

Orange County Observer

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Indian silks are as cheap in Boston as in London, and they do say, whispers the Boston Transcript, that most of the so-called "Indian" fabrics now for sale in the bargain counters are made in Manchester.

The ground has been broken by Mrs. Leland Stanford for the great university to be erected in memory of her son, at Palo Alto, Cal. Both men and women will be admitted to the university on equal footing; and, although everything is to be as complete in its equipment as it can be made, \$200 a year is to cover the sum of maintenance for each pupil.

The English police have at last adopted the measurement system for the identification of criminals, though such measurements are not to be taken till after conviction. The new system furnishes the best check to the operations of professional criminals, as it insures their identification even when they have been skilful enough to remove marks on their person.

Theodore Child's impressions of the Argentine Republic, as published in a recent number of *Hopps's Magazine*, were not altogether flattering to the people of that country. He could find in the life of the citizens of Buenos Ayres no poetry, no sentiment, no generosity—nothing amiable, witty, or attractive in the exterior aspect of men and of things. Bishop J. M. Walden, however, in an article which he has written for the same periodical, takes a different and more hopeful view of that country. At the close of a comprehensive account of the religious and educational institutions of the Argentine people, he says: "The tendency of all the formative forces in Argentina is to make the people more homogeneous, to elevate them in their social conditions, to increase the intelligence of the masses, to develop the typical Spanish-American nation."

An interesting "Story of an African Farm" comes from California. The farm is an ostrich farm, and the financial story is this: Nine years ago a Dr. Skelley imported the first birds from Africa. He and Mr. Carson, of Cape Town, imported seventy-seven ostriches, which cost \$500 each. They made money, for from these birds have been bred 400 ostriches now in the State. A gentleman who has an ostrich farm in Santa Monica, and has forty-five birds, says that each bird yields \$200 a year, making his gross revenue \$9000; deducting expenses, he has a clear \$3500 on a \$15,000 investment. All breeders agree that Southern California is as well adapted for ostrich farming as South Africa, and it seems that most of the west coast trade in ostrich plumes is fairly well supplied from these farms. No wonder the California people plume themselves on their glorious State.

The *Charterparty* says: "The eyes of Chinamen in the East are now turned toward the fate of the opium treaty between England and China. The time is drawing near when a revision is to take place, and when it is to be decided whether England is going to continue the crime of sending opium to China, or will resolutely yield to the humane and Christian sentiment of the whole world and put an end to it. There is no want of effort in behalf of the most advanced cause in this great crisis. The Indian missionaries are practically a unit in demanding a flat and uncompromising withdrawal of that part of the existing treaty which relates to opium. Petitions are being circulated and signed in both China and India. The Chinese native Church presents a petition signed in behalf of 300 communicants of the London mission at Canton, 700 Wesleyan communicants, 450 Baptists, 600 Presbyterians, 350 of the Berlin mission, and ten of the American Seamen's mission. One petition is being circulated for signatures in the Court of Peking. The Indian petition is already signed by 750 foreign missionaries, and by 1200 native pastors, and 5000 other Christians. A similar petition is signed by English and Scotch Christians resident in India. Any one stopping on the quay of the Hugli, at Calcutta, can frequently see a monotonous train of wagons, drawn by toiling, pulling bullocks. The progress is very slow, for the burden is heavy. The wagons are piled up with chests, all of equal size and appearance. This train is on the way to the customs. The contents are to be inspected and then sent to China and other countries. What are the contents? Opium, and nothing else. It is England's greatest contribution to the world's wretchedness."

SHOW US WHAT YOU ARE.
Do it now! Begin! Begin! You "Mean to" That won't take you far; If the thing is there and in you, Show us what you are!
Future statesmen, preacher, poet, Playwright, leader of the bar— You may, but we do not, know it. Show us what you are!
Leave off dreaming, "if" and "and"-ing. Gazing at a distant star; The world's not waiting while you're standing; Show us what you are!
Set your lofty genius working; Take a task, to make or mar; Fame nor wealth are won by shirking; Show us what you are!
If you're abler, nobler, stronger Than the rest of us by far, Don't just think so any longer; Show us what you are!
—Arthur Gundry, in *Belford's Magazine*.

A GENUINE HERO.
A sky of opal and gold, a deep-tinted veranda, a novel, and a hammock slung at the most comfortable of angles. With these conditions, it was scarcely strange that Halcyon Hartford swayed delightfully between dreamland and the real world that June afternoon, with the fleecy gold of her hair, all glistens of pin or comb, and the "bell sleeves," falling enchantingly away from her round, white arms, while one trim, slipped foot hung from the edge of the hammock.
"Halcyon! Halcyon! Where are you?" It was one of those exasperating voices which, once having been sweet, had now a certain vibrant jar to its tones, painfully akin to shrillness.
Halcyon frowned a little, and raised herself on one elbow.
"Oh, Aunt Hal, don't scream so! I was just in such a half-way dream of delight."
"Well, you should have answered, then!"
Aunt Hal came out of the wide, shady hall with an effusive swing of her draperies, and seated herself in a bamboo chair, close to the head of the hammock.
She was comically like her niece—at least, as like as a woman of eight-and-thirty could be like a maid of eighteen.
There was the same yellow luxuriance of hair, but harsher, drier and more suggestive of dye; the same pink and white complexion, artificially heightened by liquid pearl and a carmine saucer; similar features, cruelly sharpened by the inexorable hand of time, and teeth just one degree too white and regular to be real.
The white dress she wore was painfully trying, and she was compelled to use gold eye-glasses as she held up a letter to the view of the younger Halcyon.
"What has happened?" drowsily demanded the latter, lifting a pair of blue eyes, fringed with dark lashes.
"The strangest thing!"
"Another offer of marriage?" hazarded Halcyon, setting on the unlikely thing which could, in her opinion, possibly happen.
"How did you guess?" with a little exultant cackle. "Exactly. The dear, foolish lad—and he so much younger than I! Why, he couldn't have been one-and-twenty when he went to Bombay, and I was at least thirty then."
"Thirty-five, Aunt Hal," said Halcyon, the merciless.
"Was it as much as that? Well, he seemed desperately in love then; though, of course, I never took any notice of the child. But I suppose, in that country of blackamoors, one can't help thinking about all the women one has known at home; and he has written me two or three letters."
"Has he?"
Halcyon sat straight up in the hammock now. Her blue eyes shone intently. The heat had brought a flush to her cheek, which all Aunt Hal's carmine saucers could not rival.
"But I never told you!" giggled the elder beauty. "Because I remembered that there was a sort of boy-and-girl affair between you and Chartley Blesson, when you were in boarding school, and I thought maybe you would be nettled. And here's the proposal at last—with his photograph inclosed!"
"Let me see it!" said Halcyon.
"What a brave, good face it was—slightly older and sterner lined than she had looked upon when the Avancanian sailed away three years ago, but yet so strong and manly!"
She laughed hysterically.
"Shall you accept him?" said she.

Aunt Hal nibbled coquettishly at the edge of the envelope; the new false teeth gleamed in a smile.
"I—think—I—shall!"
"And you fourteen years older than he is!"
"People don't think so much about such things as they used to do," reasoned Miss Hartford, the elder. "Eros is immortal, you know, dear."
Halcyon sank back into the hammock and reopened her book.
"You must do as you please, of course," said she. "After that quotation about Eros, I haven't a suggestion to offer."
"Jealous, poor darling!" thought Aunt Hal, with a thrill of exultation.
But she only said:
"Well, of course one can't help those things happening to one, and your time will come soon, dear, never fear."
"It's a good thing," she added to herself, "that she don't know anything about dear old Judge Flostroy. There's a difference in age, if you please, and the old pet is so infatuated about me. An old man's darling, or a young man's slave—which?"
While Halcyon thought, on her side:
"The silly goose! He has done it now. He has been making love to Aunt Hal, under the impression that he was courting me. I thought, of course, he knew that her name was the same as mine. Didn't she stand godmother to me at St. Chrysoline's, and give me a coral-and-bells and an embroidered christening robe? And now he has actually proposed to her! Well, if he is the man I take him to be, he'll stand by his colors, cost him what it may. A man who could walk up to the cannon's mouth at Bey-Idonna surely won't shrink even from Aunt Hal. And I'd rather know that he was a true hero than have a poltroon for my husband!"
And Halcyon turned her face toward the pillow, and cried great, sparkling tears like dewdrops.

"So you're back again, Lieutenant? Beg pardon—I'd order'd said—Colonel, I do suppose," said the old hack-driver at the station, whom Chartley Blesson had remembered ever since he was a child.
"Well, I declare, I shouldn't hardly hev knowned ye! And come back to be married, eh?"
Blesson bit his lips; but he laughed carelessly. Jonas Hopper was a privileged individual, like the court jesters of old.
"How did you know, old man?" said he.
"Oh, I dunno! Miss Hartford, she's been gettin' ready to be married, this long time," said Jonas, hoisting the Colonel's luggage on the back of the wagon. "And dressmakers and milliners they will talk, you know, though I'm told Miss Hal took great pains to hide it."
"Did she?" (Aside: "The darling!")
"And a fine woman she is, Colonel," officiously added Jonas, as he pushed in the last iron-clamped trunk. "A very fine woman, considerin' her age. I only wonder she ain't married before."
Colonel Blesson opened his sleepy black eyes.
"Why, who on earth are you talking about, man?" said he.
"Why, Miss Hal Hartford, to be sure."
"Miss Halcyon or Miss Halliana?"
"There ain't no Miss Halliana," said Jonas. "They're both the same name, but we calls the aunt Miss Hal and the niece Miss Halcyon. My daughter she's lady's-maid there; and I'd order know if any one does."
"And which of them is it that is going to be married?" breathlessly queried Blesson.
"Why, the old 'un, of course—Beg pardon!" hurriedly added Jonas, "mean Miss Hal. Polly she tells me there's four-and-twenty different gounds ordered, let alone the jackets and parasols and ten-button kid gloves fit to make your hair stand on end."
"And Miss Halcyon—the young lady," cried Blesson—"she is engaged too?"
"Not as any one knows on," said Jonas. "That all, Colonel? Got your telescope bag? Then we'd better be movin'!"
Colonel Blesson pondered seriously all the way up to Hartford Cedars, oblivious of Jonas's incessant stream of talk. Could it be possible? No, that was utter nonsense! And yet—
He strained his eyes as they approached the house. Surely golden-haired Halcyon would be there, smiling to welcome him!

aged charmer, well rouged and powdered with hair gleaming meretriciously and teeth just a size too large for the thin-lipped mouth.
In one hand she held his love-breathing letter; in the other his photograph. And during that second his heart sank like lead.
But he did not know—ah, how much more difficult would it have been to bear had he done so!—that Halcyon Hartford's eyes were surreptitiously watching him from the honeysuckle-garlanded casement beyond.
"Dear Chartley," the elderly dame twittered, "you are here at last."
He set his teeth, drew one long breath, and allowed her to slip a carressing hand through his arm and lead him into the house, muttering some hoarse acknowledgment of her coquettish smiles.
"I've brought it on myself," he thought. "And I must simply endure it. The woman isn't to blame—no, she is not to blame."
"He is a hero," Halcyon thought—"yes, a hero."
And then she burst into a passion of tears and ran up stairs to her own room.
"But now I've got you fairly here," lisped Aunt Hal, more determinedly youthful than ever, "I'm really afraid, dearest Chartley, that there's a great disappointment in store for you."
"Eh?"
The Colonel had sat down in a rather listless manner. Aunt Hal held on to his hand, still all teeth and smiles.
"And I may as well tell you at once," said she, "that I'm already engaged to Judge Flostroy, of the Superior Court. Of course, if I had known of your attachment in time, there's no saying—"
"Oh, pray don't let me interfere with any existing arrangements!" said Blesson, jumping eagerly up. "Perhaps, under the circumstances, you will let me have my photograph back?"
Just then there came a ring at the door below as the maid announced:
"Judge Flostroy, miss, if you please!"
Before the slow and ponderous steps of the approaching visitor could reach the room, Aunt Hal had thrust the photograph into Blesson's hand.
She had had the little triumph, which was all she wanted. That little case of diamonds from Judge Flostroy had settled the question.
"A-hem-m-m!" sonorously coughed the luminary of the Superior Court.
Aunt Hal tripped smilingly forward.
"Glad to see you, Judge!" she cooed.
"This is my old playmate, Colonel Blesson, just arrived from India. I dare say, Chartley, you'll find Halcyon somewhere about the house."
"Disposed of in short order," muttered Colonel Blesson. "Great heavens! what have I done to deserve such luck as this?"
Two hours afterward the young lovers sat in the veranda, watching the evening star rise over the hills, while the Judge's basso profundo voice still rolled in the sitting room like distant thunder.
"But wasn't it a narrow escape?" gasped Blesson, holding both Halcyon's hands in his.
"As a gentleman, Halcyon, there was no outlet of escape for me, under the circumstances."
"But would you really have married her?"
"Yes, I would!" with sternly-set teeth and knitted brows.
"Then I'll marry you, Chartley," whispered Halcyon, "because you are a genuine hero. And because," with an arch glance, "I really think you need a wife to take charge of you."
"After the episode of to-day," said Colonel Blesson, "I really think I do."
—Saturday Night.

To Cut Glass With Scissors.
One can cut glass with a scissors as easily as though it were an autumn leaf. The entire secret consists in plunging the pane of glass into a tub of water, submerging also the hands and the scissors. The scissors will cut in straight lines without a flaw. This result is achieved in consequence of the absence of vibration. If the least portion of the scissors is left out of the water, the vibration will prevent the glass cutting.
—Post Dispatch.

COUNTRY ROADS.

THE IMPROVEMENTS RURAL THOROUGHFARES NEED.

Macadam and Telford the Great Scientific Roadbuilders—France's Fine System—The Ancient Roman Method—Modern Needs.

The most comprehensive system of roadways is that in France and there, too, perhaps are found the best roads in the world. The French Minister of Public Works has charge of all roads, and these are administered by a special department and a council of which the Minister is President. There is a staff of six hundred engineers and inspectors and two thousand inferior officials. The department also has a school of roads and bridges for the education of engineers. The roads are national, departmental, military and vicinal. The national roads are maintained entirely by the national treasury. There are twenty-five thousand miles of these. The vicinal or cross roads are maintained chiefly at the cost of the communes, but under a national administration. On these roads there are constantly employed fifty thousand workmen and thousand overseers. What a contrast this is to our happy-go-lucky method of working out taxes on the roads!

Switzerland, too, is famous for excellent roads, which are mainly cantonal, corresponding to State roads here. Occasionally, however, cantons have united in some difficult work of construction. Of the three greatest Republics of the world the United States is the only country which has no decent system of common roads.

The roads in England and Scotland are, as a rule, very good. They were formerly, however, most wretched. With the exception that our common roads are now supplemented by railways we are to-day where England was two hundred years ago. England met the difficulty by the establishment of turnpikes with tolls, and thirty thousand miles of these roads had been built from 1770 to 1830. The turnpike system does not seem to be what we want in America, even though with it we might have good roads.

The earliest roads about which anything definite is known are those of ancient Rome. One of the oldest of these, and the most celebrated for the grandeur of its works—the Appian Way—was begun in 312 B. C. Roman roads are remarkable for preserving a straight course from point to point regardless of obstacles which might have been easily avoided. In solidity of construction they have never been excelled, and many of them still remain, often forming the foundation for a modern road, and in some instances constituting the road surface now used.

This allusion to the Roman method of road building has not been made in the hope that it will be imitated in America. There are other and cheaper methods, which, if employed, would give us all we could desire. These two systems are known as the Telford and Macadam.

The name of Telford is associated with a pitched foundation, which is always desirable for a road that is subject to heavy traffic. It consists of flat stones set on edge in courses across the road, with the broadest edge downward. The upper edges should not exceed four inches in breadth to hold the broken stone well. All irregularities must be knocked off, and small stones and chips must be firmly pinned into the interstices with a hammer, so as to form a regular convex surface, with every stone firmly fixed in place. The thickness of the pitching is generally six or seven inches; it should not be less than four, and it may generally be thicker without any sensible increase of cost. At least four inches of broken stone are required over the pitched foundation, and when consolidated six inches are always sufficient. Telford, it will be seen, paid most particular attention to foundations.

Macadam, the other great scientific road builder, differed from Telford in regard to foundations. He maintained that if there were good drainage—Telford insisted upon good drainage, too—that the subsoil, however bad, would carry any weight that could be placed upon it, if it were made dry by drainage and kept dry by an impervious covering.

Either of these roads answers the purpose very well, though the Telford—the most costly of the two—will unquestionably last the longer and better withstand any accidental periods of neglect.

The name Macadam is sadly mis-

applied to roads in this country. Any road upon which metal has been placed is said to have been macadamized. But it will have been seen that Macadam insisted on perfect drainage of the subsoil and such a complete consolidation of the stone covering that neither water nor dampness could get through it.

What we need in this country is a comprehensive system of roads such as these. The country people cannot build them. If they had the inclination they have not the means, and even if they happened to have the means they have not the knowledge and skill required to do such work properly.

It takes as much, if not more, skill to locate a common highway than it does to locate a railway line. A railway line only needs to be accessible at the various stations, and these are usually chosen after the line has been located with reference to the general topographical features of the country. A common highway, however, must be accessible from every farm on either side for its entire length. It therefore requires enlightened skill to lay out a highway, even in the country. The old fashion of following Indian trails, cowpaths or farm lines was hopelessly bad, but the great majority of our roads were laid out in just such a way.

I have my country home in a township which has not a mile of railroad. It has been entirely dependent on its common roads for nearly two hundred years. The county town is seven miles away from the township village, which is three hundred feet higher in altitude. There is a valley which runs from one place to the other. Here one would say the road would have been placed. Not at all.

It was built in a winding way over the hills, on the hillsides and across the valleys, so that whichever way one goes it is always either up or down hill. Through the valley the distance would not have been greater, and the grades would have been inconsiderable.

During four months of the year this road is hub deep in mud. During another four months it is knee deep in dust. What has this poorly constructed road cost the four or five generations of farmers who have tilled the soil in this isolated township?

I dare say that if they had had good common roads during the last half century the amount of the mortgages on the farming lands would be very much less than it is. But the saddest thing in this township is to see how they repair the roads. They get out the taxpayers every spring and they plow up the sod on the roadside and pile it in the middle of the road. Then it is a bad time for travelers. Fortunately, however, these "road menders" don't work very hard, and the township appropriation for this purpose is soon exhausted. If the money were to hold out twice as long as it usually does the roads would be impassible nearly all the year round.

There is considerable agitation on the subject of road improvement just now. Many of the States have inaugurated systems more or less comprehensive. New Jersey has given the counties a kind of local option as to improving the country roads. In some places, notably in Union County, this has been taken advantage of with very happy results. But counties which are exclusively agricultural cannot do this, and they will not do it.

The Governor of New York has recommended that the State take up the question of road building and make two intersecting highways across each county in the State. General Rostyne recommends that the National Government take up the matter and assist such States as may desire it to build roads properly. He claims that this can be done under the clause of the Constitution which empowers Congress to establish post roads.

But this is no new matter. Washington was an advocate of better roads, and he said in a letter to Patrick Henry, 1785: "Our roads should be straightened and established by law and the power of county courts to alter them should be withdrawn." And from Washington's time till now the great question has been more or less alive, but the interest has generally been exhausted in discussion without material benefits to the roads. Now in a time of peace, which probably will not soon be broken, it seems fitting that the State government should take up this matter and deal with it in a practical and businesslike way.—*New York Herald*.

Thirteen members of the new United States Senate are natives of New York, Ohio comes next with eight of her sons in the Senate, while Pennsylvania and Kentucky have six each.