The bride tittered.

"Mebbe they think I ain't good " senders, and old apple- enough for 'em, dear?" she observed one to another of his speechless rela-

"Impossible, my pet." Harvey re- clined to speak to you." sponded, and patted her falsely-blooming cheek affectionately; "besides, if hastily, and selzed both her soft hands you were but a shadow a caricature of your own beautiful self, they would prepares for the worst."

The truth of his words flashed over

Yes, they had all said repeatedly, sweetly. "I told him it was cruel; and that "it could not be worse." But this such a time as I had, saying all those wretched, wrinkled, bedizened crea- | shocking things he had taught me, and

ture had they dreamed of this?

disturbed smile his father, turning us? away at last, and rubbing his forehead with his handkerchief weakly; Mrs. | cried Mrs. Seely incoherently. Seely, gazing at her daughter-in-law with a dreadful fasgination, and the girls, sinking into chairs in dismayed / law wildly. silence.

"Well, mother," said Harvey lightly, "of course a new addition to the family is an object of interest; but don't forget that I have an appetite. own. Here, Kitty.

and tightly-closed lips, to receive the marvellous combination of beads and

silk flowers held out to her with a disgusting air of sprightliness. She was afraid to trust herself to speak. Poor Mrs. Seely, sick at heart, had made her way to the bell and rang it,

and dinner came down presently. "Turtle soup!" the bride observed. looking round the table with a girlish smile; "min't nothing I admire so! Just pass that celery, father-in-law. Delicious! ain't it, darling?" "Extremely, my dear," said the

bridegroom complacently. Ignorant and vulgar! What dreadful thing would they discover next?

It was an evening they never forgot. The unfortunate parents sat with pale faces and unsteady hands, staring into writing now: s is a precarious and their empty plates, or looking at each not very promable calling. A very other with fresh horror at each simper- fair price, as things go, is \$2,000 for ing, senseless, ungrammatical remark | the serial rights of a full-length story, of their terrible daughter-in-law-

Kitty and Margery excused themselves during the second course, and flew to their rooms to cry themselves to sleep, in an agony of dismay and

"I sha'n't think of setting up," said the bride, rising from the table with an apologetic giggle, and with the last desert held aloft. "I'm too wore out." If anybody calls of course, everybody have to peg away for years before his morrow. Come on, dear."

juvenile nod over her shoulder, and for the other rights. He may, indeed, with her beaming young husband fol- never obtain anything like these

Mrs. Seely wrung her her hands despairingly. "We said it could not be worse,"

she said faintly. "But this! How shall we endure it?" "I shall not endure it!" said her husband; his face had grown almost careworn during the last two hours. "I shall send them packing tomorrow;

table threateningly.

"But that will not help matters," said his wife miserably. "He is ruined; we are disgraced, and everybody will know it." There was a silence.

"I had pictured her to myself," said Mrs. Seely, beginning to sob, "as a young girl a person of suitable age for my poor misguided boy, decently educated, and at least a lady. And even then, when I did not doubt that it was such a one he had chosen, I thought myself the most unhappy creature in the world, because because she had not wealth and an old name. Oh, was there ever so dreadful a command as high a price, but none who

It was a solemn group which waited in the dining-room, next morning, for the appearance of the newly-wedded

There were marks of a tossing night on every face in troubled brows. swollen lids, and pale cheeks-and a general gloom prevailed.

Mr. Seely stood in front of the firewife for another hour.

"Dreadful!" Mazgery echoed with a There were footsteps on the stairs. Mrs. Seely turned with a shiver, and the girls caught their breath.

The door opened. The waiting group looked up slowly. Would she not be still more terrible in the broad daylight-that artificial,

simpering horror? But it was not the sight they were prepared to see, which the open door disclosed; it was not a painted. nowdered semblance of a woman who came in slewly, with a timid smile and down-

cast eves. It was a slender, sweet-faced voung girl, with shining brown bair crowning

a charming hout, peachy cheeks, in which the color came and went, and "This is my wife." Harvey re- wrapper, fitting snugly to a perfect

"Good morning." she said gently. Harrey had followed her closely. "Well, Dara," he said, looking from

tives quizzleally, other don't seem in-But Margery had come towards her

not have been surprised. They were joyfully. "And the grey hair was false, and the wrinkles were put on. He looked at his horrified relatives and all that dreadful powder? Oh, Harvey, how could you?" "I begged him not to," said the pretty bride, raising her dark eves

keeping my wig straight, and treing

Harvey watched them with an un- not to laugh! Shall you ever forgive "Forgive you! Oh, my dear girl!"

And she hurried forward with a sob of joy, and embraced her daughter-in-

"It was rather rough," said Harvey gaily. "I felt like a villian when I saw the way you all took it. But you know what you said, every one of you that it 'couldn't be worse.' I thought and getting married has rather im- I'd just demonstrate to you that it proved it. Take off your bonnet, my could. Dora is nineteen instead of forty; she can speak correctly when Kitty came forward with a set face | she makes in effort; and I can heartily recommend her for a willing and obliging, good-tempered and thoroughly capable girl-the sweetest in the world,

> Mr. Seely left the fireplace and came and clasped his daughter-in-law in his arms, with a beaming face, and Kitty kissed her effusively.

> "It was a dreadful lesson," said Mrs. Seely, looking up with a tearful smile; "but I am afraid we needed it, my

### Miss Braddock's Great Income.

In an article on "The Profits of Novel-Writing," in The Cosmopolitan, William Westall, the English novelist,

It will thus be seen that noveland assuming that the author makes \$400 by the three-volume edition and as much more by a cheap edition, his total profit would amount to \$2,800not a great deal, considering the labor and the time that the writing of a novel involves. It should also be borne in mind that unless a man strikes oil at the first venture he may will call just tell 'em I'll see 'em to- reputation justifies him in asking three or four hundred pounds for 'the serial And she tripped upstairs, with a right, or a third of the smaller sum prices; and after one or two attempts, retire discomfited from the field.

On the other hand, there are undoubtedly prizes, and if a writer reaches the top of the tree and is as prolific as Miss Braddon, he can make, if not a great fortune, at any rate a handsome income, by his pen. Miss Braddon, I should think, makes more and if ever he enters my house money by fiction than any other writer of the day. Her fertility is prodi-He brought his hand down on the gious. She obtains high prices for her serial rights. She has kept her copyrights in her own hands, and her books are always selling. Novels that she wrote twenty and more years ago are still bringing grist to her mill, and if she were to stop writing to-morrow her two shilling novels would continue to yield her a revenue for as many

I believe Miss Braddon gets about \$5,000 for the serial rights of a new story, and as she writes something like two a year, or at any rate three in two years, her takings from this source alone must be considerable. There Surely it is a judgment upon us. may be two or three other writers who is sequally popular and prolitic .-"Probably not," said her husband. Whether her works will live is another question. I am speaking of the

### A Gambler's Life.

"Gambling possesses a peculiar charm for some men," said an old sport last evening, as he leaned over the bar of a down-town saloon, "which is not explained by a love for money or place, watching the door with a stern a desire to amaks wealth. A case came face. He was master in his own house to my notice recently which is worth at least, and he was determined that relating. Three months ago a young it should not be disgraced by his son's man came to Milwaukee from an interior town in the State, and got inter-"Please get them away before any- ested in poker. In the first game in one comes, papa," said Kitty. "It which he took part he won \$2. In the would be dreadful if anybody were to second he won \$25. Then the fascingtion of the game was on him, and he gave up his situation to indulge in play. Night after night he lost. He pawned his watch, and lost it. Two rings, the gift of his dying mother, were parted with. His spare clothing was staked and lost. Finally his overcoat went. He borrowed from all his acquaintances, but could not win. Yesterday he met me on the street. , 'Bill.' he said. T've made up my mind I can't | the freep where Fame's proud temple care about leading a gambler's life. Can you give me money to buy a ticket back home?' I bought him the ticket, and he left at 9 o'clock last evening.

"Professional gamblers meet with hundreds of cases similar to this." he gambling-rooms, living from hand to mouth, and, as broken-down sports, borrow a quarter here or a half there. The town is full of these so-called slippered feet, and a lace-trimmed broken-down sports. Go into a gambling-room and you will see them sitting apart from the crowd, hats pulled low over their eyes, nervously handling a worn deck of cards. Others are watching the progress of the game,

criticising the playing. .. When gamblers lose all their money, where do they get a sum to re-

sume on?" was asked. "Pawn something. One gambler in Milwaukee has a ring which originally "Was it you all the time?" she cried | cost \$115. He paid enough broker fees on this ring to increase the cost of the article to \$250. Most successful gamblers wear good jewelry, on which they can realize a stake at any time."-Milioaukee Journal.

A picture of Abraham Lincoln worth \$2,000 has stood boxed up in a dark ; bany for over four years.

## AN INFANT INDUSTRY.

People Who Make a Business of "Adopting" Little Castaways.

The number of babies left on door- day night, was even the authence had steps, and especially of wealthy people | departed, and nothing broke the stillin Pittsburg, is something incredible, hess of the place but the hollow tread says the Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette, of the a ght watchman on his rounds, In fact, a person looking at the figures | and she irregular breathing of many would come to the conclusion that an fees. The turn-legged dog, curled there was a good deal of system and up in a corner of his apartment, inmethod in the plans of those who kind. I duiged in spasmodic dreams of another ly furnish children for those who have leg the tasted built thought comthem not. The career of a child thus placently of his hump and made no left is often a checkered one. (R noise: The tailless baloon gazed course, it would not be proper to sup- longingly, but silently, on a neighborpose for a moment that the babe was ing mooket's appendage, and the surly left on the right door-step, or that any- i circle is allowed the end of his sniffbody in the house knew anything about | 102 to 108 to wander no selessly over it. It must be a waif, a foundling, left the live in front of him. Suddenly by some bold bad woman who has for- from all and the corner of the box saken it to be rid of the trouble of rear- whole the "sacted" time are kept. ing it. Generally the policeman is there perped a little white inquisitive called for and the bundle packed to the | face | The face was surmounted by litstation-house or some orphan asylum, the plak uses. It was soon followed by and from there to the poor farm. Yet a little heads which by slow degrees. there are cases in actual life, and not appropriate are around the corner, and only in romance, where the baby's in- the little gray and white, timid, and nocent smile has won it a home among frightened mouse stood revealed. A the childless people where it was left, I slight noise startled it, and with a

been picked up by the authorities dur- thight over, back it came, wowly and ing the last year and cared for at an | tonidis, and ventured a little way out asylum or the poor farm. Most of them on the floor. Unfortunately it wandied. The exposure was too great or the last ear the last elephant's movthe diet did not agree with them. the produces treeping slowly along, Many had taints of the diseases of their | the little animal suddenly encountered progenitors, and if they lived long this smiling trank, and its little sense enough to become three months old was his gone in a trice. The little their vitality failed them. Here and there, as an oasis in the desert, once in | what to the but seeing the open nosa while a bright little chap stuck it out | tris if the cloph out's trunk, it darted and became either somebody's darling into one with the Aspidity of lightning. or now waits for adoption.

There are in Pittsburg, although it is and drove all thoughts of repose from not generally known, several women who "adopt" children. One of these creatures lives on Second avenue. A rap at the door of her house vesterday brought to view a portly female with gray eyes. She was more than polite. She was courteous. The reporter was ushered into a small room with a desk in the corner, a few chairs, and a screen running across the room, bekind which there might have been most any-

"You take care of babies?" ventured

the reporter. "Yes, I attend to cases." (She laid particular stress on the word cases.) "I provide them homes; nice homes with good people."

"Well, I have a friend who wishes me to call and learn the expense attending your charges for 'cases?' "Fifty dollars a month board is my lowest price; \$100 a month for my best rooms. This includes medical attend-

"Who is your doctor?" "An old man who lives in the neighborhood.

"But the baby?" "Well, I'll get the baby a good home for \$100."

"That's too much." "Can't do it for less. You see, I become father and mother of the child. I'm very fond of babies and very particular where I place them. I make a point that they receive nice treatment. and that they are placed with people who own real estate.

Meantime visions of untold wealth pouring into the foundling's lap floated before the reporter's vision. "But where are the people who will

"Oh," and she moved her hands in

adopt the child?" was asked.

a general indefinite sort of way, "why in the country in Ohio." Next in the baby line are the people who advertise for "a child to raise." "child to board with reliable lady, where it will get mother's care," etc. One lady advertised for a child. She was getting old and wanted a companion. Another took "kids." as she expressed it, to board at \$3 a week. A

work and she was willing to take care of a baby at home to help him. One advertiser was asked what she would take a baby for, out and out, no questions asked.

third said her husband was out of

"Depends upon how much they will pay, she replied shrewdly. Insignificant, homeless, and friendless as the foundlings may seem, sad as the lot of him whom neither father nor mother care to own, some of them have been made of the stuff that would not, like Banque's ghost, "down at the bidding" of misfortune and adversity. but struggled on, and at last climbed be a successful gambler; in fact, I don't | shinks afar. Such was D'Alambert, the writer and academician, who was a poor foundling left on the steps of Notre Dame. Mrs. Achmet, the actress was also a foundling. Savage, the English poet, whom Dr. Johnson records the Life of, was the son of the countess of continued. "Very few, however, return | Made-field and Earl Rivers, and the home. Most of them hang around the author of a poem dedicated to his mother, which, however it may have mortified her, never melted her to com-

No mother's care Shielded my infant innesence in prayer; No father's guardian hand my youth main-

Callil (neth my virtues, or from vice restrupped. Fielding, the novelist, found a worthy theme in the adventures of "Tom Jones, the Foundling," and Moore

wrote a play. "The Foundling." Foundling asylums have not always found favor. Even so able a writer as McCullough doubted their usefulness, and declared the arguments nicely balanced as to whether they did not offer more temptation to crime than they relieved suffering. There is no

O Sata San, a young Japanese lady writer, has been taken on the editorial staff of one of the best papers in the City of Tokio. This is the first woman and dingy corner of the Capitol at Al- in the kingdom who has been admitted within the circle of journalism.

foundling asylum in Pittsburg.

#### Destructive Work of a Mouse.

The performance at a museum on Fulton street, Brooklyn, on Wedness Upward of fifty waifs or babes have who would stall it disappeared. The thinker was sessential that it didn't know

With a poor that shook the foulding the minds of the other animals, the elephant threw his trunk high in the air and waved it wildly to and fro, emitting all the while the most terrible bellowing. The animals immediately lost all presence of mind, and the rearing, lowling, and screaming became something terratic. The uproar struck terror to the soul of the watchman, who, with his big Newfoundland assistant, were in another part of the building. Pictures of loosened lions, of inturated tigers, and of bloody and largerated limbs shorted before his horrithed mangingtion, but with the determination of a martyr he whistled to his trusty dog and marched boldly to the demoralized museum. Finding at a glance nothing more formidable than an infuriated but securely chained elephant to encounter, the watchman pursued his way with more cheerful heart. But his dog, quicker than himself, was before him. The brave brute made a rush for the elephant and grabhed at one of his legs. Just then the imprisoned mouse was dropped to the floor, and sendded for Its formerly despised home, and there rested, emisnently satisfied with the seeds of discord it had sown. But the elephant was not to be appeased, and turned its attention to the dog, which was industriously, but fruitlessly, biting at the elephant's legs. The elephant caught him around the body with his trunk. and, after waving him for a few secands, slammed him violently against the opposite wall. Stunned for a moment, but undismayed. Nero the dog - staggered about and then renewed his attempts to disable his big antagonist. The latter was only too willing to keep up the fray, and, to an accompanino at of car splitting vells, howls, and rours, it seized the dog, beat him on the floor, and when Nero was auxious to call it quits and stop, calmly stepped on with with both fore feet and held him there. Nero screamed with pain, the watchman prodded the elepoint with a good, but it stubbornly held the dog, bearing all the weight of his immense body heavily on his prostrate form. The dog's cries grew weaker and weaker, and the watchman's prods grew harder and harder. The proprector houself appeared on the seems with a red-hot poker and prodded the obstinate animal's legs with it. The elephant gave up the contest and the dog was extricated, but he lay still as stone, and was dead.

### His Opinion of Brown.

Nicholas Hill, the brightest lawyer probably that ever practiced in the Albany County bar, was a bluff, hearty, mauly fellow, who always said what he meant and meant what he said. Of a deep, acute, logical mind, he was frank withal and could never successfully disor concent his true sentiments. An amusing instance of this is given, when then a certain occasion, he apologreed to a politician (we will call him Brown for speaking of him in rather harsh terms at a great political meeting of those days. "Brown," said be, gl feel that I have said a great many hard things about you, and now that all the old issues are buried and the follies of the campa go at an end, I feel that I ought to make an apology to you for what has happened and have it settled up." "Oh, don't mind that," replied Brown: "let it pass. If you keep quiet in the future I will be satisfied." - "No. no. persisted Hill: "I've called you a public thoef, a har, and a secondrel." "Never mind, I beg of you," was the polite answer. "But I do," y rejoined the lawser. I have called you a villain, a scoundrel, a trickster, and and I'll be hanged if I don't think so still." It is not narrated that Brown laughed heartily at the candor of his legal friend. - Albany Argus.

nemoving the brain of a pigeon does not destroy its mental faculties. 'R can see, hear, feel, swallow food put in its mouth, but is incapable of originating any impulse. It will stand still in the attitude in which it is placed until it dies of starvation, but

throw it in the air and it will fly.