

# Orange County Observer.

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## HOPES DREAMING.

I know it's coming, coming,  
But the sails seem far away,  
My ship—sweet ship of love for me;  
I know it's speeding swiftly  
To the light of dawn's day,  
My ship—sweet ship on life's dark sea.  
Soon I'll feel the pressing  
Of soft, sweet lips—  
From lips—sweet lips of love for me;  
Soon I'll be resting  
In the arms of endless bliss,  
With love—sweet love that is to be.  
The heart that's weeping, weeping,  
Will steady through changing tears,  
When day—sweet day of love shall break  
The veil that's sorrow's burdened,  
When the music sweet it hears,  
Will sing—will sing for dear love's sake,  
—Edward N. Woods, in Atlanta Constitution.

## The Hitch in the System.

CHARLIE NEL-  
thorpe was a prig of  
the first water. He  
looked at all things  
and discussed all  
things from a su-  
premaciously priggish  
point of view, but no subject displayed  
his priggishness to such advantage—  
or shall I say disadvantage—as the  
subject of women. On that subject  
he "thel" himself an indisputable au-  
thority. There was no reason why  
he should, for he was young as yet,  
and had really had no special experi-  
ence of the opposite sex, but your  
fall-blown, typical prig generally  
rises superior to such a secondary  
consideration as reason. Charlie rose  
superior to it and would expound his  
views and theories at as great length  
and with as much assurance as if he  
had devoted a long life and highly  
cultured intellect to the study of that  
particular hieroglyphic which is called  
woman.

He was a great believer in what he  
called "systematic training." That  
is to say, he considered women ought  
to be treated according to a certain  
system that he had evolved from his  
inner consciousness. The beauty of  
the system in his eyes was the fact  
that it required no modifications, but  
might with safety be rigorously en-  
forced in every case. It could not fail.

Charlie was the lucky possessor of  
an unnumbered estate with a very  
considerable rent roll, and he intend-  
ed to find a woman who loved him for  
what he was, without a thought for  
what he had, and who would have  
shared a mud hut or a garret with him  
just as gladly as she would share his  
fine old place in Yorkshire. When he  
had found her he meant to train her  
on his inflexible system. That was  
his programme, and it never occurred  
to him to distrust his powers of car-  
rying it out. His belief in himself  
was absolute, and the infallibility of  
his reasoning and judgment a thing  
that, to his mind, did not admit of the  
slightest shadow of a doubt.

Eva Carrington, the bride-elect,  
was a beauty.

A softly-tinted skin, satin-smooth,  
unveiled like the petal of a rose;  
hair, finely hair that shone golden  
bright in the sunlight; clear, smiling  
eyes of Heaven's own blue, and inno-  
cent rosy lips that looked just made  
for the first kiss of love, were all  
blended together in a dainty and most  
fascinating whole. Her manner was  
childishly fresh and simple, and men  
found her altogether delightful.  
Women had their doubts of her—  
doubts that were principally due to  
the childlike manner aforesaid, and to  
a certain pretty trick of looking  
quickly up and then down with those  
great innocent eyes of hers—but  
women, of course, are invariably spite-  
ful and unfair towards their own sex.  
Men, as we all know, have the mo-  
nopoly of just and generous judg-  
ment.

Well, Eva's soft blue eyes and  
bright little ways wrought dire de-  
struction in the ranks of the stronger  
sex, but she appeared quite uncon-  
scious of her power, or indifferent to  
it. To all intents and purposes she  
was completely wrapped up in the  
man she had promised to marry. His  
will was her law, and to please him the  
chief object of her life. In short, his  
programme seemed in a fair way to be  
carried out.

Her total submission delighted him,  
and he took every advantage of it. It  
was not in him to show generosity to  
a woman, or, indeed, to anything he  
thought weaker than himself. He was

the sort of man who is brutal to his  
dogs and horses, and overbearing to  
his servants—who, in short, tyranni-  
zes whenever he can do so without  
fear of retaliation. His nature as-  
serted itself in his dealings with the  
woman he loved, and he took the  
keenest possible pleasure in trading  
on her forbearance, taxing her en-  
durance to the utmost, and showing  
off her pliant will and obedient tem-  
per to the world at large. It was all  
a part of the system that could not  
fail.

Ninety-nine women out of a hun-  
dred would have torn the system to  
shreds and scattered it to the four  
winds of heaven. Eva Carrington  
was the hundredth woman. She sub-  
mitted to everything with the most  
remarkable patience, and no word of  
complaint or reproach ever passed her  
lips.

But after a time she grew quieter,  
and her bright spirits seemed to flag.  
Her merry girlish laughter was not  
nearly so rosy as it had been six  
months ago, and the corners of her  
pretty mouth began to droop with a  
wistful expression that was pathetic  
enough to touch the hardest of mascu-  
line hearts.

Charlie's friends all noticed the  
change, and commented upon it  
among themselves, and applied to him  
a varied selection of opprobrious  
epithets. Lord Dolly Dashwood dis-  
played a surprising amount of  
fluency on the subject. "Beastly said,  
No idea how to treat a woman. Ought  
to be horsewhipped, don't you know.  
Shall have to cut him, by Jove! Can't  
stand this sort of thing, you know.  
Beyond a joke."

Thus said his lordship, and a good  
deal more that would not look well on  
paper.

Charlie went on giving his petty  
arrogance full play, until, as was only  
to be expected, things came to a crisis.  
The wabler was they had not done so  
long before.

On the occasion of Lady Brown-  
Jones's ball he went the length of  
forbidding his fiancée to dance round  
dances with any one but himself,  
and, though she received his com-  
mands without a murmur, her soul  
rose in passionate revolt against his  
tyranny. This last test that he had  
devised seemed to her the worst of  
all. As a matter of fact, she had sub-  
mitted patiently to far harder ones;  
but we all know the feminine capacity  
for swallowing a camel and straining  
at a gnat, and Eva was no less incon-  
sequent than the rest of her sex. The  
gnat stuck in her throat and ob-  
stinately refused to be dislodged.  
There always must be a last straw,  
and this was it.

When the ball was half over Lord  
Dolly put in an appearance, and at  
that moment Eva happened to be sit-  
ting quite alone, Charlie had left her  
for a minute or two to speak to a  
friend, and she was looking wistfully  
at the maze of couples that revolved  
before her. Lord Dolly made straight  
for her.

"Not dancing, Miss Carrington?  
Luck for me, by Jove! Ripping waltz,  
this. Have a turn?"

He stuck out his elbow invitingly,  
but Eva turned away, biting her lip.

"No, thank you!" she answered, in  
a low tone, "I can't dance with you,  
Lord Dolly."

"Can't?" echoed his lordship.  
"How's that? What's up? Not ill,  
are you? Not cross with me—eh?"

Eva shook her head.

"No, I am not ill or cross, but—but  
I have promised Charlie only to waltz  
with him. He doesn't like to see me  
waltzing with other men."

Lord Dolly choked down a forcible  
but inelegant remark, cleared his  
throat violently, and ran his fingers  
through his hair. The two latter pro-  
ceedings were signs of severe mental  
disturbance.

There was a slight pause.

"And he dances so awfully badly,"  
Eva went on, with a queer little catch  
in her breath. "He can't waltz a bit  
—not a little wee bit. He—holds you  
all wrong."

Her voice quivered and broke on  
the last word, and she looked up at  
the man by her side with great tearful  
eyes, like forget-me-nots drowned in  
dew.

That look finished it. Lord Dolly  
was only a man.

"Beastly shame!" he said, hur-  
riedly. "Come with me. Nice and

quiet out on the veranda. A fellow  
can talk there, don't you know. Come  
along!"

And Eva went.

Charlie Nelthorpe was bristling with  
outraged pride and wounded self-  
esteem when he went to pay his custom-  
ary visit to Eva on the day following  
Lady Brown-Jones's ball. The fact  
that Eva could forget herself and the  
respect that was due to him so far as  
to sit on the veranda with Lord Dolly  
for half an hour had been a severe  
blow to him, and he had not yet re-  
covered from the shock. He had re-  
frained from commenting upon her  
conduct at the time, but now he meant  
to take it out of her and reduce her  
to the state of abject penitence that  
he considered befitting the occasion.

She was reading when he went into  
the room, but she laid her book aside  
at once.

"Oh, Charlie, is that you?"  
Charlie frowned.

"How often have I told you, my dear  
Eva, that a self-evident fact requires  
no asserting?" he asked in his most  
dogmatic tone.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"How often? Oh, I don't know. A  
hundred times, I dare say. You look  
cross, Charlie."

Charlie frowned again. There was  
an intangible something in Eva's tone  
and manner that was not wont to be  
there. Something that he could neither  
define nor understand, though he  
felt it instinctively.

"I am not cross, Eva, but I am  
grieved—grieved beyond measure.  
Your conduct last night caused me  
acute pain, the more so as you ex-  
pressed no regret for it. But I hope  
you are in a better frame of mind to-  
day, and ready to say you are sorry  
for what you did. Until you have  
done so I really don't feel that I can  
kiss you."

Charlie fully expected that this stu-  
pendous threat would reduce Eva to  
the lowest depths of despair and  
bring her, figuratively speaking to her  
knees; but for once he was out in his  
calculations. She drew up her slender  
figure and pursed up her rosy lips  
with an air that made him feel vague-  
ly uneasy. Was it possible, he won-  
dered, that she intended to defy him?  
Yes. Her next words proved that it  
was so.

"I am not sorry," she said, "not a  
bit. I am glad. I would do it again."

Charlie gasped. The situation was  
so unlooked for that he could not rise  
to it all at once.

"As for kissing me," Eva went on,  
with a little disdainful moue, "well,  
you will never have the chance of do-  
ing that again, so you need not excite  
yourself."

Charlie found his voice then.

"You are talking at random now,  
Eva," he said severely, "a bad habit  
against which I have always warned  
you. Will you be kind enough to ex-  
plain yourself?"

Eva tilted her small nose in the air,  
and a horrible doubt suddenly assailed  
him. Was there—could there be a  
hitch in the inflexible system after all?  
The thought appalled him.

"Oh, certainly," Eva answered, "I  
can do it in a very few words. Lord  
Dolly proposed to me last night, and  
I accepted him."

Charlie gasped again.

"But you are engaged to me," he  
ejaculated. "You must be mad. You  
can't seriously contemplate throwing  
me over for Dolly Dashwood? The  
thing's impossible!"

She looked at him and smiled.

"Incredible as it may seem to you,  
I do contemplate it."

"But—but—but," stammered Char-  
lie, "this is very—er—extraordinary  
behavior on your part, Eva. Are you  
aware that you propose to treat me in  
a most dishonorable way, and—and—  
er—in short, very badly?"

Her face grew grave.

"I should be sorry to do that," she  
said, more gently. "I—I don't want  
to be dishonorable, or to treat you  
badly, Charlie. But I am only human,  
and no one but myself knows what I  
have gone through in the last few  
months. You have tried me too hard.  
I was very fond of you at one time,  
and if you had treated me fairly I  
should have been fond of you still.  
But you would wear out a saint—and  
I am only a woman. I don't think  
Lord Dolly will be hard on me. He  
may not be very brilliant, but at all

events he is a man—the sort of man  
we call a gentleman—and knows how  
to be generous even to such an alto-  
gether inferior creature as a mere  
woman."

She paused and looked critically at  
her rejected lover, who now presented  
a truly pitiable appearance, with all  
the starch taken out of him and a gen-  
eral air of limp depression pervading  
his being.

"That is all," she went on presently.  
"But before you go there is one thing  
that I should like to impress upon you  
for future guidance: It is always  
worth a man's while to be just and fair  
—even to a woman."

She paused again and contemplated  
him her big blue eyes, but he said  
nothing. He was too bewildered to  
speak. It seemed to him that all the  
laws of creation were reversed and the  
whole scheme of the universe turned  
upside down.

There was a hitch in the system  
somewhere.

It had failed!—London Truth.

## The Horse's Ancestors.

The horse made its appearance in  
Eocene times. The earliest remains,  
states Stephen Bowers in a recent ac-  
count of the remarkable early animals,  
are known as *cohippus*, or dawn horse.  
Then, in the next succeeding age, the  
Miocene, we have *mesohippus*, and  
toward its close *mihippus*. After  
this came *protophippus* and *pliohippus*,  
both in the Pliocene period, and equis  
in quaternary times. The early forms  
were not larger than a fox, and what  
is more singular still, they had in front  
four perfect toes and three behind.  
This was especially true of *Orohippus*.

In *cohippus*, or dawn horse, there are  
rudiments of a fifth toe. In *mesohip-  
pus* the fourth toe is wanting, except  
a small splint bone, which is not found  
in *protophippus*. In *pliohippus* but  
one toe is found, which is slightly split,  
and a small splint bone, which is  
found on each side of the leg, as in  
the modern horse. Equus, or *mihip-  
pus* were about the size of a sheep,  
and *protophippus* was about the size of  
an ass. The geological records in-  
clude the remains of forty species,  
some of the latter rivaling the horse  
of to-day.—Atlanta Journal.

## A Boy Starts a Chain of Tragedies.

The passion for bird's-nesting has  
led to a lamentable and remarkable  
tragedy at Argenteuil. A lad named  
Henri Fouquet, a farmer's son, noticed  
a blackbird's nest in a tree in a neigh-  
bor's garden. Getting into the gar-  
den through a hedge, he climbed the  
tree, when the proprietor of the place  
challenged him. It was night, and  
the young fellow, being afraid to re-  
veal himself, kept perfectly still,  
whereupon his challenger fired two  
shots from a revolver at him in rapid  
succession. The lad fell mortally  
wounded, and was carried to a hospi-  
tal. The father, on seeing his dying  
son there, was almost mad with grief.  
Rushing home, he said to his wife:  
"Run to the hospital if you want to  
see the youngster alive." The wretched  
woman did as she was bidden, and the  
son expired in her arms. On return-  
ing home another terrible shock  
awaited her. Her husband had hanged  
himself. She rushed toward the river  
with the intention of drowning herself,  
but some neighbors ran after her and  
restrained her. It is feared that her  
reason is gone.—London News.

## A Spud in His Pocket.

"I wonder if that potato would  
grow?"  
The speaker stood on the post-office  
steps, and was addressing a friend.  
He held in his hand a round, spongy  
substance, not much larger than a  
marble, which seemed to be withered  
by age.

"If it did grow it would raise very  
small potatoes. Is that your con-  
tribution to our beautiful city charity  
of raising food for the unemployed?"  
"No; that is my cure for rheuma-  
tism. I used to be a sufferer from  
that complaint, and I tried all the  
usual remedies, but nothing ever  
helped me like this potato. When it  
loses its virtue I shall get another one.  
I have never had a twinge of rheuma-  
tism since I tried the potato cure."

"The faith cure, you mean," said  
his friend as they walked off together.  
—Detroit Free Press.

## LADIES' COLUMN.

### MODEST UNTO DEATH.

Advice just received from India  
show that the modesty of the Hindoo  
female is as great as that of the hero-  
ine who figures in the delightful  
French idyll called "Paul and Vir-  
ginia." A house at Pema, a village  
near Tikara, caught fire the other day.  
Within it were eleven women, one a  
newly married bride. The latter, not  
willing to expose herself to the public  
gaze, declined to leave the place, and  
the rest resolved to stay with her.  
The consequence was that all were  
fearfully scorched before they could  
be rescued. Seven of them have since  
died, and the others are lying in a  
precarious state.—New York Adver-  
tiser.

### NEW EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

A new employment for women has  
been opened by the Bank of England,  
which has for the first time this year  
found work for six lady clerks—  
work that their quick fingers and  
thorough accuracy enable them to  
perform with great skill. Their duties  
are to count and compare the bank  
notes which, having been in circula-  
tion, return to the bank never to be  
reissued. Lady clerks were employed  
in Messrs. Barings' office four or five  
years ago, where they were required  
to count over the dividend warrants  
and compare them with the counter-  
foils issued for interest warrants of  
foreign loans paid by the house.—New  
York Times.

### MORAL: DON'T CURL.

A pretty lady cashier, with hair that  
does not like to curl, a pair of curling  
tongs, a spirit lamp, a lace curtain,  
and various articles of feminine wear-  
ing apparel, came near causing a dis-  
astrous fire in the great Auditorium  
Hotel in Chicago a day or two since.  
Fortunately, the pretty cashier was  
possessed of presence of mind, and  
pluck, as well as of hair that refuses  
to stay in curl, and instead of scream-  
ing fire, and starting a panic, she  
quietly went about extinguishing the  
fire, or a great deal of damage might  
have been done. As it was, only a  
few of her clothes were consumed,  
and some damage was inflicted on the  
furniture of the room where the re-  
calcitrant hair was being reduced to  
order.—New Orleans Picayune.

### THAT SAGGING DRESS.

Even the plan of using fancy pins  
to hold the skirt and belt together at  
the back, does not work always satis-  
factorily. A very pretty woman has  
a number of belts that completely over-  
come the skirt difficulty. The belts  
do not always match the skirts by any  
means. She usually has a stock and  
belt to match, however. The belts  
are made either of muslin, linen, silk  
or ribbon, and in the middle of the  
back a piece of the belt ribbon is  
ruffled on to the lower edge of the  
belt for about three inches each side  
of the point exactly marking the  
centre of the back of the belt. This  
can be caught to the skirt at the cor-  
ners with a couple of pins, and not  
only conceals the entire strip where  
the skirt sags and shows the dress belt  
under that of ribbon, but it was rather  
ornamental as well, and the woman  
hasn't any patent on the idea which  
originated in her own brain.—New  
York Journal.

### FASHION NOTES.

Bonnets are made entirely of ivy,  
with little tufts or rose-pink roses in  
front and back.

Silk and wool stuffs in dull colors  
shot with bright threads and checks  
are most la mode for street wear.

Embroidery is worn much more in  
Paris than lace. In fact, all the more  
expensive robes are embroidered, and  
gold and silver effects are popular.

Pique has come into favor with a  
rush. A stunning promenade gown of  
this fabric has revers, belt and roll  
collar entirely covered with gold and  
black embroidered spider's web.

Soft changeable silks and silks of a  
small check with large bunches of  
flowers strewn over them are worn.  
Perhaps the prettiest in the newer  
silks is one that has a small dot of the  
same color in chenille on it.

In the new checked fabrics, combi-  
nations of blue and green, brown  
and old rose, green and pink, etc., are

seen. Fine stripes of black, blue,  
green and brown are woven in some  
of the checked designs, producing a  
novel and charming effect.

Every time you see long gloves at a  
great bargain get them; that is, if  
you ever wear such gloves. The knit  
put into long gloves is much better  
than that used for short ones, and the  
long ones will cleanse and cleanse till  
they fall to pieces, and yet not lose  
shape.

One of the prettiest and coolest ac-  
cessories of summer dresses is a blouse  
front made of India mull, batiste or  
net, banded with lace insertion, in  
perpendicular stripes of the thin  
fabric and the insertion, if the wearer  
is inclined to stoutness, and in a better  
style if slender.

The gay Inverness capes are the  
prettiest of all the cool day wraps of  
the season. They are almost a neces-  
sity 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.

Very pretty silk waists are made  
with blouse fronts and trimmed with  
diagonal rows of wide white gauze  
insertion. The belt of such a waist is  
of ribbon or of narrowly-folded silk,  
and the collar is of insertion and silk  
turned down, or, if a stock be pre-  
ferred, is made of the silk laid plain  
or in plaits.

### A Chinese Banquet.

"I once attended a swell Chinese  
banquet, and was not a little sur-  
prised at the way in which some of  
the delicacies were served," said Wal-  
ter F. Logan, of Sacramento, Cal., at  
the Laclede last night. "After we  
had discussed the more substantial  
portion of the repast and dessert was  
being served, oranges were placed be-  
fore each guest, the skins of which  
had apparently not been broken, yet  
from which the pulp had in some mys-  
terious manner been removed and  
four or five different kinds of jelly  
substituted in its place. The guests  
expressed a good deal of astonish-  
ment as to how such an operation had  
been accomplished, but their amazement  
was only increased when a dish of  
eggs, the shells of which appeared to  
be perfectly whole, was placed upon  
the table. Examination showed the  
contents of the eggs had been re-  
moved and the shells filled with nuts  
and candy. Our host smilingly re-  
fused to tell us how such wonderful  
results had been accomplished, and  
we left the house completely mysti-  
fied."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Sour and Sweet on the Same Tree.

"Upon my place at home is an apple  
tree, the fruit of which is sweet on  
one side and sour on the other," said  
C. E. Harrington, of Baltimore, at  
the Emery. "It has been known for  
many years that these apples existed,  
but no one has ever been able to ex-  
plain the phenomenon. The tree in  
my yard is an old one, and I do not  
believe that it was ever grafted. I  
think that it is a peculiar original  
kind of fruit. One of these apples is  
about the size of an ordinary timber  
twig, one side being green and the  
other having a slight rosy tinge. The  
green side is sour enough to put a  
person's teeth on edge, while the  
other is sweeter than is usually liked.  
Except as a curiosity the fruit is not  
very desirable on that account, but I  
have submitted it to a number of  
leading horticulturists and have never  
yet found one who was able to explain  
and classify the fruit."—Cincinnati  
Enquirer.

### Curious Old Church Nave.

The nave of the church at Green-  
stead, or Greenstead Ongar, England,  
one of the most ancient churches of  
Britain, is extremely curious, being  
composed of the half-trunks of oaks,  
set upright and close to one another.  
The trunks, about one and one-  
half feet in diameter, have been split  
through the center and roughly hewn  
at each end to let them into a sill at  
the bottom and into a plank at the  
top, where they are fastened by wood-  
en pegs. The nave is twenty feet  
nine inches long by fourteen wide,  
and is believed to have been erected  
about 1013 as a shrine for the recep-  
tion of the body of St. Edmund, king  
and martyr.—Garden and Forest.