

Orange County Observer

ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

HILLSBORO, N. C. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1892.

NEW SERIES--VOL. XI. NO. 16.

The San Francisco Chronicle opines that the cultivation of a peaceful disposition is not calculated to inspire respect in such countries as Chile. "Had we been as truculent in our dealings with fiferite countries as England," it believes, "the Chileans would not be speaking of the Yankees and their navy with contempt."

The proposition to have the old ship *President*, which was captured from the United States by the British in the War of 1812, transferred to Chicago for the Centennial Exhibition, is very generally approved by the officers of the navy so far as its sentiment goes, but the idea is hardly practical, suggests the Boston Transcript. The old ship now lies in the West India Dock near London, and although she makes an excellent ship for the nominal head quarters of British navy officers who are assigned to duty in London, and an excellent drill ship as well, she is hardly suitable, because of her advanced age, to cross the Atlantic.

The Russian famine appears to be assuming vast proportions. A trustworthy correspondent of the New York Times declares that in the Province of Simara, where he resides, one-half of the population—no fewer than 1,250,000 persons—are literally dying of starvation, and Dr. L. L. L., the eminent French scientist, has calculated that to supply the deficiency in thirteen provinces 6500 ships would be employed carrying 128,000,000 bushels of grain, which would cost \$300,000,000. The State has not the money to spend; not even if it found the money could it provide the means of transport over a surface of 1,999,000 square kilometers to the 5,400,000 houses in want of food.

The chief figures of the chief medical officer of the Prefecture of Police show that lunacy has increased in Paris, France, in the last sixteen years some thirty per cent. The increase is due to the prevalence of two morbid types, general paralysis and alcoholic insanity. Alcoholic insanity is twice as prevalent now as it was fifteen years ago. Almost a third of the lunacy cases are due to this disease, and the tendency of it is to become more violent and to show a more marked homicidal character. A fearful peculiarity of it is that it descends to the children of its victims. The extreme usefulness of many of the candidates for the guillotine must have been observed of late years, and the explanation is probably to be found in alcoholic insanity.

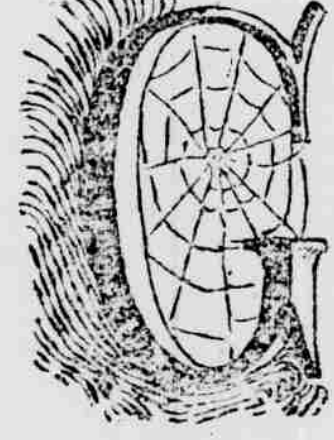
The bill admitting South Dakota to Statehood provides, among other things, that 750,000 acres of land should be set aside for the benefit of universities, schools, public buildings, and indemnity. Land Commissioner Rith has been making an inspection of all the vacant lands of the State, and has selected about 500,000 acres for the purpose so designated. About 200,000 acres of this are in the Black Hills country, and the other 300,000 acres are in the counties of Hand, Hyde, Colington, DeWitt, Edmunds, McCauley, Walworth and Campbell. The remainder of the land appropriated to him is to be held in the recently ceded Sioux and Sisseton reservations. There are also available some 40,000 acres in lake beds in the counties of Lake, Kingsbury and Miner, which are considered to be valuable, but they have never been surveyed and never thrown open as public lands.

At last it has dawned upon the people of Northwestern Ohio, announces the Pittsburg Dispatch, that their supply of natural gas is almost exhausted. So confident have they been in its performance that the nature of the discovery is almost startling. To-day not more than one-tenth of the manufactories in Northwestern Ohio are supplied with natural gas. At the same time the supply for private consumption has been so decreased that many a family has tossed the gasburner into the back yard and returned to kerosene and coal. Many others kept constant supplies of coal on hand ready for emergency at any time. Coal is also burned with the gas when it is low by a majority of the consumers. Since gas was first used for fuel here the pressure has decreased over 350 pounds. The volume, however, is sufficient for all the trains upon it. The trouble is that the pressure is too weak to force the gas to the burners. It has sluggish and dormant in the mains, or in a state of inertia in the rock and wells.

MY LITTLE LABORER.
A tiny man, with fingers soft and tender,
As any lady fair;
Sweet eyes of blue, a form both frail and slender,
And curls of sunny hair.
A household toy; a fragile thing of beauty—
Yet with rising sun
Begins his round of toil, a solemn duty,
That must be daily done.
To-day he's building castle, house and tower,
With wondrous art and skill,
Deliber with his hammer by the hour,
With strong, determined will.
Anon, with beaded little cart he's plying
A brisk and driving trade;
Again with thoughtful, earnest brow is trying
Some book's dark lore to read.
Now, laden like some little beast of burden,
He drags himself along,
And now his lonely little voice is heard in
Eolsterous shout and song.
Another hour is spent in busy toiling
With hoop and top and ball—
And with a patience that is never failing
He tries and conquers all.
But sleep at last overtakes my little rover,
And on his mother's breast,
Joys thrown aside, the day's hard labor over,
He sinks to quiet rest;
And as I fold him to my bosom, sleeping,
I think, 'mid gathering tears,
Of what the distant future may be keeping
As work for manhood's years.
Must he, with toil, his daily bread be earning,
In the world's busy mart,
Life's bitter lessons every day be learning,
With patient, struggle heart?
Or shall my little architect be building
Some monument of fame,
On which, in letters bright, with glorious gilding,
The world may read his name?
Perhaps some humble, lonely occupation,
But shared with sweet content;
Perhaps a life in loftier, prouder station,
In selfish pleasure spent.
Perhaps these little feet may cross the portal
Of learning's lofty fame,
His life-work be to scatter truths immortal
Among the sons of men.
—New York Advertiser.

A TIMELY HINT.

BY HARRY ROMAINE.



GEORGE SCHUYLER went home from the office with two problems on his mind. The first did not worry him much, for it was only a small matter in connection with his business.

He was a young architect grappling with his first large order: the erection of a thirteen story office building. In one corner of the lot which the structure was to occupy a troublesome bit of quicksand had been discovered; but he knew several ways of overcoming quicksand, and it only remained for him to choose the best of them.

The other question was more important and difficult. What sort of a Christmas present should he give to a girl who had always had everything she wanted from her cradle up?

He could estimate exactly the tensile strength of any species of building material, or the number of pounds weight that a steel truss would have to sustain; but he knew no formula that would help him in such a case as this.

The trouble seemed to be that while George could look at the building from a coolly professional standpoint, he could take no such view of anything which concerned Rose's happiness. He was not in love with the gigantic mass of brick and iron; but he was violently, and so far as he knew, hopelessly in love with her.

He was willing to give her anything that would please her, but he doubted the good taste of a too lavish expenditure. No; it must be some elegant trifle that she had never seen before, and that would move her irresistibly to "Love the Giver." Something that would give her a hint of the condition of his heart, and preparator for the words he hoped to utter, some day.
Rose Wyckoff was the daughter of a man, who valued the substantial fruits of the harvest above the pink and white buds of the springtime.
Most of George's prospects were still in the bud. When that big building was really finished, and one or two more that he hoped to get orders for under way, it would be soon enough to approach the old gentleman.
Although George had a very clear idea of what Mr. Wyckoff would say if he spoke now, he could gain no idea of what Rose would say; but he was grimly determined to try to be worthy o-

her. He left the rest to fate, and contented himself with drawing the designs for magnificent and glittering castles in Spain.

When George went to call on Rose that evening, he tried to be as cherry and animated as usual, but his nervous and absorbed manner must have given her some hint of the heavy load of anxiety he was carrying; for, as he stood drawing on his overcoat in the hall, after the last good-nights had been said, she threw herself across the outside door and barred his egress.

As she stood with her gracefully rounded body well set out by the polished oaken door, and her bright face turned up to him with an expression which a bolder man might almost have construed as an invitation, George felt that he would have given the value of all the buildings that he ever hoped to plan, to tell her how much he thought of her.

He was somewhat surprised at her sudden movement, or as much so as he ever permitted himself to be at any of her actions, which were generally unaccountable from a masculine standpoint. He only thought that if she were going to appear in the character of a jailer, he would stand a life sentence with considerable equanimity.

"Now, before you go, George," said Rose, with her hand still on the knob, "I want to ask you one question. You are not thinking of making a Christmas present to me this year, are you?"

George owned that he had taken the matter into serious consideration. "And you are determined to persist in being so in spite of my disapproval?" he asked, with a smile that must have warned him that her disapproval would not be of a serious nature, for he had the fine presence of mind to signify firmly that he was not only adamant in that respect, but even iridium.

"Well, I like a determined man," admitted Rose, with an admiring glance at his sufficiently assertive chin; "and if you are determined, I want to ask you to allow me to choose my own present."

"With pleasure!" exclaimed George. "That is awfully nice of you," said Rose; "but be sure to remember not to get anything until you hear from me. I will let you know in good time. Must you really go now?" she asked; for George, with the fortuitous absent-mindedness of a truly bashful man, had placed his hand over hers on the knob of the door. "Good-night, then," she said, as it yielded to their united efforts, and George found himself standing outside on the steps. He raised his hat as the door closed gently, as if it were reluctant to shut him out from her presence.

That night George drew some preliminary sketches of the Spanish chateau, that were full of detail as to the chateaufort, but hazy as to the stairways. After that, he saw Rose quite often before it was time for the green wreaths to hang in the parlor windows; but she always said that she was not yet ready to tell him what kind of a present she wanted. It was not until Christmas Eve that he received a little note hastily scribbled on the back of a visiting card.

DEAR GEORGE: I find that I have neglected to give you the information I promised. But it doesn't matter. We have gone to the country for our winter outing, and mother wants me to ask you to join us for as many days as you can spare from business. I hope you will come and give me a chance to keep my promise.
Sincerely yours,
Rose.

George accepted the invitation with alacrity. He put an "Out of Town" sign on his office door, and left the big building to its own devices.

On New Year's morning Rose suggested a ride to Sunset Hill, one of the wildest and most picturesque spots in the neighborhood; and, after the horses were brought around to the door, they set out together through the bright, frosty air. They rode half-way up the hill and then dismounted and, leaving their horses tied to a bar-post, followed a rough foot-path to the summit.

Rose stood close to George, looking far out over fields and woods and groups of cottages, and gazing with thoughtful eyes on the Sound, where the snow-covered ice-cakes glistened in the morning sun. The strong wind rushed through the trees and pressed her closer to him. He steadied her with very unsteady hands.

"What a wreck I am," she said, as she put back a brown tress which strayed across her face. "Oh, I nearly forgot to tell you about my present. Frankly, would you mind giving a ring to me?"

George's face fell, as he returned:

"What kind of a ring? You have so many of them; and I wanted to give you something original."

"A ring would be very original, from you," and she smiled demurely; "and I fancy a plain turquoise would be the proper thing, now. Here, you may measure my finger; the third, please." And drawing off her glove, she slipped a warm, little left hand into his.

"The third! Why, that is the engagement finger!" exclaimed George, as the air assumed for him the balmy mildness of an Indian summer.

"You said it yourself, George Schuyler!" she cried, with a brave attempt to be saucy; but her voice was timid and choked, as she rested her delicate head lightly against his shaggy coat; and, now, you can never tell any one I proposed to you, even if this is L—Leap-year."—Puck.

Sympathetic Jurors.

Criminal court lawyers like to have their cases on the first two or three days of the term if possible. The reason is that the jurors in many instances are fresh and green at the work of listening to evidence, and invariably show more sympathy for the persons on trial than they have after they have sat for a couple of weeks.

Jurors in the General Sessions Court are chosen to try cases for a month. Every term there are always some who have never been in the court before, while of course others have had plenty of experience, and are adamant. So the young lawyer at the beginning of the month dwells on the sympathetic side of his case and resorts to all tricks, such as bringing the weeping wife into court, and tells the juries of the terrible results of a term in State prison. The workings of the minds of the jurors are beyond explanation.

The first case tried in Part III. of the court this term was a little assault case. A man was charged with shooting at his wife; he didn't hit her. It happened to come out on the trial that the defendant had a razor, which he had dropped when he was arrested. There was not the slightest evidence that he had ever used the razor or threatened to use it.

Still, after the jurymen had been out for half an hour, they sent back word to the court that they would like to have the razor sent up to them. What they could want of the razor was beyond imagination, but the Judge sent it up to their room. It might have been effective, however, for the jury failed to agree.—New York Times.

Dog Meat for Consumptives.

How long will it be before canine cutlets will be a part of the regular menu in hospitals where pulmonary diseases are specially treated? A New York woman acknowledges that she fed her husband on dog meat for months and effected a complete cure, the good man believing the while that the wife had discovered a new and more palatable way of preparing mutton. This woman is Mrs. Louise Schwartz, of East Ninth street. This was thirty-four years ago, and the husband died without learning of the deception his wife had practised on him, but he lived many years, and was finally carried away by a trouble that did not affect the lungs at all. But a Brooklyn German has gone a step further, he sells essence of dog, or perhaps it would be more proper to say extract of dog, at \$1 a bottle, having rendered it from the carcass.—St. Louis Republic.

A Relic of Washington.

It is alleged that a curious relic of the Father of His Country has been discovered in a garden at Point Pleasant, W. Va., while digging up the soil. It is a medal composed of gold and copper, about as large as the bottom of an ordinary tumbler and a little thicker than a silver dollar. It shows on its face that it was made in 1791, by J. Hays & Co., of Philadelphia. On one side the bust of General George Washington is stamped, under which are the words, "Born February 11, 1732." On the other side is stamped "Central Armies of the United States; Commanding Chief and President in 1789."—New Orleans Picayune.

The most remarkable official career in the history of the United States was that of John Quincy Adams. It extended over forty-eight years, and embraced fifteen years in the diplomatic service as Minister to Russia, Prussia and the Netherlands, five years as Senator, eight years as Secretary of State, four years as President, and sixteen years as Representative in Congress.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

THE FEEDING VALUE OF CORMEAL.

The cob of corn is not digestible, and is not to be recommended for feeding to horses. It is difficult to grind as fine as is safe for these animals, and is apt to produce irritation of the bowels by its sharpness and roughness. For cows and sheep it is not so objectionable, but its small quantity of nutritive matter renders it of little value for even these animals that have strong digestive organs. As it must be ground to be of any use, the cost of grinding leaves no profit on the feeding, and, therefore, considering all things, it is more advisable to use cornmeal instead of the cobmeal. As a rule the best food is the most economical, and mere bulk is better made up with hay, or even straw, which is more easily digested than the hard, woody cobs of corn.—New York Times.

FLOWING WITH DYNAMITE.

Subsoil plowing with dynamite is one of the new methods in the South, and it is said to be equal to the process of trenching used by the market gardeners to loosen the earth to a depth of two or three feet and allow the absorption of a good deal of water for sustaining vegetation during a drought. The inventor drills holes two or three feet deep and five feet apart, making 1500 to the acre. In each he puts an explosive, and after tamping it, discharges, the number being connected with a wire leading to a battery. In a recent experiment the explosive used was one-fourth of a small-sized dynamite cartridge, with about an ounce of Judson powder. The surface of the ground appeared to be lifted two or three feet, a few small clods being thrown to the height of a house. It was broken to the depth of thirty inches at the points of the explosion and sideways for a part of the distance between the holes.—St. Louis Republic.

EATABLE MUTTON.

Of the various crosses of the South-down or other breeds of sheep, the Shropshire thus far seems the most generally useful in America. A greater number of these have consequently been imported, especially of rams to turn out among our flocks of common ewes. The chief unit of their breeding is an increase of flesh in proportion to the bone, and this flesh is of supreme quality, it being mostly a tender, juicy lean, well marbled, that is abundantly mixed with nice, slender streaks of fat. Broiler, more juicy and thicker chops can be cut from the carcass of such sheep, and they are more savory and tenderly cooked. The leg of mutton, whether roasted or boiled, is so superior that every part of it is eaten without waste of fat and tough pieces to be cut off and laid aside. If, then, it happens to cost higher in the market, it is cheaper in the end, for every part of it is consumed and highly relished.—New York Tribune.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

In winter it is quite an item to have the poultry nests as warm as possible. Have the chicken nests reasonably deep and plentifully supplied with clean straw.

On the farm we have life free from conversational restraints, plenty of fresh air, sunshine, butter, eggs, and cream, glorious sunsets—these are among the charms that do not lose their attractiveness in the vistas of memory.

If trees are heeled in the fall for spring setting, care must be taken to separate and to see that the soil is well filled in around the roots and that thorough drainage is provided. If this is done this is the best plan to follow.

The beneficial effects of a clover sod are not confined to the nitrogen it contains, the mechanical effect in loosening the soil, especially heavy soils, is an important item; and it also serves as a mulch in retaining moisture in time of drought.

the result is you have a lot of small, weak, sickly lambs; besides you ruin your ram for future use as a lamb getter and at lambing time you will have lots of trouble.

Axtell, when a colt, was fed during the winter on corn stalks and outs. The stalks do not seem to have injured his wind or speed, still there are many who claim that stalks are unfit for horse feed and should be thrown away rather than used for that purpose.

When horses are going into the barn it is well to give a little food, such as roots or mashes. During the summer horses are liable to take into the stomach parasites which change into different kinds of worms. These must be expelled or the horse will not thrive during the winter, and it is necessary to keep young horses growing all the time.

The Houdan and white Plymouth rocks make a good cross for excellent layers and table poultry. Where there is a demand for cross-breeds this cross will be found a good one, and a few pens of such fowls will be useful and profitable. Usually the demand for market chickens exceeds the supply, and few farmers or breeders care to place their surplus of high-class stock in the market at market rates.

Feeding like any other investment of money, should pay the proper interests on the capital used. If the animal fed cannot pay back a fair interest on the cost of food, both should be applied to more remunerative uses—the capital transferred and the animal converted into cash to be profitably applied. Nearly every farmer in America and elsewhere loses the interest of the money invested in unprofitable live-stock.

RECIPES.

Apple Omelet—Five eggs beaten separately, two tablespoonfuls of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Fry in omelet pan. As soon as it sets spread with apple sauce and turn over in half.

Buckwheat Cakes—One quart of lukewarm water, one-half cupful of wet yeast, one cupful of flour. To this add enough buckwheat flour to make a thin batter. Let them stand over night to raise, and in the morning dissolve one-half a teaspoonful of soda in one-half a cupful of lukewarm water, and stir this into the batter, then cook quick.

Apple Snow—Peel and grate one large sour apple, sprinkling over it a small cupful of powdered sugar as you grate it, to keep from turning dark. Break into this the whites of two eggs and beat it all constantly for half an hour. Use a large bowl, as it beats up very stiff and light. Heap this into a glass dish, pour a fine, smooth custard around it and serve. This is a very delicate desert.

Remoulade Sauce—Rub the yolks of two hard boiled eggs to a paste with two tablespoonfuls of cream and one tablespoonful of olive oil. Then add gradually one grated onion, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Pour this over the turnips and serve on lettuce leaves. If preferred, all cream may be used.

Cocoanut-Custard Pudding—One cup desiccated cocoanut, one quart milk, one-half cup sugar, one pint soft bread crumbs, three eggs, one saltspoon salt, one saltspoon nutmeg, one tablespoon butter. Soak the cocoanut and bread in the milk for half an hour. Beat the eggs (yolks), add the sugar and spices, stir into the milk, and bake in a moderate oven about an hour. Beat the whites of eggs, and add one-half cup sugar, and one teaspoon lemon juice. Cover and brown slightly.

Headstone to a Shinbone.

In a quaint little churchyard in Maine is a handsome headstone with the epitaph, "Gone, but Not Forgotten." Years ago a man went off fishing and never returned. Finally one morning there was cast upon the shore of the lake where he had fished a shinbone, covered with a piece of fish-sock. His wife vowed that she had knitted this sock with her own fingers. In spite of opposition, the town horse was brought out, the shinbone, sock and all, was carefully placed in a box, with due ceremony it was buried, prayers were prayed over it, hymns were sung over it, and above it was placed, the headstone bearing the inscription, "Gone, but Not Forgotten."—New York Tribune.

If all the locomotives in the United States were coupled together they would make a train 200 miles long.