

Ham & P Battle

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George Sand

The man's costume in which George Sand delighted was described in part by herself, as "a long grey overcoat, a woolen tie, and—and— a pair of boots." The boots she doated upon. "I longed to sleep with them," she wrote. She trotted from one end of Paris to the other in them. A cigarette often, a cigar sometime, completed the costume. When she published "Indiana," her first important story written without collaboration, she was attended, and Henri Heine says, "Beautiful as the Venus of Milo." Her features were regular, her forehead low, shaded by rich bands of chestnut hair. She had her non de plume in this way: She wrote articles with Jules Sandeau, and they published a novel, "Rose et Blanche," under the name of Jules Sand. When "Indiana" was printed Jules declined to take any of the credit for a work in which he had no hand, and by his advice she called herself George Sand. Before she had signed herself Arrose Duval, her real name being Aurora Duplan. She was born in Paris, July, 1804. A few minutes before her birth her mother was dancing, dressed in a rose colored gown; her father was playing the fiddle for his guests. Madame Duplan left the room, and soon the birth of the child was announced. "She shall be called Aurora after my mother," said Maurice, the father. "Aurora is born with music and rose color," added the aunt. She died in the village of Valant, on the 24th of June, 1876, and was buried in the little churchyard there. Nothing marks her grave, for her injunctions were that only grass and flowers should cover her last resting place. During her latter years she is described as "A large, tranquil woman dressed in the simple Bernese style, sitting modestly in the old hall of the chateau. She was never without a cigarette." She liked nothing better than to be forgotten in her drawing room, listening to what was said, but not speaking much herself. As soon as her guests departed for the night she shut the door and fell to smoking, thinking and writing for several hours, sometimes until daybreak. She says in a letter to Madame d'Agoult: "I pass long hours to a table with Fanny; I never go to bed before 7 o'clock in the morning."—Progress.

Yankee Wit.

Many years ago a Pittsborough iron firm purchased a lot of condemned bombshells for old iron. The shells were not loaded but in order to melt them it was necessary that they should be broken up. This was attempted with sledge-hammers, but the laborers made but little progress and it was finally given up as a bad job. One day a long, thin Yankee came along and said:

"I understand you have a job for a man here?"

"Yes," was the reply; "we want that pile of bombs out there broken."

"How much will you pay?"

"We will give you a tip apiece (six and a quarter cents) if you will agree to break them all."

"I'll take the contract," answered the Yankee. The day was a cold one, and the thermometer down to zero. The man immediately went to work, but declined to take the large sledge hammer which was offered him. The Yankee laid every bomb out on the ground with the hole up. He prepared a bucket, filled them all with water, then he came into the house, made out his bill, and said he would call around in the morning for the money. Every one was much mystified, but in the morning their astonishment was great. The water had frozen during the night, and in the morning a pile of scrap iron was found, as the freezing water had broken every bomb into at least a dozen pieces.

The Atmosphere in Mexico.

The strangest feature of Monterey to Northern eyes is the clearness of the air, such as that which made me, as I stood on the Mount of Olives, think the Dead Sea within an hour's walk, though I found it a day's ride. Among the aerial phenomena here I class the foot hills standing out so prominently that you think you can see round their corners and into the inter-spaces between them and the secondary ranges. The most distant peaks, too, seem pressing forward to peep over the shoulders of those nearer. Nowhere the lights and shades contrast no less than those of electric illuminators. On the whole, the atmospheric brilliancy surpasses whatever is known in the North as much as our Northern sky surpasses the London fog, where men are forever doubtful whether their celestial luminary is the sun or the moon.

He rang the door bell of a banker. The servant tells him "Monsieur does not receive to day." That makes nothing to me. My racket is to know if he will give any thing.—French.

In Bad Taste.

Many social offenses come under this head. There are many people who, at a dinner table, monopolize all the talk, as far as it is possible for them to do so, occupying the time with stale stories and feeble attempts at humor, or posing away in weary platitudes, or enforcing the law in matters where there is likely to be grave differences of opinion, berating this man or that without mercy, or praising inordinately somebody who deserves little commendation constantly calling attention to something which they have done, or in end to do, or might have done if they had not been interfered with until the patience of every one present is exhausted. This is bad taste. There are persons who are always asking ill timed or impertinent or irrelevant questions inquiring into the particulars of your business, and how this thing is likely to turn out, and how you happened to be entrapped in this or that speculation, and what is your opinion of your neighbor's solvency, and how you account for Squire B's conduct and is it so that Mr. C. is paying attention your daughter, and what do you pay for your wife's bonnets, and so on, until you are tempted to ask "whether he does not regard himself as an interrogation point?" This is bad taste. To talk of our domestic affairs in society, or expose family differences, should be characterized in even harsher terms. Excellent and well meaning people are sometimes so deficient in taste as to make them disagreeable even to their best friends. They never seem to know when they violate the fitness of things, and are oblivious of the common proprieties of life. If they say the right thing, they say it to the wrong person and at the wrong time; and their sympathy only aggravates our woes. In the excess of their love they tell us many things which we would prefer not to know. There is something aggravating in the very tones of their voice, in their gestures and manners, and mode of walking, and the way in which they sit, and the way in which they draw their breath when they are talking, and the way in which they eat and drink. We reproach ourselves for not liking them any better, because there is nothing absolutely bad in their character, and intentionally offensive in their demeanor and yet we could not love them if we tried.

Thin Skinned.

Women who do no manual work generally have fine, thin skins, and their mental aptitudes are developed and maintained in a direct ratio of the perfection and delicacy of the skin. The perfection of touch becomes in a manner a second sight which enables the mind to feel and see fine details which escape the generality of men and constitutes a quality of the first order moral tact, that touch of the soul as it has been called, which is characteristic of organization with a delicate and impressionable skin, whose sensuous, like a tensor, cord, is always ready to vibrate at the contact of the slightest impression. Inverse I compare the thick skin of the man of toil accustomed to handle coarse tools and lift heavy burdens, and see it, after an examination of his intellectual and moral sensibilities, if you are understood when you endeavor to evoke in him some sparks of those delicacies of sentiment that so clearly characterize the mental condition of individuals with a fine skin. On this point has long ago been pronounced judgment, and we all know that we must speak to every one in the language he can comprehend, and that to endeavor to awaken in the mind of a man of a coarse skin the delicacies of a refined sentiment is to speak to a deaf man of the deliciousness of harmony and to a man afflicted with blindness of the beauties of colors.

A Russian Jack Sheppard.

The celebrated "Robber of the South," Mamai, has long been the terror of Southern Russia. His career of crime commenced twenty years ago, but the principal laurels have been gained since he fled from Tomsk and turned up afresh in the scene of his former triumphs two years ago. Organizing a band of robbers, and arming them with Berdan rifles and revolvers, he roamed about the country, murdering in his course as many as sixty five persons. Caught at last through the treachery of a mistress he was conveyed to Nicolaief, and locked up in prison, there pending judicial examination. Although famous as a prison-breaker the authorities appear to have put no special watch over him, and in consequence he nearly escaped by digging a subterranean passage one hundred feet long from his cell to the outer wall. Prisons excavation are so common in Russia that the only merit about Mamai's was the length of it; but it was an uncommon feature in his case that he should have been discovered at last through the treachery of a fellow prisoner, since honor prevails among thieves in Russia as elsewhere, and the traitor would himself have had a chance of escape with the

A Reminiscence of Niagara.

I remember when I was a boy that a man got into the rapids here, having been carried down in a boat, which was broken to pieces. He had the good fortune to be dashed on a rock, to which he clung. It was at the height of the season—August, if I recollect—and he clung there for fully thirty-six hours. Everybody streamed out of the hotels and the village; the banks of the river, particularly on the side, were thronged with people anxious to do something to save him. Various plans were suggested, some attempted, but they all failed. Thousands of dollars were offered to anybody who would rescue him. The desperate situation of the man was telegraphed over the country, and every train brought crowds of passengers hither to witness it with their own eyes. He was encouraged by shouts from the banks, but whether he could understand anything that was said is doubtful.

Eating with the knife.

At Heidelberg, writes a correspondent of the London News, an English friend dined at the table d'hote, and being seated opposite to a young man who wore the badge of the "corps" across his breast, he could not help noticing the extraordinary manner in which this young man took his meal. At first he admired him for the skillful manner in which he managed his knife, which incessantly passed from his plate to his mouth, heavily laden, as it was, with green peas. But when the student, having finished his meal, took up his gravy with the knife, the Englishman began to feel his food hot within him. Pudding with apple sauce followed, and the student operated with his desert-knife just as he had done with the larger knife. But the Englishman could control himself no longer.

In a hoarse whisper he addressed his vis-a-vis, saying: "You will cut your mouth open if you don't leave off eating gravy with your knife." The student looked up and answered: "What is that to you? I can cut my mouth open with my ears for all you have a right to interfere." "Oh, nonsense," said the Englishman, coolly; "you can not expect a decent person to let you butcher yourself at dinner." "Oh, but I can though and you shall see! Dummer Jungel! With that the student rose and left the room. Dummer Jungel (stupid fellow) signifies as much as a challenge. When the student's seconds came to arrange details with the Englishman, he was terribly surprised at the serious consequences of what he had deemed a most natural remark. He offered to apologize, and did all in his power to have the matter arranged, but he did not succeed, and on his way to the resting place he said to his seconds: "It is a dreadful shame that I should have to kill this young man because he does not know the proper use of his knife and fork. Still it would be just as unfair to let him kill me."

The Englishman intended firing in the air if he had the second shot, but chance was adverse to him. He had the right to shoot first—the aim was deadly, the young Teuton fell without a groan.—New York News.

What is Due Our Children.

Herbert Spencer would have been much more wisely engaged, had he shown the American people the absurdity of heaping up gigantic fortunes for their children to quarrel over after their death. All that any parent owes to a child is a good education and a trade or a profession. Our off-springs have a right to demand that they should be equipped for the battle of life, the only excuse for leaving superfluous wealth being in case any of the family are disqualified for work. The aged parents, the widow and the helpless child should have at least means enough to sustain them comfortably; but fortunes left to children have often wrought ruin. The girl becomes the prey of the fortune hunter, while the young man but too often spends his father's hard earnings in riotous living! What a vast social change it would make in the United States if American parents generally realized that they owed nothing to their children but the best possible education and a profession or trade, which is due the daughter as well as the son.

Truthful Sentiments.

Peter Cooper, a short time previous to his death, sent the following letter to a friend. The first publication of the lines of truth were made in the New York Sun: "Mankind will improve and better their condition just in proportion as they come to see, know, and understand that what a man, a community, a State, or nation owe to that man they also reap some where, some how, and at sometime, and that by the operation of a reign of beneficent laws, designed in infinite wisdom for the use and the elevation of mankind. Man without knowledge is a soulless body; without science he is a straying wanderer. Science is knowledge demonstrated by the actual experiences of mankind. Dewitt Clinton in a moment of inspiration uttered this sentiment: 'Pleasure is a shadow, wealth is vanity, power is pageant; but knowledge is ecstatic enjoyment, perennial unlimited in space and in finite in duration.'

A Painter's Fine Strategy.

At a wedding at a village church near Stafford, in England, the officiating clergyman was about to perform the ceremony when chancing to glance upward, he noticed in the gallery several persons wearing billy-cock-shaped hats. Addressing them, he said: "Gentlemen, remove your hats. There was no response. The request was repeated again and again, and not being complied with, the clergyman in a great heat ordered the clerk of the church to ascertain the names of the offenders. Before he got there a lady in the congregation rose and informed the minister, amid laughter, that the persons were ladies wearing gentlemen's hats. The ceremony was then proceeded with.

His Rich Joke.

The other day a baggage-wagon brought a trunk to the Union Depot which was labeled: "Dynamite within—smash if you dare!" The trunk was closely followed by a young man who had about seven minutes to get his check and catch the train. When he presented his ticket and asked for a check the baggage-master replied: "This trunk can't go as baggage."

"Why?"

"The contents are dangerous. You'll have to remove it from here at once or I'll make you trouble."

"But there is no dynamite within."

"There is the warning."

"Yes, but that was for a joke on the baggage-master."

"Young man, a railroad never jokes. Get that trunk out of here!"

"Come, old fellow, it was only in fun, I entreated the smart Aleck. 'I have only four minutes to catch the train.'

"If you do not remove the dangerous trunk I shall have to call an officer!" was the firm reply.

"I tell you it is not dangerous."

"Let me inspect it."

"This was grudgingly acceded to, and nothing more dangerous than four shirts, which sadly needed washing, were discovered. By this time the train had departed, leaving the joker with eight hours on his hands, and as the trunk was unlocked he was handed a scraper and the advice:

"Young man, it might be safer for you to label yourself with something like: Perishable—no delay." You are evidently too ripe for this section. Now scrape that sign off, or the trunk can't go!"

The Ruins of the Tailories.

The area within and about the ruins of the Tailories has not been entirely cleared of the mass of fallen debris with which it was encumbered, and the demolition of those parts of the buildings that still stand has been commenced during the past week. This work can proceed but slowly, owing to the precautions that have to be taken to preserve from injury those fragments possessing any artistic or historical value. The operations, which occupy sixty skilled workmen, have been started on the river front. The central pavilion will be attacked in a day or two. According to the unanimous testimony of those engaged in the demolition, the palace is a marvel of defective construction. The masonry, with the exception of the facing stones, consists of fillings only, and the interior, so generally admired, is found to be only a common moulding affixed to the rough stones, instead of being carved from the solid block, as every one supposed. It is rumored that an Anglo-American company has purchased the Pavilion d'Honneur as it stands, with the intention of removing and re-erecting it in the Crystal Palace grounds at Sydenham, while the torches (figures holding lamps) of the Salle des Marechaux have certainly been bought by the Russian government for the St. Petersburg museum.—The Architect.

A Grammatical Point.

Amos paralyzed his teacher at the grammar school the other day, and gave him a pointer that had never before penetrated his repository of educational knick knacks. Says the teacher: "Amos, what part of speech is book?" "Amos—"Book is a common noun, third person, singular number, masculine gender, noun."

A Painter's Fine Strategy.

Mr. Healy, of New York, had, some time since, as a subject for a portrait, a young lady, who came to his studio so bedizened with paint and powder, that every characteristic line was obliterated. Mr. Healy was, of course, in a dilemma. He could not order the girl to go and wash her face. He would lose his commission, and he was too polite a gentleman. He could not lay the same paint on canvass that there was on her face; it would not be satisfactory to the family. When the sketch was limned, he rose from his seat, sat down beside his subject, and kindly asked her if she was feeling as well as usual. Surprised, of course, she replied that she was. "But Miss Jones, you walked from your hotel,

ALL SORTS.

Financiering vowels—I. O. U.—Hale.

Out on a fly—The insect's wings—Harlem Times.

The greatest composer—sleep—Burlington Free Press.

The garment of a ghost must be a spirit rapper.—Harlem Times.

The Jersey mosquito, like charity, begins to hum.—New York Advertiser.

Checkers is looked upon as a square game.—New Orleans Picayune.

Ladies, a piece of advice—never send your letters by male.—Burlington Free Press.

A trade paper, called The Corset, is talked of. It will no doubt, "come to stay."—New York News.

Assafu-ida is now on the free list, there being no American cheese to compete with it.—N. Y. Herald.

Money is the great enigma of the age. Everybody is compelled to give it up.—New York Advertiser.

When a dumb photographer wants to say "yes" to a customer, he merily displays two negatives.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Many a man who thinks himself a person of note is not so far out of the way. He may be a natural or a flat.—Boston Transcript.

Carpenters who refashion old dry goods boxes should be called "circumstances," because they alter cases.—New York Advertiser.

When a person writes a poem to kill time, he may be pretty sure that time will have its revenge and kill the poem.—Boston Transcript.

To those who invest in real estate and buy lots on long payments, it seems yearly more plain that Martzage is Lot's widow!—Pittsburg Telegraph.

An exchange says it is fashionable to introduce some element of the antique into every dress. What are old maids becoming by the rage?—Boston Star.

"Is that your dog, Mr. Trigg?" "Yes, sir, that's my dog." "Is he a setter?" "He's of that type, yes, sir." "Oh! then he's a n type setter."—N. Y. Sentinel.

"You said, Mr. Jones, your umbrella had a straight handle?" "I thought it did, but since it vanished I am quite certain it ended with a hook."—Boston Traveller.

There is no difference between a well limbed tramp and a well trimmed lamp when a cyclone makes its appearance, for they both light out.—New York Advertiser.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting for your money," said the bank teller to Smithers, but here's the money all in yellow boys." "Never mind," said Smithers, "I see 'tis worth the weight in gold."—Boston Star.

A Milton man who a few weeks ago kindly offered to share his bed and board with an impecunious acquaintance somewhat addicted to intemperance, says he is suffering from an attack of room-mate-ism.—Milton News.

B. lives in the country near Paris, winter and summer, but always after the 1st of May they meet him on Sunday on the boulevard. He explains: "The country is too crowded. Everybody is there on Sunday; so I come to get the air of Paris.—French.

"How is your brother?" asked Mr. Grumper of a friend.

"Oh, so-so. His health is not any too good, and he has been bothered a great deal of late with spinal meningitis."

"Spinal who?"

"Meningitis."

"Well, why don't he shoot the Italian son of a gun?"—Williamport Breakfast Table.

In the seaport and market town of Cornwall, which derives its name from St. Iva, the daughter of an Irish chieftain who came as a missionary to Cornwall in the fifth century, there has not been a single case of drunkenness for more than two years, and there are only three or four taverns or beer shops. A whimsical custom prevails there, established by Dr. Knell, a collector of the Port of St. Ives, who died in 1811. According to promise in his will, once in every five years two old women and ten little girls under 10 walk in procession from the market house to a pyramid he erected on a lofty hill near where he is buried, sing the One Hundredth Psalm, dance round the pyramid, and have a fifty-dollar dinner at which no more potent beverage is drunk than gingerbread and oranges. And when this is over they crown with flowers the one policeman who guards the favored place.—New York