

# Orange County Observer

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Of the nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants of New York, calculates the *World*, about 10,000 own the whole city, and there are only about 18,000 people possessing any real estate.

Mrs. John Sherwood writes extravagantly in praise of Queen Margaret of Italy and says: "Her smile keeps Italy together." Many things are charged up to the smiles of woman-kind, sentimentally comments the *Chicago News*.

President Wilson, of the Health Department of New York City, has instructed his subordinates to make a careful examination of the servants' quarters in the hotels and boarding houses. It is said that in many instances the servants are compelled to sleep in small and insufficiently ventilated rooms. In one case which was recently brought to the attention of an inspector, fourteen women slept in a small room which had no windows. The only means of ventilation was the door which opened into a narrow hallway. The apartment was originally intended for a storeroom. In another instance, five cooks employed in a hotel kitchen slept in a damp cellar, two of the beds being in a coal bin. President Wilson says he is determined to bring about a reform in the treatment accorded the "help" in hotels and boarding houses.

As India is a strong competitor with the United States in the production of wheat, the *New York Times* maintains that any trustworthy statistics in regard to its agriculture are interesting. A recent census, carefully taken, shows the population of that heterogeneous country to be 286,000,000 persons, while the total area of the country is less than 900,000 square miles. Comparing these figures with those relating to the United States, we find 65,000,000 of population on an area of 3,600,000 square miles, or less than one-fourth of the population on four times the area—a ratio of one to sixteen as compared with populous India. In the Province of Bengal there are 9,000,000 more people than in the United States upon one twenty-third of our area. The number per square mile is 474 persons, but taking the cultivated land only there are 715 to each square mile. In the United States we have but one inhabitant to thirty-six acres, and to about five of cultivated land. Bengal is almost wholly agricultural, and yet supports this vast population. Another agricultural province, the most productive in wheat in all the Indian Empire, has 412 persons to the square mile, which, as compared with Germany, is equivalent to more than twice the number of people on less than half the area, or a ratio of more than four to one. The increase of the Indian population is about eleven per cent. in ten years, and it is predicted the increase is larger in the towns and cities, where manufactures are being established in the railroad centres, than in the agricultural districts.

The law lays down no rule as to the facilities to be observed by a practitioner when prescribing for a patient, and he may, and often does, prescribe perfectly well by merely giving verbal directions, to be observed by his patient. When, however, these directions include the use of any particular drug, it is usual and convenient to put them into writing, so that the patient may not make any mistake in ordering the drugs he is advised to use. The use of giving a written prescription does not affect the propriety in the piece of paper given to the patient. It is his the moment he receives it, says the *British Medical Journal*, unless by custom or by special agreement it belongs to some one else. A custom, to be good in law, must be general, and there is no custom as that a prescription belongs to any one except the patient at present known in England. The paper, therefore, belongs to the patient unless he agrees with his medical attendant that it shall not. It is, of course, open to any practitioner to stipulate that his prescriptions shall belong to himself, or shall only be made up by a particular chemist, who shall destroy the paper as soon as he has used it, but it is equally open to each of his patients to decline to be bound by any such stipulation, and to do what he chooses with the paper when once he has got it. Any such stipulations should be clearly brought to the notice of the patients before they consult their medical advisers, so as to give them the option if only mentioned after the prescription has been given they would not be binding.

## THREE STREETS.

I sought the new, unknown to meet,  
And found a gay and favored street  
Where fashion walked with flitting feet:  
And as I watched, a golden gleam  
I saw I saw through the summer air  
And dashed over the human stream:  
Then nestled midst some dusky pair,  
I gazed upon the man's dark grave,  
The tender frame to woman's face,  
That pictured all its charms so sweet.  
Then as I looked, I met her eyes,  
Deep as the blue of southern skies,  
And from them glanced a baby smile  
My own poor treasure to beguile:  
Through every vein, throughout my frame,  
There swept a dry, an ardent flame,  
Love's passion!

It was in the time of Love's defeat,  
I wandered through a busy street  
And passed to where four crossways meet;  
And as I gazed, the thronging crowd  
I pressed onward, without rest or heed,  
With hasty feet, too anxious browed  
To cast a glance upon my nest.  
The child neglect, the biting blast  
That o'er my heart as ice-wind passed,  
And turned to bitter all the sweet,  
Brought from its frozen realms a gift,  
The loss of self, a careful thrift  
To guard its treasure and to guide  
The current of its burning tide  
Through every vein, through every pore,  
An angry summons at my door!  
Ambition!

I wandered for a dim retreat,  
I found a quiet moss-grown street,  
And trod its length with tired feet:  
And as I passed, a door I kept  
And battered with the strife of years  
Unclosed, and forth a figure stepped  
And met me with a face of tears.  
A figure, that had beauty's mien,  
A face, that in a mood serene,  
Unmarred by grief, had been more sweet  
Than aught that painter's art had traced,  
Or chiseled marble coldly grace,  
And as I gazed with anxious will,  
There came a glow, a silent thrill  
Through every vein, through every part,  
The swift-born message to my heart.  
Life's mission!

## THE AMIR'S TIGERS.

BY CLARENCE PULLEN.

A certain September evening, years ago, found Gordon Trautwine in India, in the province of Sind and the city of Haiderabad. This young electrician, in the employ of the Indo-European Telegraph Department, had arrived by boat from Kurachee two days before.

Learning that it would be a week before he could get up the river, he had taken quarters at the house of a resident who often entertained European visitors. This bungalow, near the river side, was a large, rambling edifice of one story, with the usual extensive verandas, wide doors and windows. Although situated in the heart of the city, its grounds were of considerable extent.

Gordon as the latest guest was assigned to a detached building, separated by a wall from the rest of the establishment. This structure, which had once been used for the storage of merchandise, fronted upon a large compound or yard, surrounded on three sides by a high stone and mud wall, the building forming the fourth side. The street passing the front wall was considerably higher than the level of the yard. The one room was high and spacious, and the large windows at the back, overlooking the river, were protected by strong iron gratings, which admitted the cool breeze from the water. The single entrance to the building was in front.

To reach the main house Gordon had to go into the compound and pass through a low doorway in the dividing line between it and the gardens. In his own yard was kept the buffalo cow which supplied the milk used by the household.

On his second night at the bungalow Gordon had sat in the main building, one of a company agreeably entertained by music and cards until near midnight. At last, the goodnight having been said, he passed into the open air and went to his room to go to bed. His native lamp was a little open vessel in which a cotton wick floated in coconut oil; this he extinguished, and, clad in his pajamas, dived between the mosquito curtains and composed himself to sleep.

Some people who were in Haiderabad a quarter of a century ago will remember Amir Talpur's two great tigers, captured in the Sakkar jungles, and kept in captivity at his palace. Such persons will be likely to recall the night when both these savage beasts escaped and set the town in an uproar. Their cages were found empty with broken bars, and the mangled body of a native watchman lying in a by-street indicated the route they had taken. This episode occurred on the night of which I write.

Gordon had slept perhaps two hours

when he was awakened by the movements of the buffalo in the yard, which was bellowing as if in distress. He was not yet fully aroused when the buffalo's noise was swelled by a sound which probably had not been heard in Haiderabad since the days before the Grand Mogul's, the roar of a tiger at large. There was a scratching of claws on the street wall, the sound of a body striking heavily but softly to the yard, one loud bellow from the buffalo, followed by another ending in a stifled sound, and then there was heard only low, deep growls, mingled with the sound of tearing flesh.

Gordon had started up into a sitting posture at the first alarm, and up to this point had remained in that position listening, with suspended breath. Now he slipped from bed, and going to the open window looked out between the slats of the blinds. The clear moonbeams shone into the yard, lighting every part of it except the black shadows beneath the walls. Fronting him, near the middle of the compound, was the white breast of an immense black and tawny animal, which stood over the prostrate buffalo tearing its throat and greedily lapping its blood. The beast of prey raised its head from time to time, and glared about

with eyes of fire as if watching against interruption.

The situation was a surprising and terrifying one for Gordon, who could not escape by the windows at the back of the house owing to the iron gratings. There was no way out of the compound except to emerge upon the veranda, and walk a distance of ten yards in the very face of the tiger—for Gordon had at once recognized the nature of his terrible visitor. He stepped back and lit the little night lamp to gain such comfort as its light could give him. He was unarmored, and there was nothing between him and the striped monster but those thin blinds, which could offer no more hindrance to a tiger than if they had been tissue paper.

Suddenly the tiger wheeled, and with his paws still resting on the buffalo, looked up toward the wall in the direction of the street. Upon that wall another huge cat-like form similar to its own had appeared, as if evolved out of the darkness, and from it there came an unmistakable roar, which was answered in the same note by the tiger in the yard.

With tails swinging angrily the two creatures eyed each other, their roars changing to deep growls; and presently the one on the wall leaped into the enclosure. The animal upon the buffalo crept over his prey toward the intruder, which, crouching low, crawled onward. As the two beasts drew near together the growls became fiercer, and at last the advancing tiger gave a great leap forward, which was met by the other, and a terrific fight began with hideous growling, deep snarls and roars as they peared, bit, and tore, in the presence of the one awestricken spectator.

At last the two beasts separated, one backing swiftly to the buffalo, while the other, retiring in the same manner to a safe distance from its opponent, began to explore the yard. If the beast had any intention of leaving the place it was disappointed, for the walls rising at least ten feet above the yard were too high to be leaped. He approached the veranda, sniffed along the face of the house, and peered between the slats of the blind, but, repelled perhaps by the light or fearing a trap, did not enter. As his movements brought him near the buffalo the tiger, in possession of the prey, stood again on the defensive; but the other beast seemed either to have had enough of fighting, or to realize that he was again imprisoned. Failing in his attempt to get out of the compound he began to roar in alarm.

Many people living in the vicinity of the bungalow were awakened by the sounds, and surmising the danger which they could not fully understand closed their doors and windows in fear; but no one dared remain outside, except the native watchmen, who gathered in groups at a distance and speculated as to the cause of the disturbance. But the character of the noises was not inviting of approach, and so for some time no one came upon the scene to investigate matters.

The first tiger at the change of note in the other's roaring became also uneasy, and leaving his prey joined in the outburst of sound and walked uneasily about, still, however, keeping near the buffalo. As Gordon, with no barrier between him and a terrible death whenever the animal should see fit to enter the house, stood with his eyes held in

awful fascination upon his besiegers, he became aware, by a growing light and a smell of burning, that a new element of terror was added to the situation.

A puff of the night breeze from the river had blown a fold of the mosquito curtain against the lamp which stood by the bed, upsetting it. Like a flash the curtain and bedding were in flames, to which was added the combustion of the oil spreading over the floor matting. It was a conflagration beyond the power of Gordon to extinguish, even if he had found the heart to attempt it in the face of his other great peril.

It was but a few moments before the whole interior of the apartment was in flames, from floor to ceiling. He heard the tigers come one after the other upon the veranda. The blow of a paw broke down a blind and the heads of one of the brutes appeared at the opening. Gordon cowered back as near the flames as he could endure to remain, until the tiger, as if dazed with the light, withdrew to resume his round about the foot of the wall.

Rapidly the flames, fanned by the breeze into a roaring conflagration, burned along the cloth and bamboo ceiling overhead and crept along the matting on the floor, forcing Gordon forward step by step upon the veranda into the open view of the tigers. They roared more loudly when he appeared, but, seemingly frightened by the smoke and flame, they did not at once attack him. But as they paced to and fro along the foot of the walls at the farther end of the enclosure they stopped to crouch with swinging tails at the sight of the young man's figure outlined black against the fire, and crept toward him, only to turn away and retire before some fresh outburst of the flames.

The heat on the veranda had become unendurable, and Gordon saw that, live or die, he must, as his only chance of escape, try to get through the door of the wall, to reach this spot he must pass within a dozen yards of the tigers. This small door, which was strongly made, opened into the compound, and swung toward the front wall where the beasts were pacing. It was fastened, when shut, by a strong latch.

To effect his escape Gordon had to take ten long steps, unlatch and open the door, pass through the opening and close the door behind him before either one of his savage besiegers could leap upon him. With the flames already scorching him he decided that a quick death by teeth and claws was better than to be burned alive. At a moment when the nearest tiger's back was turned he walked rapidly but stealthily across the corner of the compound, lifted the latch, opened the door, and stooped to pass through.

At his first step from the veranda the tiger nearest him wheeled, and both the animals began to work toward him. But to attack him they must dash toward the fire that awed them, and while they crept onward, growling and eyeing him, neither of them sprang until he had reached and opened the door. Then the nearest tiger, moved partly perhaps by a hope of escape through the opening, leaped for it. The creature's paws struck the door just as Gordon was passing the threshold, shutting it against him with such force as to throw the young man violently upon his face into the garden beyond.

Had the door swung ajar after closing, the beast would at once have been after and upon him; but the latch caught and held, and Gordon turning round as he regained his feet heard the scratching made by the tiger's claws, and the animal's whining snarl over his discomfiture as it retired to the farther end of the compound.

Gordon's appearance in the garden was loudly hailed by the people in the main house, who having been awakened by the tumult had gathered in one apartment and barricaded the windows and doors; and the men with such weapons as they could obtain were standing ready to defend the premises. Believing that Gordon was surely killed, they were surprised and delighted to see him emerge so unexpectedly from his perilous situation. The people of the neighboring houses were equally awake, and on learning the facts in the situation the more courageous ones approached and looked down upon the self-entrapped animals restlessly moving about between the high walls and the fire.

Some soldiers that arrived from the British garrison, and a force of the Amir's retainers, including the chief huntsman and his assistants, now set to work to capture the tigers. The natives worked zealously from the certainty that

if the tigers were not recaptured—perhaps even if they were—that some persons would lose their heads on general principles of disapproval of the animals' escape.

From the wall coil rope nooses were launched at the now thoroughly leonized animals, which, after various misthrows and mishaps, were caught successively by the neck, legs and body, until they were at least so well secured that one or two bold fellows leaped down into the compound, and finished the tying of them in safety. Rolled, tied, and twisted in a network of ropes, the two struggling brutes, slung to long poles, were borne on the shoulders of natives to the Amir's palace and returned to their cages, which it is to be hoped, were suitably strengthened.

It was only after the event that Gordon Trautwine, who had believed so coolly through his time of peril, realized how badly frightened he really had been. He left Haiderabad the next day to brace his nerves by the adventures and excitement of a trip up the Indus River.—*St. Louis Republic*.

## The Story of a Genius.

When Sidney Thomas was seventeen years of age his father died and the youth was obliged to give up his dreams of matriculating at London University and becoming a medical man. For some time he took a classical mastership in a school, and then accepted a clerkship at the Marlborough Street Police Court. While conscientiously fulfilling his duties he was at the same time an earnest student of science.

Up to 1755 the finest steel used in England was of Hindu make, and it is said to have been quoted at \$50,000 a ton. Cort made a discovery, however, by which he produced equally good steel at prices ranging \$250 to \$500 a ton. Then Bessemer came; but even after his discoveries there was still a great desideratum, namely, the elimination of phosphorus from the process of converting pig-iron into steel. Sidney Thomas made this notable discovery, but when he announced it at the spring meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute in 1878 he was received with sneers and smiles of incredulity.

But everything comes to him who knows how to wait, and Thomas finally perfected his invention. The discovery made him suddenly famous, and the steelmasters of Belgium, England and the United States raced each other in their efforts to benefit under his patents. Splendid pecuniary results followed the discovery, but, alas! they were purchased at the cost of the inventor's health. His hour of triumph found him with physical strength rapidly declining. He accordingly went abroad, visiting Switzerland, the Cape and the United States. He also went to the Mauritius, India, Ceylon and Australia. His diary and letters describing these travels are most interesting, and many of his observations testify to the singular keenness of his mind. As a last resort he spent a winter in Algiers, then he moved homeward, but on reaching Paris died there, on February 1, 1885. He was thus not quite thirty-five years old, an age which has proved fatal to so many men of genius.

Sidney Thomas's life speaks for itself, but in connection with his great discovery one fact of moment may be mentioned: Whereas in 1878 there was not even in existence any public record of successful dephosphorization of pig-iron, in 1890, only twelve years later, the production of basic steel under the Gilchrist-Thomas process was no less than 2,693,083 tons.—*London Chronicle*.

## A Chip Off the Old Block.

The little six-year-old daughter of a Buffalo lawyer extricated herself from a difficulty the other day with tact. She has just recovered from a long illness, and sat bolted up in bed feebly counting her pennies. She decided that there were twenty-nine, and her papa gave her another to make the number thirty. Later her mother helped her to count them and they found thirty-one. The father then entered a protest and asked her to return his penny, as she had obtained it under false pretenses. She looked up in doubt from the little pile of pennies to her father and then said: "I guess I can't give it back to you, for I can't tell which one you gave me."—*Buffalo Enquirer*.

William Redmond, a Member of Parliament, declares that English juries are not gifted with much intelligence.

## CURIOS FACTS.

The Gulf of Mexico has risen over a foot since 1852.

A fish with two tails is the chief curiosity at Madison, Penn.

Brass bands are not allowed to play in the streets of Nashville, Tenn.

Ten days per annum is the average amount of sickness in human life.

Hebrews are not allowed to leave Moscow, Russia, unless they have paid their debts.

There is a difference of only twenty-two square miles between the areas of England and Iowa.

Francis Coppee, the French author, is fond of cats that surround his desk and nibble at his pen when he writes.

Camden, N. J., boasts of a blind barber who can shave as well as if he had perfect sight. He works every day and makes regular wages.

Alabama has a new religious sect, one of whose tenets is to pay no taxes to the support of a secular government, even to the extent of a dog tax.

The King of Assinnee is allowed 3333 wives. Many of them are the daughters of the chiefs of tributary tribes over which the King has jurisdiction, and are sent to him as hostages.

The chimney is a modern affair, being not yet seven centuries old. In the thirteenth century chimneys were allowed only on religious houses, manor houses and noblemen's castles.

A church was being moved across the railroad track at Oakdale, Washington, when a special train came along, and before the engineer could stop his engine it struck the church, cutting it in two.

Chinese dentists are said to possess a wonderful powder, which is rubbed on the gum over the affected tooth. After an interval of about five minutes the patient is told to sneeze, whereupon the tooth falls out.

A tailor of Koenigsberg, Germany, demonstrated an enormous muscular power before the class of students. With one hand he lifted a heavy chair, on which sat a 200-pound student, from the floor to the table.

A Connecticut River shad dressed recently at New Haven had in its stomach a railroad spike five inches long and weighing seven ounces. The spike was rusty, and the liver and side of the fish were coated with rust.

A lobster has been caught in Penobscot Bay which weighs twenty-two pounds. Its size has procured for it a certain immortality. In place of being eaten it will occupy a shelf of honor among the exhibits of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

## Wood Paper.

Ordinary printing paper is now made almost exclusively of wood fiber, instead of rags as formerly. The wood fiber was formerly prepared by a wholly mechanical process, the wood being ground or rasped off from blocks by action applied obliquely to the grain. In place of the old mode of obtaining wood pulp, chemical treatment of the wood is now in vogue. As formerly, the bark is stripped from the wood to secure fiber of uniform quality. All discolored or decayed parts are removed for the same reason. Then the wood is cut across the grain into thin chips, which are carried to the top of the mill and dropped into large drums about fourteen feet in diameter, and twenty-four feet long. The drums are made strong enough to bear a pressure of from seventy-five to 200 pounds to the square inch. When a drum is packed full of chips it is filled with sulphuric acid and other chemicals. The wood is converted into a cotton-like product, which is then pressed dry and mashed. It is next mixed with water, rolled flat, and cut into shape for printing. In this condition it is said to be made up of sixty per cent. moisture and forty per cent. fiber. In this shape it goes to the paper mill. It is found better to pay the freight on the contained water than to cheapen the cost of transportation by pressing out the water, for the pulp packs hard when it is dry. One cord of spruce wood is estimated to make 1200 pounds of dry fiber, worth from \$1 to \$1.50 a hundred pounds. A sulphite plant that will use up from eight to fifteen cords of wood every twenty-four hours costs about \$10,000.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Fate seems to fit things nicely, muses the *St. Louis Republic*. Just as wood was giving out coal was discovered, and just as whale oil was about exhausted petroleum was found.