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Try it Once for the Cigars.

red namer, "is a pretty sleek I know boys who have made gars and drinks on it for You go into the bil-

on of the hotel, pick up a cue, in practicing. You try some er around to look on and make and catch and spot the balls and show you what they can stick. In this, way you easy terms with a number and of them has ever noticed the peaptical delusion there is about a and table, and proceed to illustrate war two balls within a few inin other near the lower cushm say to one of the bystanders, a with your gaze fixed on the in as soon as you have comthe eliquit of the table pick up and try to shoot this ball so as to or two. The shot is such an that the bystander is quite to declare his ability to walk the table a dozen times, if necand make the carrom after-He is also ready to wager the that your 'optical delusion' While he is walkthe table with his eyes fixed to balls, you, unobserved by t the tip of a cue so that all of washed off, and hand this to the bettor as he comes up. He

Benton's Departure from Congress.

Me Int. Truen Talk.

makes a misseue, of

The dose of the session reminds me of the last night of the Thirtygard Congress in the House of Reprepentatives. The Senate sent over 145 grandments to the Sundry Civil Apamendation bill, and it was 8 o'clock in a marning before they were disposed d. by a committee of conference. Mr. that then asked whether it would be moder to have the restaurant seracres bring in breakfast. "Let me amend the question," said Mike Walsh, was having cocktails and whisky pullables introduced also," A conversamual debate followed, during which some very clever things were said, and at last the Sergeant-at-Arms reported astronom present. Several bills were then passed under a suspension of the mes, and during the taking of the yeas and navs the clerk called Mr. Beaton's name, when that gentleman appeared at the door of the main aisle and protested, with violent gesticulation, against his name being called. He said he was an ex-member, and and the session that day was a libel on the Sabbath. Some confusion followed this episode, when the Speaker protem. Mr. Orr. told the gentleman that leaves out of order. "I am not a namer, sir," growled Mr. Benton. "Hen." promptly retorted Mr. Orr, the gentleman is not a member, the dworkeeper will put him out." M: Beston did not say another word, at taking the package in which he added up the contents of his desk, wheth the House, thus, on March 4, is a closing a Congressional career that he had commenced in the Schate va August 10,1821.—Ben: Perleg Poore.

New York Churches.

to thank for a town supposed to be and to His Majesty down be-" a good deal of money invested The total is about sixty doilars. It yeves the soul of . Lamorsell that all this property is "The from taxation. If it bore its Show of the tax burden like other and als contribution to the city ill some would be about a million a or Trimity church heads the list in lift of value, the figures on it being The Roman Catholic cacolmit on Fifth ayenue comes next, at. Chargener, Irraity is actually worth at least \$4,000,000, and the Catholic at lead at not less than \$3,000,000! st Paul's is set down at \$1.750,000, and tirmer at \$ there are, which is hardly haf what any real estate broker would is worth. The fashionable St. ons' church on Fifth avenue is Same at \$740,000, and the Fifth Avtime Presbyterian church (Dr. Hall's) 'ar lat the same figure. One and Reform church on the avenue *1415 at \$750,000 and another at All and the stylish synagogue, was nother more progressive Hebrews Windings at \$6.50,000. One Roman Callania church (St. Paul's) is valued at \$low (ab), and the next highest 12 ... in that denomination is \$350,000 St Stephen's, the scene of the Dr. A telvina trouble, now at an end. The well known Little Church Around the Corner is on the list at \$250,000. A ug Fifth avenue and Madison atomic, the arteries through which the blue blood of Gotham flows, there As some thirty churches ranging in - e from \$200,000 to \$750,000,in Fork Man and Express.

A new "everlasting" wood pavement has been brought out in France. The wood blocks are boiled in a solution of suppose of copper, susphate of zinc and heally unwearable.

The Lost Season.

Is this the gentle spring Of which the poets sing.

Or is it but the hem of winter's tattered robe? And must we wait awhile For April's Sunny smile,
And for the Iresh mosquito's aggravating

acticing. You try some We doubt the pleasant days,
The sun's entiting rays.

Of course a lot of fellows Even the blueflye's loud and most familiar

Hecause we sadly know That these things can t be so.

And the times are not a bit like what they used to was.

Old fellows who look back g fellows. Then you inquire May tell us fairy tales of springs they used to

Those tales, if they are true, Who only see our springs of sleet and slush

Therefore we doubt the spring, And fondly do we cling Now the your eyes on those two Toworn but warm and heavy winter overcoats, impletely around the table, all To trust the starting of the Coney Island

> Let winter have his reign. W. shirp rheumatic pain.
>
> And all discomforts that the frozen months may bring; But let him go his way

and the whole matter looks And give us once again a good old-fashioned

SHE HAD HER WAY.

" Judge, I'm afraid we can't get on. The horses can hardly flounder through the snow now. The wheels and heavier.

"We must go on. I promised to keep Christmas Eve at Lynde." "It looks, sir, more as if we'd spend

myson and loses the cigars." - Chicago it buried in the snow." "It would be no easier to return to

"I don't think we could return if we tried," said the driver.

"Then go on," said the judge, angrily. "It only needs courage."

"Sylvia, do you hear? We are buried in the snow!" shrieked Mistress Damon, bursting into sobs.

"I'd rather be buried in the snow than be taken to Lynde to marry a man I have never seen!" cries Sylvia, bringing a lovely pink face, cloudy blue eyes, and a ruffle of gold hair out of the fur depths of her cloak. "It is a judgment on you for trying to make a girl break her solemn promise, and marry one man when she loves another!"

"Sylvia, your language is scandalous -a young girl so boldly asserting her love for a man, and demanding to choose her own husband! The thing is outrageous!" shouts the judge.

"You think so, grandfather, because you have lived all your life in France. I think when a girl honestly loves a good man, she should frankly say so. Hove Roger North; and mind you, I won't marry Count Chanlieu. I'll say No to him and No to the

"And I'll say 'Yes' for you; you shall not marry a beggar."

"Roger is no beggar. By his art he could gain all we need, and to me, love is better than wealth." "Chanlieu is the best man in the

world, son of my dearest friend, my benefactor, who saved my life and fortune. In ten years, Sylvia, you will thank me for the husband to whom I give you."

"Not unless you give me Roger

"Sylvia, until now you have obeyed

"Judge!" cried the driver, "we cannot get on; I have lost the road." And so, down the slopes of the Blue Ridge, in a fierce and sudden snowstorm, bringing premature winter, the great coach of Judge Baird, wherein are the judge, and pretty Sylvia, and Mistress Damon half nurse, half governess of the motherless girl, comes to grief.

The same terrible snowstorm piles Its great, soft flakes on the roof and windows, and about the doors of a tiny cottage perched on one of the lower spurs of the Ridge. Within a fire blazes in a wide chimney, and the ruddy glow leaps over pictures on easels, and pictures leaning against the wall, a huge St. Bernard dog lying on a wolf-skin rug, and two tall and strong young Saxons stretched in big chairs.

One Saxon has a shining, wavy mane, like a lion's, over his shoulders, and blonde and enrly side-whiskers, setting off a very handsome fage, gloomy and wrathful. The other athlete is close-shaved, and has a suggestion of the clerical.

"I say, North," remarked be of the clerical, ewe are likely to be blockaded for a month. I never saw such snow here before. You are doomed to

paint all winter here." "I was bound not to leave so long as Judge Baird kept my little angel of a Sylvia up at Mount Gray," said the

"Suppose he keeps her there all

"Then I'll bide here all winter." "Do you suppose he will ever give

her to you. North?" "No. But she will be twenty-one in about three years, and then she can give herself to me. He has set his heart on her marrying someone else, I chioride of sodium, mixed with a heavy think. But my Sylvia will be true; teneral oil, linseed oil and tallow. The she is the dearest little creature-so blocks are afterward compressed to gentle, but brave and faithful. I shout one-teath their original volume. wanted her to just come off and marry In this state they are said to be prace i me this fall; but she said her grandfather had been so good to her that

she could not take such a step, unless

driven to extremity. The log lifted his head and whined.

North, I think I heard a faint shout: the dog hears it, too.' orth opened the door sheltered by ttle porch, about which the snow was piled high. He, too, heard the

down below; someone is lost in the | "Svivia, do we meet but to part?"

"Come! On to the rescue!" cried the Rev. Mr. Tafford, leaping up with joy, for he was of aggressive make, and loved alike a tilt with the elements or the dogical foes,

"There are some of my alpenstocks up in the attic," said North, and two or three pairs of snowshoes. While I get them, Tafford, you pile the fire up, and set the coffee-pot on the hearth, and hang a blanket to heat. All close reefed new, as to trousers and coats? Here we go. Lead the way, St. Bernard!"

Once, twice, came the cry for help, and then silence; the wind no longer bore the appeal up from the valley.

The young men diverged to widen the field of search, but the dog's instinct proved better than the men's has chosen?" reaso, and the deep bay of the St. Bern: told his masters of his fin-

W Tafford and North came together the dog had dug a slender, dark, richly-dressed young fellow out won't turn, and the roads get heavier of the snow, in which he lay senseless.

With some rubbing and shaking, and a little wine poured down his set out for the lodge. But the stran- Recognition was instant. ger was unequal for the task, and Roger North, gallantly taking him on | judge?" his back, finally reached the lodge, breathless and exhausted, and laid the rescued man on the wolf-skin

"You chose a poor day to study nature," said Tafford, as he fed, and warmed, and dried the victim of the

"Oh, nature! It was not nature. But, as a man of heart-a gallant man, I rode out from Lynde to meet my br le, who comes with her pere,

to keep Noel-Christmas, you call him-with me. I dismount to arrange my saddle; mon cheral, he flies from me! I lose myself: I wander hours; I cry, I fall I perish. You, my preserver, my hero," he added, turning to North, "carry me on your shoulders. Hereafter you are adored of Chanlien." "If you have a lady love whose

father is willing to give her to you, you are better off than I am, if you friend. are lost in the snow," said North, ·My hero, my preserver! do you

suffer unhappy love?

"In my case the grandfather won't give her to me," said North, swallowing a cup of coffee.

"Vere is the monster? He denies such a hero! He refuses the genius that makes the world rich in these pictuaires I see. Vere is he? Chanlieu will go for him-will persuade him. The night falls; to-morrow, my friend, Chanlieu must repay you, who saved his life.'

The dog bounded up with a loud bark; the door burst open; an avalanche seemed to enter-but it spoke:

"Help-help, some of you! Two ladies and an old man, and the finest span of horses in all the country, are getting buried in the snow!"

"It is my bride!" cried Chanlieu, wringing his hands and springing up, but finding himself too weak to stand. To Roger North only the general idea of human beings needing help conveyed itself. He shouted, "Come, Talford" And with the dog and the panting coachman, they were once

more away.

The direction was opposite to that taken to rescue the Frenchman. A carriage-lamp, hung on a whip-handle for a beacon, directed, as also the sound of the shouts of the judge. The short winter day had thickened to night; to the carriage party the three were only dark forms; but one lamp was hung within the carriage, and lighted the lovely face of Sylvia. "Help!" shricked Mistress Damon.

"I'll take the young lady," said North, in a muttled voice, "Talford, bring the other lady, and let the dog help the gentleman. Driver, get your horses along as you can, un-

But Sylvia knew her lover's voice even before she was lifted in his arms. and he was whispering, "My lovemy darling!" as he carried her through

Talford had a much worse time with Mistress Damon, who was fat, and also you." hysterical. The St. Bernard found the judge perverse to a degree, as everybody did, but he brought him along; and the coachman and the terrified horses floundered in the rear.

Roger, reaching the lodge first, carried Sylvia through an outer room to an inner sanctuary, cozy, and also furnished with a generous wood fire. Then he placed her in a big chair before the blaze, undid the fur cloak and the white hood, took the boots from her little feet, and the gloves judge. from her pretty hands, and then, falling on his knees before her, clasped his arms about her waist, and cried:

"Sylvia, I will never let you go!" pled check on his tawny head, saying; smile. "It is not to me she is mar-

Roger, Roger, what shall I do? Chanlien, who had been "re-forming his hair," dashed in, exclaiming: "My bride! Where is my bride?"

But he saw the tableau. gratulate von!"

Yes, Tafford, it is a cry for help would indeed be happy," said North.

consent," sobbed Sylvia. serve of my life. Chanlieu will be mas Eve." your advocate."

These words were a revelation to Sylvia. She turned in her pretty way. My grandfather has his own views of love and marriage. I think it would be wicked to marry one man while I loved another. All summer grandfather has called Mr. North his favorite, and urged him to be at our house; but as soon as he knew that we loved each other he was very angry. However good a man my grandfather has chosen for me, is it not just that I should marry the one whom my heart

"It is most just," said Chanlien, warmly. "Is the parent in the other room? It is I who will speak to him with ardor;" and he darted to the

other toom. By this time Mistress Damon had been made comfortable, and the judge, relieved of his cloak, and further comforted by dry socks and slippers, lent by Tafford, was standing with his legs throat, he partially recovered; and planted wide apart before the blaze, then, holding him between them, they and drinking coffee at a great rate,

"My friend, my guardian, my noble

"Chanlieu, my lad! You here! How

el rode out from Lynde to meet your coach. The storm overtakes me; I am buried in snow; mon checal flies; I am rescued at the point of death! But where is my lady, the divine mademoiselle?" said the artful French-

"She is in the next room, quite safe and comfortable, I am informed. I set out to bring her, as I promised, for your Christmas gift, Chanlieu, and it seems I have done so. I have said she shall be yours, and she shall. The gift has been disputed; but I know what is for her own good.. With you, son of my heart, rank, fortune, honor are hers. I will never give her to an artist, never. 1-

"But you give her to me!" cried Chanlien, seeing that the hour was unproportions for pleading for his new

"Yes. Go find her and commend

yourself to her." Chanlieu returned to the lovers.

"The grand perc is very opposed," he said. "He resolves no. But fate dollars capital represented the cented brings you together, and I behold in partner, and the ability the other the other room a what-you-call-a fellow; and the combination worked, cure, a priest, an abbe-eh?"

ford," said North.

"Then why not have this kind cleric marry you two at once, and make peace with the father later? The father, mademoiselle, has said to me, I give her to you; and now, at your wish, I give you to my preserver, your gallant lover. As I cannot crown my life with the benediction of your beauty and graciousness, because your heart has gone to another, let me give husiness ability and no money were your hand to the one you do choose. just as much in the majority there as My advice is, marry now. I make my they are here. preserver this Christmas gift."

this was arranged.

Half an hour later Judge Baird, after much fatigue and much coffee, was sound asleep in his chair; and before Tafford, in hastily-donned surplice, stood the lovers and Chanlieu. But at the words, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" Mistress Damon interfered before Chanlieu could speak. She took the judge by the arm and shouted in his

"Wake up-wake up! They are asking, . Who gives the bride?' " The old gentleman sprang to his feet, in sleepy possession of himself, and rubbed his eyes.

There was the surpliced priest, and before him Sylvia, and certainly Chanlieu beside her. "Who giveth this woman?"

peated Tafford, impressively. "I do," cried the judge, firmly. The potent ceremony was soon

"North my friend," said Tafford, "accept my heartiest congratulations. Mrs. North, allow me to salute

"And me also," oried the counts "I felicitate you, mon preservair, on such charming bride.' Judge Baird glared wildly about.

"Is the marriage every "All over, fast and sure," said Taf-"And Sylvia is married?"

"Yes, Sy via is married," said Mrs. Damon, with tears. But not to the

"Why not to the count?" cried the

"No. my friend, my totor, my judge, she is not married to Chanlien." said the count, his black eves sparkling, and his white teeth gleaming And Sylvia leaned her round dim- , from under his moustache in a sudden

ried, because, like the father-in-law of the strong man, Samson, you have gave the loflay bride to be the wife of my friend!"

The judge gazed ferociously at the "Pardon, my friend-I mistake! It quintet before him; but the charming is your lady who has come. I con- central figure, all sparkling tears and rosy blushes, all joy and fear, melted -If I had hope of keeping her, I his wrath like snow before the sun.

"So, madame," he began furiously, "you have had your own way! But" "I am afraid grandfather will never - and he softened visibly-"it is done, and we will not quarrel about "Where is the cruel one? Let me it. Come kiss your old grandfather. besee him for my friend, the pre- Jars and disunion do not bent Christ-

Advice to a Young Critic.

There is a young critic on the Boston press who is called upon to review the greater part of all the books that one important newspaper receives; and as authors generally manage to find out who their judges in the press are, the fact has spread abroad among them that their work in this instance is being reviewed by a young man but lately out of college. The other day an the ostrich farm near Anaheim. elderly literary man met this young critic and said to him:

"I suppose you won't resent a friendly word about your book-reviewing from a literary veteran, will you?

"Certainly not." "Well, you are doing pretty well; but your work is sadly immature. I have seen some particularly boyish criticisms

some examples to help me to mend my

"Certainly."

notices as containing in every line the evidence of immature judgment. "I thank you very much," said the young critic, "but the first criticism you named was written by a distinguished specialist in the department of

learning of which the book treated; the second was the work of a professor in Harvard college; and the thred was written by one of the most eminent literary clergymen of Boston." Which, inasmuch as it was the fact,

goes to prove that it is sometimes difficult to "locate" literary style in an unsigned newspaper article. - Boston

A Check in the Coffin.

There was a man who had great business ability. He was a Jew. He had not a cent. The last two statements do not at first sight appear to tion. There was another man who had the cent. He was also a Jew. 1000. The centless man with the ability was the kind of thing the abilityless man with the cent was looking for. They made a partnership. One thousand They made money, and made more WOh, a minister. My friend Taf. and more still, until one day the man who had the capital died. You see the firm was lucky. If the fellow with the business ability had died the other fellow might have busted. The partner who died first left all his property to the living partner with the proviso that he should put the original capital of one thousand dollars in the coffin. He wanted capital on the other side, you see, and I suppose he thought that fellows with

You go and put it in the coffin-"But I wish it could be my grand- | the one thousand dollars. - You can father," said Sylvia, wistfully, when afford it, and it will make your mind easy, said the rabbi-

The next time the rabbi met the business man he' found him very

"Did you settle that thing?" "Oh, ves; that's all fixed." "And you put the one thousand dollars in the cottin?"

"Yes; that is, I put a check there payable to his order. - San Francisco

One Scientific Man not Infallible.

I was born in Philadelphia, and when 5 years old received an accidental cut in the left eye from a sharp missile in the hands of a playmate of my own age. The injury was not a fatal one, and if doctors had left me alone it is probable that I should have had the use, of two good eyes for the rest of my life. After the wound healed it was covered by a slight sale which the physician said must be removed by the use of nitrate of silver. This he applied in so large a quantity that the eye was seared as of liquid carbonic acid is being built with a hot iron, and the sight went out up by an enterprising German firm.

passed to the other eye, and with two in the cask, in the manufacture of spent two years in a room dark as night, ers. By its expansion the Krupps of on a diet of gruel, mush and molasses. Essen subject their great castings to and rice, with almost daily doses of the pressure of 1,200 atmospheres. medicine, cuppings, leechings and Its gas is also expected so raise sunken bleeding, administered after the heroic ships, heavy weights having been very method of that time, the eyes kept quickly raised from the sea bottom by constantly wet with a soldtion of sugar its aid. of lead. When I came out of the prison it was with a small fraction of the right ever for the solution left a deposit which uniting with the lymph from the inflammation, had formed opacities in the corner which in time blotted the sun from my sky and shut out from me the beauty of the world - Rev. W. H. Milburn is Lippincott s Magazine.

MISSING LINKS.

Voltaire said all the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of

A violoncello by Stradivarius has just been bought by Jules Desart in Paris for \$4,000.

Alexander B. Coxe, Jr., of New York, is said to be the biggest man at Yale, his weight being given as 341 pounds.

The refusal of the Beechers to use crape or to wear any "heathenish" black may have its effect on society mourning

Oakey Hall, formerly Mayor of New York, has become a naturalized English subject. He says he never expects to see America again.

Stamped leather chairs for diningroom or library have reached a point of elegance that causes some people to hesitate to sit down on them. Twenty ostriches are on their way

from the colony of Natal, South Africa, to California. They will be placed on A large brass turtle, whose back

opens when the head is pressed with the feet and makes an article for men who expectorate, is something new.

The late Mrs. Beck, wife of the Kentucky Senator, was one of the most brilliant women in official society, and, like Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Morrison, and s Mrs. Carlisle, knew more of public "Would you be willing to mention , questions than half the men in Con-

Miss Catharine Wolfe of New York, who is said to be worth \$10,000,000, And then the literary veteran pro- is an invalid, and pays Dr. Helmuth ceeded to name three particular book \$60,000 a year for his professional services. A good many physicians would be glad to have a Wolfe like that at their door.

Alexander McDonald of Manchester, N.H., has just discovered a long-lost brother in the person of the newlyelected Lieutenant-Governor of Michican. They were natives of Sidney, Breton Island, and were separated about forty years ago.

King Oscar of Sweden has written a drama, "Le Chateau de Kronburg," which will shertly be produced at the theatre at Buda-Pesth. It is in one net and founded on an episode of the war between Sweden and Denmark in the seventeenth century.

The Marquis of Bute, with his characteristic generosity, has given \$5,000 for the establishment of a National Institute in Wales at Cardiff for the advancement of literature, art, and hitch; but truth is stranger than fic- science, as a jubilee memorial. The scheme will cost in its entirety \$85,-

Miss Sett Postle, a Detroit young lady, recently received news that an uncle in Australia had left her a legacy of \$250,000. Since the news was made public she has received offers of marriage from thirty ambitious young men who are anxious to help her spend the money.

An old church in Utica which is soon to be torn down belongs to a society which was organized by the Reformed Dutch in 1628 and chartered as a congregation by William III. in 1696. The building was erected in 1839, and during its erection a riot arose because the marble was cut by Sing Sing con-

Berry Taylor, who died recently in Newport, Kentucky, had a profound admiration for actors and actresses, and spent much money entertaining them. - He is said to have disposed of over \$100,000 in this way, and before his death it was necessary to have a guardian to keep bim from squandering his entire fortune.

A New York steam company furnishes steam power throug pipes to 436 engines from a large steam station on Greenwich street. 1 - conductors or pipes used for co eying the steam are of very large dimensions. The steam when delivered to the engine is wet, and the pressure is about

eighty or possibly ninety pounds. Millionaire Mackay recently filled for a week the position of superintendent of the bonanza mines, during the temporary absence of the regular boss. He was up bright and early every morning. donned a miner's suit, went into the mine at the usual hour, and was not seen again on the surface till be emerged from the subterranean depths at 4.30 in the evening. He took hold just as he used to in the old times when he had to do it for \$4 per day.

A large business in the manufacture The liquid is used for various industrial A theree inflammation was set up, purposes. It is used for charging beer blazing furnaces under my forehead I seltzer waters, and for fire extinguish-

Speaking of the triumphs of German surgery, a writer points out a number of men now walking around in the empir with only a fractional part of their digestive organs. Some are referred to as being without a spleen, or havin but a single kidney, others lack a ga bladder and several metres of intestines, while the climax is reached by "the man without a stomach,"