

# Orange County Observer

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There are now more than a hundred women employed in the telephone exchanges of Berlin, Germany, and it has been decided to employ in the future women only, for the reason that their voices are so much more audible than men's.

The work of Glave, the African explorer, in Alaska, shows how little is known of that great Arctic territory. The explorer, according to his report, took horses through portions of the Yukon country which it was supposed could not be reached by animals. Perhaps this misconception was fostered by the natives, who drew a fine revenue from all explorers for carrying baggage and supplies.

While sitting in the Plaza de Armas in the City of Mexico, an American missal, a valuable field glass from his coat pocket, and while he was searching for it three policemen stepped up with a prisoner and a glass, requesting the owner to go to court and testify against the thief. In less than fifteen minutes after entering the court-room the thief had been sentenced to serve a term of five years as a soldier in the Mexican army and the glass returned to its owner.

So new is our great West that it is said there is not in Colorado a native born white grandchild. Denver is made up of one part of foreigners, one part of New Englanders, one of New Yorkers and Middle States people, one-half part of Southerners and the other half of natives. There are more Welshmen there than any other class of foreigners, with the Scandinavians a close second.

Comparatively little attention has been paid to Antarctic explorations, and not much is known about the South polar regions. One reason for this, explains the Boston *Callender*, is that the land surface of the globe, and especially that under control of civilized people, lies in the northern half of the world's division. Africa and South America extend southward, but there is a clear ocean passage south of each without nearing the Antarctic circle. The people of Australia have, however, grown curious as to what lies between them and the South pole. They have fitted out an expedition, to be gone six months, which will make clear some climatic eccentricities of the southern continent, whose causes have been shrouded in mystery.

In the *Evening*, Caville Pollara quotes one striking figure to show the burden of the military expenditures of France and Germany during the last twenty years. He says that between the close of the last war and the year 1883, France spent a sum equal to \$2,500,000,000 for the support of her military and naval forces, and more than \$500,000,000 for the renewal of her military materials, or say, \$3,000,000,000 in all. Except for the navy he estimates the disbursements of Germany as being very nearly the same. The one country spends annually \$190,000,000 on its army and navy, the other \$120,000,000, and the group of five great Continental powers shows an aggregate annual war expenditures of \$500,000,000. Well may M. Pollara ask: "How long can European labor, obliged to compete with that of the New World, support such overwhelming burdens?"

A brave French officer, now on the retired list, who lost his right arm in the Franco-Prussian war, appeared as a witness before court in a city in the south of France a few weeks ago, relates the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*. When called upon to swear that he would tell the truth, in the customary manner, the officer naturally raised his left hand. The counsel for the defendant objected to the witness at once, on the grounds that "an oath taken with the left hand was worthless." The learned judges were unable to decide the question, and withdrew to an ante-room for consultation. In a few minutes the solons reappeared, and the President read the following decision, from a literary and picturesque point of view worthy of a Monsieur Proudhon: "In consideration of the fact that, when the glorious remnants of our army appear in our courts to respond to their legal duties, we cannot demand that they take oath with those limbs which they have lost in the service of their country, we decide that the oath just made with the left hand of the witness is amissible."

## THE TRICK OF A TRAMP.

One day a Tramp started out from the North. Oh, a rollicking chap was he! Who said, with a grin, as he sallied forth, "I'm booked for a trip to sea." He took with him a budget of rimes. An ode to "Beautiful Snow." And an icicle, too, on which to chew When his spirits were getting low. He passed by the sign of the "Great White Bear." And the wonderful "Dipper," too, And heading straight for the "Southern Cross." His noisiest bugles blew; And along the coast the seamen all Made everything sung and light; For they said, at noon: "By the great horn spoon, There'll be a big storm to-night." But the people in town, grown weather-wise, In quiet serenity repose, And put no blankets upon their beds, And left their windows unsealed. For they read the newspapers every day And plainly as plain could be, It was there set forth, that the storm from the North Would blow up a row at sea. But who can tell what a Tramp will do? Or, who can depend upon The will of the way of a vagrant soul? When it once decides to arrive? And the huge Billings Bay, and through Behring Straits, Through Greenland and Labrador, This frosty soul, from the Great North Pole, Came down with a rush and a roar; And just as he reached the Atlantic coast, With myriads of vessels lined, He paused for breath, and then veered around, Because he had changed his mind. And down on that town came dust and snow, And a tempest that raved and tore, With a howl and a whir, as if they were A pack of wolves at the door. Slam-bang! went the shutters on every street; Slam-bang! Great-crack! Clink-clink! Oh, it was no wonder that half the folks Were roused from their nest and nip. They found it hard to believe their ears; They scarce could believe their eyes; And they shivered and shook, and sometimes it took To recover from their surprise. And that horrible Tramp laughed long and loud; And whistled with fien-like glee, And up and down through the storm swept town, For there were none so merry as he. For he'd played a trick on the weather-wise, And bothered them, great and small, And in spite of his word, it's lately heard He never went to sea at all!—Josephine Pollard, in the *Independent*.



"The kind of girl I shall marry?" questioned Harry Jackson of his friend. "Why yes, I know just as well the kind of girl I shall marry as if I were engaged to her now." And he half closed his eyes and leaned back in his chair. "She must be tall and graceful, a perfect hostess, one who is eminently fitted to sit at the head of my table and entertain my guests. She must be bright, accomplished, of ready wit, but not all intellect—deliver me from a woman who is all brain—she must be an accomplished linguist, and know about art and music; in fact, everything that makes a woman a social success. Of course I want her to have a good disposition. I shall not have to marry a woman for money, for I have plenty of that. I want some one to grace my home. Of course a woman who has done anything toward her own support would be out of the question!" Harry daintily brushed the ashes from his cigar and waited for his friend to speak. They were both young men of fashion, dressed in white flannel, sitting on the piazza of a great, fashionable hotel. "I can see the future Mrs. Jackson," his friend laughed, "though I can't for the life of me see why you object so to a woman's earning her livelihood if she has to. You know there are too many changes of fortune. Why, one of the most charming girls I know—"

## "Pshaw!" interrupted Harry.

"I know to whom you refer, and you think she is sighing a little for me. Well, Eleanor Platts may be a stunner, but the very fact that she takes pupils kills her for me." The other young man flushed a little and his eyes burned with a brighter light as he replied: "Miss Platts has shown herself a heroine. In the face of society she has risen to an emergency. Her father's failure was an honorable one, and when he died she refused to be dependent upon that querulous, miserly aunt, and consequently was cut off from her will. By the way, she is here as Marion Ellis's guest." There was a little pause. Harry laughed and soon the two strolled off toward Harry's yacht. The young girl just around the corner of the house from where they had been sitting clasped her hands tightly together, pressed her lips, and an angry flush spread over her face. Then the ridiculousness of the whole thing came over her, and she smiled, in spite of the hurt that would make itself felt. That night there was a hop at the hotel, and Robert Evelyn was surprised to see his friend Harry diverting himself to the very girl he had sneered at that afternoon. Eleanor was dazzlingly beautiful that night. She was dressed in pure white, her cheeks were flushed, her deep brown eyes shone with a happy light, and her lips were parted in a smile as she circled around the room with Harry for a partner. "Ah, she has always loved him," thought Robert, bitterly. "And Harry loved her. I believe, before her father failed. Poor girl! How little she knows that he is trifling with her, the scoundrel!" After the waltz Harry and Eleanor promaded slowly up and down the hall. "I have not seen you for two years," he said. "No, not since papa died. You have been abroad. Did you enjoy sight-seeing?" she replied. "Immensely, though Paris suits me best to live in. You use to like Italy." "Yes, and Italy has served me to good advantage. I have pupils in singing and Italian, you know." Harry winced a little. She was so beautiful and charming that he had almost forgotten. Besides, if he did amuse himself now he might be forgiven, for he used to know her so well. He had fabled himself quite in love. She had served for all his ideals, except for her absurdity in being independent of her relatives. Robert watched them and sighed. He had long loved Eleanor, but his fortune was so small compared with Harry's, and Eleanor deserved so much that he had decided to withdraw from the list of suitors. If she could win Harry back there was nothing for him to do but bear it. The days went on. She was by far the most charming and the cleverest girl at the hotel. No amateur theatricals were successful without her, nor, in fact, was anything undertaken unless she would help. As the season drew to a close Harry was her constant cavalier. She accepted



ELEANOR OVERHEARS A CONVERSATION. His devotion with a smile, and he had almost come to the conclusion that it did not matter after all. If he should marry her, it would only be restoring her to her rightful position. On the last night the guests had arranged for an impromptu entertainment. Eleanor was in demand on every hand. Between a farce and a piano solo she stole out to the piazza to sit a moment in the cool night air. Some one stood before her—it was Harry. "I have come to tell you, Eleanor, that

## I cannot let you go without telling you I love you."

There was no answer. He took courage from her silence and sat down beside her. "Dearest, you are so beautiful! And you love me, do you not?" "No," she said in a low, distinct voice. "No!" He started back in amazement. "Why! I thought—I used to think—you know we used to be—"



"Oh, no," she replied. "That is absurdly 'out of the question.'"—*Dorothy Childs.* Whales in the Antarctic Ocean. It looks as if whaling in the Arctic Sea, which has long been an occupation for hardy seamen of the north, will soon be a thing of the past. The industry has been declining for some time, and this year it has been a complete failure. But whales, it is said, are still plentiful in Antarctic seas, and that chief of fishermen, Captain David Gray, of Peterhead, is preparing to go there in search of them. He will sail direct from Scotland, starting in August and reaching the whaling ground in October. Four months will be spent in completing the cargoes, and home will be reached again in the following May. Captain Gray's experiment in the great virgin ocean of the south will be watched with interest, and if pluck and enterprise will do it there need be no fear as to its success.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

OVERFEEDING HOGS. Many seem to think that a hog cannot be overfed, and that it makes no difference if they do leave a lot of feed at one meal, they will come back and eat it up when they are hungry, so there is nothing wasted after all, says a writer in the *Stinchard*. But it is easily possible to go to the other extreme—to feed too little, so as not to secure a steady gain, or to feed too much and so increase the cost as to materially lessen the profits. Feeding too little is a loss, while feeding too much is a waste. A good as well as an economical plan is to feed regularly at stated times and then feed when fattening all they can eat up clean. They will keep healthier and thrive better than is possible by keeping feed before them all the time. It is what the animals digest, not what they eat, that determines the gain in proportion to the amount of feed supplied. Feed left over is, to say the least, distasteful to a hog, while if slop is soaked before feeding it will ferment and get sour. HIGH PRICED FEED. The high price of cow feed has been a serious drawback to the dairy interest. Those who had no soiling crops to feed during the late drouth and had to buy mill-feed, have not made much money, because dairy products have not been as high in proportion as feed. The lesson to be learned is, to grow all of our cow feed, or as near all as our circumstances will admit of. I know that the scientists tell us that our cow rations must be "balanced," and I also know very well that too much balancing of rations, by buying high-priced feed, will decidedly unbalance the profits of dairying. The long and short of scientific feeding is just this: If you have home-grown feed that is out of balance and bought feed will cost more than what you have, and the gain in feeding the bought feed will not make up the difference in prices, then feed what you have, and you will be feeding a "scientific" ration, for science means knowledge, and if you can make more money by feeding your home-grown ration than you can by buying stuff to balance it, then you are feeding scientifically, for you are feeding in the line of the best profit.—*Farm and Household.* SULPHATE OF AMMONIA AS PLANT FOOD. Sulphate of ammonia is of special interest to the agriculturist, as with the exception of Peruvian guano it is the only commercial source of ammonia within the farmer's reach. It is prepared from the ammoniacal water, which is obtained in the manufacture of gas from coal. The sulphate, not being a complete manure, is seldom, if ever applied alone, not even when in a course of rotation it follows a phosphatic manure. It is very useful when employed as an adjunct to the slow-acting manures, it increases the vigor of the plants and enables them to take up more of the other kinds of food, in a given time, than they would or could otherwise do. Sulphate of ammonia may be applied, either as a top dressing, or, it may be worked in the soil just previous to the seeding of a crop. It is usually applied at the rate of 100 to 125 pounds per acre. Many farmers mix the sulphate with three or four times its bulk of loam in order to insure a more even distribution. Sulphate of ammonia is most largely employed on grain crops. Progressive farmers also use light dressings of the sulphate with fine effect on their grass lands, not only after the growth is well started in the spring, but again after mowing. Some farmers claim that it pays to top-dress mangolds and similar crops with sulphate. Messrs. Lafer and Gilbert, in their famous field experiments, proved the efficiency of sulphate of ammonia as an adjunct of slow-acting manures and in inviting plants to utilize quickly and more fully the manures within their reach. Their most noteworthy results were gained when the sulphate was applied to land that had been previously enriched for several years by the accumulation of mineral and other manuring. The largest crops were obtained when mineral and nitrogenized manures were employed together.—*New York World.* FARM AND GARDEN NOTES. Bring your hyacinths from the cellar when you wish them to bloom. Systematic pruning is essential to the production of perfect currants.

## Throw small grains into coarse litter and let the fowls scratch it out.

Industry and egg production are inseparable with hens at this season. See that no water stands about the grape vines or on the strawberry beds. Many growers say that a yearling grape vine is the best, as a rule, for setting. One pound of lean meat to twenty pens given three times a week will be beneficial. Do not dig the celery when it is frosted, but wait until it has thawed out and is dry. Entomology, geology, botany and chemistry are some of the studies of the horticulturist. Extreme thirst, greenish discharges and a drooping appearance indicates chicken cholera. Many a neglected corner would support a thrifty Concord or Brighton if given the chance. A clean, sandy loam of medium fertility is the right sort in which to grow onion sets. If a heavy fall of damp snow lodges on evergreens or other trees, it will be well to shake it off before freezing. The old fow system of heating green-houses has given place, in many localities, to steam and hot water pipes. W. C. Barry attributes the rapid growth and sudden death of certain rose bushes to the free use of nitrate of soda. Nothing makes a better protection for beds of perennials than forest leaves, a little dirt sprinkled over them will hold in place. RECIPES. Corn Starch Cake—Whites of twelve eggs, three cups of sugar, one cup butter, one teaspoonful soda, three cups flour, one cup cream starch, one cup milk, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, vanilla. Frosting improves it. Mince Pie—Seven pounds meat, two pounds suet, six pounds raisins, four pounds currants, three pounds citron, ten pounds sugar, five lemons, six oranges, two pounds apples to one of meat, one-half ounce mace, four nutmegs. Egg With Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, or Milk—Break the egg into a teacup, beat with a fork till well mixed; pour in the tea, coffee, cocoa, or milk, gradually stirring all the time. This is very nourishing, and good in cases of exhaustion from overwork or strain. Coconut Pudding—A quarter of a pound of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of cream and one grated coconut, adding a little at a time; bake in a moderate oven, not too long, or the flavor will be destroyed; beat the whites of the eggs with five tablespoonfuls of sugar, spread over the top and bake a light brown. Cooking Birds in the Open. For sportsmen who are fortunate enough to be able to spend a week or two with dog and gun here is a recipe for cooking birds in the open. Make a paste of mud and water and completely cover the bird, feathers and all, and dig a hole in the ground and make a fire in it. When it is burned down and only embers remain, place the bird in the coals, cover and leave until baked. When the paste is removed the feathers come with it, leaving the bird cooked and ready to be eaten. The embers will be found dried in a small ball, which can be easily removed. This method was taken from a traveler's description of native cooking in New Zealand, and those who have tried it pronounce it excellent, besides a great saving of trouble, as it requires no cleaning or picking.—*New York Tribune.* Forest Fires in India. Of late years steps have been taken to prevent the destruction of forests by fire in certain districts of India. This care has had one curious result. Coyrs and water, which vanished with the timber, have again become common, and there has consequently been a large increase in the number of tigers. For the same reasons there has also been an enormous increase in the number of wild deer. In one sense it is fortunate that the deer have grown in numbers with the tigers, for the latter have preyed upon them instead of upon cattle and human beings. When, however, they shall have scored away the deer, or have become tired of venison, they will probably prowl around villages and play havoc with cattle, besides killing their man or two.—*Pioneer.*