

Orange County Observer.

State Library

ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

HILLSBORO, N. C. SATURDAY AUGUST 18, 1894. NEW SERIES-VOL. XIII. NO. 39

The Atlanta Constitution observes: An interesting plan is under discussion in the Legislature of the colony of Victoria, Australia, for the relief of farmers who wish to borrow money on their land. The Savings Bank Commissioners are to be authorized to "assist producers" by lending them money to the amount of half the value of their land, under a plan by which borrowers will repay principal and five per cent. interest in extended half-yearly installments. The Commissioners would be recouped by four per cent. mortgage bonds, issued locally and guaranteed by the Government.

The statement that a tribes have been received at Copenhagen, by way of Greenland, that the two young Swedish botanists, Björning and Kallstenius, had started for Labrador in a small open boat will give interest in these daily explorers, thinks the New York Press. Björning and Kallstenius, with five assistants, set out two years ago on a voyage of discovery in the Arctic regions. Their hazardous expedition awakened much attention at that time from the fact that the young men defrayed the expenses of the journey out of their own limited resources and were actuated purely by enthusiasm for scientific research. Nothing had been heard from them for a long time, although repeated efforts had been made to find traces of them, and it had begun to be feared that they had suffered the fate of so many others who have braved the perils of the polar zone. Many besides relatives and friends will hope that the brave Swedish explorers will yet be restored to their homes.

Alaska has been a part of the United States since 1867, and of late has been rapidly growing in commercial importance, enforcing the need of the statutes and the enactment of a systematic code for the regulation of its concerns. It is as large as England, Ireland, France and Spain put together, containing 585,000 square miles, so that it is no pocket borough or Northwestern Rhode Island which is to be legislated for, but a spacious and stretching territory likely in time to become of the first commercial and other importance. Its fisheries stand in the first rank, its production of gold increases year by year, and may some time be as abundant as that of California or Middle Africa, and it possesses many other productive capabilities likely to be rapidly developed. Immigration there shows a steady increasing volume, as do its tables of export and import, and altogether it is entitled to the most serious and attentive legislative consideration.

The Chicago Record relates the following: It is not generally known, but is, nevertheless, a fact, that a conspiracy was organized for an anarchistic coup at the dedication of the World's Fair buildings in 1892. Two women volunteered to convey bombs to the roof of the Liberal Arts Building, and to throw them among the vast crowd assembled for the dedicatory exercises. The plot was discovered by Major McLaughry, Chief of Police, and, upon the advice of confidential friends, he summoned into his presence the three acknowledged leaders of the anarchists in Chicago, and he told them that if, within a certain time, they did not provide him with satisfactory assurance that the contemplated outrage was abandoned orders would be secretly issued to the police to shoot them (the three leaders) at sight. "And," said Major McLaughry, "the police will be protected in this extreme action." The anarchists went their way, held hurried conferences, and in due time provided the Chief of Police with the assurance he demanded. It is believed that only this prompt and determined stand saved Chicago from a frightful tragedy that would surely have jeopardized the success of the World's Fair, for who would have come to that exhibition in the face of so monstrous a demonstration? It is not surprising that this incident was not exploited at the time, but it is curious that since the close of the World's Fair it has not leaked out and been given a place in the secret history of that great national enterprise.

A MORNING SONG.

Oh, fierce is the heat,
And weary is the street,
And all day long
It is work, work, work!
But farewell work,
For love and a song,
When twilight's come
And the heart turns home,
Oh, the nest for the bird,
And the hive for the bee,
And home, home, home,
For my dearies and me.

Oh, care flies far
From the twilight star
And the long, kin'ly night
It is love, love, love,
And warm breathes love,
Breathes low, breathes light,
Over the small, kissed faces
In their pillowed places.
Oh, the nest for the bird,
And the hive for the bee,
And home, home, home,
For my dearies and me!

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in Independent.

AN EGYPTIAN REBEL.

BY COL. HOWARD APPLEBY.



HE tents of the Egyptian army arose, white as snow, against a sky of ultramarine—below spread the white sand. Heat more intense could not be imagined. The air fairly quivered with it, and it had upon the eyes

the blinding effect of the flashing of a mirror in the sun. It was not a time of battle.

The little army composed the military cordon with which Ismail Pacha protected the recently established agricultural districts on the borders of Abyssinia, and the roads for traffic, which in 1895 had not long been opened.

The dearth of cotton, caused by the Civil War of the United States, had given Ismail the idea of making Egypt a great cotton growing country, and since then, railways, telegraphs and all manner of improvements have been introduced.

At the date of the story, great caravans of camels bore the products of the fields to their various markets, and no roaring, red-eyed steam monster had yet invaded the land of mystery, silence and the sphinx.

Every one was languid. The officers resting in their tents, the common soldiers squatting about at ease. A caravan on its way south had paused to eat and rest until night fell, and that great, golden thing, the moon of Egypt, should rise to light them on their way. Each man had said his prayers, and before praying, since water was not plentiful, had rubbed his hands with dust—which was counted to his credit just the same by the recording angel of his paradise, who always makes allowance for circumstances. Now peace had fallen upon the hot world, where almost everybody slumbered.

In his tent Captain Ibin El-Warrakah was dreaming. His dreams carried him away from the tents, the soldiers and all his present surroundings. He was once more in the home of his Uncle Rizk—entertained as a beloved guest. He had seen his aunt, who was his mother's sister, even without the lace-veil. But she, having sent kind messages to his mother, and given him a present, had retired to the private rooms of the women, from which, now and then, came a silvery ripple of laughter, and words spoken in a voice that was the sweetest he had ever heard.

He knew it was that of his Cousin Fat-Meh. Fat-Meh had been a beautiful little girl. He had always remembered Fat-Meh affectionately. But now he could not ask to see her, any more than if she had been the daughter of some stranger. He might not look upon a woman's face, even if she were his cousin. He bowed to custom, as the young man of this country does. But it came into his mind, now that little Fat-Meh, who had been as dear as a sister to him in those baby years, was veiled and hidden from him as from a stranger, that even old established Egyptian customs might be carried too far.

He sat and ate the various dishes which the black slave offered to the guests. But all the while he thought of little Fat-Meh, and laid a plan by which at least to see her.

In Egypt, one is not obliged to sit at table until all the company have finished their meal. Each may rise when he is satisfied, saying, "Praise be to God," wash his hands in the ewer which the servant holds for him before and after meals, dry them on the embroidered towel and retire from the company.

And so, as soon as he dared, Ibin did this, and saying that he wished once more to see the garden and pomgranate trees under which he had played in childhood, left the room.

Out into the garden he went and standing where he could see the latticed windows above, began to sing a little rhyme that children sing when they play together, beating time with his palms. What more naturally, when memories of youth returned with the sight of the garden where before Fat-Meh had been able to walk alone, he had led her by her tiny hand—what more natural than that he should remember the rhyme and sing it again?

And while he sang another voice, soft and low, took up the strain. Some one was singing behind the lattice of the window. He knew it was Fat-Meh. A little later and he saw that the lattice was pushed softly open. A veiled face peeped forth, a hand was extended for a moment and a rose dropped. Above the veil he saw great eyes, like stars, bordered with kohl. Then, as if by accident, the veil dropped, and he saw his cousin Fat-Meh's face—the baby face become a woman's, and beautiful exceedingly.

It vanished. The window was closed. He picked up the rose and hid it in his bosom and returned to the house.

Before he left his uncle's abode, however, he had asked some questions and learned that Fat-Meh was already promised in marriage and that the meeting of relatives, to settle the question of dowry, would occur very soon.

It is not often that a young Egyptian sees a girl's face, and this one glimpse of his cousin's face remained in Ibin's heart as a kiss might in that of an Englishman. He was dreaming of her as a man entered the tent in haste and a voice called: "Captain—my captain!" and he looked up and saw a soldier beside him.

"Captain," this man said, saluting him, "a boy, who appears to be dying, asked to be brought to you. Will you see him?"

Ibin sprang to his feet and followed the man to the open air. There, supported by two other men, stood a beautiful, beardless boy, who lifted his eyes and looked into Ibin's face imploringly.

"Captain," he said, "I have something to tell you—something which no one must hear. Take me to your tent—take me quickly."

Without a word, the captain opened his arms to receive the fainting form, and, lifting it, bore it into his tent. The soldiers did not dare to follow, and, seeing they were not wanted, retired.

Softly as a mother bears her child, Ibin laid his burden down upon the rugs spread in its shadow and knelt down beside it.

His heart was beating wildly. He trembled from head to foot. His eyes—the eyes of a lover, against which no woman ever yet disguised herself—had recognized his cousin Fat-Meh on the instant. Why she thus masqueraded he did not know; but she had asked for him, and wild fancies filled his mind. Now, as he knelt there, he whispered:

"I know you! I know you, Fat-Meh! Tell me quickly what it is that ails you?"

"Oh, Cousin Ibin, it is a wound," the girl gasped—"here in my arm! I came with the new soldiers who came to-day. Two of them quarreled. One struck at the other. He sprang behind me, and the blade entered my arm. I am dying. And, oh, it was so horrible to think of dying amongst strange men, and that they should know! And I knew that you would keep my secret. Hide me! Let no one know even after I am dead!"

"Have no fear. I will shield you with my life if necessary," said Ibin. "Here on your sleeve I see blood. Is it here?"

"Yes!" whispered the girl.

On the instant Ibin ripped up the sleeve, and to his joy found a little wound, which had bled badly but not

yet dangerously. When he had bound it up and reassured her, he covered her face and left her to rest, and went out to tell his tale. "The little soldier," he said, "was not much hurt. He was a mere boy, and fancied himself dying, and had asked for him that he might send a message to his parents. For the present he would care for him. Then he returned to his tent. Fat-Meh was awake. Her great eyes turned upon him.

"Ibin," she said, "do I seem bold to you? I suppose so. But listen. I have been learning lessons. In Egypt women are slaves. They sell us as if we were birds. I, for instance, have a heart: I wish to marry one I love. And there came to our house an old woman, who told my parents that a rich man wished to marry me; and they said I must marry him. I prayed them not to give me to him. They laughed. The preparations were complete. The time had come. Do you blame me for running away? A few jewels bought the help of an old woman. While they were looking for a lost girl, a boy marched away with the soldiers.

"Oh, I would have done anything to escape that frightful man! See, I have even cut my long hair! Does it make me ugly? Do you think me bold and bad—very, very bad? I saw that you loved me when you looked up at me from the garden. But, if I have made you despise me, at least let me stay and be a little soldier, and see you now and then, and perhaps, wait on you sometimes. And when there is a battle, fight beside you. Only do not send me back to marry somebody I hate. Pity me, even if you scorn me."

On this, Captain Ibin El-Warrakah quite forgot Egyptian good manners, and took Fat-Meh's hand in his and held it against his heart, and told her that she was a rose, a nightingale and a dove, and he recited this verse to her:

Ya milan knafou min Allah
Wa shamai asik il-ah
Hobakum mowk toob min Allah,
Kaddarim I mowla ailejla."

Which might be very freely translated thus:

"Oh, beloved one! Since Allah has given us to each other, the love we feel is ordained by him. Therefore, let no one blame us for what was decreed in paradise."

But in spite of this bold speech and their brave hearts, matters might have ended badly for both had it not happened that the khedive elected to visit his soldiers that morning.

Mounted on a prancing horse, followed by other high-mightinesses mounted on other prancing horses, with music and clash and jingle and floating banners and great pomp and ceremony. And it so happened that Captain Ibin El-Warrakah had of late accomplished certain doughty deeds, and been reported favorably for them, so that when he begged for mercy, mercy was granted.

Like all the viziers and sultans in the Arabian Night Tales, the khedive was sentimental. He felt for true lovers. Therefore, having a right to do as he pleased, he declared that these lovers should be married, had the ceremony performed as soon as possible, bestowed his blessing and a dowry upon the bride, made the captain a colonel, and sent a message to the parents to the effect that they had better not let him hear them make any objections.

And this was all very lucky for little Fat-Meh, for Egyptian fathers make nothing of putting a daughter who has disgraced her family as completely as this little rebel had certainly done into a bag, along with a few lumps of lime, and having her quietly tossed into the nearest river. As it ended, we may suppose that she lived happily ever after at—New York Ledger.

First Plea for a Child.

The first plea made by a lawyer for a child is said to have been made in the year 758, when Ethelhard, a hunter of stags, was charged with claiming the quarry of a riva, which it was proven, had taken by the rival's cross-bow. The advocate asserted that the accused had refused to pay protection money to the keeper of the forest, hence the persecution.

Nevada shows in ten years an absolute diminution of population of 28.51 per cent.

LADIES' COLUMN.

DENTURES.

A firm of London fashionable dentists has introduced the occupation of "denture," which, in plain English, is "the art of cleansing the teeth." Young women are sent out from the office to visit customers daily, like manicures, and properly and personally, as it would seem from the reading of the account, perform the office of brushing the teeth. So sanguine are the introducers of the new scheme that they assert that "many a gentlewoman who hitherto has been unable to find congenial employment will, in denture, secure an occupation at once interesting and remunerative."—Argonaut.

A WOMAN HORSE DEALER.

There is a woman horse dealer in Idaho. She is in partnership with her father and two brothers. The firm own a horse and cattle ranch in the Brunson Valley. At home, this young woman goes about and buys horses. Her judgment on a horse is said never to fail. When the shipping season comes, she leaves the ranch and goes East with her stock. She plans her visitations to certain cities, travels in the caboose of the train which hauls the horses, and is treated with all respect. From city to city she goes, and is a very successful horse dealer. There is no reason why she should not be successful, as she is quiet and unobtrusive, attends to her own business, and has her own bank account from which to draw.—New York Journal.

NOVELTIES IN VEILING.

The shops that develop one or more novelties every week are now offering some rather fresh ideas in value. The newest is of fine silk tulle cut to fit a medium-sized hat and sparsely sprinkled with black moire spots that shine when the sun strikes them. A narrow moire ribbon borders the veil that as a whole is smart and extremely trying to the eyes. Other recent styles are of chiffon in tan, blue and black, with a deep selvedge and plain surface. For driving and visiting in the country fashionable women are rather fond of cream tulle and nets that are so odious when worn on the streets. Some of these light veils are really very charming, having the fine silk surface overlaid with delicately wrought lace figures and a deep border of rich needlework. Black chiffon has now almost displaced the capitan nun's veiling for mourning use.—Chicago Record.

FASHION NOTES.

Sterling gold and silver slipper tips are made to fit any ordinary slipper. Their only recommendation is novelty.

The use of laces this season is unlimited. A silk dust cloak imported from Paris has a full collar of deep lace.

Ivy is much in vogue this year. Bonnets are made entirely of ivy, with little tufts of rose-pink roses in front and back.

Yokes of V-shaped pieces of moire ribbon and insertion are finished around with a ruffle of embroidered chiffon.

Pinhead dotted Swiss in pure white shades is trimmed with deep yellow lace and is quite effective as well as distinctly modish.

There is a return to the old fashioned bridal wreath of orange blossoms. Several fashionable brides across the water and in New York have lately worn them.

Fashion dictates that silver sleeve links and studs should be worn with colored and gold with linen shirt waists. Also, that the belt buckle, be it jeweled, silver, or gold, should be of oval shape.

A pretty idea for a gray crepon gown is a cape of primrose moire, cut square across the back, elongated in front, and turned down on the shoulders after the fashion of Mary Stuart, and trimmed on the edge with lace.

Pretty lawn ties in all the desirable shades are embroidered with silk. These are worn with the chemisette accompanying the tailor made gown, and are certainly a charming accessory to the outfit of the summer girl.

Dressy parasols of white, blue and pink silk are trimmed with gimp, insertion, and have onyx handles.

Still more elegant ones of chiffon and lace have tortoise shell sticks, and another fancy is for black handles tipped with a gold ball.

The gray Inverness capes are the prettiest of all the cool day wraps of the season. They are almost a necessity with the big sleeves, and in deep red or fawn brown, with plaid or peachblow silk linings and the straps which let them fly without drooping, are very fetching.

Transparent materials will be very stylish this summer. Among the fabrics used grenadine, beige, spotted muslins, braid and ribbon are about the prettiest. In Paris smart toilettes of black grenadine and beige are made up over pink. The spotted muslins are made up over colored silks, satins and delicate hued taffetas, being very popular.

The Thirst of Plants.

Haberlandt has calculated that a field of rye, during its growth and development, absorbs 334 tons of water per acre; oats require 570 tons, and wheat 482. The water, sucked or pumped up by the roots from the soil, traverses the tissues of the plant, depositing nutriment therein, and finally is evaporated by the leaves. This process is called transpiration. As the soil furnishes the supply of water, that supply, in order that the plant can develop itself normally, ought to equal at least the volume of water given off by the leaves. Should this equilibrium be broken, the leaves droop, become dried and fall.

Not only does the plant languish from an insufficient supply of water, but the energy of its green matter cells decreases. The assimilation of carbon ceases, and the growth of the plant is stopped.

It is the same thing in rearing stock. If badly fed the animal will be stunted. The transpiration of the plant is ten times greater in presence of full light than in obscurity, and during cloudy weather the transpiration is less by one-half than under the direct action of the solar rays. Judge, then, of the suffering of vegetation when rain is absent, and the sky clear and the sunlight continuous. The only resources the plant has, in the absence of an artificial supply of water by irrigation, is to send its roots tapering deep into the soil. Dehérain has traced the rootlets of wheat to a depth of eighty inches in the soil.

The botanist Wolkens corroborated these views still more forcibly in the course of his voyage in Egypt and Arabia. One of the silent characteristics of the roots of plants in the desert is their enormous length.

Plants whose height above the surface of the soil never exceeds the length of the hand have the root at the neck as thick as the thumb, tapering to the volume of the little finger at the depth of two yards.

It is to their vast descending rootlets that the plants of the desert owe their existence, and are able to fight the burning heat, which would cause a branch of the same plant, if detached, to wither away in the course of five minutes.

The Torch Fish.

The recently published account of the torch fish has roused the interest of the Electrical Review. In response to inquiries from the editors, Professor G. Brown Goode, of the Smithsonian, as reported in the Review, wrote as follows: The subject of phosphorescence in deep sea fishes is one which is but little understood, although many conjectures have been made in regard to it. If you will consult Vol. XXII. of the "Report of Her Majesty's Steamship Challenger," which you will doubtless find in any of the large New York libraries, you will find a very exhaustive article by Doctor Van Lendenfeld upon this subject. It is not positively known that the organ on the nasal filament of *Limnopygia* is luminous, although it appears probable. The idea that the sea uses the power of illuminating it, at pleasure, is, so far as I know, purely conjectural, the idea having been suggested by Dr. Gustaf, of the British Museum. I think no one has seriously supposed that the phosphorescence is due to an electrical shock.