

Orange County Observer

State Library

ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

HILLSBORO, N. C. SATURDAY, JAN. 17 1891.

NEW SERIES-VOL. X. NO. 13

New York boasts of the publication of 2706 distinct newspapers and periodicals.

The newly elected State officers in Kansas are all Knights of Labor, chronicles the Chicago Times.

The records of insurance companies show that the American man lives longer than men of the same race in the old world.

It is estimated that each year in New York City three thousand women find themselves stranded, not only homeless, penniless and without work, but also unable to work.

The experiment of limited female suffrage has not proved a success in Boston. The first year of its introduction 20,000 voters registered, but last year less than 8000 came in line.

A Cincinnati railway official rises to remark that the time will come when there will be but four or five railway systems in this country. He says that even now the Brice-Thomas syndicate controls practically all the railroads south of the Ohio River except the Louisville and Nashville.

Strictly speaking, the only precious stones are the diamond, ruby, sapphire and emerald, though the term is often extended to the opal, notwithstanding its lack of hardness, and to the pearl, which is not a mineral, but strictly an animal product. Popularly a gem is a precious or semi-precious stone, when cut or polished for ornamental purposes.

When the barbers of Sedalia, Mo., sought to elevate prices by charging eleven cents for a shave—that being the first step in a contemplated advance toward fifteen cents—nearly every good razor in town was bought up next day and the male adult population proceeded to scrape its own jaws. Tell you what, exclaims the New York Telegram, the spirit of '76 is coursing again through the veins of the West and South.

Heretofore the postmistresses of France have been practically debarred from marrying. By an old established rule husbands of postmistresses could not engage in a number of trades or professions, on the theory that they would offer temptations to the husband to tamper with the mails. Now, however, the Government has abolished these restrictions to the choice of a husband with the exception of police officials.

The Australian colonies have dismally failed in their effort to keep John Chinaman out by imposing a heavy poll tax. Each immigrant from the Flowery Kingdom has to pay when he enters the colonies about \$100, and yet, in spite of this drain upon his resources, he sends for his brothers and cousins, and there are to-day in Australia 4000 more Chinese than nine years ago. There are over 40,000 Chinese in Australia and 47,000 in Tasmania and New Zealand.

The drain of centuries upon Siberia for furs is telling at last, and in west Siberia there is now great scarcity, the supply coming chiefly from the eastern portion of the huge province, while for natives of Obdorsk, the chief market town for those employed in the trade of hunting, beaver furs from Khamchatka, and prepared in Germany, are largely imported. Obdorsk is the principal fur depot, and the most important trade is done in squirrels, of which 70,000 skins are annually sold, and white foxes.

Harvard is not to be alone in its proposition to shorten the college course, notes the New York Independent. At the late convention of the college association of the Middle States in Maryland, President Adams, of Cornell, expressed the opinion that the real college course should end at the close of sophomore year, and university work begin with the junior year. President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, advocated the shortening of the course to three years, regarding the present course as one that keeps men too long from their professional duties. President Patton, of Princeton, argues that the four years' course contact with fellow students is none too long, but that at the end of sophomore year the student should be able to begin the special studies for his future work. It looks as if the college course might have some remodeling; in fact, that remodeling has already begun with the extension of electives.

UNREST.

The farther you journey and wander
From the sweet, simple faith of your youth,
The more you peer into the yonder
And search for the root of all truth,
No matter what secrets uncover
Their veiled mystic brows in your quest,
Or close on your astral sight hover,
Still, still shall you walk with unrest.

If you seek for strange things you shall find them,
But the finding shall bring you to grief;
The dead lock the portals behind them,
And he who breaks through is a thief.
The soul with such ill gotten plunder
With its premature knowledge oppressed,
Shall grope in unsatisfied wonder
Always by the shores of unrest.

Though bold hands lift up the thin curtain
That hides the unknown from our sight;
Though a shadowy faith becomes certain
Of the new light that follows death's night;
Though miracles past comprehending
Shall startle the heart in your breast,
Still, still will your thirst be unending,
And your soul will be sad with unrest.

There are truths too sublime and too holy
To grasp with a mortal mind's touch.
We are happier far to be lowly;
Content means not knowing too much.
Peace dwells not with hearts that are yearning.
To fathom all labyrinth unguessed,
And the soul that is bent on vast learning
Shall find with its knowledge—unrest.
—Elia W. Wilcox, in the Weekly.

HER TRIUMPH.

Our city was so small and the pipe organ so large that it was an elephant on our hands, as good organists had to be hired from other cities at large expense, the only player in Hubbard being the one who manipulated the Presbyterian organ, which instrument we had tried to outshine. We were Methodists.

At the end of two years, during which we had endured any number of organists, good, bad and indifferent (mostly the latter), I was delighted one summer Sunday morning, upon entering the church, to hear real music, and surveyed with some curiosity the small figure of a young woman about twenty years old on the organ stool. She did not attempt anything intricate, but the music was all majestic, soulful, religious.

A few weeks later, one of the trustees asked me if we could give the new organ a room at our house, adding that possibly sister and myself might find her a pleasant companion in our little home. She had been in town about six months, writing in an insurance office, but she objected to a boarding house and wished to get into a private family.

She came to us quietly, every inch a lady. You might not call her pretty, but she had speaking eyes which made you forget everything else when she looked at you. They were bright when she was in conversation, but I soon noticed that when she was not animated they were sad, and I fell to wondering what sorrow had befallen her so early in life. She was pleasant and helpful but not confidential, and nothing eventful occurred until just after the holidays when she came in quite excited, saying that one of her young friends at home was to be married the next week, and she had leave of absence for a fortnight.

She had said very little about her family, but I knew she had sent them a Christmas box, so if I thought anything of her emotion, it was for the joy of going home.

It was surprising—the vacancy she left in our house, and you may be sure we welcomed her return with much warmth. But though she evidently appreciated our feelings toward her, I observed that she was making a great effort to control herself. Thinking she was suffering from homesickness, I rapped at her door in the evening to ask if she cared for my society a little while. She was weeping so violently that she could scarcely speak, and when I put my arm about her she burst out:

"O, Miss Van Zandt, if I could only talk to you—to some one—who would help me—to bear it—and tell me—what to do! O dear! O dear!"
By soothing words and pats, I assisted her to something like calmness, and when I did not urge her to talk, she understood that my sympathies were with her.

Finally she told me that she had had warm feelings toward a young man two years her senior, since she was sixteen, but that he had tired of her apparently, or being influenced by another young lady. For a year she suffered torments at home, and then came to Hubbard to see whether time and absence would not kill her affection or bring back his. It seemed to have done neither, for she had met him at the wedding she had just attended, and although he had expressed

pleasure at meeting her again, he did not seek her society and his time was occupied with her rival. And so she felt her long trip had been for naught, and while her judgment told her to forget him, her rebellious heart clung to her girlhood's lover.

What could I say to comfort her?
Nothing, excepting that God knew best, and probably that this great darkness was but the forerunner of a glorious dawn.

After this she spent most of her time after tea playing the organ at the church, and I believe it was a soothing outlet for her pent up feelings. I often went into church to enjoy the exquisite melody which floated out under her fingers. Sometimes she used such selections as Gottschalk's "Serenade," Jungmann's "Henwich," or Marston's "Slumber Song," but more frequently it was her own improvisation.

One evening through the dusk I discerned another listener, who, however, slipped away before I could identify him.

This occurred several times, until I placed myself where I could see his face as he passed, when I recognized him as Lawrence Roberts, whom I had known from boyhood. He had recently been appointed a teacher of science in the High

School, and wise men said he was destined to make his mark in some college.

In May the cantata of "Esther" was given at our theatre. It was not worn so thrice before then, and though it was on the boards every night for a week, the house was always crowded, and families came up by the wagon-load from all the surrounding villages and cross-roads.

To Miss Hunt was assigned the character of Zerah, and I expect never to enjoy a rendition of it so much again. She had often sung to me in the evening, accompanying herself on our little organ, and while I thought her voice musical and pleasing, still it had a girlish quality and lacked power. But this rich contralto which rolled over the audience and sobbed and thrilled—could that belong to our Louise? Yes, through her great heart-sorrow had come her voice, beautiful, womanly, refined.

All the women were in tears and many of the men showed emotion, while I, who loved her and understood her longing, wept uncontrollably. It did not seem as though she could keep up that tension another night, but every evening of the cantata witnessed that same fervor and the same effect on her audience. Sunday she was prostrated, and her organ position for that day was filled by another.

In the fall, a year after she came to our house, she told me that her mother had moved to another city and had sent for her. The evening previous to her departure, Lawrence Roberts called to see her, as he had frequently done lately. Other friends came to bid her good-bye, and as I stepped into the garden to call her, I heard her say:

"You have been very kind to me, but I never suspected it would come to this. Tell me truly, I have not given you false encouragement, have I?"

As he answered in the negative, I called her name, delivered my message, and started for the house. They followed me, and as the air was so still, I could not avoid hearing her last words:

"Under any other circumstance I would not tell you what now you should know; my heart was years ago given to another and"—in a whisper, "rejected."
I parted from her with regret, and we kept up a correspondence for some time. Then I lost track of her.

Last week I met a gentleman who is an old friend, both of Louise and her boy lover, Clinton Hadley. He related to me this finale:

"One evening I attended a musicale given by a New York lady noted for her high-class soirees, and there met Hadley, whom I had not seen in several years. He looked as handsome as ever, but a trifle bored. We were talking over past events, when I suddenly said: 'Did you know, Clint, that your old girl, Louise Hunt, is on the programme tonight?'"

"He started. 'No! Why, she did not have much of a voice when I knew her. What has she been doing all these years? She must be—let me see—twenty-eight now. Quite an old maid, eh?'"

"And he laughed disagreeably.
"Well, you are an old batch," which is just as bad. I have not heard Louise sing, but I know that she is creating enthusiasm wherever she goes, both on account of her voice and her charming manners. She has been studying with fine instructors and has a salaried position in a church choir."

"Hadley was thinking, and I knew he was recalling his youthful experience, so I let him think. Between you and me, I thought he deserved to be troubled, for he had courted her persistently two years or more, and as soon as she showed affection for him, had thrown her over, just as he did later with other young ladies.

"The whole musicale was very enjoyable, but Louise carried off the palm. I felt Hadley start when she came forward, small but dignified, gracious as a queen and twice as lovable. And such eyes!"

"Her first number was an aria, 'O Don Fatale,' from 'Le Prophet,' and Hadley had scarcely recovered from his dazed wonderment, when her second song was due, an English ballad called 'Faithful.'

"Friendship has failed us, old trust has gone,
Love that was dawning is dead;
Life and its sunshine are coured o'er,
Aye, for the past has fled,
You will forget, and our story will seem
The dream of a summer day,
But I shall remember its golden light
When years shall have passed away.
I thought you loved me once,
I deemed the story true:
The dream has gone,
The love has flown,
But still I am faithful to you!"

"But where the world has sung you of sorrow,
Hiding its golden beam,
Then, love, I pray that you may remember
Just once again our dream!
And when the angels guide you to Heaven,
O'er the dividing sea,
Look on the shore and give me this welcome."
"I know you are faithful to me!"
I thought you loved me once,
I deemed the story true:
When shadows fall,
And love is all,
You'll know I was faithful to you!"

"Could it be possible that she knew her old-time love was to hear her, and she was singing to him? Hadley looked as though he thought so, and under cover of the prolonged applause he grasped me eagerly, saying:
"I want to meet her!"

"He had still that waked-up look on his face when later in the evening I said:
"Louise, allow me to present an old acquaintance."

"Too accustomed to all kinds of surprises to be taken off her guard, she offered him her gloved hand in a charming manner, saying:
"Good evening, Mr. Hadley, this is an unexpected pleasure."

"But he said, still holding her hand:
"Louise, may I speak with you alone?"

"Certainly," and they stepped into an alcove, where he began:

"Louise, O, Louise! what a shame that we ever had any trouble! To-night you have brought up all the happy past, and I plead with you to forget all my unkindness and stupidity, and let us begin where we were before—"
"Excuse me, Mr. Hadley. Had it not been for that trouble, I would not have my voice, and as to beginning again, why, here comes my husband, and you will have to ask his permission. Mr. Hadley, Professor Roberts!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Costly Dinners.

New York has become a city of extravagance in dinner giving, and many of these entertainments, with all the delicacies of the season and rare wines, cost from \$20 to \$100 per cover. Of course the latter is the outside figure, but reckoning that one gives a dinner once a week to a party of, say, fifteen, at the first named figure it will prove a snug sum at the end of the year. In order to render these dinners complete and perfect, the hostess must possess a dinner service more or less elaborate, and it is rarely, if ever, that the majority of outsiders stop to consider what these consist of and how much money is spent in this direction. In the old Roman days, no greater magnificence could have existed in the way of table decoration, wines and service, than a millionaire New Yorker displays when his wife gives a large dinner.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Canada.

The Dominion of Canada embraces today, under one Federal Government, the entire territory of British North America, including the island, with the exception of Newfoundland, which has so far preferred to remain outside the confederation. This vast area is divided into seven provinces and four territories. The provinces are as follows, taken in the order of their population and wealth: Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia. The four territories, which include vast areas of prairie land in the great Northwest, very thinly populated, are Alberta, Assiniboia East, Assiniboia West and Saskatchewan.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ICEBERG CAPERS.

THE TRICKS AND ANTICS OF ARCTIC MONSTERS.

It is a Grand Spectacle to See a Mountain of Ice Turn a Double Somersault—"Iceberg Calves."

No one who has ever seen a grand, stately iceberg on "its solemn southward march," writes Frederick Schwatka, in the New York Herald, would ever credit these floating islands of ice with undignified capers and erratic movements, so impressive is the air of awful stillness and almost solemn solidity that surrounds these colossal children of cold climates.

Still a great mountain of ice will sometimes vary its monotonous movements of steady drifting by turning somersaults and double somersaults and whirling tricks until it looks like some huge hyperborean hippopotamus with skin of snowlike whiteness, wallowing around in the waters of the northern sea.

I have seen but one such overturning of these moving mountains of marble, and surely it looked as if the "great waters of the deep were breaking up" and that the end of all things had come. Great green waves went thundering by as if a hurricane might have been howling for hours across the sea that but a few moments before had been as motionless as a mill pond. Flying flecks of foam dash down from dizzy heights above, and its slippery sides are almost covered with cascades formed from the waters that have been lifted up by the rapidly overturning berg.

The first intimation we had of the coming on of the convulsion was a dull shock from under the water against our ship's side as if a submarine blast had been exploded, a shock very much like that given when the great Hell Gate mine in New York harbor was sprung, and a moment afterward a high rising of the sea near one side of the iceberg was apparent, and through this vast lake of uplifted waters broke through a snow white mass of ice that had been detached from the high crystal mountain far down in the ocean's depths, and that came whirling to the surface with a swiftness that seemed to lift it half way out of the sea, and which kept it spinning and splashing for a full five minutes afterward.

The release of this portion from its frozen fetters far below had disturbed the "stable equilibrium"—as the learned scientists would say—of the greater and parent berg, and a moment afterward it began its stupendous swaying, as if some earthquake were influencing it from beneath, until in one of its colossal careerings it fell over and seemed to bury itself in a mass of milk like foam, as if a thousand demons were drowning in the lashed waters of the green sea, and that sent tremendous tidal waves tearing across the depths that would have engulfed the Great Eastern had she been near. It sank for a second, only and then rapidly reappeared with a creamy crest that in shallow sheets of white poured down the perpendicular sides of the mighty glacial giant that was trying so hard to find a quiet rest in his watery bed.

Woe to the ship that has ventured too near one of these monsters of ice just, as it has taken a notion to give a display of its Arctic antics, for if it be broadside to the tremendous tidal wave that comes curling outward from the center of commotion, and has not time to turn "end on" to meet the rapid rush of waters, it may be thrown upon its "beam ends," as the sailor would say, or thrown over on side, by the steep front of the wave, then fill with water and sink. Such Arctic accidents have been known to occur to careless cruisers in the iceberg region, and probably some of the very mysterious disappearances of polar parties would be solved in this way if the riddle were really unravelled.

Then again if the boat has only sailing power she is liable to meet the most erratic gusts of wind and sudden squalls that can upset her as suddenly as a tidal wave. Everybody has noticed how much more powerful and erratic are the winds around the base of a very high building in a city than elsewhere in it. And so with the great iceberg. It catches all the wandering winds of the high heavens and directs them downward, winding and twisting around its base, until it is very unsafe for a sailing boat to venture near these eddying gusts. So between the little icebergs popping up from the water below and falling down from the sides

above, coupled with a chance of the colossal of them all turning a hyperborean handspring that fairly sets the old ocean frantic with excitement, and not forgetting the twisting tornadoes that the berg brings down to its base, makes it altogether an uncertain undertaking to have a polar picnic too near one of these crystal mountains.

The Arctic whalers, who are the best navigators of these ice laden waters, call these little bergs that break off of the big ones either above or below the water line "iceberg calves," and they have no friendship for them, although they will occasionally deign to pull up alongside of a small "calf" and cut enough ice off of it (which I suppose they ought to call "veal") to fill up their refrigerators or ice chests and have ice and ice water aboard until it slowly melts and disappears.

Each one of these little (?) icebergs again sheds still smaller ones as it slowly crumbles to pieces on its march toward the equator, and the huge iceberg itself, with which we first began our description, was only a "calf" that had once broken off from the seaward face of the grand glacier or huge, moving river of ice. So they keep dividing and subdividing as they march along until the massive mountain of ice that broke off from the Greenland glacier in the Arctic seas really becomes merely millions of molehills of ice in the temperate waters of the warmer seas, and then it disappears altogether. And every time they split asunder we have an Arctic acrobatic performance.

But of all the curious capers cut by these colossal masses of ice none is more singular, not even their somersaults, than one I saw being performed in the entrance to Hudson Strait. A furious gale was raging that was driving a drifting icepack before it as if it were a herd of frightened animals. The great flat fields and floes of ice were speeding eastward before the whistling wind almost as fast as our snug little ship, for we were under double reefed sails, so furious was the storm.

Looming up out of the drifting gusts and whirling eddies of the snow, bearing westward, came the pearly sails of an Arctic ship—a mighty iceberg with a superb serenity in the awful storm cut its way directly through all the obstacles that faced its front. It bore down in the very teeth of the wind and bared its boreal breast to the fields and floes, crushing them as if they were so many egg shells, and scattering the flying glacial splinters port and starboard like a swift rolling wagon wheel scatters the dust.

This mastless hyperborean hulk was obeying the mandate of a marine current down in the depths of the old ocean's bed. Six-sevenths of the iceberg is submerged, and the superficial current being shallow in the strait discovered by old Heinrich Hudson, while the air, being so much lighter than water, that even a gale can form but a small component of the forces that determine the track of these Titans of the North, so we were greatly awed and edified by the singular yet superb spectacle of an iceberg sailing directly against the wind and forcing its way through fields of ice that would have crushed and sunk the mightiest mailed man-of-war of modern times before it could have made half a mile. It will impress one for life if but once encountered, and is a curious scene that but few have ever witnessed.

Canada Enlists an Army of Pigeons.

Canada has quite recently established an organized system of messenger pigeons, stations throughout the dominion, extending from Halifax to Windsor and connecting her principal seaports with the interior. General D. R. Cameron, director of the Messenger Pigeon Association, in speaking of the utility of the service, says: "I am of opinion that a most important branch of the pigeon service will be connected with the coast service. The evidence that these birds can be relied upon to cross 400 miles of the ocean is apparently thoroughly reliable." A report from Halifax states that it is proposed to put Sable Island in communication with the mainland by means of carrier pigeons. This locality has always been regarded as one of the most dangerous points on the coast, and wrecked mariners have sometimes been stranded on the island for weeks without being able to communicate with those who might rescue them.—*Scientific American.*

The force required to open an oyster appears to be 3191 1/2 times the weight of the shell-less creature.