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The growth of the movement in favor of establishing working girls' clubs was demonstrated the other evening by the large crowd that assembled in Tremont Temple, Boston. Last year there met in a small hall twelve clubs, representing 850 members. The last meeting was attended by eighteen clubs, representing 2500 members and their friends.

Under the statutes of the Dakota a man who robs a stage can be sent to prison for life. If he attacks but fails to get any plunder, he can be sentenced for half a lifetime. In a case where a judge figured that fifteen years was half a life, the Supreme Court has upset the sentence, figuring that nineteen years, seven months and four days is the correct term.

"An institution peculiar to New York, which has been recently established," alleges the *Atlanta Constitution*, "is a civil marriage contract bureau. If you want to get married very quietly, without even the newspapers finding it out, you go to this bureau with your girl, pay your fee, which is \$25, and a civil marriage contract is prepared for you to sign, and the affair is guaranteed to be kept quiet. No record of these marriages are made, and they are not, strictly speaking, legal, but a lawyer who was consulted, said the courts would not dare legalize them, if any legal question were raised to make it necessary to test their validity in the courts."

The Latin-American department of the World's Columbian Exposition is very anxious to obtain information concerning a copy of a little quarto published in London in 1493, containing the important will of Pope Alexander VI, by which he divided the New World between Portugal and Spain. Only two copies of this will are in existence, so far as can be ascertained. One is in the Royal Library at Munich. The other was sold at London at auction by Puttick & Simpson, auctioneers, on the 24th of May, 1851, and was bought by Obadiah Rich for four pounds eight shillings, for some private library in the United States which he declined to name. It has certainly disappeared from the knowledge of bibliophiles, and no trace of it can be found. Any person having knowledge of the whereabouts of this historical treasure is requested to notify the Department of State, Washington, D. C.

By the *Pittsburg Dispatch*: Some wit remarked that the sewing machine and the steam engine are rapidly making one people and that dwell on the face of the earth. They are destroying the national peculiarities of the dress of men in the countries of Europe by giving them the styles of the clothing from London, which is the great centre of traffic for that part of the world. Ready-made garments from London are sold in the shops of Amsterdam, Berlin, Vienna, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and St. Petersburg, and in many of the smaller cities, which obtain their supplies from the great ones in the West or from London direct. Formerly an English sailor could be readily distinguished from a Danish or Swedish sailor, and each of these from the other by his distinctive costume, but at the present time all of them are dressed alike, and quite possibly their garments came from the same factory. Fifty years ago the women's garments of New England differed from those of the Western and Southern States, and these again from those of Canada, but now almost the home-made dress has been largely driven out by "ready-made" which have found their way into the great majority of the towns and villages all over the land. The business of manufacturing clothing on the theory that every garment that is made will fit somebody and find a customer is increasing year by year, and though the men's trousers thus created are sold at a price that defies competition on the part of the weaver of homespun, the trade seems to be a profitable one for all concerned. In many of the large establishments the cutting is done with great rapidity, the cloth being piled in thickness of 100 or 200 layers, which are cut by a saw that follows a metal pattern, under the guiding hand of a single operator. Thus, with the aid of machinery, one person can do the work of fifty in the olden days, and rapidly, and in this way the whole world is clad. With our machinery of one pattern, and the telegraph bringing before us every day all the news of the world, we are not only dressing ourselves at the same time.

BROTHER, AWAKE

Brother, the dawn in the east is arising,
Sparkling and bright from wild ocean's embrace.
See how her blushes new beauties awaken;
See what a tender light beams from her face!
Eos, fair Eos, her feet steeds are waiting,
Eager to speed in advance of the wind,
Longing to bear thee away on thy mission,
Cheering and blessing the hearts of mankind.

Brother, awake, for the sun hath arisen!
Dazzling is he in his gorgeous array;
Golden his palace, and golden his armor—
Wilt thou not welcome the king of the day?

Helois, Helois, thou art majestic!
Daily thy duty is patiently done;
Brother, thy duties demand thine attention—
Wake, ere day endeth and night is begun.

Brother, awake! Awake, O my brother!
Moonbeams are gently caressing thy brow;
See, the moon peeps through the darkening shadows;
See her sweet smile as it lights on thee now.

Selene, Selene, stars round thee glimmer;
Dost thou never linger to gather a gem?
"Why should I tarry, or turn from my path-way?"
While I have peace, I've a rich diadem."

Brother, O brother, awake from thy slumber,
Open thine eyes while 'tis yet called to day!
Vain is the dreaming, for not it availeth;
List to thine impulse, be swift to obey.
High be thy purpose, eye, heavenward reaching;
Firm thy endeavor, persistent and true;
Faith be thy watchword, and hope thy companion.
Fence will not linger but hasten to you.
—Lillian Stiles Webster.

A POINT OF HONOR.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

It is a fact too well proven to need comment here that mental excitement will produce upon the human countenance a change more rapid and lasting than even physical pain. But it would have scarcely seemed possible that one hour could have made a beautiful, blooming face so pallid and deathlike as that of Isaura Gardiner became in that brief time one June morning, when all nature was in jubilant mood.

She was young—not more than twenty—and had been Julius Gardiner's wife a little more than one year. They had been married at a time when the firm employing Julius had wished him to undertake a prolonged Southern and Western trip to collect outstanding debts, and the young couple had made this business errand their wedding tour.

Early in March they had returned to their home, and a few weeks later a wee blossom had come to bind the parents' hearts in yet closer bonds of mutual love, a little daughter they named for Isaura's long dead mother, Bertha.

After the baby came a gladden her, Isaura found her time so filled with maternal cares that she had never availed herself of her husband's permission to explore the old homestead, until the June morning already mentioned.

It was a very large, rambling old country house, the legacy of three generations of Gardiners, to the last survivor Julius, and Isaura was sure that it was filled with treasures of past occupants, though its owner laughingly assured her that he was quite sure she would find but little to reward the thorough ransacking she threatened to make.

When she was first engaged to Julius Gardiner, Isaura had thought she would bring him a fortune equal to his own patrimony. She had been from infancy the supposed heiress of a maiden aunt, who had a moderate income under her own entire control and no heir but her niece. But, from some unexplained freak, the venerable maiden, upon her death-bed, left her home and money to found an asylum, bestowing upon her niece her clothing and jewelry, the one much the worse for use, the other of but trifling value.

Isaura had been sorely disappointed, but Julius had laughed at the long face, assuring her he had ample means for both; his private fortune and large salary combining to make a handsome income. So Isaura had forgotten the temporary trouble very quickly.

On the June day, already referred to, she had at last explored some of the long closed rooms, and entered one early in the forenoon, her face bright as the June sunshine pouring in at the open windows, her cheeks rivaling the blush roses clambering over the wide porch roof to nod at her, her eyes as clear and blue as the summer skies arching over the old homestead.

In one brief hour she came out again. But the pretty pink flush was gone from her cheeks, leaving them as white as new-fallen snow, her eyes were heavy and dull

as lead, gazing vacantly forward with an expression of utter misery; her step was slow and feeble, and she trembled as if unable to support her own weight. She seemed to have aged years in that one hour of anguish passed in the room entered with such a light step and happy heart.

Slowly she went to her own room. Baby Bertha lay in her dainty cradle sleeping profoundly in a morning nap, and the young mother, sinking upon her knees beside her, found some relief from her agony in a passion of tears and sobs. Again and again her husband's name mingled with the moans wrung from her white, quivering lips, till the violence of her grief wakened the sleeping child, who broke into wailing cries. For a moment the mother forgot her own grief, as she soothed the little one with all love's tender caresses, kissing the velvet cheek, and whispering soft words of affection.

But when the child lay quiet in her arms, the shadows fell again over Isaura's face, and her tears dropped fast upon the little face nestled against her bosom. The burden of grief was not lifted, though the first wild paroxysm was over. Isaura Gardiner was a fair woman, tall but slight, and possessing much beauty, of a purely blonde type, rippling, golden hair and blue eyes, with a soft, delicate complexion. Her disposition was gentle and loving in a remarkable degree, and well the exquisite beauty of face in form.

It is no exaggeration to say that she actually lived in her affections, and these were centered absolutely in her husband and child. Orphaned when only ten years old, she had been under the guardianship of her aunt, passed from one boarding school to another, spending even her holidays in the care of her teachers, unless invited to visit a fellow-pupil.

It was during such a visit in the village that was to become her future home that she met Julius Gardiner, and her heart, starving for sympathy and companionship, sprang at once to answer his warm avowal of deep, sincere love. She had never known what it was to receive such affection as her lover gave her, and she gratefully returned it. And in her love she had found only happiness. It was Julius who had consoled her when her aunt died, leaving her alone in the world. Julius who had urged a speedy marriage, that he might have the right to comfort and protect her. Julius who had made a bridal tour of his long business journey and given her every leisure hour to explore all the sights of the many new places in which they sojourned. Julius who had watched her tenderly when her life seemed going from her, after baby came, and gave her new life by his loving voice and gentle caress.

She had thought their love perfect—as strong in his heart as in her own. But on that June morning, all this happy certainty had gone from her, and her heart seemed breaking at the loss. She took no further interest in the exploring expedition through the old house upon which she had started so merrily, but rocked her baby in her arms, and mused over the one appalling discovery she had already made.

Julius found her so when he came in to his dinner, and anxiously inquired the cause of her woe-begone face and red eyes. But for the first time his tender sympathy met a repulse; not an angry one, but one that was equally puzzling to him, it was so full of mute reproach, and no entreaties could give him any explanation of the cause.

For days, this atmosphere of gloom and mystery hung about Isaura. She neglected all the little household duties in which she had delighted; she would sit for hours in silence and idleness, her face white, her eyes fixed mournfully on vacancy.

Julius was distracted. Loving his wife with all the fondness of a tender, true heart, he was grieved and angered to see her fretting constantly, yet refusing to give any reason for such excess of sorrow.

In vain he tried by every tender device to win her confidence. She only kept a more profound silence, while yet most evidently doubting the sincerity of his professions of love and regret.

At last, the result Julius dreaded fell over Isaura, and she was prostrated by low nervous fever and became very ill. The physician hinted at some mental disturbance, and prescribed quiet; and the husband, thoroughly aroused by fear, exerted his authority with some show of harshness.

"You are nursing some chimera," he said to poor, pale Isaura, "and I insist upon knowing what it is."

"Oh, Julius, don't be angry!" she moaned, pitifully. "Perhaps I may die, and then you can marry Magdalene."

"What upon earth are you talking about? 'Magdalene'! Who is Magdalene?"

"The woman you love. I am sorry, Julius, that I have stood in the way so long. It would have been better to have been frank with me and told me the truth before we were married."

"She is insane," thought poor Julius, bursting into a cold sweat of horror; "she has been nursing some delusion till it has turned her brain and made her a monomaniac!"

All anger was gone from his voice as he bent low over his wife.

"Darling," he said, "do not think of such things. You cannot doubt my love for you!"

The blue eyes that had grown dim with excessive weeping searched his face eagerly. Then, as if nerved to a desperate effort Isaura took a folded paper from the drawer of a table beside her bed and handed it to her husband.

"Read that," she said. "I found it in the room upstairs that you told me was your room while your parents lived. It was in the drawer of a bureau there, with other papers. You told me I might overhaul anything I pleased, and I read that."

Wonderingly, Julius opened the paper, while Isaura scanned his face, watching for the confusion of detected guilt. To utter amazement, Julius, after reading the paper, burst into a fit of laughter, clear, ringing and hearty.

"Oh, Isaura," he cried, when he could catch his breath, "the sins of my youth are being visited upon my head with a vengeance. Oh, it is too good!"

And another paroxysm of mirth followed.

"I don't see anything funny about it," said Isaura, crimsoning with anger.

Julius read aloud, with mock emphasis:

"DEAR DICK:—You utterly mistake both my heart and principle if you imagine for one moment that I will avail myself of the slight excuse of Isaura's loss of fortune to break our engagement. Dear as I love Magdalene, bitterly as I regret the tie that binds me, I will never, never so disgrace my manhood as to desert the fond heart that loves me."

"Isaura knows nothing of my mad infatuation for your sister Magdalene, my hopeless love for one I may never seek to win. She trusts the professions of love I made before I knew the secret of my heart. She loves me! And I who sought her when she was a supposed heiress, consider it a point of honor to keep my faith with her."

"Guard my secret from your too fascinating sister, from my promised wife and—"

Here the paper was torn and the confidences of the lover brought to an abrupt conclusion.

"Oh, Isaura," said Julius, who had been interrupted by frequent spasms of laughter, "have you really been fretting yourself sick over this balderdash?"

Then, looking into the pale, wan face, Julius became grave again.

"If you had only looked further, dear," he said, "you would have discovered page after page of just such stuff. For you must know that one of the delusions of my youth was a settled conviction that I was a great literary genius, a Wilkie Collins and Charles Dickens of America, born to astonish the world. And this is part of my first, last and only novel."

"Oh, Julius!" Isaura gasped. "I thought—I was sure—"

"There, don't cry, love; don't! Never doubt me again, dear. I cannot imagine now how you could have taken this for a genuine letter. I never knew a Dick or Magdalene."

"How did I know that? And Isaura is such a very singular name."

"So it is. But you see, dear, just about that time this singular name stood in my heart for all that was charming, good and lovable in womankind. I was desperately in love with an Isaura, and as my heroine was to embody all female perfection, I gave her the name of the woman who had full possession of my heart."

"And then the loss of fortune—my aunt, you know—"

"Bless me, yes! I forgot all about that. It does look oddly like truth, now don't it? But if you will explore the drawer still further you will find a couple of hundred pages explanatory of this precious document you so unfortunately selected."

The doctor, coming later in the day to visit his patient, was astonished at the wonderful effect of the simple remedy he had prescribed, and still more at the rapid recovery that followed. In less than a week Isaura was singing about the old house, a busy little matron,

happy in her husband's love, her baby's beauty.

But she has still one regret: All her entreaties have failed to persuade Julius to complete that beautiful novel, "A Point of Honor," which lies unfinished in Isaura's care, and which she is finally convinced would, if published, place her husband at the very pinnacle of literary fame.

But Julius will not agree with her, declaring that that precious composition has already made sufficient mischief in the world, since it caused his wife weeks of misery and a fit of illness, and therefore it is with him a point of honor to consign to oblivion as speedily as possible.—*The Ledger*.

Why an Amputated Limb Pains.

A very singular form of neuralgia is that affecting the nerves of amputated limbs. It not rarely happens that after an amputated stump has healed the nerves of the stump, being compressed in the scar, becomes exceedingly painful. Curiously enough, the pain is not felt in the stump, but seemingly in the extremity of the limb, which has probably been buried for a year or more. In one case coming under the notice of the writer a man whose arm had been amputated above the elbow often referred to the pain he felt in the little finger of the severed member for years after the operation. An old, one-legged soldier, applying for an increase of pension, said: "I have more pain in the foot that ain't than in the one that are." This was his terse way of saying that he continued to have pain in the foot which was lost on the battle-field years before.

The explanation of these curious phenomena consists in the fact that the terminal filaments of a nerve are its most sensitive parts; they are the "feelers," the points from which the sensations start on their course to the brain, where they give notice that something is wrong with the outlying districts. When the nerve is injured in this continuity the sensation is often referred to the terminal ends.

Everyone who has struck his "crab-bone"—the point above the elbow, where the ulnar nerve is very superficial and easily injured—must have noticed how much the sensation was affected in the little finger, the pain being often greater than that at the point where the blow was struck.—*St. Louis Republic*.

A Child's Twelve Grandparents.

Elsie Chase, daughter of Charles and Clara Chase, of Yarmouth, has more grandfathers and grandmothers than any child in Massachusetts, all of whom are now living. I give below the names.

Edward and Mary Chase, grandfather and grandmother.

Charles and Emma Ellis, grandfather and grandmother.

Charles and Jane Ellis, great-grandfather and great-grandmother.

Jerry and Cordelia Chase, great-grandfather and great-grandmother.

Matthews and Ruth B. Gray, great-grandfather and great-grandmother.

Adeline Nickerson, great-great-grandmother.

Jerry Walker, great-great-grandfather.

This is very remarkable; six grandfathers and six grandmothers, and all living, making a collection that has no equal in this country.—*Cape Cod (Mass.) Item*.

Soldiers Not Anxious for War.

A party of infantry reserves were seen at the Friedrichstrasse railway station the other day. They were waiting for a train to take them back to their homes. One of their number, an elderly man, was indignant with the newspapers for talking so glibly about the coming war and the aggressive policy which it was Germany's duty to adopt. "I fought at Koenigsgratz and Sedan," he said, "but that was mere child's play to what the next war will be. That new rifle which we have just been testing is almost too horrible a weapon to use against any enemy." The old Landwehrman said the new rifle carried a bullet which is scarcely an inch long, and about as thick as a good-sized cigarette, which will pierce earthworks of seventy centimeter thickness at a distance of 150 meters. At 170 meters distance it made a passage through five full knapsacks placed in echelon. Fired from a distance of 200 meters the bullet will penetrate a human body.—*Chicago Herald*.

It is suggested in the *Bural News-Journal* that "if the Legislature is to do anything for the roads, let them begin by legislating the narrow tires off the heavy lumber and truck wagons."

CURIOS FACTS.

The oldest reigning dynasty is that of Japan.

A horned rabbit is the curiosity of the day at Akron, Ohio.

A gum-moistening apparatus for postage stamps is also an invention.

There are within the present city limits of Milwaukee 30,000 lots which are unoccupied.

Hay thirty-two years old has been found and is said to be well-preserved, bright and sweet.

A Liberty County (Ga.) man has found oysters growing at the bottom of his sixty-foot well.

Indiana's building at the World's Fair is to be constructed of all building materials found in the State.

A resident of Parkers' Ford, Penn., is said to have a ring dove which is twenty-one years old, and has been in one cage all its life.

A large fox tried to steal a goose from a barnyard near Butler, Penn., the other day, but the fowl fought so bravely that she killed the would-be thief.

A cow being driven through the streets of Hannibal, Mo., charged on a red coat hanging on a post, entangled her horns in it, gave a bellow and dropped dead.

Since it is rumored that marble mantel-pieces are coming into fashion again, these pieces of interior decoration which have been criticised as vulgar and inartistic are now called "perfectly lovely."

A monument will be erected shortly in Tuttingen, in the Black Forest, to Max Schneckengerber, author of "The Watch on the Rhine." The fund for this purpose is \$9000, and contributions are still solicited.

The father of shoemaking in this country is said to have been one Abraham Loring, who came over in the Mayflower, bringing with him a number of peels to be worked into footwear for the colonists.

A prisoner escaped from the Brownstown (Ind.) jail by cutting a hole through the roof, after which he walked ten miles to his home. Failing to secure a bail bond, he returned to jail. He was not missed by the sheriff, and he re-entered by the hole through which he escaped.

While an Indianapolis citizen was riding on a street car in that city the brake handle slipped from the driver's grasp and struck a pistol in the driver's breast pocket. A bullet from the weapon killed the passenger instantly. His wife has recovered \$5000 damages from the car company.

The humps of camels are mere lumps of fat, and not provided for in the framework of the skeleton. When the animal is in good condition the humps are full and plump. On a long journey where food is scarce the humps are entirely absorbed, the skin covering them hanging over the flank like an empty box.

Gold, while in circulation, is handled less than any other medium. It is usually kept in vaults of banks for demands rarely made, and for this reason the loss by abrasion is but one-half of one per cent. in twenty years. In a \$20 gold piece, the standard weight of which is 516 grains, the Government allowance for loss by abrasion is 2.55 grains.

A black water snake, which was dissected at the Michigan Agricultural College the other day, was found to contain the bodies of four fishes. One of these, which was about four inches in length, had partially swallowed another fish two-thirds its size. It was, however, not quite equal to the task, and the snake had captured both. This curiosity will be preserved in alcohol as a museum specimen.

Single Eye.

In a case of cyclopa, or single eye, reported by Dr. A. Bruce to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, there was a single lozenge-shaped socket for the eye in the middle of the base of the forehead. The socket had two pairs of eyelids, and the nose was represented by a short process of tissue and skin attached to the forehead above the eye. A microscopic section of the socket showed two rudimentary retinæ apparently springing from a single optic vesicle.—*Trenton (N. J.) American*.

The emigration from Great Britain to Canada last year was 31,930. The year before it was 38,056. Sir Charles Tupper says that Canada must spend money to attract attention to the country.