

ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

HILLSBORO, N. C. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. X. NO. 49.

Germany has added 2,265,000 to her population in five years, France 1,000,000 in the same period, and Russia 10,000,000.

A Russian physician brought a libel suit against a widower who had pasted on the tombstone of his lately deceased wife the last prescription he had given her, the day before her death.

The cheapest railway fare in the world will be that on the Central London Railroad, on which there will be three workmen's trains daily, the fare for six miles being but two cents.

Des Moines, Iowa is one of the few, if not the only city in the country where the practice of using prisoners in chains as street laborers is followed. A short time ago, alleges the New York Post, the spectacle of four young men in chains, serving time for comparatively light offenses, was presented in its streets.

The tunnel that will connect Butler Valley, Penn., with the bottom of the mammoth Ebervale vein will be, thinks the New York Times, one of the greatest engineering feats of the century. It will open an almost inexhaustible supply of coal, and will serve as a drain for all the coleries in that vicinity.

John W. Bookwalter, of Ohio, proposes to establish farm villages, after the European method, on his 60,000 acres of land in Nebraska. The rent will be nominal, and after a state period the tenant can purchase his cottage. Mr. Bookwalter's idea is to do away with one of the loneliest of American farm life, which is regarded by Europeans as its most undesirable feature.

If the Swiss keep outmaking railroads everywhere, exclaims the New York Independent, the diligence will soon be a thing of the past. Their latest achievement is the construction of a railway from Vico to Zornatt, through Stalden and St. Nicholas. The next step will be to make one up the Riffelberg, and then there will be no excuse for any traveler who fails to look upon the precipices of the Matterhorn.

The adulteration in coffee in France has reached such alarming proportions that it has become a subject for investigation in the Chamber. The adulteration is made by a mixture of flour and sulphur of iron, which is pressed into the shape of a coffee bean, the resemblance being difficult for even an expert to detect by sight. A small amount of fluorine is sometimes added, and the expense is given a touch of oil to make it palatable.

The Boston Transcript has discovered a writer who questions the oft-made assumption that we are Anglo-Saxons or a combination of Anglo-Saxon origin. He attempts a calculation to show that less than one-third of the inhabitants of the United States are of Anglo-Saxon origin, that is, about eighteen millions. The rest are Teutonic, Celtic and African chiefly, with an infusion of Gauls and Slavs, a mixture, in fact, of all the tribes and races of the rest of the world.

A new kind of stamp will soon be introduced in the postal telegraph service of Russia with a view to securing the inviolability of the privacy of letters. The new stamp is printed on very thin paper, and cannot be used again if it is torn out upon a letter. When used it is put upon the envelope it leaves an indelible impression upon the spot where it was attached, so that if a new stamp is put upon the same spot the impression of the first stamp can be seen through it.

There is no doubt, states the Detroit Free Press, that the world's fair will be somewhat influenced by European politics. With Germany and England in close friendship and Russia allied with France to offset the power of the dreadnaught, there is very sensitive and jealous feeling in all quarters, and our commission will need to use delicate tact in order to bring all these countries to the point of making generous exhibitions at Chicago. Of England we are certain, and probably of Germany, but France is wary, and it is not unlikely that Russia will need a degree of persuasion to induce her to do justice either to her art or to her fair.

### THE SONG OF THE FARM.

The poppies that peep from the wheat at morn,  
With pearls of the night dew glittering still,  
The shadows that race o'er the waving corn  
And the shy little rannel down under the hill,  
The honny old orchard whose trees are bent,  
And the clover-fields where the honey-bees swarm,  
O'er, "Come to the cradle of calm content;  
Come see Mother Nature at home on a farm.  
"Here are billows of meadow whose waves are so sweet  
They perfume the air; here are mountains of hay;  
Here are little winds lost upon oceans of wheat,  
And butterflies shipwrecked in hollyhock spray,  
Here is peace in the air and a smile in the sky,  
And never a fear of deception or harm,  
From the cares and the woes of a city life fly.  
To old Mother Nature, who lives on a farm,  
And the old song from the cherry-tree tops,  
And arbor where Bacchus might gather a treat,  
From old-fashioned sparrows that live in a copse,  
And not in the dirt of an ill-smelling street,  
From the bees and the kine and the sentinel cry  
Of the cock, whose shrill clarion bodes no alarm,  
Rings out to the city folk ever and aye:  
"Come back to Dame Nature; she lives on a farm!"  
—New York World.

### A FALL AND A CALL.

Hupert Gedney was the sort of a man the fair sex call "beautiful," much to the disgust of his fellow-men.  
It was a beautiful sunny morning. The picturesque scenery of Montjoy never looked more attractive, and Gedney walked along admiring himself in the brook that flowed on beside him. Perhaps it was over-anxiety to get a look at himself—his mind was so intent upon the impression he was to create on a certain young lady that morning—that led him to take that mis-step. What matter now what cause led him to trip. He fell, and great was the fall! From the glory of an immaculate, elaborate attire to a pig's level. For trying to recover his balance made him wallow in the mire. The mud, that his sudden weight made fly, seemed to aim at nothing but him.  
Lo, what a transformation was here! He tried to gain his feet, when, horror of horrors! a girlish laugh rang out upon the air. One of the fair sex to catch him in such a plight! What under Heaven was he to do? he thought as he turned slowly around and encountered a plump, rosy young maiden, in a plain, figured muslin dress, and her pretty fresh face—all confusion now—hidden away in the depths of her broad-brimmed hat, which was pulled down at the sides and tied under the chin.  
"I beg your pardon, sir," said the girl, retreating a few steps when Gedney turned his face toward her. "Indeed I would not have laughed if I thought you were a stranger. I have been trying to overtake you for the last five minutes. I took you for an old friend, and one can laugh at an old friend's mishap sometimes, you know, without giving offense."  
"Thank Heaven it's only a plain little country girl," thought Gedney, partly recovering himself while the girl was speaking.  
"I suppose I am a spectacle that would make any one laugh," he said, looking at himself instead of the girl. "I would surely not have Harry Milbank out if Miss Mountjoy saw me now." This last sentence brought a look of surprise to the rosy face beneath the broad brim; but the look escaped Gedney, so taken was he with himself. "I can't go to Colonel Mountjoy's looking like this, that's certain. What am I to do?"  
Apparently this sudden appeal was made to the young girl, for he looked straight at her, his eyes this time peering through the wondrous depths of her hat.  
She was examining him critically now, with eyes brimming over with merriment.  
"You might wash your face in the brook there," she suggested, coolly. "I think it would improve your appearance. Then, unless you are in a hurry to proceed on your way, ten or fifteen minutes' standing in this sun here will dry that mud so that it may brush off nicely."  
"Thanks for your advice," said Gedney; and, as she bent to dip her handkerchief in the brook, he thought: "She's decidedly pretty, and such eyes! Hang my loach, to be caught by this buron lass in such a trim."

"I must go back to the village hotel," he said; "not for worlds would I have Miss Mountjoy see me in this state."  
"Miss Mountjoy?" cried the girl, raising her hands and looking horrified.  
"Miss Mountjoy would faint—would do on the spot, I think, if she were to see you now."  
"Ah, you know Miss Mountjoy," said Gedney, eagerly. "Tell me something about her. Is she handsome?"  
"Handsome?" and the girl's eye twinkled. "Horrid creature—but perhaps you know Miss Mountjoy, and are only asking questions to make me talk. You city chaps—I know you're from the city—are up to all sorts of nonsense," she said, archly.  
"By Jove, this little country girl knows how to flirt; her eyes invite a flirtation. Well, I'll play sweet and get all the information possible," thought Gedney, and he said:  
"You honor, I've never seen Miss Mountjoy. Heard considerably about her, though."  
"I thought you were a stranger here. You see, I always ramble about, and I know everybody that comes to Montjoy," said the girl.  
"Perhaps you know a Mr. Harry Milbank, then? Heaven knows, he visits here often enough for the whole country to know him."  
"I think I do," answered the girl, innocently. "A very tall, handsome young man, with beautiful dark eyes, and black, curly hair."  
Hupert Gedney winced. This praise of Harry Milbank did not agree with him, somehow. But, bah! he thought, why sicken over it? 'Twas only the opinion of a country girl.  
"Mr. Milbank answers somewhat to your description," he answered, rather stily; "but I must confess that I do not see what there is in him to attract a lady of Miss Mountjoy's standing."  
"Indeed! I do not see what there is about Miss Mountjoy to attract such a handsome young man as Mr. Milbank. Has he been telling you that she was handsome?" asked the girl, with an innocent air.  
"He tells me nothing; but I have heard it from others. Milbank is of our firm, and Colonel Mountjoy often calls at the office—every time he comes to town, I believe. That is how I got an invitation to come here. The Colonel seems to have taken quite a fancy to me. So Miss Mountjoy is not the least bit good-looking? Now, that is too bad."  
The mud on his clothing was pretty well dried by this time, and Gedney drew nearer to the young girl.  
"Not at all pretty, and awfully proud—wouldn't think of speaking to you this morning as I have done."  
"If Miss Mountjoy were only half as pretty and charming as yourself, I would surely not Milbank out," said Gedney, drawn on by the girl's laughing eyes.  
At this speech her frame convulsed with laughter.  
"Why do you laugh?" he said, his face coloring. "Do you think I am only jesting? I never was more in earnest in my life, I assure you."  
"The idea of your thinking me charming made me laugh," she answered, still shaking with laughter. "I'm sure Miss Mountjoy cannot fail to fall in love with such a sweet gentleman; but I am also sure that you will never make love to her when you see her. Good morning, sir, as I cannot be of any service to you."  
"Cannot prevail on you to remain longer; it is not often one finds such charming company? I think I will enjoy this visit to Montjoy."  
"I hope you will," answered the girl, her eyes dancing.  
"I'm sure you will, if I can meet you in my walk every day," he said, boldly.  
"You shall meet me again, if that gives you any pleasure, but now I must bid you good-bay," and her face dimpling with merriment, she turned away.  
"I can meet her again," said Gedney to himself as he stood looking after the plump little figure. "By Jove, what a flirtation is in store for me! I made a favorable impression in spite of my shocking appearance. Now, then, I must walk back to the village hotel and get myself up all over again."  
It was late that afternoon when Hupert Gedney, looking as if he had stepped forth from a hand-box, presented himself at Colonel Mountjoy's. The Colonel, being a lover of company, was always delighted when a new visitor appeared.  
"Glad to see you, glad to see you," cried the Colonel, in his jovial manner. At this moment there was a rustle of woman's garments at the door, and the Colonel continued: "Ah! here's Lottie.

Lottie, Mr. Gedney—my daughter, Mr. Gedney."  
"Great Heavens!" fell audibly from Mr. Gedney's lips, as the young lady before him bowed with the utmost dignity.  
"What ails you, Mr. Gedney? Do you not feel well?" asked the Colonel.  
"You look as if something had frightened you," said the young lady, demurely.  
He should say something had frightened him. The young lady before him was the little country girl of the morning.  
"I—I don't feel very well," stammered he in answer to the Colonel.  
"Oh, a little fatigued, I suppose. That's nothing; you'll feel better after you have had your dinner, it will be served in a few minutes," said the hospitable Colonel.  
Swallow a mouthful, with those eyes, that were laughing at him now, upon him! He would choke sure.  
"No, I thank you, Colonel. I haven't time to stay to dinner," he stammered. "I was only passing—I must say good-bye, and be off," and Mr. Gedney was off before the Colonel could reply; but as he flew down the steps Miss Mountjoy's laughter reached his ears.  
"Has the fellow taken leave of his senses?" cried the Colonel. "What are you laughing at Lottie?"  
And Lottie explained why Mr. Gedney hadn't time to stay.  
"The Twelve-O'clock Man."  
The old "Twelve-O'clock Man" two decades since was familiar around the City Hall. Twenty years ago, before the green park in front of the Hall was destroyed, an iron fence enclosed what is now the plaza. There was one particular place along it on the Court street side where an old man was always found leaning a few minutes before noon every day in the week during seven years. As soon as the City Hall clock struck twelve he would look longingly at the entrance to the Hall and wait expectantly, muttering to himself, "He's in there and now he'll meet me." It was explained by those who knew his story that some one owed him money many years back in the past and had agreed to meet him at the Hall exactly at noon to pay him. The debtor never came, and the old man had grown light-headed. He lived in Dean street in a tumble-down wooden cottage, somewhere near Flatbush avenue, and he supported himself and a sister by shoveling in coal or by any small job he could obtain after twelve o'clock had passed, an appointment he kept Sundays as well as all other days. In summer he wore a soiled linen coat, in winter, a heavy, coarse coat. And in summer or winter he always had a black felt hat pulled down over his eyes. With his coat buttoned to his chin and his hands clasped in front of him he stood waiting, like Patience on a monument. Professor F. T. S. Boyle made a sketch of him that was considered an excellent picture. It was hung on the parlor wall of the old Faust Club, where Brooklyn newspaper men congregated in the days of old lang syne. The old "Twelve-O'clock Man" died in September, 1873, and the following day some one put craps on the iron fence where he had rested, with the inscription, "Noon at Last."—Brooklyn Citizen.

### A Curious Mining Coincidence.

The figure nine is curiously and intimately connected with all the great gold mining excitements of the Nineteenth Century. The great Algerian gold bubble formed and broke in 1809. Next came the Matuzan Mountain craze in 1839, when solid bowlders of gold as large as flour barrels were reported. The California gold fever broke out in 1849, and raged until counteracted by the Pike's Peak boom in 1859. Ten years later, in 1869, "Old Virginia," the celebrated miner, struck the lucky lead which made Virginia City and Nevada famous in the mining annals of the world. Eighteen hundred and seventy-one came in on time with the Leadville frenzy and the famous "carbonates" of Lake County, Colorado. Eighteen hundred and eighty-nine broke the charm, but 1890 may make up for lost time, there being two 9's in that date.—St. Louis Republic.

A good illustration of the expansion of the world's trade during the last thirty years is afforded by the production of petroleum in the United States. In 1859, 84,993 gallons were produced in the Pennsylvania and New York oil fields, and in 1890, 659,629,361 gallons were exported from the various States which now produce the oil.

### FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

#### THE SILENCE FOR FOLLOWS.

Hens will eat ensilage. That fact is well known to those who have used it or their poultry. If they will eat corn ensilage they will also eat that made from grass. In storing ensilage the wants of the hens should not be overlooked. A large hoghead, with green food pressed down with a pressure sufficient to exclude the air, has been pronounced an excellent method by those who have tried it, but in using such materials the best results are obtained by cutting the green food when it is nearly mature, instead of using that which is young and watery.—Farm and Garden.

#### DESIRABLE QUALITIES IN HORSES.

"The thing that ought to be looked to in a horse is his foot. For as a horse would be of no use, though all the upper parts of it were beautiful, if the lower parts of it had no foundation, so a horse would be of no use in work if he had tender feet, even though he should have all other good qualities, for his qualities could not be made of any available use." The Texas Live Stock Journal, which expresses the foregoing opinion, says also that the craze for heavy draft horses for farm work is dying out. Farmers are learning that they are not so desirable as active, fast walking horses of medium size. A three-horse team of quick-stepping, active, medium-sized horses will do much more work and give much better satisfaction on the farm than a team of two of the great unwieldy animals. For heavy loads on the roads the large animals are probably best, and for this reason there is a steady demand for them at good prices in the cities and wherever heavy hauling is to be done.—New York World.

#### A SIMPLE TEST FOR LIME.

A chemical analysis will tell whether a soil has an abundance or a deficiency of lime and other materials which go toward supplying needed plant food. It requires an expert chemist to determine this, and no method has, as yet, been devised by which a farmer can analyze his own soil. But a simple method has been devised by which any farmer can tell whether his soil has enough lime or not. Take a few shovelfuls of soil from different parts of the field, and dry, pulverize and mix them thoroughly. Take a few ounces of this, powder it, and burn it to ashes on an iron shovel over a fire. Put these ashes in a glass tumbler when cooled and mix with them as much water as it will take to cover them. Stir this with a glass rod or wooden stick, but not with anything metallic. To this paste add an ounce of hydrochloric acid, which is commonly sold as muriatic acid or spirits of salts, the mixture being stirred all the time. If a pretty brisk effervescence takes place it may be taken for granted that the soil contains a fair proportion of lime; but if little or no effervescence takes place, the soil contains little or no lime.—American Agriculturist.

#### CURING TASSELS FROM CORN.

A decided effect upon the prolificacy of corn is produced, avers Dr. B. D. Halstead, by removing the tassels before they develop far enough to bear the pollen. This principal of adjustment in vegetable physiology was well brought out by experiment at the Ithaca station. Alternate rows of forty-two hills each were tasseled and the yields in good ears, poor ears, abortive ears, merchantable corn, poor corn, number of stalks and weight of stalks carefully noted. On the rows left with tassels the good ears were 1551, the same number of hills with tassels removed the number was 2338, or a 100 to 151 in favor of tasseling. In weight of merchantable corn the comparative result was almost the same as for good ears, namely, 100 to 152, and the poor corn was 100 to 144. It will therefore be seen that there was a gain in corn of nearly fifty per cent. This difference was uniform over all of the twenty-four pairs of rows. This outcome is striking and it now remains to determine if it will pay farmers to tassel their corn and also what percentage of the stalks for some tassels must remain can be treated with profit. As regards the above experiment, confidence is expressed that from a non-mercal standpoint it paid. Production of pollen is an exhaustive process, and knowledge of the ability of a plant to turn its store of nutrition from one place to another, to say the least, justifying.—New York Tribune.

### FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Onion seed for next year's sets may now be sown.  
Flowers in porous pots require more water than those in hard-baked pots.  
Reports show that grapes under a board or even under muslin cover are almost exempt from rot.  
Amaryllis Johnsonii provides a handsome garden plant that can be easily wintered in a cool cellar.  
Perennial phloxes in various colors, massed together in a large bed, produce a brilliant effect. They are easily grown.  
Turkeys and guineas are very tender when first hatched and should be taken from the nest a short time after hatching.  
There is quite a difference between the large and small breeds of poultry and the roosts for the large breeds should be made low.  
An important item in managing an incubator is to use only the best of oil and to trim the lamp regularly and keep everything clean, especially the lamp and burner. So far as is possible only such roosters as are needed for breeding should be kept. More than this only adds to the expense.  
Canker in the mouth of fowls can be cured by wrapping a cloth around a small stick and dipping in chlorate of potash and washing out clean. A horse with an earth floor is best for ducks; supply straw for litter and clean out regularly to avoid getting filthy. By providing a good dust bath the fowls will do a good work in ridding themselves of lice, but it should be changed occasionally.  
RECIPES.  
Fried Egg Plant—Slice and let stand in strong salt water one hour, drain on a cloth, dip in butter, made same as for butter cakes, and fry in hot lard; if not very hot they will be soft instead of crisp.  
Stewed Beets—Boil four or five medium sized beets till tender, wash not very fine, add half teaspoon salt, black pepper, one tablespoon sugar, two tablespoons butter and three of vinegar, mix well and serve hot.  
Fried Cakes Without Eggs—One pint butter milk, one teaspoonful soda, one and one-half cups sugar, two table-spoonsful sour cream, a little salt and spices, enough flour to make a soft dough. Have kettle of fat quite hot, but not hot enough to burn them.  
Rice Porridge—Wash one cup rice and boil it in a little milk and water, half and half, as will swell it soft. Then add four eggs well beaten, one cup sugar, three table-spoonsful butter, a little salt; pour into a well-buttered tin dish, and bake one-half hour. Serve with sauce of butter, sugar and nutmeg whipped together, or sugar and cream with nutmeg grated in.  
Mining at the Highest Point.  
It has long been supposed that Galera a village in Peru, 16,635 feet above the sea, was the highest inhabited place in the world. Mr. Arthur G. Pearce, an engineer who has been prospecting and making meteorological observations in the Andes, has discovered two mining camps that are even higher. These are Vichay, 15,950 feet and Mucapata 16,158 feet and more above sea level each with a population of miners averaging 200 the year around. High a some of the points are on the Panama Oroya Railroad of Peru, of which the Galera tunnel is the summit, that row will be surpassed by a narrow gauge railroad now under construction to connect with it.  
This, when completed, will have a length of seventy-five kilometers and a mean altitude of 15,850 feet. In one of the mines a tunnel is being driven at a higher elevation than Galera, which, when completed, will be fully as long, if no longer, than that tunnel. This work is being done by means of compressed air brakes, and the tunnel is lighted throughout by electricity.  
The work comprises several mining camps, each in itself a center. The main camp is one of the two largest in the world under one private proprietorship and management. In fact it is not the largest. To facilitate the work five centers are connected by telephone line passing over two summits of more than 17,000 feet each, the mean height of the lines being over 16,000 feet.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

An inventor in Germany has made a clock that he warrants will go to the year 9999 without winding.