

# Orange County Observer.

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## Look up Not Down!

Life to some is full of sorrow—  
Half is real, half they borrow;  
Full of rocks and full of holes,  
Corners sharp and outward edges,  
Though the joy bells may be ringing,  
Not a song you'll hear them sing;  
Seeing never makes them wise,  
Looking out from downcast eyes.  
All in vain the sun is shining,  
Waters sparkling, blossoms falling;  
They but see through those same sorrows  
Sad to-day and worse to-morrow;  
See the clouds that must pass over;  
See the words that must be spoken;  
Every thing and anything  
But the gold the sunbeams bring.  
Looking from the bitter fountain,  
Let your robe be stained with tears,  
Drops of dew and drops of rain  
Swell into the mighty Jordan.  
All in vain the blessing shower,  
And the mercies fall with power,  
Sustaining earth, yet tread the wheel,  
Rich and royal, reach your feet.  
Let it not be said, my neighbor,  
Looking up as you look down,  
Not for one in me was said;  
Every one has cares and trials,  
Joy and pain are linked together,  
Like the air and cloudy weather,  
May we have, oh, let us pray,  
Faith and patience for to-day.  
—THE ADVANCE.

## Two Scenes by Firelight.

After rather a wandering life, other and I have at last settled down in a little manufacturing town in the west of England, a quiet little place, where the small amount of available society is split up into smaller cliques, which are again divided into factions, the cause of this latter division being chiefly parish matters and real or supposed differences in religious opinion. I say supposed, for the worthy inhabitants of Narromyndham are more learned on the subject of forms and spindles than that of doctrines, and could hardly advance a better argument in favor of their own views than "I know what I like," or the well-worn "because I do."

Our parish church is all that an antiquary could desire—a glorious old prosaical. Its pews are arranged, however, as I regret to say, all that a young woman who wishes to say her prayers in a correct and devotional posture, and who yet has a certain amount of tender regard for her back and knees, would not desire; and our staff of clergy consists of a vicar and two curates, one of whom is furnished by that most evangelical body, the Pastoral Aid Society, and goes by the name of "Pastoral Aid Curate," or more often, on the principle that brevity is the soul of wit, the "P. A. C.," so, with this liberal supply of divines, our souls should be well weeded and watered, if they are not.

One day, in the end of October, I was sitting over the fire, chatting with Carey, who had just come to spend a few weeks with me at Narromyndham. Carey is my particular friend, and very nice and very pretty, but she has one sad fault—she is a shocking flirt. I often remonstrate with her on the subject, but it is quite useless, and she makes some very unbecoming and profane remarks about "motes" and "beams," and "brothers," which I don't like.

As I was watching the firelight dancing on her soft brown hair and lighting up her glorious hazel eyes—fascinated, as I always am by anything beautiful, and thinking that when perhaps I ought to say if I turn into an angel I should wish to be just like her—she suddenly inquired: "Are there any curates here?"

"So my angel is planning fresh works of slaughter," thought I, but answered: "Yes, two; one is old and married, and has St. Vitus's dance, and the other is young and unmarried and sound, likewise he is a pastoral aid curate. Will he do?"

"Don't!" with a laugh. "I know the animal. It always seems to have outgrown its clothes; is weak about the legs, hair long, (touching her collar) and sleek; complexion pitted and unwholesome; expression meek. It makes constant use of the word 'scarcely'; has a voracious appetite and a little weakness for tea and old ladies. There's an inventory of its charms, and I don't believe the society would have anything to do with a man not possessed of all these qualifications."

Mother opened her mouth to remonstrate against this flippant trade, but the remonstrance was never destined to be uttered, for at that moment a servant announced "Mr. Lloyd," and the subject of Carey's long winded speech entered the room.

A young man, in a very correct clerical costume, with a fierce, determined, good looking face, and not a trace of weakness about him, less or otherwise; in short, a man, every inch of him, and not a curate, for someone who can never think of a curate as quite a man.

I glanced at Carey, and saw she liked

the look of our visitor, for she had put on that air of lovely childish innocence—little humbug! she can always assume at will, and always does when there is a man present whom she thinks it worth while to fascinate, and I never knew it to fail.

Mother having gone through the ceremony of introduction, the Pastoral Aid Curate proceeded to inform us that there was a parochial row on.

"There always is in Narromyndham," said I. "I wonder you think it worth mentioning."

"I shouldn't only that you and perhaps your friend" here a quick glance of admiration at Carey, which I saw wasn't lost on her in spite of her downcast eyes, "can help us if you will." I opened my mouth to refuse, for I am not parochially-minded, and am proof against all petitions, even from handsome young curates, to make myself useful in that line; but Carey was too quick for me.

"It would be nice if we could, Kitty; but there is so little girlscap do," This with an humble look at our spiritual pastor.

"I hope you won't think me very rude if I agree with you," was the answer. "As a rule, I think it the greatest possible mistake for young ladies to go pottering about a parish, interfering in matters they don't understand, or teaching poor little Sunday school children shocking false doctrine. But this is really something you can do; it's music."

"Now, you must give a full, coherent, but, above all, short account of what has gone wrong, and I form us what part we are expected to bear in putting right," said I.

"It's Miss Trills—"

"Stop!" from Carey. "I must know who the spinster in question is. What an alarming name in connection with music!"

"Miss Trills does not believe her name. She is a good lady, who had a strong voice in her youth, and in those far-off halcyon days volunteered to assist in training the choir, and, having some knowledge of the music, was really a help. She and her sister—her exact counterpart, voice and all—used to sit with the boys, who had not then arrived at the dignity of surplices, and lead the choir—"

"Out of the straight path into flowery ways," put in I; "but what do you want us to do?"

"This, on Wednesday week there is to be a harvest thanksgiving service. Rather late certainly, but Narromyndham, as you know, is always behind in everything. Miss Trills wants to have an extra ugly and flowery anthem; and this being objected to she declines to sing at all, or, what is far worse, to teach the boys a simpler one. Will you and your friend come and practice with the boys? You won't be expected to sit among the surplices at the service."

Carey professed herself delighted. Mother said we ought; so I, with a very bad grace, had to consent to be present at the next practice, and the handsome young divine, having gained his point made his adieux (giving Carey a little more than the regulation hand shake, it struck me) and took his departure.

Shall I ever forget those choir practices? The well-meant efforts of the organist to drown the very small voices of the boys; the hopeless ignorance and stupidity of the aforesaid little mortals; the cold, very often wet, walk to the church—for such was Carey's zeal in the good cause that nothing would induce her to miss a practice; the P. A. C. always being our escort; and last, but not least, being constrained to play the unbecoming part of gossamer.

How the Misses Trills attended every practice—not, indeed, opening their mouths to sing or speak, but marking with pale-green, spiteful eyes, every fresh failure; how Carey and the P. A. C. always sang out of the same book, making, no doubt, sweet harmony for themselves, but not materially assisting in reducing to something like time and tune the harsh, discordant voices with which it was my doubtful privilege to cope, almost unaided—are not these things graven on the fleshy tables of my heart? O Damon, thy friendship sinks into insignificance beside this nineteenth century devotion; for this was but one sacrifice, while all these things—yes, and more also—did I endure many times for the sake of my friend.

Weeks passed. The harvest thanks giving service was over, the singing not having been worse, but rather better, than usual, whatever Miss Trills and her friends may have seen fit to say to the contrary. And yet Mr. Lloyd's daily visits, begun at the time

of the practices, and always purporting to have something to do with them, were not discontinued. He is the most earnest man I ever met. Whatever he does is done heartily and thoroughly; and he couldn't even admit Carey, as every one does, without going to the injudicious length of falling in love with her. Of course she encouraged him, though seemingly in the most artless way; and it seemed to me a shame. Our P. A. C. was so good and true a man to be her plaything—altogether a different stamp from the young fellows who had fallen in love with her last season, and, doubtless, forgotten her as lightly the next; and I couldn't help telling her so one day, when she had been exerting her powers of fascination to the utmost, and I am bound to say, with unmitigated success.

"You're jealous, child," said she lightly. "That's humbug, and I you know it. The P. A. C. doesn't admire little people; and besides—besides—"

"No, I certainly wasn't jealous; for was there not lurking warm about my heart the thought of some one very big and strong who, nevertheless did admire little people and who could treat them with a chivalrous gentleness of which the P. A. C. was utterly incapable?"

"Do you know that the he under discussion is going away very soon?" said Carey, after a pause.

"No. Where?"

"He is almost sure of that appointment in India he was telling us of, and if he is appointed must sail in January."

Before I could answer this startling piece of intelligence she had glided from the room.

A few days after this I had come in from a walk, in which Carey had declined to join me on the plea of a slight cold—not in her head; the lucky little beauty is never afflicted with anything so unbecoming and I can't recollect ever having seen her pretty nose disfigured by undue friction, for she isn't given to tears; on the same principle, I suppose, that influenza doesn't attack her. The drawing-room door was slightly ajar, and, as I entered noiselessly, it did rather astonish me—accustomed as I am to that shocking little flirt's vagaries—to see her and Mr. Lloyd most becomingly posed in the attitude of the famous Huguonot picture. My first impulse was to withdraw as noiselessly as I had come, but it seemed rather a sneaky thing to do; so I notified my presence by a loud "Ahem!"

The two sprang apart guiltily. The P. A. C. began shaking hands wildly and muttering something incoherently about "great hurry," "be off," literally flew out of the room down stairs, and in the old house rattling, and left Carey with cheeks that put the well-worn crimson curtains quite in the shade, and me, I regret to say, in a paroxysm of laughter on the hearth rug.

Carey couldn't stand that. She flew at me and shook me, exclaiming: "You are mean and hard-hearted and cold-blooded, too!"

"I am awfully sorry," said I, picking myself up and fishing my hat out of the coat scuttle; "but I couldn't know you were doing tableaux vivants; and, besides, you really ought not to."

Here to increase my astonishment, she threw her arms around me and kissed me; and when she let me go I saw there were tears in her eyes.

"You're not to preach, and I shall often do it again, only you're not to come into rooms so suddenly. He—the pronoun with great expression—has got that appointment."

"Was that a fond farewell?" said I, my bewilderment, I suppose, appearing in my face; for Carey, putting her two hands—such pretty, little, soft, white hands—over my eyes, said: "You mustn't look at me like that; and added very softly: "I'm going, too, dear."

"What did you say about P. A. C.?" and didn't you always tell me you had no heart? and I thought nothing short of a title would content you," said I, severely.

To which she made answer: "He won't be a P. A. C.; and of course one talks like that; but one doesn't mean it; and I haven't a heart, for I've gone and given it away, and I think it's a very good match indeed!"

Having wound up her sentimental speech with this astonishing fib she settled herself at a writing table, and we had a long explanatory conversation, at the end of which she promised me voluntarily to give up her evil practices in the way of flirting—a promise, I am bound to say, she has, to the best of my knowledge, faithfully kept.

There is little more to be told. Carey being a spoiled darling at home, of course got her own foolish way. And the match was not such a bad one after all, for the Indian appointment was a very good one, and Mr. Lloyd turned out to have no inconsiderable private means, though how the latter fact escaped the knowledge of the Narromyndham gossips remaineth until this day a mystery.

The wedding was necessarily quiet and hurried, but I was bridesmaid nevertheless; and already I have had two quaint bright letters, dated from Bengal, and signed "Carey Lloyd."

On the day before the now happy Benedict's departure from Narromyndham—before Carey had left us—I told him to ask her opinion of a Pastoral Aid Curate.

"I know it," said he; "I overheard it before I saw her."

## The Wit of the National Press.

A BADLY SCARRED INDIAN.—The Indian Joaquin Gomez, who killed a Spaniard at Gilroy, about two weeks ago, is breathing the vapors of a dungeon in a county jail. The following description of him has been entered on the jailer's record: Joaquin Gomez—Charge, manslaughter; height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 165 pounds; native, California Indian, age, about 45 years; occupation, vaguer and herder; hair, black and coarse; whiskers, black; features, square; nose, medium large; teeth, extra good; chin, broad; build, heavy-set; manner, very quiet; marks, two scars of knife-cuts on the left hip, situated in the form of a square and three moles on the right side of the neck.

A FACT IN ASTRONOMY.—Young Mr. Latetignus was sitting on the porch the other night watching a 17-year-old girl trying to keep awake long enough to see the morning star rise. They talked astronomy. "I wish I was star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet," she said, dreamily. His heart beat tenfold. "An why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her hands in his own. "and why?" she repeated, imperiously. "Oh," she said, with a brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like a bare foot upon an oilcloth, "because then you would only come around once every fifteen hundred years!" He did not say anything until he was halfway to the front gate, when he turned around and shook his fist at the house and muttered between his teeth that "it would be a thundering sight longer than that before he came around again." But by that time the poor girl was in bed and sound asleep.

SOMETHING NO FELLER CAN FIND OUT.—Cole's circus was packed yesterday with women who wanted to see the "baby monkey." The monkey mother sat there with its diminutive offspring in its arms, holding it just as a human mother would have done, and nursing it. Anybody knows how a monkey looks, with a dwarfish, bent-up body and face like a British tourist but a baby monkey is simply the same hideous thing condensed and intensified. Yet in the little, meagre features of the child monkey the women, as usual, saw more beauty than ever. Raphael crowded into the features of his Madonna. "Oh! do look!" "Ain't it just lovely?" "How cunning!" "Oh my! did you ever see the like?" "How I wish it was mine." "What do they cost?" "Isn't it just charming?" Right alongside the monkey in another cage, was a box constrictor, forty feet long as lithe and graceful as could be well imagined, with a body whose markings and combination of colors rivalled the rainbow, yet he was voted a "nasty thing" by the admirers of the monkey. Who can explain the charm monkeys exercise over women?—Ez.

A Brooklyn boy, who spent some six months in the Black Hills, struck home last week and sauntered up Fulton street. He was dressed in antelope skin shirt, a pair of blacktail deer skin pantaloons, beaded moccasins and a white felt hat with a brim like a wagon wheel. He wandered into a saloon thumped his fist on the counter and howled for tan juice with a glistening eye. "Willyer jine me stranger?" he said to three or four gentlemen sitting at a table, adding as they hesi-

tated, "I reckon ye'd better. With me an invite means liquor or blood. Ye'd better come up." They approached the bar, and all took beer except one, who took cider, explaining that he had never touched spirits in his life. "Wall, I'll be dogged!" roared the skin-decked traveller. "Ef yer was with me whar I hang out ye'd be inter a hole. 'Cause thar's whar yer got ter drink, whether yer drink or not. 'Sluck!' And he poured in me poison. 'Where are you from, if I might ask?' inquired the cider man. 'From? Right from the gulch. The clean up put me a few thousand ahead, and I'm wanderin' to see the sights. You bet!'"

"From the mines?" "Straight from jist whar yer reckoned I was, stranger. I been inter the Hills. Panned big, and now I'm in for a reg'lar old He. You bet!" "How are things in the Hills now? Is business depressed or are things flourishin'?" "I don't know nothin' about them big words, but ef yer want ferter know how things is, yer're thar; right thar. I seen twenty millions o' money taken out o' my mine in fourteen hours. That's trade. That's hitten' gilt every wash, and don't you forgit it; you bet!"

"How does Custer City seem to progress?" "I ain't no bizness with no Custer City—I'm a miner, I am." "I saw in a recent paper that a number of troops have been moved to Fort Meade. Do they think there is any danger from Indians?" "Injuns! Injuns, pard! Why ther's more'n seven millions of 'em setten around on the rocks waitin' for a chance to lite in. Injuns! Why, you don't know nothin' about Injuns here. I seen a hundred thousand troops killed in an hour and a half. But I don't mind no Injuns! I tunnelled under four tribes camped half a mile from my claim, and every logged one of them went up in the dust. You bet! there can't no Injuns git away with a Miller, and don't yer forgit it!" "Deadwood must be rather a dangerous locality. I had no idea it was so exposed." "Deadwood Dangerous? Sa' if yer ever earn to gain a wad o' money up your nose, a statement that Deadwood is a dangerous place. Yer'll wispeard. Yer'll scoop the pot each tussel or count my judgement deuce box."

"Going to be in Brooklyn any length of time?" "Jist come to take a squint at it. Say, know me around. Show me a faro bank. I've got too much dust for comfort, and I'd like ter drop or pick up. Show me a faro bank, and I'll make yer proud of yerself." "I don't think you would find me a very good guide for I've only been here a comparatively short time, but perhaps one of my friends, who resides here, would—" "Don't belong here. Whar yer from, stranger? Whar's yer teepee?" "I live in Deadwood," responded the stranger. "I'm only—"

If the young traveller will come around and pay for those drinks all will be forgiven.

HOUSEKEEPER to milkman: "My friend, you put water in your milk." "Oh, no, ma'am." "But I am sure you do." "Oh, no, ma'am." "Now will you say solemnly that you do not put water in your milk?" "Well, ma'am, well, I must say that some times I put some water in the can, and put the milk in that, but I never put the water in the milk."

## The Every-Day Turk.

The Turk has been called unspeakable; a bold rhetorical figure, when we consider how much he has been spoken of. In one sense no epithet could well be less happy. There is nothing indefinable about the Turkish system as such, his distinctive feature is its rigidly matter-of-fact character. It consists in literal adherence to a few general rules. Even among the well-educated Christians many persons are apt to be more cruel than the conscientious man who has no imagination. Now the average Turk has not much imagination; his conscience is such as is formed by his religion—that is by the broad views of an injunction of the Koran; and his education is not calculated to correct or moderate this. The average Turk is absolutely indifferent to the results produced by applying his general principles; all that is the will of Allah. What he, as a servant of the Prophet, has to do, he is to do what the Koran says, or the Sultan; and this he does with varying degrees of integrity, but generally, with any diabolical malice; often, however, without that percent moderation which armed strength is apt to forget, unless it is restrained by conscience, by cant, or by the power of seeing as the victim sees.—Prof. Jebb's "Modern Greece."

## A Sad Mistake

OF MR. BIGGS, THE FORMER EDITOR OF THE WORMVILLE LANTERN.

Mr. John Biggs, a young man with brisk air and brisker loquacity, came to the city several days ago, and calling at the Gazette office, asked for a situation as a reporter. "I'm lightning," he said, "I used to be editor-in-chief of the Wormville Lantern, Oh, but also was a double paper. You ought to have seen how I pitched into a section boss for calling my half brother a fox-eyed liar. I skinned him. Now, if you've got any important work that you want done I'm the man to do it. I used to report the Wormville City Council. I stirred up one old duffer until he threw one of those old-fashioned brass kettles at me. That's the way to write. This quiet way of doing things may take with religious papers, but with a newspaper, they are no good. Simply n. g. Do you want a man?"

The young man seemed to have such a correct idea of the newspaper business that he was employed, with a view to doing special work. A proviso was added to the agreement that Mr. Biggs was not to feel aggrieved or bring suit in case he was "lounced" after a few days trial.

When Biggs stepped out on the street there was an air of business about him that attracted the passer by. He walked along with his note-book in his hand, and with his pencil between his fingers, like a cigar.

"Yes," said a man standing on the corner, addressing an acquaintance,—"That is a fine boy left at Swanks'."

"What?" said the reporter. "Boy left where?"

"Who are you?" asked the man. "I am a reporter. I used to be editor-in-chief of the Wormville Lantern. Tell me about the mysterious boy."

The man winked at his acquaintance and remarked: "Well, I reckon a reporter should know everything. You see, last night a fine boy was left at the residence of Mr. Swanks. Mysterious, sir, very mysterious. You'd better go around and see Mrs. Swanks."

"After ascertaining the locality of the Swanks residence, the reporter hurried to the bell and was admitted.

"I'd like to see Mrs. Swanks," said the reporter to Mr. Swanks.

"You can't see her."

"Why is she busy?"

"Not so busy, perhaps, as indisposed. What is your business, sir?"

"I am a reporter, sir. I used to be editor-in-chief of the Wormville Lantern, but hard luck has brought me down to the level of common news-hunter. I want to see Mrs. Swanks in regard to that mysterious boy."

"What mysterious boy?" asked Mr. Swanks, with warmth.

"Now here, Colonel, you needn't try any little dodge on me. I used to be the editor-in-chief of the Wormville Lantern. I know more about this affair than you think I do. There's a mysterious baby in this house, and I'm going to see it. I'm going right in where your wife is and write the thing up."

The reporter attempted to pass into the next room, but was knocked down by Mr. Swanks. The noise brought out several ladies, sufficiently advanced in age to be beyond the road-law requirements. The ladies screamed. The reporter regained his feet and made another dash for the door. The woman caught him, while Mr. Swanks kicked him, turned him around, shoved him through the front door, and kicked him on the fence. Mr. Biggs came back to the office and resigned. He said that if the office could spare him a few pounds of type he would go out and re-establish the Wormville Lantern. All this time young Swanks laid in his little cradle, staring at an existence so new to him, and like Paul Dombey, squaring his little fists at the world.

## A Feast in Morocco.

We seated ourselves, and were served at once. Twenty-eight dishes, without counting the sweets! Twenty-eight immense dishes, every one of which would have been enough for twenty people, of all forms, colors, and flavors, monstrous pieces of mutton on the spit, chicken (with pomatum), game (with cold cream), fish (with cosmetics), livers, puddings, vegetables, eggs, salads, all with the same dreadful combinations, suggestive of the barber's shop; sweetmeats, every mouthful of which was enough to purge a man of any crime he had ever committed; and with all this, large glasses of water, into which we squeezed lemons that we had brought in our pockets; then a cup of tea, sweetened to syrup; and finally, an eruption of servants, who deluged the tables, the walls, and ourselves with rose-water.