

Orange County Observer

State Library

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NEW SERIES-VOL. X. NO. 29.

England and France will settle their Newfoundland dispute by arbitration, and the Chicago News is disgusted because another war story is spoiled.

The fund of \$2,500,000, which Mr. Peabody, the American philanthropist, left for the poor of London, now amounts to over \$5,000,000.

The New York Herald, in a column on investments in Western mortgages, shows that the people of the State of New York have over \$3,250,000 in them.

It is proposed in Paris to do away, as far as possible, with lunatic asylums, and to place insane persons who are not prone to violence in the homes of country people, who will be suitably remunerated by the State.

The business men of Pawtucket, R. I., appeal to textile manufacturers of the United States to contribute to a fund for the erection of a memorial to Samuel Slater, "the Father of American Cotton Manufacturing." In view of the fact that Mr. Slater was a pioneer in the Sunday-school work of America, Sunday-schools are also requested to contribute.

Anna undergoing a sentence of twenty-five years in the Iowa Penitentiary has expressed his willingness to change and enlist in the United States Navy for three years, if it will be any special favor to the Secretary, who complains of a scarcity of men. This, asserts the Detroit Free Press, shows that good men often get into prison.

The Atlanta Constitution gives these ominous facts: Italy has ten ironclads, five steel warships, and two wooden warships, all of the first class; twenty-one war vessels of the second class; twenty-seven of third class; fifty ocean torpedo vessels, sixty torpedo boats of various classes; twenty-three ironclads for coast defense—in all a navy of 258 vessels, carrying 583 guns and manned by 16,786 men.

A profound sensation has been created in Italy by the report that a French house sent 100,000 Remington cartridges to King Menelek, of Abyssinia, by way of Obok. As Italy considers Menelek to be under Italian protection, this is regarded as an interference with Italian rights, and has not served to hasten the revival of friendly relations between France and Italy. A good share of the Italians, however, would like to give up African adventures altogether, one of the Roman newspapers saying that "when the whole truth is known, the necessity of abandoning the entire enterprise will be seen, and there will be only one more research necessary, namely, to find some one yet more foolish than ourselves who will take the charge upon their shoulders."

In one respect, asserts the Chicago Herald, Ireland receives her brightest recognition in Chili. The newest ironclad is the Captain Prat, another being the O'Higgins and another the Amirato Lynch. The O'Higgins is named after Bernardo O'Higgins, whose father, born in a laborer's cottage in the County Westmeath, emigrated to South America in the early part of the last century and rose to distinction in different parts of that continent. The father, Ambrose, was one of the last Spanish viceroys of Peru, and the son, Bernardo, was the first director of the Republic of Chili. Bernardo O'Higgins is the Washington of his country. He it was who was mainly instrumental in winning the independence of Chili at the beginning of this century, and the grateful country has given his name to a province and a war-ship and has erected a statue in his honor in its capital.

The New York News remarks: While the great oyster beds of the Chesapeake show remarkable exhaustion, the supply of the oyster there having been reduced from 16,000,000 bushels in 1875 to 3,000,000 bushels in 1891, and many of the great packers having in consequence removed their establishments from Baltimore to other localities, our own areas of beds in the waters of Connecticut and New York are being gradually extended to meet the increasing annual demand. The planting and production of oysters are strenuously guarded by State laws, and we have little reason to complain of less in either quantity or quality. True, the consumption is enormous and growing, but between the efforts of the scientists and the practical experience of our bayward merchants, there is not much fear that we shall keep pace with the progress of this industry.

SPRING SONG.

So many ways to wander in,
So many lands to see!
The west wind blows through the orchard-close.
And the white clouds wander free:
The wild birds sing in the heart of spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.
And it's oh, for the wide world, far away,
'Tis there I fain would be.
For it calls me, claims me, the living day,
Sweet with the sounds and the scents of May.
And the wind in the hush-tree;
The wild birds sing in the heart of spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.
Far and far, in the distance dim,
Thy fortune waiteth thee!
I know not where, but the world is fair
With many a strange country.
The wild birds sing in the heart of spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.
So many ways I may never see!
Sies! I may never see!
Oh, wood-ways sweet for the vagrant feet,
What may not come to be?
What do they sing in the heart of spring?
And where do they beckon me?
Farewell, farewell, to my father's house!
Farewell, true love, to thee!
Dear, and dear, are the kind hearts here,
And dear mine own roof-tree—
But the wild birds sing in the heart of spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.
—Graham R. Tomson, in Scribner.

The Long-Expected Letter.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

The yellow narcissus was all in blossom in the little yard that fronted the village postoffice; the maple trees had dropped their red stars long ago, and here and there one found pink clusters of hollyhock trailing arbutus in the woods.

Isabel Islay had a bunch in the front of her jacket as she sauntered up to see if there were any letters; but they were no pinker than her cheeks.

A little group of men and women had assembled there for the same purpose. The women eyed Isabella, and wondered how it was that her dresses always "set so stylishly;" the men looked admiringly at her big blue eyes and rosy complexion.

Two or three other mill girls joined her; they laughed and talked gaily as the spectacled old postmaster sorted the mails.

At last the unpainted pine partition slid back, the spectacles appeared in the aperture and the postmaster cried, briskly:

"Naow, then! Who wants their mail?"

Isabella stepped briskly forward. "Anything for me, Mr. Rider?" said she.

"Isay, Miss I. Isabel Islay. 'Miss Isabel Islay!' read out the old man. 'Three for you. Who next?'"

"Isabel gets all the letters!" giggled the mill girls, as Isabella received her treasures. "She might divide with us!" Hear comes Miss Seaman. Now for some fun!"

A pallid, pinched, old young lady here advanced with a smirk on her countenance, and a faded shawl, whose folds scarcely covered the flat basket that she carried.

"Anything for me, Mr. Postmaster?" she demanded, with ill-simulated indifference.

"No, mum!" carelessly answered the official.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes'm!"

"Oh!" A blank expression crept across her face. "But it really don't signify. I just thought I'd inquire, as I chanced to be passing."

And she withdrew, amid the very audible titters of the mill girls.

"There ain't a mail comes in," said the postmaster, oracularly, "but Miss Genny Seaman's here a watchin' for it. And she never gets a letter—not so much as a postal card. I should think she'd get tired o' runnin'."

"Miss Genevieve Seaman?" said the careworn woman of the house where the mill girls boarded. "Oh, that all happened years ago! She had a beau, or suthin', and he went away—nobody jest knew whar. Reckon she didn't know herself. And it sort of upset her brain, and she hain't fairly been herself since. She's a very good dressmaker, and she trims a boucet quite scrumptiously, and so she earns a decent livin'." But she's been expectin' a letter this twenty-odd year, an' it's never come."

"Girls," said Isabel Islay, as they sat at the round table that evening, laughing and talking, "it's near the first of April! Let's write a letter to that poor old thing from her lover in the East."

"Was he her lover?" said Lucy Felton.

"Well, from the man she imagined to be her lover. Let's make it fervent as fire and sweet as sugar. Let's lay it on thick."

"In short, let's make an April Fool of Miss Genny Seaman," said Mary Crane, who was retriming an old hat with lilac ribbons and a bunch of violets.

"Just that," said Isabel.

"But you don't even know the fellow's name."

"I can find that out. Mrs. Webb knows, and I can easily coax it out of her. It will be such fun!"

It was the morning of the first of April—a blue-skied, breezy day, with the air full of growing scents and bluebird whistles—and soon after the cumbrous old four-horse stage had crashed through the village, the usual crowd began to assemble in the little postoffice.

Isabel Islay was there, and Lucy Felton, and black-eyed Mary Crane; and presently Miss Genevieve Seaman came tripping in with the peculiar gait which the irrevgent village children compared to a cat walking upon walnut shells.

"Two for Miss Islay," said the old man, scrutinizing each letter with provoking slowness. "One for Squire Zurrable Jenkins; one for Widder Hopper, and one for—Miss—Genevieve—Seaman!"

Isabel flashed a merry glance at her companions as the poor little dressmaker tiptoed up to the counter, her color changing from saffron to scarlet, her faded blue eyes full of intent rapture.

"Is it true?" said she. "A letter for me? And I've waited for it all these years! All—these—years?"

She hid it under her shawl, cast a defiant look around at the neighbors' faces and hurried away, like a startled wild animal to its cover.

She could not open that letter with other eyes upon her. She felt that she must treasure it to herself, like one who has discovered a precious jewel.

Isabel Islay stopped at the little house where the tin sign, "Millinery and Dressmaking," swung creaking in the wind that evening, on her way home from the mill.

The window blinds were fastened back, the parlor was opened and dusted. Miss Genevieve was moving through and fro, in her best India silk gown, with a flower pinned fantastically in her lustrous hair.

A round, red spot glowed on each cheek; her bony fingers trembled with excitement as she laid down her spectacles.

"Can you press over my Leghorn flat, Miss Seaman?" asked the beauty.

"Oh, my dear, I'm afraid not!" said the little woman, with a hysterical laugh. "Haven't you heard? I—I'm to be married very soon! Captain Edward Gleason—you may perhaps have heard of him—he used to be a resident of Milltown—he has made his fortune; it seems, in New York, and he's coming back almost directly to—to claim an old promise I made him twenty years ago. My dear, he has loved me—twenty years!"

Her eyes shone, her voice faltered with the ecstasy of her soul.

"And to-morrow he is coming back to me. Oh, Miss Islay, it seems almost like a dream!"

She laughed again, but her eyes were full of tears.

Isabel moved uneasily; she was almost frightened at what she had done. The joke did not seem half so jocose as it had at first, since poor Miss Genevieve accepted it in such dead earnest.

She took advantage of the entrance of a customer to slip out of the little shop.

"Girls," said she to her co-conspirators, "we must tell her that—that it is only an April Fool!"

"Tell her!" echoed Lucy Felton. "What for? She'll find it out soon enough! She needn't have been such a silly, anyhow!"

"It will kill her!" pleaded Isabel.

"No, it won't. People don't die so easily," laughed Lucy.

"Heard the news about Miss Genny Seaman?" said Mrs. Webb, at the boarding-house breakfast table the next morning, as she poured the coffee and helped the eggs and bacon around.

Isabel looked guiltily up.

"No," said she. "What is it?"

"Found dead in her cheer," said Mrs. Webb. "A-smilin' as happy as a child. Some heart trouble, the doctor says."

the secret die with this poor little woman."

"But she died happy at last," said Mary, with the tears running down her cheeks. "Believing that her old sweetheart was coming back to her."

"Yes, but that don't justify our heartlessness," whispered Isabel.

And then, and there the three girls entered into a compact secrecy.

Miss Genevieve was buried in a shady corner of the village cemetery, and on the very day of the funeral Isabel Islay met a tall, bearded stranger walking along the street, scanning the houses with keen, troubled eyes.

"Can you tell me," said he, "where Miss Seaman lives—Miss Genevieve Seaman?"

Isabel started. "Miss Seaman was buried this morning," said she. "Oh, I am so sorry! Was she a friend of yours?"

They had stopped opposite the little gate where the wheel-tracks of the hearse were yet visible. The sign "Milliner and Dressmaker" yet creaked in the wind, the red sun was sinking behind the low eaves, and Miss Genny's cat rubbed itself against the doorsill as if begging to belet in.

"A friend?" repeated the stranger, as he drew an old-fashioned miniature from his pocket. "See, here is her picture! I've waited all these years to make a home for, and now—she is dead!"

Isabel looked at the picture. Good heavens! had Genevieve Seaman ever looked as fair and dimpled and smiling as that?

And the thought flashed across her mind that it was well that this Captain Gleason had not been undecieved.

"Yes," she repeated, softly, "she is dead."

"And you were her friend?"

"Yes, I was her friend—at least as much any one here," falteringly owned Isabel, feeling like an impostor.

"Then perhaps you can tell me something of her. I waited to surprise her—and now—"

His voice was choked; he turned his face away.

Isabella told him, in a low, soft voice, all that she could—all that was good and cheering and hopeful—and Captain Gleason went back to the village hotel, walking slowly, with his hands behind his back, and his head drooping on his breast.

For the time he truly mourned the sweetheart of his youth, but no one can grieve forever.

Moss grows over the fallen tree; violets bloom above the new-made grave. Poor Miss Genevieve was dead and buried, and when the next April blossomed over the land, Captain Gleason was married to Isabel Islay.

"If death was really so near her, I'm glad I wrote the letter that made her happy," thought Isabel. "And Edward will always think of her as young and beautiful! But I never, never will play another practical joke!"—Saturday Night.

The Noises of a Big City.

"I cannot understand the outcry some people make against the noise in the streets," said the man. "Just stand here in the City Hall Park, close your eyes, and listen. It is a bright day, and it is the time when the tide of city life is at the flood. That dull, heavy boom, like the roar of the sea, is the thousand wagons, which, when heard one at a time, rattle and jar so. But the thousand are like a multitude of bass voics blending in a monotonous, musical note. Above it rise the higher, shriller notes, the tinkling of a score of car-bells, the shouts of drivers, the high-pitched voices of women and children, the sounds of laughter, the faint murmur of distant church or clock bells. Sometimes this rises to a shrill falsetto, then dies, until it is scarcely to be distinguished from the bass roar of the wagons on the granite. You are hearing the tremendous orchestra of city life—violins, flutes, cellos, cymbals, drums. It could be set down in notes. It is best discordant. It is soothing, and the city man, who hears it unconsciously day after day, learns to love it unconsciously, and it haunts him with its melody in country places so that he must come back to it."—New York Sun.

It has been decided by a New York judge that an editor is not legally bound, unless by his own specific agreement, to return any unsolicited manuscript that is left with or sent to him.

Parisian ladies are wearing dress skirts that fit the figure as closely as a corsete fits the arm.

CONFLAGRATIONS.

THE GREATEST FIRES OF ANCIENT AND MODERN TIMES.

Destruction of Big Libraries in Alexandria—How Constantinople and Ancient Rome Suffered—America's Noted Burnings

Among the great fires of history, undoubtedly the burning of the Serapeum library at Alexandria, in the year 640, by the Caliph Omar I., is most widely mourned, as the destruction of 500,000 volumes cut off much of the record of human knowledge at that time. The general impression of the importance and significance of this fire is, no doubt, augmented in great measure by the alleged answer of this Saracen conqueror, who applied to the protest against the burning with: "If these books are against the Koran, they are pernicious and must be destroyed. If they agree with the Koran, they are redundant and need not be preserved," and it is not generally remembered that Julius Cesar burned a larger library of 700,000 volumes at Alexandria, known as the Brucian library, B. C. 48, nearly 700 before the burning of the Serapeum library by Omar I.

At times of sack and pillage, Jerusalem has been burned time and again; the most noted instance being at the siege by the Romans under Titus, during the year 70, when a faction called the Sicarii set the city on fire in many places, and eventually 1,100,000 of the inhabitants perished by fire and the sword.

Constantinople has, like all Oriental cities, suffered severely from fires, a large part of such losses being undoubtedly due to the fatalism of the Mohammedans, who bow to their kismet. Said a Sultan: "If it be the will of Allah that my favorite city burn, it is the will of Allah."

A great fire at Rome, 12 B. C., caused the Emperor Augustus to take measures for increasing the defense against fire, which had been hitherto in the hands of bodies of police, numbering twenty or thirty, stationed in various parts of the city, and re-enforced at times of fires by companies of volunteers. He appointed new officers with the rank of magistrates, who were entitled to wear magisterial robes. Each was attended by two lictors, and provided with a fire organization of 600 slaves. It is probable that this was not entirely satisfactory in its operation, because six years later another fire caused him to undertake further reforms on a scale fully characteristic of him who "found the city built of brick and left it with palaces of marble." He increased the fire department to a scale commensurate with the needs of the city. Seven thousand firemen were organized into seven battalions, and one battalion was quartered in every alternate ward of the city. These men made careful inspections of the kitchens, of the heating apparatus and of the water supply in the houses, and every fire was the subject of judicial examination. The cost of the organization was maintained by a tax of twenty-five per cent. on the sale of slaves.

Two notable examples of contagion stopped by conflagrations are the burning of Moscow by the besieging Tartars in July, 1570, when the plague was stopped, and secondly the fire in London, September 2, 1666, which also stopped the plague, and it has been known there since. This London fire is properly called the great fire of modern history, because the reform which were started in consequence of it are living issues in the municipal affairs of to-day. The fire was caused by an overheated baker's oven, and in the course of four days it swept over 436 acres, burning 13,299 houses, 88 churches and St. Paul's Cathedral, causing a damage estimated to be £19,716,000, say \$53,500,000. Under the direction of Pepys the fire was stopped by blowing up buildings, which was, at the time, the only method of reducing a fire that had grown beyond the capacity of the small fire engines. These were or large tubs, and threw a stream of water directly on the fire, as hose was not invented until ten years later (1672) by Van der Heide.

The fire, devastating fire in America was probably the one occurring at Boston, March 29, 1760, when 499 dwellings and stores were burned, causing a loss of £100,000.

Philadelphia has been remarkably free from conflagrations in comparison with other large cities. It does not appear to

have been visited by a great fire until July 9, 1850, when a fire along the Delaware River front, at Vine street, extending over eighteen acres, caused a loss of life estimated as high as thirty-three, in addition to 120 wounded, and a pecuniary loss of \$1,500,000.

New York was visited by a severe conflagration in the southern part of the city on December 16, 1835, which extended over an area of forty acres, destroyed 674 houses, and causing a loss

which has been estimated as high as \$30,000,000, on which there was only \$8,000,000 insurance—an amount which ruined several insurance companies.

One of the first of the more recent conflagrations was the burning of Portland, Me., July 4, 1866. The fire was caused by a boy throwing a firecracker into a cooper's shop for the avowed purpose of scaring the workmen. In this respect the act was an unparalleled success, the damage being about \$10,000,000.

The Chicago fire, October 9, 1871, was one of the largest in all history, devastating an area of three and a half square miles, and causing a loss of about \$190,000,000, on which insurance was paid to the amount of \$100,000,000. Two hundred and fifty lives were reported lost in this fire.

Thirteen months later to a day, Boston was visited by a fire which extended over an area of sixty-five acres, burning the best mercantile buildings in the city, and causing a damage of \$75,000,000, on which there was an insurance to over \$65,000,000.—Scientific American.

This year has seen a large increase in olive-planting in Santa Barbara, Cal., one rancher in Mission Canyon setting out 1000 trees. The olive oil mill at Elwood was unable to crush all the fruit grown on the mountains, and 40,000 pounds were wasted this year because of lack of facilities. A new olive mill will be erected in Menocito.

Excursion Rates
Tickets Good for Five Days.

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"THE CITY OF AVENUES."

A Suburban Town Site of 450 Acres, forming the Southern Corporate Limits of
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

The Queen City of the State. A Boulevard 100 feet wide, gives a 3 mile drive around DILWORTH, and its avenues, running at right angles, are 60 feet wide, constructed with a view to sanitary advantages, for sewerage with water facilities. Over one hundred thousand dollars has already been spent on this property and many more thousands will be expended in the near future. The property contains the beautiful Latta Park of 90 acres, a lovely feature of which is Forsyth lake, nearly 1200 feet long. Taken altogether, this is the prettiest resort of its character in the "Dixie" country.

At Latta Park there are now in course of construction, and will be completed by August 1, 1891, a pavilion designed by the celebrated Norman, "the architect of beautiful designs," together with a keepers lodge, unique in character and a conservatory after the English pattern, at a cost for the buildings and furnishings of over \$100,000, together with other attractive features, now being arranged for by the

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The company will offer at public sale on the premises on
MAY 20, 21, 22, 1891,
a number of valuable building lots, in the immediate vicinity of the picturesque places above described. Terms of sale: One-fourth cash, balance in 1, 2, and 3 years. The visitor to Charlotte on that day, will be present also at the regular annual celebration of

Merkleburg Declaration of Independence.
This party day is a feature of North Carolina's Queen City, and is well worth the trip from the remotest section of our surrounding country. The purchaser of a lot, or lots, will be rewarded with the return of the cost of his fare to the sale. In respect of business, the pleasures of the day will amply repay all for the outlay. Celebrated music will be on hand to entertain the party. Ample accommodations for visitors, through four hotels and a large number of boarding houses. A daily equipped electric city railway to carry passengers over Charlotte and her suburbs, now completed in their beautiful Spring attire.

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