

Orange County Observer

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Men of science say that the chemist will dominate coming inventions.

According to a New York Appellate Court a man's note made payable "sixty days after death" is good against the maker's estate.

Statistics go to show that the male population of the civilized world is falling farther and farther behind the female.

They are planning in England to establish an agricultural school for women, in which especial attention will be paid to teaching dairy work and the raising and taking care of poultry.

Dr. Dawson, one of the English commissioners appointed to investigate the fur seal question, has expressed the opinion that the seal is an animal that cannot be exterminated.

The Panama Star and Herald urges the establishment of a sample room for American products on the Isthmus, where merchants going to Europe can first inspect American goods.

An English writer in *Moderne Society* fears that dancing men will soon become as extinct as the dodo. At the Duchess of Westminster's ball two such smart fellows—Lady Hilda Doglass and Lady Selkirk—were compelled to dance together for lack of partners.

Major Frank McLaughlin, who turned California's famous Feather River into a navigable stream, says most of the big enterprises in his State are now managed by Englishmen. British thrift is satisfied with returns, adds the *New Orleans Times Democrat*, that the restless, speculative spirit of the Californian would soon push it to disgust.

A great controversy is being raised in Finland against the recent introduction of the Russian language into the schools of that country. Heretofore the innovation had not extended to the publication of a newspaper in the foreign tongue, but now it is announced that the Government has granted a subsidy for the starting of a Russian newspaper in that province, regardless of the outspoken indignation of Finnish patriots.

A curious case of hydrophobia has just been reported, says the *Trenton (N. J.) American*, and the sufferer has been sent to Paris in order to be treated there. The victim is a London nurse, who was bitten by a dog of whom she was in charge. Cases of poisoning from the bite of human beings are, of course, not unknown to medical science, but they are decidedly rare, and every one which is added to the list is put on record in the medical journals.

A sulphur spring of great power has been tapped at a depth of 600 feet on the Kampman ranch, near San Antonio, Texas. At 540 feet a vein of pure water was obtained. This was too slight, and the drill was pushed on sixty feet deeper, when the digging was rewarded by an immense flow of water. The well is eight inches in diameter. With a pipe six inches in diameter, erected forty feet above the surface of the well, the water still spouts out at the top. The water delivered is heavily laden with sulphur.

Widespread interest has been aroused in the subject of cruelty to animals at Washington, says the *New York Press*, by the appearance of Mr. William Horsey Billou. The *Montreal Star* states that he aroused discussion in the Canadian Ministry as well as on both sides of the Atlantic, and gave rise to a question of international importance. Here is a British newspaper which indorses his attitudes toward British sea captains. The English Government promptly took hold of the charges made by Mr. Billou and is ferreting out the offenders who are its subjects.

Frank Babbitt, the Boston traveler, says horse-car conductors the world over are well informed and affable as a rule. Frank Vincent, the great South American explorer, says he has found women in strange lands more courteous than men. Mungo Park had, of course, one experience at least which must have led him to an opinion similar to Mr. Vincent's. But what is one to think of those travelers, asks the *Atlanta Constitution*, when Mrs. French Sheldon declares that the native men were kind and the native women sag met in Africa forbidding and cruel, while Lady Florence Dixey has told more than once that she could travel all round the world unopposed but for her own sex?

EVERY YEAR,
I feel 'tis growing colder
Every year,
And my heart, alas! gets older
Every year,
I can win no new affection;
I have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year.
Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year,
Of the joys of friendship ended
Every year,
Of the ties that still might bind me
Until Time to Death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.
Ah! how sad to look before us
Every year,
When the cloud grows darker o'er us
Every year,
When we see the blossoms faded
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.
To the past go more dead faces
Every year,
As the loved have vacant places
Every year,
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us;
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.
Yes, the shores of life are shifting
Every year,
And we are seaward drifting
Every year,
Old pleasures, changing, fret us;
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.
But the truer life draws nigher
Every year,
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year,
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.
—William Cowan, in *Chambers's Journal*.

"CROOKED JOE."

BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

A great railway depot may not be the best school for a boy, yet poor little Joe Bryan had scarcely known any other. He could not remember when the long waiting-room, with their tiled floors and dreary rows of stationary settees, and crowds of hurrying people, were not quite as familiar to him and more home-like than his mother's small, bare house, which he knew as little more than a place for eating and sleeping.

At an age when any ordinary baby might have been frightened into convulsions by the shriek of a locomotive, Joe, securely fastened in his cot, would stare for hours through the great window, undisturbed by the incessant rush and roar of arriving and departing trains.

He had been only six months old when the dreadful accident happened which, at one fell stroke, made him fatherless and transformed him from a strong, well-developed infant to a pitiful creature, which even death refused to take.

The older yard men told the story even yet—how young Michael Bryan, as straight and manly a fellow as ever left his green, old, native island for the better chances of the new world this side the sea, came whistling out of the round-house that morning and stepped hastily from before an incoming locomotive, neither seeing nor hearing another rushing up the parallel track. His mates cried out to him—too late! Nobody who saw it would ever forget the look of agony which distorted his handsome face in that one horrible instant, when he recognized his doom, or the perpendicular leap into the air, from which he fell back beneath the crunching wheels.

In the excitement and consternation of the time no messenger had been sent in advance to prepare the poor young wife for her trouble, and she stood in the doorway with her baby crowing in her arms, when the stout bearers passed at her gate with their mangled burden. She uttered a terrible cry and fell fainting—the child's tender back striking the sharp edge of the door stone.

"What a pity that it was not killed outright!" said everybody but the mother. She herself always insisted that only her constant watching over the little, dicker life kept her from going in the first dreadful month of her bereavement.

The officers of the railway company were kind to poor Mary Bryan. They paid the expenses of the burial, and after little Joe had slowly mended, employed her about the depot to scrub the floors and keep the glass and woodwork bright and neat.

When Joe was seven years old his mother sent him to school. He went patiently, day after day, making no com-

plaint, but she awoke suddenly one night to find him sobbing his heart out on the pillow beside her. Only by dint of long coaxing was she able to find out the cause of his grief. Some of the rougher boys—more thoughtless than cruel, let us hope—had called him "Humpty," and asked if he carried a bag of meal on his back.

Mary flamed with the fierce anger of motherhood. "You shan't go another day!" she declared. "The ruffians! I won't have my darlin' put upon by the likes of them!"

So Joe's schooling had come to an untimely end. Yet, meagre as was his stock of book learning, the development of his mind far outstripped the growth of his stunted and deformed body. Everybody liked the patient little fellow, tugging manfully at his mother's heavy water buckets and running willingly at every call of the station men. At twelve years old he had picked up so much amount of information, especially on railroad topics. He knew every locomotive on the road, understood the intricacies of slides and switches, and could tell the precise moment when any particular train might be expected with the accuracy of a timetable.

Yet the very quickness and ardor of his nature deepened his sense of his infirmity. The glances cast upon him by stranger eyes, some pitiful, some curious, others, alas! expressive only of annoyances or disgust, rankled like so many arrows in his heart; not one missed its mark. How wistfully his eyes followed boys of his own age—straight, handsome, happy—who sprang lightly up and down the steps of the coaches, or threaded their way along the crowded platforms. For one day of such perfect, untrammelled life he would have bartered all the possible years before him. Yet he never put his yearning into words, even to his mother.

"Crooked Joe's a rum 'un," said one of his rough acquaintances. "He senses his trouble well enough, but he don't let on to nobody."

Mr. Crump, the telegraph operator, was Joe's constant friend. It was he who, at odd moments had taught the boy to read, and had initiated him into some of the mysteries of the clicking instrument which to Joe's imaginative mind seemed some strange creature with a hidden life of its own.

It was growing toward dark one November afternoon. Joe—never an unwelcome visitor—sat curled in a corner of Mr. Crump's office, waiting for his mother to finish her work. He was laboriously spelling out, by the fading light, the words upon a page of an illustrated newspaper, quite oblivious of the ticking, like that of a very jerky and rheumatic clock, which sounded in the room.

Mr. Crump, too, had a paper before him, but his ears were alive. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, repeating aloud the message which that moment flashed along the wire.

"Engine No. 119 running wild. Clear track!"

He rushed to the door, shouting the news.

"Not a second to spare! She'll be down in seven minutes!" The words passed like lightning. In a moment the yard was in a wild commotion. Men flew hither and thither, yard engines steamed wildly away, the switches clanging behind them.

The main track was barely cleared when 119 came in sight, swaying from side to side, her wheels threatening to leave the track at each revolution. She passed the depot like a meteor, her bell clanging with every leap of the piston, the steam escaping from her whistle with the continuous shriek of a demon, and the occupants of the cab wrapped from view in a cloud of smoke.

Some hundred rods beyond the depot the track took a sharp upward grade, from which it descended again to strike the bridge across a narrow but deep and rocky gorge.

Men looked after the dying locomotive, and then at each other with blanched faces.

"They're gone! A miracle can't save 'em," said one, voicing the wordless terror of the rest. "If they don't fly the track on the up-grade they'll go down as soon as they strike the trestle."

The crowd began to run along the track, some with a vain instinct of helpfulness, some moved by that morbid curiosity which seeks to be in at the death.

But lo! Midway the long rise the speed of the runaway engine suddenly slackens.

"What does it mean? She never could 'a' died out in that time!" shouted an old yardman.

Excitement winged their feet. When the foremost runners reached the place the smoking engine stood still on her track, quivering in every steel clad nerve, her great wheels still whizzing round and round amid a flight of red sparks from beneath.

"What did it? What stopped her?" The engineer, staggering from the cab with the pallid face of the fireman behind him, pointed, without speaking, to where a little pale-faced, crooked-backed boy had sank down, propping with exertion, beside the track. At his feet a huge oil can lay overturned and empty.

The crowd stared, one at another, open-mouthed. Then the truth flashed upon them.

"He oiled the track!" "Bully for Crooked Joe!"

They caught up the exhausted child, flinging him from shoulder to shoulder, striving with each other for the honor of bearing him, and so, in irregular, tumultuous, triumphant procession they brought him back to the depot and set him down among them.

"Pass the hat, pards!" cried one. It had been pay-day, and the saved engineer and fireman dropped in each their month's wages. Not a hand in all the throng that did not delve into a pocket. There was the crisp rattle of bills, the clink of gold and silver coin.

"Out with your handkerchief, Joe! your hands won't hold it all! Why, young one—what's—what's the matter?"

For the boy with scarlet cheeks and burning eyes, had clenched both small hands behind his back—the poor twisted back laden with its burden of deformity and pain.

"No! no!" he cried in a shrill, high voice. "Don't pay me! Can't you see what it's worth to me, once—just once in my life—to be a little use—like other folks?"

The superintendent had come from his office. He had his hand on the boy's head.

"Joe," he said, "we couldn't pay you if we wished. Money doesn't pay for lives! But you have saved us a great many dollars besides. Won't you let us do something for you?"

"You can't! You can't! Nobody can. The little's voice was almost a shriek. It seemed to reach the air with the pent-up agony of years. "There's only one thing in the world I want, and nobody can give me that. Nobody can ever make me anything but 'Crooked Joe!'"

The superintendent lifted him and held him against his own breast.

"My boy," he said in his firm, gentle tones, "you are right. None of us can do that for you. But you can do it yourself. Listen to me! Where is the quick brain God gave you and the brave heart? Not in that bent back of yours—that has nothing to do with them! Let us help you to a chance—only a chance to work and to learn—and it will rest with you, yourself, to say whether in twenty years from now, if you are alive, if you are 'Crooked Joe' or Mr. Joseph Bryan!"

Visiting in C— not long ago a friend said to me:

"Court is in session. You must go with me and hear Bryan."

The court-room was already crowded at about court with an expectant audience. When the brilliant young attorney rose to make his plea I noticed, with a shock of surprise, that his noble head surmounted an under-sized and misshapen body. He had spoken but five minutes, however, when I had utterly forgotten the physical defect; in ten, I was eagerly interested, and there after, during the two hours' speech, held spell-bound by the marvelous eloquence which is fast raising him to the leadership of his profession in his native city. "A wonderful man!" said my friend, as we walked slowly homeward. Then he told me the story of "Crooked Joe." —St. Louis *Revue*.

Artificial Almonds.

The manufacture of artificial almonds has for some time been carried on at Utrecht in Holland. They are made of glucose and perfumed with nitrobenzole, which smells remarkably like almonds. They are perfectly innocuous in themselves, but it is said that they are now largely sold mixed with real almonds, from which it is not easy to distinguish them. —*Commercial Horticulturist*.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

MANIA FOR HOBO-TAIL HORSES.

The mania for hobo-tail horses is a silly one, and illustrates most forcibly the power of example on weak minds when it comes from the rich and titled. The clipped tail is a cruel deformity, and yet is adopted by its devotees in the same spirit that Swiss Alpine peasants regard the horrid goitre that adorns so many necks. And yet these American families that follow this horrid fashion consider themselves as possessing superb tastes. —*Massachusetts Plowman*.

GRADING EGGS FOR MARKET.

Extras, firsts, seconds, thirds and known marks comprise the classification of eggs decided upon by the Boston Chamber of Commerce. Extras comprise the best qualities, fresh laid clean eggs in season, put up in the best manner. Firsts comprise fine marks of eggs, such as come in carload lots, or smaller lots, and are packed in fine order, fresh in season and reasonably clean, such stock as gives satisfaction to most consumers. Seconds comprise all stock that is merchantable and inferior to firsts. Thirds comprise all poor stock in bad order, rotten, etc.; stock not considered really merchantable. Known marks comprise such sorts that are well known to the trade under some particular designation or mark, of such quality as those familiar with the mark generally understand it to be in the season in which it is offered. Extra to pass at the mark must not lose to exceed one dozen per 100 dozen and firsts not more than two dozen per 100 dozen, or one and a half dozen per barrel, if sold in barrels.

BEES HIVING THEMSELVES.

Whoever has kept bees has counted as chief among the difficulties in the business that of making them take to their new homes naturally. After most persistent efforts and often pain from bees stings the swarm will often fly away to some hollow tree and be lost. A New York man is said to have invented a self-hiver. When the swarm leaves the hive it is arranged so that it must pass through perforated zinc cages with holes large enough to pass the workers but not the queen or drones. The cage is connected with a passage to an empty hive near the one from which the swarm issues, and into which the queen bee soon makes her way, accompanied by a few workers who never leave her. When the swarm finds it has no queen it returns and makes its way readily into the new hive, and the job is done, while the first knowledge the bee keeper has of the swarm is seeing it at work in its new home. The self-hiver can be easily attached to different hives in succession, as they are found to be on the eve of swarming. —*Boston Cultivator*.

GROWING CABBAGE.

Cabbage is so easily raised, avers a New Jersey farmer, that no vegetable garden should be without at least enough for the family use. As a cooked vegetable it is very generally used, and in winter and spring a head of crisp, raw cabbage is to many persons as good as celery. Cabbage makes its growth so late in the fall that it can often be planted after early potatoes have been harvested. I have also raised it between the potato rows without any injury to potatoes or cabbage so far as I can discover. By making the potato rows slightly wide, apart from usual I can see no objection to setting a row of cabbage plants between them where one has not the ground to spare elsewhere. The potatoes will be harvested and out of the way by the time the cabbage is half grown, if the late varieties are the ones transplanted. Every farmer should raise his own cabbage plants, and there is no good reason why any person who has a garden should depend on buying them. A little seed sown on a few square feet of good soil will not only give all the plants wanted, but they will be on hand at the exact time when they are wanted, and can be transplanted at once with but little check to their growth if done immediately after a rain. In the neighborhood of towns cabbage can be sold in considerable amounts, so that it may be made profitable to give more attention to its cultivation than it commonly receives. Then persons who raise fowls in runs of limited space should raise enough of this vegetable to be given them for green food when they cannot obtain a supply from grass by running at large. —*New York World*.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Apple-blight is a fungus disease, rapid

growth and wet weather good developers.

The Ohio grape will stand more rough usage and give the most fruit. Save for seed the best developed ears of corn on stalks bearing two or more.

If Parker Earle has foliage enough it will be the best berry for general planting.

If your stock in the "back lot" are dependent upon a small stream or the "stough" for water, keep a look out that their dependence does not fail.

It is better to cut the black knots out of cherry trees and burn them rather than to apply kerosene, as some recommend. Badly infested trees should be cut down wholly and the knots burned.

Pansy seed for spring flowering in the open border may now be sown. Young plants can be kept through winter in a cold frame, and old ones will winter with a light protection of evergreen boughs in the north.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A young lady of Georgetown has discovered a way to make use of the old white straw hats after they have been cast aside. Take a bottle of pretty bright gilt paint, give the hat two or three coats, let it get perfectly dry and trim in black rose plating or any color to suit wearer.

The following will be found a well-while young pigs may not derive much benefit from pastures except through the exercise and contact with the soil, when the weather is suitable it is the safest place to keep them, as old pens with their unhealthy surroundings, and bad atmosphere are particularly injurious.

Copperas and gentian together form an excellent tonic for horses. Mix four ounces of each thoroughly in the powdered state; keep the mixture tightly shut up in a box or bottle and give a tablespoonful of it in the horses' feed at some change from meat soups: Three pints of milk, twelve large potatoes, a tablespoonful of butter, two onions, salt and pepper to taste. Let all simmer, not boil, for two hours; then rub through a fine hair sieve. Serve with nicely browned toast, cut in bits the size of dice.

When meat is to be boiled be sure and put it into boiling water to start with, as that closes the pores instantly and keeps the goodness in the meat. When boiling it for soup or bouillon put it into cold water and bring it to a boiling heat as slowly as possible, for in this case the object is to extract the strength and goodness from the meat instead of keeping it in.

In the care of the hair it is important to brush it thoroughly on the "wrong side." For instance, when the hair is worn rolled back from the face it should be parted and brushed, and if the coiffure is low the hair should be combed up and also well brushed. Attention to this seemingly trifling detail, and to having the scalp massage daily, will insure young, bright hair to elderly people.

Scaring Birds From Wheat With Bells.

Some of the farmers of the Eifel, the district that lies between the frontier of Belgium and the Rhine, adopt a novel plan for scaring the birds from the wheat. A number of poles are set up in the fields, and a wire is conducted from one to another, just like the telegraph posts that you see alongside the railway. From the top of each pole there hangs a bell, which is connected with the wire. Now, in the valley 2 brooks run along, with a current strong enough to turn a small water wheel, to which the wire is fastened. As the wheel goes round it jerks the wire, and so the bells in the different fields are set a tinkling. The tolls thus rung mysteriously frighten the birds from the grain, and even excite the wonder of men and women until they discover the secret. This simple contrivance is found to serve its purpose very well.

A Big Viaduct.

A viaduct costing \$1,000,000 has recently been finished at Melbourne, Australia. The work of constructing it involved some eight or nine miles of tunneling and eleven miles of iron pipes and siphons. By this additional water source Melbourne will be able to supply a population from 350,000 to 700,000. —*Detroit Free Press*.

Canadian newspapers express disappointment at the surprisingly small increase of population shown by the census.