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ALONE.

Alone when the day is dawning,
Alone when the night dews fall;
To be the veil at the bridal,
To be the gloom at the pall,
To be the impenetrable barriers
To work out its life of dole,
To be the first faint cry till the hour to die,
To be the doom of each mortal soul,
To be the tender thought of the mother
Who brings us forth in pain,
To be the look in the eyes of her offspring
Who seek to my soul to gain,
To be the cry of my baby thinking,
"With that gaze intent and wise?"
To be the remains the mystery,
And never a voice replies.
Alone is the child in his sorrow
Over the broken toy,
Alone is the stricken lover,
Mourning a vanished joy,
Alone is the bride at the altar,
Alone the bridegroom stands,
With his hidden life between them,
That, and their plighted hands,
Alone lies the wife, with the canker
Of flighted hope in her heart,
Alone is the husband dreaming,
Of faded ambitions smart;
Alone from the birth to the burial,
From the first to the latest breath;
In crowded streets, on lonely steeps,
The soul goes alone till death.
—Boston Transcript.

THE HEART OF A MAID.

BY DOROTHEA LUMMIS.



THE long overland train for the West had pulled out of Grants and was snorting up the grade, leaving behind round masses of black vapor in the air, like visible breaths of the panting engine.

In the lighted Pullman could be seen in a mist, the soft, delicate faces of two young women—such young women as come out from the towns of New England to the pueblo to teach the little brown wards of a paternal government.

"The gang"—the vaqueros on their way to the "round-up" beyond San Rafael—stared at them as men do at women in a comparatively womanless country, with a kind of open, innocent, decent yearning that is half pathetic, half absurd.

Then they went back to "the store" and strung themselves along the porch on the piles of sheep-pelts, smoking and watching the day die against the white cliffs of El Gallo. And then they missed Longley. "Appolyer," as they called him in tender scorn of his young beauty.

"Where's the cuss?" asked Dick Hart.

"Hoofed it down the track after them girls," suggested Hank, ironically.

Then Roberts, who had seen "white times," sent out a yell that cut the crisp air like an arrow.

"Appolyer, approach!"

He was answered by a grunt, and Longley's legs appeared, leaping up the steps of the portal, and followed as usual by a dog or two, previously kicked out of the way by somebody, but now showing a sneaking security under Longley's lee. Appolyer spread himself down the steps, his blonde, sun-burnt head making a pale shadow against the adobe wall. For a while there was simply silence and acrid smoke. Then Longley, whose boyish thoughts were apt to lead to speech, said contemptuously:

"Say, them wuz nice girls—end they hev sand, too. These here Spanish girls ain't got none. They're all-fired cute 'nd just as soft end gentle as a doe—but I don't believe they've got any grit in 'em, 'thout it's 'bout some dollar they got gone on. I reckon they'd fight then, 'cause 'bout that woin folks are purt' nigh alike everywhere."

Longley, who had been filling his pipe as he spoke, began to pull steadily, fixing his whole mind on a complex series of rings that curled and twisted and waved off into the pure darkness of the New Mexican night.

It was the blackest kind of a night at San Miguel, but so clear that the stars shone like tiny points of cold fire, too far for light. The cluster of adobes that, grouped around a central larger one, made the ranch of San Miguel, were mere brown blots. Here and there a dully lighted window showed where some belated task was being finished or some young mother watched her first-born's unknown slumber. But the family, from Don Vicente, of heroic history, to the lowest of the fond and faithful house-servants, were gathered in the large house, overflowing the hall and kitchen, and stamping and laughing in the long portal, barred by lines of light from windows and open doors.

"The gang," just finishing the fall driving at old man Baen's, were there, too, the shyest and most exuberant of the party. So pervaded was the little placita with their long legs, flapping sombreros, shoving shoulders, and shrill voices, that the clatter reached the ears of old Woman, deaf to all but Don Vicente's voice these many years. At least, the mastiff growled and moved from his warm corner, showing a great toothless grin of discontent. The touch old lens, perched along the warm walls of the kitchen, creaked protestingly, and a litter of very misguided kittens forsook the safe shelter of the round oven and scuttled off crazily. One, having mistaken Longley's leg for a better shelter, it was he who was allowed to help Miss Cleofas gather them up again. He encompassed the entire family in one fist, tenderly enough, and restored them to an indifferent mother under the soft, directing gaze of this, the youngest daughter of the house of Ortiz.

A slender little thing she was, too, with great black eyes shining under a demure forehead; the creamy amber of her skin overcoming the pallor of childhood; the thin cheek just rounding into a perfect oval. But the soul of her soldier father was alive in her, and many complex problems of the busy life of the tiny town were settled according to her wish and will—softly and all sweetly, too, for Cleofas was warm-hearted as well as quick-witted. And so it happened that when the best of everything had been given up to the guests, and there was still more room needed, it was Cleofas who decided to make her simple and brief bed in a large deserted room some few yards away in the open.

"It is I, certainly, that will go, and Rosita shall care for the maire. Juan shall build me a little fire of ten sticks, and before it is out, point there is the sun coming in."

Brushing the withered cheek of the madre with her soft lips, the girl ran out into the starlit autumn darkness, her cousin Juan following with skins and blankets for the bed, which was stretched in a corner behind the triangular fire place.

High up in the thick adobe wall, a small square hole admitted the air, and the heavy door swung on grating hinges. Juan, whose jealous eyes had followed every glance and motion of "Senor Longley," since his arrival, knelt on the floor adjusting the sticks of wood as the exigencies of the raised fire place and the customs of the country demanded—on one end.

He did not speak, and Cleofas watched him as silently, a sparkle of coquetry in her eyes, already heavy with sleep.

"Good-night, cousin," said Juan, in the careful English he affected since coming from school.

The girl nodded, and the young man stepped over the sill. Then he turned sullenly.

"Senor Longley have love for you. He says Spanish girl nice, but coward. Cuidado!"

Cleofas sprang from her seat on the hearth like an arrow from a tense string. Her eyes shone with anger and pain.

"Cuidado thou!" she cried, and swung the door to with a crash, forgetting even to push home the rude bolt of buck-skin and wood. Folding her reboso tightly under her chin, she crept under the blankets, and the flames as they danced revealed only a formless shadow, from which came the soft, regular breaths of sound sleep. Suddenly Cleofas awoke. Her cheek flushed again at the memory of Juan's speech.

"No grit. That is the queer word the Senor Longley have use." Cleofas smiled again and murmured as she rolled over on her side for a fresh nap. "And yet it is I who will grind him."

The girl had not slept long; but they had danced late, and already a pale morning was abroad. Suddenly there came a slight scratching at the door. The girl sat up in the shadow listening for a moment, and then lay back again sleepily. It was some wandering horse or sheep rubbing stealthily along the wall. Then Cleofas remembered the unbolted door. As she rose to bolt it, it swung open cautiously and a head was thrust in—a hideous, shaved head, set on a thick, fat neck. On the hard, cruel line of the lower jaw there was the white cigarril of a wound, which drew up the lip with a sneering twist. To sink down in a crouching, limp heap and throw her reboso over her face was the girl's instinctive act. Through its folds she watched breathlessly. It was Cayas, the murderer, who had beaten his wife to death in a rage. Cleofas had seen him pass through the streets of Albuquerque on his way to prison. He had escaped from Santa Fe and come over the mountains in desperate flight.

The convict, fearing only an enemy from without, closed and bolted the door, and, without a glance toward the dusky corner where Cleofas was flattened against the floor, threw himself heavily down in front of the dead fire. The chain still fastened to one wrist clanked sharply, and the man jerked at it savagely, with an oath.

Even in the deadly fear that made her skin prickle like a thousand fiery needles and her limbs feel lead-like, Cleofas was an Ortiz still.

"I will not die like a miserable sheep," thought she; "nor will I kneel and beg for mercy as the little wife did, and vainly. No, I shall say: 'Murder me if thou wilt, thou coward; and may thy wretched soul burn forever.'"

But the convict's head had rolled heavily on to his breast, and he slept, his breath coming in long waves of exhaustion. Hope grew in the heart of the motionless spectator in the corner.

"Holy mother," she prayed, "keep me as a mouse. Let me live as if I lived not, and save me for the little madre's sake."

An hour rolled on. Through the window the day was broadening. Cleofas was stiff, was cold, was impatient.

"He will sleep on and on, like the pig and wolf that he is," she thought, indignantly, "and I must wait his pleasure to be killed and eaten. Or he will wake and go far away and be free—he, the wicked one. It shall not be. Dear Jesu, help."

With her eyes fixed on the face of the convict, the girl began to fold back her reboso and the twisted blankets. When her limbs were free, with one quick, silent effort, she stood upright. Never once removing her gaze, she followed the shadow of the wall, groping cat-like, her very breath suspended to the faintest flutter of her throat.

She has reached the door, and still the murderer sleeps. But at the slight noise of the slipping bolt, he stirs and turns. With a stifled cry the girl throws up one slender arm to hide her eyes from the dreadful death she believes so near. An instant's silence follows. Fatigue and sleep weigh on the man, body and spirit. Cleofas throws herself against the door, it swings out with her into freedom.

Appolyer Longley's dreams had been full of enchanting visions of conquestish girls appearing under different forms, but all bearing the name of Cleofas. So restless was he in consequence that he had risen early to try the famous counter-irritant of the chase.

To have the real Cleofas run into his arms, to have her point gaspingly to a fleeing figure a few yards away, and to bring his rifle to his shoulder, were all parts of a lively and interesting moment.

His voice rang out with pleasant firmness.

"Hold on, pard." The man ran on. A little sprit of opal smoke rose on the air, and the

figure became a crumpled brown bundle on the brown earth.

"I'll go bring him in, Miss Cleofas," said Longley, cheerfully, and then he caught the girl about the waist and carried her tenderly into the house. Forthwith Cleofas's speech had failed, and her eyes shone darkly in a face as white as milk.

It was thirty amply surveyed miles from the sheep-shearing at Grant's to San Miguel, but Longley's tough little Navajo pony "couldn't sleep nowhere else" but in the all-out-doors corral of Don Vicente. At least, so his master said. But this Saturday night the shearing was finished. The last scared, homely, jagged little sheep had escaped the shearers, and was huddled under the lee of the mesa, for when the Lord tempts the wind to the shorn lamb, he forgets New Mexico, and the top of Mount Taylor supplies an icy variety.

The great brown bags of fleece were tied and marked, and piled on the platform for the East bound freight. The shearers were eating and drinking monstrously about their camp-fire on the malpais, across the Puerto.

Appolyer had a good season's wage in his belt, but his spirits were low as he turned his tired pony loose in the corral at the Ortiz ranch.

"En I said they wasn't gritty," he mutters; "en she knows it, end of course, she won't hev me. Lawd! waldn't, either."

The door opens and Cleofas comes out.

"Oh, it is the Senor Tawm," she cries out, not very loudly; "it is very nice luck for you to be here. It is a fiesta."

"Hullo, is that so? What for?" stammers Tom, who has never been called Tawm before.

"My cousin, Luz, she marrying Juan," said Cleofas, looking down.

"A wedding! Oh," groaned Longley.

"You just like Spanish girl, Senor Tawm? No grit, no?"

Longley turned his head sharply.

There was the dawn of a great hope in his face.

"Why, Cleofas, darlin'," his voice cracked and broke.

"You not ask me marrying you?" whispered Cleofas.

It was always a matter of discussion in after years, where the courage of Cleofas came in, but Appolyer Longley never had any doubts.—Argonaut.

Perseverance Made Telegraphy.

"The success of Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, was a strong example of persistence. He was a painter of repute, and did not turn to any occupation but that of an artist to make money and a name. But he believed that he had something worth fighting for in the telegraph, and he went to work with his experiments. Morse was often hard up during the early history of these experiments. He used to make his meals on bread and milk, and there were times when he didn't know when the few pennies that were to pay for this frugal fare were to come from. Speaking of Morse reminds me of the fact that Ezra Cornell, founder of Cornell University and one of the founders of the Western Union Telegraph, was a man of great persistence. In pursuance of his policy of consolidating the small lines of telegraph into one grand system he bought up the stock of a lot of small companies in block, and so locked up his money—all of which had been gained earlier in life by the exercise of the same persistent quality—to such an extent that he was locked up almost with pity by his friends who did not share his confidence in the scheme. But the bull-dog element in Ezra Cornell won, and it was fitting that he should devote a large proportion of the fortune he won in Western Union to establishing an institution of learning where young men of persistence would be encouraged in their determination to go forward and win.—New York Press.

A New York confidence man says that he and his fellows victimize more city men than hayseeds. The rural visitor, when he comes to town, is suspicious and on his guard, while the city man, who thinks he knows it all, is a much easier victim. Besides he does not run to the police when he is

KING OF FAKIRS.

THE HEAD OF A CURIOUS INDUSTRY IN HIS DEN.

He Has His Subjects in Many States—How the Fakir Secures His Wares and How He Operates.

"FAKIR" is said to be of Hindoo origin, and in India means a necromancer, juggler or magician. If the word has not found a place in our latest dictionaries it is sure to do so, for it has passed out of the realm of slang and taken its place with many other new terms recently adopted that "fill a long-felt want." We have not only the substantive "fakir," but the adjective "fakir," as applied to other articles that are not all they seem to be, and the verb "to fake" has taken its place in every newspaper office in the land. When a reporter—which is, of course, very rarely the case—draws on his imagination for his facts, or with creative genius makes his story "out of his head"—as the farmer's son did his fiddle, after he had wood enough left to make another—it is said to be faked.

How the name fakir came to be applied to street peddlers I do not know, nor can the most careful investigation discover. I have just had a most pleasant interview with Mr. George Washington Stivers, the head and acknowledged "king of the fakirs," and he is as ignorant of the origin of the term as applied to himself and his associates as the rest of the world. When a name, no matter how objectionable, sticks and cannot be avoided, it is the part of wisdom to accept it, and no matter its history or its associations, to have it honored by making it respectable.

George Washington Stivers, king of the fakirs, has his anatomy on the north side of Ann street, near Nassau, New York City. He is a man of medium height, blue-eyed, with a blond mustache, an active, erect form, a manner of speech that is forceful and defiant of grammar, and he says he is forty years of age, though he might easily pass for thirty.

Among the great mass of facts presented by his majesty are many of general interest and a few that are applicable only to New York City. Twenty-seven years ago, when Mr. Stivers, as a boy of thirteen, entered the business, all "street salesmen" sold goods from a tray, push-carts and wagons being unknown to the fraternity. "Away back in '67," said his majesty, "when I took up the business, I began by selling pocket-knives from a tray; that was down in front of the old postoffice on Nassau street. I used always to make from five to eight dollars a day by a few hours' work at noon; but then days is gone and won't never come back."

The men who sell from push-carts in New York City pay a license of five dollars a year, or rather they pay that for the first year, and one dollar for each succeeding year. The peddlers who sell from trays or baskets pay one dollar the first year and fifty cents thereafter. Mr. Stivers has scores of men in his employ and he keeps them supplied with licenses as a protection against the police, who have not a little to do with the happiness of the street fakirs. There is an ordinance that no street salesman shall remain in one place more than ten minutes at a time, but if the seller stands in well with the "cop" on that beat he may remain for hours without being disturbed.

What follows as to the street sale of goods in New York will apply equally well to our large cities, for the methods and frequently the sources of supply are identically the same. In the busy thoroughfares of New York, and particularly in the vicinity of the postoffice and city hall, the sidewalks are crowded with fakirs, whose push-carts obstruct the streets, while the stentorian voices of the salesmen shout out the wares of the street cars and the rattle of passing vehicles. Cheap novels, selling for less than the cost of the white paper, cheap toilet articles, cheap pocketknives, handkerchiefs, vases, lacquer ware, soap, blacking, jewelry, music, magnifying glasses, and novelties in the shape of toys, puzzles, portable hat racks, tack hammers, nail pullers, pencil sharp-

eners, and so on excite the interest and open the pocketbooks of the passer-by.

"The first requisite of an article for street sale," said his majesty, "is that it shall be easily portable; the second, that it shall be cheap; and the third that it shall be useful, or be of a character to induce the purchaser to believe that it is."

The stock articles in the way of cutlery, handkerchiefs and toilet articles sold by the fakirs are, according to Mr. Stivers, bought from the importers or wholesale dealers, who get a large stock of a certain line of goods that it is necessary to get rid of and turn suddenly into cash. On such occasions Mr. Stivers is sent for; he examines the goods, and if they are of a character that his men can handle in their chosen field he buys them and puts them on the market; and while he does not make an invariable hit, in nine cases out of ten he makes by the contract.

The king of the fakirs counts his subjects all over the United States and in many foreign lands, and at times he has had an army of from five to eight hundred men employed in the sale of one article, though his staying force, twice as large as that of the monarch of Hawaii, is usually about one hundred and fifty regulars, with an indefinite number of volunteers ready to be called out on an emergency.

One of the greatest successes was a folding chair, of which his majesty sold, here, and abroad, in the neighborhood of 6,000,000. The fifteen puzzle, invented by a deaf and dumb man in Boston, would have made the man a fortune had he not neglected to patent it before it got on the market. The return ball and the pencil with rubber on the tip have made snug fortunes for their patentees, but one of the greatest successes for the inventor and the fakirs was the celebrated puzzle of "pigs in clover." The inventor was an old farmer over near Millville, New Jersey, and out of the millions sold in two years he netted over \$150,000, and at one time had three factories and over 500 people employed in the manufacture.

The most successful fakirs are clean, well dressed, and possess "about enough brass to get along." "In addition to these qualifications the successful fakir must have 'the gift of gab,'" said his majesty. "A good man must be able to talk better than the worst lawyer, and if he can make the folks laugh, or tell a good story, all the better."—New York Advertiser.

Antiquity of Engravings.

Gems were engraved at a very early period of the world's history. The very earliest specimen of this art in existence is believed to be a square signet of yellow jasper, engraved in the year 1450 B. C., and now in the British Museum. The engraving upon it is a fair picture of the horse of Amenophis II, and the characters underneath have been deciphered as being the names and titles of that monarch. The earliest instance of an engraved precious stone is the emerald ring of Polycrates, 749 B. C. The Bible tells us that the Judean high priests wore breast-plates with the names of the twelve tribes engraved upon them, but this notwithstanding there is no known Hebrew engraving older than the fifth century.—St. Louis Republic.

The New York Post thinks that the arming of train hands as a defense against train robbers bids fair to be successful in discouraging the robbers and wiping out the business. Several instances have recently been recorded in which the robbers were driven off, some of them killed and others captured. Another case is reported from Kansas. Several of the robbers had smuggled themselves on the train, and as they were crawling over the tender were discovered by one of the trainmen, who opened fire upon them, killing one and wounding another. At the same time others of the gang on the roadside opened fire, but were driven off, and one man and two horses belonging to them were captured. At this rate train robbery will soon cease to be a profitable undertaking and travelers will feel more secure from molestation on their homneys.

The United States Army is said to have over 200 cases of scurvy every year.