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Fun in a Drug Store.

"Night in a drug store and you'll see a voice sang out from a shelf—'Hey, Rubel!'"

"Who do you call Rubel?" asked a voice near by.

"That's your name," growled a grumpy old fellow.

"What do you want?" growled another.

"I want a bottle of that Truss hanging down your pants," said a Truss hanging down his pants.

"Ain't it a little dull down here?" asked a Truss hanging down his pants.

"I'm serious as a bunch of camels," said a Truss hanging down his pants.

"Water said they acted as if they'd been across the street and down the road," said a Truss hanging down his pants.

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One Less at Home—One more in Heaven.

The charmed circle broken—a dear face missed day by day from its accustomed place. But cleared, and saved, and perfected by grace.

One more in Heaven!

One less at home!

One farrowed and broken and evermore one farrowed and broken on the shore. Where parking comes not, one soul landed more.

One more in Heaven!

Child as the earth-born first thought would be.

And wrap our feet about, and dim our eyes.

But the bright sunbeam darted from the skies—

One more in Heaven!

One more at home!

This is not home, where, crumpled in earthly mold,

Our right of Christ to him—our love is cold.

But there, where face to face we shall behold,

Is home and Heaven!

One less on earth!

Its pain, its sorrow, and its toil to share;

One less the pilgrim's daily cross to bear;

One more the crown of ransomed souls to wear.

At home in Heaven!

Another thought to brighten cloudy days,

Another thought of thankfulness and praise,

Another link on high our souls to raise,

To home and Heaven!

One more at home!

That home where separation cannot be,

That home where none are missed eternally,

Lord Jesus, grant us all a place with Thee,

At home in Heaven!

THE PRIMA DONNA.

The first time I saw them they were both in the window.

Charissina was leaning her arms upon the sill and gazing upward at a flock of sparrows quarreling and chattering on the opposite house-tops. She looked like one of Raphael's cherubs, with her tangle of hair and Italian eyes, a finger on her lip. Her dress, which was white and flowing, with a scarlet band about it, was clasped at the throat with a gleaming curio. There were tiny ornaments in her ears which twinkled and danced as she turned her head.

Antonio stood behind her with eyes turned above and beyond the sparrows. His expression, as I made it out, was that of a man who had forever settled the most vital question of his life, and henceforth deals in no secondary ones. A pale face, cut clear as a cameo with proud, acquiescent mouth.

I was loth in making their acquaintance, for they seemed content to live apart, although Charissina had nodded to me in a friendly manner more than once.

One afternoon when she appeared at her favorite haunt in the window and I had seen Antonio, whom I somewhat feared, go down the street with his sketch-book under his arm, I seized a spot of primroses from my balcony, as a propitiation, and ran across.

She had seen me coming and admitted me herself with a half-shy, half-happy courtesy, a beautiful fan of scarlet plumes in her hand.

The room which I entered was one of three in direct communication, but separated by hangings of antique silk pushed far along the rods. To utter a cry of admiration was inevitable—all was so beautiful, so full of individual life. I had known that Antonio was an artist, and a successful one, but the work that surrounded me exceeded my wildest surmises.

The face of an angel confronted me, lying against a velvet panel of some oriental blue. Never, heaven knows, could such a countenance have found its home on earth. A copy of Dante and a few violets lay on the couch beneath it, from the ruffled cushions of which Antonio had lately risen.

Between the windows hung a painting in oils. It seemed to me, at first, merely a rosyate sky ruffling in little waves of pink toward the west. But suddenly I discovered a river gushing through a desert country, and the river took the color of the sky. There was not a tree, nor shrub, nor living creature in the scene—only that marvelous glow in wave and cloud. On either side of it were water-colors of pink-flowers, one azalea, the other a foreign plant unknown to me. I became suddenly aware indeed that this same pale flush pervaded all the room, changing in effect, for it was not a monotone.

On a table at my hand lay a half-finished sketch of pansies, soft, perfect things, with a purple dust upon them. Involuntarily I turned from them to the angelic face upon the wall, and Charissina said, simply, "Those are the Lady Rose's eyes."

When Antonio has finished them he will hang them there beside the arabes in the corner, which is her smile. She was fond of pink; it was her favorite color—and Antonio has mastered all the shades. My brother loved in vain," she continued, dramatically, pressing her palms together, while the plummy fan slipped to the floor and lay at her feet. "She is there," pointing to the angelic face, "and there, and there, in all the flowers." That rosy sky—it is the Lady Rose, and the river, that is Antonio's life, tinged with the color of the sky. It is a pity that he cannot do her hair." "Charissina," he sometimes says, "look! the streak of light that sometimes comes through the shutter yonder! Pick it up—bring it to me if thou canst." And by that he means that it is as hard to gather the sunlight up into the two hands

You have been in Rome? You have been in the galleries?

Ah, but there is nothing there like the Lady Rose's hair."

Charissina paused for a moment, looked at me questioningly, and then went on:

"She was a great singer, but it was a humiliation to see Antonio follow in her footsteps, from Italy to France, from St. Petersburg to the Nile, like a patient slave, and Antonio of so noble a family! He suffered, the anguish of a purgatory for her. And she—oh, some women are ingriditors! Sometimes she sang for weeks in the same city, and then he was in paradise. He sent her flowers, such lovely flowers! Not great bouquets, or vulgar baskets, but some rare blossoms such as devoted love alone could procure. And while she still sang on, smiling upon him like a spirit from the heavenly world, she held them in her hand. She pressed them lightly to her breast; she buried her lips in their bloom."

"It is curious what lives people can live together who never meet. Antonio in his box, the Lady Rose on the stage—they experienced all that human hearts can. I mean Antonio did. The Lady Rose had neither heart nor experience. She was a beautiful creature, a vision, Antonio said, of love and song."

"At last she came to America, and for a time we lost her. It is hard to pursue in a country so vast as this. She adored us, and then eluded us; had gone, or failed to keep her engagements. I was very weary of the interminable fight, but the look in my brother's eyes never permitted me to rebel."

"We were in a city of the west. I had been ill, and Antonio had lingered faithfully beside me, although the hindrance must have cost him much. We were driven through the open country, and as we passed a frame, created for the purpose, I saw the mate of the Lady Rose. It was the bills announcing her to sing that night, and as we drove along they multiplied, and there were rude portraits of her in the windows of the shops."

"Imbeciles!" muttered Antonio, who could not bear these outrages upon art; but nevertheless, there was a note of joy in his voice. I was too tired to go with him to the opera, and anyway it was best that he should go alone. He was very handsome that night. You have remarked that he is so? His eyes were brilliant and restless as stars. He had a bracelet to send to the Lady Rose between the acts, and as he wrote the note that accompanied it, his man's hand trembled. Has it ever occurred to you that the love of an artist is really a terrible thing—half divine, half diabolical?"

"He kissed me when he went away, and I could feel the rapid beating of his heart as it rested for a moment next to mine."

"When he had gone I lowered the lights and tried to sleep, but I was tortured by a terrible dream. I saw a soft, white arm arise upon a sea of light and wave a moment in the air. There was nothing but light and the waving arm, as far as I could see, until at last Antonio appeared and came across the sea to where the arm was beckoning. It softly curved about his neck and the hand lay on his breast. But suddenly it changed and turned a hideous bronze, and seemed to slip and lose its hold; and the hand had turned into a head with burning eyes. Antonio struggled to be free, but while I looked something darted from his mouth and plunged into his heart."

"I awoke, cold with fright, to find Antonio in reality beside me. I sprang to his arms and turned his white face to the light. 'It is nothing, my child,' he said. 'It is only an artist's dream. Hast thou, too, been dreaming?' And I knew by the icy smile, the frigid lip, that Antonio's dream was the verification of my own."

Charissina stooped for her fan and leaned back languidly in her chair. "Perhaps you think Antonio is mad. Many people do. They do not know what it is to suffer and to have a great imagination."

I was in this apartment often in later days, and frequently met Antonio. Charissina's suggestion that I might think him mad was a vain one. A person never self-contained and urbane I never saw. The odd conceits of pansies and arabes, which Charissina was pleased to term "Lady Rose's eyes and smile," took nothing from my estimate of his sanity. May not art wander into bypaths on its way to the great goal? The angelic face upon the wall was the divine fruition of his dreams. I was subsequently led to believe that he regarded it as the climax of his technique.

This was on a certain evening when he returned to me under the Moorish lamp above it and uttered these words:

"A man never touches the hem of the garment of an artist he has broken his heart. He should do this as quickly as possible if he wishes to point or compose a *madrigal*." *From Sacred Theater, in New York Home Journal.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

Beggar to doctor.—Please, kind sir, help me. I've twelve small children." Doctor—"Put out your tongue."—*Times*.

Cincinnati lady (to husband returned from a public dinner)—Was the dinner an elaborate affair? Husband—Elaborate. Glasses were set at each cover for seven different kinds of beer.—*New York Sun.*

Joseph Cook says there is no repentance after death. Let him, therefore, abandon the lecture platform ere it is too late. The better city has no Tremont Temple, and no use for it.—*London Times.*

The Queen—"Albert, dear, I fear would hear these play upon the banjo." The Prince—"What shall I play, mother? We'll get there by-and-by?" The Queen—"No, Albert; play 'God Save the Queen.'"—*Puck.*

A fashion item says that "a ball dress should be plain enough to show off the material." The object now appears to be to show off a considerable portion of the woman.—*New York Herald.*

At the opera—"I can't explain the success of that singer." "Neither can I." "She sings through her nose most atrociously." "Perhaps that is the reason why every one is waving a handkerchief at her."—*French Era.*

When you see something in a window that cannot by any possibility be of any use to anybody's figure, that can't keep anything warm or fit anybody, you may know it is a portion of a woman's costume.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"Well," said the bookkeeper, "Beason's always good in an emergency." "I know it," said Old Hyson, "but he is drunk all the rest of the time, and every day I have an emergency on hand every day to keep him sober." Beason goes.—*Burdette.*

"Wasn't the rush last night, old man? You left ahead of the party." "Did I? I thought I took all the heads of the whole party with me from the size of the one I have on me this morning. Only a head? Bless you. I got on a full bust."—*Burdette.*

The Loyalist at Paris and the royal palace at Brussels were connected by telephone a day or two ago. If President Grey and King Leopold attempt to make each other hear what they say we fear the great European war will be precipitated.—*New Haven News.*

The Lowell Courier says that statistics show that no actor was ever killed while traveling upon a railroad. This would seem to suggest to actors the wisdom of spending all their time traveling upon a railroad. It would be a splendid relief to the public.—*Boston Post.*

"I had no idea Shaker had so many friends in the club as he seems to have. Why, every one looks quite down in the mouth since he went abroad." "No wonder. He forgot to make any announcement of his departure, you know, and he carried his check book with him."—*Town Topics.*

"We don't have such sermons as they used to have in the apostles preached," said Mr. Neverso. "No," replied the parson, "and we don't have such congregations as the apostles had, either. Paul might preach to my congregation for six weeks and then they'd be two months behind with his salary."—*Burdette.*

Mother—Johnnie, brush the dust off your boots. Johnnie—Is that the kind of dust papa was talking to governess about? Mother—What did he say? Johnnie—He said, "Dost thou love me, Agnes?" Mother—No, it was not, Johnnie, but Agnes will dust out of here to-morrow morning.—*Boston Globe.*

There is a woman in Philadelphia who no sooner enters the Zoological Gardens than every animal begins to howl and roar and become furious, and a tiger which she looked squarely in the eyes for sixty seconds had a bit of some sort and lost his appetite for two days. She is probably a book agent.—*Detroit Free Press.*

At the theatre: Young lady in box, facing the stage, with her dress cut immeasurably low in the back, lady in the audience observes her, and gives a violent start. Escort—Good heavens! What's the matter? Lady (recovering)—O, nothing now. I was only afraid that girl would fall backwards out of her dress.—*Washington Critic.*

"And do you doubt my love?" he asked, passionately. "No, George," she answered with admirable poise, "but when you say that the day you will marry me will usher in an era of life-long youth and tender solitudes, you, my dear, dear, you put it on a trifle too thick. You seem to forget, George, that I am a widow."—*New York Sun.*

Setting indignantly.—The report going around that I am one of the best pecker pryers in the country is doing me a great deal of harm. Senator's wife (sighing)—I don't see why it should, my dear. People pay very little attention to such idle tales. How does it harm you? Senator—I can't get anybody to play with me.—*New York Sun.*

Self-respecting citizen—I am in favor of an indignation meeting to denounce the ballet. Ordinary citizen—"My dear sir, why this antipathy?"

Because it is vicious, indecent, immoral, disgusting, brazen.

"Good gracious! I never detected any of those things when I saw it." "Possibly not. I have never seen it; therefore I speak with confidence."—*Philadelphia Call.*

No wonder the government is going to spend \$50,000,000 for coast defense. Two American base ball clubs are threatening to play in England and Germany this summer. Say, can't we compromise this thing without any useless effusion of blood? The boys will go over there and persuade Lord Randolph Churchill or Prince Bismarck to act as umpire, and then—"*Burdette.*

"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said the teacher; "what kind of riches is meant?" And the smart bad boy at the foot of the class said he "reckoned they must be ostriches." And the only sound that broke the ensuing silence was the sound that a real smart bad boy makes when, without saying so in just so many words, he seeks to convey—and usually does convey—the impression that he is in great pain.—*Burdette.*

"These strikers are all alike," said Blunderbore; "my daughter was reading last night about one of them, Mark O'Bozzaris was his name; evidently of Irish extraction. Well, this fellow made a speech to his district assembly, and called upon his knightly companions to strike to the death, and would lay by telling them to strike for their native land. They merely wanted the earth, you know; they didn't care a copper whether it was felled in or not."—*Boston Transcript.*

Merchant (to applicant for a job)—Do you know anything about figures, Uncle Rastus? Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah. Merchant—Well, if I were to lend you \$5, and you promised to pay me \$1 each month, how much would you owe me at the expiration of three months? Uncle Rastus—Fif dollars, sah. Merchant—I'm afraid you don't know much about figures. Uncle Rastus—No, sah; but I specs I knows all 'bout Uncle Rastus.—*New York Sun.*

Saved by a Laugh.

A well-known and popular young broker living up-town in the immediate vicinity of his fashionable club, was a few days ago the victim of an experience of one's amusing and irritating. The episode is too good to remain untold, but all names will be withheld through sympathy. The young man was ill at his lodgings, and flowers, kind messages, cigars, thoughtful friends, nor nothing else could alleviate his sufferings. Everybody was in despair until a medicine man was sent for.

After feeling the patient's pulse the physician shook his head gravely and declared that the broker must do something to get up an appetite. To do this a sample from the repertoire of the car-famed one-time of the broker's club was prescribed. No objection was raised to this kind of medicine, and the sick man's valet sent at once for a menu of the club. The invalid raised his fevered head on his elbow, and, glancing over the bill of fare, proceeded to order what he thought would restore the bloom on his cheeks and the lustre to his eyes.

There was bouillon, thin and transparent as an October morning, canvas-brook duck fresh from the shores of Maryland, and a lot of other dainty dishes. This was topped off with a liberal supply of pate de fine grass and two or three bottles of Foutet-Camet and Mumm. The messenger bill was then rung and the order was intrusted to a bright-eyed little Mercury. Away sped the boy to the club and his order set every employe there in commotion. Even the chef woke up and with his own hands prepared a salad with dressing polished enough for the gods.

Meanwhile at the lodging of the broker all was topsyturvy. The invalid with considerable alacrity paced the room, and his valet busied himself with extraordinary agility. They waited long and patiently, but neither the boy nor his choice viands put in an appearance. After considerable delay the suspense became so exasperating that the manservant was ordered to go in search of the youngster, and bring him, dead or alive. He at once started out, but proceeded no farther than the door of the broker's lodgings. There, comfortably seated on the rug with his feet dangling gaily over the steps, was the merrymaking man. Crumbs, greasy spots, and empty bottles were all that remained of the sumptuous repast, and the little Mercury was in a frame of mind bordering on hilarity.

As soon as the broker heard how his dinner disappeared he laughed long and heartily. It was the first smile that he had given while ill. The invalid tried to save the boy, and interposed earnestly for him, but in vain. Now the boy and the broker are good friends, and the broker is fast convalescing.—*New York Star.*

Indian Overawe a Sheriff's Posse.

Last fall a young buck broke into the precinct of A-hiland, about ninety miles south of Miles City, and had not long been shot, although complaint was made only last week, when the war-bird was plucked in the hands of a deputy sheriff, whom the United States marshal had commissioned to make the arrest. Proceeding to the agency, the deputy and an assistant identified their man, arrested him, and set out for Miles City. When about fifty miles from the agency a band of Cheyennes rode up and with guns drawn and threatening gestures forced the deputy to give up the prisoner. The band of Cheyennes numbered about twenty and meant mischief. The action of the officers in turning their backs without bloodshed is a subject of commendation, as one Indian could have resulted in a wholesale slaughter of white settlers who are established through that locality, near the Upper Missouri River valley.—*New York Times.*

A Spaniel Rescues Kitty.

A spaniel, living on a farm in Florida, had for a companion a beautiful young cat, which the pathless farmer had adopted for companionship. Tying stones round her neck, he threw her into the river. But the spaniel, apparently himself resolved, jumped into the stream and brought her back in triumph to the house. Will it be believed that the heart of the farmer remained hardened? Again he threw poor puss into the M-ese, but again his another spaniel, the spaniel, thought without his harness, on his back, that had been reserved for next market day.—"*London Globe.*"

He Was Not Overpowered.

A certain New England Governor had occasion to visit a tribe of Indians who have their home within his jurisdiction, and took his staff along with him. One of the officers, who was of a consequential turn, resolved to make a deep impression upon the untutored red man, and with this object arrayed himself with great care and crowded himself with the gold lace and braid that his own all the gold lace and braid that his uniform would bear. As he expected, the display attracted the attention of the Chief of the tribe, but the impression made on him was not just what the owner of the showy uniform had looked for. As he strutted up to the Chief the latter expressed himself in curt Indian fashion: "You army?" "No," said the officer. "Navy?" "No," said the Chief. "Whereupon the Chief, with a look of supreme contempt, ejaculated, "O, ha!"—*Boston Post.*

A Woman Who Has Won Her Way.

Miss Mary Booth is said to be going abroad for rest, and one of the papers, in commenting upon it, calls her "the septuagenarian editor of Harper's Fashion Week." Miss Booth is no longer young, but I doubt if she is so, and she is well preserved of her age, retains her thick, gray hair, strong, round teeth, and her sweet figure. Every morning early, that is early for a journalist—say 10 o'clock or thereabouts—she arrives at the little den where her work is done in the Franklin Square Building, and is steadily at her desk until 4. She seems to have no assistants. For twenty-five years she has been the "translator in ordinary" for the Harpers, and for twenty years the editor of the *Bazaar*.—*Many Journal.*

California Has 4,000 Wine-growers,

and at least 50,000 acres are planted in vines. This represents an investment of \$60,000,000, and gives employment or support to 150,000 persons.