State Library

Orange County Observer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1878. HILLSBORO, N. C. SATURDAY JUNE 2, 1894. NEW SERIES—VOL. XIII. NO. 29

The London Standard declares that "Americans have no business to interfere in the affairs of a country (Samoa) so distant from their base." It seems to forget, observes the New Orleans Picayune, that Samoa is nearer America than England.

It is interesting to note how close the inventors of patent medicines and patent foods follow upon the heels of medical discovery. What the regular physicians are telling their private patients or discussing in medical publications, the patent medicine men of the progressive sort are preaching to the public through a thousand advertising channels.

Will Carleton has been analyzing last year's crop of poetry of the United States. He finds that the total output of poems has approached very closely to the number of 3,000,000. Spring claims 250,000. Despair has 100,000. Discontent 10,000, while hope has had less than 900 devoted to it. "My Soul and I" is the burden of 120,000 productions. "Your Soul and You" of just eight. "Your Duty" is told you in 350 poetical flights; one solitary bit of verse deals with "My Duty."

A society which the New York Tribune believes would have a wide field of usefulness in this country would be one of similar to the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, of England, which has headquarters in London and agencies scattered all over the United Kingdom. By the payment of seventy-five cents a year a British seaman can enroll himself as a member, securing many advantages for himself and his family in health and material assistance in case of shipwreck of sickness.

The railways that have been established in Australian colonies, and indeed, in practically all new countries, have not, in the estimation of the Railway Review, yielded results as a rule that were sufficiently satisfactory to encourage capital, considered merely at an investment. Take Australia as a case in point. In Victoria the Government railways only return 2.64 per cent. in the form of net revenue on the invested capital; in Queensland the return is 2.65 per cent; in New South Wales 3.67 per cent; while in South Australia the amount rises to 4.55 per cent.

A remarkable loss of patronage is reported by the Mercantile Library in Philadelphia, which is one of the largest and best in the United States. It is a pay library, and in 1871 it had 11,786 members and subscribers and circulated 268,277 books. Since that year which saw its "high water mark," its business has gradually ebbed away to a membership (including subscribers) of 3115, and a circulation of 85,563, those being the figures for 1893. This astonishing condition of affairs is hard to explain, admits the New York Mail and Express, as no great free library has been started in Philadelphia to warrant the decrease in the Mercantile's business.

Are Americans in danger of becoming a nation of coffee-drunkards? asks the Chicago Record. Statistics have recently been published by the Government to show the consumption of tea and coffee in this country. The figures indicate that while the domestic consumption of tea remains, per capita, almost stationary, the use of coffee is becoming more and more general. This shows that while we are not, like the English, a nation of tea-drinkers, we are among the heaviest consumers of coffee on the globe. In 1879 we consumed 1.08 pounds of tea and 6.45 pounds of coffee per capita. The consumption of tea increased very gradually until 1881, when we used 1.39 pounds of tea and 8.25 pounds of coffee. There has been since then a general, but not steady, decline in the consumption of tea down to 1893, when the per capita consumption was 1.33 pounds. From 1881 the use of coffee increased until 1885, when the consumption was 9.37 pounds per capita, and from that date to 1893 the consumption has fluctuated between that amount and about 7 pounds. In England the consumption of tea is about 5 pounds per capita, while the people use only about 1 pound of coffee per capita. Possibly one reason for this is that the English tea is far better than the American, while the American coffee is far better than the English.

HAPPY DAYS.

Sing a song o' happy days comin' up the slope.
All the country listenin' to the tinklin' bells o' hope;
Happy in the meadows an' happy by the streams,
An happy in the daytime, an' happy in your dreams!

Sing a song o' happy days' climbin' up the hills,
Singin' in the breezes an' ripplin' in the rills!
Happy on the housetops, an' happy on the sod,
An' the happy world a-rollin' to the happy gates o' God!

—Atlanta Constitution

A GENTLE ADVENTURE.

BOBBY ARNOLD is an ideal friend of the family. He is old enough to be a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Rivington and young enough to be chummy with the daughters who are in society. The other children, who extend in a petticoated procession from the nursery to Vassar, call him Uncle Bob.

He is precisely the sort of cavalier servante such a brood of doves needs. While not wealthy enough to be considered a good catch by the young ladies, who have all the ambition that invariably prevails in families made up solely of daughters, he is still sufficiently well off to be an eligible parti in case any of them should fail to capture a prize. And the whole family like to have him about. Among the young ladies, like Rosalind in Arden, he "bestows himself like a riper sister," and with their father he plays a game of poker that allows the old gentleman to win barely enough to keep him in good humor.

So when Bobby's aunt told him he might have her box in the horseshoe of the Metropolitan next day he immediately thought of taking the Rivington girls. Unfortunately they had another engagement. Then, like a true, self-sacrificing friend of the family he said—

"It is too bad to have the box empty during the matinee—perhaps the children would like to go?"

"I am sure they will be delighted," said Mrs. Rivington. "It is so kind of you to make the offer. Otherwise they would be at home all day with the servants, as I am going along to chaperone the young ladies."

"I'll drive around for them at two to-morrow," said Bobby, and so the matter was settled.

Chief of the bevy of children is Miss Kitty. She is on bad terms with her elder sisters, for she feels that they are keeping her from her birthright. She cannot be introduced into society for at least a year yet, for her shrewd mother thinks it unwise to glut the market with beauty, and the nuptials of the elder daughters are still nebulous. So Miss Kitty remains in the background and indulges the blues. She feels aggrieved because her Vassar friends "came out" at the beginning of the season and call occasionally to boast of their conquests. With the children she cannot associate, of course. In short she is a sort of feminine Ishmaelite, with her tongue against every woman—which tongue is tipped with the impetuous venom of seventeen. Before their adventure Bobby had not seen much of Kitty for some time.

Promptly at two next day Bobby drove up to the door. It may seem odd to call a man of some uncertain age between thirty and forty Bobby, but everyone else does so and the chronicler presumes to take the liberty. He found Miss Kitty ready and waiting for him.

"The other children don't want to go," she announced, "but I do very much and I am ready."

"Eh?" said Bobby.

"They don't want to go."

"Oh!" said Bobby, and he helped her into the carriage.

"Isn't this jolly?" Kitty exclaimed as the horses pranced away, then suddenly assuming great dignity:

"Mr. Arnold, you must drive around to Pallard's and order a five-pound box of candy sent home to the children right away."

"Eh?"

"I promised them that you would before they would agree to stay at home. I wanted to come with you alone, so there!"

"Oh!" said Bobby. Then he ordered the driver to call at Pallard's.

A minute or so later he chuckled softly. "Well, well, what a puss you are!"

"Sir!" she exclaimed angrily "I may be a puss when I am in the nursery and wearing short frocks; but I wish you to understand that to-day I am a young lady?" and she added under her breath "What a blessing that Millie's street dress fits me so well."

Bobby looked surprised.

"O, yes!" she snapped "you are just fool enough to think that because I haven't been formerly introduced into society at a reception, I am still but a child. I want you to understand that I would have been introduced long ago if I hadn't three older sisters who are not smart enough to get anyone to marry them!"

"Why, Kitty!"

"My name is Miss Cassie!" Then softening suddenly, "Here is Pallard's. Now order the very best candy they have, and if it is not there before I get home I may get into a terrible row."

Bobby did as directed and there was no more excitement for a while. Kitty was satisfied with assuming the air of a grand dame and bowing to occasional friends in the passing crowd.

When they had entered their box they became positively friendly. Kitty saw many of her Vassar friends about, trained her glasses on their escorts and talked as loudly as a dowager while the opera progressed. Finally her attention centered on De Reszke who was in particularly good form as Romeo, and like all dear girls she became enraptured. Bobby was beginning to enjoy himself in his quiet, cultured way, until Harry Van Pike came bouncing into the box during a wait between the acts.

"How do, Miss Wivington," he began.

"I beg your pardon!" said Kitty.

"I beg youah pawdon, Miss—aw—I mistook you foh my fwiend, Miss Millie Wivington."

Bobby hastened to introduce Harry and then explained:

"This is Miss Millie's younger sister."

"But," asked Harry, "haven't I met you at some ball aw pawty wecently?"

"I think not," said Kitty, who had sized him up and did not care for him, "I don't go to nursery parties anymore."

"Why, Kitty!" said Bobby.

"Gwacions!" said Harry.

Kitty said nothing. She turned toward the stage and Harry backed out.

"Now, really!" began Bobby.

"You needn't begin to scold me for snubbing that creature," she interrupted, "if that is the sort of admirers Millie has I don't want to be mistaken for her."

"But I am liable to have friends drop in here at any moment and—"

"O, tell them you are giving the Rivington nursery an outing, and don't mind my being here. Why did you invite me to come with you if you were not prepared for the consequences?"

"But I thought all the others were coming."

"You bought the bribe for which they stayed at home!" she said exultingly.

"But I couldn't help it."

"Well, since you are sorry for it, I'll pay you back what it cost when I get my next pocket money."

"Really, Kitty!"

"Don't speak to me again! My name is Miss Cassie! If the music were not so grand I would go right home!"

Bobby subsided. The experience was an altogether new one. It was beginning to dawn on him that there is nothing in the world so unreasonable, so independent, or so bewitching as a girl of seventeen.

But her unreasonableness might cause trouble. What would her mother say to all this? Would she be angry? And while he was meditating the conviction grew in him that Kitty was unusually beautiful. Finally the curtain fell on the last act and they prepared to go home.

"I'm going on the street car," said Kitty.

"But I have my carriage at the door."

"I don't care! You are sorry you brought me, and I am not going to be a bit more obliged to you than I can help."

By this time they had reached the street. She signaled a cable car, but luckily the grip man saw a dray on the track couple of blocks ahead that he thought it would be a joy to collide with, so he shouted "Take the next car!"

By this time Bobby had collected his senses, and taking a gentle but firm hold of Kitty's arm he whispered "You must come to the carriage immediately."

There was a look of determination on his face as she looked up at him, and she yielded. He was somewhat surprised at her submission as he helped her into the carriage; for it had never occurred to him that a girl's docility is usually as unaccountable as her tantrums. As they drove along he noticed that she seemed very demure—perhaps penitent—so he could not resist the temptation to give her a bit of his mind.

"Your conduct to-day," said Bobby, "has been unaccountable, and I am sure your mother will think it very wrong."

"Must you tell her?" asked Kitty with a slight intonation of fear in her voice.

This was just the opening he needed and he exercised his prerogative as friend of the family to the utmost. He scolded until they reached her house. She sprang from the crriage with his assistance and ran into the house without even saying "Good-by!" She was going to have a real good cry.

Bobby drove around to the club and then allowed himself to glow with satisfaction because he felt he had done his duty as a friend of the family in giving Kitty such a scolding. But after a while he began to remember how beautiful she looked and that she really didn't seem to be so much of a child after all. Then it began to dawn on him that he had taken a mean advantage of her in giving her such a scolding. In short, he thought about the matter until he felt very uncomfortable and decided that as a gentleman he ought to apologize to Kitty.

On returning to her room Kitty followed her womanly instinct and had a good cry. Then she exchanged Millie's dress for her own and went to the nursery to see how matters stood with the children. On every side there were signs of a little battle royal in which a five-pound box of candies had been severely worsted. One look at the chocolate smeared hands, faces and dresses told her that her guilty secret must come out and tears were her refuge again. After a time she came to the conclusion that she had used Bobby Arnold very shabbily and she sobbed to herself:

"I wish I could see him and tell him how awfully sorry I am. I was just horrid to him all day."

At that moment Bobby was leaving the club and muttering to himself: "Really, I went too far with my lecture. The little girl must be very miserable over it all. I must apologize to her."

They both felt that they should apologize, which was a dangerous situation. It is always the situation in a true lover's quarrel.

When word was brought to Kitty that Mr. Arnold wished to see her she rushed down to the parlor and entering with a most woebegone expression began:

"O, Mr. Arnold! I—"

"Really, Miss Cassie, I—" Bobby was saying at the same time.

They stopped and looked at each other for a moment.

"Kitty!" he exclaimed, as he took a step toward her with outstretched arms.

"O, Mr. Arnold—Robert," she sobbed, as she hid her tearful face on his shoulder.

Then he kissed her and they understood each other.

Will it be a match? Let us hope so, but it must be remembered that he is Kitty's first and she has not been introduced into society yet.—New York Truth.

A "Blowing Cave" in Pennsylvania.

In Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, on a hilltop a short distance from York Furnace Bridge, is located the famous natural "blow hole." It is not a cave, but a series of fissures in the rocks, from which a cold draft of air continually issues.—St. Louis Republic.

CANNING SALMON.

THE WAY IT IS DONE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

Catching the Fish and Preparing Them for Market—An Occupation That Is Assuming Great Proportions.

CANNED salmon has of late years become a table delicacy throughout the civilized world, yet few persons have any idea how it is prepared for market. Last season there was a total packing on the Pacific Coast of about 1,700,000 cases, weighing about 81,600,000 pounds, or 40,800 tons, according to a correspondent writing from Portland, Ore., to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. This seems an enormous quantity of fish, yet it is but little more than a pound to each inhabitant of the United States, or to each five possible consumers in Europe and America.

The methods of taking salmon in the Columbia are varied and some of them unique. There are gill nets, seines, traps and wheels. Ten years ago 800 boats captured twice as many fish as were taken this year with 1364 boats, 341 traps, seventeen seines and twenty-seven wheels. Nets are used chiefly near the mouth of the river, though more or less in use for 150 miles inland and on the Willamette as well. A fishing outfit consists of a gill net worth about $300 and a boat worth $200, besides other accessories, and requires two men to handle it. This makes the average wages of the 2628 fishermen only $300 for the season. They are chiefly Scandinavians, Finns and Italians, hardy, reckless men, who earn every cent they receive. As the fishing season varies considerably on the different streams, many of them go from place to place. It is a grand sight on a clear, breezy morning at Astoria, to see nearly a thousand boats speckling the broad estuary of the Columbia with their spread sails.

The men usually go out so as to fish on the incoming tide, often remaining out all night. Not only is their occupation a cold and cheerless one, with none too good returns financially, but it is exceedingly dangerous as carried on at the mouth of the river. Fifty-four were drowned last season, a mortality of two per cent. In their eagerness to get the first chance at the fish they approach too close to the breakers on the bar and are capsized or their boat is overturned by a sudden squall.

Fish traps are "contraptions" of piling and netting, so arranged as to take advantage of the salmon's instinct to go up stream and impound him. He is led by a converging runway into an ante-chamber called "the heart," from its resemblance to that essential organ of the human body. From this he finds his way through a narrow tunnel into "the well," where he remains until taken out. These traps are all located in Baker's Bay, on the Washington side of the Columbia, a wide body of shallow water separated from the main stream by a long island of sand. A few years ago these were first introduced, and now there are 475 of them, each paying a license to the State of Washington of $10 a year. Seines are used in a few places in shallow portions of the stream. One end is carried to its full length out into the stream with a boat and is then circled down the river and inwards until the water is shallow enough, when a horse is hitched to it, and it is dragged with its flopping contents upon the banks.

Fish wheels are the latest product of inventive genius in the catching of salmon on the Columbia, and are only an amplification of the method used by Indians for many years before the white man set foot on Oregon soil. For nearly five miles, at a point 140 miles inland, the Columbia is a narrow and turbulent stream, confined between narrow, rocky banks and its channel filled with masses of rock. Fifty miles further up there is another series of rapids and cascades twenty-five miles in length. These places have been the fishing grounds of the natives since the memory of the aborigine runneth not to the contrary. The salmon is a combative fish, full of energy and determination to reach the spawning grounds at the headwaters of the river. He loves a swift current and laughs at ordinary cascades, leaping up them as though it were great sport. For this reason he is to be found in the swift current swirling around the base of the basaltic bluffs that project into the river at various points in the localities mentioned. The Indians catch them in dip nets. A board is laid on the top of the rock, one end projecting a few feet over the water, the other end being weighted down with heavy stones. Upon the projecting end a noble Indian stands, equipped with a small net attached to the end of a long pole. He dips this in the water, reaching as far upstream as possible, and passes it rapidly downward. With great patience he repeats the operation, perhaps half a hundred times, until he is rewarded by a fish in the net. This is his part. He will not even take the fish out of the net. Domestic etiquette requires that the lord of the tepee shall hunt and fish and enjoy himself and the squaw shall do all the work. Catching the fish is sport, but taking it out of the net is work. The squaw does that. She also splits it open and spreads it out in the sun to dry for winter use, while her lord and veritable master either catches more fish or lies lazily upon the ground with a pipe in his mouth. Indians also spear salmon in the shallow water at the foot of falls and cascades nearer the headwaters of the streams, or else build weir traps and drive the fish into them.

The fish wheel is but an amplification of the Indian dip net. It consists of a wheel resembling the paddle-wheel of a steamboat, the paddles being troughs of netting. These are either fastened to a framework projecting out from shore, or are attached to a scow anchored near the bank. The strong current keeps the wheel in motion, the nets dipping into the water successively, with their openings down stream, ready to scoop up every unwary fish they encounter, carry him aloft and spill him in a trough. One of these wheels during a good run of salmon will scoop up several tons a day. In this particular, as in many others, the superior knowledge and inventive genius of the white man enables him to beat the Indian at his own game.

The process of canning is what interests sightseers the most. A tour of a cannery is very entertaining. Those institutions are invariably but a series of rough board sheds built upon piling at the water's edge. One who has been educated at the market to look upon salmon as rather an expensive luxury, is not prepared to see the way in which they are thrown about with forks with as little care as one would use in shoveling coal. They are forked out of the boats and thrown into heaps in the receiving room, each cannery holding several thousand a day during a good run. There is very little use for an American about a cannery, save as a clerk or manager. The fishermen are nearly all foreigners, and the hands in the factory are Chinese, from the butcher to the final tester. A few boys and girls find work in the labeling and packing departments.

It does not take long to convert a fresh fish into twenty cans of cooked salmon. The butcher grabs him and with a few dexterous turns of a long, sharp knife, cuts off head, tail and fins, opens him and takes out his entrails. He is passed quickly to the washing tanks and then is seized and laid on a cutting table and with one stroke of a series of knives is cut into chunks of the required length. Either by hand or machine these chunks are stuffed into cans, and the cans laid on an incline, down which they roll, their lids being automatically soldered on as they go. They are then loaded upon trays and the trays placed in steam boilers. After coming from the boilers the cans are tested, then given a lacquer bath, then tested again, this time by tapping them with a nail, to judge of their soundness by the tone emitted, and are then labeled and packed, forty-eight in a case.

The cans are made at the same place, machinery being employed in every detail of the manufacture. Great care is taken to have them perfect, thorough examination and testing being given them at every stage from the sheet tin to the labeled can.

The aggregate capital stock of United States railways is $4,863,119,073, with bonded indebtedness amounting to $1,000,000,000 more.