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Seventeen deaths on Alpine mountain tours occurred in the Swiss Alps in 1891. Sixteen were tourists and one a guide.

Iowa ranks fifth among the forty-eight States and Territories of the Union in the extent of its railroad mileage, 8444. The States which lead Iowa are, in order, Illinois, with 10,235 miles; Pennsylvania, 8978; Kansas, 8901; Texas, 8554. The total mileage in the United States is 171,070, and of the States, 383,500.

The Bureau of Statistics (Congress), going to establish the J. G. COOFING the last very year purchase of the United States a very much larger amount of merchandise than the United States has purchased from Canada, and that this excess of purchases during the ten years has amounted to fully \$125,000,000.

Emperor Alexander, of Russia, has just freed the Kalmucks of Astrakhan from serfdom. These roving people are Buddhists, explains the Brooklyn Citizen, and they number 150,000 souls. When the other Russian serfs were freed, in 1861, the Kalmucks were not permitted to enjoy the results of that reformation, for it was thought that so wild a people would abuse their privileges.

A French paper tells of a new process of tanning by electricity, which, it says, is being used on the skins of stray dogs gathered into the Paris pound. The electric system, it is alleged, transforms the skin into leather in three or four days, against the six or eight months required in the ordinary way. It is chiefly used for ladies' fine shoes, and is notable for soft and delicate qualities.

The writer of a wonderful article which recently appeared in Scribner's, regarding the extinction of the buffalo is very freely, and, according to the American Druggist, properly criticised in an editorial paragraph in the Northwest Magazine. The point is made that the buffalo was an almost worthless animal, and that sportsmen who care nothing for him except to kill him, are the only people interested in his preservation. It is also very truly remarked that the grass formerly used to support a buffalo now supports a steer, and that the change from millions of buffaloes to millions of cattle shows a marked advance in the civilization of the great region over which the wild animals formerly roamed as will.

It will be remembered, recalls the Boston Transcript, that when Jumbo was originally taken from the London Zoological Garden he displayed great unwillingness to leave his companion, Alice. Tears figured in the episode, and great compassion was excited by the evidence of the elephant's affection. A Mr. Gaylord, who was with Barnum when Jumbo was bought, says it was all arranged; that Scott, the keeper, who came over with Jumbo, managed the elephant in a way to give the desired effect of feeling. When it was time for him to leave and his car was ready, he got the order to lie down, and down he went, and the populace wept at the thought of the elephant's unhappiness. When he was told to come away he came.

A SAVANT attempts to demonstrate, in one of our scientific magazines, that there is likely to be a scarcity of elbow room among the earth's population in the reasonably near future. He estimates the present population of the world at something less than one and a half billion. The natural increase, he concludes, will make the figure six billion two hundred years hence, and this, he declares, is the utmost limit of the earth's capacity for sustaining human life. The trouble with all these elaborate estimates and deductions, maintains the New York News, is that they are based upon the hypothesis that man must always live as he lives to-day. Conditions will change as necessity crowds population. Half the people of the earth now rarely, if ever, taste meat. The dense populations of China, India, and some other countries live almost wholly on rice. Analysis shows that the banana contains all the elements essential to human life, and enough bananas can be raised on an acre of ground to supply one hundred people a year. It will be a long time before the standing room-only placard is displayed in the world's theatre.

THE WINDS' STORY.

The North Wind blew at night off the sea. Saying, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me! I sing of the numbing Winter's breath, I sing of snow, and death. I bring in the wave with the broken spar, And the gray seas curling over the bar. Drifting at night from a cold bright star—Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!"

The South Wind blew at noon off the sea. Singing, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!"

I sing of the golden butterfly's breath, I sing the peace of death. I bring in the shells with the laughing tide, And follow the brown sails home, and slide In the rowing boat down the meadow side—Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!"

The East Wind blew at dawn off the sea. Crying, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me! I sing of the piercing iceberg's breath, I sing of the horror of death, And the tempest's shriek in the rigging black, And the spirit's wraith and the rolling wreck, And the boat that never again comes back—Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!"

The West Wind blew at dawn off the sea. Calling, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me! I sing of the joyous salt sea breath, I sing, There is no death! I murmur of sea caves rosy and deep, And the glittering bay where the shoal fish leap, And the lapse of the tide as it sinks to sleep—Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!"

—A. E. Gillington.

THE FALSE SUMMONS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

HE red curtains were drawn, the fire blazed cheerily on the hearth, and the click of the sleet rain against the window-panes only seemed to heighten the enjoyment within, where a shaded lamp gave out its serene glow, and the pictured folds of an ancient Chinese screen shut all possible and impossible draughts away from the ruddy fireside.

Doctor Fengrove sat on one side, with the newspaper in his lap; Mrs. Fengrove sat on the other, tranquilly occupied in darning stockings, while a chubby year-old lay asleep in its crib, just where the firelight touched its curls with fleeting glimpses of gold.

"Well," said the doctor, letting the newspaper slip down to the floor, "this is comfortable. I don't often get an evening at home since—Hello! What's that? Some one knocking at the kitchen door."

Mrs. Fengrove rose and answered the summons. Presently, she came back.

"It's Milo York, doctor," said she.

"Milo York, eh?" Doctor Fengrove's countenance darkened as he spoke.

"Didn't I tell Milo York never to darken my door again?"

"But he's hungry, my dear," pleaded the gentle-hearted woman, "an' I homeless. Mr. Evarton has turned him away, and—"

"I don't blame Mr. Evarton!" tartly interrupted her husband. "A miserable, drunken loafer, who—"

"I don't think he has been drinking to-night, doctor," said Mrs. Fengrove.

"He looks pale and tired. He says he has had nothing to eat since noon and has no place to sleep."

"That's no affair of mine!" retorted Doctor Fengrove, who, though free-hearted and hospitably inclined in general, had hardened his heart like a diat against this particular instance of humanity.

Mrs. Fengrove still hesitated.

"What shall I tell him?" asked she.

"Tell him to go about his business," returned the doctor, energetically stirring the fire until a red stream of sparks flew up the chimney.

Mrs. Fengrove closed the door, and went back to the kitchen porch.

"Milo," said she, "my husband will have nothing to say to you."

"I don't blame him much," dejectedly responded Milo York, who was, in fact, an unpromising-looking subject enough, with his unkempt hair hanging over his brow, his garments in rags and the end of his nose chilled and purpled with the bitter night air.

"But it's a dreadful night," softly added Mrs. Fengrove. "Wait out here—the porch will shelter you from the rain. The coffee-pot is on the stove yet, and I'll bring you a plate of bread and cold meat and a bowl of coffee."

"Thankee, ma'am," said the tramp, gathering himself like a heap of rags into the corner, to wait.

Fengrove gave him a tattered old shawl, long since cast aside by her husband.

"Take this," she said, "and lie down in the barn loft; there's plenty of good, sweet hay there. But be sure you're off before the doctor comes out in the morning."

"Thankee, ma'am," again uttered the man, and he disappeared like a shadow into the howling tempest.

"Where have you been all this time?" suspiciously queried the doctor, as his wife came into the softly illuminated arch of the Chinese screen again. Mrs. Fengrove turned scarlet under his penetrating glance.

"I only gave Milo a little—something to eat and drink," she faltered.

"You know the Good Book says: 'Turn not away thy face from any poor man!'"

"Yes," dryly coughed the doctor, "but I guess the Good Book didn't make any allowance for tramps. And I tell you what, Dolly, it isn't safe to harbor these miserable wretches, with Aunt Dorothy's silver tea-set in the house, let alone your own spoons and forks, especially as I am obliged to be so much from home."

Mrs. Fengrove sewed on in silence, she was almost sorry she had told poor Milo York about that snug corner in the hay-loft, but she lacked courage to confess the whole thing to her husband.

"It will be all right, I dare say," she told herself. "But Milo York mustn't come hanging around here any more."

In the dead of the tempestuous night, here came a ring at the doctor's night-bell. Old Mr. Castleton was very ill—lying, perhaps! The doctor was wanted at once!

With a yawn, our good Esculapius rose out of his warm bed, dressed himself and, saddling old Roan, set out for his midnight ride of six long miles. But when he reached Castleton Court, all was still and dark. He rang two or three times before a night-capped head popped out of the window—that of the old squire himself.

"Dear, dear!" said Squire Castleton. "What's the matter? Nobody ill, I hope!"

"Why, you are, aren't you?" testily demanded Doctor Fengrove.

"Not a bit of it!" said the squire, in surprise.

"Didn't you send for me?"

"No, I didn't," said the squire. "And if you've got anything more to say, you'd better come in out of the sleet storm and say it."

"No," said Doctor Fengrove, setting his teeth together, "I'll not come in, thank you."

"It ain't a joke, is it?" questioned Squire Castleton.

"I'm afraid it's something more serious than a joke," said Doctor Fengrove. "Good-night."

And, turning old Roan's head, he set spurs to him and trotted rapidly away. Evidently, the night call was a concerted plan—a plan to leave his home unprotected—and his mind turned, with keen distrust, to Milo York and his tale of distress.

"God keep Dolly and the little one safe until I get home again!" he muttered, between his closed lips. "Faster, Roan, faster!" with a touch of the whip, which was scarcely needed, so thoroughly did the good horse enter into the spirit of his rider. "You know not how much may depend upon your speed to-night!"

Meanwhile, Mrs. Fengrove, who had just fallen into a restless slumber, after locking the door behind her husband, was unwontedly startled once again by a low, steadily continuous sound like the rasping of some hard instrument. She sat up in bed and listened a minute. Under her window the sound of muffled and subdued voices was audible, even above the rattle and roar of the wintry storm.

"Burglars!" she gasped to herself.

"And my husband is gone—and—Oh, Milo York is at the bottom of this! How wrong it was of me to give him shelter in the barn!"

Springing to her feet, she threw on a blue flannel dressing gown, and hurried to the cupboard, where her few simple treasures were kept, besides the square, morocco case containing Aunt Dorothy's service of solid, old-fashioned china. She turned the key and was just dropping it into her pocket, when a rude grasp fell on her arm.

"No you don't!" muttered a gruff voice. "Give that here!"

Mrs. Fengrove's heart turned chill as death as she found herself face to face with a tall, rufianly man, whose face was half hidden by a sort of visor or

mask of black leather, while another man was busily engaged in ransacking the bureau drawers opposite.

"Give it here!" he uttered savagely.

"Or," grasping the throat of the sleeping baby, who had awakened with a cry of infant terror, "I'll wring the brat's neck as if it were a chicken's."

As Mrs. Fengrove gave a shriek of affright, but at the same second a stunning blow from a spade handle felled the man opposite, like a log, to the floor, and a strong hand, twisting itself, vice-like, in the neckerchief of the nearest villain, compelled him to loose his hold of the child.

"You will, will you?" thundered Milo York. "Not if I know it, I guess!"

And suddenly closing with the burglar, there ensued a desperate struggle for a minute or two, during which Mrs. Fengrove's blood seemed turning to ice within her veins. It was brief, however. Milo flung his opponent heavily to the ground, and, tearing one of the sheets from the bed, he twisted it around and above him, knotting it here and there, until the cowardly burglar lay helpless and pinioned at his feet.

"I'd oughter cut yer throat," said Milo, "a-fightin' babies and women, you mean skunk, you! But I won't; I'll leave you to the law, and if that don't grip you tight enough, I ain't no good guesser!"

And, with equal rapidity, he tied the hands and feet of the other man, who still lay insensible on the floor.

"Is—is he dead?" gasped poor Mrs. Fengrove, scarcely daring to look in that direction.

"No—he ain't got his deserts," Milo answered, wiping the sweat from his brow. "He'll live to be hanged yet, ma'am, never fear."

At this moment the sound of old Roan's gallop on the half-frozen road struck like welcome music on Mrs. Fengrove's ears.

"My husband!" she cried out, hysterically. "My husband!"

Milo York went down and unfastened the door—the burglars had effected their nefarious entrance through the parlor window—and Doctor Fengrove found himself face to face with the tramp.

"York!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir, 'York,'" nodded Milo.

"And if it hadn't been 'York,' your wife and the little un would have been in a bad fix."

"Oh, husband!" shrieked Mrs. Fengrove, flinging herself into his arms, "Milo York has saved our lives!"

"I ain't altogether sartin about that," added Milo, "but I guess I've saved your money and valuables."

"But how came you here?" questioned Doctor Fengrove.

"I was a-sleepin' out in the barn," said Milo. "She told me I could. She give me a blanket and food and drink when I was 'most ready to drop. God bless her! And I heard their footsteps just after you had gone out, and I suspected as all wasn't right. So I just got up and crept arter 'em, and here they is," with a nod to the two captives on the floor. "And if you'll just lend a hand, doctor, we'll hist 'em out into the hall, where they won't interfere with folks, and then I'll go over to the village for the constable and the handcuffs."

"How can I ever reward you for this, Milo?" said Doctor Fengrove, in tones stifled by emotion.

"I don't want no reward," said Milo, stoutly. "I'd'a done more nor that for her," with a twitch of his head toward Mrs. Fengrove. "Ah, sir, you don't know the sort of feelin' a man has for the only person in all the world as holds out a helpin' hand when he's ready to drop with hunger and faintness! And now," more briskly, "I'll go."

"Dolly," said the doctor, as the honest fellow vanished, "what would have become of us all this night if you had not been more merciful and tender-hearted than I! God be praised that your sweet woman-nature gained the victory!"

That was the last midnight alarm that our doctor's family ever sustained. Two burglars, discovered to be old and experienced hands at the business, were safely lodged in State prison for the longest practicable term; the gang was effectually broken up, and the neighborhood was at peace again.

And Milo York is an objectless, despised tramp no longer. He is Dr. Fengrove's "hired man" now, as much a friend as a servant, and you may see him, any sunny day, at work in the garden, with the baby playing around him.

"All I wanted was a chance," Milo York says.—The Ledger.

Sunflowers as a Field Crop.

If the lintless cotton plant has made great fortunes or conquest we have not heard of it. Still vegetable oils for culinary purposes are more and more coming to the front. Kansas is called the Sunflower State. The seeds from sunflowers yield a pure, sweet oil, and a large product at that per acre. The plant will thrive on almost any soil. It could be grown in drills or in hills, two or three plants to the hill and cultivated like corn. On rich land each plant will bear two or three flowers and yield from 200 to 1000 seeds to the flower. There are a number of varieties also, some bearing flowers as large as a peck measure in diameter. There will be a chance for an inventor to produce a machine which will free and clean the seeds. Supposedly any press used for linseed or castor beans will express the oil, and a manipulation like that used for refining cottonseed oil and making it equal to olive oil would also refine the seeds, or rather oil from the sunflower seeds.

There is a great desire in many households for a substitute for hog's lard. It must be sweet and odorless to supersede lard or butter. Some people have an idea that almost any kind of butter, rancid and stale, could be used by bakers or confectioners. There never was a greater mistake. It does not require the most educated taste or the keenest sense of smell to discover the fact when stale or rancid butter has been used in the preparation of cake, tart or pie.

The oil from rape seed, which grows two blooms like a turnip plant, is commonly used in the north of Europe as baking potato pancakes for instance. When this is put into the pan and becomes heated to a certain degree all the unpleasant odors escape in a minute, and after that the butter is mixed with the oil in the pan and the product is as free from taint as if the purest lard had been used.

There are plenty and good salad oils now in the market, including the paeudo, cotton, olive oil wholesome and of fairly good flavor, but of such oils as could be used for other culinary purposes, especially baking, there are scarce any, and in due time perhaps sunflower oils will fill the place.—St. Louis Republic.

The Metals.

Among the most important and well-known metals are tin, copper, mercury, iron, nickel, zinc, lead, silver and gold. Iron was known many centuries ago and during the "iron age." Silver and gold are taken in the rarer metals. What is a metal? Some one asks. A metal is an element which possesses a peculiar lustre, known as metallic lustre, the higher oxides of which are acid-forming compounds.

Some of the metals are barely known to exist as: Iridium, tungsten, palladium, etc.

A person unacquainted with pure iron would scarcely think it to be nearly a silver-white metal. The "Iron Age" marked the latest advancement of the primeval people. Extensive smelting works were erected, and 100 furnaces were discovered by M. Q. Quereux in the Bernese Jura.

Platinum, being one of the rarest metals, was discovered several centuries ago, but was not utilized until lately. Iridium is the expensive metal and occurs usually with platinum and osmium. The alloys of osmium and iridium are used a great deal in tipping gold pens. The metal employed in the first and second group is hydrochloric; the third group are soluble in dilute acids; the fourth in water, acids and alkalies, and the fifth are soluble in the air.—Detroit Free Press.

Lifting the Hat.

The custom of lifting the hat had its origin during the age of chivalry, when it was customary for knights never to appear in public except in full armor. It became a custom, however, for a knight, upon entering an assembly of friends, to remove his helmet, signifying, "I am safe in the presence of friends."

The age of chivalry passed away with the fifteenth century, but among the many acts of courtesy which can be traced back to its influence none are more direct in its origin than that of lifting the hat to acknowledge the presence of a friend.—Detroit Free Press.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Compressed paper is a wood substitute.

Chicago will erect an aluminium building.

The pine tree is said to attain an age of from 500 to 700 years.

In Persia the cholera does its fatal work almost invariably in one day.

Boise City, Idaho, will use the boiling water from artesian wells near the city to heat its houses.

The velocity of the earth through space on its circle around the sun averages nineteen miles a second.

An outbreak of typhoid fever in London has been traced to infected ice cream sold by Italian street vendors.

A St. Louis man who had been hiccupping at half minute intervals for two days was stopped by hypnotism.

Water cress contains much sulphur and is one of the best remedies for scurvy known. It should be eaten raw with salt.

A recent invention is a bicycle tire consisting of an endless closed rubber tube filled with hollow rubber balls of the same diameter as the inside diameter of the tube.

A new invention is a saw-horse with a toothed dog holding the piece of timber in place, the device being pivoted at the cross legs and operating under a spring tension.

The only specimen of fossilized or petrified cave man ever found in the United States was that discovered by an exploring party at Craighead Cave, near Monroe, Tenn., in 1892.

M. Turpin, the inventor of the explosive melinite, who is now undergoing five years' imprisonment in France, claims to have finally solved the problem of aerial steering.

A German doctor of reputation prescribes aluminum as a cure for rheumatism. A finger ring made of this metal, joined with another, generates a gentle current of electricity, which is said to make a permanent cure.

A cigar contains acetic, formic, butyric, valeric and propionic acids, prussic acid, creosote, carbonic acid, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, viridine, picoline and robdoline to say nothing of cabazine and barlockic acid.

The perpendicularity of a monument is visibly affected by the rays of the sun. On every sunny day a tall monument has a regular swing leading away from the sun. This phenomenon is due to the greater expansion of the side on which the rays of the sun fall.

A remedy for excessive perspiration, to be made into a fine powder to be applied to the hands and feet, or sprinkled inside of gloves or stockings, is as follows: Carbolic acid, one part; burnt alum, four parts; starch, 200 parts; French chalk, fifty parts; oil of lemon, two parts.

A new element is said to have been discovered. The mineral from which it is obtained is found in Upper Egypt, hence the name Masrium derived from Masr, the Arabic name for Egypt, is to be given to it. It has not yet been isolated, but it is said to belong to the alkaline earth-group, and to have an atomic weight of about 228.

Experiments by means of photographic plates in the Mediterranean Sea, prove that in the middle of a bright day in summer the rays of the sun do not penetrate the waters of that sea to a depth of more than 150 fathoms. In September the distance to which light penetrates to an observable extent is much reduced, the impression on the plate at 150 fathoms at that season not being as great as that made by starlight.

So far as are they in Great Britain or good butter that they get away, in 1891, for foreign butter, \$50,000,000, or oleomargarine, \$20,000,000.

The cost of moving a street car by the trolley system is 5.22 cents per mile; by horses it is 11.36 cents. This is the report of a Boston company.

Within the last thirty years there have been on the British coasts 66,377 wrecks, with the fearful loss of 22,312 lives.

It doesn't take much of a hunter to hunt his trousers.—Geneva Republic.

The mechanical valeries of the United States annually yield \$2,000,000 worth of fertilizers and oil.