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The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Telegraph says that the cost to the Russian Government of the burial of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaevich, who died recently in the Crimea, will be 300,000 rubles, or about \$200,000. This seems a very large sum of money to pay for interring a royal clown, claims the New York Advertiser; but when the expense of keeping princes and dukes alive is remembered, it is reasonable to believe that any monarchial Government would be glad to get rid of all its royal paupers at that rate.

R. S. Hutton, one of the leading mine-owners of Colorado, says that electricity opens up a new era in the production of silver. The reason of this statement is that many of the high mountain mines have been almost valueless because of the expense of transporting fuel to them. Now through the utilization of water power with the electric motor these mines can be operated cheaply, and a notable increase of output may be looked for. So evident is this fact that there has already sprung up a demand for electrical mining machinery in Mexico, and our American electrical manufacturing companies are now sending large quantities of apparatus thither.

There is a swell Italian restaurant in New York that boasts of two Italian gentlemen and accomplished Italian men of letters as being on its staff of waiters. A gentleman who was Italian born and lived in that country until he came to the years of maturity happened into this restaurant to dine one day. He was astounded to be waited upon by a man who had been one of his schoolmates in Italy, and whom he had afterward known as for many years a professor in Latin in one of the Italian universities. It was the old story with this man, as he explained to his whilom schoolmate. He had given up his professorship and come to this country in the hopes of bettering his fortunes, only to be disappointed and finally to be driven to waiting on tables as the only employment open to him. In the same restaurant, he said, there were a marquis and a count who had been students in the university when he was a professor there. These two scions of noble families had come to this country after having run through in dissipation, what little patrimonies had come to them, and after knocking about from one thing to another had come down to their present low estate.

"It seems," learns the Washington Star, "that the burden of immigration resting on us is a burden of emigration resting on some others. The same people are not, however, the cause of the trouble. While America revolts at the inferior and unassimilating elements that seek a new field of disturbance in this corner of the world, the Government of Sweden, alarmed at the drain on her resources of citizenship, has ordered an inquiry as to the conditions in parts of that country said to be almost totally devoid of their young men. Not only are the young, active workers in the field going away to the United States, but conscripts for the army are falling short, thus increasing the burden of those persons subject to conscription yet remaining in Sweden. The young women employed in domestic service are also leaving and wages in consequence have risen to double the figures of a few years ago. This is only one-half the trouble. The genuine Swede's place is taken by Poles and Lapps, and a change of great ethnological significance is working all too rapidly for the light-haired sons of the Vikings. What is the meat of America is therefore, from this point of view, the poison of Scandinavia. Well, all history shows that nations and races of men are not to be restrained from going when they make up their minds to go. This principle of ethnologic flux, like the corresponding principle in science, is for the benefit of humanity and cannot be controlled by governmental action. A Government may expell its subjects, as Spain sent away the Moors, France the Huguenots and Russia is now expelling the Hebrews. If a nation is mad enough to slough off large parts of its best industrial population that cannot be prevented. But no Government is strong enough to restrain emigration to any considerable extent. All Sweden had do of probably desires to do is to offer inducements to the people to stay at home. And inducements will be, in a large measure, ineffectual. For such people as the Swedes, Danes and Norwegians America has strong attractions."

WHEN THE TEARS ARE NEAR TO FLOWING.

When the heart is overburdened—
Full of sorrow, lost in woe;
When the world is draped in cypress,
And the dirge-winds through it blow—
Then the tears are near to flowing.

When the soul with joy is freighted,
Full of love's delightful glow;
When the world is clad in color,
And the song-birds thrilling go—
Then the tears are near to flowing.

So it seems that bounding gladness
Sister is to sad-eyed woe;
For, when either, thrilling, throbbing,
Through the being floseth—lo,
Then the tears are near to flowing.

One is just outside the portals,
Sprinkling life with grief-thawed snow;
One is just inside the rose-pit,
Scented with pleasure's pearly flow—
And we say, the tears are flowing.

—L. R. HARRINGTON, in Times-Democrat.

The Broad Street Turn.

BY NYL CRINKLE.

But Cline Halsted, broker, Broad street, turned over a new leaf on a New Year. I met him at Dr. Hall's church in the morning. He had a reformed look in the corner of his eyes. "I am through," he said in a calm, business-like manner.

Everything that Cline did was done in a business-like manner. I've known him to get off a car and chase a newsboy for two blocks to get a cent change, because it was business and he would not be swindled, and I have known him to write a note to Ned Harrigan to get a free box and then spend \$200 on flowers and supper before the night was over. With a Broad street peculiarity he insisted that that was business too.

I believe that anywhere Cline would be called a good fellow. He held strictly to the business principle of skinning his fellow-man alive on Broad street and blowing in a pile when the boys were not on that financial warpath.

One day Cline, as I said, turned a leaf. He did it methodically, calculatingly and firmly. He was polishing his dome before the glass, and as he laid the brush down he said, "I must get married."

Very punctilious and discreet was Cline. He proposed to get married just as he proposed to buy Nashville and Tennessee. It was a good investment at that time.

Then he set about it in the most extraordinary Broad street manner. "I don't want," said he, "any giddy beauties around. They've been around till I'm tired. I want a mature, sensible, sober, economical, tidy, level-headed, modest, healthy, good-tempered, prudent, affectionate, sagacious, lovable, motherly, genteel, sterling woman. Girls make me weary, and I'm going to organize the business of getting what I want. I can give an hour a day for the next year to the finding of what I want, and I'm too old a business hand to have what I don't want."

So Cline at forty-four organized himself. Set up a matrimonial bureau in that private office with cathedral windows. Put his number eleven gaiter on sentiment. Chucked the forget-me-nots out of his soul and came down to hardpan.

He would advertise. Yes, he would. No nonsensical rot about cultured gent desiring to meet cultured lady, but straight business proposition. It would involve immense clerical system—very well, would get typewriter, dictate answers for an hour every morning. "First thing to do—get typewriter; must be business girl."

One morning there came to Cline's general office in Broad street a girl in a baby waist, with a pearl-gray pelisse over her shoulders and a corallian ring on her finger. One of Cline's young men first noticed her standing by the door. He told me afterwards that what he noticed was the absurd chip sailor hat with a blue ribbon and an anchor on it, and he wondered if she hadn't borrowed it from her little brother to come down town in; it set up so perky and saucy on top of her ridiculous head of brown hair as if she might be a lieutenant in the Salvation Army.

It's astonishing what things these young idiots notice.

He went round and said, "What can we do for you, madam?"

"Madam" is a kind of official squelcher kept for girls who venture away from their proper salesrooms to where young men can get back at them and pay them off in their own coin.

"I am a typewriter," said Chip Hat, very meekly. "I came to answer an advertisement."

They directed her into the little office with cathedral windows. Then they saw the chip hat go through the fatal glass door on the other side of which Cline kept his grim official severity.

III.

He was signing checks. It was one of the most serious moments of his life. He looked up and saw the chip hat cocked on top of the brown hair. He leaned back in his cathedral chair and fastened his commercial eye on his check-book.

"Well, young woman, I want a discreet confidential secretary to answer correspondents. She's got to be here at ten o'clock every morning, attend to business strictly, and she don't get away till two or three. The salary is \$12 a week. Do you think you can get down to that kind of drudgery for that pittance and keep the business in this room?"

All that Cline ever heard was a demure little "Yes, sir," that had the same suggestion of tremolo in it that one gets from raspberry jelly.

"All right. I can't bother with you to-day; come to-morrow," and Cline fell to signing checks, and Chip Hat went away, and the young man outside poked his nose through the crystal portal of his barrier, puckered his lips and flipped two or three bars of "The Maid with the Milking Pail" after her.

IV.

The little office with the cathedral windows took on a new feature. There was an instrument under the sash, with a black tin roof over it, and a little sailor hat, with a blue ribbon on it, hung on the bronze peg opposite the door.

"Now, then," said Cline, putting on a most forbidding air of strict business. "You understand that the matter for which I have engaged you is entirely aside from the regular business of this office. By the way, what shall I call you? Miss what? Chalecy? Well, never mind the Nelly, I'll call you Miss Chalecy, it's more business like; and I don't want you to talk outside of this room about any of the business you have to transact here. Do you understand? If you get that straight to begin with there'll be no trouble."

Then she turned her demure face towards him and said, "Yes, sir," so meekly and patiently and profoundly that he noticed her eyes. They were agates—moss agates, by Jove. Funny little spots in them that swam and danced round and melted into each other in the most absurdly molten way, as if there might be little caldrons under them where the light was boiled and softened down into some ridiculous girl nonsense. The worst of it was they always seemed to be just on the point of boiling over, as of light, like music, had some kind of inscrutable pathos in it.

V.

So they got along very nicely without any nonsense. Cline would come in about half past ten or eleven, look to see if the sailor hat was hanging on the peg, grunt out, "Good morning, Miss Chalecy," and then sit down at his desk to open letters. Sometimes she would sit demurely for half an hour, her head turned, looking out of the one clear little pane in the cathedral window straight at Bob Slocum's Gothic office opposite, where there was never anything to see except Bob Slocum's window shades, and that piece of telegraph tape that dangled forever from the wires overhead, in spite of all the sparrows that had tried to pull it off. At other times Cline would dictate, and then the click of the instrument drowned the monotonous chirp of the janitor's bullfinch that was whistling somewhere.

Of course she got to know all about it—what it was he was trying to do—and he grew to consult her on some of the details. Like a good girl she put her whole heart into it and really tried to help him all she could to find the wife he wanted. How could she help it, and then, too, she couldn't help finding out by degrees that Cline drew some heavy checks and had a swell circle of acquaintances.

And he—well he, like a good methodical business man, fell into a routine here as elsewhere. His heart was constricted on solid clock-work business principles, and one morning when he came in the sailor hat was not on the peg. It annoyed him at once. It always does annoy a business man to have things irregular. He fidgeted in his chair. It was too bad. Nobody could be depended on, and here were several letters to be answered. He called Swain in. "Where is that young woman?"

Swain started a little, as if he felt

guilty of having abducted her, and said, "What do you want, a typewriter? Here's Wallace and Durea and Clapp, any one of 'em can—"

And Cline shouted, "Nonsense! Shut the door!"

Then he noticed the bronze peg. It had an ironical and plucked aspect.

He sat down in the chair by the window and looked at Bob Slocum's shades.

He couldn't help wondering what Miss Chalecy found to think about during all the vacant hours when she looked out there, waiting.

The next day when she came he reprimanded her fiercely. "It annoyed me very much," he said from his chair, without looking round. "You should have sent me some word. I depended on you. It's very irregular and unbusinesslike."

She turned and looked at him in her meek way. "My mother is dying," she said. "I have neglected her to-day so as not to disappoint you."

His astonishment twisted him round in his chair, and he came plump up against the agates, swimming in some kind of light he had never seen before.

"Confound it, Miss Chalecy," he said, jumping up. "What do you mean by having a sick mother and not telling me? What do you mean by coming here to-day? Will you never get any business ideas into your head? I told you that this room was to be confidential. Do you call it confidential to act in this manner? I'm surprised, Miss Chalecy. I'm hurt."

He took down the sailor hat. "You are to go back to your mother—at once."

He opened the door. "Here, Swain, get me a coupe." And Swain saw the sailor hat in his hand.

VI.

It was about a week after this. The room had half a ton of letters in it. Cline used to come in, look at the bronze peg and go away again. Then the sailor hat reappeared.

Miss Chalecy was there waiting, so was her little lunch that she always ate when Cline and Wallace went down to Delmonico's, and on Cline's desk was a tiny bunch of violets. He shook hands with her, congratulated her on her mother's recovery, and said: "Pshaw! don't mention it, my child. I'm just about as kind as the average business man—no more no less. We've got a terrible lot of business here."

They both laughed!

Cline was in particularly good spirits that morning. It was so comfortable don't you know, to have the office routine go on its regular business-like way—to hear the click of the instrument; to get side glimpses of two white roulettes dancing a gallopade; to know that the chip hat was covering up that bronze peg, and you couldn't hear the bullfinch. It went on about a week, with a little bunch of violets every morning on his desk, which he always put in his button hole when he went uptown. There were two days when he hadn't got a pin, and she had, and so she fastened them on for him, and there was one awfully nasty day when he actually helped her eat her lunch, and enjoyed it.

Then the whole affair came to a sudden stop. These things always do in real life.

It was a Monday morning. She had hung up her hat and dusted off her machine and looked to see if Bob Slocum's shades were there, when Cline said, with a horribly sad expression of countenance:

"Miss Cline, you've been a very faithful and efficient secretary, and I'm sorry I've got to lose you, but the fact is I've found the woman I want, and of course I shall not need you any more."

She was looking at him dreamily, as if she wondered where the paragon came from that filled his bill.

"Yes," he said, "strange as it may sound I've actually picked out the woman who is to be my wife and I shall not want a secretary. We've had a very pleasant time here together, haven't we?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you remember all the qualities that I was fool enough to expect in one woman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I've found most of 'em."

"I'm very glad, sir."

"Do you think, Miss Chalecy, from what you know of me, that she will have me if I ask her?"

"Yes, sir."

"You really and truly think so, on business principles?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, by Jove, I'll marry her. You can consider yourself discharged, Miss Cline—Nelly."

And she was.

The only unbusinesslike thing they did was to both try to look out the ridiculous little pane at the same time—and no two business people could do that simultaneously without looking like Siamese twins.—New York World.

A Crow Whipped by Two Wrens.

A hen belonging to Farmer B. H. Hanor of Smithfield township, Penn., got in the notion a while ago of laying in some weeds near the barn. There were no eggs in her stolen nest when Mr. Hanor found it, and for a week it was a mystery where the fruits of her labors went to. One morning Mr. Hanor heard Biddy cackling, and he hastened toward her nest. As he was going through the gate a crow dived into the weed bed from a pine tree near by, seized an egg, and sailed off to the woods with it. The crow's boldness pleased Mr. Hanor, and the next day he stayed around to see if the cunning black bird would come after another egg. When it got to be near Biddy's regular laying hour that morning, a crow alighted in the pine tree and began to peer down into the mass of weeds. For twenty minutes it sat on its perch in silence, picked its plumage, and kept one eye on the nest. The hen soon quaked, and immediately the crow settled down into the weeds, stayed there a second, and then arose and winged its way to the woodland with Biddy's egg in its bill.

On the following morning the crow was on the pine tree again. It dived toward the nest as soon as the hen had begun to cackle, and this time its movements were observed by a pair of wrens that had a nest in a box close by. The presence of the crow angered the little birds, and they both pitched at it, just as it arose from the weeds with the fresh-laid egg. The wrens darted at the crow's head, and the crow dropped the egg before it had reached the height of the barn, gave a squall or two and made for the woods. The spunky little birds chased the crow to the edge of the forest, where they gave up the attack, and sailed homeward, singing a song of triumph all the way. Since then the black egg thief has not been seen on the pine tree, and Mr. Hanor has found an egg in Biddy's nest every day.—New York Sun.

Milk Stations in a Chilean City.

One of the oddities of the town, says Fannie B. Ward, in a letter from Santiago de Chile to the Washington Star, is the milk stations. There are dozens of them along the Alameda where bare-footed women tether their cows from 5 till 9 o'clock every morning. Each four-legged mother is accompanied by a calf, which is effectually prevented from seeking its natural sustenance by a leather muzzle over its mouth, and is teased, dragged and driven by the numerous progeny of the two-legged mothers.

To these milk stations come troops of nurses with babies in arms, babies, gentlemen and children of the aristocracy, each to purchase a drink, which they may be sure is fresh and unadulterated by seeing it milked before their eyes, directly from the cow into the glass. "A foaming goblet at five cents a gob," as an American facetiously put it. "But it is not strained," I said in horror to a Chilean acquaintance. "Would it really be made any cleaner by that process? Besides it would ruin the rich foam, which is the cow's milk what 'the head' is to champagne or the cream to lager."

Mystery of Second-Growth Forests.

Among the curious enigmas of nature which have remained unsolved to the present day is the growth of a forest upon the site once occupied by one which differed in character from the latter growth. Some have supposed that the seeds from which the second forest spring had been lying undeveloped in the ground for a great length of time, perhaps centuries, but the improbability of seeds retaining their vitality for such a length of time, and under the conditions to which they would necessarily be exposed, makes that theory rather implausible, and, besides, this speculation fails to account for the origin of the seeds necessary to produce the second growth.—St. Louis Republic.

The Coat of Wild Beasts.

The wild beast business seems to be very active. Carl Hagenbeck of the London Crystal Palace has, during the past year, disposed of 741 lions, over 700 tigers, and 350 elephants and panthers. \$4500 was paid for a female hippopotamus, \$3000 for a rhinoceros, and \$1000 for a tapir. Lions vary in price from \$200 to \$2000. A tiger fetches \$1000 and a white bear only \$300.—New York Sun.

There are Buffaloes in Nebraska.

"Buffalo" Jones, of Garden City, Kan., has taken his entire herd of buffaloes from Garden City to McCook, Neb., and they will in the future be kept on a ranch near that city. The herd consists of eighty-three fine animals and Jones values them at \$100 a head. This is the largest herd of buffaloes in the world.—Chicago News.

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