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The demand of a Montreal French-Canadian editor for the removal of the Nelson Monument from the French quarter to a neighborhood occupied by the English is striking testimony to the truth that there are still two nationalities in Canada that will not meet and mingle.

Cuba, it is said, seems destined to supplant Bermuda as the truck garden for this country. Her potatoes and onions have already taken precedence over those of Bermuda, and now her tomatoes are taking first prize. This market gardening in Cuba is being largely directed from New York.

An interesting incident in connection with President Harrison's visit to Atlanta was his meeting with Mr. George Cook, a courtly, elderly gentleman, and a well-known piano manufacturer of Boston. The grandfather of Mr. Cook was the Captain Cook who saved the life of General William Henry Harrison from the Indians at the battle of Tippecanoe. Mr. Cook and Mrs. Cook had been spending a few days with Governor Bullock, and on invitation of Mayor Hemphill went up the road to meet the President. The meeting of the two gray-haired grandsons was very cordial, and they enjoyed a pleasant chat during the ride into the city.

Joe Shakespeare, the Mayor of New Orleans, was asked whether he knew how he came by his surname. "Oh," said he, "you think, perhaps, I claim descent from the Bard of Avon. Well, I'm an American, and you know what Americans are after. I never heard that the Bard of Avon left anything but a name, so I took no interest in his family. He had left money it would be different." As a matter of fact Shakespeare did leave an estate that was reckoned good in its time. The new Shakespeare of New Orleans is a native of the neighborhood of Baltimore, where his ancestors were farmers. He is a rich iron banker.

Canada is going to make a push for the cotton market in China. The largest cotton factories in Canada and the provinces are controlled by the Dominion Cotton Mill Association, and until recently their business has languished. The great cotton mills at Halifax were shut down for a long time, they in common with others having been built when the boom that followed the National party's triumph in 1878 was in full force. Other mills have run on short hours, and the industry has languished simply because the plant was too big for the market. Now it is announced that the new steamers of the Canadian Pacific line will be used to convey Canadian-made cloth to China. As the steamers get a subsidy from the Government, and the Government gets a subsidy from the manufacturers, the Canadian cotton spinners are highly favored people. They are confident that China will be a good market for their cotton, and probably count on exportations stimulating prices in Canada. At all events it is said that many of the long idle mills will be kept busy this year.

The most remarkable anomaly in this country, believes the New York Post, is the complaint of able-bodied men in the cities that they cannot get any chance to work, at the same time that the farmers complain that they cannot get men at good wages to do the work that needs to be done in the country. The agricultural editor of the Hartford (Conn.) Courant, who is a man of wide acquaintance and excellent opportunities for knowing the facts, says on this point: "I hear complaint from farmers all over New England of the scarcity of farm help this spring. It is said that many farmers will have to curtail their plantings on this account, and yet the papers from the larger cities tell us of the great number of poor men unable to obtain work. There is something wrong somewhere, when men crowd the cities and almost starve for the want of work, while we of the country are anxious to give them a home and good wages in exchange for honest work. From personal knowledge I think 200 good men could at once find employment on farms right here in Hartford County at from \$16 to \$25 per month and board." There is, indeed, continues the Post, something wrong in such a situation, but who can right it so long as men had rather half starve in New York than get \$25 a month and board on a Hartford County farm?

GOLDEN BUBBLES.

Desire not thou too greatly, for, like fire
Destroying what it enfolds, so is desire.
Success—that was his thought, his hope, his aim.
Afield or housed, noon, midnight, dusk or dawn.
That dazzling image his heart dwelt upon.
For, if he slept, Imagination's flame
Burnt like a steady torch, lighting the same
Determined path—which way his soul had gone.
And if he waked, the dream, still unwithered,
Remained, unchanged, his conscious force to claim.

At last 'twas his. An airy figure brought,
Light-balanced on soft finger-tips, a sphere
Of fine-wrought gold. But his trained hands
Forgot
Their skill for one brief instant, in the fear
To lose the gift. Too eagerly they caught
This glittering ball, which crumbled into naught.
So strength may win what it may fail to keep!
This world's gifts vary only in degree.
They are but air spheres in the thinnest gold.
The bubbles must be jostled tenderly.
—Robert Burns Wilson, in Harper's.

Baby Versus Husband.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"Hello, Kate?"
"Yes!" answered a voice above stairs, as Charley Grant called from the cosy little hall below.
"Come down here! I've got something to tell you!"
Charley's handsome face was bright enough to tell anybody that his news pleased him greatly, as he stood waiting for his wife to come down. And why not, since his pretty cousin, Jessie Kingsbury, had come at one time very near filling the place which Kate had now?

But Kate was as sweet and pretty as ever Jess had been—at least, she used to be, before Baby Johnnie came—and—and—well, Kate appeared at the instant, and even Charley could not call her pretty, now.

Her golden hair was all bunched up and tucked back with an ugly comb, her wrapper unbelted, no collar on, and her small feet thrust into clumsy old slippers.

Charley's friends used to say he was a perfect fiend on the subject of untidy women, and he couldn't help a shade crossing his face as he remembered how trim and nice Kate was when they were first married.

But the shade passed as swiftly as it came, and he stooped to give her the usual kiss, as he said:

"Busy, to-day?"

"Yes. Hush, Charley! Don't speak so loud, you'll wake the baby!"

"Oh, bother the baby! He's always going to sleep or waking up, or doing something to make life miserable for other folks!"

"Why, Charles Grant! Aren't you ashamed to say that of your own blessed little son?"

And Kate's eyes began to fill, while her cheeks reddened.

Charley hastened to undo his mischief by saying, tenderly:

"Now, there! You know I was only joking, dear! He's the finest baby ever lived, no doubt! Isn't supper ready? I'm as hungry as a hunter!"

"Yes, it is waiting. I'll ring it up at once. What was it you wanted to tell me, Charley?"

"There! Bless my soul, if I hadn't forgotten! Who do you think is here?"

"I couldn't guess, so I won't try. Tell me!"

"Cousin Jessie Kingsbury! She is over at Brother John's now. Came to-day!"

"Did she?"

There was no very intense interest in Kate's tone, for she was not over glad to hear of the young lady's arrival. Guests were troublesome, but she felt obliged to say, as Charley waited:

"Will we have to invite her here?"

"Why, of course, Kate! We'll do our part of the entertaining, with Stella and John. We must call to-morrow and set a time for her to come to us. She will stay a month or two. Jess is so lively, we can't be dull while she is here."

Kate was just conscious of a queer twinge at Charley's words, but she led the way to the table, and poured the tea with her usual pleasant manner.

"There! I forgot something else, too," cried Charley, suddenly clapping his hand on his pocket. "I've got a treat for us to-night."
"What is it?" asked Kate.
Charley took two small squares of

pasteboard from his pocket and held them up to her.

"What are they?" said she. "Theatre tickets?"

"Yes. 'Faust,' by a splendid company. I knew you always wanted to hear 'Faust,' so I got 'em on, purpose for you."

Charley looked pleased, but Kate's fair face clouded, as she answered:

"Well, I am sorry you spent the money. I can't go."

"Can't go! Why in the world can't you, then? You are so fond of good opera. I thought this would be a real treat."

"So it would, Charley, if I could leave the baby."

"But I thought you had a good girl?"

"Well, I have a perfect treasure."

"Well, don't you think she might manage to rock the baby for two hours on one occasion?" asked Charley, seriously.

"Oh, but Charley, he might be taken sick or something."

"Yes, the house might burn down; but I don't think it will," returned Charley, more shortly than he often spoke to Kate. "I'm very sorry you won't go," he added, as he rose from the table, his appetite quite spoiled. "It is a disappointment to me."

"Why, you can go, I'm sure, Charley. I shall not care at all."

"No, I'll stay with you, and we can have our own music. I have not heard you sing for a month."

Kate hesitated a moment, then she said:

"But, Charley, I must stay up in the nursery. I never trust Johnnie to Sarah of evenings."

Charley frowned, stood irresolute an instant, and said:

"Oh, well, then, I don't see why I shouldn't get some pleasure, if I can. I'll just drop over to John's and see if they are going. As I have two tickets, if Jess cares to go we might all make a party of it."

"Yes, certainly, go, Charley. I don't want you to stay at home because I have to."

"You know I had rather be with you, my dear. But it's dull work sitting downstairs alone all evening."

Then Charley kissed her, put on his overcoat and went away. But after he was gone Kate began to be conscious of a lonely, uneasy feeling, and to wish she had gone, too. Of course, Charley was as loyal and true-hearted as a man could be. But, to think of him sitting beside that dashing, black-eyed Jess all the evening and showing her all the little attentions which he knew so well how to give a woman; it worried her, somehow, and she could not help it. She was not jealous. Oh, no! She had told him to go and really hoped he would enjoy it. But—but—she did wish she had left Johnnie to Sarah for one evening and made one of that opera-party with the rest.

As for Charley, as he walked rapidly over to his brother's he wondered if he wasn't a precious rascal for wishing that blessed baby had never come into his house. To be sure, it was a bright little thing, sweet and cute, and he would have loved it dearly and been very proud of it (as he was, after all, if he had only known it), but since it arrived, Kate had been no companion at all for him. She was everlastingly up in that nursery, and she neglected her dress and her hair, and never read or sang to him or went out with him, and he was feeling the change sadly.

"Of course, it is right to be a devoted mother," he said to himself; "but I do wish the mother had not so entirely displaced the wife. It's hard on a fellow, and I don't like it. I don't wonder men get tired of their wives, if they all do the same way."

Just then Charley ran against a passer-by, and as he glanced up to apologize, saw his brother.

"Ah, John!" was his greeting. "I'm just on my way to your house."

"Well, I'm on my way to yours," replied John, laughing. "We want you and Kate to go with us to hear 'Faust' to-night."

"No use to go on," returned Charley. "I have been trying to induce Kate to go but she won't."

"She won't? Why not?"

"She can't leave that precious youngster. I got her a ticket, but it was no go. So I was coming over to say if you want to hear the opera, my tickets are at your service."

"Not unless you go with us, Charley. Of course, you will, though. And Jess can use one of your tickets."

"Why, I hardly know about going myself, John. I don't like to leave Kate at home alone, you know."

"Nonsense! It is her own fault. Come, I won't hear a word more. Forward, march! It's time to be off."

Charley submitted, feeling a little reproached, for, though he had set out with the intention of going to the play, when he took a second thought, he did not care to go without Kate. But Miss Jessie was very willing to be escorted by her handsome cousin.

Kate had gone to bed before he got home, and he would not disturb her. But at breakfast next morning he told her what a grand time they had enjoyed.

"Ye-es? I am very glad, Charley," said Kate, rather faintly.

"Oh, yes. We only missed you, dear. But Jess is so lively, one couldn't help having a good time with her. By the way, Kate, she says, as you are so busy with the baby, she will not stand on ceremony and wait for you to call on her. She is coming over with Stella to-day. We must have her to stay here, you know. If you can't spare time to entertain her, why, I can."

A sudden feeling, which she could not explain, fired Kate's heart, and made her say, with some spirit:

"I shall do my part, of course, Charley."

"That's a good girl!" he returned, in tones of real pleasure. "I knew you would if—if that wretched—"

"Charles Grant!"

"Oh, excuse me—that precious baby—did not absorb all your time. Then you'll invite her to stay when they call?"

"Yes."

"You're a darling! Wish I could be here, too. But you can make them stay to dinner. Good-bye!" A kiss, and he was off.

"Oh, yes! She'll stay, fast enough!" sighed Kate, as she went upstairs. "But what I wish is that people would just stay at home as I do. However, as Miss Jess has no husband and baby to keep her at home, it is to be expected that she will go anywhere where she can find amusement."

And then Miss Kate nodded her head, and her eyes had an unusual sparkle in them, as if she had suddenly come to some resolution which she was determined to carry out.

Kate flew around in her nursery that morning with a will; and before her callers could possibly be expected she had taken off her untidy wrapper, curled her hair and made herself as pretty as she could. If she took a bit of a cry while she held the curling-iron, it might have been because that small instrument of torture was too hot.

They came, and it seemed to Kate that Jess looked slightly surprised at her appearance.

"Why, they told me you had grown quite domestic, dear! Given up society, and all that!" the young lady cried, settling her silken plumage in Kate's easiest chair. "But I declare, you look as fresh and blooming as ever! I am quite vexed with Charley."

"I hope you enjoyed the opera, last night?" observed Kate, rather coolly, not replying to her words.

"Oh, yes, indeed! It seemed like old times to be with Charley again. Oh, by the way, did he tell you he was going to take me out riding this afternoon?" she rattled on. "I told him he ought to take you, but he said you wouldn't go."

"Not to-day. Some other time, with pleasure," answered Kate. But her usual "I couldn't leave the baby" was not spoken, and Stella stared a little, and then smiled and nodded her head, as if she had suddenly chanced upon a bright idea.

Kate gave the invitation Charley had suggested, but the visitors declined to remain to dinner that day. Miss Jessie promised to come in a few days and spend a week or two with them.

At noon, instead of Charley, came the office-boy, bringing a little note, to say that she need not wait, for he would not come to dinner. Had an engagement for the afternoon, but would come home early to supper.

"An engagement? Yes; to ride with his cousin!" said Kate, to herself with a smile. "All right, Mr. Charley! The next time, I rather think I will be of the party."

She was very busy that afternoon. But when Charley came up at tea-time, it was the old Kate who met him in the hall, with fluffy hair and faultless dress, as he had not seen her for months.

"Why, Kit!" he cried, his handsome face all aglow. "Has any one come? Are you going out?"

"Yes, I thought if you cared to go, we would run round to Stella's awhile, this evening," she answered, putting her hand on which her diamond ring again shone on his broad shoulder.

"But, the baby?" asked Charley, doubtfully.

"Sarah can do very well with the baby," said Kate, though her cheeks reddened under his glance.

"Sarah? Why, Katie, what does it all mean? Is it possible—"

"Yes, it is quite possible that I am not going to neglect you any more, Charley, my dear," she interrupted, blushing redder.

"Hallelujah!" And Charley caught her to him in a swift embrace. "Kate, I'm the happiest fellow in town just this minute!"

"Then I shall take care to keep you so," said Kate. "Come to supper, silly boy."

She kept her word.—The Ledger.

Curious Freaks of Razors.

The finest grades of razors are so delicate that even the famous Damascus sword blades cannot equal them in texture. It is not generally known that the grain of a Swedish razor is so sensitive that its general direction is changed after a short service. When you buy a fine razor the grain runs from the upper end of the outer point in a diagonal direction toward the handle. Constant strapping will twist the steel until the grain appears to be straight up and down. Subsequent use will drag the grain outward to the edge, so that after steady use for several months the fibre of the steel occupies a position exactly the reverse of that which it did on the day of purchase. The process also affects the temper of the blade, and when the grain sets from the lower outer point toward the back, you have a razor which cannot be kept in condition, even by the most conscientious barber. But here's another curious freak that will take place in the same tool: Leave the razor alone for a month or two, and when you take it up you will find that the grain has assumed its first position. The operation can be repeated until the steel is worn through to the back.—Manufacturers' Gazette.

The Russians Are Natural Fighters.

"It may be worth while, now that there is so much talk about Russia's preparations for war," said the Army officer, "to recall the fact that Russians are natural fighters. Do you recall the war stories which appeared awhile ago in one of our magazines. Here the discipline of the Czar's army and the love for fighting were shown in most convincing ways. In the paper on the Russian Army the story was retold of an order given to Russian regiments to take some hills then in the possession of the enemy. The regiments started with a rush, and thrice the order for retreat was given. But by some misunderstanding one regiment failed to receive the orders. When it was learned that this regiment was missing the whole Russian army received orders to advance and to take the heights. The army went up the hill, was driven back and went up again. It went up time after time and was thrown back into the plain below. If fought all night, trying to take the heights. When the sun rose the next morning it was discovered that the one missing regiment had taken the heights, licked its own army on the one side and the enemy on the other. That's the Russian idea of fighting."

"This same war article," the speaker added, "tells of another night attack. The enemy fell upon the Czar's troops when they were making a forced march at night. There were in confusion, but they stood still and allowed themselves to be shot down until they could form. And how do you suppose this was done? The first man of the first company fired and his company formed, each man finding his position by the flash of the preceding man's rifle. The first company once in line, the second formed in the same way, and so the whole army by the flash of gunpowder in the blackness of night found its position. When daylight came the whole army was seen to be stretched across the plain in a line as true as if drawn with a rule. The Russian is a natural soldier and the discipline which he undergoes makes him a superb fighter."—New York Tribune.

Upper Burma until recently was an independent kingdom, governed by King Theebaw, a despotic monarch, but early in 1886 the King was deposed and pensioned and the country annexed to the Indian Empire, being placed under the Chief Commission of Lower Burma.

Exclusive Sanctuums.

By long odds the most exclusive places in New York, writes a correspondent of the St. Louis Republic, are the big newspaper offices. It takes as much red tape to get into the sanctum of a managing editor, a city editor, or even into the general reportorial room as it would to secure an audience with Queen Victoria or the German Kaiser. In the West, where politicians are in the habit of appropriating all the easy chairs in an editorial sanctum on election night, and at other times when events of importance are on an effort to isolate writers for the press would probably precipitate a riot almost. Not so here. New Yorkers know more of the value of time than any other people on earth, and they recognize the individual's right to regulate his hours and his visiting list. The New York Times is a fair sample of all metropolitan newspaper offices, and as my duties take me to the innermost recesses of its sanctuary every day I have studied its ramifications with much interest, an interest piqued by contrast with what I have been used to further west. The editorial rooms are on the eleventh floor, and are reached by fast-running elevators. On leaving the elevators you cross a corridor and enter an anteroom which is bare with the exception of a desk liberally supplied with paper and a table of printed instructions. You are first told not to send in your card unless you have business, and then you are informed that your business must not be of a personal nature. In this connection it is not out of place to remark that the friends of members of the staff must visit them at their homes or their clubs, for under no circumstances are friendly calls tolerated.

If you are not discouraged by the frigidity of your mute reception in the anteroom, you tap on a glass window about a foot square, which is opened by a well-dressed, clean-looking young man, who always strikes me as being a direct descendant of that King who "never smiled again" after "the bark that held the Prince went down." He eyes you suspiciously, and you tell him whom you want to see. He invariably tells you he doesn't know whether the gentleman is in or not, but volunteers to investigate. You give him your card and he disappears. In a moment he reappears, and either unlocks the door and invites you to enter, or, as is more often the case, observes laconically, "Not in," shutting the portal and shutting you out simultaneously. This office is in this respect an exact duplicate of all the other offices in town except the World, where you send your card from the first floor through a pneumatic tube. If a favorable reply is received you are kindly allowed to ride up in the elevator. And yet, notwithstanding this apparent austerity, there is not a more companionable set of men in Gotham than the newspaper crowd when one meets them at a banquet, in a club house, or even in their offices; they are affable, courteous and interesting; but this is always their busy day.

Submarine Telegraphy.

The submarine telegraph system of the world is one of the wonders of modern achievements. It holds the globe in a network of cables, and has made its remotest distances responsive to the influence of civilization. There are no less than 129,070 nautical miles of cable soaking to-day in salt water and transmitting intelligence under the bellies of ocean fishes. Government administrations own 12,524 miles, while 107,546 are the property of private companies. The cost of these cables approximates \$200,000,000. No less than eleven cables are soured in North Atlantic brine, and all laid since 1870, the total length of cables, including coast connections, being more than 30,000 miles.

The Eastern Telegraph Company covers the ground from England to India, and comprises 21,860 miles of cable, to which is an Eastern extension that exploits 12,058 miles more. West African cables have been laid from Calix to Cape Town, and the Dark Continent is in telegraphic touch with the centers of civilization. No less than 17,000 miles of cable were necessary to make this connection that gives the trader in Africa a daily notice of the markets of the world and keeps the colonists on the Orange River posted on the events transpiring along the Ganges, the Thames and the Mississippi.

The benefits of this world-encircling system cannot be easily overstated, and it is a magnificent tribute to the service and progress of electric science.—San Francisco Examiner.

George Bancroft's estate is now valued at \$600,000.