

# Orange County Observer

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The Russian press censorship is not only very rigorous in regard to letters posted in the country, but is extended to letters in transit. An English correspondent complains that letters in course of transit from Persia to Great Britain, and vice versa, are frequently tampered with while passing through Russian territory, being sometimes cut open, sometimes detained and sometimes destroyed. The British Government has been requested to interfere.

The French peasant is said to be changing for the worse. He is losing both his thrift and sobriety. He has taken to drink like the inhabitants of the city slums, and his thirst is for brandy. In the villages the women are pictured as obliged—like the wives of the workmen in the cities—to hang about the public houses on pay days and to fight for money to buy bread. Instead of putting his soul and silver in a long stocking, the countryman spends them in the tavern. Formerly he drank only on holidays; now he treats himself and his friends every day in the week. The wives of married peasants soon follow their husbands in this vice. Strong liquors are cheap; there is no Sunday, or even early closing, and no Blue Ribbon Army in the country.

The Boston Transcript soliloquizes: "Somebody, singing the praises of the banana, says that it has all the essentials to the sustenance of life for both man and beast. It is of the lily family, and is a developed tropical lily, from which, by ages of cultivation, the seeds have been eliminated and the fruit greatly expanded. Therefore, the aesthete who would walk down Piccadilly with a tulip or a lily can bear a banana in his medicinal hand and fill the bill. No wonder they are cheap when, as Humboldt saw, the ground that yields ninety-nine pounds of potatoes or thirty three pounds of wheat, will bear four thousand pounds of bananas. So far, so good. To-morrow we shall hear that bananas are packed with unwholesomeness, being breeders of warts and a cause of the hair falling out, because of the arsenic and coppers which they contain."

The soundness of the German laws against the importation of American pork was shown in a recent issue of the *Allegiance*. The paper, after relating the vain attempts of the merchants of Berlin to induce the Government to withdraw the prohibition against the American meat, declares that the law is constantly evaded. American meat is sent to Holland and Denmark packed in ice. In those countries the meat is smoked and forwarded to Germany as "Dutch" or "Danish" meat. Recently more than 20,000 packages of such American-Dutch meats were offered for sale in the markets of the German capital. The journal quoted above declares that the Americans have offered to sell meats in the Berlin markets at forty-three to forty-five pennings, or ten to eleven cents a pound. At present, and the New York Tribune, German meat is much dearer than that.

The New York Sun has a long editorial article on "The World's Supply of Grain," which concludes with the following remarkable statements: "Eliminating Russia from the problem either as a source of supply, which she cannot be, or an importer, the remainder of Europe will still be short 359,000,000 bushels of wheat and rye after the outside world has sent to that continent every bushel of grain that can be spared. What does this portend? Is it possible to conceive the unutterable misery and distress, disease, desolation, and death which a famine of such proportions is likely to bring in its train? Is not Europe face to face with a state of want such as has never threatened so great a population since the dawn of history? Has man ever witnessed starvation upon the scale which is probable as the result of this continent-wide destruction of crops? On all the earth there is but one substitute possible for the deficient rye and wheat; but one means of preventing, even in part, the devastation threatened, and that is by the use of American maize, should we be so fortunate as to harvest a full crop. If there are ships enough on the sea to transport it, Europe will take not only the 150,000,000 bushels of wheat which we may squeeze out, but hundreds of millions also of our corn. The distaste for such food will disappear in the presence of famine; and we may command any price for our products that we have the heart to exact."

## LITTLE THINGS.

A good-bye kiss is a little thing,  
With your hand on the door to go,  
But it takes the venom out of the sting  
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling  
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare,  
After the toil of the day,  
But it smooths the furrows out of the care,  
And lines on the forehead you once called  
Fair.

In the years that have flown away,  
The little thing to say, "You are kind,"  
"I love you, my dear," each night,  
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I  
Find.

For love is tender, as love is blind,  
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's cares,  
We take, but we do not give,  
It seems so easy some soul to bless,  
But we dole love grudgingly, less and less,  
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

—Union Signal.

## THE NEXT-OF-KIN.

BY FRANCES ELLEN WADDEIGH.

All the legal quips and quirks are complied with; at last I am a free man! Young, rich, not so very bad looking, may I not now be the happiest man in America? I will. No more work for me, boys!

As Flavel Ashcroft uttered these words in tones of exultation, he tore a note into tiny fragments and threw them aside. One of his companions, Louis Jewett, blew a cloud of fragrant smoke from his cigar and said, flatteringly:

"Ah, you lucky dog, you'll play the mischief among the girls! May I ask in that is a love-letter which you have so thoroughly destroyed?"

"By no means. Merely a brief billet from Huxley, my former employer. He says that if I don't appear at the store to-morrow I may consider myself discharged."

"Then you haven't told him—"

"That Uncle Roger died intestate and childless, and that I step into his shoes? No, no. Until this morning I feared some unknown heir might crop up and chisel me out of this money, and I didn't choose to tell of my hopes as long as there was any chance that they might be delusive."

"Did you suspect that your uncle left children or grandchildren?" asked Harvey Wilson, Flavel's other companion.

"I was positive there never had but one child, my Aunt Kathleen, who was demitted for sixteen years before her death, which took place about three years ago. If she had ever married, her children would, of course, inherit this estate."

"Your uncle might, even in that case, have remembered you," suggested Wilson.

"Never! We were sworn foes. He wouldn't die intestate had he been as far seeing as he was unfeeling. His lawyers tell me he had yielded to their persuasions so far as to promise to make his will before the close of the year; but the year closed for him long before December came. Apoplexy, you know."

"I believe rumor says you are sweet on the pretty typewriter at Huxley's," said Jewett, inquisitively.

"Bessie Moore? Ah, I fear she is rather gone on yours truly," said Flavel, complacently, as he caressed his luxuriant whiskers, "but that sort of thing'll not do now. She's a nice little thing, but she must marry some respectable fellow in her own station in life."

Wilson scowled at Flavel and abruptly left the group, unobserved by Jewett, who was also about to depart in another direction.

While strolling homeward, Flavel said to himself:

"How lucky for me that my aunt was daft after that mysterious visit of hers to friends in New York! And how very, very queer it seems that no one but me knows of her marriage and subsequent motherhood! When her husband, Theodore Terrill, and I were both in the hospital after we were injured in that railroad accident, he told me the whole story, knowing that he was about to die. He told me, deluded man, that my aunt had gone crazy at the birth of her little daughter, and had drowned herself, but her body was never found, and he was then on his way to see her father and tell the sad news. He never suspected that she was at home. Lucky is it for me, boy as I was, I had sense enough to hold my tongue about Terrill's surprising revelation, for that child, is it alive, is my uncle's lawful heir."

Such was the fact, but no one had ever suspected that old Mr. Ashcroft's only daughter had been a wife and mother. Therefore, not even the most astute

lawyer had the least hesitancy in declaring his handsome, extravagant, selfish nephew to be his heir.

Of course, it was not long before the tidings of Flavel Ashcroft penetrated to the large wholesale drug store where he had been a former clerk for the past six years, and his former comrades rejoiced at his good fortune, for in his careless, lappy-go-lucky way he always made friends wherever he was.

"I wonder Mr. Ashcroft has not been in to see us," said one of the clerks to Bessie Moore, Huxley & Co's stenographer and typewriter. "Has he told you when we are to expect him?"

"I haven't seen him since the last day he was in the store, four weeks ago," Bessie replied, with an embarrassed air.

Mr. Ashcroft's attentions to her had been so unremitting for some time past that everyone predicted a speedy wedding, and Bessie knew it, she knew, too, that her own family—her adopted mother and sisters (for she was an orphan)—had looked for the same result. Therefore it was doubly mortifying to feel and realize that others felt that Flavel had merely been amusing himself at her expense.

"Oh, well, I dare say he's been pretty busy," said the first speaker, kindly trying to hide his surprise at Bessie's words. "Different people, to whom he was always more or less in debt, have told me that he has been around among them settling up all his little liabilities. Then, too, where there's so much money involved there must necessarily be a good many interviews with lawyers."

"Yes," chimed in Harvey Wilson, head bookkeeper, who had overheard these last words, "friends entail many cares, yet Ashcroft, no doubt, has some free evenings. For my part, I am convinced none of us will ever see him again."

"Oh, I say, Wilson, aren't you a bit cynical? Ashcroft isn't such a bad as that."

"No? I hope not, for I used to like him. But remember, prosperity tries a man; adversity is not our only crucible."

Bessie's cheeks flushed painfully. She knew that Wilson was an honest, far-seeing man, and that he had been more intimate with Flavel Ashcroft than any of the other clerks; consequently, he ought to be able to judge him correctly. Yet she also knew that Wilson's affections were all bestowed on herself, and that his love for her might make him jealously spiteful towards a handsome, richer rival. She had always liked and esteemed Harvey Wilson, but who could blame a girl of nineteen if she had been captivated by Flavel, who, during his thirty-four years of life, had traveled much and learned many things, among them the art of making love to every pretty face?

Harvey sighed as he noted the flush on her face, and walked quietly away.

Days passed, weeks vanished, yet no visit or message came to her from Flavel Ashcroft. Bessie was young and ingenious, but she was a sensible girl. Gradually his true character presented itself to her mind as she read of his gay life among fashionable people, and she saw that he was indeed a recreant knight. And as this knowledge was forced upon her, she slowly came to appreciate Harvey Wilson's unwavering, though hopeless devotion.

"Oh, Mr. Wilson," she exclaimed to him one evening when he was calling on her, "I have heard so much news to-day. One thing you, too, have perhaps heard, that Mr. Ashcroft is engaged to the lovely but hitherto unapproachable Miss Carroll."

Harvey looked quickly at her. Her tone was not that of a heart broken woman.

"Poor Flavel!" he answered. "She has the reputation of being cold-hearted and mercenary. Can you pardon me if I say that I thought him devoted to you in the golden days?"

"So did I," she replied, lightly, "but we were mistaken. I really believed, too, that I was devoted to him, but I am happy to see that I was mistaken about that, also."

"Oh, Bessie, your words open paradise before me! I know I can't hold a candle to him; if he failed, how can I, a rough, plain fellow, ever hope to win?"

"To win what?" she whispered.

It took many words, many kisses, many tender glances before he had answered that question to his satisfaction; but at last he was satisfied and in elysium.

"Name the wedding day!" said Bessie, an hour or so later. "That I cannot do without consulting dear mamma. You

know, of course, that I am not Mrs. Moore's own child; that she took me, a nameless waif, from an orphan asylum!"

"Yes, yes; but that is nothing. You are your own dear self; I ask no more. But Mrs. Moore has been a mother to you, so let us go down to the sitting room and ask her blessing."

Mrs. Moore not only gave her blessing, but said that there was no man in the world to whom she would more willingly see Bessie married.

"But when you get the license, perhaps you ought to give her own name, for my husband and I never legally adopted her."

"Oh, mamma! And I never knew it! My father's name was Theodore Terrill, was it not? You don't know my mother's?"

"No, dear, but Harvey can find out. The matron of the asylum whence we took you told us that your father placed you there temporarily while he went in search of your poor mother, who had wandered from home during a temporary delirium. He gave her a copy of his marriage certificate, in case he might die suddenly, but she never saw him again."

"Theodore Terrill!" exclaimed Harvey Wilson in surprise. "My father had a chum of that name and called my second brother for him. I will write to the asylum, and if the father of my Bessie is the same man, how singular it will be!"

"I have lived long enough to learn that life is full of coincidences; it is the unexpected which generally happens," Mrs. Moore sagely observed. "Perhaps my unknown father may have left me some money," cried Bessie. "Wouldn't that be nice?"

"It's all very nice as it is, darling."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Harvey," said Mrs. Moore, "yet a little money is always useful."

Judge, if you can, of Harvey's surprise when it was proven that Bessie was the lawful owner of the wealth which had so turned the head of Flavel Ashcroft! No words can describe the latter's disgust with himself when he found that the pretty girl whom he had courted and then forsaken was the one to whom he was forced to resign the riches which he had always known were not his own. Bessie would gladly have given him a share of the money, in spite of his conduct to her, but he gave her no chance. He vanished quietly and completely; even Miss Carroll never heard of him again.

—Ladies' Home Companion.

## Wherein Coffee is Peculiar.

Probably every one who has noticed the green and roasted coffee sitting together in sacks in the dealer's storehouse has observed the difference in size of the beans. It is a peculiarity of coffee that in roasting, while it loses considerable in weight, it gains in bulk. At the reddish brown stage the loss of weight has been about fifteen per cent. and the gain in bulk about thirty; at the chestnut brown, twenty and fifty per cent. respectively; and if carried to a dark brown, twenty-five and sixty. It is in the roasting that the volatile oil, to which the delightful aroma is due, is developed, as it is not present in the green berry. If the roasting is carried too far—beyond a light brown—this oil is injured or destroyed, and the disappointed housekeeper properly complains that the coffee has been roasted to death.

It may not be known that coffee, from its aboriginal qualities, forms a quite reliable barometer. When the atmosphere is humid and there is probability of a rainstorm, the beans are very tenacious and grind with difficulty, while if the weather is to continue fair they grind easily, with a crisp, sharp break.

—Good Housekeeping.

## The Capacity of School Children.

Better adaptation of studies to pupils may be reasonably hoped for in the school of the future. In a paper read before the Bromley Naturalists' Society, Rev. H. A. Soames states that he found scientific measurements of children, taken every term, to be a good guide as to whether his pupils were in condition for hard work or not. "If," he says, "the increase is regular and the weight fair, according to height, I do not fear to press them, but if, on the other hand, the weight is low, or if the height increases and not the weight, or if the increase in height is too rapid, I think it a very fair excuse for laziness, and take great care that too much work is not expected."

—Trenton (N. J.) American.

In Lancaster, Penn., there is an exhibition of a perfectly white catfish, nine inches long and weighing over a pound. It looks more like a chicken than a fish.

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Lime in itself is not a direct fertilizer, and you could never make your land rich by applying it. On light soils it is often useful in hastening the decomposition of vegetable matter already in the land, and this, when decomposed, becomes nutriment for the growing plants. By applying phosphates you secure whatever lime may be required for your crops and in a far better and more available form than can be obtained in caustic lime. Use whatever coarse manure you have and then top dress with phosphates and in as large amounts as you can afford for a crop of rye. —New York Sun.

### THE COLOR OF NEWLY SHORN WOOL.

Wool of a light open quality where the sheep have been kept in clean pastures if neatly rolled up will look, when first shorn, as white as wool that has been washed on the sheep; cases have occurred where buyers not very careful or well posted have passed divided fleeces of such wool as fleece washed. When stored away in bulk or sacked, it soon changes to a yellowish color that tells its true character, and it does not then require an expert to detect it. The practice of washing wool upon the sheep is yearly becoming less common, both dealers and manufacturers preferring to buy it on its merits as it is shorn from the sheep. —New York World.

### GARDENERS PURCHASING SEEDS.

The fact that market gardeners buy the seeds they use indicates that this is generally best for others who grow garden vegetables. The market gardener sells the earliest and best-grown fruits, getting prices that are above what the seed would bring. Besides, in the small area of most market gardens there is not chance to separate varieties liable to mix, and seed thus grown would be worse than useless. Those who make seed-growing a business are obliged to own or rent several places, thus keeping the different kinds separate. This is most true of melons and cucumbers. Some mixing is always possible, as bees carry pollen from flower to flower to a much greater distance than the wind is likely to do. Seeds by the pound are usually sold cheaper, as well as better than any gardener could grow the small quantity he needs. There is advantage in this division of labor, the seed grower being equally unable to grow market vegetables for family use as cheaply as he can buy them. —Boston Cultivator.

### GEESE.

In selecting geese, choose from the Toulouse, Bremen or Chinese varieties. The Toulouse and Chinese are gray, the Bremen white. They require only moderate feeding. We prefer allowing the geese to incubate their own eggs. When the goslings are hatched retain them until about a week old. Feed them a little bread or meal, but they will live chiefly on grass and water. The water should be placed in a shallow dish, sunk into the earth until the top is level with the ground. The dish requires to be shallow. We had a friend who lost five young goslings by having a bucket sunk as above. The old birds splashed about half of the water out, and the young birds going in were drowned. When a week old allow them to go until fall, when they should be fattened the same as turkeys. When picking a goose submerge the bird in water almost boiling hot, then wrap in a coarse linen and place near the fire to dry. This is much better, easier and quicker than removing the feathers by the old method. Bring your geese in a nice condition to market. —Farmer's Advocate.

### LIME AND PHOSPHATE ON RYE.

In a majority of cases the failure is due to the eggs and not the incubator.

Professor Cook says that orchards should never be sprayed till the blossoms fall.

If the young chickens are confined in coops at night they should be let out early in the morning.

Plant a row or two of sunflowers along the side of the corn. The seed make a good water poultry feed.

The drinking water in the poultry yard should be changed two or three times every day regularly. Pure water is essential to good health.

Never try to save work. One-half of the failures occur from parties desiring the incubator to work without attention. Too much faith in the regulator is dangerous. You must always be "on deck."

In a cold stable much more feed is required than in a warm one. It is cheaper to warm the cows with a tight stable than with extra feed; and a comfortable stable will be comfortable for the milker. He will take more pains to get all the milk, and will not be cross to the cows.

Long drying does not kill the consumption germ. It is not found in the air breathed out from the lungs of the patient, but in the matter coughed up. It is criminal to deposit this matter carelessly around, where in time it may be changed to dust. Effectual ways of destroying this poisonous matter are to burn or to bury it in the ground, covering each deposit with fresh wood-ashes or lime-dust.

While whitewash on the walls of the hen-house inside gives light and renders the house cheerful, it is cheap enough to use on the outside as well. To those who do not care to use paint we will state that if they will use whitewash on the outside they will be surprised at the neat appearance it will impart to the hen-house and fences. It may be washed off some by the rains, but that should be no obstacle to its use, as it is easily and quickly applied.

Bitter butter is not the fault of the cow, but of the farmer, being due to keeping cream too long before it is churned, which happens with those who have but one or two cows, and who keep the cream until enough accumulates for a churning. Good butter can not be made from old and new cream mixed. Cream should be churned while it is in the best condition, as any mistakes made with the handling of the milk or the cream affect the butter.

### RECIPES.

Common Gingerbread—Half a pound of butter, half a teacup of ginger, one pint of molasses, two pounds of flour, one tablespoonful of saleratus. Rub the flour and butter together and add the other ingredients. Knead the dough well. Roll it out, cut it in cakes, wash them over with molasses and water, and bake them in a moderate oven.

Indian Light Cake—One pint of Indian meal, one pint of milk, two eggs, one teaspoonful of butter, salt to taste, one teaspoonful of dissolved saleratus. Mix the butter and salt with the meal; boil half the milk, add the dissolved saleratus and the eggs, after they have been well beaten, to the remaining half of cold milk. Pour the boiling milk over the meal and let it cool. Then add the cold milk and saleratus. Bake it in a shallow pan.

Gooseberry Pie—Pick off the stems and blossoms of your gooseberries, wash them and pour enough boiling water over them to cover them. Let them stand a few minutes and then drain them. Line your pie-plates with paste, fill them with the fruit, and three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Dredge a little flour over the top and cover with a lid of paste, leave an opening in the centre to permit the steam to escape, and bake them.

Chow-Chow—For one peck of green tomatoes ten green peppers and four onions are required. Chop all finely, cover with cider vinegar and simmer for fifteen minutes, then drain thoroughly. Stir into the chopped vegetables two cups of granulated sugar, three tablespoonfuls of salt, one each of ground cloves and cinnamon and two of allspice and two-thirds of a teacupful of mixed mustard. Heat two quarts of vinegar scalding hot and pour it over the mixture. Pack in jars and seal securely.

### In the Hawaiian Islands.

A recent letter-writer from Honolulu says: "In traveling about these islands, the observer is struck with the simplicity and generosity of the Hawaiian people."

"A man may journey from one end of the Archipelago to the other, in open day or midnight darkness, and he is as secure as if he were in his own house. A foreigner never thinks of carrying firearms, for there is no one to molest him. He never goes hungry, for whatever the Hawaiian has, whether poi, taro or fish, it is shared with the stranger."

"When they were a wealthy and powerful people, when almost every foot of land was cultivated, and there were from 300,000 to 400,000 inhabitants, they killed fat hogs for their guests, but those halcyon days are nearly passed, because in nine cases out of ten they are now too poor to afford that luxury."

Japanese lace is coming into market. It is a new manufacture and hitherto has been mainly consumed at home.