

State Libras

ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

HILLSBORO, N. C. SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1891.

NEW SERIES--VOL. X. NO. 13

There were in operation in the South in 1889-90 as many as 1,624,335 spindles.

Constantin of Cavendish, Turkey, is probably the oldest man in the world. He has documents to prove that he has lived 160 years.

According to the Chicago Herald the next House of Representatives will have the largest party majority in the history of the American Congress.

The Washington Star avers that the fish exhibit which this Government proposes to make at the world's fair in 1893 will be such that the most picturesque fish of the country can talk about it to his heart's content and not do the subject justice.

Arthur H. Pitcairn, a son of Canon Pitcairn, of Manchester, England, has been cured of epilepsy by a delicate surgical operation performed in Philadelphia. His skull was opened and some splinters of broken bone removed which had been pressing on the brain. He has had no return of the epileptic symptoms and is deemed perfectly cured. Surgical science nowadays is accomplishing marvels surpassing anything that the old alchemists or Rosicrucians dreamed of.

"You people of the East," says a post-trader of New Mexico, "would laugh to see the way we have public meetings. A man gets up to make a speech in English and the interpreter stands beside him translating into Spanish along with him, and talking just as loud and making the same gestures. We don't notice the confusion. They do the same thing when addressing a jury or when a witness testifies in court. It is my belief that New Mexico will never be a State until they have one official language."

The United States Minister Resident, writing from Copenhagen to the Secretary of Agriculture, states that Danish pork is preferred in other countries over that raised in the United States, because Danish swine are slaughtered earlier than ours, hogs usually being fattened and killed at a year old. In most European countries a hog weighing 200 pounds is preferred to those of greater weight. There is also a general belief, adds the New York World, that American pork is too fat, and that it would be more desirable for table use if it were otherwise.

Professor Crull, of Concordia College, Terre Haute, Ind., is a cousin of Dr. Koch. Some years ago Professor Crull visited his now distinguished relative in Berlin, and supplies this description of him: "In personal appearance Dr. Koch is of medium size, but with a very broad chest, with blue eyes, rather prominent nose, on which a pair of spectacles constantly rest, and has a full beard of down hue. A very high forehead is surmounted with hair of a similar lustre, and he talks slowly, with a noticeable lisp. There are three brothers and one sister of Dr. Koch at present residing in St. Louis and another brother in Iowa. He married Emma Frenz, the daughter of a clergyman, and has one child, who is wedded to one of his assistant physicians." Professor Crull says that when he was a guest at the Koch household the Doctor's brothers had no faith in his skill, and one of them remarked that he "would not trust cat to his care."

Professor Shaler is one of the most popular men in the faculty of Harvard College, and the boys are always delighted when they can get him to make a speech. After the football victory over the Yale College team at Springfield there was of course a big jollification at Cambridge, and one of its most successful features was a characteristic speech by Professor Shaler. In the peculiar drawl for which he is famous he began: "I—wish—to—say,—gentlemen,—that—many—of—you—have—received—very—low—marks.—I—think—this—is—due—some—what—to—the—football—enthusiasm—which—has—been—so—prevalent—here.—I—can't—say—that—I—blame—you,—gentlemen.—I—went—to—Springfield—myself.—I—settled—myself—quietly—on—the—seats—and—hope—that—the—men—next—to—me—would—not—be—too—boisterous.—Pretty—soon—I—found—I—had—gotten—up—gentlemen,—that—my—hat—was—in—the—air,—gentlemen,—and—strange—to—say,—gentlemen,—I—didn't—seem—to—care—whether—it—came—down—again—or—not.—I—intend—to—go—to—Springfield—next—year,—gentlemen."

### RENEWAL

Out of the night,  
Out of the vast and vacant blue  
Where the hidden world takes form anew,  
Glimmers a gathering light.

The bud of the dawn  
In the empty field of shadow glows,  
Grows and glows like an opening rose,  
And the night is over and gone!

And the heart is high  
For the swelling green of the mountain crest,  
For the music that sleeps in the robin's nest,  
And the rose of the eastern sky!  
—Kate Putnam Osgood, in the Century.

### NED'S SISTER.

BY WILLIAM F. BROWN.

The old toll-gate seemed to be a place for restless dreaming rather than of restless living. Even the rumble of a wagon served to mark, more than to disturb, the silence that prevailed. At such sounds Aunt Narsy would look up from her easy-chair and knitting and say: "That's a team a-comin', Milly Jane." Then Milly would go out to the lever bar in the piazza and appear to watch the coming wagon. But, though she moved lightly, her steps and gestures seemed uncertain. In her mild, gray eyes was a helpless, wavering look, that is only seen when those "windows of the soul" are forever closed.

For Milly Jane was blind. It must not be thought that she was idle or fretful, or helpless, or sad. Her slender fingers, alive with the keenest sense of touch, were very busy. There was knitting, sewing and general housework.

The kitchen garden behind the house was also a part of her care. Had her eyes really fastened upon the rich green of the growing plants she would not have handled them with greater nicety. It looked as if between the sharp hoe and the young shoots a mutual trust and care were exchanged, yet the source was in Milly's heart that was tender toward every living thing.

Aunt Narsy was fat and sluggish. Uncle Solon hardly ever stayed at the house. Thus it fell upon Milly to attend to the gate. But since the building of the railroad travel had decreased, until the task was easy even for her.

The sound of the great wagons was to the blind girl a never-failing source of interest. They came from the great world's strange, far-off life, and they crept down into it again, bringing noise and bustle for a moment, and leaving silence behind. She never tired of listening to the stamping horses, the rattling wheels, the strange voices that marked each slow passage. Even the long, white road had its unseen attraction. It stretched from town to town—a great vein of the world's life, sweeping by, yet barely touching her own.

When the teams would halt for a rest, Milly Jane took great interest in the tired wayfarers, the more so if families of "movers" were along. She would nurse the babies, bring sweet cakes for the children and water for the mothers, and listen eagerly to their talk.

She always felt as if she knew these people, and it was pleasant to see how they seemed to like her gentle interest in their behalf. When they were leaving, she would look after them and listen, as if old friends were going out of her life.

One night, two men came in a buggy and stopped for supper. One—a mere youth—sat on the porch wrapped in a cloak, with his hat pulled over his eyes.

The other talked to Uncle Solon in the dining-room, but kept an eye upon the first, saying that he himself was a constable and had the lad under arrest on quite a serious charge.

"He do declare, though, as he ain't guilty, but—bless ye!—they usually all does that."

"He'll eat a bite, I reckon?" asked Aunt Narsy, not wanting to see any one go hungry.

"Says he don't want nothin'. I ast him to come in, but he seem'd backward," and I low'd I'd humor him."

Milly Jane was listening. She did not say anything, but she stole out with a cup of coffee and a biscuit. As she drew near, feeling before her with one hand, the lad on the porch turned his head away.

"Mebbe if you'd eat something," she said, "you'd feel better."

"No," he returned coldly. "I'm obliged to ye, but—I don't want aay-thing."

There was a lantern over the gate, and its rays shone fully upon her sightless eyes. As she turned to go back, the lad said interestingly: "Are you blind?"

Something in his voice startled her; she seemed to listen closely. Then she smiled.

"Yes—but I don't mind it. Everybody is so kind."

"Did you always live here?" he asked.

"I was raised up in the Blue Ridge—under old Snow Bird Mountain. But after mother died, brother Ned went off. Then Uncle Solon come and took me away."

The boy uttered a groan.

"I'm afraid you ain't well," she said.

"Do try and eat something."

"No, I can't eat," he replied in a low tone. "So you had a brother named Ned?"

"Yes—I was little then. Ned was older, but he was such a good brother."

She had turned her face, but he saw tears in the gentle, unseeing eyes. He muttered something and strove to rise, but sank back again.

"What's that?" cried Milly Jane. "I ast your pardon, but I thought—I thought—"

"How—what do you mean?"

"I don't know. Talkin' of Ned set me to fancyin' things, I reckon. I'm always a lookin' for him back."

"Ned yet you can't see," said the lad in a broken voice.

"There's some things I can look for 'bout bein' able to see," she returned, in a gently reproving tone.

"Do you reckon he'll ever come?"

"I'm most sure on it. Uncle Solon says not; but ever since I was big enough to know, I've ast God to send him, and some time—he'll be obliged to come."

The young man's face sank still lower. At last he said:

"S'pose—when he do come—he—he comes like me?"

"He won't be that way," she replied, quietly. "Ned mout be wild, but he wouldn't do in no such way." Then she laid her hand upon his cloak. "Mebbe you didn't reely—do—anything?"

"No—no!" he cried. "I've been reckless, but never did what they think I did." There was a pause, then he asked: "If your brother should ever come back, what would you want him to do?"

"I'm quite happy here," she said, softly, "but—I think—I'd like for Ned 'nd me to be together again, always just as we used to be. He's been gone a master while. Sometimes I wonder how old he'll be when I see him again."

The prisoner sighed so deeply as to again draw her attention.

"You're very porely. If you'd only eat—"

"Milly—Milly Jane," called Aunt Narsy from the kitchen. "What's gone with the child?"

"I must go," she said; but as she put out her hands to return, he moved suddenly, then restrained himself.

"Milly Jane," he whispered, "don't you forget your brother Ned. Don't ye stop lookin' for him! One of these days he'll come back—he may need you wuss'n you do him."

The constable and Uncle Solon bustled into the piazza, and Milly, with these words ringing in her ears, went into the house.

"Better stay all night," said the gate-keeper.

"No, I must keep on to Danville, to-night. I always feel safer when I've got a man under lock 'nd key."

The buggy rolled away. The blind girl wondered at herself, that she had spoken so freely of her brother to a stranger.

"But somehow that pore boy made me think of Ned," she reflected. "God ain't hard-hearted. He'll fetch my brother back—some time."

### II.

At the little town of Scooby, in North Carolina, a young man lay in jail waiting for his trial. He denied his guilt, though he owned he had led a wild, unsettled life. He told a straight story about the horse he was charged with taking, but was not believed, as the animal itself could not be found.

One day a stranger rode up to the court-house, went in and asked for the sheriff. Taking that officer aside, he said:

"This boy you have in jail here is not guilty. He hired that horse for me; but you haven't got the nag back yet, I guess?"

"No, we haven't, but—"

"Look outside, and see if that is not the animal."

"That certainly is Jim Forster's horse or its shadder," said the sheriff, some-

what perplexed. "The lad told a straight tale, but we didn't know how true it was."

"Just so; but he is clear. If any one is to blame, it's I. I'm ready to pay all costs and charges."

"Well—but who are you?"

"Here are papers that will prove who and what I am. You see there has been some oil boring going on down in these hills, and I was sent down from the North by a rival company to watch things. I lay around quiet for a month, when they made a strike. I was thirty miles from rail or telegraph, and had to get there at once to send the news. So I got this lad, whom none of you know, to hire the best horse to be had for love or money. Then I took the horse, paid him off and we parted. When I got to Knock Ridge, the nearest station, I found I would have to keep on to Richmond. I left the horse, wrote back to Forster and went on by rail. Next I read in the papers that the horse was missing and the poor boy in jail under a charge of taking it; so back I came to Knock Ridge, found the horse and here I am. I guess my letter must have gone wrong, as no one had been to get the nag."

These facts being proved, and all charges paid, the youth was at once released. Then the stranger, whose name was Derrick, took the boy aside and said:

"My lad, I'm sorry I was the means of getting you into this scrape, for you did me a favor. If you care to go North with me and buckle down to steady work, I'll put you in the way of making a man of yourself."

"I'll go," said the lad, "on one condition."

"I hope it is a good one."

"So do I, sir. I've been goin' down hill 'nd I know it; but the other day I met some one who has always believed in me through thick 'nd thin. If I go with you, it is only to come back by 'nd-by, when I've done something to show her—God bless her!—that she was right."

The shrewd Northern man looked puzzled, but soon smiled and held out his hand.

"I see no harm in that. Only stick to this resolve, and you'll come out all solid yet."

### III.

It was winter at the toll-gate. With bad weather and worse roads, the tolls decreased and times grew harder. Aunt Narsy, fleshy and quite helpless, did little else but worry. Uncle Solon's view of things was now more gloomy than ever. If Milly did not respond, it was because of a hope time failed to banish, and a faith reason could not destroy. Had she been as the wise are, she might have learned to despair; but being in many things like a babe, she worked and waited, and was not unhappy.

But it chanced that one blustering night, another buggy drew up at the gate, and as Milly Jane came out, a well-dressed lad jumped down and clasped her in his arms. At the first sound of his voice she shrank back, saying:

"It—it's the—prisoner—"

"No, Milly—no prisoner now—thank God! It's brother Ned—come back—never to leave you again, if you'll let him stay."

Milly put up her hands and felt his face, his arms, while a mute questioning shone in her sightless eyes. Then, as the welcome truth at last made itself felt, her face rippled into smiles.

"Ned—Ned!" she cried, pulling him into the room, where Aunt Narsy was making coffee and Uncle Solon lay propped up with pillows. "I knew he'd come—the good Lord 'wa'n't goin' to keep him from me—always." —Yankee Blade.

### A New Tropical Fruit.

Carl Willing of the Government nursery has sent to this office a specimen of a new fruit, which resembles a large yellow guava more than anything we have. The seed, however, grows on the outside on the flower end of the fruit, and resembles a thick kidney bean. The tree grows abundantly in the West Indies and South America, in size rather small, like the guava. In Brazil it is called caju, and in the West Indies cashew. We have not had a fair chance to test its quality as a fruit, but should place it alongside the Tahitian or the finest of our large guavas. Hon. Joseph Marsden brought some of the seeds of this fruit from the West Indies several years ago, and these trees probably sprung from them. —Honolulu Advertiser.

### ORIENTAL LADIES.

IT IS POSSIBLE TO SEE THEM, BUT NOT AT ALL EASY.

Interesting Things About the Homes and the Home Life of the People of Mohammedan Countries.—Inquisitive Beauties.

Even under the prevailing iron system of seclusion the beauties of Islam are not wholly cut off from the civilized world. Men, indeed, are absolutely forbidden to approach them, and so strict is this prohibition that it extends itself not merely to foreigners and unbelievers, but to those of their own race and creed and even to their nearest relations. From the day of her marriage to the day of her death a Moslem bride must never see or be seen by any man save her husband. But with lady visitors it is quite a different matter. Seldom, indeed, does the most jealous and fanatical of Mussulman husbands object to admit them to the society of his wives, and, in fact, such visits are often looked upon by the honest Bluebeard in the light of a favor rather than an affront, inasmuch as it keeps his own ladies in good humor for the time being and saves him the trouble of doing anything to entertain them.

Let us suppose that you are a European or American lady traveling along the North African seaboard and about to pay a visit to the caged beauties in the home of some great Moorish dignity in Morocco. Following the two tall, red-capped, white-froaked Moorish soldiers sent to conduct you, you thread your way through a copse of narrow, gloomy, filthy lanes, almost blocked at times by heaps of dust and garbage, among which numbers of gaunt, wolfish dogs are gnawing hungrily. Meanwhile your two guides clear the way for your horse or donkey through the eddying whirl of men, boys, camels, asses, horses and old women by constant shouts of "chelo! chelo!" (look out) and remorseless punches with the brass-shod butts of their rifles.

At length you halt in front of a high, bare, windowless wall, the only visible opening in which is a deep, shadowy porch of the key-shaped form, peculiar to Saracenic architecture, edged with curious fretwork, and brilliantly painted with alternate stripes of crimson and blue. This leads into a marble paved quadrangle with a tiny fountain splashing and tinkling in the centre—the "patio" of the Spaniards, in fact, borrowed by them from their Moorish conquerors. Shady colonnades run along its four sides, above which are cloistered passages protected by screens of lattice work. And now you discover why the outside of a Moorish house is always windowless, for with a jealous precaution thoroughly characteristic of the East all the windows open upon the inner court!

Visitors being frequently received in the court itself, it is strewn with mats or carpets and shaded from the weather by a colored awning, which subdues the burning African sunshine into a rich summer gloom of purple twilight, such as that which fills the aisles of some vast cathedral. Beyond this lies a spacious saloon, with a richly carpeted floor and a paneled ceiling, for which any Venetian noble of the fourteenth century would gladly have given half his yearly revenue. No chairs are to be seen, but the soft cushions scattered about the floor and the velvet or damask bolsters placed along the sides of the room show where the inmates are wont to squat or recline. The upper part of the wall is frescoed with appropriate texts from the Koran in quaint, arrowy, Eastern characters, while along the lower part damask hangings of white, scarlet or blue mask the doorways of several bedrooms from which three or four steps of polished white marble lead down into the saloon itself.

Suddenly the hangings of a curtained archway at the far end of the room are thrust aside, and the master of the house in person comes forward to greet you—a stately old Eastern gentleman in flowing Moorish robes, whose long silky beard is as white as the many folded turban that overshadows it. He puts his hand to his forehead in graceful oriental salutation, and begs you (in broken French or Spanish if you do not understand Arabic) to consider his house and all that it contains as your own—after which you are requested to "honor with the touch of your foot the threshold of his home."

Following the old gentleman's guidance, you are led through a maze of dark passages and low doorways till you feel as if playing a never-ending game of

hide-and-seek. At length you halt before a flight of broad marble steps leading up to a high archway, through the curtains of which come the ripple of female voices and the silver tinkle of girlish laughter. Beside the steps stand like bronze statues two gigantic black slaves, gorgeous in white and crimson, with drawn swords gleaming in their huge bony hands. But at the sight of the "master" and the "Faringhi kha-noom" (foreign lady) the sabres are lowered in salute, the curtains fall back and you are ushered into the midst of a scene which appears to have come bodily out of the "Arabian Nights."

Before you lies a large and lofty room, the shadowy interior of which looks delightfully cool and shaded, after the blistering glare outside. The rich Persian carpets leave enough of the floor uncovered to let you admire to the full one of those miracles of ornamental Mosaic which are still the wonder of all who visit the Taj Mahal or the Alhambra. From the vaulted roof hang splendid silver lamps of the kind familiar to those who have seen the mosques of Tunis and Cairo. Tall vases filled with gorgeous flowers stand ranged along either side of the entrance, and above the silken hangings that clothe the lower walls rows of stately arches rise in all the splendor of their fretwork, lighting up with one great rainbow the dim and dreamy twilight of that enchanted palace.

At the far end of the apartment is a small, high roofed alcove, raised somewhat above the rest of the room, from which it is separated by a movable silver balustrade somewhat like a large turban. This recess is lighted by a swinging lamp of embossed gold, filled with perfumed oil, the soft light of which is flashed back in a thousand sparkles from the countless tiny mirrors that cover like scales the whole surface of the wall.

In the alcove sit or recline upon soft cushions about a dozen women (some of them not yet past girlhood), representing all types, from the sleek, tiger-like beauty of the Circassian to the heavy, expressionless features of the West African Jaalof. At first sight they look like an airy cloud of white drapery, and only by degrees do you take in the details of the long white veil swathed round the forehead and floating down the back, the loose, wide-sleeved embroidered jacket over a thin white bodice, the broad jeweled girdle, the trousers of flesh-colored silk and the dainty little pointed slippers, stiff with gold lace and richly embroidered with seed pearls.

Just at first they are rather shy of you, but this soon wears off, and when freed from the overawing presence of their portly lord and master, they crowd around you and chatter to you like children, exhibiting with childish pleasure the jewels, chains and bracelets which hang on their smooth necks and round arms as thickly as tinsel on a Christmas doll. The first thing to be done is to give you some green tea, which replaces coffee in Morocco. The spig of mint that floats in it is almost as great an addition as the lemon juice used in Russia, while the accompanying sweetmeats of almond paste, mixed with sugar and orange flowers brewed into honey, are equally novelties in their way, and the quaint little handle-less cups, set like flowerpots in silver stands, would make any collector's mouth water.

When you have drunk your three cups (the regulation number in Morocco) the ladies offer you a long pipe of Eastern tobacco flavored with rose water, and express great surprise at your refusal. Then they begin to criticize your dress—which they examine with marked interest and disguised amazement—while asking you all sorts of questions, and when the time comes for you to depart you you hardly know which to wonder at most—the extreme ignorance of your new friends or their insatiable curiosity. —Brooklyn Citizen.

### Cromwell's Baby Clothes.

Oliver Cromwell was really once a baby, his baby clothes are still to be seen at the famous house of Chequers, in Buckinghamshire. They are carefully cherished by the present owners. The costly satin robe in which he was christened has since been used for many of his descendants, as well as for the babies of the family that now owns Chequers. Six tiny caps, scalloped round the edges and bound with ribbon that is now yellow with age, form part of the collection. —London News.

A gastronomic novelty is a pudding made of wedding cake.