

Orange County Observer.

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Every year more and more land is going out of cultivation in England. Since 1873 more than 2,000,000 acres have been abandoned.

Doctor Klein, of London, says that the cholera is a much more prevalent disease than many others, which are more common and more deadly, but less fatal.

The old-style square pianos are a thing of the past, there being no demand for them nowadays.

The property on which the Bank of England stands is worth \$20,000,000. Yet this trifling item is never considered in its balance sheets.

There is talk in Washington of forming a magnificent park from that section of the reclaimed Potomac flats which lie below Long Bridge.

All Europe seems to have the exhibition fever, and some sort of a World's Fair is to be held in every European capital during the year. And the epidemic is spreading further ahead. Alexandria is preparing a national exhibition of ancient and modern Egypt, to be open in that city during the summer. It is to be a complete exposition of the modern life, social, industrial, and artistic, of the land of the Pharaohs, and also of much of the country's wondrous past.

"Let us fondly hope," observes the New York News, "that science has made no mistake in one reported discovery of recent date. It is claimed that practical tests show how all the garbage in New York might be disposed of with a balance of seven hundred dollars a day to the city's credit. It is the grease, the ammonia and the fertilizing matter that causes garbage to pan out rich, as they say in mining camps. The details are not of much consequence and the profit is not tempting. But if science can profitably get away with the garbage, and then successfully tackle the ash-cloud nuisance, New York will make to science a profound salaam."

The gentle art of shoplifting is on the increase, according to Mr. Whiteley, the great London provider. It is said to think women of the middle and upper classes are said to be the chief offenders, although it is difficult to credit such a statement. One of the commonest tricks is to have several large pockets in a dress into which things can be pushed easily without arousing observation. Very often long loose cloaks are worn. It cannot be argued that kleptomania is the reason for these thefts, because the shoplifters usually hunt in couples, one engaging the attention of the attendant while the other does the thieving. For every man caught at the work there are three hundred women!

A late issue of London Truth has the following: The Matabele war was commenced by the Chartered Company nominally because, after inviting Lobengula to send troops to chastise the Mashonas, the forces of the company killed his troops as they could not get back to Matabeleland which was thirty miles distant in an hour—really for the same reason that led Ahab to cause Naboth to be killed. It was carried on by men enlisted by the promise of "boot." It was waged with hideous cruelty. Lobengula wrote to ask what the company desired; no reply was sent. He sought to forward a letter to the queen; it was not forwarded. He sent envoys; they were killed. Finally his capital was destroyed and parceled out into "town lots," and he was driven into the swamp; old, fever-stricken and deserted at his utmost need by those his former bounty fed. He was pursued. When the bloodhounds were on his track the poor man sent and offered to surrender, and as an earnest of his good faith forwarded a present of gold to his pursuers; for, like the Spaniards under Pizarro, they had shown that the love of gold could alone influence them. What happened? The message was suppressed, the gold was stolen. This is Dr. Jameson's own account. And we are asked to regard these men as heroes, and to pay \$400,000 for having aided them to rob this king of his country and of his life!

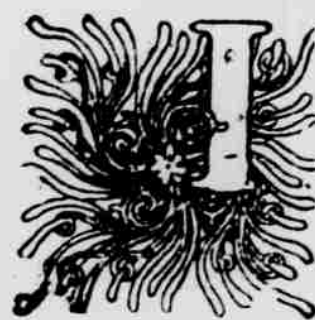
ALONG TO THE WORLD.

The world is always sunny
When yer pocket's full of money.
(Make the dollars, make the dollars every day.)
An' yer friends'll all befriend you
When yer flush, an' want to lend you.
(Make the dollars, make the dollars every day.)
The world is full o' honey
When yer pockets full o' monny.
(Make the dollars, make the dollars every day.)
When you've got a ten or twenty
You kin always borrow plenty.
(Make the dollars, make the dollars every day.)
The world'll tingle, tingle
When it hears the silver jingle.
(Make the dollars, make the dollars every day.)
But when you want to borrow,
It is mighty full o' sorrow.
(Make the dollars, make the dollars every day.)

—Atlanta Constitution.

KISMET.

BY ISABEL HOLMES.



It was a pretty summer idyl, and Grace Flushing was the central figure in it. Grace was a girl whom reverses had placed behind a counter for a season. She was fairly pretty, but that is neither here nor there. She was sweet and lovable and altogether charming in character, with the daintiest lady-like ways imaginable, and when you know this of a girl you would love and admire her just the same, if she had pink hair and sea-green complexion.

Grace had saved her money to spend her fortnight's vacation at Brimmer's. You don't know Brimmer's by the name. It is a do-as-you-please spot, in the heart of the woods, miles from the railway station, and you reach it after a long, jolting ride in a big wagon. It is arcadia to the world-ridden hand, and you have found it out. They speak of it in whispers, lest its sanctity shall be invaded by a vulgar troop. Grace didn't care a fig for sight-seeing. But she did want to lay up a supply of strength to carry her through the remainder of the hot season at Duck & Sunning's.

When the driver drew up before a long, roomy and romantic log house, with open doors and windows, and hammocks swung hospitably under the trees, she was enchanted. There was a small clearing behind the house, and in front of it a blue lake lying in its bowl-like basin, at the foot of a wooded mountain, with a rank forest growth enclosing the greater part of it.

After a night of sound sleep Grace found herself one of a delightfully "homey" party at the breakfast table. A plump matron dispensed fragrant coffee with yellow cream to her happy family, with the brooding air of a mother hen over her chickens. There was a sweet-faced, white-haired lady, a newly-married couple, a sad-eyed humorist, resting from his own jokes; an overworked woman writer, on the qui vive for romance, while she recuperated in the solitude, and an empty chair, where some one had breakfasted before Grace's appearance.

The motherly woman said a word of introduction. Grace was laughing and talking with the rest before the meal was over. She was subjected to no criticism. Her friend's letter had been a sufficient passport to the retreat.

Dress was at a discount at Brimmer's. Gingham and flannels ruled absolutely, though these were fashioned with feminine taste. No one could afford to be careless of appearances. There was the slyly-observant humorist, whose funny column, later, would smack of Brimmer's. There was, besides, the man with brown smooth-shaven face, and big hazel eyes like patient oxen, who rowed so many hours on the lake alone, in abstracted fashion.

Grace hadn't felt so light-hearted in the years since her father's death. The sense of elegant leisure, for a brief season gave her an air of repose, which became her vastly, as she crumpled her roll leisurely and sipped cream and strawberries. She belonged for the time to the ranks of field lilies, who neither toil nor spin, and being a lady to her finger-tips, the sensation was all the more delightful.

Grace put on her shaker bonnet after breakfast, and set out for a ramble.

"It is all safe and sure round here," said Mrs. Hunter coming to the front of the big shed where she was superintending the cooking. "If you don't get back by lunch time, we'll blow a horn."

Grace heard the lowing of a cow and the cackling of hens somewhere in the back ground, as she struck into the roads to the left. How grand and restful the woods were! How pure and strong and odorous the air! She stood still every few minutes with shoulders thrown back, to inhale its elixir. The birds were having a jubilee. The red squirrels eyed her critically from overhead.

She had been skirting the lake thinking she would try the mountain to-morrow. She came upon a patriarchal tree which looked inviting. The ground around it was trodden, and some natural steps in the gnarled trunk, led up to a seat, several yards from the ground, framed by branches crooked into the shape of a settee. She was not long in taking possession of it. The lake's surface, broken into shiny ripples, gleamed through the foliage.

She heard the dip of oars. A man in boating costume was rowing directly towards her perch. She could see him noor the boat. He was coming through racking underbrush. Perhaps he was seeking her settee, with a prior claim. But no, he came in sight, and threw himself full length on the ground where she had a full view of him as he puffed his cigar, herself unobserved.

Where had she seen him before? Surely his face was familiar. Memory went ransacking nooks and corners, for the missing links in the chain of association. Ah! now she had it, the picture his presence recalled. A morning in early May, herself behind the glove-counter of Duck and Sunning's the last day of her stay there. A big, clear-eyed young man with a Western flavor, she had thought vaguely, was buying a dozen pairs of ladies' gloves, and with a bashful, conscious air, appealing to her taste in his selection of pale pink, cream, and corn color. He had worn a big soft hat and a diamond which to Grace's not inexperienced eyes—her father had been a jeweller—was of the first water.

"He is genuine as his diamond and he's in love," had been her mental summing up.

He was destined to remain in her memory, it seemed. After he had left with his purchase, she found among the gloves strewn on the counter, a charm, fragrant and amber-colored. On one side was a star and crescent and the mystical word "Kismet," while the other side was covered with cabalistic symbols.

Grace gave a guilty little start when this point was reached. She had been wearing "Kismet" for good luck ever since, had it suspended from her neck by a ribbon at that moment, and there, a few rods below, was its owner. Had things gone wrong with him since its loss? He didn't look quite as happy as the day he had pulled it out of his pocket with some rumpled bills, at Duck and Sunning's. As for her, things had gone swimmingly. She had secured a better position the very next day, and besides had recovered a lost ring and her purse which she had dropped on the street.

Grace might have sat there till doomsday, without being discovered, had not the wreaths of smoke from his cigar wandered up to her perch and tickled her throat into a cough. Her face flushed furiously. Why must cigars always serve her this trick. He would think she had coughed purposely to attract attention. With that thought came another cough which brought Jack Hardy to his feet in an instant. He craned his neck for a view of the face above, but it was mercifully hidden by the skater sunbonnet.

"I did not know I had a neighbor," Jack said. Sure enough the cough had emboldened him.

"You would not have known now if your cigar smoke had stayed at home," retorted Grace, who was painfully conscious of her disadvantage.

"In behalf of the cigar, I beg pardon," Jack responded.

No answer came from the high settee.

"I have thrown it away now," he said meaningly.

"Aren't you a bit lonesome up here?"

"No."

"I'm awfully lonesome down here." Jack had reached the second "step," of the old tree trunk, and was looking off over the lake disconsolately.

"It's this 'Kismet' that has brought us together," Grace thought. "How ridiculous! Has his lady love worn out the gloves yet, I wonder?"

With this thought, Grace unbent a little. He was not "firtitious," and a young man in love with another girl was a safe enough companion for her.

I cannot tell you how it came about, these things "do" themselves, and within fifteen minutes after the first little cough, Jack was seated beside Grace and talking off hand through the sunbonnet barrier.

Grace was friendly enough. She was too generous to be prudish. Moreover, she had the advantage.

Not an inkling of her identity had dawned upon him, but she knew at least a chapter in his history.

They talked of New York. Jack let fall that he was from California, and had first seen Gotham six months ago. Grace was demurely reticent about herself. There was no need of unfolding herself before a stranger.

They sat, talking pleasantly enough, until lunch was announced by the "toot, toot" of a horn. They sauntered up to the house together, without so much as a single knowing glance being exchanged between those already gathered at the table. "We are a picked company and can do as we please," was the motto at Brimmer's.

Somehow, Jack and Grace spent a good deal of time together, after that. They boated, and walked, and talked, and climbed the mountain with a lunch basket between them, and acted, for all the world, like two children.

Meanwhile the newly-married were absorbed in each other, the writer was studying "effects," the white-haired lady and the humorist, each swayed idly in hammocks, with an eye shut, the "help" attended to their own business, and Mrs. Hunter brooded motherly over all. It was indeed Arcadia.

This day before Grace left they climbed to the settee for a last tete-a-tete.

Now Grace had the "restful" quality, in a large degree. Besides, she was sympathetic. You could not be an hour in her company without wanting to confide your latest trouble to her. She had no room for her own griefs, she declared, she was so full of outside ones.

Jack proved no exception to the rule. "Would you believe it? He sat there that day and told her his whole love story. She was a New York girl, a dear, bewitching, dainty creature. Oh, he would have died for her! And what did Grace think? Why, this girl had jilted him. He was—well, he was worth a few thousands—but he never supposed she took his money into account until the papers reported the smash-up of the X. Y. Z. Company. She had sent him a smooth note of dismissal, the next day. It was a bogus report, and was soon contradicted, but it had fulfilled its mission. He had been in love with a bogus young woman. It was well to find it out in time, but somehow it took a fellow down a peg to know that he, himself, was of such small consequence in a girl's eyes.

Grace's eyes gave him a fair shade of discreet sympathy.

"Do you believe in charms?" he asked, abruptly.

"Yes," said Grace, with proper decision.

"So do I. I lost one I had worn for years the very day I got the mitten. My luck changed from that on. I've been missing boots and trunks and losing valuables ever since—"

"Kismet," interrupted Grace.

"Why? how?" he began, with a look under the bonnet.

"I found it," said Grace promptly. "I've carried it ever since. It has brought me lots of luck. I think it is time now to return it to its owner."

She took the fragrant amulet from her portemanteau. It was carefully wrapped in pink tissue.

"How do you know it is mine?" he asked, as he unrolled it curiously.

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At an Egyptian Dinner.

Immen Pasha's dinner was given to Miss Page, although it was ostensibly in honor of the British Minister, whose wife sat on Immen's right, and tested that Oriental's composed politeness gravely. But at times he would turn to Miss Page, and she would murmur with him in French, and he would have his reward. The condition upon which Miss Page had come to the dinner was that it should be an Oriental one throughout, and so the table was accordingly of silver, and each strange sticky course was served in a golden bowl, and each fork and spoon bore a ruby and a diamond in its handle.

"Diamonds and rubies are my jewels," Immen explained simply, as one would say, "Blue and yellow are my racing colors," or that such a sentence was the motto of his family.

A native orchestra played from a balcony of heavily carved wood that stretched across one end of the room, and behind a lattice beneath it shone the bright eyes of Immen's wife, who was politely supposed to have already departed for Alexandria, but who in reality was looking with wonder and misgivings upon the bold women, with naked faces and shoulders, who sat at her husband's side, and talked to him without waiting for him to give them leave.

There were many people at the reception which followed the dinner: wise-looking judges of the Mixed Courts and their wives and native princes, secretaries of the many diplomatic agencies, and an abundance of scarlet mess-jackets on officers of the Army of Occupation. They outshone even the women in the brilliancy of their apparel, with their broad bands of gold braid and rows of tiny brass buttons. They outshone the men, too, in the ruddy tan of their faces, burned by the sun of the Soudan and roughened by the fine sand of the desert. They were a handsome, arrogant-looking group; some with the fez, which seemed strangely out of place on their yellow hair, and which showed that they served the Khedive, and others with strips of tiny ribbons across their breasts, to show that they had served the Queen, and each of these Englishmen moved about with the uneasy, self-assertive air of one who knows that he is welcomed through necessity, and only because he holds his place in the society about him by force of arms.—Harpers' Magazine.

A Scent Farm.

Among the various efforts which the Government of Victoria have recently put forth in order to promote the industries of that colony the establishment of a scent farm at Dunolly plays a role which is comparatively modest in itself, but is, nevertheless, being taken advantage of for the purpose of providing a new occupation, more especially for women. In addition to looking after the farm, the manager thereof holds daily classes in order to teach the dry processes of the extraction of scent, as well as the distillation of roses and lavender, the treatment necessary for the growth of the various scent plants, the soils suitable for them, the times of planting and pruning and other operations. The idea is that the scent-making should be combined with bee-keeping and poultry-farming—all three affording suitable employment for women—and that in this way the gentler sex should be provided with an additional means of earning a livelihood, and, at the same time, make a still further contribution to the industrial wealth of the colony.—New York Sun.

One Faithful Mourner.

It is said that when Prince Esterhazy was buried at Vienna there was one mourner at least whose grief could not be doubted. It was the Prince's dog, Nero. Nero followed the hearse from the palace to the church, and thence to the railway station, and proceeded with the mourners to Eisenstadt, where the remains were interred. The other mourners went away after the ceremonies were concluded, but not so Nero. He lay down by the grave, and for several days could not be induced to leave it even for the shortest distance. Ever since then he has paid daily visits to the tomb, remaining by it for considerable intervals of time.—New Orleans Picayune.