

# Orange County Observer

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Last Granby, Conn., boasts of supporting the smallest school in the Union. The Cooper Hill district has only two children of school age. One of them being a stout boy, stays at home this term to help on the farm, leaving only one to attend school.

The New York Press notes that feminine education is making rapid strides in France. Higher examinations were not formerly open to women, but the new university for women which was started a year or two ago is becoming a very beneficial institution, making it possible for women to teach in higher girls' classes.

One of Superintendent Porter's census bulletins compares the expense of cable, electric and animal motive power for street railways, for fifty lines. On cable roads the operating expenses of a car per mile were 14.12 cents; electric roads were run at an outlay of 13.21 cents a car per mile, while the expense of animal power was 18.16 a car per mile.

European scientists are watching with interest the earthquake phenomena of the year. The month of April witnessed two important earthquakes, the first having destroyed the hamlet of Adil-Dyevan, in the district of Van, Armenia, and the second having wrought much destruction in the Austrian province of Styria. It is believed that the subterranean wave is moving westward.

The secret of New Mexico's rapid growth from desert tracts to fertile plains is explained by the statement that there are over 3000 irrigated farms to be found in it. There is abundance of water in the Territory, and the only difficulty is how to direct it where it is most needed. The problem appeared difficult of solution a few years ago, but it seems to have well-nigh succumbed to ingenuity and enterprise.

A New York horse-life insurance company, insuring only sound and generally young animals worth between \$100 and \$400 each, reports that of 704 horses dying within the last five years 183 died of colic, seventy-seven of inflammation of the bowels, seventy-four of kidney trouble, fifty-one of pneumonia, fifty-two of sunstroke, thirty of pinkeys, ten of heart disease, four of blind staggers, nine killed by runaways, four were drowned, two were killed by lightning, 123 died of unknown diseases, and eight were burned.

According to a writer in the Nation, members of the Mafia, the Italian secret society, have a playful manner of indicating to the friends of one of their victims the whereabouts of his removal. If he has overheard the secrets of the society, his ears are cut off; if he has seen more than it is safe for one man to see, the skin of his forehead is flayed and turned down over his eyes; or if he has injured one of the Mañosi, a hand is cut off. These mutilations do not hurt the victim, who is dead before they are inflicted, but they convey a lesson that is seldom lost on his surviving relatives.

The Australian farmer is eagerly engaged in turning his attention to the cultivation of cotton, and every assistance is being given him by the Colonial authorities. Immense quantities of excellent cotton also grow wild in Africa, and the opening up of that continent to trade may result in the extension of its cultivation and export, placing it, in the opinion of the American Agriculturist, in formidable rivalry with both India and America. The cotton plant, moreover, is indigenous in many of the islands in the Pacific, where it produces a splendid staple. The trees attain a height of ten feet, and the bolls are as large as a turkey's egg.

There are to-day, according to the New York Sun, over 1,000,000 men in the United States who are out of employment. And Buffalo Truth pertinently asks: "Will you kindly think of it for a moment? Realize what it means! Out of work, don't know where the next meal for themselves and their families is coming from. Why is this? The world is not completed yet! Equally surely there must be work for willing hands to do! Is there no one in want of something which labor, applied to the earth, the true source of all wealth, could supply? There is—there must be. We, in the circumstances, do not hesitate to say that a moment's consideration will show that there is something rotten—something more than wrong—somewhere. Where is it?"

## MORNING.

I feel that every dewdrop has a tone  
And sings for ears more sensitive than mine.  
While all the flowers their modest heads incline,  
And list in fragrant reverence. Alone  
And mute I stand before the Morning's throne.  
The birds have speech, the breeze, the rhythmic pine,  
Each brings its offering glad unto the shrine  
Of the fair one, and only I bring none.  
Yet, as I feel her breath upon my cheek,  
And know there are sweet sounds I cannot hear,  
And languages I know not how to speak,  
Around me in the dreamy atmosphere—  
For what I've not I neither ask nor seek,  
And what I have seems every morn more dear  
—Mary A. Mason, in Youth's Companion.

## Joe Dobbs's Random Shot.

The scene, a box canon in Southern Arizona, was lonely enough. The rocky walls shut out the morning sun rays, and the only trees in sight were sombre evergreens and thickets of chaparral. The aspect of the rugged landscape was suggestive of the primitive inhabitants, the Apache Indian and the grizzly bear.

Yet in this secluded spot there were signs of human life and activity in the shape of a rude miner's "shack," open in front, with three sides formed of upright poles chinked with mud, and a roof of overlapping splints. It stood near a large freshly dug hole in the canon side.

Picketed by a rope tied to his fore leg an aged burro was feeding on the dry herbage of the canon's bottom. In the excavation in the mountain side a raw-looking youth was working very moderately, using alternately a pick and a shovel. A shock of tow hair ran wild beneath his hat brim, and a stray tuft like a tassel appeared through a hole in the crown. This young fellow was Joe Dobbs, late of Missouri, and the object of his labors was to develop Peg Leg Crawford's newly located mine, Great Cinch, in Buena Canon in the Chiricahua range.

This mine was at present in the stage of a hole in the ground with prospects ahead; but the indications of mineral were good and had grown better as the digging went on. A good face had been cleared against the rock, and when the proprietor—now on a trip to town for supplies—should return, blasting was to begin. Joe was not to share in the profits of the mine's development. He was merely a shiftless boy picked up "dead broke" at Camp Bowie and taken along by Crawford for the sake of his work and company at the price of his "grub" and a shadowy promise of wages if the mine turned out well. The decrepit burro had been turned out to die by his Mexican owner, and Joe had driven him to camp "as a starter for a herd," he said.

The shadow of the beetling cliff on the southeast, which during the first half of the day lay across the canon's bottom, slowly shifted eastward until a blaze of bright sunshine in the mouth of the tunnel informed Joe Dobbs that "noon o'clock," as he termed it, was approaching. The boy was not fond of labor, and it did not require many minutes' endurance of the hot sun's rays to convince him that it was time to stop work and get something to eat. There is little doubt that he arrived at this decision fully an hour in advance of the time it would have been reached had Mr. Crawford been with him instead of presumably somewhere on the San Simon plain coming back with his burros and supplies. Having repaired to the shade of the "shack," he cut some slices from the small piece of bacon for his use and raked together the embers of the camp fire.

There was no wood cut and before setting out to get some Joe sat down to rest. His eye fell on the large valise that Peg Leg Crawford always kept carefully locked and out of the way of harm. In the hurry of departure the miner had left the key in the lock, and it occurred to the boy that it would be a good time to see what was inside.

Joe turned the key and opened the sacred valise. It contained two pairs of cotton socks, some specimens of ore, and a bulky package wrapped in a scrap of army blanket.

Joe untied the cord that fastened the parcel and unrolled the covering from a wooden box that once had held Malaga raisins. Prying off the top of the box with his knife, he saw that it contained about two dozen of what looked like long thick candles. Had the youth been more thoughtful, and known more of letters, he would have spelled out the

words, "dinomite dangerous," written in blue chalk on the cover, but as it was, that inscription passed unheeded with all the warning of risk that it conveyed. He had heard vaguely of a powerful explosive called dynamite, but knew nothing of how it appeared or should be handled. The cylindrical objects before him he half thought might be some form of candy.

"I don't see why ole Peg Leg should be so mighty particular 'bout this outfit o' stuff," he said to himself, as, picking up a flake of the substance that had sealed from one of the pieces, he put it in his mouth and tried it with his tongue. It had a sweetish taste, and he set his teeth into it.

If Joe had applied his grinders with the force and enthusiasm that he would have shown in cracking a hickory nut, there might have been a premature explosion and mystery never has been told; but he quickly discovered a caustic property in the substance, and, not liking the flavor, spit it out. He put the box on a flat rock that served as a table, convinced that he wanted nothing of its contents.

Chancing to glance up the mountain side, he saw the boughs shaking in a scrub oak. At the back of the camp leaned one of those old-style army rifles, chiefly formidable to the one who fires them, known as the "Long Tom." With more animation than he had shown at any former time in the day, Joe seized the firearm and exclaimed:

"I sees yer, and yer my meat; here goes fur briled squirl' for dinner," and started up the mountain side to secure the game.

The path which he must take to reach the place where he had seen the squirrel was steep and roundabout. When, after hard scrambling over rocks, he came near the place where he had seen the squirrel, that evasive rodent was not to be found. But, climbing higher and looking beyond the summit of the ridge into a little mountain park, Joe spied a jack rabbit feeding in an open space. As he crept toward the creature, following its upstartings, short runs and up-sittings, in the effort to get a chance for sure shot he saw to the windward among the pine trees across the valley a red deer, which caused him to abandon the rabbit chance at once to pursue the nobler game.

"Git's a great mornin' fur critters astir," said Joe to himself, in high glee. "Who'd a think that triffin' squirl' ud a led up ter a deer. 'N' dar may be sumthin' a heap bigger'n one deer a waitin' fur me."

There was something "a heap bigger a waitin'." Crack, crack, crack came the sharp report of several rifles-off on his right; there was a singing of bullets about him so close that one passed through his hat; and there arose a hideous yelling outcry, which made his flesh creep, and for a moment weakened him so much that he nearly tumbled down from sheer fright.

The symptoms of returning courage and presence of mind manifested themselves first in Joe's legs, and with no loss of time he ran away as fast as he could, making down the valley toward the foothills. A shot or two more whistled by his ears as some Indians, a half dozen or so in number, leaped up and started after him as fleet as deer.

If Joe had kept on straight down the valley the Indians would soon have overtaken and killed him. Fortunately, he had a good start of them and was luckier still in his knowledge of a narrow path—stumbled upon during a previous hunting expedition—which followed the bottom of a fissure leading up the face of a cliff on the side of the ridge that separated this mountain park from the canon. The opening to this fissure was hidden by wild vines; a turn in the winding valley served to hide his movement from his pursuers—and as they dashed round the rocky promontory and kept on down the valley, Joe was crawling sideways up the narrow cleft, which took him, after much difficult squeezing and climbing, to a rocky nook near the summit of the ridge so concealed by evergreens as to be wholly out of view of any one a few feet away. When at last the Indians retraced their steps he was safely hidden, although they came so near him that he could hear their calls as they ran about the ridge, passing and repassing his retreat in their search for him.

Joe was in no hurry to quit his place of refuge, but after a time, when all was quiet, he crept out from his shelter to look about and see if the coast was clear. No Indians were in sight and he crawled to the summit of the ridge and over the

other side until he reached a point which commanded a view of the canon and the Great Cinch mine. There in full possession of his camp were seven painted Apaches, the same ones undoubtedly that had "jumped" him so recently.

Joe, who had hoped that his unpleasant visitors had gone away for good, was far from pleased to see the enemy established in his camp. Peering between the side of a boulder and a Spanish bayonet plant which effectually screened him, the Missouri boy watched the performance of the red men, who were making themselves wholly at home. They had killed his burro, and the choice parts of its carcass stuck on sticks were roasting about a fire made of poles torn from the sides of the shack. They had upset and overhauled the valise and pretty much everything else in camp in search of ammunition, "whisk," tobacco and less valued articles of plunder. The dynamite they perhaps deemed "bad medicine," for it lay in the box on the flat rock where Joe had left it three hours before when the squirrel had lured him from the camp.

What specially grieved Joe's heart was the killing of his burro, the only possession he had in the world except the tattered clothes he wore. Now, that after all the fuss he found himself still alive, the boy's courage came back sufficiently for him to get very angry over his loss. As a relief to his feelings he cocked his rifle and sighted it at different members of the group, thinking as he dallied with the trigger what a pleasure it would give him to send a bullet among them as a sauce to their meal. For a youth of Joe's capacity for doing the wrong thing this fooling with the trigger was most unwise, as was shown presently when he pulled just a trifle too hard; the hammer fell and the heavy army piece pointing into the midst of the Indian group went off with a louder bang and a more emphatic rebound—so it seemed to Joe—than ever before.

The vicious kicking of the gun against his shoulder, the noise and smoke of its explosion, and the feeling of astonishment at its unexpected performance, occupied Joe's thoughts for an instant. Before he had time to be frightened at what he had done, he was jarred and shaken as if the mountains were rocking, and was stunned by a deafening roar that rent the air. Loose rocks went rolling down the slopes, trees were rushing to the earth, and Joe saw, as in a fantastic dream, the top of a giant pine that had overhung the mine high aloft and still going upward, as if it never would stop. Everything in the canon seemed to be in the air flying away from the spot where the camp had been. After the dust had somewhat settled Joe, looking down upon the site of the shack, could see there only a great hole in the ground, while a heap of earth had taken the place of the Great Cinch tunnel. The shot fired by mistake had missed every Indian and plumped straight into the box of dynamite.

At the time when Joe's shot was fired, Peg Leg Crawford, riding a burro and driving his pack animals before him on his way back to the camp, had reached the mouth of the canon. Another turn in the path would bring him in sight of his mine. He was speculating as to how things had gone on in his absence.

"I wonder what that fool boy Joe's been a doin' while I've been gone," he soliloquized. "He's done no work ter speak of, that's dead sure, an' it's a great streak o' mercy if he hain't been up ter mischief. If he should get ter foolin' with that dynamite—"

At this point in his reflections Crawford found his burro's footing unsteady, owing to an unexplainable tremor of the earth. There was a commotion in the air as if several cyclones were fighting for the right of way through the canon, and a great roar came to his ears as if the thunders of a whole rainy season were combined in one peal. The next thing he realized was that he and his burros were on the ground together in a heap, where by unanimous consent they waited until the elements subsided.

When things had quieted down the old prospector, who was not very nimble on his pins, pulled himself out of the tangle of burros, got his animals on their feet, and stumped up the canon to find out what had happened. He expected to find the body or some part of the body of Joe at a distance more or less remote from the place where the camp had stood.

When he reached the scene of the explosion he looked for some sign of his assistant.

"Joe's gone with the rest, I reckon,"

he said, with a touch of regret. "I'll have a whiff o' my pipe 'n' then take a look 'roun' for the body 'n' give it a Christian burial 'f thar's enough left ter put in a hole. Hullo! What's that? Hain't the stuff got through fallin' yet?"

There was a rattling down the mountain side, and looking up to learn the cause, he saw Joseph Dobbs sliding on his back down a sloping face of rock. In making his way to the canon's bottom to investigate matters the boy had missed his footing in his excitement, and was coming down by the run much faster than he liked. He landed at the foot of the cliff torn as to clothing and scratched as to skin, but was regardless of all injuries in his wonder and pride at his unexpected achievement. He was delighted to see Crawford, for he was bursting to brag of his exploit.

"Didn't I fix up that trap for 'em slick?" he said, with the air of one who had carried out a carefully planned purpose.

By good luck the picks and shovels laid where they had escaped injury. So the work of developing the Great Cinch mine went forward with no more extra trouble than the rebuilding of the shack and the removing of the earth blown into the tunnel. To be sure, they had no dynamite for blasting, but Crawford felt that his explosive had been put to good use.

So high was Joe raised in the old prospector's estimation that before they set to work next day he formally adopted him as his "pard," and thereafter that youth dawdled over the pick and shovel with a sense of importance befitting the half-proprietor of the true lead, dips, spurs, angles, and prospective profits of the Great Cinch mine.—New York Sun.

## Paper Made From Logs.

Chauncey M. Depew is such a keen observer and accurate and able reporter that, if he were old enough, he might be suspected of being the bright boy in the children's story of "Eyes and No Eyes," "Growth Up." He always brings back lots to talk about from his travels and voyages, even his little ones. Speaking the other day about his recent trip over the Rome and Watertown Road, he said: "Let me tell you about the most interesting thing which I saw in my trip. It illustrates the beneficent power of invention. It was the manufacture of wood pulp in the mills at Watertown, and of wood pulp into paper. I was familiar with the old paper mill, and its consumption of rags. Those rags were gathered from all the hospitals and pest houses, slums and reservoirs of misery in the world. They frequently carried with them serious epidemics and fatal plagues, and the paper mill was the last place that any man would want to take anybody to, except his creditors, and he would take them there upon the chance that he would get rid of part of them from the diseases which they might contract."

"But Yankee genius, accomplishing the unexpected and utilizing the unforeseen, put a log, about as big as a good-sized dude, into a hopper. It comes out in about two minutes in small chips, rolls along upon an automatic railway into a big vat, is reduced by sulphuric acid to a soft pulp, flattened 'out by machinery into long strips about two feet wide, and cut three feet long, which are piled in stacks all around for use, then run through other innumerable rollers until it comes out at the other end, a prepared and marketable roll of paper for the press, and before you are well out of the building the log which you saw enter the hopper is being shipped to New York to carry the news of the world, and the intelligent discussion of every conceivable subject interesting to humanity, and the education of a first-class university, upon its face."—New York Tribune.

## Sparrows Get a Free Lunch.

The lazy little English sparrows have obtained a new method of obtaining food without hustling for it, and every morning they noisily put the idea into execution, being observed by many persons. When the electric lights are turned off at daybreak the sparrows chatter around the globes until they are cooled. Then the bothersome scavengers slide down into the globes by way of the barbons and eat the unfortunate insects attracted by the bright glare during the night. Usually the sparrows get a good breakfast of fat flies and bugs, and often as many as a half-dozen birds clamber into one globe.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## A City Lost for 1000 Years.

That one of the greatest of all the cities built by the Buddhists in the East should have been forgotten and lost in the depths of a trackless forest for 1000 years is a curious fact that takes a powerful hold on the imagination. Readers of Ferguson and of Sir Emerson Tennent have heard something of the architectural wonders of Anuradhapura, the ancient "City of Granite," in the island of Ceylon, and of the unparalleled immunity of its structures and rich monumental remains from the ravages of the despoiler and the religious fanatic. Since the above authors wrote great progress has been made in clearing up the jungle and bringing Anuradhapura once more to the light of day. Mr. Burrows, who visited the city in 1886 and 1887, gave a remarkable account of the progress made in archaeological discoveries in and around this ancient buried city during the last ten years. Readers of this note who care to know more about this immense lost city, the limits of which are about six and a half by four and a half miles, will find the above mentioned account by Mr. Burrows in Macmillan's Magazine for September, 1887. Since this account was written the clearings and excavations have yielded wonderful results. The outline of this gigantic relic of a past age is that of a flattened oval. The wonderful palace of Cingalese, supposed to have been built about two thousand years ago, and of which Mr. Burrows gives an elaborate description, was only discovered in 1886, its size and position almost exactly agreeing with the most authentic account extant from an eye-witness of Anuradhapura in her glory—that of the Chinese traveler, Fa Hsian, who visited it in the early part of the fifth century.—St. Louis Republic.

## Wild Hogs in Arizona.

Roaming over the lands of the Lerdo colony, seventy miles south of Yuma, are droves of wild hogs, variously estimated at from one to three thousand in number. They are descendants of tame hogs placed on the ranch when Thomas H. Blythe was part owner, about thirteen years ago. After Blythe's decease and subsequent reversion of his interest to General Andrade, the hogs were turned loose and allowed to go at will over the rich bottom lands of the Colorado River. A few generations transformed them into savage beasts, who would attack and eat a man if they had the opportunity. They subsist chiefly on the wild potato, a tuber which grows the size of a walnut and in great profusion. The present owner of Lerdo, General Andrade, conceived the idea of having the hogs caught and the meat cured for the use of the colonists.

Operations were begun about a year ago, and though not conducted on a large scale have proven successful. The hogs are caught in a circular corral about thirty feet in diameter, having a trap door. Plenty of bait in the shape of corn and potatoes is scattered about the entrance and also buried in the canal. A band of hogs are attracted by the bait, enter the corral, commence rooting for the buried corn and potatoes, and when the right spot is struck by them the trap door falls and they are prisoners. The hogs are fed a while before slaughtering. Their meat is of fine quality and the lard sweet and delicious.—Yuma (Arizona) Times.

## Peculiar Customs of the Lascars.

Some of the peculiar customs of the East Indian coolies, called Lascars, are very amusing to Americans. For instance, they always eat their food in the open air, with their faces toward the west; and the greatest insult a white man or "Gaiour" can offer them is to walk between them and the sea while they are eating, causing his shadow to fall on their food, which immediately becomes unclean.

Their appearance is rendered peculiar by their habit of shaving their heads, leaving but one tuft at the side for "the prophet" to drag them into Paradise by. When married, they wear a ring on their big toe. They stand the cold remarkably well, and make good sailors, being as active as monkeys. In running aloft they ignore the ratlines and use the back stays, a peculiar wire rope, which they literally walk up.—New York Journal.

It has been calculated by a statistician that in Illinois out of a total of 720,000 young men, not more than 220,000 attend church.