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Prussia has only 1062 citizens whose annual income exceeds \$25,000 and 12,721 whose income exceeds \$5000.

W. B. Fleber, an expert on insanity, said before the National Conference of Charities and Correction in Indianapolis that too many persons are sent to asylums who might easily be cured at home.

It is estimated that at least \$50,000,000 of the Government's paper money issued to be in circulation has been lost or destroyed. By the sinking of one vessel off the Atlantic coast some years ago \$1,000,000 in greenbacks was lost.

One third of the students in Europe, it is said, die prematurely from the effects of bad habits acquired at college, one third die prematurely from the effects of close confinement at their studies, and the other third govern Europe.

A permanent horse exhibition in connection with a hospital for the treatment of sick and wounded horses is to be established in Berlin. A school for the training of coachmen and stablemen is to be carried on as a part of the exhibition.

Just as we have got heartily tired of the slot in the slot business, remarks the St. Louis Star-Examiner, the English Government is adopting it for the distribution of postage stamps, and machines for the purpose are being attached to street public boxes. Under any circumstances the slot machine is a nuisance, but with the complications attached to its use in London, it ought to prove a failure in less than a month.

The immigration from Europe to the ports of Boston and Philadelphia, as well as to the port of New York, has been unusually heavy thus far this year, and at these ports as at this port a large proportion of the immigrants are Italians, Greeks, and Russian Hebrews. There is now, also, the arrival of many immigrants at several cities of the Southern seaboard. "We trust," comments a New York paper, "that the inspection of baggage passengers at all our ports will be made as thorough as it now is here. If the immigration laws had been enforced at New Orleans in past times, the Malines and other foreign criminals who are now there would not have been allowed to land, and the city would have been saved from their misdeeds."

One of the most unique attractions of the Chicago Exposition will be a bazaar of all nations, which is to be located at the intersection of Midway pleasure with Jackson Park. The Exposition Directory has granted space for the bazaar, and set apart eight acres for it. In this area are expected to be crowded stores of every nation on the globe, and all of them will be allowed to sell trophies and relics of the Exposition. Native merchants will be in charge of these stores, in every case. A company in Japan has sent in a request to be allowed to build a Japanese village, with picturesque streets, and to people it with 500 Japs. Similar propositions have been received from Cairo and several oriental countries, and the grounds and buildings committee is puzzled to find space for them all.

Now that Stanley has returned to Europe the sale of his book may be said to have practically ended. Most of the subscription agents have finished up their work and a survey can be made of the results. I learn that it has been one of the most successful ventures ever undertaken. It was thought that the book was not making much of a hit, but this only shows how quietly success was achieved. Some particulars of this sale will be interesting. The Scribners paid Stanley \$50,000 in cash before a line was written. They recently settled the account to date by paying him another \$50,000, representing a sale of 100,000 copies, as their contract requires them to pay him fifty cents on each copy sold, in addition to the first \$50,000. The book sold for various prices, from \$7.50 to \$10, but it has been averaged at \$8.50, so that the house receive, in gross, \$850,000 from the enterprise. After paying Stanley his \$100,000 and the large commissions to canvassers, averaging about fifty per cent on the retail price, there remains a net profit to the firm of at least \$150,000. Altogether the book has been a striking example of business courage and sagacity, and the Scribners are to be congratulated on their brilliant success.

MY BACK YARD.

left off school at ten year old,
But have my share of knowledge,
And I am educated
Than any chap from college;
Ideas have been tanned into me,
Jest billed and stewed in hard,
Just baked in by the sun that shines
In my back-yard.
An' I believe it's Bible truth
If man wants to be wise,
He's got to live out in the air
Beneath the open skies;
The talp in the sunlight breaks
The earth's skull, old and hard,
An' the sun sprouts thoughts in my ol' skull
In my back-yard.
Take your brains out in the sunshine,
If you want your thoughts to sprout
Strong-stocked, purple-colored fancies,
Flow yer faith, not wasters er doubt;
Give yer bare brain to the sunlight,
Let its lances stab ye hard,
An' yer'll find some thoughts worth thinking
In my back-yard.
There's thoughts that's salted down in books,
Like salt pork in a barrel,
An' boys in school will eat the stuff
If rummed in by a female;
But new untasted meat er thought
That don't digest so hard,
Is tann'd out in the open air
In my back-yard.
The power that makes the parsnips grow
An' sprouts the barley grain,
Will start the tendrils er the soil,
An' fertilize the brain;
So I wash in a sun-bath, an'
Let the sun soak in hard,
An' strong, red flowers er thought are grown
In my back-yard.
The brightest thoughts a fellow thinks
Are those he thinks himself,
They ain't in any book that's four
On any library shelf;
No college president could think
If he thought long an' hard,
Thoughts like the sun soak into my
In my back-yard.
—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

THE FONTENOY FLATS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"Well," said Mrs. Dedford, "we've got to move. That's very plain."
"Yes," said Miriam, "we've got to move. Nobody could stand that silk factory that's being built opposite, with its whizzing machinery and the livery stable in the rear."
"The next question," said Rosamond, "is where we are to go."
A deal silence followed this proclamation. The Dedford family eyed each other, and nobody spoke until Mr. Dedford, a bald-headed man, with weak eyes and a fringe of sandy whiskers on each side of his face, broke the portentous silence.
"For my part," said he, "I should like a little place in the country, where we could grow strawberries and tomatoes and see the green grass."
"Pa!" remonstrated Rosamond, who was a fine, tall young woman, with a good deal of color and sparkling black eyes.
"Quite out of the question!" said Mrs. Dedford, tossing her aquiline nose.
"I don't see that," reasoned Mr. Dedford. "Doctor Fortnum has offered me the refusal of that pretty Gothic cottage of his—not more than half an hour out on the New Jersey road—with four acres of ground."
"Doctor Fortnum, indeed!" said Mrs. Dedford. "I wish he'd mind his own business. Because he chooses to burrow in the country himself, is that any reason he should compel other people to do so?"
"There's quite a pleasant little society there," suggested Phebe, the youngest of all the Dedfords, who had an apple-blossom face, with inquiring blue eyes and the palest shade of yellow hair.
"Society?" echoed Mrs. Dedford—"out on the New Jersey road! Frogs and mud-turtles and owls—that's the sort of society I imagine."
"I haven't seen anything that I liked better than that flat on Fontenoy street," said Miriam.
"Too high," said Mr. Dedford.
"Only eighteen hundred dollars a year," pleaded his wife. "And such a locality!"
"It's over a confectioner's shop!"
"That's no objection," insisted Mrs. Dedford. "The finest flats in the city—and all the first-class hotels, you know—are over stores. And D'Artagnan's is an exceedingly select place. The Staffords and Ballingers live in the Fontenoy Flats, too!"
Mr. Dedford groaned.
"I never did fancy living in a flat," said he. "Packed in with everybody else, like sardines in a box!"
"I think it would be perfectly delightful," said Miriam, ecstatically.
"It would certainly minimize the trouble of housekeeping," observed her mother.

"And it would be so stylish," added Rosamond, clapping her plump, white hands.
"And you know, Paul," added Mrs. Dedford, "you always leave these domestic affairs to me."
The head of the house rose, with a shrug of his shoulders.
"Well, have it your own way," said he. "Where are my gloves? Phebe, did I leave my cane down stairs? Why, child, what are you crying for?"
"I don't know," faltered the yellow-haired lassie, her head drooping for an instant on her father's shoulder, as they stood together in the dimly-lighted hall.
"I think it's because we've got to move. And I do so hate the idea of a flat."
"So do I," chuckled Mr. Dedford.
"But cheer up, Phebe-bird! We can't always have our own way, and mother and the girls are determined, it seems."
While Phebe and her father were exchanging confidences down stairs, Mrs. Dedford and her two elder daughters, in the room above, had resolved themselves into a committee of the whole on the question of ways and means.
"We must have new carpets throughout," said the sage matron. "And I don't see how we can get along without an Eastlake parlor suit and a piano lamp."
"What will papa say?" breathed Miriam.
"Well, I don't care!" flashed out Rosamond. "Now that we've really got into good society—"
"Oh, in short," saucily interrupted Miriam, "now that you are going to be the Countess Scagliosa—"
"Don't, Mirry!" cried Rosamond, blushing and laughing. "What nonsense you are talking!"
"Well, I don't care; he is very handsome," declared Miriam. "And that diamond stud he wears is a regular headlight. How jealous Fanny Duplex will be, and the Nottingham girls! And oh, Rosamond, how nice the saloon parlor in the Fontenoy Flats will be for the wedding breakfast! Mamma, where are you going?"
"Why, if we really are going to decide on those apartments over D'Artagnan's," said Mrs. Dedford, "we must engage them at once. Such a bargain as that don't go begging long."
Rosamond sat looking out of the window with sparkling eyes, and lips half parted in an involuntary smile, while Miriam ran after her mother, pleading to be allowed to go, too.
"Isn't it nice about Rosy and the count, mamma?" said she, breathlessly.
"Won't it be splendid to talk about 'my sister the countess?' Do you suppose she'll have a chateau on the Lake of Como and a palazzo in Rome? Of course, she'll have Phebe and me to stay with her very often."
"Mrs. Dedford smiled a complacent smile. The idea of a titled son-in-law was ineffably dear to her heart.
"Do you suppose—she really is—a count, mamma?"
There stood yellow-haired Phebe, close at her elbow.
"Really a count!" sharply echoed Mrs. Dedford. "Why, of course, he is. I did not suppose, Phebe, that a daughter of mine could stoop to the degrading vice of jealousy."
Phebe colored scarlet.
"Mamma," said she, "I am not jealous; but—"
Mrs. Dedford broke abruptly in with short and sudden directions as to the marketing and dinner, and presently Phebe was left alone.
"Mamma," said Miriam, "can't you see it all? Phebe is simply infuriated by those Fortnum's. She and papa have neither of them any pride. What will Count Scagliosa think of a country doctor for a brother-in-law?"
"It mustn't be allowed to go on!" said Mrs. Dedford, authoritatively. "Now is just the turning point of all of your lives. If we can keep up a certain appearance and style for the next two or three years—and if papa will only take my advice—we can easily secure as brilliant matches for Phebe and you as Rosamond has already obtained."
And with her heart swelling with pride, Mrs. Dedford sailed into the Fontenoy Flats and asked to see the vacant apartment.

The regular janitor, a genteel creature in black, with English side-whiskers and a white tie, was out; but his deputy, a good natured little Irishman, came promptly forward.
"Is it the fourth floor, ma'am, or the one over D'Artagnan's?" asked he.
"I'll look at both of them," said Mrs.

Dedford, with the dignity of a future householder.
"Well, ma'am," said the janitor, "if you'll excuse the pastry cook—"
"The what?" exclaimed Mrs. Dedford.
It's D'Artagnan's new cook," explained the smiling Irishman. "He gets a power o' wages, an' kapes his pianny an' his poodle, like a gentleman, an' he only works at the pastry three hours in the mornin' an' three in the afternoon. An' they tell me he's going to be married to a rich lady an' turn a gentleman altogether pretty soon. Sure it's a foine thing to be a furriner, wid a resate for claret punches an' paddyfoy-grass, that all the gentry's wild after! And D'Artagnan is buildin' a bodewar for him at the back, but he's settled down moighty comfortable in the empty flat till it's let, so he is. But if ye don't mind the pianny an' the poodle—"
And thus speaking, the attendant flung the door open, shouting:
"Ladies to look at the flat, Misther Scagliosa!"
The strains of a piano ceased somewhat abruptly, a shaggy little dog ran forward, shrilly barking, a tall man in a negligee velvet jacket and a tasseled fez perched sidewise on his locks, rose and turned half-way around, revealing a swarthy complexion and opaquely dark eyes.
"Count Scagliosa!" cried out Mrs. Dedford.
"Sure an' ye're mistook altogether," said Patrick. "It's the new cook, ma'am, from D'Artagnan's restaurant below stairs."
The culinary count staggered back and volunteered never a word in his own defense. The little dog barked ceaselessly; the Irishman looked from one to the other with puzzled mien.
"P'raps you'd rather see the other flat, since the puppy's so unceivil," said he. And he added, as they went down stairs, "Ye'll please to excuse the furriner, ma'am. He drinks a good deal, and he isn't always presentable."
Miriam looked with agonized eyes at her mother.
"I—I don't think we'll look any farther to-day, mamma," she faltered.
And the two ladies left the Fontenoy Flats without arriving at any definite conclusion.
Fortunately Rosamond Dedford's heart was less involved in the Scagliosa alliance than her pride. But pride, as we all know, is a sensitive spot, and the wound was deep.
Honest Mr. Dedford never knew why the count's stock went down so suddenly in the domestic market.
"Not but what I am glad of it," said he. "I never did believe in foreign husbands for American girls. And so you've all come around to my view of the matter, have you? Well, I don't think you'll ever regret it. And as for the new home—"
"I think, now, the whole," said Mr. Dedford, "that country air will be good for the girls, and rents seem to be a deal cheaper in New Jersey. So if Doctor Fortnum hasn't let that Gothic cottage yet—"
"Didn't I tell you he was keeping it for me?" said Mr. Dedford. But in the arrangement of the rooms, you needn't make any allowance for Phebe here—putting his arms caressingly around her shoulder. "She's to be married to Doctor Fortnum in June."
"I'm so glad!" said Rosamond, with a little quiver to her lip. "Phebe deserves the best husband in the world."
"Yes," cried honest Miriam, she never was flattered by diamonds and titles.
And the big "To Let" still hangs in the windows of the Fontenoy Flats. But D'Artagnan's famous foreign cook, lured by a better pecuniary offer from a Chicago restaurant, masquerades in society no more.—Saturday Night.

Male and Female Asparagus.

It has been ascertained by recent experiments with male and female asparagus plants that the male plants gave an average of fifty per cent. more yield than the female and the shoots were also larger and the crop earlier. It was found that the differences in yield were greater in the early part of the season than in the latter part. Male plants can be secured for a certainty by the division of old plants, or better, by the selection from two-year-old seedling of such as do not bear seed. It has been contended for a long time by growers that there was a difference in profit between the two, and these experiments which have proved it to be a fact are timely.—Florida Times Union.

IN FAR-OFF AMOY.

PICTURES OF LIFE ON THE CHINESE COAST.

How Rigid Economy is Practiced in a Land That is Over-populated—Unfathomable Ignorance and Peculiar Superstitions.

Contrary to the statements of mendacious travelers, the Chinese do as much maritime commerce as any European nation. The bay at Amoy is always crowded with native craft. The vessels are not very handsome, but they are very cheap. They begin with the sampan, which is half-sew and half gondola. It carries from three to twenty passengers and can neither capsize nor founder. Its owner lives in it, having a miniature stove and pantry, using the floor as a bed and making a nightly roof out of a bamboo mat. He pays \$12 for the sampan when new, spends \$1 a year in brightening up the scruit, ultra-marine, gold and green paint with which it is decorated, and charges two cents to ferry a passenger a mile. Then come the freight sampans, which range in size from a Whitehall boat to an eighty-foot lighter. They bring tea, brick, tiles, terra cotta and produce to Amoy and carry away merchandise. A vast fleet of fishing boats is the next to be noticed. They are clumsy and fragile things in appearance, but in reality are strong, swift and seagoing. Their occupants fish with trawl or dragnets, which they fasten to the stern, and are always successful. What they catch is thrown into water tanks aboard and delivered alive at the fish market. A coolie with bamboo rod gently but constantly stirs the fish to keep them alive till sold. Still larger than the fishing smacks are the great trading junks which in build and rig resemble the Spanish galleons of the old buccaner days. They are vast structures of bamboo, rattan and soft light wood. The sails are constructed of grass matting, stiffened with bamboo ribs, and when set look like a bat's wings. These boats encounter the fiercest typhoons with impunity, while a European ship or steamer would founder in a few hours.
Last are the China steamers. These are all of English or German make and always have Anglo-Saxons of some sort for captain and engineer. The crew, officers, agents and owners are Chinese. They do an ever increasing business and are becoming formidable rivals to foreign coastwise commerce. The steamers are managed like our own. All the other Chinese boats are conducted in a very different manner. Each is a floating home, or village. The smaller ones have one family on board; the larger, two three and up to ten. On these unwieldy craft the boatmen are born, grow up, marry, have families, and die. The women are as good sailors as the men. In Hong Kong the commanders of most boats are women. The children are expert mariners at six or seven years of age. The boatmen are a hardy, intelligent and prolific race. There are said to be 300,000 of them in China. They all prosper financially, and many are quite wealthy, from a Mongolian standpoint, owning boats on the water and stores and houses on the land. When they become pirates they are the most dangerous and bloodthirsty extant, neither giving nor asking quarter under any circumstances whatever.
How hard life becomes when a land is over-populated! There are more than a million souls in and about Amoy alone. They are so crowded together that when you see them you forget they are human and imagine them ants or bees on a larger scale than usual. They have to live, and they do it in a way that would astonish a citizen of the great republic. Labor is a drug in the market. An expert joiner, carpenter or metalsmith receives twenty-five cents a day, \$1.40 a week, or \$5.25 a month. A laborer is glad to get fifteen cents a day, or \$3.50 a month. An old woman or a small boy receives \$1 a month.
But to live upon these rates demands infinite economy, and this prevails everywhere in China. At low tide the beach is crowded with men, women and children. They gather sea-moss and change it into nutritious food, sea-worms and sea-urchins and by slow cooking transform these into mysterious stews and chowders. The driftwood thrown up by the sea is dried and used for fuel. Even the tiny animal which builds little shell houses in the mud or under rocks and boulders are pried out, one by one, and served upon the dinner table. Two

hundred scarcely fill a small cup and require four hours' hard work to gather, but they are in the market every day and sell for three or four cents a pound. The children are trained to pick up dead leaves, sticks and straws and put them aside to dry until useable as fire-wood. One child keeps a family supplied by working eight hours a day. Necessity teaches them how to prepare for food what we consider worthless weeds. The tops of turnips, carrots, sweet potatoes and onions, the seeds of watermelons, squashes, sunflowers and fruits, the entrails of animals, the fins and bones of fishes are all utilized, and it must be confessed made into very savory dishes. What cannot be digested by the human stomach is reserved for the pigs, chickens and ducks, with which every coolie family is provided. Thus nearly all the vegetable growths have esculent tips when they begin to grow. The coolie housewife boils them until they are soft and digestible, cuts off the extreme portions for the human members of her household and puts aside the remainder for her various animals. I have seen grass, clover, thistles, cabbage stalks, cactus, century plants and even palm-tops treated in this way, and witnessed the delight shown by the people to whom they were served as the chief dishes of their daily provender. The rich mandarins go to the opposite extreme and dine on birds' nests at \$80 a dozen, or hand-fed goldfish, fattened frogs, tiger livers, preserved ducks eggs, truffles, bamboo oysters, cocks' combs and other luxuries. Frequently a mandarin dinner will cost from \$20 to \$50 a plate. When it is remembered that little or no wine is used at these repasts, the extravagance of the cuisine is easily appreciated.
The domestic life of the Amoy Chinese is admirable and detestable. The wife is not a companion, but a drudge. Unless she belongs to the coolie or boatman class her feet have been bandaged in infancy so that her gait suggests a young boy learning to use stilts. Her costume is unique, consisting of four to seven blouses, as many trousers, hose and low cut shoes. She wears no hat, and in lieu of gloves buries her hands in the folds of her long sleeves. In appearance she is neat as a fashion plate. Her hair, oiled every day, shampooed every week, gleams like carved jet; her face shines from soap, water and friction, her clothes are spotless and are brushed and ironed every morning. She is mild mannered and courteous. But her ignorance is unfathomable and her superstition a wonder. She burns joss sticks at the door to keep away evil spirits; in the garden to scare mildew and parasites from her plants; in the dining room as an antidote to poisons, and in the bedroom to intimidate the nightmare, burglars and wild beasts. She receives no company but the few women of whom her husband approves. She knows no men outside of her family circle. It is a deadly insult to ask a Chinese gentleman how his wife is. If he dies it is her duty prescribed by a custom 7000 years old to commit suicide, so that her sons can erect a monument to their mother as a virtuous widow. She goes nowhere, reads little or nothing, sees no amusements, and has no social pleasures. She never complains, because she has been taught to be what she is, and no thought of change or difference has probably ever crossed her mind. Her happiness is in her kitchen, her garden and her children. It is through having nothing else to do that she had acquired her marvelous skill in raising silk worms, in spinning the thread, weaving the tissue and making the exquisite embroideries for which China is famous.—Chicago Herald.

Two Military Giants.

Comparatively few persons know that the Worth monument in Madison Square, besides being a monument to the "bravest of the brave" whom "valor patriæ digni" is a tomestone as well. But it is: William Jenkins Worth, a gallant and successful soldier, sleeps underneath the obelisk whereon his battles are sculptured, and hundreds of thousands to whom the monument is a daily sight know nothing of the man to whom it was raised. At one time Worth was aide to General Scott. Scott was six feet four inches in height, Worth six feet two inches. Scott admits that he considered himself handsome; Worth was acknowledged to be the handsomest man in the army. A glorious sight the two giants must have made as they walked in the gorgeous uniforms of half a century ago down Broadway to army headquarters, or sauntered among the crowds and fair ladies of those days.—New York Sun.