

# Orange County Observer.

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"Recent discoveries in Egypt and Chaldea," says Mr. Boscawen, "indicate that, although the monuments they carry us back about 5000 years before the Christian era, they do not constitute the limit of our resources of history. They indicate the origin of these people to have been in Western Persia. Kautzman and Laristan show more ancient remains than have been studied in any part of the world. The old Babylonian civilization and Chinese civilization both came probably from this region, and it may yet yield us knowledge of times far earlier than any that we yet know of."

New York grows 5,000,000 tons of hay and raises 30,000,000 bushels of potatoes. The internal trade of New York exceeds \$2,000,000,000 a year. \$1,500,000,000 of freight passes over railroads, \$150,000,000 over the canal and \$250,000,000 over the Sound and lakes. New York sustains over 1000 newspapers and periodicals, has \$300,000,000 in the savings banks, \$300,000,000 in insurance companies and \$700,000,000 in capital and loans of the banks. There 6000 mile railroads, which cost over \$100,000,000. There are 23,000,000 acres of farm lands, valued at \$1,050,000,000, and annually producing \$178,000,000.

Baron Edmund de Rothschild, whose presence at Constantinople has been considered an advantage to his colonists in Palestine, has bought a large tract of pasture land, the personal property of the Sultan, near the Jordan. He intends to build there a large Jewish colony. Land and property in that region have been much more secure within the last fifteen years than formerly, owing to the important military station established there by the Government, which has also constructed a bridge over the Jordan to facilitate communication between Jerusalem and the valleys on the other side of that river, whence the Holy City obtains most of its cereals. A new iron bridge is now being built near Sarona, on the road from Jaffe to Sheshem, and the road has been improved.

In an article on "Rate of Natural Increase in the United States," by Herman Hollerith, published in the Journal of the American Statistical Association for March, 1891, page 177, it was stated that when the age tables for the census of 1890 were compiled it would be found that the ratio of children under ten years of age at the census of 1890 to each 100 of the total population at the census of 1880 would not be much, if any, over thirty; and again on page 178 this is more exactly estimated at 30.2. The Census Office, says the New York Recorder, has just furnished the figure for the total population under ten years of age at the recent census, and gives this number as 15,209,000, which when compared with the total population of 1880 gives us a ratio of 30.32, instead of 30.2, as estimated. In other words, the falling off in our rate of increase as estimated has been substantiated by the returns of the recent enumeration. This ratio of population under ten years of age to the total population at the previous census, indicating as it does the ratio of the survivors of those born during the previous ten years, to the population has been gradually falling from 39.5 for the decade 1840 to 1850 to an average of 33.7 for the two decades from 1860 to 1880, and now, as we see, has actually fallen to 30.3. The significance of this is apparent when we consider that if the same ratio of addition to our population due to births had been maintained from 1880 to 1890 as from 1860 to 1880, we should have had at the census of 1890, 337 children under ten years of age for each 100 of population at the census of 1880, or 16,903,000, instead of which we find only 15,209,000, or 1,700,000 less. In other words, had our rate of increase due to births been maintained during the last ten years we would have had nearly two millions more children under ten years of age, and our aggregate population would have amounted to 64,800,000. This would have been equal to the most liberal estimates of our population, and the fact that the actual enumerated population did not equal the estimates can be explained entirely by the falling off in the birth rate during the previous ten years.

## A SONG OF HOPE.

If earthly ills were fewer,  
We couldn't then complain;  
And if the skies were bluer,  
Perhaps we'd have no rain.  
It takes a little sorrow  
To lead our lives aright;  
The sun that gilds the morrow  
Is sweeter for the night.  
When winter winds are flanking  
The snow against the pane,  
Somewhere the birds are singing—  
They'll sing for us again!  
Tell not thy mournful story—  
Sing not thy solemn song,  
While in God's grace and glory  
The glad world rolls along.  
—F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution

## Because of a Squirrel.

BY FRANCIS C. WILLIAMS.



OM BELTON had had an easy morning. He had walked softly into the old forest of chestnuts and hickories, rifle on shoulder, sat down on a big log, laid his rifle on his knee and waited.  
The "hunting" had then proceeded as follows: A chatter, a bark a little way in the woods. Tom would draw back the hammer of his rifle and lean forward, a streak of gray would flash down a tree trunk, then all would be still. Next minute the streak of gray and the noisy chatter would be in a tree overhead, perhaps Tom's rifle would come up. Tom's head would lift, there would be a sharp crack and a little bundle of gray would come whirling down heels over head, a long bushy tail flying out like the tail of a comet, and Tom would get up, walk over a few steps, pick up the little bundle of fur and drop the squirrel into his game bag.  
Then he would shove another cartridge into the open breech of his rifle and sit down and wait again.  
This was the rather tame way the hunting had gone, and Tom had a good bag long before noon.  
Nevertheless, Tom was soon to have an adventure.  
He had concluded to go home and had walked down toward the creek, and was coming out of the edge of the woods when he heard a loud bark. A big buttonwood tree hung over the creek, and on one of its branches, more than half way down, he saw a squirrel larger than he remembered having seen for a long time.  
It was lying along the limb, its body flattened close to the bark, and only its sharp nose and beaded eyes showing. He would never have noticed it if it had not barked when he came out of the woods.  
Tom quickly brought his rifle to his shoulder. The little black knob on the sight of the barrel showed against the rusty gray of the squirrel's fur. A sharp crack. The squirrel slowed around instantly on the limb. Its tail and hind legs swung down for a moment, while it held on with the claws of its fore feet. Then its hold gave way and it dropped.  
But twenty feet lower down its body fell across the fork of a small branch, and, after a minute's swaying, remained still, the head and fore part of its body balancing the weight of its hind quarters on the opposite side of the branch.  
Tom saw that his game was securely fixed on its support and would not come down. The squirrel was dead, but the only way to secure it was to climb.  
It was too big a one to lose, even though he had several already. The buttonwood was large, but several shoots on its trunk looked as though they might afford a hold to climb by, so he stood his rifle against a sapling, hung his game bag on a crook and started up the tree.  
It was not hard climbing, and he had soon reached the main branches. Just there the tree split off, going up in two shafts. At the juncture of these the wood had rotted away in the centre and left a dark cavity.  
Immediately above the cavity and about ten feet over Tom's head was the squirrel caught in the limb. Catching hold of a small limb he drew himself up so that his hand just reached the limb on which was suspended the object of his climb.  
He tried to bend the limb down, but it was too stiff. He started still

higher and grasping it, threw some of his weight on it.  
Suddenly the wood cracked, the limb broke, and he felt his feet slip.  
He grasped at the trunk, but there was nothing to hold. He knew he was falling into the opening below. Something struck him on the shoulder—some of the wood from the edge of the cavity. Instinctively he threw up his hands. But his fall was not stopped.  
Another instant and he was in darkness, and he sank into some soft spongy substance, which broke his descent. He came to a stop standing upright.  
A strong, pungent, woody odor filled his nostrils. A cloud of stifling powder almost choked him. He felt the sides of the tree pressing on him.  
He tried to bring his hands down to feel about. But there was not sufficient room, more than just to crook his elbows. He couldn't get his hands below the level of his ears. Again and again he tried. Then he remained still and stopped his struggles in order to think.  
He knew that he had fallen into the hollow trunk of the buttonwood. The soft stuff under his feet must be the cotton pith and punk of the walls which had fallen down to the bottom. Looking up he could see an irregular circular patch of the sky partly blotched out by a mass of twigs and leaves on the upper branches. The opening, as near as he could tell, was six or eight feet above his head. It was not a great distance, but, with his hands above him and nothing to catch a hold upon, it might as well have been a hundred.  
He felt all around the inside surface of the hollow with his fingers; but he only sank his fingers into soft punk, which broke off when he put any strain upon it.  
There was nothing substantial to rest his feet upon either, as he soon found out by running his feet around as far as he could.  
He began to be somewhat frightened. It really was a bad business. He could not stand in his present cramped position long and retain the use of his muscles. Already he felt a numbness in his fingers as the blood left them. He couldn't climb up without something to grasp; he couldn't get out below.  
The sides of his prison? They were too thick to dig through with his nails; for outside of the lining of rotten wood he knew there was a heavy rind of live tough fiber and bark, how thick he could only imagine. He might cut through it if he had an ax, but with nothing else.  
The thought of cutting suggested to him that he had a knife with him; but where was it? At last he recalled that it was in the upper breast pocket of his flannel shirt—he had on no coat.  
But it wouldn't do him any good. The blade would be broken or dulled long before he could cut an opening through the walls. Even supposing, what was well nigh impossible, that in his cramped position he could keep at the task that long.  
He began to grow desperate, when there came a sudden idea to him, which made him rack his mind for some plan to get at his knife.  
The upper pocket of his shirt was considerably below his shoulders. The furthest down he could see his hands was to the level of his face.  
Nevertheless he tried repeatedly to twist his arms so as to reach the pocket, forcing himself into all kinds of positions and getting more desperate every minute. But all his attempts were in vain.  
His head began to swim with the exertion and the close, foul air, and his body sank a little as his knees bent under him.  
As his shoulders dropped he felt his shirt begin to rise about his neck; the collar touched his ear. Instantly he was filled with a fresh hope.  
His shirt evidently must have caught on some roughness of the wood against which his back was resting, and, as his body sank, had been held fast.  
Would it not be possible to raise his shirt sufficiently in this way for him to reach his pocket?  
He decided himself up more, and jumped himself further down the cavity. His shirt had fast to the rough walls of the hollow and rose above his ears. He sank nose and more.  
When at last he could squeeze him-

self down no further, he bent his elbow and, after some wonderful contortions, got his fingers into the pocket and pulled out the knife.  
Then for a moment or so he was quiet, resting and trying to recover his strength. After a few moments he straightened up and, grasping the knife firmly, began to dig in the wood above.  
In a short time the knife was cutting the solid wood of the trunk. He kept on until he had made quite a little cavity.  
Changing the knife to the other hand, he did the same to the opposite wall. It was hard and tedious work, and his hands and arms ached, and he had to stop several times and rest, but kept at it.  
When he thought he had the holes deep enough, he contrived, after some difficulty, to grasp the knife between his teeth.  
Then, reaching up, he caught the fingers of each hand in the cavities on the opposite sides, and, exerting all his strength, drew himself up a foot or more.  
By using all his muscle he managed to hold himself there, while he kicked into the soft punk below with his toes. In a minute he had a couple of resting places for his feet—resting places which took a part of the strain off of his arms, though they wouldn't have supported his entire weight had he trusted them to hold him.  
Again he attacked the wood above him with the knife, holding on with one hand and bracing his back against the wall of the hollow. He had to change hands often, and once he nearly slipped down; but finally he had another pair of holes for his fingers, and could repeat his first performance.  
Each time that he began to cut fresh resting places for climbing it seemed to him that it grew harder work, but he stuck to it, gritting his teeth and measuring the distance to the top every few minutes with his eyes.  
At last he drew himself up so that he could clasp his fingers over the edge of the cavity, and in another minute he had pulled himself entirely out of the hollow and was seated on the big horizontal limb.  
Hanging a couple of feet above him, from the broken branch, was the dead squirrel, jammed so tightly that it had not fallen to the ground. Tom looked around—how bright everything was and how dark it appeared in the hollow as he peered down it! He breathed a sigh of thanksgiving and descended.  
He was so weak he could not walk and he sat down on a log for awhile.  
By and by he felt stronger, and then he put the strap of his game bag over his head, threw his rifle over his shoulder, picked up the big squirrel which he had dropped to the ground from the buttonwood and turned toward home.—St. Louis Republic.

## FOOD ADULTERATION

HOW SOME FLAGRANT CASES MAY BE DETECTED.

Indications of Healthy Meat—Sausage and Fish Adulteration—To Tell Good Butter, Lard and Eggs—Fraud in Spices.

ADULTERATING articles of food is by no means an "invention" of modern times, but was practiced by our classical ancestors. During the middle ages the cunning baker mixed his flour with lime, sand and gypsum, and on discovery was thrown into a prison cell and compelled to eat the product of his entire bakery, which cured him of the fraudulent habit.  
The most important article of food in every household is the meat. The meat which comes from healthy animals is distinguished by a pleasant odor and fresh color, from a delicate pink to a deep carmine, according to the animal from which it comes. It must be elastic to the touch. The dent which is caused by pressing a finger on it must disappear when the pressure is removed. The fatty substance of the meat is a good indicator of its quality. In healthy animals the fat is yellow and elastic and has a pleasant odor. The fat in the meat from sick animals is pale, gray and sneaky and has an unpleasant odor.  
Sausage offers the most dangerous kind, and in the pamphlets which vegetarians send broadcast over the land from time to time they give prominence to an anecdote which is as terse as it is illustrative of the esteem in which they hold the sausage. "A man saved the life of a butcher by endangering his own. The poor butcher, overcome with gratitude, cried out in a moment of self-forgetfulness: "Never in your life again, my friend, eat sausage."  
The adulterations in this line are manifold. To produce the fresh red color, so alluring in sausage, fuchsin is mixed with the ingredients instead of blood. It is a very common practice to put flour in sausage, and, while a little of it is harmless, it nevertheless leads to early fermentation of the article in question. The buyer, however, is very much imposed upon when flour is added in large quantities, for it enables the sausage makers to add from sixty to seventy per cent. of water, which is paid for at the rate of meat. France has lately put a stop to this fraud by limiting the addition of flour to three per cent.  
Fish are adulterated in the same way by rubbing their gills with aniline, which gives them the appearance of freshness. The aniline is easily washed off and the fraud detected. In fresh fish the eyes are full and protruding, while in old fish they are opaque, dull and sunken. The best way to recognize an old fish is to watch the gills, which emit an odor of decay if the fish is too old for use.  
Crawfish or crabs should always be bought alive. Crabs that are sold already cooked have usually been boiled after they were dead, and soon decay, generating a very dangerous poison. A crawfish that has been boiled alive will show a curious and twisted tail, while, on the other hand, one that was cooked after death has the tail perfectly straight.  
The best way to tell butter from oleomargarine is to put a piece of it on a hot potato which has been boiled in the jacket and freshly peeled. The taste of butter is more pronounced when eaten in this way than any other, and the fraud is detected. It is also the safest way to discover the age of dairy or creamery butter.  
Lard is frequently adulterated with water to increase its weight, and mixed with corn-starch, salt, chalk, etc., to bind the water to the fat. This may be discovered by carefully melting the lard and setting it aside in a lukewarm place. The fat not only separates from the water, but collects at the bottom of the dish with all the other foreign ingredients.  
To tell good eggs from bad ones it is only necessary to put them in a dish filled with water containing from five to ten per cent. of salt. Fresh eggs drop to the bottom, old ones swim on the surface, and those of medium quality sink half way down.  
All species suffer more or less adulteration, but most of all those which are sold in a pulverized state. Ground

pepper is mixed with paprika, millet, bread, powdered olives, almond meal, dust, sand, gypsum, sawdust, spar, and almost the same ingredients are used for the adulteration of cinnamon. Pulverized ginger fares no better, and is mixed with potato flour, wheat and cayenne pepper, while the sweet-scented anise seed comes in for a share of earth, sand and little brown and black stones. Housekeepers will always be more or less cheated in buying powdered spices, which should be bought in their natural state and ground at home. The vanilla bean, before the invention of the artificial vanilline, was deprived of its natural aroma and lusted with balm of Peru.  
Coffee is adulterated in all forms and in every possible way. Machines have been invented and large factories erected, where artificial coffee beans are made from acorn flour and gum arabic, and these are mixed with the real coffee; and even the real beans are covered with poisonous chemicals if they have been damaged by sea water in transportation or the influence of the sun or time. Ground or roasted coffee offer the best opportunities, however, for fraud.  
But all these perpetrators of fraud and deception cannot hold a candle to the Chinese, who are masters in the art of the adulteration of tea, which they dye, mix and prepare from leaves that have but a bare resemblance to the real tea plant.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**The Pariahs.**  
The Rev. T. B. Pandian, a Hindu gentleman of degree who has embraced Christianity, is endeavoring to rouse English sympathy for the Pariahs, or outcasts of Southern India. There are 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 of them, and, though entirely free by law, they are subject to some disabilities by caste opinion, one of which is so terrible that we have no hesitation in saying it ought to be remedied by force, even at the hazard of insurrection. They are forbidden to drink pure water. There are generally two public wells in every village, but the caste men will not suffer the Pariah families to approach them, even if they only touch the water with buckets. The women, therefore, have often to go miles to get water from a stream, and in practice the majority of Pariahs drink only dirty water left in furrows and pools in the fields or jungle. The consequence is that they are constant victims of dysentery, and that when any typhoidal disease strikes the village they die like flies. It seems to us that this oppression is too bad, even though it be based on a religious prejudice, and the caste men should either be compelled to give up one of the wells, or better still, to sink a new well for the Pariahs, thus opening something to protect their own ceremonial purity. We have no doubt whatever of the exact truth of this statement as regards the water, and strongly recommend the grievance to any philanthropist in the House in want of work. It may be asked why the Pariahs bear such an outrageous oppression. First, because 2000 years of slavery have made them cowards; and secondly, because they believe, or half believe, the dogma of their caste neighbors, namely, that their suffering is just retribution for the sins of their previous lives. They are losing that faith, and some day they will fight for five minutes with torches instead of rifles, and then civilization in South India will temporarily end.—London Spectator.

**A Wrong Translation.**  
Two Englishmen are at the St. Nicholas. One tells a joke on the other as follows: "A year ago we were traveling through Spain, and had occasion to be fed by some hospitable strangers. Unable to speak the language, my friend undertook to show his appreciation by making signs. He rubbed his stomach and smacked his lips, all of which was construed as indications of distress. A glass of some kind of liquid was handed to him, and he, taking it for wine, drank it down. It was an emetic, and my friend was soon minus a good meal."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

There are eight tunnels on the Trans-Pacific Railroad in Chile and Argentina, the total length of which is 97 English miles.