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### A Modern Nantippe.

Jim Akers was a small, tow-headed, knock-kneed man, with irregular teeth, which made his mouth look like a steel trap twisted out of plumb, says the *Magazine*. His wife was a large, well-proportioned woman, fully a head taller and fifty pounds heavier than Jim. She had the temper of a half-frenzied wildcat, and no darkey just going, religion" was ever half as much afraid of the devil as Jim was of his headstrong wife. When she was angry, she would path she breathed death lightning and flung eyebrows from the tip of her tongue. Not did she content herself with words, only in a hoarse, guttural, and furious, she would utter the poor little wretch who was a nobody until he fell as if he had been kicked by a saint from heaven to the ground.

One night, golden, delicious afternoon, in the latter part of May, Jim took the path where he had been, hand in glove all day and "smack on" to the other side of the back way. He proceeded hastily to doff his every day shoes and don his Sunday garments, reaching for the gloves all the while at the black-browed, terrible dame sitting in the front doorway knitting. With a snarl he had completed his preparations and was shambling out again when his wife, previously appearing oblivious of his presence, shot a look of scorn at him, which made him jump almost out of his shoes and brought the perspiration out from every pore.

"What you been fur?" she asked. "I 'lowed I wuz gwine down to the factory for a hain or two. Them boys can't bein'."

"Well, you 'lowed wrong. You jest best of them close, and go back inter that patch and finish bein' them pieces. Don't you distress yourself 'bout no fish-ryes."

"But I done told the boys I wuz gwine to be there."

"Well, you told 'em a lie." "But Ed Skyles and Hank Evans is a wuther fur me now at the crossroads, and I'd rather not disappoint 'em."

"Well, I'd rather you would. Shet up now, and do ez you're told."

Jim gasped and quaked with fear; but, for the first time in many years, he thoroughly realized the tyranny under which he was crushed. His heart was set on going to a fish-rye, and in that fever, fluttering little orange faint shadow, a dim eidolon of light became suddenly aroused. He hesitated a moment, ventured even to return the gaze of those glowing, wrathful eyes, and then started, saying:

"Well, I'm a-gwine."

"Gy at Jehosaphat! Hou-p-la! She swooped on him like an owl on a mouse. The air was filled and darkened with dust and sandy hair and agonizing shrieks.

Ed Skyles and Hank Evans, at the crossroads, became convinced that Jim's cabin had caught fire, and that he was perishing in the flames. They rushed in all haste to his assistance, but as they neared the spot the clatter subsided, and they heard a stern, feminine voice, which caused them to halt and keep out of sight, say:

"Now I reckon you'd do ez yer told."

Then they recognized Jim's piping voice, protesting between convulsive sobs:

"I'd sorter giv out gwine befo' you smoke."

### Discoveries About the Sphinx.

An undertaking has been begun which ought to yield results of special interest. This is the removal of the sand from round the sphinx. The sphinx occupies a position where the encroachment of the desert is most conspicuous. At the present day nothing can be seen of the animal except its head and its neck; but the old Egyptian monuments on which it is figured shows not only the entire body down to the paws, but also a large square plinth beneath, covered with ornaments. Since the time of the Greeks, perhaps even since the reign of Thothmes IV., this plinth has disappeared beneath the sand and its very existence had been forgotten.

It is generally supposed that the sphinx is hewn out of a large, isolated rock which overlooked the plain; but M. Maspero's researches suggest that it was a work still more stupendous. He has proved that the sphinx occupies the center of an amphitheater, forming a kind of rocky basin, the upper rim of which is about on a level with the head of the animal. The walls of this amphitheater, whenever visible, are cut by the hand of man. It seems probable, therefore, that in the beginning there was a uniform surface of rock, in which an artificial valley has been excavated, so as to leave in the middle a block out of which the sphinx was finally hewn. The excavations now being carried on will doubtless verify the existence of the plinth shown on the old paintings, and also furnish evidence by the ornamentation of the plinth, of the true age of the monument. M. Maspero is inclined to assign it to a very great antiquity—possibly higher than the early dynasties, i. e., the first period of Egyptian history. As the result of last winter's work, the sand round the sphinx has already been lowered by about thirty meters.—*London Academy*.

A farmer in Delaware County, N. Y., has a pork barrel that has been in constant use for 100 years.

### One Day.

The empty house is sad, and dark, and still. But by the shore and o'er the fair, green hill I hear the echoing laugh and voices shrill Of little ones at play.

And sitting lonely thus I watch the glow The grand sunset—ah, we loved it so— When, in its light, we met so long ago— We met and kissed one day.

I look along the road—no shadow falls; My heart beats fast, but still no fond voice calls.

Only a rustle in the dim, wide halls Where ghosts mysteriously sway. If from their depths you should come forth to-night, And, touching mouth and eyes with kisses light, Could heal my wounds and give me life and sight, What would I dare to say?

Could I dare tell thee of the weary years, Beneath the stars, the eyes grown dim with tears, The fading heart bowed down with bitter fears?

This only could I say, "I love thee still!" With all a woman's power of strength and will, While life shall last, while pulses throbs and thrill, I love thee, as that day.

Ah me! no whisper wakes, no kisses fall, Only the shadows fill the darkening hall; "Thou art at rest, and I, in life's sad thrall, Must work, and weep, and pray. When all the long, sad years have past me round, Shall silver locks shine once again as gold, Shall the young who have grown tired and old, When we shall meet—some day?" —Mary Heddell Corley.

### THE RED SCAR.

When I found myself stranded, so to speak, in the heart of Yucatan I was rather pleased than otherwise.

I had been writing up the quaint old ruins of that strange land for a New York paper, and had turned my face homeward, when I received a letter requesting me to wait at San Pablo for future instructions.

San Pablo interested me. It was a sleepy old Spanish village, with a big cathedral, a plaza with the usual collection of adobe houses around it, and a background of snow-capped mountains rising boldly from a landscape of torrid summer heats.

It was here that I met with the most puzzling experience of my life.

I was returning from a solitary ride among the hills. The declining sun warned me that darkness would overtake me if I did not make haste, but as I could see in the distance the massive towers of the cathedral, I felt no uneasiness.

At one place my lonely road or mule path skirted a deep ravine, which was so choked up with a thick, scrubby undergrowth that I was unable to see anything but a tangled mass of foliage and vines.

"A good place for an ambush," I said to myself.

The idea impressed me so that I spurred my mule, but, to my surprise, the usually docile animal stood stock still.

"Senor!" The voice rang out from the depths of the ravine, but it seemed to be at my ear.

"Senor, halt!" As I halted, on account of my mule's obstinacy, the command was unnecessary.

"Stand aside!" I shouted, "and let me pass."

Just then I saw protruding out of the bushes in front of me the muzzle of an old-fashioned blunderbuss, a flint-lock weapon in very general use in Yucatan.

A shudder ran down my spinal column. I was unarmed, and the blunderbuss was about the size of a small cannon. Resistance was not to be thought of.

"I surrender!" I cried to my unseen foe.

"The senor is sensible," said the man with the big gun, as he leaped into the road.

A rapid but close scrutiny of my captor showed me a young man of medium height, whose lithic, sinewy figure indicated exceptional activity and strength.

He wore a homespun cotton suit, and the face under his sombrero had the brown tinge common to all the Yucatanese who were of mixed Spanish and Indian blood.

The man's right temple was disfigured by a peculiar scar, shaped like a crescent and of fiery red color. Beyond this scar there was nothing remarkable about his face. He had regular features, thin, cruel lips and restless eyes like heads of jet.

"I will hold up my hands and you can go through me," said I, pleasantly. "You don't want the mule, do you?"

"The senor is wrong. I do want the mule," replied the robber, in a quiet, self-possessed tone. "The senor will have the kindness to dismount and hold up his hands."

As there was no use in wasting words, I obeyed without objection.

The robber with a quick jerk drew my hands behind me and pinioned them with a strip of rawhide. Then he bound me securely to a tree. After finishing these preliminaries he emptied my pockets of the loose silver in them.

"Is that all, senor?" he asked, in deep disgust.

"All I have," I answered. "The senor has my sympathy," said the rascal, with a vicious grin. "But the mule is something."

The robber turned my steed to the right about and jumped into the saddle. "Let the senor be patient," he said as he rode off. "Some traveler will release him, and it is not far to San Pablo. Give Francisco's compliments to the alcalde. Adios, senor, adios!"

And waving his hand he disappeared around a bend in the road.

So this was the noted highwayman, Francisco, for whose head the Governor had offered a heavy reward!

There was consolation in the thought. No one would blame me for surrendering to a dare-devil who was considered a match for any three men in Yucatan.

But my train of thought was soon interrupted in a pleasant manner. Francisco had been gone perhaps a quarter of an hour when a muleteer made his appearance leading his little burro along the narrow path.

The stranger, I induced him to cut my bonds and release me. The muleteer told me that I escaped lightly. "He gave Francisco a very black character."

"If this place had not been in sight of San Pablo," said he, "the cut-throat would have killed you."

The next morning the little town of San Pablo was in a state of eruption. Men, women and children rushed pell-mell through the streets uttering wild yells. I looked out of the window several times, but could not make up my mind whether it was a revolution or a holiday.

I threw myself on the bed and tried to get into a doze, and was succeeding when the alcalde rushed into my room with a box of his retainers and pulled me into a sitting posture.

"The senor's commands have been obeyed," said the alcalde, excitedly. "The dog of a bandit has been arrested, and will be tried before me at once. But we need the senor's testimony. Without the senor we can do nothing."

It took me almost no time to dress and accompany the little brown alcalde and his browner alguazils to the pretentious stone edifice on the plaza called the palace of justice.

I had never seen a criminal trial in a Mexican court, and everything was new to me. The alcalde presided with great dignity. He was assisted by a prosecuting officer, and several advocates, as they call their lawyers, were also on hand.

The court-room was filled with a crowd of eager spectators, all talking, swearing and shaking their fists at the prisoner. The robber, Francisco, was the most unconcerned-looking man in the crowd. Surrounded by alguazils, he was not handcuffed, and when he saw me he smiled and made me a polite bow.

The proceedings dragged all through the weary day. My limited knowledge of the language made it impossible for me to follow everything that was said, but I understood that an effort was being made to prove an alibi. Three men, with rather honest faces, swore that at 6 o'clock on the previous evening they had imbibed pulque with Francisco at a little village twenty miles west of San Pablo. If they told the truth, of course my robber could not have been Francisco.

It irritated me to see so much importance attached to the alibi and to my case, because I had been led to believe that the prisoner would be held anyhow, as he was wanted for other crimes, and a big reward had been offered for him. I was told, however, that in Yucatan a prisoner, when he demands a trial, must be tried or released inside of twelve hours. In order to hold him, therefore, the San Pablo authorities had to make the most of my evidence.

The alibi business worried the old alcalde not a little. The three witnesses who swore to meeting Francisco on the afternoon before were reputable men. On the other hand, I was a stranger and an American. Several times during the day I was recalled to the stand and examined and cross-examined. The utmost courtesy characterized the examination, but it had a latitude that would not have been permitted in an American court. Frequently a spectator would interrupt with a question or make a suggestion to the alcalde. Once Francisco remarked that he was tired and would take it as a favor if the court would hurry up.

Toward the close of the day I saw a man on the outskirts of the spectators whose face and manner attracted my attention. He was the very image of Francisco, the prisoner.

I changed my position so as to get a better view. The resemblance was wonderfully striking. The man was just Francisco's age, height, size, and complexion. His sombrero shaded his right temple and prevented me from seeing whether it bore the peculiar scar which disfigured the robber. His costume was the same as Francisco's, but, as nearly everybody wore homespun of the same color and pattern, this did not excite my surprise.

"If he has the scar," I muttered, "he could pass anywhere for Francisco. It would be impossible to tell them apart."

Naturally I began to understand the alibi. The men who swore they saw the highwayman twenty miles away from the scene of his crime at the very moment he was trying my hands might honestly be mistaken. They had seen this mysterious stranger. But they had sworn to the scar. Could it be possible that the stranger's face bore such a mark?

I determined to edge my way to him in the crowd and accidentally knock off his sombrero in order to look for the fiery crescent.

When I reached that side of the building the man was gone. I made

every effort to find him, but finally gave it up. He had either left the room or had shifted his position, keeping other persons between us so as to screen him from my view.

As it was growing dark four tallow candles were lighted, but the gloomy stone walls made the room look almost as dark as ever.

I was wondering what would be the outcome of the case, when the lights were suddenly blown out.

"Keep in your places!" shouted an alguazil. "Order in the palace of justice!"

The candles were relighted, and then was beheld such a scene as has rarely ever been beheld in a court-room or anywhere else.

In front of the alcalde's bench stood two scar-faced men as much alike as two brown peas.

"Merciful saints!" ejaculated an alguazil. "Do I see double, or are there two Franciscos?"

"It is the work of the devil," suggested a pious old man, as he crossed himself.

My friend, the old alcalde, put on his spectacles and looked sharply at the two men.

"Francisco!" he called. Each of the two men gave a jerk of his head and answered to the name.

"Let the American senor take the stand," ordered the alcalde.

In response to the questions put to me I admitted that I could not point out the real Francisco.

Three witnesses called to establish the alibi were recalled. They shared my bewilderment, and could throw no light upon the case.

The alcalde scratched his head. Then he touched one of the doubles with his cane.

"You, now," he said, "what is your name?" "Francisco," was the reply.

"Your residence and occupation?" "I have none. I am traveling about."

The alcalde turned to the other man. "What is your name?" "Francisco."

"Your residence and occupation?" "I have none. I am traveling about."

The same answers, delivered in the very voice and manner of the first double.

Seeing the alcalde's embarrassment, I went to him and suggested that he imprison both men until the matter could be looked into.

"I cannot do it," he said. "One is innocent. If I imprison him I shall lose my place. Besides, the twelve hours will soon expire, and without satisfactory evidence I must turn them loose."

I hinted that it was all a put up job; that Francisco probably had a twin brother, who had arranged to have the lights blown out, and had then, in the darkness, made his way to the prisoner's side, thus confusing matters with the intention of evading justice.

"It matters not," said the alcalde. "Two men cannot be arrested, tried and imprisoned on a warrant against one, nor can a warrant be issued against two when it is known that only one is guilty. No, senor, it is a hardship, doubtless, but it is better to disappoint justice than to do injustice."

Then, raising his head, he said: "The prisoners are discharged."

Silently the crowd divided, leaving a broad pathway.

Down the aisle walked the Franciscos. Each wore the same scowling smile. Each gave the same wicked look out of his black eyes. Each made the same low bow to the court, and when they passed me I noticed that the red scars on each man's temple were both of the same size and of the same flaming color.

Out of the arched doorway of the palace of justice, out into the darkness, out into the region of the mysterious and the unknown, passed the two Franciscos, with not a man to follow or say them nay.

The next morning my expected letter came. I was informed to lose no time in returning to the states, and I left San Pablo at once. For all I know, the two Franciscos are still having a royal time down in Yucatan.—*Wallace P. Wood, in Atlanta Constitution*.

### White House Spoils.

"There is another," said one of the dogkeepers at the White House one day this week. "What's that?" asked some one who was standing near by.

"Why, a cigar fiend," was the reply. "See that man going off there, and he pointed to a very respectable-looking man walking away puffing at a half-smoked cigar. "We have regular customers here—men who make it a practice to come to the White House once or twice a day and pick up stumps of cigars thrown on the porch or walks leading to the House. Cabinet days are their chief days, and when Congress is in session they live high. They know that Cabinet officers and Senators smoke good cigars and often they have just lighted one before reaching the House and throw it away. You would be surprised to know the men who come here daily to pick up these cast-off stumps—robins I believe the actors call them. The White House, you know, is the place which all the prominent men of the country, in town, visit. These men invariably smoke good cigars, and it is a picnic for the robin-hunters. Watch the porch some day and see for yourself." —*Baltimore Sun*.

### WIT AND HUMOR.

**THE FASHIONABLE FEEDER.**  
At a banquet one night a hungry crowd rushed.

Yelling, "Wallow, hog wallow, hog wallow." And the pigs in the alley with one accord blushed.

Squealing, "Wallow, hog wallow, hog wallow." "No wonder we're left in the alley and street. Shut out from the banquet and those who there meet."

With that style of manners we cannot compete. Oh, wallow, hog wallow, hog wallow." —*Washington Critic*.

The umbrella with the solid silver handle stays "borrowed" as well as any other.

The "glass of fashion" during cold weather—"Four of Scotch, hot!"—*Funny Folks*.

The cost of the cigars and whisky of the average man would buy his wife a \$300 sealskin sacque, but it doesn't.—*Burlington Free Press*.

The rack was one of the instruments of torture in the olden time. The music rack is usually used for the same purpose to-day.—*Boston Manufacturers' Gazette*.

Tramp—"I am in need of a little money." Gent—"Why don't you shovel snow?" "I haven't time." "How so?" "All my time is taken up in begging."—*Texas Siftings*.

There was once a time when we wondered what the difference was between an alderman-at-large and a plain, every-day alderman. We think we perceive a difference now.—*Life*.

Little boy pulls a reveler in a saloon by the coat-tail. "What do you want, Tommy?" "Come home, pa. Ma has been waiting with the poker for you for the last two hours."—*Texas Siftings*.

An inventor at Stuttgart is said to have perfected a machine for deadening the sound of a piano. It will not be a success. The only sure way to keep a piano quiet is to deaden the pianist.—*Utica Observer*.

A Massachusetts soldier who was a prisoner in Libby advertises for some one "who can remember whether he had Boston baked beans served him or not." If not, he will apply for a pension.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"If there is anything I like better than classical music," said Maj. Branigan in a high voice, as he moved with the throng out of the concert-room, "it's lemons. They both set my teeth on edge."—*San Francisco Post*.

First Knight of Labor—"What do you suppose Smith said the first time he saw that baby of his?" Second Knight—"Give it up. What did he say?" First Knight—"Let's make a knight of it."—*Burlington Free Press*.

Western highwayman (to supposed merchant)—Halt, and throw up your hands! Traveler (shaking his sleeves)—There they are, eight axes and eight kings. Highwayman—Say, pard, can you gimme a chew?—*New Haven News*.

Father (to daughter)—Have you accepted the addresses of Mr. Moneybags? Daughter—"Yes, papa."

Father—"Well, isn't he very old my dear?" Daughter—"Yes, papa; but he isn't nearly as old as I wish he were." —*New York Sun*.

"Well, I declare," exclaimed Mrs. McSwilligan, "if one of those Chicago Anarchists isn't going to be married. I think it's a rank shame." "So do I," replied her husband. "I think hanging is punishment enough for him." —*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

Connoisseur (looking at the picture of a female head)—Ah! Here's something worth looking at. One of the old masters; no doubt of it." His daughter—"Why, pa, how blind you are getting! Can't you see it's a woman?" —*Boston Transcript*.

Mother—"Good night, Robbie; don't forget to say your prayers." Robbie—"But mamma, I don't have to say my prayers any more." Mother—"What do you mean?" Robbie—"I forgot to say them last night and I was all right this morning."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

First worshipper—"Why are you wearing those big thick ear-muffs, Smith, it isn't cold?" Second worshipper—"I am going to church." "So am I; but what of that?" "We have discharged our choir and are going to have congregational singing to-day." —*Tid-Bits*.

An "impressionist" sent in a "Sunset" picture to the Royal Academy. He carefully marked on the back of the frame which was the right side to put, but he added, in a polite note, "Should my work be placed on your wall upside down, please catalogue it as a sunrise." —*London Telegraph*.

Sweet girl—"And so you have been on the plains for ten years?" Handsome cowboy—"Yes, this is the first time I've been back into real civilization."

"Now, please tell me, in that lonely life, so far removed from the refining influences of civilization, you know—what did you miss most?" "Oysters."—*The Judge*.

There is a young business-man in this city who is suffering from the curious epistolary freak of some crank. Every day this month he has received a letter in his morning mail consisting simply of a card on which are printed these words: "Did You Ever See a Man Who had a Hare Lip? If so, Serve the Lord; for He Alone Can Save." —*New York Tribune*.

### Stole No More Fur.

The crowd had congregated in our village store, says a writer in the *Detroit Free Press*. The grocer had lighted a cigar and was sitting on a convenient shelf with his feet upon the counter. The conversation, which ranged all the way from the breaking of steers to the forecasting of the weather for the ensuing week, had slackened; so when Uncle Dave Bagley walked in every one looked pleased.

"Hello! Uncle Dave," yelled somebody, for the old fellow is so deaf that he can hardly hear the fall of the year.

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Powerful cold," answered the old man. "Wust I've seen this eighteen year. Mos'es bad ez the first winter I trapped Intermejit (Intermediate Lake)."

"When was that, Uncle Dave?" "Sixty-four'n five. Bad time that. Yes, sicee. Powerful bad. I've seen it so's 'd freeze the bullets 'n my old rifle till I couldn't blow 'em out 'ith powder. Had 't pull'er trigger 'n then hold'er gun over the fire 'l she went off. She wuz cold that winter, yes, sicee. Dang me!" and Uncle Dave shivered at the recollection.

"Fur plenty then?" "Yes, sir; lots of it. Hows'ever, I didn't get much the first fortnit."

"Couldn't catch it, eh?" "Hub! Ketch it? Ef I c'dn't 'a' ketch'd more'n a minute 'n 'e can 'n a hull week I'd go hide," and the fellow began growling and muttering until the unfortunate interlocutor subsided and was replaced by another.

"What became of it, Uncle Dave?" "Stole."

"Who stole it?" "N Injun."

"Did you catch him?" "N hun."

"Tall us about it." "Tain't much to tell," said Uncle Dave, as he borrowed a chew of finecut from his questioner. "Fur wa'n't so high er it'd be'n two or three years afore, but it paid some better'n saw-loggin' it. I backed a hundred min 'n muskrat traps 'n five fer beaver 'a' otter clar 'n Travis City, 'n built 'a' camp on Intermejit. Soon's I got fust fer livin' I put out my traps. Fust trip around I shot a big buck 'n took 's forty rats 'n two mink. Er fasher 'd be 'n to one trap 'n stole er bait. Next time er round the' wa'n't nothin' no-w'r's. Next time er round ther' wuz two rats. Next time er round ther' wa'n't nothin' no-w'r's. I wuz 'mad. Purty soon I thort somebody'd be'n stealin'. Arter a bit I found er mogasie track, on I took arter it. I kep 'a' follerin' on, 'n follerin' on, 'n purty soon I come oter a pile er dead rats 'n mink, 'n every dang one 'd be'n skun. So I kep'er follerin' on, 'n follerin' on, 'n follerin' on, 'n purty soon I see Mr. Injun a walkin' er long erhead, 'n he had er pile o' fur on his shoulder 'n one er my otter in his hand."

And then Uncle Dave settled himself in his chair and said it would snow tomorrow.

"What became of the Indian, Uncle Dave?" "Yes, sir! 'T's er goin' ter snow like blazes."

"Indian, Injun, Injun. What became of the Indian?" shrieked somebody.

Oh, yes. T-h-a-t-t-h-e-r-e-I-n-j-u-n, he repeated slowly and meditatively, "That there Injun. Wa'al, boys, 'n never rightly knowed what did become of that there Injun."

"Did you lose any more fur?" "No, sicee. He never stole no more fur. Not him."

### Hints for Aesthetes.

A pair of old castaway boots venerated with gilt make a pretty wall ornament. To add to the effect put patches of cotton wool on the legs, to imitate snow.

An old pair of corsets ornamented with creeping vines and pretty designs in leaf, make a very elegant ornament to hang over a bed-room door.

An old coal scuttle tinted with delicate shades of scarlet and cerulean blue furnishes a unique relief for a dining-room wall. To brighten the effect, place several selected vegetables in the scuttle, allowing the tops to be seen at a distance half way across the room.

As an ornamental design for a front hall take a dozen tomato cans and paint each one a different color. Tie a bow of pretty satin ribbon of various shades about each. Run a gaudy string through the lot and hang them on the