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LITTLE CLOVER BLOSSOM.

It sleeps within a casket rare,
The wind about within ribbon fair,
And just one strand of shining hair—
That little clover blossom.
One whose sweet remains a gleam
From youthful pleasure's withered beam
It wakes again love's early dream—
That little clover blossom.
A little clover blossom!
'Tis worth a world of musty books,
But more than gold
Or gems untold
I prize its faded hue.
It breathes of morn and mountain brooks,
Of birds and bees and flowing nooks
Of fields and meadows and the woods,
That little clover blossom.
I prize it most of all I see
Because it brings in girlish glee
The bonnie lass who gave it me—
That little clover blossom.
A little clover blossom!
It winds a wondrous power;
No words can tell
Its sacred spell—
That little faded flower.
—Samuel M. Peck, in Atlanta Journal.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

THE world is full of misunderstandings. Now, a misunderstanding is an awkward thing—the sort of thing that sometimes makes shipwreck of lives that otherwise would sail smoothly enough into the haven where they would be. This is the story of a misunderstanding.

The very first time he saw her he said to himself: "Now, there's the girl I should like to marry."

She was just his sort, but it was the old story of the attraction of opposites, a story as old as the hills. He was big, she was small; he was dark, she was fair; he was quiet, she was lively; and so on, ad infinitum. She certainly was a very taking little girl, and she had a pensive way of contemplating one with her great blue eyes that was altogether fascinating. Bob Helmsleigh went down before that look like a leaf before the wind.

Bob was not particularly clever or amusing, or, indeed, particularly anything but honest. Honest he was, from the crown of his close-cropped head to the soles of his military boots, and as simple-minded as a child. Hitherto he had never been in earnest about a woman, but he was in earnest now, and it was a sober, solemn, downright earnest. Henceforth there would be but one woman in the world for him.

He would have liked to take her in those great strong arms of his and tell her so, but such a course of action was out of the question, for she was engaged to his old chum, Phil Marsden.

Now, Phil Marsden was the sort of man that lady novelists describe as "one of Fortune's favorites." In plain English, he was good-looking, well off, a thorough sportsman, a good hand at all games, and popular with men and women alike. A lucky mortal all round, but it never occurred to Bob to envy his friend until he saw Gwen Warrington. Then a new, strange feeling stirred in Bob's honest heart. It was not exactly jealousy, but rather a wistful, patient wonder why one fellow should have all the luck and everything else, while the other fellows were left out in the cold.

Well, one summer the officers of Bob's regiment took it into their heads to give a ball. It was a final flare up before the—th moved into fresh quarters, and they spared neither trouble nor expense to make it a success. At this ball Bob was introduced to the future Mrs. Phil Marsden, and they danced a good deal together. Bob had a splendid swing, and Gwen was the lightest waltzer in the room, so they went like clockwork.

Gwen gave Bob more waltzes than she gave Phil, but the latter did not seem to mind, and that, of course, was rather a queer state of things. Bob noticed it, which was remarkable, for in an ordinary way his perceptions were just as blunt as are most men's. "I say, Miss Warrington," he observed, tentatively, as he and Gwen went out together yet once again, "it's awfully good of old Phil to let you give me so many dances. Shows he isn't selfish, any way, doesn't it?"

Gwen shrugged her shoulders, and a change came over her expressive face; a change that Bob did not quite like to see.

"Selfish!" she echoed. "Oh! Phil is never selfish where I am concerned, I can assure you, Mr. Helmsleigh. He has no desire to keep me all to himself."

There was no obvious answer to this speech, and so Bob said nothing. As a matter of fact, the situation was just a little beyond him.

He thought of Gwen's words afterward, though, and of the faintly bitter tone in which they were uttered, but he did not venture to broach the subject again. It was ticklish ground.

He saw nothing more of either Phil or Gwen until the autumn, and then he ran into them at the house of a mutual friend, where he had gone for a week's shooting. This time the idea that all was not right between the lovers struck him more forcibly than before. They were apparently on good terms with one another, and they never disagreed, but Phil had lost his old genial spirits and become moody and discontented. He was always either in the clouds, or swearing at his luck. Gwen had changed, too. Her manner had grown tired and listless, and there was a wistful, wondering look in her eyes that it hurt Bob to see.

Poor old Bob! He could tell that something was wrong, but he could not make out what it was, though he puzzled that honest head of his until he thought that he was going to have brain fever. The new look in Gwen's eyes haunted him. It was always in his brain in the day-time, and it kept him awake at night. He felt impelled to do something—but what? That was the question.

At last one day he found Gwen all by herself in the library, crying over the fire, and that was the climax. He never could bear to see a woman in tears, and when it came to the woman he loved, why—

"Miss Warrington," he said, hurriedly. "Miss Warrington, you are in trouble of some sort. Will you tell me what it is?" Then, as she did not answer at once, his hand fell heavily on her shoulder, and he added, "For God's sake, don't cry."

Gwen checked her sobs with an effort, and raised her tear-dimmed eyes to his face.

"Oh! Mr. Helmsleigh," she exclaimed, "I am in great trouble, and—and you are so good and kind. If only you could help me."

"Give me a chance," Bob returned, shortly. "I'm a stupid sort of a chap, I know; no good at all talk. But if there's anything in the world I can do for you, I'll do it. Do you believe me?"

"Oh, yes," answered Gwen, putting out her hand to him with an impulsive gesture, while the tears brimmed over afresh.

Bob took the trembling little hand and held it in a strong, close clasp—a clasp that seemed to carry help and comfort with it.

"That's right," he said. "Now, let me hear all about it. But don't cry—for pity's sake, don't cry like that. You'll send me mad if you do. Come, dry your eyes."

"It's about Phil," Gwen went on, mopping her eyes obediently. "Of course, it's about Phil. Oh, Mr. Helmsleigh, you have known Phil so much longer than I have, and you must understand him better. Can you tell me why he is so—so queer with me?"

This was somewhat of a facer. Bob ran his fingers through his short dark hair and drew a deep breath.

"Don't you know?" he asked. Gwen shook her head.

"No."

"Well, I'm blessed if I do," said Bob.

Gwen went on in a low, hurried tone. "Phil has never been to me what other girls' lovers are to them; but I don't know why. I only wish I did. He seemed fond enough of me before we were engaged, but now—well, of course the whole thing is a miserable failure, and it gets worse. It isn't that Phil is unkind to me; he is as kind and good and patient as a man could be. He considers me before himself; there is nothing he wouldn't do for me, but—but—he doesn't love me. That is the root of the whole matter."

Her voice broke with a pathetic little quiver that went straight to Bob's heart. He looked down at the childish forlorn figure, half lost in the big leather chair, and felt a wild impulse to take it in his arms. But he restrained the impulse somehow.

"Well," he said, as quietly as he could, "it's a riddle, isn't it? I wish I could help you to read it. Old Phil must be a lunatic—nothing less than a lunatic."

"No," Gwen answered, sadly, "he is not a lunatic—far from it—but there is something I don't understand." She looked up at Bob again, and laid her hand lightly on his arm. Such a pretty little hand. It looked like a snowflake on his rough coat sleeve. "Will you do something for me?" she asked; "I know I can trust you, and you are Phil's oldest friend; but you must say if you mind very much."

Bob turned his head away, for he dared not meet her eyes just then. But he took hold of her hand and squeezed it hard.

"Anything," he said. "Then," Gwen went on, "try and find out from Phil what it is that has come between us, and if I can do anything to put it right. I have tried and failed. But you may succeed. Will you try?"

"Yes," said Bob, just as he would have said it, if she had asked him to go to the other end of the world for her.

That same evening he broached the subject to Phil. It was rather a big fence to tackle, but he shut his eyes and rode hard at it, going straight to the point in his blundering, honest way.

Phil hesitated a little at first, but in the end he told the truth.

"You see, old chap," he said, "it's like this. The whole affair is a ghastly mistake all through. I never proposed to Gwen at all."

Bob gave a great start. "You never proposed to her at all?"

He echoed. "Then how, in Heaven's name, did you get engaged?"

"Well," said Phil, addressing himself to the fire, "it happened in this way. You remember Charlie Thompson in the Devonshire with him last summer, and there I met Gwen. She took my fancy awfully at first, and I seemed to take hers; so we started a flirtation, and that worked all right until her sister Lily appeared on the scene. When I saw her—Lily, I mean—I knew I was done for. She's—she's different from other girls, somehow."

"Well, I soon made up my mind to ask her to marry me, but I was a bit shy about it, and, like a fool, before speaking to her I thought I would try and find out from Gwen if there was a chance for me. I mentioned it to her one evening, and tried to ask her to put in a good word for me; but I must have made an awful idiot of myself, for, to my horror, she thought I was proposing to her, and before I knew where I was she had accepted me. It was all up with me then. I felt queer, I can tell you; and when I found she had really cared for me all the time, when I thought she was only playing me at my own game, I hadn't the pluck to tell her the mistake she had made. I was a coward, I know, but I literally could not do it. I just let things slide, and trusted to luck to get me out of the scrape. You see the result. Luck deserted me for once, and here I am—stranded. I've behaved like a fool and a scoundrel all round, and the worst of it is no one is satisfied. I am miserable, so is Gwen, and so is Lily—and all through a misunderstanding. Is there anything I can do to put things straight, old chap? Without behaving more like a scoundrel than ever, I mean. What would you do in my place?"

Bob thrust his hands deep in his pockets and nodded his head with great gravity.

"Tell the truth," he answered, tersely; "it's the only thing you can do, and you ought to have done it long ago. Jove! it's a tight fit, though."

Phil fairly groaned.

"If I thought Gwen had given up caring for me I'd tell her fast enough," he rejoined; "but I don't think she has, and—how can I tell her? No, hang it all! I can't. I shall have to see the thing through now, whatever comes."

Bob has silent for a moment or two, blinking solemnly at the fire.

"Tell you what it is," he said at

last, "Miss Warrington has plenty of pluck, and she's as straight as they make 'em. You ought to be straight with her, Phil. It seems to me that the more she cares for you, the more right she has to know the truth. I may be wrong—I'm a stupid sort of chap, I know—but that's the way I look at it."

Good old Bob! His honest heart and simple mind had led him straight to a truth that wiser men have often missed.

The story is quite an old one now. It all happened last year, and Phil and Lily are going to be married next month.

And the others? Well, it was only one day last week that Bob said suddenly to Gwen:

"I say, do you remember what happened a year ago to-day?"

And Gwen flushed a little as she answered:

"Yes, of course I do. I was in trouble, and I asked you to help me—and you did."

"And I did," said Bob, and then he put his hand over hers as it lay idle on the arm of her chair. "Tell you what it is," he went on, looking at her with all his honest heart in his honest eyes, "I wish you would let me go on helping you; through life, I mean. I'm not much good at talking, but I know what I mean, and I'll always do my best for you. Will you try me? Will you—Gwen?"

And Gwen said: "I will"—London Truth.

Acquired Facial Expression.

The compressed lip so loved (and so often misinterpreted) by novelists is a sign of weakness rather than strength. It tells of perpetual conflicts in which the reserves are called into the fray. The strong will is not agitated into strenuous action by the small worries of the hour, and the great occasions which call for its whole forces are too few to produce a permanent impress of this kind upon the features. The commanding officer, assured of his men's obedience, does not habitually keep his lip muscles in a state of tension. Look at the sea captain, the most absolute monarch on earth. He carries authority and power in his face, but it resides in his eye and the confident assurance of his easily set mouth. Every spar and shaft and muscle in his floating realm must obey him, and he knows it. This is probably a reason why the sea captain's and the engine driver's show a certain similarity of type. The engine driver can make his captive giant, strong as ten thousand men, obey the pressure of his finger. His lips are usually calm, like those of the statues of the wielder of thunder bolts on Olympus. Who ever saw a man commanding a man-of-war or driving a locomotive with the contentious lip of a school usher?

The typical expressions of the members of those three liberal professions which Sir Thomas Browne says are all founded upon the fall of Adam are well enough recognized to have been long the prey of the caricaturist. The several distinctive traits of each, and the possible causes which give rise to them, are too complex to be dealt within a single article. Speaking very generally, the cleric's face is indicative of authority (of the thin-lipped kind) and of a dignified sense of the sanctity of his office. The doctor's jaw and mouth are less rigid, yet tell of decision. His eye is vigilant and sympathetic, and his whole facial aspect conveys the idea of a fund of untapped wisdom. The lawyer's countenance is confident and confidential, with a pouncing alertness of the eye, and a prevailing expression of weighty perspicacity.—Popular Science Monthly.

Subscriptions Must Be Paid.

A newspaper in Illinois recently brought suit against forty-three men who would not pay their subscriptions, and obtained judgment in each case for the amount of each claim. Of these, twenty-eight made affidavit that they owned no more than the law allowed them, thus preventing attachments. Then under the decision of the Supreme Court they were arrested for petit larceny and bound over in the sum of \$300 each. All but six gave the bonds. The postal laws make it petit larceny to take a paper and refuse to pay for it.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

PLANT QUICKLY AND CAREFULLY.

When setting and transplanting trees and shrubbery great care should be used not to expose the roots to sun and wind longer than is absolutely necessary. Another important item in transplanting trees, to insure their living and starting to grow at once, is to use very fine soil to fill the holes, being sure that it comes in contact with the roots at every point and is made very firm about them. The tree is not safe if set carelessly in lumps and clods and left loose; the first act of growth is to start new roots, and they want something to feed upon.—American Farmer.

BARREN APPLE TREES.

Apple trees that grow in manured and cultivated soil run mostly to wood and yield no fruit. Too rich a soil is not desirable for an orchard, and the best orchards are found on a fairly good limestone gravel that is well drained. When the land has been made too rich, root pruning is advisable. This is done by digging a trench around the tree in the winter or late fall, three feet deep, and cutting the roots at a distance of twelve feet or so from the tree. The trench may be filled with poor soil, which will check the growth of wood and tend to the production of fruit buds. Rather close pruning in the spring, just as the buds are swelling, will have the same tendency. This checks the growth of leaf and turns the sap into the remaining branches, and fruit buds are thus formed that will yield the next year. A dressing of half a bushel of lime, air slacked, spread about each tree, will be useful to encourage fruit growth.—New York Times.

BREEDING AND FEEDING SHEEP.

From an address on "Principles in Feeding and Breeding Sheep" given before the students of the School of Agriculture, of the Ohio State University, by Professor Hickman of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station, the following summary is made:

It does not seem practicable to produce the highest grade of wool and the finest quality of mutton from the same flock.

While it is possible to obtain both these products from the same flock, either one or the other will be of inferior quality.

The production of a superior quality of mutton from the merino is not practicable.

The breeder, if fully qualified for his business, can breed to suit his fancy. The sire is the more important factor in breeding and should be the production of the most careful breeding for a series of years; he should have all the qualifications of a model possible to unite in one animal.

The dam must have, first of all, a good, strong constitution, next a docile disposition, and finally the power of transmitting these to her progeny to a marked degree. The production of a cross-breed cannot be relied on for reproducing a fixed type.

The ram in all cases must have the best of care at breeding time, husbanding his strength and requiring of him the least possible exertion.

The ewes at breeding time should not be in high flesh, but in good thriving condition. Grain feeding should be light until after the lambs have arrived.

Lambs should have feed other than that taken from the mother, after they are five weeks old, and should have some grain feed throughout the first year.

Corn alone is not in general a good feed for sheep of any age or kind. Wheat bran, ground oats, and a little oil meal are good grain foods, and roots, such as mangel-wurzels and turnips, are admissible adjuncts; ensilage is also one of the best foods, especially for breeding ewes.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Mature the orchard occasionally, especially the old orchard.

Remember that the egg shell is porous, and that any filth on it will affect the inside injuriously.

Sawdust in the manure heap represents so much inert matter; land plaster is an absorbent that is also a fertilizer.

Experiments in seeding oats indicate that eight pecks per acre is about

the correct amount of seed to use, the largest yield of grain being derived from that quantity on the land.

One of the most important points in agricultural operations is thoroughness of culture. This applies not only to corn and other grain crops, but also to small fruits, young orchards, etc.

It has been suggested that in neighborhoods where orchards are small young men with pluck and energy could get a spraying outfit and build up a lucrative business spraying orchards.

A safe rule in fruit growing is to plant good varieties, to cultivate well, not to let them overbear, and then to sell as near home as possible, selling as good fruit as though you were shipping it away.

An agricultural paper says that if a cow gets choked with an apple or potato, holding up its head and breaking an egg in its mouth is a sure cure. The same remedy is recommended for horses under similar circumstances.

Sow a plot to buckwheat for bee pasture. You will get grain enough to pay for the labor, and the bees an abundant honey supply. Buckwheat is one of the very best things you can have to feed the bees during the winter.

Grass clipped from the lawn by the lawn mower is fine food for fowls of any kind that are kept in confinement, and if it is so used the lawn mow may be made to pay for itself, and the lawn be a source of profit as well as pleasure.

RECIPES.

Prune Pie—For one pie take one cup of cooked prunes, remove the seeds, sweeten with granulated sugar, add a little butter and half a cupful of cream. Bake in a hot oven with two crusts.

Lemon Vinegar Pie—Four well beaten eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of vinegar, a small lump of butter, two tablespoonfuls of lemon extract. Thicken the eggs while beating with two tablespoonfuls of flour and mix all together. Bake with a bottom crust only.

Stewed Tomatoes—Peel and slice one quart of fresh tomatoes and put them into a granite or porcelain stew-pan and add a very little water. Put in one tablespoon of butter and one of sugar, salt and pepper to taste. Have ready one pint toasted bread, cut into small dice; place in a tureen and pour over it the boiling tomatoes. Serve at once.

Lemon Jelly—Put one box of gelatine in a bowl and pour over it one cupful of cold water, and let it stand over night. In the morning grate the rinds of two lemons; add the juice of four and pour over it one pint of boiling hot water, two cupfuls of sugar. Add to the whole the gelatine and one cupful of cold water. Strain. This must be made about three hours before wanted.

The Modern Table of Stone.

Near the foot of Drake's Hill, on the public roadside, a short distance east of Bristol, Vt., stands a rock or natural boulder, upon which, in letters six inches long and one inch deep, is engraved the whole of the Lord's prayer.

During his travels in Egypt, Dr. Joseph C. Greene, of Buffalo, N. Y., saw several roadside memorials, and it was during that trip that he resolved that he would have "Bristol Rock" engraved, should he ever be again permitted to return to his native country. In the spring of 1892 Dr. Greene made a trip from Buffalo to Vermont for the express purpose of carrying out his long-cherished desire. He engaged the Bristol stonemason, W. N. McGee, to do the engraving, and after the letters had been cut they were painted by another Bristolian, H. S. Smith. The result is that Vermont boasts the only modern "table of stone" in the country.—St. Louis Republic.

A Pathetic Incident.

It was a most pathetic apology that I heard on my way down town in an open car this morning. The car was crowded, and as it stopped I saw two women get on. As they did so, one of the women accidentally stepped on the foot of one of the passengers. It did seem awkward until the woman turning to the passenger said: "Pardon me, but I am totally blind."—Hartford Post.