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A Morning Call.

When she awoke
She wore a kerchief round her head,
Her papered curls to hide,
The boucous on her skirts were torn,
Her slippers were untied,
Her jacket wanted buttons, and
'Twas not exactly clean,
And through her worn-out sleeves quits plain
Her elbows could be seen.

When she received him
Upon her brow her fluffy hair
Like tangled sunshine lay,
Her pretty Mother Hubbard gown
Was rich in ribbons gay,
Her little shoes were decked with bows,
Some meadow flowers cling
Near her fair throat, and from her side
A small seen-bottle hung.

And it's a sure thing
That never yet for conjurer
Did quicker change befall,
Than that young man evoked who came
To make a morning call.

—Philadelphia News.

An Uncommon Proceeding.

"How cold it is growing," said Miss Wait, the teacher of the common school in the then brisk little manufacturing village of Shattuckville, as she tied on her soft blue hood, buttoned her warm flannel cloak, looked at the window-fastenings of the not-over-commodious or attractive but snug schoolroom, locked her desk, and carefully shut the damper of the air-tight wood stove, preparatory to quitting her domain of labor for the night.

As she picked up her rubber shoes and stooped to draw them over her shapely kid boot, she cogitated:

"Oh, dear! Tommy Howe's red toes sticking so pathetically through those old-gaping shoes fairly haunt me. I wonder if, in all this prosperous, busy village, there is no way of getting that poor child decently clad. I must think it over and see what I can do about it."

Twenty-four hours later the leading man of the village, and the owner of the little factory there, who, years before, when a poor boy, had stranded down from Vermont to this little hamlet, eccentric and brusque, but kind-hearted, keen-eyed, and observant of all that was going on within his domain, was walking along the street and met a bright-eyed and sprightly lad of 10 speeding ahead with that amusing, unconscious, consequential air that a boy carries with his first brand-new pair of boots.

"Old Sam" Whittier, as this gentleman was familiarly called, not by reason of advanced age by any means, but because of his supremacy as the mill-owner and employer of all the help in the hamlet, took in the situation at a glance, and called out to the absorbed child,

"Hullo, youngster! where d'ya get them fellers?"

"Teacher gave them to me, sir," and the lad's tattered cap came quickly off, and he stood with it in his hand.

"Does she buy boots for all the boys in the school?" he growled out.

"Guess not; but she bought Joe Briggs a speller and Jane Cass an arithmetic, and she gives away stacks of slate-pencils and paper and ink, and such things."

"What made her go and buy them nice boots for you?"

"She said she wanted to, sir; and when I said I had no money to pay her for them, she said she'd rather be paid in perfect lessons; and I will try my best to pay for them in that way, you may be sure, sir."

"Pretty good sort of a teacher, is she, bub?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! I guess she must be the best teacher that ever lived, sir—she tells us about so many things that we never knew before; and she wants us to be good and honest and not tell lies, and she says we shall be men and women by and by, and she wants us boys to know something so we can own factories our own selves some time. The other teachers we've had only heard our lessons and let us go, but she's so different!"

"Well, well, bub. I shall have to think this business over a little. Now run along, and go to scratchin' over them 'perfect lessons.' I don't suppose you'll find a person in Shattuckville a better judge of perfect lessons, or how much they are worth, both to the teacher and to the scholar, than 'Old Sam' Whittier. So, bub, look after your ways, and I shall look after you."

The next morning a little note written in a course business hand was dispatched to the teacher by the hand of one of the children. It ran as fol-

"MISS WAIT: I have heard of some rather uncommon proceedings on your part as a teacher toward your scholars. I would like to inquire of you personally as to particulars. Will you do me the favor to run over to my house directly after the close of your school this afternoon."

"SAMUEL WHITTIER."

"What can I have done?" thought that little teacher, in such a perturbed state of mind that she corrected Johnny Snow's mistake in his multiplication by telling him seven times nine was fifty-four. Indeed, she let the mistake go so long that every little hand belonging to the second primary class was stretched up in a frenzy of excitement. "Let me see; what is it I have done the past week? I switched Bobbie Baker pretty smartly, to be sure—and I kept Sam Woodruff after school—and I kept Marion Fisk in from recess for whispering; but I must keep order. Well, dear me, I have tried to do my duty, and I won't worry; and Miss Wait resolutely went back to "seven times nine," and so proceeded in the usual routine.

But she ate no dinner that noon, and had a decided headache as she crossed the big bridge over the hill to the mill-owner's residence.

"I shall not back down in anything where my clear duty and self-respect are involved," thought she. "I have set up a certain ideal as to what a teacher of these little common schools ought to be, and I will, God and my mind, good courage and health not forsaking me, bring myself as near to it as possible. Moreover, I will not consider, in the premises, whether the scholars are children of the rich or learned, or of the poor or ignorant. For the time being God has placed in my care ragged, dirty little wretches of a factory village, as well as clean, well-dressed, attractive children."

"Good evening, good evening, ma'am," said "Old Sam" Whittier, in his gruff way, meeting the teacher at the door. "As I said in my note to you, I heard to-day of some rather uncommon proceedings on your part. I saw, ma'am, little Tommy Howe in a new pair of boots this morning. Do you know how he came by them?"

"I bought them for him, Mr. Whittier," wondering whether the local magnate suspected the poor child of stealing.

"Oh, you did! Are you in the habit of furnishing your scholars with such articles? Was the providing of boots a part of your business contract with the committee? If it was, I can put you in the way of buying boots at wholesale in Boston, where I get my supply for my store."

"It will not be necessary, sir," replied the teacher, with dignity. "I thank you for your kind offer, however."

"Why did you furnish boots in this particular case, if I may inquire?"

"The lad is very poor. His mother has her hands full with the smaller children. Tommy is learning rapidly; I see marks of rare intelligence in him. It would be a pity to have him taken out of school at this time when he is so much engaged. Should he continue coming clad as he was in such weather as this he would be ill soon. I could not take the risk in either case."

"Are you able to let your heart get the better of you in this way?"

"I have my wages only," replied the young woman, with dignity.

"Then you probably will have to retrench not a little in your own expenses."

"If I do it will harm no one's purse or pride but my own. In this instance it may be the matter of a pair of gloves or an ostrich tip with me. With him the little act may make a difference that shall be lasting through time and eternity."

"You have been attending that school over to South Hadley, I hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been through it, or graduated, as they call it?"

"Oh, no; I have attended but two terms. But I am fully determined to complete the course."

"Hum—all right. Miss Wait, you seem to be doing some good work among the children over the river there. I am going to think it all over; but look here—if any more of those little rascals need boots, let me know. I shall consider it a privilege to provide them. You know I can obtain them at wholesale—ha! ha!" and the now greatly relieved teacher's interview with the mill-owner ended.

"If she goes on teaching on and off, and then taking a term on and off at Mount Holyoke, she can't graduate for years," ruminated Old Sam Whittier, as he watched her tripping on over the hill; "it's ridiculous."

And so it came to pass, when Miss Wait was paid her small salary at the end of the term, she found in the envelope containing the order on the town treasurer a check with a slip of paper pinned to it, reading thus:

"This may be an uncommon proceeding, but I thought it over and have concluded that you had better go right along in your studies at South Hadley until you graduate. After that, with your pluck and principle, you will be able to invest in boots or books, or in any way you see fit. Very truly yours,

"SAMUEL WHITTIER."

I leave this true little sketch without comment. It carries its own lesson, both to struggling young teachers with hearts and brains, and to prosperous men of affairs, who may lend a helping hand to deserving ones.

Grant's Type.

"Gath" says in an article on General Grant in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*: In the great men of the past we find none of the type of General Grant. Cromwell and Wellington suggest no resemblance to him either in origin or temperament. Among modest heroes like Admiral De Ruyter, he might be classified but for the supreme honors he has attained. It was told of De Ruyter that on the morning after a battle of four days a visitor found him sweeping his cabin and feeding his chickens; and "when decorated with honors and titles by every Prince of Europe he never in the slightest degree overcame his innate modesty." Both De Ruyter, who was taken out of a rope-yard, and Grant, out of a tannery, were sincere republicans, graduated by a sense of duty that suppressed all restless, vulgar ambition. Grant is the earliest fruit of that perfected and simplified republicanism which was seeded and ripened beyond the Ohio river. He is not only American, but North-western. People who are seeking in him traces of the old Colonial gentry, like Washington, are ignorant of their country and its expansion. What Washington but dimly conceived the age and locality of Grant have fully realized—a powerful democracy and its home heroes. He was born on the public land, went to land-endowed Public Schools, and was the son on both sides of pioneers. The whole machinery of the Federal Constitution and the statutes of the government of the North-western Territory had gone into operation when he came upon the stage. No other President except Lincoln had been exclusively Western grown, and Lincoln was born in Kentucky, though of Pennsylvania descent.

Grant's stock is Puritan and Pennsylvanian. He is of English Puritan stock, which came to this country in 1630, ten years after the Pilgrim Fathers.

The Man with the Camellia.

"L'Homme au Camellie" (The Man with the Camellia) is the heading a French paper gave lately to a sketch of one of the many original figures to be seen on the Parisian boulevard. Though invariably clad in the shabbiest attire—for excellent reasons—the individual in question is never without a magnificent white camellia at his button-hole. A year or two ago he had, it seems, a rare run of luck at the green table, and with eccentric prudence, he determined to ensure, in the season of his prosperity, that whatever privation the turn of fortune's wheel might bring with it, he should never want for his favorite flower. He asked his *fleuriste* one day accordingly what sum she would take to supply him with a white camellia every day for the rest of his life. The amount fixed upon—a very considerable one, as may be supposed—was paid on the spot, and now the ruined gamester struts daily along the asphalt, rejoicing in the possession of a camellia worth rather more than the coat it adorns.

So Near and Yet so Far.

Dainty Dude—"Melinda, how did you like my serenade last night?"

Melinda—"I didn't like your position."

"My position? My attitude, you mean."

"No, your position. You weren't far enough away for me not to hear you, and you weren't close enough

LAND OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

Some Traits of the People in the Arctic Regions.

A Savage Race who Can Draw Maps and Have Tremendous Appetites.

Writing about the Esquimaux in the *New York Times* Lieut. Schwatka says: "They are rude topographical engineers as well as sculptors, and are extremely good map makers for such unkempt savages. Nearly every white man, explorer or otherwise, who has visited their country and associated with them speaks of this trait being very conspicuous in them. It seems especially well developed in the women, although many of the men, from their greater amount of journeyings over and around a country, are often in a position to make more accurate drawings in the details or particular places. I have had several occasions to use them as map makers, and find their rude charts quite accurate, good enough at least to enable me to recognize the places I was trying to make out. These propensities for drawing and carving have often been utilized by ethnologists to show the origin of this great family or race which caps the North American Continent. Nothing so pleased the little ones of the Innuits as a pencil and a clean piece of paper on which they could draw, and quite often we would find a group of these spending hours in producing fearful hieroglyphics, until the sheet looked like a pattern sheet from a ladies' fashion magazine. The nautical almanacs and books of tables for the party were profusely ornamented with these rude drawings, and the more important records only escaped a similar fate by being kept under lock and key when not used by us.

The ornamental displays in the sewing of the women are those which are confined to the limited varieties of colors to be found on the seal and reindeer. The fur of the latter in its prime is in the darkest-colored animals quite a glossy black on the back, the flanks and belly being white, and between these extremes every shade of gray can be found. The skin of the former is tanned in two ways, one of which makes it black, the other a dirty white, and their best sewers combine these furs and skins in designs often quite intricate, and not without pleasing effect. None of the men or boys know much about sewing, although I doubt if like other savages they consider it degrading, in so many things do they assist their women with their work. As a war party is wholly unknown among them, and these are the only kinds of parties among most savages unaccompanied by women, it is seldom that the Innuits have not their footgear in the very best condition, and somebody always with them to keep it so should it get otherwise.

One of the duties of the Esquimaux women is to chew the hides of the *ook-jook* (great seal) that are intended for the soles and footcovering of the seal-skin boots, this process rendering them more nearly waterproof, and they may be seen thus engaged in almost every tent or snowhouse. By the time they are old crones and too weak from age to chew on the sole-leather any longer, their teeth are worn down almost to their gums with the constant attrition. They will often do this labor as a pastime while employed at some other work which only requires about half the attention and the use of one hand, as cooking, leaving the other hand free to roll the great bolus of seal leather around in the mouth, that keeps opening and shutting all day with the regularity of a windmill pump, and with just such spasmodic variations, according to the intensity of the mental wind.

It would hardly do for one to imagine that an Esquimaux could tire his jaws with wagging them, so constantly do some of them keep them going in eating their almost continual lunches of raw frozen meat and not tidbits from the stone kettle hanging over the stone lamp. As an example of their enormous appetite, an Esquimaux boy, supplied by Capt. Perry, of the royal navy, while wintering among them, devoured in one day over 10 pounds of solid food and drank of tea, coffee, and water over a gallon and a half. A man of the same tribe, (one of those not far from North Hudson Bay, where I wintered,) ate 10 pounds of solid material, which included a couple

of candles, and drank of various liquids a gallon and a half, and these people were only about 4 to 4½ feet in height. I might give some instances in my own party, but being a practical convert to the theory of the necessity of considerable food in that climate I shall desist.

The Esquimaux have often been accused of eating tainted meat. This is true to a limited extent. The fat meats of seal and walrus are stored away in the Summer for future use, and this fat is a true preservative, never allowing the meat to go beyond rancidity, that is to putrefaction, and no more in that state than is caviar, and some kinds of game and cheese. All the lean meats, such as reindeer or musk oxen, are generally disposed of immediately in the warm Summer and only put in caches after freezing weather has come on. The general impression of people is that they drink oil (rendered from fats) of all kinds almost as copiously as we drink water, and yet I have seldom seen them do this, and understand that it is only done to avert starvation, except salmon oil. I doubt if they use as much oil as some civilized nations. In the shape of huge chunks of blubber from the whale, seal, or walrus, they consume enormous quantities, but to drink it in the pure state, or to even use it as a dressing for any other cooking, is very rare indeed. The Esquimaux in and around the mouth of Black's Great Fish River catch quantities of fat salmon, and a great deal of oil is obtained from these fat fish. This oil I have seen them drink and have soused it myself. About the middle of December, 1879, in our midwinter sledge journey from the Arctic Sea to Hudson Bay, our supply of *toodnoo* (reindeer fat) ran very low, and so did the thermometer, and we noticed the disappearance of our fatty food very conspicuously in the greater effort that was necessary to keep warm. After matters had been running this way two or three days, one of my Inuit sledgesmen came to me and showed me a couple of receptacles, being reindeer bladders, each holding nearly a quart of salmon oil, and poured me out a gill of the stuff from one, which he told me to drink to drive away the cold. My repugnance for the odor I soon overcame, knowing the usual after effect, and I downed the dose as an old toper would his morning drink, but with a horrible grimace. I might add that the effect of warmth, a pleasant glow all over the body, was apparent about as soon as if I had taken that amount of alcohol, although one would imagine that the oil would have to digest according to known laws of assimilation before producing warmth. Several times afterward I repeated the agreeable dose, and always found the same effect of genial warmth.

New Theories About Eating.

Dr. R. M. Hodges, once read a paper before the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, in which he touched on this question upon which doctors disagree, and said: "It is a common impression that to take food immediately before going to bed and to sleep is unwise. Such a suggestion is answered by a reminder that the instinct of animals prompts them to sleep as soon as they have eaten; and in summer an after-dinner nap, especially when that meal is taken at mid-day, is a luxury indulged in by many. If the ordinary hour of the evening meal is six or seven o'clock, and of the first morning meal 7 or 8 o'clock, an interval of twelve hours, or more, elapses without food, and for persons whose nutrition is at fault this is altogether too long a period of fasting. That such an interval without food is permitted explains many a restless night, and much of the head and backache, and the languid, half-rested condition on rising, which is accompanied by no appetite for breakfast. This meal itself often dissipates these sensations. It is, therefore, desirable, if not essential, when nutriment is to be crowded, that the last thing before going to bed should be the taking of food. Sleeplessness is often caused by starvation, and a tumbler of milk, if drunk in the middle of the night, will often put people to sleep when hypnotics would fail of their purpose. Food before rising is equally important and expedient. It supplies strength for bathing and dressing, laborious and wearisome tasks for the underfed, and is a better morning 'pick-me-up' than any 'tonic.'"

Hope.

Storm overhanging
Darkens the plain!
Silence most dismal
Burdens the brain.
The wind that passes
Over the marsh
SOUNDS in the grasses
Sullen and harsh.
Down thro' the darkness
Cutting its way,
Gleams from the heavens
One single ray.
There in the tempest,
Threatened with blight,
One simple flower
Sparkles with light!

—Richard L. Dawson in the *Current*.

HUMOROUS.

Wanted.—A sheet from an oyster bed.

Hooking and lying are the fisherman's crying sins.

A cyclone is like a waiter. It carries everything before it.

The bird family must have a jolly time—they have so many larks.

Wealth screens depravity, but it isn't worth shucks as a preventive of corns.

Women are not inventive as a rule. They have no eagerness for new wrinkles.

Another triumph of modern science. A firm advertises: "Artificial flower boys wanted."

"I've lost ten pounds of flesh on your account," sighed the butcher, as a dog ran off with a steak.

"He never had but one genuine case in his life," said a lawyer of a rival, "and that was when he prosecuted his studies."

"Never mind me," said Mrs. Jones before she was married, and that is exactly what her husband did after the honeymoon was over.

"O where does beauty linger?" demanded a Quaker City poetess. As usual thing, she lingers in the parlor until her mother has cleaned up the kitchen.

Of the seven successful candidates for the Presidency during the past twenty-eight years five are dead, while of the seven unsuccessful aspirants five are alive.

There's a farmer boy in Ohio, who has the making of a "funny man" in him. He recently wrote an ode to the dead mother of his pet lamb, and called it a "Eve-logy."

Dairy Cows in Switzerland.

An American, who has spent some time in France, writes: Now that co-operative cheese and butter 'farmeries' are the order of the day, I wish to draw attention to the special breed of cattle in the Canton of Appenzell. The cows are good milkers, small but well built, admirably adapted for mountainous regions, and easily cared for. They are small feeders, and their milk is as rich as a Jersey, and abundant as a Kerry or West Highland cow. They yield from fourteen to twenty quarts of milk a day, but the average daily yield for the year is about eight quarts. The cows are hired for the summer pasturing on the slopes of the Alps, for 16 or 20 francs, and descend in the autumn, comparatively fat. The proprietor himself, or a member of his family acts as herd, and superintends the sale of the milk at the central depot, or more generally converts it himself into cheese. He may have from twenty to sixty cows. The latter never exceed six hundred weight. They receive the bull when 18 months old, and when they have had six calves are fattened for the butcher. Young bulls of 2 to 3 years old are selected to serve. Cows intended for the summer highland pasture are preferred if they have calved in February, and for lowland grazing if in November. Calves destined for the butcher are only allowed to suckle their mother three or four times. They are then fed from the pail twice a day, milk and water at first, then pure milk mixed with the refuse of the cheese factory, but they are finished off on goat's milk. The cows are milked twice a day, and receive salt every second day. They are daily curried, and occasionally washed. When wet, after a storm or rain, they are rubbed with a wisp of straw—this keeps away, it is considered, rheumatism. The Swiss loves his cow as an Arab loves his horse; he employs neither whip, stick, nor dog. Government is all by the voice. He addresses them as his dear beast—*das liebe Vieh!*