

Orange County Observer

ESTABLISHED IN 1887.

HILLSBORO, N. C. SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1888.

NEW SERIES-VOL. 9, NO 22.

A letter from Bradford, England, to one of the London newspapers, says that a number of firms in that city, which have large dealings with German and other Continental houses, have received formal notices that after a certain date Volapak will be used by those houses for international correspondence.

Much of the color blindness that is becoming quite common is said to be caused by the use of tobacco, which, being a narcotic, benumbs the nerves. Sometimes the victim loses sight altogether. But it is noticeable, says the *Graphic*, that the old smokers are the fastidious about the colors which the tobacco-stems give their cigars.

Mrs. Minnie Freeman, the heroic school teacher of Myra Valley, Neb., who saved thirteen school children by her presence of mind in the recent "blizzard," has already been overwhelmed with offers of marriage. The *New York Tribune* thinks that "the applicants for this vacant position must regard her as sure proof against family breezes."

Mrs. Edna Hill Gray Dow, of Dover, New Hampshire, enjoys the distinction of being the only woman in this free country ever elected to the presidency of a street railroad company. Mrs. Dow is forty years old, married, and rich. She invested a few hundred dollars in the Dover street railway, only to discover that a Boston syndicate was bearing her stock, hoping to gain control of the property. She resented that, and when every week shareholders wanted to sell out, she bought before the Boston syndicate caught up, and speedily she got in control, and, fully aroused, she elected herself president.

The *New York Tribune* says that the farmers of the Northwest and the National Government ought to take measures for the encouragement of the raising of buffalo stock. An ordinary cow hide is worth \$2, but it is useless as a robe, while an average buffalo hide is worth \$10, and a robe is almost indispensable in the Northern climate. The buffalo sheds its woolly hair once a year. This wool is easily gathered, and it works up well into a coarse yarn. One animal will yield ten to twelve pounds of raw wool. At one time there were factories for the manufacture of buffalo wool, but they have disappeared with the buffalo. The wool of the hybrid animal becomes darker and finer, and the buffalo hump disappears in the mixed breed. The animal itself becomes more docile, though retaining its hardiness, and is a better milker than the pure buffalo. This cross breeding affords a wide opportunity for stock raisers.

The proposed linking of the Old World with the New is thus discussed in the columns of the *Human* (Alaska *Free Press*). "The project of building a railroad across Siberia, now being pushed to completion by the Russian Government, strongly holds out the idea that in the very near future a great iron belt from this side of the world will meet its mate west, and travel by land from the New World to the Old will have been accomplished. Great railway corporations are now seriously looking into this project as a business proposition, but in reality not as great an undertaking as Eastern people believe. The country that will now seem to have to be crossed in West in North America, and Central Alaska is far from being the frigid zone that many believe it to be. The line would unduly be in its course north strike the headwaters of the Yukon river, then drop down that mighty stream to within perhaps two miles of the coast, at a point Nulato, where it would leave the river and running nearly west would terminate at Cape Prince of Wales, within about fifty statute miles of the Siberian coast. Very little difficulty, except perhaps, in crossing the range of the mountains of the Yukon, would be apprehended from deep snows by winter. The climate along the Yukon is dry and very little snow falls there. From eighteen inches to perhaps two feet in depth. Extreme cold from 10 to 20 degrees below zero, only prevails about two months of mid-winter and this would be the greatest drawback to winter travel. Immense forests skirt the route nearly to the coast and about midway down the Yukon are probably the greatest coal banks in the world. Branch lines would tap all the coast settlements and the rich mineral sections of the interior. With such a fair country before them it will be wonderful, indeed, in this enlightened and progressive age, if work has not commenced on such a line within a very short time."

THE BABY AND THE SOLDIERS.

Rough and ready the troopers ride,
Great bearded men, with swords by side;
They have ridden long, they have ridden hard;
They are travel stained and battle scarred;
The hard ground shakes with their martial tramp
And oars is the laugh of the men of the camp.

They reach a spot where a mother stands,
With a baby clapping its little hands
Laughing about at the gallant sight
Of the mounted soldiers fresh from the fight
The Captain laughs out: "I'll give you this
A handful of gold, your baby to kiss."

Smiles the mother: "A kiss can't be sold,
But gladly I'll kiss a soldier bold."
He lifts up the baby with a manly grace
And covers with kisses its smiling face,
Across cheeks and its dimpled charms,
And it crows with delight in the soldier's arms.

"Not all for the Captain," the soldiers call,
"The baby, we know, has a kiss for all."
To the soldiers' hands the baby is pressed
By the strong, rough men, and by turns caressed.
And leader it laughs, and the mother fair
Smiles with mute joy as the kisses they share.
"Just such a kiss," cries one trooper grim,
"When I let my boy I gave to him."
"And I just such a kiss on the parting day
I gave to my girl as she slipped away."
Such were the words of the soldiers brave,
And their eyes were moist as the kiss they gave.

—Boston Transcript.

THE CAPTAINS FORFEIT.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"Isn't the 14th of February something?" asked little Rachel Marcey, more than 100 years ago, of her maternal grandmother, who was reeling back-handed yarn before a glowing hickory fire, in a neat and roomy a kitchen as could be found, at that date, in the whole township of Wilmington, in Connecticut.

"Why, let me see?" Yes, my child, it is St. Valentine's day," replied the tall, bright faced, erect old lady.

"Don't put superstition into the child's head, wife," said Grandfather Holt, who was sitting in the chimney-corner, peeling white oak bark for the coloring of the smooth, evenly spun and twisted back handed yarn.

"Why, father, there is no superstition or hearsay in a plain fact," put in a handsome little woman, who was deftly fashioning pumpkin pie crust at a white table under one of the high windows.

"To-day is the 14th of February, and it is St. Valentine's day across the ocean. It can make no difference with us here. Why did you ask about it, daughter Rachel?"

"It would make a difference with us if Aunt Charity should go out and meet a lover in a green lane and plight her troth, wouldn't it, mother?"

"What is the child talking about?" explained Aunt Charity, who was weaving blue cloth, dyed in the wool, upon a loom that stood in the corner, nearest the fire. She turned about upon her narrow weaving bench and rubbed the dark crook of the wool from her shapely white hands upon a corner of her wide, check linen weaving apron.

Grandfather in his endeavor not to laugh choked himself with a bit of the white oak bark he was chewing, grandmother broke the back handed yarn and grew red in the face in her careful efforts to splice it so that the knot should be invisible, while Charity tossed her head that was set proudly on her shoulders and turned back to her loom, but as she brought forward the weaving beam she asked:

"When are this wise and dignified couple to be married, Niece Rachel?"

"Next Monday night, if the moon shines bright, at the ministerial house," said the little girl, glibly. "That, it seems, is a part of the forfeit."

"Forfeit, indeed," said Charity, more indignant than ever, "something must be done; they must not be married in this hasty way."

"But she is his Valentine and he is hers, and their meeting this morning has proved it true," persisted Rachel, "and if the tide of true love runs smooth, he will wear a green sprig in his button hole when he comes to meeting on Sunday morning," and Rachel tied on her quired hood, and said, as she ran out again to slide down a hill on a long, smooth board:

"You will see, Aunt Charity, you will see for yourself, if you are at meeting on Sunday when they come in."

You may be sure that on Sunday morning the tall, handsome woman did not fail of being betimes at the little, new unfinished church upon the very crest of the hill top.

It was bitter cold. Then, as now, the site of the church was a wind-loved spot. There was no fire, but the zeal of the worshippers kept them in good plight.

Grandmother Holt and her unmarried daughter Charity, and her married daughter Mrs. Marcey, Rachel's mother, and eager little Rachel herself stood, before the services, by one of the south windows where the sun streamed in across the unpainted pews and the bare yellow pine floor, and kept a lookout for their young kinswoman.

She came at last, with cheeks as pink as a rosy sunset cloud and eyes as bright as the evening star. She brought in her grandmother's hat, hickory plank, her patchwork, feather cushion, and blue check blanket, and placed them in the pew. For although Grandmother Marcey had rheumatism, she went to church to keep up the dignity of the family, for the benefit of her example in the community and her own spiritual enlightenment and strengthening.

As pretty Susanna was tucking the blanket about her gentle grandmother, young Thomas Knowlton came in, straight as an arrow and handsome enough to set any pretty girl's heart in a flutter, even if he had not been her accepted Valentine. In the buttonhole of his velvet doublet, that had come from beyond the sea, was an evergreen spray, and as his black eyes met the blue eyes of Susanna, they both did smile, smiled in the meeting house, on a Sunday morning, and so it stands upon the records to this day.

Not only their waiting, waiting and expectant relatives saw the scandalous spectacle, but the whole congregation was a witness to it.

It was not an audible laugh, it was not even a broad grin; it was only a smile.

Innocent little Rachel told Cousin Patty, who had tarried at home to mind the baby, that Susanna's smile was like summer lightning—just as sudden and pretty, showing depths in her eyes as blue as the sky, and his smile was like the sun shining out from behind a cloud.

Her Aunt Charity groaned: "What is to be done of a child who, at her age, sees as much as that in a young man's smile?"

"I, I shall find my Valentine before I am old as you, Aunt Charity. Perhaps Judge John Fuller, of Tolland, will be your Valentine. He is coming to the court tomorrow. I hear my father say it would have to be, since all the justices on this side the Willington River were relations of the young offenders. If Judge John Fuller sees you he may still find that he has some business with Grandfather Holt, and come over to call." For which remark "up and coming" Miss Rachel was sent to bed without her supper.

There was a court, next day, indeed, for such a holiday often could not go unpunished, and Judge John Fuller, who had ridden over from Tolland on his big gray horse, fined the two culprits 10 shillings each.

"I have no 10 shillings," sobbed pretty Susanna. "It would be altogether out of order for the partner in guilt to pay it, and no one else offered, at once, one waiting for another, in order to give the ill repute a just punishment."

"I will never pay my fine," said young Thomas, who was handsomer to day than ever before. "You can send me to jail also if you will."

At that, before any one had time to reply, Parson Noble arose, with gentle dignity.

"The jail has but one room," he said. "There is but one chimney and one fireplace. In the name of good order, and to prevent any thought of impurity sullying these children of the church, for both are members, I herewith proceed upon my own authority to marry this couple, who, by late friend Rachel informs me, plighted their troth on St. Valentine's day."

Marry them he did, then and there, and no one dared demur, for in those days the pastor was the leader as well as the shepherd of his flock, and was regarded with great respect and reverence.

Miss Charity wrung her shapely white hands and looked curiously at Rachel, who had run away from home to attend the court, and single cased of between the parson and her grandfather Holt, was chewing the string of her quired hood with great complacency and enjoyment.

"Oh dear! they are married!" groaned

cousin Patty Preston. "We managed to have them arrested to prevent their being married."

"I withdraw my complaint," said Jacob Marcey, Rachel's father, who had been goaded on to make it by the two spinners, his cousin Patty and sister-in-law Charity.

"Impossible at this stage of the proceedings," said Judge John Fuller, with authority. "You must pay costs of court. Parson Noble must have a marriage fee, and those two fines are to be paid."

Young Thomas was as good as his word. He had done no harm, he would pay no fine. Susanna kept silent, as was the part of an obedient wife. No one came to the rescue. So to the jail the young couple went. Grandfather Marcey and Grandfather Holt provided furniture and supplies, and there they kept house most happily until the spring opened.

"It is not a very good place, but it is much better than we had on shipboard," said cheerful Susanna to Parson Noble on one of his frequent visits. "And I don't think I shall ever be sorry for paying the captain's forfeit," and she never was.

Their first child was called Valentine, and it is not impossible that by searching among the weather worn headstones in the old Willington burying ground you may find his grave.

Aunt Charity was so chagrined at the way the whole affair turned out that it took Judge John Fuller the whole of the remainder of the winter to console her, and in the mean while she conciliated him for having jilted him years before he married his wife, and it transpired that she became the faithful step-mother of the six children.

"St. Valentine's day has made a difference to us," said little Rachel. "I wish I knew whether Aunt Charity met John Fuller in a green lane when she was young and pretty, like Cousin Susanna. Cousin Patty says Aunt Charity had Esquire Dutton in her eye then, and that between two chairs she got a fall, what do you think?"

Aunt Charity clasped her white hands and resisted the impulse to box little Rachel's ears. "Thank goodness I am going out of town," she said. "No six ordinary children can be any comparison to this young one."

"Yet I think she helped to find you a Valentine," said Grandfather Holt.—*Springfield Republican.*

A Linguistic Prodigy.

There is in Chicago a wee bit of a girl, six years of age, who can converse in six languages! Yet she is not a prodigy nor do her parents maintain that she is. Anything is among the possibilities in this age of the world.

Little Corinne Cohn was born in Chicago six years ago. Her father is German, in charge of a school of languages here, and her mother is French. Prof. Cohn and Mrs. Cohn speak nearly all the Continental languages, and their daughter comes naturally by her linguistic gift. She has had very little instruction, in fact, her father has never given her serious attention in the matter of languages, though he began giving her lessons some months ago in Volapak.

Then he changed his mind and dropped the Volapak, not caring to tax her brain too much. He grasped the rudiments of the universal language with astonishing rapidity and ease, and in the short time she was under instruction became sufficiently learned to carry on a conversation.

A correspondent called upon the little lady at the residence of her parents in LaSalle street. It was the proper hour for calling—eight o'clock. Corinne is a lovely child, small for her age, it may be said, with black hair and eyes and a French cast of feature. She sat down after a salutation and took her doll in her arms.

"This is my youngest doll," she said, "though it is the biggest." She was not entirely satisfied, evidently, that this was as it should be. "I have two others. This one came out Christmas."

Corinne loves poetry and can quote from Victor Hugo, Goethe, Heine and Longfellow. Her mother said she often read the poets to the child and could not have a more attentive listener. *New York Herald.*

The Cradle of the Blizzard.

Where is the blizzard's cradle, its home? The Arctic regions. The papers talk about a blizzard having started from Manitoba, but that is not its home. Its starting point, Manitoba is only its half-way house.

Why do blizzards come by way of Manitoba, and make themselves most felt upon the west side of the Mississippi river? Why do we never hear of blizzards in Canada, New England and the Middle States?

Because the Laurentian range of mountains stretches westward from Labrador along the northern line of British America 3,000 miles, skirting the north side of Lake Superior, and tapering out in northeastern Minnesota, furnishing a projecting wall of solid rock 1,000 feet high against blizzards of all the region south of it. Geologists tell us that this range is formed of the oldest strata or sedimentary rock to be found upon the globe, and that it extends 30,000 feet below the surface.

From northeastern Minnesota to the Rocky Mountains is an open treeless plateau—a great doorway one thousand miles wide, through which the ice king rushes. From that line southward is, in the main, the same treeless prairie all the way to the Gulf of Mexico, forming west of the Mississippi river the royal table-top, 3,000 miles long, upon which his ice-crowned majesty, the blizzard, sweeps in all his howled robes to swoon in the arms of the tropical sun. The Texas mother is *only* the frayed fringes of the blizzard king's mantle as he whirrs past. *Atlanta Constitution.*

BOWSER'S FIRE ESCAPE.

HIS DISASTROUS TRIAL OF THE NEW APPARATUS.

Mrs. Bowser Describes Her Worse-Than-Her Latest Experiment—His Ardor Cured by a Fall.

The other afternoon an expressman delivered at the house several strange packages, and when Mr. Bowser came up in the evening he explained that they were fire escapes.

"What for?"

"For the house, of course."

"But we don't need any fire escapes on our house, Mr. Bowser."

"Don't we? Well, we shall have them just the same. If you want to be burned I have no objection, but I propose to be some other way."

"You never said there was any danger."

"Because I didn't want to make you nervous. As a matter of fact I haven't left side any night for a year."

"And now the danger will be obviated?"

"It will be reduced to the minimum, certainly. Even if we wake up, and find our bedroom on fire we shall be able to escape with only a scorch."

"After supper he carried the parcels up stairs. There were several bottles and a couple of wire racks, a hand fire extinguisher, and a rope and pulley and other stuff."

"Where would a fire be likely to start in the house?" I asked Mr. Bowser as he was fixing a hook in the casing of our bedroom window.

"Well, we have a front and back stairs, and here are three chamber windows opening out on veranda roofs. Couldn't we escape by some of those ways?"

"If I thought we could would I be fool enough to go and throw away \$30 on this apparatus?" he angrily demanded.

"I suppose you know best."

"Mrs. Bowser, when I don't know best I will resign. While you have never given the subject of fire-escapes one single thought, I have devoted years of study to it. Take our wall-eyed darling and go down stairs, and when I want you I will call."

In about an hour he called. He was in great good nature. He had the book firmly in place, and hanging to it was a rope and some sort of harness.

"It isn't such of an ornament to our bedroom," I ventured to observe.

"What has ornament got to do with fire-escapes? Isn't your life worth more to you than the daily presence of a tea-store chimney? The escape is now ready."

"For what?"

"To escape by, of course. Here is the situation: It is midnight, the cook, while rummaging about in search of her lost quilt of gum, has dropped lighted matches under the front and back stairs. The flames have been smoldering for hours. They now break forth with sudden fury, cutting off our escape from either stairs."

"And we crawl out on the veranda roofs?"

"Do we? Not much! We start to do so, but we find that all the verandas have fallen to the ground, the supports having been heated out by the frost."

"Well, we awake with the crackle of flames in our ears. While you wring your hands and declare that we are lost, I calmly secure all the money, jewelry and valuable papers and coolly make preparations to escape. I calmly pull down the rope and harness, seat you and the baby therein, and the next moment you are landed on the ground. I follow just as the engines arrive, and the papers of the next morning chronicle my wonderful self-possession in the face of awful danger."

"And can you go down by that rope and harness?"

"Can I? Can you chop wood with an axe? What is it for except to go down on?"

"I would almost as soon be burned up as to try it. I don't believe you would dare to go down on it?"

"Mrs. Bowser, what a wife believes and what a husband knows are two different things. Is it likely that I would purchase this apparatus and put it up here if I didn't dare use it? Shove up that window!"

"But I wouldn't try it. You are rather clumsy, you know?"

"Another insult! Shove up that window!"

I put up the sash and he seated himself in the harness, sat down on the sill and grasped the rope over his head, and with a look of disdain in his eyes he swung himself off. A wild howl rent the air, followed by the thud of something striking the earth, and I looked out to see Mr. Bowser lying in a heap below the window. I ran down and out as soon as possible, and after seven or eight minutes he was able to lump into the house with me.

"Mr. Bowser, are you much hurt?" I asked.

He glared at me but did not reply.

"I told you I thought it dangerous."

"Mrs. Bowser!" he huskily began as he lumped down on the sofa, "this is the beginning of the end!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you have made the last attempt on my life you'll ever have a chance to! You haunted me for weeks and weeks to get this fire-escape, and you meant my death by a fall!"

"Why, Mr. Bowser?"

"Say no more! I saw it in your eyes when you pushed me off the sill! To-morrow we separate!"

But when the morrow came he sneaked up and removed the apparatus and patched it into the wall, and fire escapes haven't been referred to since. *Detroit Free Press.*

There are now forty-five female lawyers in the United States.

IN THE BLIZZARD.

The sun shone fair in the clear, crisp air—
Dakota, at her best,
In winter array is cold, they say, if tried by
an Eastern test—

But Chambers was a Western man, on the
frontier used to roam,
And his boys went along with a laugh and
song, to help drive the cattle home.

The old man's eye caught the gleam on high
of a sudden, yellow cloud,
And lo, the light faded out from the sky,
and far on the prairie a loud

Fierce roar was heard, and with never a
word, save "Home, while the storm at
loose!"

He sped one boy back, while he kept the
track with the other lad and the cows.
The air filled up like a frozen cap, each drop
had the point of a thorn.

Each gasp for breath seemed certain death, it
grew black, though the hour was morn!

They staggered on with faces wan and
our age grown almost cold:
"Lie down, my son, my darling son, and this
coat about you fold!"

But the man in anguish walked up and down
and tumbled at last to his knees—
For the coat that wrapped the boy so warm
left the father bare to freeze—

And he felt the cold hand at his heart. "Up,
up, my boy, I say,
Kneel for a moment by my side and let me
hear you pray!"

Their prayers went straight to heaven's gate,
and at dawn the faithful bound
Bayed for the rescue till the boy by tender
hands was found!

His father lay in the drifted snow lay stiff,
and yet still he smiled
As though in death he seemed to know he had
died to save his child!

John Paul Boscok.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Sign for a money lender—Lucie here!
Gentlemen learning the cornet should
employ private tooters.

An awkward waiter frequently plays
the deck with the tray.—*Hotel Mail.*

Miss Columbia was the first girl to get
a New Jersey.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

The pen is a mighty engine, and it
sometimes runs away with the engineer.
—*Chicago Times.*

The barber's is a strange profession.
You seldom see one that is not at the
head.—*Statenland.*

Says the New Haven News: "A foot
rule wear over shoes." We should call
that a two-foot rule.—*Norristown Herald.*

When Dakota becomes a State it will
doubtless adopt as its coat of arms an
ear-mail couplant and a shiver rampant.
—*Graphic.*

To bashful correspondent—The first
thing for you to do is to pop the question,
the second to question the pop.—*Baltimore Free Press.*

When Grecian athletes sought the field?
And nobly fell in brassy armor.
They brought them home upon their shield—
They bring them home now on a shutter.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

We don't know whether to believe the
story that Mr. Howells replied to a person
who asked for a list of the best hundred
books: "I have not written a hundred
books."—*Life.*

A girl who weighs 129 pounds and has
\$30,000 in her own right, no matter how
homely, unattractive or cross-tempered
she may be, is worth her weight in gold.
—*Boston Courier.*

The Boston *Transcript* knows of an
eccentric clergyman who spoke of the un-
fortunate woman of Sodom as "Lot's
lady who was transformed into a mono-
lith of chloride of sodium."

Two chestnut-shells are not misplaced.
When women kiss a friend or brother,
But of life's honey what a waste
There is when women kiss each other.
—*Boston Courier.*

Deacon Jones to ministers—"The col-
lection this morning, Mr. Goodman, was
gratifyingly large." Minister—"Yes,
deacon, I noticed quite a number of
strangers among the congregation."
—*Epoch.*

Hubbard (groaning): "The rheuma-
tism in my leg is coming on again."
Wife (with sympathy): "Oh, I am so
sorry, John. I wanted to do some shop-
ping to-day, and that is a sure sign of
rain."—*Epoch.*

A lover who addressed a love-scented
letter to the object of his affections, ask-
ing the young lady to become his partner
through life, inscribed on one corner of
the envelope, "sealed proposals." The
result was he was awarded the contract.

A note from a rural postoffice in Ten-
nessee reads: "Dear —: The reason
I didn't call when you left at me in the
Post Office yesterday was because I had
a bile on my face and can't call. If I call
she'll bug. But I love you, bile or no
bile, bill or no bill."

The way some lovers cough and hem,
And seem to lose their breath, ah!
You'd be inclined to pity them.
Thinking their trouble is the asthma,
The way some husbands cough and hem,
You'd think their trouble is the asthma,
But is that which does all them?
They're really troubled with the "ask ma"
—*Goodell's Song.*

Nothing Sorbida! Miss Clara (to
Featherly, who is making an evening
call)—"Poor little Bobby swallowed a
penny to-day, and we've all been so much
worried about it." Featherly (somewhat
at a loss for words of encouragement)—
"Oh, I—er—wouldn't worry, Miss Clara;
a penny is not much."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A London coroner has raised the ques-
tion whether a man can cough himself
to pieces. A broken rib was found in a
deceased inmate, when medical evidence
was brought forward to show that under
certain abnormal conditions, bones may
be broken by muscular efforts, or even
by a violent fit of coughing.