

# Orange County Observer.

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Benjamin Cockran, the New York orator, thinks that the "tendency of everything in this country is toward liberalism, except politics, and that must eventually become liberal, too."

"What do you think of a civilization," the Denver Road asks, "that will pay a girl six cents for making a shirt in a sweater's den and gives ten cents to a Chinaman for washing the shirt?"

Mark Twain asserts that all modern jokes are derived from thirty-five original jokes which were originated in the days of Socrates. Several of the originals, a little frayed, are still floating about.

Australia is greatly bothered just now by an Indian question akin to our Chinese problem. The Chinese immigration has been checked by strong restrictive measures and the imposition of a heavy head tax. There is now a great and growing influx of Afghans, Pathans and other Asiatic tribes from the old corners of India, and these people have become a peril and nuisance in many ways.

Australia is greatly perturbed over the emigration movement to Paraguay. The Government of Paraguay has given nearly 500,000 acres of good land for settlement to Australian colonists, or others of suitable standing in means and character who join them, and there is an expectation that 10,000 persons may settle on the lands. All who go from old to new Australia are teetotalers and have a considerable amount saved, and the loss of a few thousand men of that stamp is a serious matter. South Australia has, therefore, passed a village settlement act, under which those who want to cultivate land are very favorably dealt with. Then comes the question whether the Australian land is as good as that in Paraguay, and it is not. But there are disadvantages there as well.

One of the singular changes which is going on in Maryland and Delaware is the transformation of peach orchards into truck gardens, notes the San Francisco Chronicle. It has been demonstrated that there is far more money in growing vegetables for the New York market and the canneries than there is in raising choice peaches. So the men who have gained fortunes by peaches are going into the more prosaic, but more lucrative, occupation of growing early peas and tomatoes.

The art of flying seems to the intrepid to be almost in sight, though it may be some time yet before we actually reach it. It is already quite clear that the amount of power required to maintain a body of considerable weight in the air and to drive it forward with great velocity is nothing exorbitant; the difficulties seem to lie rather in the regulation and direction of the machinery. A recent investigation of Professor Langley upon what he calls "the internal work of the wing" throws a flood of light upon some of the most puzzling problems of aerial navigation. The "soaring" of birds has long been a mystery; the way in which, for hours, sometimes, they circle round over the same spot without an apparent motion of the wing. Langley had the explanation in the fact (which he has demonstrated experimentally) that the motion of the wing is technically speaking an "unsteady" motion; that is, neighboring portions of air move with very different directions and velocities so that the wind-stream is full of whirls and eddies. By taking advantage of this the soaring bird maintains his flight without doing any "work"; he has simply to change slightly the inclination of his wings as he steers himself out of one eddy into another by an action, exquisitely skillful but not laborious. It is like the art of the sailor who beats against the wind by hauling his sheets and trimming his sails. By running a white-rope current of the wind-stream and then suddenly steering out into an adjoining one of different velocity and direction the bird is able to utilize the energy of the newly-encountered breeze to lift him or carry him where he wishes to go.

## AT SEA.

I watch the white sails as they spread  
Their wings, like birds set free;  
And some o'er distant waves will glide  
Some in the wished-for haven bide,  
And some—be lost at sea.  
And thus, upon life's changeful sea,  
While Hope sang merrily,  
Full many a barque from off the strand  
We launched with eager heart and hand,  
Nor dreamt of loss at sea.  
But were there treacherous rocks and shoals  
All, all unknown to thee?  
It matters not—the heart doth know  
That cruel storm hath sundered low  
The venture out at sea.  
Mayhap it was no costly freight,  
Thou' rich to you or me,  
And Memory, as the days go by,  
Still counteth o'er with tearful eye  
Her treasures lost at sea.  
Ah, well, there is a haven sweet  
Where shipwreck cannot be;  
Sad hearts, who sit in patient pain,  
There shall ye gather back again  
Much that was lost at sea.  
—Lucy R. Fleming, in Harper's Bazar.

## A CIRCUITOUS SUCCESS.

BY ISABEL HOLMES.

I was rather dark in the hallway when Julian Jones went up stairs to his new quarters, fourth floor back. Someone else was on the stairs. He discerned a woman's form in the niche near the second floor and the glimmering of a hand holding back skirts for him to pass. There was a faint breath of exquisite perfume about her.  
"Excuse me," he said. Just then the gas flared out in the lower hall. He made out a soft, oval face and a dainty figure, as he passed. Julian was a big fellow, with features of strength rather than of beauty, but for all that he was a "sensitive," whose impressions of people were as sure as a dog's instinct about his master. The young woman's "atmosphere" was agreeable. It followed him to his room.  
He lighted the gas and looked around. It was a goddish den for a literary worker. The carpet of pale greens and olives was almost new. The windows had lace curtains, and a fair outlook.  
He sat down and tilted back his chair. A curious plot for a story had come into his mind. It seemed to start out of that chance encounter on the stairs, yet he scarcely realized it then, so subtle is the action of the brain.  
His heart began to beat quickly. He had done a good deal of patient work in the past, with indifferent success, but such impromptu mental activity was new. He took it as a good omen. He had a strain of what we call superstition in his nature. A strange dream had impressed him with the belief that with his change of quarters something was to happen—for the better.  
The bright, unique ideas came pouring into his mind like a flood. They clamored for expression. He found a pencil in his pocket, and looked around for paper. He had not a scrap. His trunks would not come till morning. If he stirred from the room to hunt up a stationer the aroma of the story would be sure to escape. He thought desperately of his cuffs, his shirt bosom, and excreted the motley wall paper. Had it been plain, it should have done duty as a tablet.  
He sprang from his chair. The covering of the square table in the corner was of white oilcloth—imitation "marble." He sat down and marked it off in spaces. The pencil glided over it smoothly. He wrote quickly and without effort. He knew he had never done anything like this before. Some one seemed to be dictating at his elbow. He had heard and read of such cases. Now he was the subject. He wrote column after column, till the cloth was covered. He leaned back and surveyed it. He knew the thing was unique and exquisitely wrought out. It was a love story, with that dainty creature on the dim stairway sitting through it. Julian's eyes grew misty. He looked at his watch. The three hours he had been writing had seemed but five minutes.  
It was early yet, not 11 o'clock. He locked the door and went out on the street. He had a vague idea of getting paper from some hotel clerk. He could

not feel easy until his story was in manuscript.  
He turned into the avenue. The thunder of the elevated was in his ears. A team was dashing along recklessly underneath it. He attempted to cross. Round the corner was the House. The subtle fascination of the story was yet upon him. In the midst of it he was conscious of a sudden shock, a pain crossing the sweet-making horrible discord, then all became blank.  
He was pulled from under the feet of the horses. The blood flowed from a wound made by the cruel hoof.  
No address could be found on him and he was carried to a hospital. He had been severely but not fatally injured.  
Brain fever set in but an excellent constitution was in his favor. In his seasons of delirium the marble oilcloth haunted him. Sometimes it hung over him like an awning with the letters like a thousand eyes staring at him. Then they changed into Chinese hieroglyphics, and the young woman on the stairs was wrinking her lovely brow in vain endeavors to decipher them. Again the cloth was waving like a banner from the roof of the Daily Fizzler.  
Through careful nursing he came out of the tangle at length, and began to recall just what had happened. His previous story, which was to inaugurate a new era, what had become of it? Four weeks he had been lying there they told him. In that time the room would be let to a new tenant, and his story scrubbed off the cloth by some wooden-headed chambermaid. He fretted and fumed over it. His omen of good luck had been demolished by a sledge hammer.  
"Don't you want to look over these papers?" queried the pretty, cheerful nurse, placing a pile before him. "You need to keep up with the times."  
Julian tossed them over half-savagely and came presently upon something that made his heart thump. His story was looking him in the face from the columns of the Exaggerator. It was entitled "Into His Kingdom." The letters seemed to wink and blink at him knowingly.  
He read it through. There had been scarcely any alteration. Somebody had got ahead of the chambermaid and copied it, selling it as his or her own production. He should never be able to prove its authorship. He groaned in spirit.  
Presently he came upon a copy of the Daily Fizzler, three weeks old. There he found the story, headed by a sensational paragraph, which was evidently its first appearance, the other paper being a copy.  
Julian was half amused, half annoyed over the conjectures about the author. The paragraph set forth the production found on the oilcloth as the last effort of an unfortunate son of genius. Driven to extremity, without a penny even to buy paper, he had fixed his last ideas upon the only white surface he could command, and then he had gone out into the night and committed suicide. One of those unidentified bodies at the morgue was his, probably. Could he have staved off despair twenty-four hours longer the ice would have been broken.  
Julian breathed freer. The copyist then had not palmed off the production as his or her own. He could yet claim it without dispute.  
As soon as he was on his feet he called on the editor of the Daily Fizzler, who knew him by sight, and had prophesied success for him some day.  
"It seems I have been figuring in the Fizzler lately as an impetuous suicide," said Julian, bluntly.  
The editor laid down his pen. "Explain," he said.  
Julian told the story.  
"Like another man, you awake to find yourself famous," said the editor, offering his hand. "That story has been copied all over the country. It is a gem of its kind."  
"I'm not sure I shall ever do so well again," said Julian.  
"What is once done can be done again. You will now command a hearing."  
"How did you get hold of it?"  
"It was sent in by—by—" consulting a memorandum—"by Miss Cora Wheeler, 142—street."  
"Why, I wrote the story at that house!"

"She sent a note stating the facts, and Bolton, you know, touched them up a trifle. None of us suspected you. The landlady believed your name was Jones, but, on second thought, didn't know but it was Smith."  
"I had only a word with her when I engaged the room."  
"I may as well pay you to-day," said the editor as he filled out a check.  
A glance showed Julian it was drawn for one hundred dollars. He was in luck after all, it seemed.  
Next he rode uptown and rang the bell at 142—street. How much had happened since he first went up those steps—less than six weeks ago!  
The girl who opened the door looked at him blankly when he asked for Miss Wheeler, and showed him into a small reception room while she took his card.  
He was presently asked to step upstairs, third floor, front.  
The door was half open, showing a prettily furnished interior. He tapped gently. There was a rustling behind a dark green portiere, and a young woman stepped out from behind it and greeted him with "Good morning." She was the one he had met on the stairs in the gloom, he could swear. There was the same faint perfume about her garments, and, besides, he knew her atmosphere.  
"You are Miss Cora Wheeler?"  
She bowed.  
"And I am Julian Jones. I wrote the story on the oilcloth. I am told it found its way into print through you. I have come to thank you."  
Miss Wheeler was about as breathless as Julian. She motioned him to a chair and sat down. The facts he had presented rapidly grouped themselves at once logically in her mind.  
"Then you did not commit suicide," she said, with a mirthful glance at his muscular frame, adding, "I never thought you did."  
"I suppose I came pretty near 'shuffling off,'" he said, and he repeated his story.  
"I expected something of the sort had happened," said Miss Wheeler, "though there were all sorts of conjectures. The landlady called me up to read what you had written. She thought it might denote, denote—" "Insanity?"  
"It enchanted me. I write a little myself, you see. I sent it to the Fizzler. It was copied everywhere. You are a genius."  
"With the right sort of inspiration," corrected Julian.  
It looks now as if the pair would go into partnership.—New York Mercury.

## Disease-Proof Suit of Clothes.

The description comes to us of a certain "disease-proof" suit of clothes to be found in the Patent Office at Washington. The suit is intended to be worn by an operating surgeon. It is a complete suit of rubber armor, resembling, in fact, the dress of an ordinary diver. This is constructed on airtight principles; therefore no disease germs can enter. A small pair of bellows is to be found beneath each foot, which, being compressed by the action of walking, blow fresh air in an ingenious manner through the armor. This air enters, and is filtered through a germ-proof diaphragm under each of the feet, passing upward and out through a diaphragm which is placed at the top of the head. The description further adds that the operator has protection afforded to his visual organs through two glass eye-pieces.—Rochester Post Express.

## Novel Pumping Plant.

Manuel E. de Costa, who resides six miles south of Sacramento on the Riverside road, has built an ingenious machine for irrigating his flower garden and his orange and lemon trees. It consists of a wooden wheel ten feet in diameter and with a rim or tire about two feet wide. A dog is placed inside the wheel, which is turned by his weight as he gallops in treadmill fashion. The revolution of the axle turns a crank which operates the handle of a pump set in a dug well. After half an hour's exercise the dog is taken out and a fresh dog put in for another half hour.  
The dogs seem to enjoy the work, for they bark and wag their tails when they are brought to the wheel. They know that it means something good to eat at the end of the half-hour's work.—Sacramento (Cal.) Bee.

## ORANGE HARVEST.

### HOW SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S CROP IS GATHERED.

Sun-Ripened Fruit Plucked Within View of Wind-Whirled Snows of the Sierras—The Picking Gangs.

ORANGE growing in Southern California is an industry fifteen years old. In 1875 and 1876, says a letter from Pomona, Cal., to the New York Sun, there were a few orange groves in Los Angeles and near the historic old Mission of San Gabriel. These groves bore altogether about 2000 boxes of seedling oranges each year. This fruit was eagerly bought at large prices by the San Francisco people, and never was sent East on account of the tremendously heavy freight rates at that time. When the Southern Pacific Railway was built through Southern California from San Francisco to New Orleans, and freight rates were cheapened, orange growing had a great impetus, but when the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad system was extended into this region, and shipping rates were cut in two, the growing of oranges had a wonderful boom.  
The Pomona Progress, the horticultural journal of this region, estimates that there is now invested in orange growing in Southern California over \$33,000,000. There are in bearing about 10,000 acres of orange groves, and about 80,000 more acres are planted. The present crop is estimated by the railroad companies and horticultural officials at 6800 car loads. An average car load consists of 300 boxes, and its valuation is \$800. Thus the present crop is worth \$5,440,000.  
Wholesale orange buyers, who come annually to Southern California as soon as the orange season is over in Florida, say that the California and Florida orange crops have never yet interfered with each other. The California fruit is rarely ready for shipment before February. By that time Florida oranges are practically consumed and the market clear.  
The orange trees are not stripped of their fruit at one time, as are the Eastern apple, peach, or pear trees, but are picked at different times in the course of the month, the picker knowing whether the fruit is ready for picking by its color and form. He picks all the fruit that is ripe on the trees at one time, and repeats the process again a week or two later. The first picking is made about the middle of February in the Pomona Valley, and, from the 1st of March, for three months the gathering continues unabated.  
A few weeks previous to the picking time the wholesale shippers go the rounds of the groves. Some of them have arrangements from year to year with the owners, while most of the producers prefer to make new contracts each season. The agent inspects the grove and offers so much a box, or so much for the fruit on the trees, and here the responsibility of the owner ceases. The shipper puts his pickers and packers at work, the grower receives his check, and another year is begun.  
The picking of the orange in large orange centers, such as San Gabriel Valley, Pomona, Riverside and Redlands, is announced by an addition to the floating population. Gangs of pickers, Mexicans, Chinese, Americans, men and boys, gather from far and near, and the groves are filled with laughter and song. Everybody is at work, and if the crop is fairly large, every one feels cheerful. The orange grove of the imagination is a stretch of trees filled with golden fruit, where one can lie in the soft grass and luxuriate in the sight. The actual grove, while beautiful to the eye, is not a place for lounging, as the ground is, or should be, kept continually plowed and irrigated. But the trees are attractive. Ever green, they often show ripe and green fruit and white blossoms at the same time.  
A gang of men under a leader, or overseer, takes possession of a grove bright and early in the morning, two or three men being appointed to a tree, and the picking begins. Tall step ladders enable the pickers to reach the top branches, and each orange is carefully cut from the tree:

If it is pulled and the skin broken, it will soon decay. The picker wears a bag about his neck, and into this the fruit is dropped. When the bag is filled the fruit is handed to the washer or scrubber. The latter, generally a Chinaman, washes the black stain or rust from the fruit, polishing it with a cloth, after which it is passed to the assorter. Sometimes a simple machine is used, a runaway, so that the oranges of the same size will all collect together. This accomplished, each orange is wrapped in variously colored paper and placed in the box ready for shipment. A counter keeps tally of the boxes.  
In some groves various machines are used. Thus one patent is a knife on a long pole which is connected with a canvas tube. The orange separated from others in this way drops into the tube or "chute," and, by the arrangement of traps, drops from one to another and finally rolls into a box unjured. The ordinary method of picking is by hand.  
The orange pickers are usually a jolly lot, there being something about the business apparently that enlivens the spirits. The Mexicans and Americans labor in harmony, but an orange-picking team composed of Chinamen and Americans appears to work the reverse. The Chinese picker finds that his ladder gives way without warning, dropping him into the thorny tree or upon the ground. He is bombarded with oranges from numerous quarters, or finds his pigtail fastened to a branch. One inciting cause of these disasters to the Chinaman is that he is strongly suspected by his fellows of working at rates that will not support a white man of family addicted to taxpaying.  
At the orange-picking time the country is a marvel to the Easterner. While standing among the oranges the picker looks away over grove after grove, fields of flowers, acres of golden eggplants, patches of wild daisies, bluebells, and yellow violets; and finally his eyes rests upon the Sierra Madres, or mother mountains, rising but four or five miles distant, the garden wall of this Hesperides. His nostrils inhale the odor of the orange blossoms, while his eyes greet the snow banks of a vigorous winter. The great peaks are capped with snow, and, perchance, the upland blizzard is raging with unabated fury. From the vantage ground of the orange grove the wind can be seen on Mount San Antonio whirling aloft the snow in gigantic wreaths, tossing it upward in huge clouds that rise hundreds of feet to be borne away over the lowland and dissipated in the warmer air. With this arctic scene in view the observer can, by a single glance, encompass winter and summer.  
Making a Living.  
"There are more ways than one to make a living," said a demure little woman with flashing black eyes, who came downtown in a School street car last night. "I know a woman who was left penniless in New York. She was riding on the elevated road one day when she was struck with the same-ness of the advertisements that are posted up in the cars. She thought that she could write good advertisements, and she thought out a lot of little four-line rhymes for a certain article. She submitted them to the advertising manager of that firm, and they were accepted, and now she is making a lot of money every year with her verses extolling various wares."  
"Pshaw!" said the blonde, who sat next to the demure little woman, "I know of a case right here in Buffalo that discounts that."  
"I don't believe it," said the demure little woman.  
"Well, I do, and I'll tell you about it to prove it. A friend of mine who had been doing some newspaper work got the craze for writing advertisements, and she went around to a lot of stores, only to find that they were well supplied with people to look after that branch of their business. She did find one firm that was willing to let her try her hand, and she began work. In less than a year she was comfortably off for the rest of her life."  
"Did she invent some new style of writing or something of that kind?" asked the demure little woman.  
"No," replied the blonde, "but she married the senior partner."—Buffalo Express.