

# Orange County Observer.

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Almost seventy-five per cent. of the men manning the British mercantile marine are foreigners.

A triumph of art over nature was illustrated recently when a well-known English artist made a painting of some old beech trees in a Kent pasture, which he sold for \$1400. The owner of the pasture sold his land and the trees together for \$500, and called it a good sale at that.

United States Consul Penfield, at Cairo, says that Egypt is aggressively competing in a small way with us, not only in Europe, but at home, in supplying raw cotton, and the consumption of Egyptian cotton by New England spinners has grown from nothing, ten years ago, to more than 60,000 bales, and valued at \$3,000,000.

Henry Labouere says in London Truth: "The reading public may be divided into three classes: Those who read and remember; they are few. Those who read and forget; they are many. Those who read little or nothing, and they are most. The original writer of to-day belongs to the first class, and, it may be said, he writes for the others."

Says the San Francisco Chronicle: The bicycle is growing in favor in the interior and the usual collisions between the owners of horses and the steeds that eat no hay are of constant occurrence. The fact, however, ought not to create any uneasiness, nor is any legislation needed to restrain the cyclists. Before the excitement of discussion subsides horses will have become accustomed to them. That is the experience in the vicinity of this and all cities and towns where the wheel is much used.

The Secretary of the Interior has given up the experiments which the Government has been making for some years past to induce rain over arid tracts. The railroad companies operating in New Mexico and Arizona will, however, continue experiments along this line. Getting blood out of a turnip would not be a difficult operation if the plebeian vegetable contained blood, and so artificial methods might precipitate moisture in the form of rain if there were any in the atmosphere, but there are places where the air is as moistureless as a live fish in a lime basket, and neither powder nor dynamite can shake out of it what it does not hold.

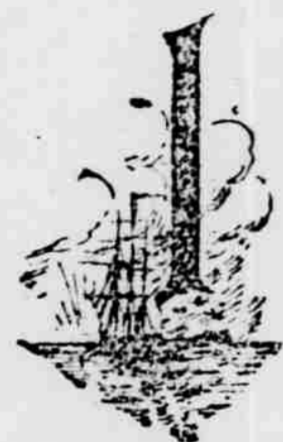
Captain Moore, of the sailing ship Mary Gibbs, tells a suggestive story of his last voyage. He was from Boston to the gold coast of Africa, and his cargo consisted of New England rum. Oddly enough, he also took out as passengers two women missionaries, who had been sent out to exert a civilizing and Christianizing influence on these heathen people. The brigantine stopped at thirteen ports to unload the cargo of rum, which was received with wild enthusiasm by the natives, while nobody seemed to want the missionaries. The latter seemed discouraged, but nevertheless went stoutly to work to counteract the effects of the rum. Before he could tell what success they were having the Gibbs sailed for home.

The balance sheet of the Suez Canal, just issued, cannot fail in the opinion of the New York Tribune to be most satisfactory to the English nation, which, thanks to the foresight of Lord Beaconsfield, secured a controlling voice in the management of the property. The aggregate of nearly 8,000,000 tons of shipping that have passed through the canal during the fiscal year that has just closed exceeds even the most sanguine estimates of Ferdinand de Lesseps, and in view of the fact that the vast majority of the vessels passing through the canal were of English register, there being nearly 300 British ships as compared with 170 French, the British directors have done the right and graceful thing in moving for and securing a vote making adequate and generous provision for the wife and family of the now moribund and completely ruined organizer of this magnificent enterprise, Ferdinand de Lesseps.

**IN THE MORNING.**  
Smiles will play whose tear-drops are clinging bitter now  
Breezes cool and gentle will fan the fevered brow  
The weary moan of sorrow will cease, and resting sweet  
Be filled with glancing sunlight, sparkling glory at the feet  
The drooping head of roses, bending now in languid sleep  
Will wake when dewdrops hasten their loving trust to keep  
The clouds of somber coloring, now curtaining placid skies,  
Will roll away, as brightness on the wings of morning flies  
The heart will cease its aching and a throbbing of happiness thrill  
The lonely place that's longing for a note of joy to fill  
It's empty, dreary highway, with its rugged path of pain,  
Where love will send its greeting, when morning comes again!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

## ELEANOR.

BY JENNY WREN.



WAS working in the mill that first day Miss Meredith passed through it—I, a lad of sixteen, in her father's employ; she, the wealthiest heiress in all our State. Yet she stopped when she came to that part of the machine I was directing and watched me eagerly. I had seen the men turn, one by one, from their work in respectful admiration of her beauty. It was little wonder my fingers grew clumsy under her gaze. I had a taste for mechanism, a fatal inheritance, some called it, from my father, whom we had found dead, one bright summer morning, bending over an unfinished model. But, young as I was, Mr. Crane, our superintendent, had confidence in me, therefore assigned me the work Miss Meredith had honored me by pausing to watch. He was by her side now. Rumor said he was wooing the young heiress; but as regards that, we mill-hands had little opportunity for judging; only, in the one brief glance I dared take in the pure, lovely face smiling so brightly down upon us, I doubted whether he or any other man were worthy.

"Is not this work very difficult?" she questioned. "I should think a boy could hardly manage it."  
"It requires more skill than any other," Mr. Crane answered. "But I have great faith in George, although one false turn would throw all the machinery out of order." Then he added something in a low tone which I could not hear. But before Miss Meredith left the mill she again approached me.  
"Come and see me this evening, George. I want particularly to speak with you."

I bowed assent, doubtless in an awkward way; but all the rest of the long summer day I moved as in a dream.  
Eight o'clock found me promptly seeking admittance at the door of Miss Meredith's beautiful home. The footman looked inquiringly at me when I murmured the name of his mistress; but at that instant she came forth from one of the great rooms and welcomed me kindly. Her graciousness, the luxury everywhere surrounding me, the subtle atmosphere of fragrance served to intoxicate me as I followed her, catching sight, with dismay, of my ungainly figure reflected in the numberless mirrors. But when she paused, we stood alone in a large room more plainly furnished than those we had passed through, but whose walls from floor to ceiling were lined with books.

"George," she began, and I fancied a slight embarrassment in her manner. "Mr. Crane has interested me so much in you, that I think it a pity you should not have other advantages than those you possess. I sent for you to say that you may have free access to our library, if you think it will be of service to you."  
I could in that moment have fallen at her feet. The books for which I had hungered were to be mine at last. In her white dress, with no color save the knot of violets in her breast, matching in hue her eyes, she seemed to my boyish fancy an angel opening the gates of heaven that I might enter in.

The next year flew swiftly by. Sometimes the sun, peeping in at my

window, would find me bending over the book I had so eagerly opened the night before, and I would throw myself, dressed, on my bed to snatch an hour's sleep, to prepare me for the manual labor of the day. I grew pale and thin, but for that cared nothing, until one morning, when it came time to rise, I found my body powerless to obey my will, and sank back on my pillows into unconsciousness.

For weeks I lay tossing in delirium and fever. A memory haunted me when once more I awakened to the realities of life, of a tender touch and a face enshrined on my heart. Could it be Miss Meredith had been to see me?

With garrulous eagerness my nurse told me all. How she had come, not once, but many times, even in the midst of her wedding preparations, how grand the wedding was, how lovely looked the bride, and how, as Mrs. Crane, she had left for me her good-bys, since they were to cross the seas and might not be back for many a year.

"Married and gone!"  
Like a knell the words fell on my ear as I silently turned my head away, and the bitter tears rolled one by one down my cheek. Ah, how little was I in her life who had helped fill mine with such gladness! Yet she had not forgotten me. The house was in the care of servants (her father having joined them), but the library was left open to me, with the privilege of spending there as many hours as I would.

Ten years passed on. I held Mr. Crane's old position now. I had won it through a discovery I had made of great value to the owners, and which (like all else that I was, or might be) I owed to Miss Meredith. I could not think of her as Mrs. Crane, not even when I learned they were coming home again, with the little girl, born the first year of their marriage in Florence, but without the father who had so worshipped her whose body lay in a foreign grave; not even when, going up after her arrival to offer my respectful welcomes she came forward, holding by the hand a little girl, whose sunny hair fell to her waist.

My eyes glanced from the mother to the child. Was it in that moment I transferred my heart's homage? I know not. I only know that for the little creature I would willingly have laid down my life.

"We are so proud of you, George," Mrs. Crane said kindly.  
But something in my throat choked my answer. I could only turn awkwardly away.

The mill grew and prospered in the years which rushes so swiftly by. I would have gone into the world to seek wider scope for my ambition but for a something tugging at my heart which kept me chained. I was an honored guest now at the old home. The poor, friendless boy no longer sought admittance to the library, but with consummate tact was made to feel himself a friend.

But how had I repaid the kindness offered? How recompensed my debt of gratitude? I had drifted idly down the current of the music of birds, amid the fragrance of flowers, until suddenly, like the roar of the avalanche in my very feet, though unheard, this truth forced itself upon me. I loved Eleanor Crane. She was as yet but a child on the boundary-line between girlhood and womanhood, the age when first I had raised my eyes to look upon her mother's face. Yet I had loved her from that first moment she had stood, a child of eight, clinging to her mother's hand, regarding the stranger with wondering eyes.

"Eleanor will marry ere many years, and leave me. Oh, George, if I could but keep her always!"

This was the confidence uttered one day as we sat alone, that opened my eyes to the fatal truth. This woman, to whom I owed all, everything, should I rob of her one treasure? Some day, perhaps, some man great and noble might sue and be thought worthy, but for me—I turned away with a groan I could not repress.

"Are you ill?" asked Mrs. Crane. "You have grown so white."  
"Yes," I answered. "It is nothing. I will soon recover. I—I will go home and lie down."

Lie down! Through the long night

I paced up and down my floor; but with the morning the battle had been fought, the victory gained, my resolution formed. I would go away. I knew now what had kept my ambition dormant for so long. There was a questioning look in Mrs. Crane's eyes, a half-pleading glance in Eleanor's, when I went to make my hasty good-bys, but I dared not seek to interpret them, and so went out into the world.

I was thirty-five when I mastered the problem which all these years had mastered me. Thirty-five when I knew my name was famous, and the discovery I had made had made my fortune. For three years I had devoted to it every moment of my lonely existence, and the end was gained at last. But what availed it? It could not fill the emptiness of my life or that life's needs. Some part of my great discovery, they wrote me, they wanted applied to the mills. Would I spare them a few days to give at my personal supervision? It was a summons gratitude and honor compelled me to obey, so I told myself, with a sudden glad rush of my blood through every vein. I should see her; should learn if, as yet, any had gained the prize.

She welcomed me with a new, strange shyness, but my resolution had made me calm to coldness. No, she was yet heartless, her mother told me. What had I hoped that at her words a great weight rose from my heart? The improvements had been made. The next day I was to return to my work, when it was proposed we should go in a party through the mill to witness its working. Standing by Eleanor's side, we involuntarily paused before the one quiet worker who filled my place when years before her mother had so paused and made the turning point in my life. All rushed over me with lightning speed, when as Eleanor bent closer to examine the intricate machinery, turning carelessly to me to ask some questions, a light something whirled in the air, a faint scream burst from my darling's pale lips, the light drapery she wore fluttered in the awful wheel, which in another moment would have caught and crushed her fragile form.

No time for thought, no hope of rescue if an instant's delay. How it happened no words could paint; but ere another thirty seconds had gone by, Eleanor stood pale and trembling, safe, while my right arm hung helpless by my side.

"Oh, George, George, I have killed you!" I heard her say, in a tone which even in that moment thrilled me, but as I strove to answer, the agony sickened me, all grew dark, and in my strength and manhood I fell forward at her feet.

A choking sob somewhere near me was the sound I heard, as opening my eyes, I found I had been borne back to Mrs. Crane's house, and caught a glimpse of a girl's retreating figure.

Mrs. Crane was sitting by my bedside, while my right arm was already bandaged. When I was stronger they told me truth. It must be amputated. I made no murmur. So would I have laid down my life. But now never must I speak my love. No gratitude must influence Eleanor's, at pity's call. But, oh, how barren stretched my life before me, as the operation over, I lay one morning alone in my room, knowing how strong had been the unacknowledged hope, now crushed forever. Even ambition must die without that right arm's help. Yet it was best so.

"Are you awake?" a soft voice questioned. And I raised my eyes to find Eleanor had stolen to my bedside. "Awake, and would not call us? Rebellious boy! Will you ever learn to obey?" Then—oh, did my eyes betray my hungry love which could not speak?—one little white hand came creeping into mine. A great sob rose in my darling's throat as, in a choking voice, she whispered: "George, why will you be so sad? You will never go away from us again, never. I will be your right hand, dear. George, this in low, solemn tones, "I would rather you had let me die than again to leave us. Tell me, do you hate me, that even now you turn away from me? What have I done? What have I done?"

As yet my misery had wrung from me no tears; but now they blot from my vision the sweet look of shame on my darling's face. With a mighty

effort I conquered myself and the hope it is torture to crush.

"Hush, dear?" I said at last. "Do not be so pitiful. I could not stay, Eleanor. You must not ask it!"

"Not with me?" she questioned.

And looking into her azure eyes I read her secret even as she had read mine.

"It is not pity, darling? You are sure, sure? I could not quite bear that, though I would be strong for anything else. And if I stay, Eleanor, you will be my—"

I pause, but lower and lower sinks the bright, sunny head, until it rests upon my heart. In my helpless weakness I am not strong enough to refuse the precious gift she yields as a free-will offering, and so—I win my wife. —The Ledger.

### Why Incense Was Used.

The sense of smell, which at the dawn of civilization was a declining one, and since then has tended to become less and less of value, would appear to have little chance of gaining an important position in any branch of human culture. And yet it came about that one characteristic of the exciting cause of odors brought them into prominence in the service of religion, and this prominence has continued in that connection up to the present day. Far back in the history of our race, at any rate long before the dawn of history, the apparently immaterial and, so to speak, ghostly nature of the exciting cause of the sensations of smell, led, it would seem, step by step, to the use of incense in the service of the gods.

When it began to be felt that the ancestral or other spirit that had to be appeased was hardly of a nature to consume the material food or drink offered to it to appease its wrath or to gain its favor, an easy step of reasoning suggested that this food or liquid would be more acceptable in the form of smoke or vapor. The gods had become of too spiritual a nature actually to eat the food, but they would still require some form of nourishment, and what could be more suitable to them than the fumes of burned flesh? This is the conception that is prominent, or, at all events, survives, in the descriptions of sacrifices in the "Iliad," where the thick clouds from the burning thighs of the slaughtered oxen, and from the fat in which they were wrapped, ascend to Olympus and cheer the assembled gods. It was but a step from this to the burning of fragrant woods and resin to provide a less gross gratification. Moreover, by the consumption in their honor of these precious spices and fragrant gums, obtained at so much cost and trouble, another motive of sacrifice was satisfied.

The Egyptians in the preparation of their mummies had need of a vast store of spices and aromatics. This need, no doubt, was the origin of their trade with Southern Arabia—the land of Punt—a trade which attained to great importance under the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties. That, in search of aromatics, there was also a more northern trade route which must in early days have brought them into contact with the Hebrews, we shall see later on. The Egyptians in this respect were far in advance of the Greeks of Homer. They burned their incense in a censer, using it in a similar way to the Buddhists and Christians of later days.—Nineteenth Century.

### A Curious Superstition.

That superstition is not quite extinct in Lancashire is proved by a case heard at the Chorley Police Court yesterday, says the Manchester (England) Guardian, where a young man named Thomas Barnes was bound over in \$500 for twelve months for having assaulted, under extraordinary circumstances, Miss Frances Mitchell, to whom he had been paying attention. It appeared that Barnes had recently consulted some Gypsies touching his ill health, and, acting on their advice, he had pricked the young lady with a needle several times to draw blood, and had struck her on the face. He was acting under the belief that he was pinning away, and that there was barred about her house something which attracted him and caused him to be uneasy in his mind, and that the only way to remedy the evil was to draw blood from the lady of his heart.

### The Passing of the Ox Team.

Cattle Inspector Whitmarsh finished his rounds, and reports not one team of oxen owned in town. Last year there was just one, which was sold for beef on the day after his call was made. This, the last team, was owned by Jarius F. Bart. This vanishing of the heavy ox team marks an era in our progress just as surely, if not as noticeably as the coming of steam after the stage coaches and canals, or the entrance of the electric car to supplement and in some respects displace the steam locomotive and the horse team. Years ago the farmer was not to be found who did not own an ox team and oftentimes more than one. The land was heavier than now, much of it was new soil, and the roads were far harder to travel than even at this date when we are apt to think them anything but good. But with the coming of better roads, the more complete breaking of the fields, the invention of powerful machinery and cheap explosives for removing stumps and rocks, and, more especially, the breeding of heavier horses, the patient ox has, like the Indian, gone out of our civilization gradually but surely, but, unlike the Indian, he has not gone West. To the little folks to-day the massive yokes, smooth and glistening with the labor of straining shoulders, are a curiosity. The big-tongued cart is almost as obsolete as the ox himself, and the long whip has gone with the "haw" and "hee" and "gee" and other strange terms of a now almost dead language. As in so many other respects, classic reference to "Ox-eyed Juno" will have to be explained before long, with reference to the cow as the modern prototype, and undoubtedly the revisers will have it "Cow-eyed Juno" in the editions of a decade hence.

So we progress from crude muscles and the tugging of sinews to the power of swift horses, tireless steam, and now we stand on the threshold of the universal electricity, that has been back of all these forerunners, and is now fast supplanting them. There may be a pair or so of oxen again owned in town, but, like the getting out of the old tin lantern, it will be but a flickering revival of a past already dead.—Easthampton (Mass.) News.

### Decline of the Lightning Rod.

"What has become of all the lightning rods?" asked a friend of mine this morning. "Have you noticed that of late years you can scarcely find a house in a day's journey that is fitted up with these old-time protections against thunder bolts? Why a few years ago every prosperous farmer would as soon have thought of leaving his stock without water as to neglect protecting his house and barns with lightning rods. Agents coined money traveling around the country in wagons and putting up these contrivances to ward off danger. But their day was soon run. More disasters were averted than averted by the use of these so-called protectors. The insulation would become loosened and when the electric fluid began running down the rods instead of being grounded, as was intended, it found an inviting chance to dodge off into the building which the rods were supposed to protect. My old father had the lightning rod business down fine. He never could be persuaded to put one on a house or barn. He used to declare that he'd rather have one good tree in his dooryard as a protection against lightning than to have his house covered with lightning rods." —Buffalo Enquirer.

### The Lighthouse Dog.

A dog owned by Captain Orentt, keeper of the Wood Island light, has become famous this week. It is customary for passing steamers to salute the light and the keeper returns it by ringing the bell. The other day a tug whistled three times. The captain did not hear it, but the dog did. He ran to the door and tried to attract the captain's attention by howling. Failing to do this he ran away and then came a second time with no better result. Then he decided to attend to the matter himself, so he seized the rope, which hangs outside, between his teeth and began to ring the bell. —Lawston (Me.) Journal.

Austrian law permits boys and girls to marry at the age of fourteen.