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Dr. Ernest La Place, of the Philadelphia Medical-Chirurgical College, says that within a very short time the world will hear again from Dr. Koch. He will make important scientific revelations that will prove he is on the right road toward a cure for consumption. The importance of this statement is due to the fact that Dr. La Place keeps himself fully informed of all that is done in the studies and laboratories of European scientists.

The curious fact has just been brought to light in Kentucky, learns the New York *Post*, that from 1857 to 1859 the State loaned money to individuals. The interest from this source amounted to \$16,125 in 1857, to \$21,179.32 in 1858, to \$26,528.19 in 1859, and in 1860 to \$21,365.38. The State Auditor's report for these years shows that many prominent Kentuckians availed themselves of this means of relief from "the stringency of the money market." The loans were all called in 1861, and singularly enough, both principal and interest were paid in every instance.

The Illinois Legislature found it easy enough to pass the law providing that "no person, firm, or corporation shall employ any child under the age of thirteen in any store, shop, factory or manufacturing establishment by the day, or any period of time greater than one day, without a certificate issued by the Board of Education that the labor of the child is the only means of support of 'an aged or infirm relative.' The enforcement of the law has not, however, been found so easy, learns the New York *Post*. No one appears to be charged with this important matter, and as a consequence the employment of children under the prohibited age goes on the same as ever.

Big figures are reached in official affairs in the city of New York, exclaims the Boston *Transcript*. The Commissioner of Public Works reports that his expenditures for the last three months were nearly \$1,500,000, and contracts that will require as much more money were made with various parties. There are received and distributed daily 153,000,000 gallons of Croton. South of the Harlem River the city has 36,763 miles of paved streets and 44,019 miles of sewers. The streets are lighted by 23,643 gas lamps and 1103 electric lamps. It is encouraging to know that in the course of the quarter the Commissioner's men took down 587 telegraph poles and 705 miles of wire.

Cincinnati's first year's experience with the Truant Law, requiring all children fourteen years old and under to attend school, is said to be satisfactory. The enforcement of the law has increased the school attendance by more than a thousand pupils. Fines to the extent of only \$150 have been collected for the infractions that have been detected and punished. Nevertheless this sum does not represent all the cases of the employment of children who should have been in school. The Truant Officer charged with the enforcement of the law finds many parents so avaricious or so indifferent to the education of their offspring that they have not hesitated to falsify ages, and detection has not always been possible. The manufacturing establishments that heretofore have been accustomed to employ from one to twenty-five "minors" have been obedient to the law.

That there are millions in pecan nuts is the firm belief of F. A. Swinden, of Brownwood, Texas. It appears from an account of his work published in the *Atlanta Constitution* that, if he realizes his dreams, this source of wealth will ere long place him beyond the reach of acute distress. Some years ago he became convinced that pecan culture could be made a success. He purchased 400 acres of land near Brownwood, and selecting a fine pecan tree whose fruit was of the large soft-shell variety and paying \$50 a year for the crop, he proceeded to grow his own trees. As a result of his labors, he now has 11,000 thrifty trees two years old. He expects that they will begin to bear when eight years old. As each tree will yield a bushel of nuts worth from \$3.50 to \$5.00, he anticipates an income of from \$40,000 to \$50,000. The cost of gathering will be only ten cents a bushel. In the meantime he is not, however, without an income from his land, 150 acres of it being devoted to orchard and alfalfa. His alfalfa crop this year will amount to 300 tons. The hay being worth \$10 dollars a ton, he has a revenue of \$3000 from this source alone.

IN ABSENCE.

My love is far away from me to night,
Oh spirits of sweet peace, kind destinies,
Watch over her, and breathe upon her eyes;
Keep near to her in every hurt's despite,
That no rude care or noisome dream affright,
So let her rest, so let her sink to sleep,
As little clouds that breast the sunset
Merge and melt out into the golden light.
My love is far away, and I am grown
A very child, oppressed with fumes
Some shadowy sadness with a name unknown
Haunts the chill twilight, and these silent rooms
Seem with vague fears and dim regrets
Lonely and strange and empty without
her.
—Archibald Lampman, in Scribner.

PEG.

It was not a "pitch dark" night, though there was neither moon nor stars. The road lay white and glimmering, as roads will lie even on such nights. Perhaps the moon was somewhere behind the clouds.

Peg, the toll-keeper at the gate, had often seen the pike appear just so; and so had Jim Wagner, plodding along the road.

One might keep safely along, or might instead, by accident or a sudden tightening of the rein, turn square down the Silver Thread, thinking it was the pike—especially if one were dreaming.

But Jim had passed the Silver Thread safely. In soothing tones he was beseeching Black Fan to "go it keurful and not to clank her hoofs, as if she couldn't make enough noise.

For answer, Black Fan in a senseless and provoking manner clanked her hoofs louder than before, and lifted her head and whinnied.

There was no light in the toll-house nor sound of life about the place; everything was quiet and dark as it should be at almost twelve o'clock at night. But as Black Fan clanked her hoofs almost in front of the little porch, the door of the house flew open and Peg came out to take the toll.

It was the rule of the pike that, after nine o'clock at night, the gate could be left untended, or the keeper, if she choose, might keep for herself the few coppers that came.

"I b'lieve she'd set up watchin' for a feller till mornin'," grumbled Jim, as Black Fan rattled on toward home. "She's the stingiest woman in these parts."

Bill Walsh, Peg's husband, had his blacksmith shop close by the toll-gate. If, ten years before, he had not gone to the Eastern Shore and brought back the chills and fever, he would have got on well enough. But the chills and fever and the blacksmith trade were never meant to go together.

"He'll set an I shake day after day, mebbe for weeks at a time, and then not be over it," said Josh Bernet, explaining this curious disease to a neighbor; "an' his face about the color of them there axes."

There were four children at the toll-house.

One was a little girl who had a way of leaning out at the garret window and shaking her fist at people who she imagined, were planning to keep her mother waiting after dark. She was such a very pretty little girl that people only laughed when they saw her shaking her fist.

There were the two boys who went to school whenever they were sent; and then the bad little boy who generally sat on the porch in fine weather, wearing his Sunday shoes every day. He was his mother's pet.

None of Peg's children were sent to school regularly. They went when their clothes were new; and when these garments were old, faded and patched, the children stayed at home.

For Peg was proud. Her neighbors were aware of it, and shunned her accordingly. Poverty was, in their minds, something sent by the Lord, and nothing to be ashamed of. Sickness was a trial sent from heaven; but pride was a crime which they could not forgive.

Peg did not love her neighbors any more than they loved her. Perhaps there was a little jealousy intermixed with the feeling she bore them. Most of them were not nearly so poor as she. Some were farmers, with well-cultivated acres. There were Mr. Jones, the drover, and Mr. Ed Coon, who had set up a rival blacksmith shop on the other side of the creek, and got plenty of work. "Ef Bill warn't sickly, we might her

a house like his'n," Peg had often thought, as she sat alone in the dark with a bitter feeling creeping about her heart.

If Peg had sent the children to school in old clothes as well as new; if she had allowed Bill to buy on credit just a bit down at the store, to show he could be trusted; if she had sometimes let people slip through the gate in the evening without paying the coppers that made the pike no richer; and above all, if it hadn't been reported that she'd said, "Ef her or any o' hern was sick, she didn't want 'em to come with their custers and their gelatine," things might have been different.

When Bill found her, during his otherwise unhappy sojourn on the Eastern Shore, he says, under her fitted-lark sunbonnet, the biggest of black eyes, the reddest of cheeks, and the daintiest of dark brown curls. Bill had bragged about "up our way" until it had seemed to her imagination a paradise; and she had come back with him, his wife.

But "up our way" Bill had seen her barden until the black eyes had no laughter in them; had seen the red cheeks deeper dyed with anger and indignation and jealousy; had seen her grow into a sharp, quick, grasping little woman, whom the Turpike Company was glad to have at the toll-gate.

"Ef Bill warn't sickly, we might pay yonder corner of John Lawrence's Ed, and build a house with red trimmin'," ran Peg's thoughts again. "I reckon like as not some other boy'll be along and snap it up before our eyes, and Bill not a-keerin' a pin. Ef them Browns buys the lot and puts up their fancy buildin's on 't, I'm a-goin' to leave. The 'shop won't be much trouble for to carry away."

Then she started up and said "Ho!" and clasped her hands together and laughed, as she might have done when she was down on the "Eastern Shore." She tiptoed softly out through the narrow passage-way and up the steep little steps to where the bad little boy lay asleep in his Sunday shoes; for he would not take them off for all his mother's begging.

She knelt beside him, and began to untie the strings. She had forgotten that she felt "sick and tired and most worn-out." Her black eyes were laughing still, as she stooped over and kissed her pet.

But when she kissed him, the laughter died out of her eyes, and there came an anxious look instead. She put her little, hard brown hand on his forehead, and then on his cheek, and then on his clubby wrist; and as she listened to the irregular breathing, John Wynn drove past, and wriggled with delight to think that he had cheated the toll for the second time.

The drivers were not kept waiting the next day. Dan Toomey's fast mare was obliged to pause an instant. John Wynn tried it again, was trapped; but Peg's pet did not sit on the doorstep that sunny Tuesday and swing his Sabbath-shod feet as if there were nothing in the world so fine.

"Has Walsh's children stopped a-goin' to school altogether?" inquired Mrs. Coon, as Mary and Belle came bounding in with their satchels.

"Some 'n's sick, I s'pose," said Belle. "I seen the doctor's horse tied to the tree a pawin' like he'd been there a long time."

"Hum! Now I wonder if custers and gelatine wouldn't come into account?" said the rival blacksmith's wife, with a shrug of her shoulders.

"They's sick at the toll-gate." The news spread swiftly. "Down with the measles or somethin'." Very soon the word came, "They's down with the scarlet fever!"

Then Mrs. Coon forgot and forgave, and sent Mary over with a dish of jelly, covered with her finest napkin; but the napkin and the dish both returned with Mary, and the jelly, too.

A little white collar was carried out from the toll-house one day, and old Mrs. Lisle fell to crying and sobbing as the burden was carried past the store. "An' 'versus much as a cracker," she moaned, "an' no milk nor nothin'!"

"The proudest woman in these parts," cried Josh Bernet, thrusting his hands deep into his trouser's pockets, and vehemently pacing the floor.

"By George!" exclaimed Colonel Green, puffing and blowing. "Bill Walsh is down himself; taken in the night, and raving like a loon. I say something must be done."

There was a light in the toll-house now; it seemed as if it had been there a

long time—a steady, mellow light, that fell across the road and lost itself in the grassy field.

But the door flew open as usual when Will Smith's wagon drove up, and Peg came out for the toll.

Thinking of the unhappiness and poverty within, Will timidly held out a silver quarter.

"Three cents," said Peg, sharply, and handed him back the change.

The humming-birds whizzed away suddenly from the great clustering honey-suckle at the end of Col. Green's front porch. They had dipped their bills undisturbed into the sweetness of its honey, though the Colonel's voice came big and blustering out through the open sitting-room window.

But this disturbance was more than a voice; it was a girl who came rushing to the bench under the vine and threw her arms on the railing, with her head in her arms, and began to weep.

First she sobbed vehemently, as if she had been keeping back the tears and could do so no longer. Then she wept more softly, and at last stopped altogether, and fell to wondering a little indignantly why her grandfather and the rest of the people did not stop talking and set to work to do something instead.

"If I were only a man," said Hetty Green, hopelessly, "I should think of some way."

She pressed her face deeper among the fresh leaves and sighed, thinking. Then she began to wonder what she would think of if she really were a man.

As she puzzled her brain she stood so silently that the birds came whizzing about again, only to be started off on another tour as she jumped up and ran back into the house.

If they had remained hand perched in at the window, they might have seen Hetty performing an ecstatic dance across the sitting-room floor to where the worn-out Colonel rested in his leather chair. They might have seen her fling herself upon the arm, and whisper in the Colonel's ear exactly what he and all the other people must go and do.

But the birds must have been so very puzzled, for why should a whisper from a girl who was always whispering make such an impression upon a gray-haired, sensible man like the Colonel?

He did not wait until she was done whispering before he was tapping his feet on the floor and nodding his head, and exclaiming, "By George!" in approval. Whether or not she was really done they could not have known, for the Colonel suddenly put on his hat and left the room.

All around the country for miles and miles drove Hetty's grandfather, the Colonel, pausing for an instant at every house on the way, rushing in and out of Dillon's livery stable, and exclaiming and gesticulating to every man he met.

When Colonel Green reached home that night he was ready for bed; but he did not go to it. He ate his supper in a desperate hurry, and ordered out his tired horse.

John Wagner and Will Smith did an outrageous thing. Bill Walsh, as everybody knew, was down with the scarlet fever, and three children lying ill in the next room; but these two young fellows drove through without paying, right under Peg's nose.

She did not call angrily at them, as she would have done a week before. She turned about in the doorway and put her hands over her face.

Some one upstairs tossed and moaned, and a child's voice screamed for water. She let her hands fall, and ran as fast as she could.

The beautiful day had been good to her sick ones, but what had it brought to her? What had the doctor been saying? That the invalids positively must have beef tea and chickens, grapes and oranges.

Peg clenched her little hard fists and pressed her lips tightly together. Beef tea and chickens, grapes and oranges!

It was not that they ought to have these things—not that it would be well for them to have them, but that they must have them.

"They must, they must, they must," said poor Peg, under her breath.

She went to the window and glanced quickly down the road in the gathering dusk.

No one was coming, but to Peg's excited fancy there was some one hurrying along, this way and that way, up and down and around.

It was the beauty of Peach Blow—that little village down on the Eastern Shore—begging, "up our way." Not for bread; that any one who is hungry may

beg for; but for beef tea and chickens, grapes and oranges!

A singular sick and giddy feeling came over her. She knew she must do this. God had punished her sin of pride, surely.

"I must, I must!" muttered Peg. Then she darted down the stairs, quick as a flash, and stood at the gate waiting for her own and the Company's money.

John Wagner cried out: "Were caught," and Will shouted: "Run it fast!" but it was no use. Peg took the money—hers and the Company's.

The old clock inside the door struck nine. What was that down the dim roadway? Another buggy.

She stood and waited for her money this time.

Why, there was a double team coming, and another! Was there a party somewhere? She had not heard.

One after another carriages came pouring in, the one-horse wagons, two-horse wagons, six-horse teams and eight-horse teams; there were little limping ponies, whose trotting day had long been over, and carts and sulkies and horsemen, and mules, donkeys and goats.

Peg dropped her money from her hand to her apron, and stood there holding it up. The lamps from a livery stable carriage threw their light upon her face, showing the great, wondering black eyes and the kinks of the brown hair.

Some laughed softly as they jingled the toll into the apron; some reproached her for sitting up so late to catch a party; some declared vehemently that they weren't going to pay at this time in the night, but they paid just the same.

One voice—an old man's—near the end of the cavalcade cried out triumphantly, "By George!" and the last of the train passed through.

"Did you catch 'em, Peg?"
Thin and weak came the voice from the bed, with just a tremor of humor in it. Peg looked at him. She could see that he was much better.

Peg held open her apron so that he might see that it was full. Then she went down on her knees beside the bed.

"They done it a-purpose, Bill!" she said, and could say no more.—*Youth's Companion.*

Blunders of Good Writers.

A writer recently said of Dr. Johnson: "Unvarnished late down for breakfast, he did once happen to be so soon as to have to wait for others." This fairly rivals George Saintsbury's "constantly right in general," and surpasses, if possible, the characterization of a politician as "rather radical in the extreme."

Treating of the French, an author observed that "the decline of the material comforts of the working classes had now reached to an alarming height." A physician once boasted: "I was the first to discover Asiatic cholera and to communicate it to the public." The buyer of a horse was once warned "that he might find himself saddled with a worthless animal." Many of the mistakes that occur in newspaper offices arise from faulty chirography.

A Brooklyn paper relates how some manuscript of Dr. Talmage came to its office at one time in which occurred the words, "My text finds the Lord." When the words appeared in print they were nearly transformed to read, "My tall friend, our Lord." Horace Greeley's manuscript was a puzzle to most people, and, therefore, it is not to be wondered at that when he wrote, "Tis true, tis pity; pity, 'tis, 'tis true," the types made him say: "Tis two, 'tis fifty; yes, 'tis fifty-two."

On a Rochester daily a few years ago a reporter wound up a sketch of a little boy who had died from the effects of an explosion of firecrackers, which he carried in his pockets, in these words: "His afflicted and bereaved parents will have the sympathy," etc. The announcement as it appeared in print was an order of sympathy to "His afflicted and bereaved parts."—*Losk Times.*

Storks are Globe Trotters.

An interesting proof of the distant travels of a stork was discovered this spring in the neighborhood of Berlin. For a number of years a pair of storks built their nest annually in the park of the Castle Rheleben. A few years ago one of the servants placed a ring with the name of the place and date on the leg of the male bird in order to be certain that the same bird returned each year. This spring the stork came back to its accustomed place, the bearer of two rings. The second one bore the inscription, "India sends greeting to Germany."—*Boston Transcript.*

CURIOUS FACTS.

The onion originally came from Egypt.

The royal standard of Persia is a blacksmith's apron.

Locusts are eaten by many tribes of North American Indians.

The finger-nails grow between one and a half and two inches in length yearly.

"Graveyard cories" is the latest for a group of bores who "talk each other to death."

Halley's was the first periodical comet discovered. It has a period of 76½ years, and is due again in 1911.

Richard Tellis, who lives near Clifford, Mich., served in thirty-six engagements during the war and never lost a drop of blood.

A Connecticut man has gone into the business of propagating sewer rats. He sells their skins to "kid" glove manufacturers.

The Pilsen Club is preparing to celebrate Kentucky's centenary, June 1, 1892, in grand style. All historical relics that can be got together are to be exhibited.

There is an island near Menominee, Mich., which is literally alive with worms that swarm over everything, and another one that is so infested with snakes that no one will visit it.

In the reign of Edward I., of England, it was declared that the dealers in fish should not be permitted to make a larger profit than one penny (two cents) on each twenty-five cents' worth sold.

A large sum as was ever obtained for any invention was enjoyed by the American who invented the inverted glass bell to hang over gas jets to prevent ceilings from being blackened by smoke.

The buttonwood tree to which Master Marlow, of the ship *Kent*, lashed the cabin when the first settlers landed at Burlington, N. J., in 1676, is still standing on the river bank in front of the Grubb homestead.

A marble slab has been placed on the house in which Paganini died in Nice, Italy. The inscription concludes with, "The powerful bow that drew forth magic sounds now lies inert, but its supreme sweetness still survives in the scented breeze of Nice."

There is a laundryman in Paris who has discarded all soaps, sodas and bleaching powders in his establishment. He merely uses plenty of water and boiled potatoes, and can cleanse, without employing any alkali, the most soiled of linens, cottons or woollens.

The first use of gunpowder as an agent in warfare was made in the course of the twelfth century. The Chinese demonstrated its propulsive effects in the fifteenth century, in the reign of Yang-look, this being fully 1900 years after gunpowder was used in fire-crackers.

The Bahama Islands now produce the finest sisal. The plants were imported from Yucatan, and the coral soil, combined with the temperature of the islands, has greatly improved the product. This is a very profitable business in the Bahamas, as land worth not more than \$5 an acre will produce a crop of sisal worth about \$25. The plant is very hardy, reaches maturity in three years, and will then furnish a crop annually for twenty years.

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A Snake With Two Tails and No Head.

"Talking about snake stories," remarked Mr. W. F. Dowden, "reminds me of a curious thing I once saw done in Dixie. Marmaduke's column of Confederates were marching through the pines away down in Arkansas one morning hunting for a locality where grub was not so distressingly scarce as it had become where we were camped. The General and his escort were riding at the head of the column. Looking down in the road I saw a peculiarly shaped snake and at a second glance I remarked: 'General, here is a snake with two tails, and no head.' General Marmaduke and several members of his staff stopped their horses to get a better view of his snake-ship. Upon close examination it was seen that what appeared to be one snake was really parts of two. That they were about the same size and one had partially swallowed the other—had swallowed it too far to disgorge before discovering that it was a physical impossibility to swallow it entirely. 'This is a true story,' continued Mr. Dowden, 'and I often think of the peculiar appearance of the thing.'—*Marshall (Mo.) Democrat-News.*