

Hon R P Battle

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FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—Keats.

To point a moral or adorn a tale.—Johnson.

Make a sunshine in a shady place.—Spencer.

All went merry as the marriage bell.—Byron.

A gilded halo hovering around decay.—Byron.

His pity gave ere charity began.—Goldsmith.

A little round, fat oily man of God.—Thomson.

They also serve, who only stand and wait.—Milton.

Airy tongues that only syllable men's names.—Milton.

She walks the water like a thing of life.—Byron.

God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb.—Stern.

Like angel's visits, few and far between.—Campbell.

Coming events cast their shadows before.—Campbell.

Even his falling leaned to virtue's side.—Goldsmith.

The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.—Milton.

If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.—Prove b.

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.—Burns.

It is right to be contented with what we have, not with what we are.—Mackintosh.

Mother Love

An incident has just come under my eye which so entirely conflicts with my ideas in regard to the habits of wild rabbits, that I give it for an extreme oddity. During the morning one of my children came in with a very white face, and an account of a large white snake seen in the back yard. A few minutes later a peculiar quaking or crying in the corner where the snake was at, attracted my attention, and running hastily in that direction I was astonished to see the last half of a chicken snake projecting from under a picket fence, and a wild rabbit biting and stamping on it, apparently making a determined effort to hold on and prevent the snake from going entirely under. A second later, and before my presence was noticed, by the combatants, the cause of the rabbit's efforts and peculiar noise was manifested by the appearance on one side of the fence of the snake's head with a tiny rabbit in its jaws. The little rabbit was held by the hind quarters and was struggling and crying vigorously for the liberty that a blow from my stick, administered to the back of the snake, secured it. The little fellow seemed uninjured, and ran off a rod or so, where the mother rabbit, who had retreated a little, my near approach, joined it, and leading the way at a deliberate gait, took it to the woods nearby. It was the strongest evidence of a mother's love and care for its offspring I have ever seen or heard of, and is the only instance I have ever known of a rabbit showing the slightest aggressive disposition, in fact, I had supposed they were entirely without any.

Don't speculate.

We have lately had a flood of embezzlement and other forms of theft, and it has been the same story in every case. True, the cashiers and others charged with the money of their employers, speculated and lost.

In ninety cases out of twenty, no crime was intended. Had the thought of their occurrence to the persons who proved criminals, they would have shuddered and recoiled from themselves; but they lost their own money; they borrowed without leave to make new ventures and ended as embezzlers and thieves.

Most of the scores of men who have lately started the country by their embezzling, were citizens of unblemished reputations, commanding the unbounded confidence of their respective communities; but the insidious ambition to get rich; to live in style; to give their children the high respectability of fortune, and to gain the mocking homage of fools and hypocrites, made them venture step by step until detected crime and inefficacy shame logically followed.

Don't speculate. Not one in a thousand of those who attempt to win fortune by speculative gambling has profited by it; and that who have not been broken in fortune, have been what is of greater value than gold—honest industry. The only wealth that lasts and that is full of comfort, is that gained by industry and enterprise, and every departure from legitimate pursuits to vain riches is crowned with peril at every step. Don't speculate.—Pitts. Times.

The Czar and the Sergeant.

The Emperor Nicholas was in the habit of going about disguised and seeing for himself how his subjects fared. He often visited the Raspberry Bush, a sort of variety theatre and a resort of thieves, and on one of these occasions disguised as a non-commissioned officer, took a seat opposite to an old Sergeant of the Guards, and entered into conversation with him. The old Sergeant spoke of the battles he had fought in, and as his new acquaintance happened to have been engaged in the same combats, they became fast friends and went to drinking vodka till close upon midnight, when the Sergeant said he must return to quarters before the cathedral clock struck 12; but that he made a rule of always drinking one last glass to the health of the Emperor, for two reasons, first because it was the duty of every soldier, and secondly, because by always remembering to do so he satisfied himself that he was not intoxicated. His friend agreed with him, the health of the Czar was drunk, and the oath approached the counter to pay to their respective scores. The old Sergeant's bill was heavier than he expected, and, having sufficient money to pay it, the bar-keeper threatened to give him into custody, when the pseudo-sergeant offered to make up the difference, which his friend, however, would not accept, but, drawing his sword from the scabbard, placed it on the counter as security, saying that he would return in the morning to redeem it, upon which he was allowed to leave, wishing his newly-made acquaintance good night and pleasant dreams. When he had left, the Emperor made himself known to the bar-keeper, who began trembling, the law being quite as severe on those who accept state property as it is on the soldiers for paring with their arms. The Czar ordered him to hand him the old Sergeant's sword, and to hold his tongue if he wanted his Majesty to overlook his serious offense, and left the Raspberry Bush with the sword under his cloak. He returned to the palace, and, rising at five o'clock next morning sent word to the commander-in-chief that he would review the third regiment of Guards (to which the old Sergeant belonged) at 6:30 that morning, or within one hour and a half of the order being issued.

At the appointed time his Majesty rode to the inspection ground with his staff and put the regiment through the drill numbers, and during which time he spied his acquaintance of the previous evening, who to his astonishment, held his sword. He then asked the colonel of the regiment if he wished to recommend an non-commissioned officer for promotion, and three officers being favorably mentioned, among them the old Sergeant, they were ordered to leave the ranks and advance to the saluting point. Here the Emperor discovered that something was wrong with his friend's sword and ordered that a criminal whose execution was to take place that morning should be brought on the field, and upon arrival commanded the Sergeant to behold him. The soldier begged that he be spared the degradation of becoming a public executioner, to which his Majesty replied, "I have said, it must be." The Sergeant, seeing that there were no means of escape, looking up to heaven, exclaimed: "Holy Virgin, I have not heard this man tried, nor do I know if he be guilty or innocent, and as I do not want to spill an innocent man's blood, I pray thee to turn this sword of mine into a useless piece of wood should this man be not guilty, he should be guilty, may his head fall as the first blow," and raising at the command and tremulous stretch dealt him a terrible blow, which caused his sword to fly in pieces, to the astonishment of every eye present, except the Emperor and himself, and to the utter bewilderment of the convict. "Holy Virgin," the Sergeant shouted, "thou has shown thy miracle and this man is innocent," to which his Majesty replied: "Yes, and by a miracle your sword that was left the Raspberry Bush and is now hanging in the palace guard room. Call for it this afternoon; your commission of Lieutenant will be tied to the hilt, but I advise you in future not to drink my health unless you have the money to pay for it."—N. Y. Times.

Press and Pulpit.

"Gay Waters, the recently-elected pastor of the Fourth Christian Church, has also joined the reformatory staff of an evening paper. No doubt the piety of the paper and the push of the pastor will be improved by the combination of journalism and preaching.—Globe-Democrat.

The Rev. Mr. Waters will find as many opportunities of telling the truth and serving God on the staff of a daily newspaper as in the pulpit on Sunday. Comic papers are responsible for the idea that a reporter is the last surviving representative

of Bohemianism, careless in his habits of life and reckless in his statements. The truth is that the very nature of a reporter's work requires regularity, punctuality and accuracy, and any one who would undertake to join the staff of a daily newspaper is the expectation that he would have nothing to do but to loaf around public places, or that he could draw any salary that he had not earned by his work, would be most woefully disappointed. As for accuracy and rufeness there is no calling in the world which is subjected to so severe a test as that of a reporter. The doctor's mistakes are hidden under ground, the lawyer's are known only to the judge, the minister's congregation cannot answer him back the merchant's mistakes are corrected privately, but thousands of critics stand ready to test the report of work and if he makes a mistake his paper is called to account for it publicly.—S. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Grandeur of Woman.

When you want to get the grandest idea of a Queen, you do not think of Catherine of Russia, or of Anne of England or of Marie Theresa, of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a Queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walking with him arm in arm down life's pathway, sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together, soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports listening to your evening prayers, holding for you with needle, or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then, at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying and your father take those thin hands with which she had tended for you so long and put them together in a dying prayer, that commanded you to the God whom she had taught you to trust—oh, she was the Queen! The chariot of God went down to fetch her, and as she went in, all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel a such child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying, "Mother, mother!" Ah, she was the Queen! To make one such woman as I have described how many thousands would you want of those people who go in the raiment of fashion and dissipation, distressing their body until in their most straitened they seem to outdo the dromedary and his popotamou, going as far towards disgraceful apparel as they dare go, so as not to be arrested by the police, their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature to the vicious, and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons; and tramping on down through a frivolous, dissipated life, to temporal and eternal damnation.—Dr. Talague in Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.

A Living Woman Photographed in Her Coffin.

A young woman of intelligence and culture, having a great dislike to the heathenish custom of inviting the wretched mob at a funeral to view the corpse, expressed the wish that when her funeral took place no one should be allowed to look at her. One of Miss B's family, in order to turn the dismal subject into a joke, remarked that her friends would be very much grieved if they could not see such a beautiful corpse. "Oh, I will be old and ugly then," she said and sighed. It seemed so ludicrous that a young girl should wish to die before she was old so as to make a handsome corpse and yet not wish to be seen that far later said, "You had better rent a coffin have made one hang around and have your photograph taken, when you can decide whether or not you care to be gazed upon." This idea tickled the maiden fair, who was seeking for something novel, that she proposed at once to carry out the plan. The horror of the photographer out made Miss B more desirous of seeing herself resting on satin cushions, clad in a snow-white robe, bordered with swan's down—a lily clasped in her hands. When this startling photograph reached me a tear trembled for one moment in my heart, but did not rise to my eye, ere I thought, as love is death as in life, no wonder her afflicted family wish to preserve the likeness of such a corpse. Then, turning the card over to see where a perfect work of art was taken, what is my astonishment to read, in Miss B's own handwriting, "Please do not ask to see me after I am dead. This is better than the reality."—Boston Courier.

When a colored man gets to be so well educated that he dares believe in de Bible, he has lost his identity as a nigger and jitt ain't fitter ter be classed wid de white folks.—Arkansas Traveler.

A Strange, Long Sleep.

Skillful medical men, deep thinkers, and even the psychologically gifted have been called on for opinions as to what ails Mr. Thomas W. Platt, of Bridgeport, Conn., who at first induced his drowsiness, and what has tended to bind and keep him so long in a lethargic state, compared with which there is no parallel in medical history. Whether it was malaria, sun-stroke, or the two combined that induced his present condition or not, certain it is that after last Thanksgiving he kept himself aloof, remained most of the time within doors, and three or four days before Christmas sank into a deep sleep in his bed, continuing there till the latter part of January, scarcely changing his position or recognizing any person in attendance, and not once rousing from his stupor. Toward spring there was a slight change in the weather, which was marked by an inclination to move, but he did not open his eyes, and during the three months since his semi-unconsciousness set in has scarcely been enough to sustain life. What influence kept life in him is more than any one can tell. While the glibbing days he was from time to time bolstered up in bed, still with closed eyes and mouth sealed against speech. He expressed a sound or motion of evidence of suffering, and at times seemed to indicate that his wish was simply to be left alone. Later he was assisted to a sitting position, but the kindest words of an affectionate mother were uttered in vain in his ears—those words it is upon the value of one totally bereft of reason. At last he was taken from the bed and his clothing removed. This was brought about with difficulty, and he was like one with no life and no muscular power. In April he began to walk trembling at first, holding on to articles of furniture, and afterward he could stand and walk alone. No power of language however, resulted in reply of a syllable. As days came and went, he walked from his bed to the rocker, and back again to the bed. Day by day like an infant he was dressed and undressed. Evidences of returning strength have been marked since the arrival of warm weather, but reason only in part. Hunger has swayed him to answer its call, and as if by instinct, a while ago he scented the way to the household pantry, some boyish memory, it may be of the hiding place of fried cakes and mince pie giving the bread direction, and he has since, at nearly regular intervals, oscillated between the chair and the cupboard shelves. In transit his eyes have opened only partially, and he has uttered involuntary words only, and none of which could be understood or accepted as intelligent or with a motive. Rising in the morning after sleeping soundly all night he is now regularly put into his garments like a baby, and put into the rocker where he immediately sinks to slumber. In the chair he maintains an upright position, gently leaning with the left arm for support on the arm of a chair, his eyes all the while closed. When hunger prompts he rises, often with his eyes shut, proceeds to the pantry, eats, returns to the chair, sleeps, and when again comes, sits robes and goes to sleep again. The period of his lethargy at this writing covers 188 days, with no evidence of change for better or worse, though hope on the part of friends is at least that he may live and yet come out of it and be himself again.—Brooklyn Standard.

Fretting.

The sin of fretting is almost universal. It is as common a sin, as speechless common that unless it rises above its usual monotony, we do not even notice it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and how many minutes it will be before some body frets—that is makes more or less complaining statement of something or other, which most probably every one in the room, or on the stage, or the car, or the street corner, as it may be, knows of, and which most probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry, somebody has broken an appointment, it cooked a meal, stupidly or odd faith some where has resulted in discomfort. There are always plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance and discomfort may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things.

Points About the Pin.

If you ask the lady of the house, the cook or the chambermaid anything about pins she will tell you the best pins are made in England; she knows the price per paper and can buy as many as you want if the change is furnished. But she never has a pin to spare. Lots of pins are manufactured and sold, but no man knows what becomes of them. There is always a nice pin cushion on your bureau, but never a pin in it. Some people say a mouth full of pins

sharpens a lady's voice. And that at first sight would seem to solve the mystery of the vanished pins. But the ladies do not make a practice of biting pins in this way, much less can it be supposed that they swallow pins. The dull-stick cook or house-keeper is too smart for that. Pins are not biteable. It is said, too, that they are made of a metal that is poisonous to the teeth. They are not therefore, healthy as a toothpick. And they are most always absent.

Occasionally, if a young man places his hand on a young lady's waist, say in a round dance, he will be sure to carry the mark of a pin on his finger for many a day. But a lady's waist is no place for pins. A thoughtful man going about the house usually sees lots of pins in the carpets. I may take him a lifetime to find this or that use it is easier to buy pins and throw them around carelessly than it is to save them and stick them in a case when done with. But a man must not expect too much of the genius of the housewife. And when he is hard up for a pin, the points mentioned are usually available.

A Hermit's Queer Home.

Professor Lemmon and his wife recently returned from a bonanzaing trip in the wilds of Arizona. The Professor bore letters of introduction to a curious old hermit, the only occupant of Rucker Valley, calling himself Dr. Monroe. That was the objective point. As the professor approached the home of their host, the hermit's cocking, then the upper part of his coat opened and the old hermit's apparel—a little old man with a crooked nose like an eagle's, a disparted straw hat over his right ear, long, fine hair streaked with gray, and piercing black eyes. His clothing was half military, half frontier and he read the letter and then opened in lower part of the door and invited his guests in.

The hermit entertained his guests with stories of his life and his instrument of defense, which consisted of a certain tunnel, so ingeniously constructed that it is worthy of description. At the back of the cabin some sacks were carelessly hung which, when drawn aside, disclosed what appeared to be a cellar, but which was really the opening of a tunnel 120 feet long, with a couple of bow in the middle and a cabin at each end. The tunnel was just high enough for himself, and he was a short man, only about five and a half feet high. The bottom and roof were rough with cobble stones. The middle was enlarged to allow for strong defense. It was very dark, and unless one was acquainted with it, it was of no use to try to follow the hermit. For defense, in case he was overpowered, he had an arrangement of fuse carefully covered over with rock and cobbles, which when fired would blow up everything.

This Dr. Monroe was a very intelligent man and had evidently moved in high circles. He had had some twenty-three different occupations in life, from playing the clarinet in a circus to teaching school in Virginia and practicing medicine. Hanging over the fireplace were not less than two or three, in different stages of disputation, and he was never seen without one of these on. He never put it a square on his head, but always wore one on. He kept cats and chickens, and when asked why he did not have a dog he said that several years ago he had a partner on a mountain scheme and they had a dog which was considered very faithful. One day the partner returned to the cabin to get dinner, and when Dr. Monroe reached it an hour later he found his friend dead. The dog had not given the alarm of the approach of the Indians, but had taken off and hid. After that he never had any faith in dogs.—San Francisco Press.

What a Barometer Tells of Weather.

Higher barometer means that the mercury is rising and lower barometer that it is falling.

Higher pressure is synonymous with higher barometer, and lower pressure with lower barometer. In case of a higher barometer it indicates a colder and contracting atmosphere and consequently a diminution of moisture.

A lower barometer indicates an expanding atmosphere with greater capacity for holding moisture.

In case of rising barometer it indicates a decrease of moisture and diminishes the humidity for rain.

A falling barometer indicates an increased amount of moisture and greater humidity for rain and with it we have an increase in humidity.

When the barometer rises in cloudy weather it is generally an indication that the clouds will break and be followed by fair weather.

A sudden change in the barometer, either rising or falling is a fair indication of approaching high winds.

At sunset if the sun goes down behind a cloud covered by a bank of clouds with a falling barometer, rain will follow in nineteen cases out of twenty on the succeeding day. If the sun is obscured at its setting by clouds, with a rising barometer and cooler winds, the chances are nineteen to twenty no rain will fall on the succeeding day.

There are three fair weather sunsets—the red, the yellow and the green. Green and red are exceptional, the green more so than the red.

It will seldom happen that we will have a rainfall on a day succeeding one on which any of the three above colors are dominant at sunset on the day before. It occasionally happens, however, that rain will fall with no indication whatever on the preceding day would lead one to expect it.

A Girl, a Post and a Grocery Clerk.

"A very pretty and beautiful girl fell in love with a young man," said a lady, "two papers with a window every morning. He had beautiful eyes, had black eyes, and her hair brushed back from a noble brow, and under his arm he always carried a brown book. She used to sit by the window every morning and watch for his coming, and presently he began to notice her and one day he brought a bunch of violets and placed them on the sill of the windowed window, and then she was sure he was a poet, and every morning he did the same thing, until she fairly grew to worship him. But one day near the end of the month he came and ran the doorbell and presented a bill of \$10.00 for violets delivered at the house every morning, and then the young man's maiden discovered he was a grocery clerk and the brown book was his tobacco box."

Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all men are agreed.—Cicero.

Marcolini.

It was midnight. The great clock had struck, and was still echoing through every porch and gallery in the quarter of St. Mark, when a young citizen wrapped in his cloak, was hastening home from an interview with his young mistress. His steps were light, for his heart was so.

Her parents had just consented to their marriage. The very day was named. "Lovely Giuletta!" he cried, "and shall I then call thee mine at last?" "Was ever so best as thy Marcolini?"

But as he spoke he stopped, for something glittered on the stone pavement before him. It was a scabbard of rich workmanship, and the dagger, what was it but an earnest of good fortune? "R'st thou there!" he cried, thrusting it gently into his belt.

"It is another claims thee not, thou hast changed masters!"

And on he went as before, humming the burden of a song, which he and his Giuletta had been singing together. But little we know what the next minute was bringing forth!

He entered by the church of St. Geminiano, and in three steps met the watch. A terrible murder has just been committed.

The Senator Rinaldi had been found dead as his door the dagger left in his heart. The unfortunate Marcolini was dragged away for examination.

The place, the time, everything served to excite, to justify suspicion.

And no sooner had he entered the guard-house than a damning witness appeared against him.

The bravo in his flight had thrown away his scabbard.

And smeared with blood—with blood not yet dry, it was now in the belt of Marcolini.

Its partridge ornaments struck every eye.

When the fatal dagger was produced and compared with it not a doubt of his guilt remained.

Still there is in the innocent an energy, a coarseness when they are silent, to which none can be altogether insensible; and the judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, although he was a near relation of the dead.

At length, however, it came, and Marcolini lost his life, and Giuletta her reason.

Not many years afterwards the truth revealed itself, the real criminal in his last moments confessing the crime; and hence the custom in Venice, a custom that long prevailed, for a victim to cry out in the court before a sentence was passed, "Remember poor Marcolini!"

Her Parents Had Just Consented to Their Marriage.

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Whitely gives her husband de headache but ter de wife de headache.