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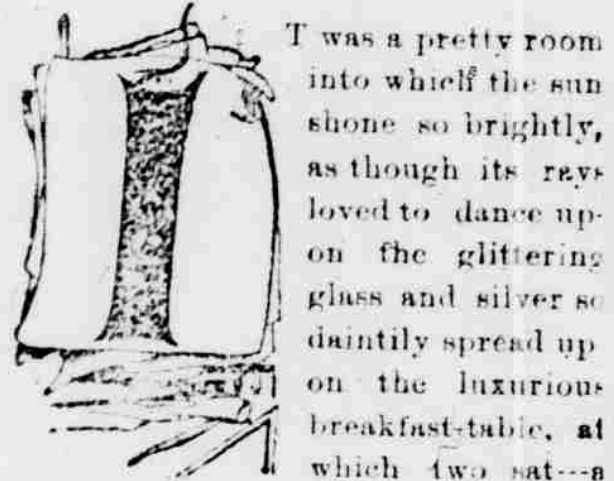
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## LOVE STREAMS.

Like a swollen brook in springtime,  
Foaming, sparkling, laughing, gay,  
Forward leaps impetuous passion  
Day by day.  
Mother Nature sets the fashion—  
All obey.  
Like a winding stream in summer,  
Broad and deep and calm and clear,  
Forward flows Love's mighty current  
Year by year—  
Mother Nature, all inerrant  
Guides us here.  
Like a vast unfathomed ocean  
Swelling, throbbing, ever free,  
Forward drifts Love's tide immortal  
Over life's sea.  
Sleeping on toward Heaven's portal  
You and me. —Minneapolis Tribune.

## Leslie Tyrrel's Blindness.

BY JENNY WREN.



It was a pretty room into which the sun shone so brightly, as though its rays loved to dance upon the glittering glass and silver so daintily spread upon the luxurious breakfast-table, at which two sat—a mother and her son. The brow of the lady, however, was so free from the lines of age as supposed to bring, the face beneath the pretty cap so fresh and youthful that few would have supposed her to bear such relationship to the tall, handsome man sitting opposite her. Both were engaged in the letters, which they had found beside their plates, when a half-suppressed exclamation broke from Mrs. Tyrrel's lips and, glancing up, Leslie saw that his mother's face had grown pale, and a tear glistened on the cheek before her.

"Leslie, I have sad news here," she said at this moment. "My step-sister, whom you have never seen, has died in India. Her little girl is even now on the broad ocean, on her way to us. Her father, an English officer, was killed in a skirmish last spring. My poor sister was preparing to return home, but the shock of his death and the ravages the climate (to which she could not grow accustomed) had already made proved too much for her, and she sank so rapidly that she had only time to write a few lines, entrusting her little daughter to my care. Poor child! I shall love her for her mother's sake."

"Soon, mother darling, I doubt not, for her own," said the young man, rising to kiss his mother's brow and utter some words of comfort. "But what a care she will be to you! How will you manage with a child, and probably one utterly spoiled? However, if you are willing to incur the burden, I suppose I must not complain at having a noisy intruder of all our pleasant chats, a child's troublesome and inopportune questions and constant presence. I am a selfish fellow even to think of myself for a moment, but I have had you so long, little mother, that I really dread this new element, which perhaps may prove full of storms, disturbing your peace."

Mrs. Tyrrel, smiling through her tears, looked fondly into the bright face bending over her, as she said:

"We must not think of ourselves, Leslie, dear, but only of this poor little girl, orphaned and in a strange land, who needs all our sympathy and love to near her sad, aching, child-heart. I know my boy too well to think he will begrudge either."

A month later, and Leslie Tyrrel, sauntering into his club, saw posted the arrival of the steamer which was to bring the little orphan to their care, and which they had not expected for some days.

"Poor little girl! She has had no one to meet her!" he exclaimed, hurrying home to get his mother and listen to the vessel.

"She has come, little mother," he said, bursting into her room in his old dress fashion. "Hurry! We must not lose a moment."

Then he stopped and stood as if spell-bound, as, sitting on a stool at his mother's feet, he saw a tiny figure robed in deepest black. Two violet eyes were raised timidly to his—eyes beaming for love and welcome through a mist of hushed tears.

"I saw the steamer's arrival, dear, and was waiting for you was impossi-

ble, I ordered the carriage and drove down for our little lassie myself."

A few words of cordial greeting fell from Leslie Tyrrel's lips as he bent and kissed the sweet young mouth upturned to his, and soon light and happiness began to creep back into the little wanderer's heart.

"Not so bad after all," was Leslie's inward comment. "No danger of a noisy intruder, at least," as day after day passed and the child moved silently about the house like some somber eld fairy.

Now and then, at rare intervals, would be heard a silvery laugh like the tinkle of far-off bells or a snatch of song, as she grew reconciled to her home, where all seemed so kind and thoughtful of her comfort. Yet it was, after all, without regret that Leslie learned he would still for a few years have his home as of old, that Violet for so the young mother had named her when she first looked into the wonderful baby eyes which bore the violet's hue was to be sent to boarding school and only to spend her vacations with them. But when she had fairly gone he missed her and often thought of the sweet, childish face and voice. Then all was forgotten in a woman's smile—a smile as false as it was fair—a smile which taught the young man for the first time that women, alas, were not all true, which caused him for a season to lose faith and hence to swear all false, save her who had given him life, and with trouble for the first time entering his soul, he bade farewell to old scenes and places and went abroad.

It was evening. A lovely day in June had drawn to its close, as Mrs. Tyrrel, with some few gray hairs sprinkling the brown, sat by an open window. At her feet, in lovely unconscious grace, sits the girl, to whose coming she had looked forward almost with dread. Six years ago she came to them a child; and now, in all the glory of her eighteen summers and her fresh, peerless beauty, she has grown to be as a daughter to her at whose feet she sits.

"If I could only keep you with me," she says, stroking the fair young head; "but, ah, Violet, I see already many are eager to pluck my little flower. I fear my garden soon will be desolate."

"Not so, mamma," for so the young girl loved to call her. "I never could be so happy as with you. When Leslie comes back, I suppose I shall be jealous enough. What so it him away so suddenly, and why does he stay away so many years?"

"A great grief, Violet, gave him a spirit of unrest, but I trust soon he may come back to his mother's side. I have not heard from him for many weeks and am growing anxious."

But even as she spoke was heard a quick, eager peal of the bell, a bustle in the hall, a tall figure was seen darkening the threshold, and in another moment Mrs. Tyrrel was clasped in her son's arms in a long, close embrace. When she raised her head from his breast Violet had gone. She thought the scene too sacred for other eyes.

"Never mind the child," the young man said impatiently. "Let me only look at you, my beautiful mother, whom I have deserted so long. It has been my loss, darling, but I am home now for aye."

Alone in her own room Violet Fan is on her knees, pouring out her thanksgiving to God. One glance at the handsome face had shown her the same bright glance which had fallen as sunshine on her childish heart six years ago, when she had enshrined his image there and held it sacred sine; but that same glance has shown her that she has been forgotten, and she has stolen away in mingled joy and sorrow.

"Violet," her aunt calls, and rising, she quickly bathed the flushed cheeks and hastened down. A start of amazement he cannot repress surprises Leslie from his indifference. He has forgotten the years have made the child a woman and thinks of the articles in his trunk with a half smile as intended for the charming girl who comes forward so simply to bid him welcome. He dare not proffer the kiss he had expected to press upon those red, parted lips, but holds instead the little hand only for a moment in his own, and his greeting, unconscious, to himself,

Weeks pass, and he notices that at his coming the girlish laugh is stilled, the ripple of song dies on her lips. She seemed to avoid him, while, with the memory of that cold greeting ever in her mind, wages daily a war with self and so builds up a barrier between them.

"This is my dance, Violet," he said to her one evening at a large party, at which she reigned, as ever, the acknowledged belle.

"I beg pardon! Miss Fane has just promised me this dance," interrupted a voice.

"Oh, Leslie, I had forgotten. I thought yours was next."

"It is of no consequence," was the reply, and as Harvey Ellis whirled her off in triumph he turned away.

"How little he cares," was her thought, "or would care even if he knew how deep was my regret."

But there came a day when Leslie Tyrrel's heart awoke; when there came to him the consciousness that one false woman had not power to mar his life; when in his day-dreams floated the vision of a sweet young face; when one voice woke music once more in his heart, and yet he dared not let hope enter. Between him and this fair young life was ranged a long vista of years—he, a man of thirty-five; and she but just eighteen, with many his equal in birth and wealth surrounding her, eager for the prize.

Did she not even now avoid him? Did not her laugh cease, her song die, at his presence? What had he to do with life's sunshine? Perhaps she, too, could be false like her sex. But in his soul the man knew this latter reasoning was untrue; that the girl's heart was white as snow, unswayed by a single lie. But with the knowledge came an added coldness as he strove to put her from him.

"Violet," he said to her one day, calling her into the library, "Mr. Ellis has asked me to plead his cause with you. I could not refuse such a request, disagreeable as it may be. The advantages of a suit such as his you know. He says you told him there was an insurmountable barrier in the way, which was the reason of his coming to me. If this is the case, Violet"—and in his effort to appear calm, the man's voice grew hard and stern—"if you love this man, what is this thing which separates you? If you will tell me, confiding in me as a brother, I will try and level it."

One dry sob was in the white throat for a moment, choking her utterance; one look of agony shot from the tearless eyes, as she listened to the man before her, pleading another's cause, but her woman's pride came to the rescue, though a touch of satire rang out in the clear young voice.

"I thank you, Leslie, for thus generously offering to surmount another's obstacles. The man I marry must be capable of leveling his own barriers, fighting his own battles. You can say this to Mr. Ellis, with my compliments," and with a haughty bow she swept from the room.

Two days later, and Leslie started, on entering the library, to see Violet sitting by a low window, her face buried in her hands. At the sound of his step she raised it, flushed and wept. Rising, she turned to go, but his hand detained her. A flash of anger shot from her eyes and rang through her voice as she exclaimed:

"Why do you not let me go? I came here to be alone. Do you wish again to plead another's cause?"

"No, Violet. Do you think me, then, hard as adamant, that you can thus question me? Suppose I were to plead my own? Suppose I were to tell you that the man you dislike and avoid knew no sunshine save that given him by your smile; that the song which in his presence ever dies on your lips is to his ears the sweetest music on God's earth; that even your

scorn is preferable to the emptiness of life without you. Suppose—but I am a fool, a madman!" and sinking on a chair, he buried his head in his hands, listening for the rattle which should tell him she was gone.

But, lo, his name is whispered in accents sweet and trembling, a little velvet head slips into his, and springing up, Leslie reads his happiness in her eyes.

"But this obstacle, Violet?" he questioned later, in his happy bewilderment.

"Here, Leslie," she answered, laying her head upon his breast. "It was your own blindness, dear. The recovery of your sight has removed it all."—New York Ledger.

## FUN.

Miss Rinkles—"I wonder if I'll live to see my thirtieth birthday?" He—"No. It only comes once."—Life.

He—"All the world loves a lover." She (gently)—"Except sometimes the girl the lover loves."—Harlem Life.

"I suppose you are in deep mourning for your wealthy uncle?" "Yes; I've bought a black pocketbook."—Hullo.

In the case of a telegraphers' strike it is just a little doubtful who would hold the key to the situation.—Buffalo Courier.

Being asked the names of the world's greatest composer, a smart university young man said, "Chloroform."—Sittings.

Rich Aunt—"It seems to me as if you only came when you needed money." Poor Nephew—"But I can't come oftener."—Hullo.

They say that money does not bring happiness. This is an experiment, however, which every one wishes to try for himself.—Tid-Bits.

This is the time of year when the man, forgetting how he had to dig the garden, beat carpets and rake the front yard, wishes he were a boy again.—Indianapolis Journal.

Sunday-school Teacher—"What crime did Joseph's brothers commit when they sold him for twenty-five pieces of silver?" Practical Boy—"Sold him too cheap."—Hullo.

Caller (looking at picture)—"Does your mamma pair?" Little Son—"Yes; but she's through with that and is puttin' on the powder now. She'll be down in a minute."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Husband—"I am just in the mood for reading something sensational and startling—something that will make my hair stand on end." Wife—"Here is my last milliner's bill."—Flegendo Blaetter.

Minnie—"How in the world can you say that Mrs. Tellit is a woman of intelligence?" Mamie—"I meant that she had all the neighborhood intelligence that was going."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I don't believe that circus people are half as giddy as the average person thinks." "Certainly not. Where will you find a more steady, well-balanced character than the tight-rope walker?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Mrs. Blinks is quite ambitious to be considered a well-informed woman, isn't she?" Mrs. Banks—"Yes, indeed; she is leaving nothing undone to get herself elected President of the sewing society."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## Early Printing.

The first piece of printing which is actually dated is the famous indulgence of Nicholas V. to such as should contribute money to aid the King of Cyprus against the Turks. This indulgence has the printed year-date 1454, and a copy in The Hague museum has the date "Nov. 15," filled in with a pen. Mr. Duff tells us that "in the years 1454 and 1455 there was a large demand for these indulgences and seven editions were issued. These may be divided into two sets, the one containing thirty-one lines, the other thirty lines, the first dated example belonging to the former." This thirty-line edition is shown to have been printed by Peter Schoeffer de Gensbain, by the fact that some of the initial letters which occur in it appear in another later indulgence of 1480, which is known to have come from his press.—The Saturday Review.

## The Largest Balloon.

The largest balloon in the world has just been constructed at Holloway, near London, England. It is a sphere of 57.24 feet in diameter, has a capacity of over 100,000 cubic feet, weighs one and a quarter tons, and will lift an additional weight of a ton. It is to be used for the purpose of obtaining continuous meteorological observations for a period of six days without descending. The apparatus has been successfully tested.—Chicago Record.

## A NOVEL TOUR.

### TWO AMERICANS RIDE ACROSS ASIA ON BICYCLES.

Armed and Mounted Guards Accompany Them Through Turkey—Good-Natured Curiosity of the Natives.

A JOURNEY of more than fifteen thousand miles on bicycles is a journey that is unequalled among tours around the world. When to this is added the fact that the route did not follow the beaten lines of travel, but lay through the inhospitable desert of Gobi, and among the lawless and superstitious tribes of western and central China, the achievement of the Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben assumes unusual proportions.

These young men, upon the completion of their college course in St. Louis, determined to acquaint themselves with the lands and people of the Old World. In order to have greater leisure for their studies, and to come into closer contact with the inhabitants of the country visited, they traveled on bicycles, and the strangeness of their mode of locomotion in the Orient brought them many surprising adventures.

They have written the story of their long jaunt from Constantinople to Peking in a series of papers in the Century. Like all enterprising Americans, they had their camera with them, and they took frequent snapshots of strange phases of life, many of which are reproduced in the pages of the magazine. They left Constantinople early in April, 1891, crossing from Stamboul by steamer. We quote from the first of the Century articles: "A week's cycling from the Bosphorus brought us beyond the Allah Dagh Mountains, among the barren, variegated hills that skirt the Angora plateau. We had already passed through Ismid, the ancient Nicomedia and capital of Diocletian; and had left behind us the heavily timbered valley of the Sakaria, upon whose banks the 'Freebooter of the Bithynian hills' settled with his four hundred tents and laid the foundation of the Ottoman empire. Since leaving Geivel we had been attended by a mounted guard, or zaptieh, who was sometimes forced upon us by the authorities in their anxiety to carry out the wishes expressed in the letter of the Grand Vizir.

"On emerging from the door of an inn we frequently found this unexpected guard waiting with a Winchester rifle swung over his shoulder, and a fleet steed standing by his side. Immediately on our appearance he would swing into the saddle and charge through the assembly. Away we would go at a rapid rate down the streets of the town or village, to the utter amazement of the natives and the great satisfaction of our vainglorious zaptieh. As long as his horse was fresh, or until we were out of sight of the village, he would urge us on with cries of 'Gellehabuk' ('Come on, ride fast'). When a bad piece of road or a steep ascent forced us to dismount he would bring his horse to a walk, roll a cigarette, and draw invincible comparisons between our steeds. His tone, however, changed when we reached a decline or long stretch of reasonably good road. Then he would cut across country to head us off, or shout after us at the top of his voice, 'Yavash yavash' ('Slowly, slowly').

"On the whole we found them good-natured and companionable fellows, notwithstanding their interest in bakish which we were compelled at last, in self defense, to fix at one piaster an hour. We frequently shared with them our frugal, and even scanty meals; and in turn they assisted us in our purchases and arrangements for lodgings, for their word, we found, was with the common people an almost unwritten law. Then, too, they were of great assistance in crossing streams where the depth would have necessitated the stripping of garments; although their fiery little steeds sometimes objected to having an extra rider astride their haunches, and a bicycle across their shoulders.

"They seized every opportunity to impress us with the necessity of being accompanied by a Government representative. In some lonely portion of

the road, or in the suggestive stillness of an evening twilight, our Turkish Don Quixote would sometimes cast mysterious glances upon him, take his Winchester from his shoulder, and throwing it across the pommel of his saddle, charge ahead to meet the imaginary enemy. But we were more harmful than harmed, for, despite our most vigilant care, the bicycles were sometimes the occasion of a stampede or runaway among the caravans and teams along the highway, and we frequently assisted in replacing the loads thus upset. On such occasions our pretentious cavalier would remain on his horse, smoking his cigarette and smiling disdainfully.

"On nearing Angora, we raced at high speed over the undulating plateau. Our zaptieh on his galloping horse faded away in the dim distance, and we saw him no more. This was our last guard for many weeks to come, as we decided to dispense with an escort that really retarded us. But on reaching Erzerum, the Valt refused us permission to enter the district of Alashger without a guard, so we were forced to take one.

"Our entry into Kirshehr was typical of our reception everywhere. When we were seen approaching, several horsemen came out to get a first look at our strange horses. They challenged us to a race, and set a spanking pace down into the streets of the town. Before we reached the khan, or inn, we were obliged to dismount. 'Bin! bin!' ('Ride! ride!') went up in a shout. 'Nimkin deyil' ('It is impossible'), we explained, in such a jam; and the crowd opened up three or four feet ahead of us. 'Bin bocele!' ('Ride, so that we can see') they shouted again; and some of them rushed up to hold our steeds for us to mount. With the greatest difficulty we impressed upon our persistent assistants that they could not help us. By the time we reached the khan the crowd had become almost a mob, pushing and tumbling over one another, and yelling to every one in sight that 'the devil's carts have come.' The innkeeper came out, and we had to assure him that the mob was actuated only by curiosity.

"As soon as the bicycles were over the threshold, the doors were bolted and braced. The crowd swarmed to the windows. While the khani prepared coffee we sat down to watch the amusing by-play and repartee going on around us. Those who by virtue of their friendship with the khani were admitted to the room with us began a tirade against the boyish curiosity of their less fortunate brethren on the outside. Their own curiosity assumed tangible shape. Our clothing, and even our hair and faces, were critically examined. When we attempted to get down the day's events in our note-books they crowded closer than ever. Our fountain-pen was an additional puzzle to them. It was passed around, and explained and commented on at length.

## A New Railroad Spike.

An invention of considerable value in railroad construction and of great interest is a new spike. With the usual shaped head, it has indentations at the sides and barbs or notches at intervals. The purpose of these is to hold the spike firmly in place. When driven into the wood the fibres, which are ordinarily damp, will swell and fill the indentations or grooved spaces, and will hold the spike firmly in place. The tenacity of the new style as compared with the old plain spike is almost as great as the difference between a nail and a screw. By the use of the improved spike the dangers of railway travel are greatly decreased, as accidents from spreading of the rails are said to be almost impossible.—New York Ledger.

## Brain Surgery.

Sawing out sections of the skull in order to give the brain room to develop symmetrically seems a rather delicate and dangerous operation, but it is one that has on several occasions been performed with perfect success. Children apparently in a condition of hopeless idiocy have been treated upon this plan and are in prospect of developing the faculties usual in those of like age. The removal of the bone which has become unduly hardened permits growth, and the clouded intellect may become clear and normal.—Chicago Tribune.