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HOW COULD I KNOW?

So many flowers crushed in that noonday sun.
How could I know
That when I trod on one
And crushed its golden glow,
Now wandering in dim lowlands brown and
And
The faintest faded blossom would seem dear?
How could I know!
There were so many days the sunshine
kissed,
When one I joyfully missed
And laughing let it go,
That in long watches of some solemn night
Dawn's dulceter ray I should call heavenly
tright?
How could I know!
So many dear ones in those happy years,
How could I know
That when I mocked their tears
And left them, loving so,
In lonely, barren after-time I'd pray
For weakest touch of hand is I flung away
How could I know!
—Fannie Bent Dillingham, in Lippincott.

AMONG THE ROSES.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

It was toward the close of a summer evening in New York, and those who imagine that August in a hot city is to be ranked among the intolerables would have been very much surprised could they have seen Mr. Santley Yorke reading the evening paper by his window in the Hotel Veronese, with the cool sea breeze stirring the curtains, and a glass of iced Apollinaris water and a plate of strawberries on the table beside him.

"For real solid comfort," said Mr. Yorke—he was no longer a young man, and had learned to smile at many of the "delusions of earlier youth"—"give me the city, no matter what the calendar is."

He had just folded his paper so as to get at the editorial column, when the bell-boy brought in a telegram.

"Ah!" murmured Yorke, as he perused its contents. "Just as I thought. These women never can let a fellow alone. From Mrs. Dedlock Dolby—to come down to Dolby Beeches at once. Bless her dear little imperative heart! What can possibly have happened? Has Tom committed suicide? Or has Pet fallen in love with a gipsy fortune-teller? Or has the Broker's Bank failed? 'At once!' And when I'm so especially comfortable just where I am!"

But Santley Yorke was a business man, and the Dedlock Dolbys were among his best clients, so that matters ended by his taking the night express to Waxfield the nearest station to Dolby Beeches, where he arrived in the yellow glow of a midsummer morning, very sleepy and somewhat incensed to be cross.

Mrs. Dedlock Dolby—who had a house party of ten or a dozen people staying in a mansion big enough and airy enough for a summer hotel—received him at a private breakfast in her own sitting-room, in a charming matinee of blue muslin and fluttering ribbons.

"It's so kind of you, dear Mr. Yorke!" said she. "But Dedlock is salmon fishing in the Saguenay River, and I did not know what to do, where to turn. Such a dreadful thing, you know—and of course I feel entirely responsible!"

Mr. Yorke stared at her as he took his cup of frothing chocolate from her dainty, ringed hands.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Dolby," said he, "but you did not mention to me exactly what had happened!"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? So very ridiculous of me! But I'm so perfectly upset, you see! It's Pet."

"Pet, of course!" groaned Yorke. "But what of Pet?"

"She has eloped with young Francatelli, the artist!" wailed Mrs. Dolby. "Not the fellow who is doing the cooling frescoes for you?"

"Oh, dear, no! He's in society, and his people are very nice, but he hasn't a penny, and Pet—poor darling!—is the worst person in the world to become a poor man's wife. I can't imagine how she even does her hair without a maid—and of course Jenkinson couldn't clope with her."

"I always expected Pet to come to some preposterous end," said he. "The Worcestershire sauce, please! And how about Diana?"

"It is a darling!" enthusiastically uttered Mrs. Dolby. "A thousand times wiser than Pet, though she's three years younger. And Di is growing prettier every day. You see, they can't forget that they are my step-daughters, though I've tried my best to obliterate the line of distinction. Di is getting to be really fond of me, but Pet never could quite confide in me. Do try some of these grapes, Mr. Yorke! White Chasselas, you know. About Pet: We had a telegram this morning, signed, 'Penelope Francatelli,' so she's married by this time."

"In that case," said Mr. Yorke, "there's nothing to be done that I can see."

"But it's such a comfort to have one's family lawyer to consult with!" said Mrs. Dolby, enthusiastically. "And now you're down here, you'll stay for a few days? Dedlock will return in a week, and I want you to break the news to him. Do stay, Mr. Yorke!"

Do stay, Mr. Yorke, pleaded a sweet voice behind him; and he turned to see Diana Dolby, a beautiful young brunette, with a complexion like creamy velvet and large, melting eyes. "Pet and Felix Francatelli have hopelessly disorganized all our plans, and we must have some one to help us out."

"Even such an old fellow as I am?" laughed Yorke, holding the slim, little hand a second or twolonger than was absolutely necessary.

Di cast a sweet, sidelong glance at him, full of bewildering, jetty light. "Oh, you're not so very old," said she, demurely; and Yorke relinquished his clasp.

Yes, he was certainly verging toward forty, and Di was only seventeen!

Mrs. Dolby laughed; as if it were an excellent joke.

Mrs. Dolby, he remembered, bitterly, was always lacking in tact and sense. What was there to laugh at?

All the rest of the house party, however, welcomed him rapturously, and in spite of himself he was drawn into the vortex of merry-making.

Mrs. Appleby, a plump widow, who had once flirted with him in the long ago before she married the defunct Appleby, showed a remarkable anxiety to pick up the thread of sentiment just as they had left it in the old days, and, to avoid her rather pensive smiles, Yorke found himself unavoidably forced into the younger circles.

And it was surprising how heartily he enjoyed it!

"Really!" cried Mrs. Dolby, one morning. "Tableaux! After Mrs. Appleby and I went up stairs last night? What did you have, children?"

"Oh, lots of lovely things," said Cecile Montpensier. "The 'Huguenot Lovers,' of course, and the 'Bride of Lamermoor,' and a delightful little private theatrical—'The Lovers' Decision.' Mr. Yorke was Peter Prim, and Di was Keturah Posey, and Jack Thorpe was the clergyman who married 'em. He did look so clerical in mamma's white China crape shawl."

"Why didn't you call us?" chirped Mrs. Appleby, archly.

"We didn't want any old people," explained heedless Di; and then she remembered herself, and colored redder than any rose in June. "That is, of course, we knew that mamma had a headache."

"But I want to speak to you, Diana." "To speak to me? What about?" Di's scissors gleamed nervously among the rose-stems.

"It's very—particular—business—indeed," said Mrs. Appleby, holding her parasol so that the sun should not rudely touch her well-powdered cheek. "A great secret."

Diana lifted her large melting eyes. "What can you possibly mean," said she.

"I have never told a soul about it," said the widow. "But such a thing happened once at a house where I was staying before dear Appleby died, and the judge decided that it was a genuine ceremony."

The roses fell in a crimson drift on the grass; the basket rolled away.

"What are you talking about, Mrs. Appleby?" cried Di, all in a flutter.

"Nothing," said the widow, vindictively, "except that you're really, legally married to that New York man!"

"I?" echoed Di. "Married?"

"He can insist upon it if he chooses," announced Mrs. Appleby. "A man twice your age! And I must say, Diana Dolby, that you richly deserve this awful doom, flirting and carrying on as you have done. Yes, I must reiterate that it serves you right!"

Between every sentence she paused, as if for a reply, but Di kept supremely silent. She was slowly gathering up her roses into the pink-ribboned basket once more.

"What have you to say for yourself?" viciously demanded Mrs. Appleby, giving the girl's shoulder a little shake. "Answer, you pert minx!"

"Let go my arm!" cried Di. "And I'm not a minx!"

"You're married—yes, married to that old man!" hysterically cried the widow.

"Well, what if I am?" retorted Diana, driven at last to some active response. "He's as handsome as Apollo and I like him. And I'd as soon be married to him as not. I never did care for boys. Go away, Mrs. Appleby, and leave me to finish picking my roses."

"You bold girl!" fluttered the exasperated widow. "Never did I dream you would face it out like this. But if you will solemnly promise never to speak to him again I'll say nothing of this dreadful complication to any one else. Promise, Diana!"

"I won't," cried the girl. "I won't, I won't!"

Just then Mrs. Appleby's maid was heard shrilly calling for her. She darted one venomous glance at Di and vanished among the trailing briers of the roses.

"Why, I was lying in the hammock looking over my mail, when, all of a sudden, I heard Mrs. Appleby scolding you. Was it very wrong to listen?"

"It was quite right," said Di, emphatically.

So there was a second wedding in the Dedlock Dolby family that summer. And Mrs. Appleby is no longer on the list of visitors at Dolby Beeches.—Saturday Night.

A Model State Camp.

The great State of New York, as befitted her rank among her sister commonwealths, and profiting by the experiences of the railway riots of 1877, was among the first to undertake the placing of her militia forces on a basis of efficiency, and to hold the troops in preparation for the sterner duties of the soldier.

The establishment some years ago of the State Camp at Peekskill has proved the main factor in the surprising improvement in soldierly qualities and the high state of discipline which are now characteristic of the National Guard of the State. It would be hard indeed to find a more picturesque site or one better adapted for the purpose than the plateau on which the camp is pitched. Situated right at the entrance to the gorge of the Hudson Highlands, on a flat-topped promontory jutting out from the high hills surrounding it on three sides, the canvas of the tents, creamy white in the bright sunshine, gleams in contrast with the dark verdure beyond, while, stretching in a like expanse to the heights on the opposite shore, the broad river curves, disappearing around the rocky bluffs to the north. On two sides smooth parades stretch to the edge of the grassy plain—ideal drill-grounds for any branch of the service, horse, foot or dragoons; and the surrounding country, wooded and hilly, crossed by winding roads and dotted with clearings, offers opportunities for manoeuvres and exercises in minor tactics.

Hard work is done at the camp; there is but little leisure, and the militiaman's time is fully occupied. At five o'clock, with the boom of the morning gun and the sonorous rolling of the drums beating reveille, the camp wakens to the work of the day, and the long streets of tents swarm with men, as at the call for assembly the companies spring into ranks, and the monotonous tones of the sergeants' voices are heard calling the roll. Then, as the ranks are broken, the reports are made, and the soldiers scatter to make the rough camp toilet and prepare for the morning drill soon to follow. At 7.30 the drums over at the guard tent rattle "Peace upon a trencher," and the companies swing off with measured tread to breakfast in the mess-hall, from which they return to police the quarters and place everything in order for the daily recurring inspection. All over the camp the men are busy as bees, sweeping, rolling up tent walls, making up the beds, removing rubbish, scouring cups and basins, raising tent floors and placing everything in apple-pie order.—Harper's Weekly.

Issued Once a Year.

Appropos of curious newspapers, the Esquimaux Bulletin is certainly the most curious in the world. It is printed at Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska, in latitude fifty-four degrees forty minutes, and claims to be the only journal published within the Arctic Circle, while it is issued only once a year.

This little paper is printed on stiff white paper, on one side only, the size of the sheet being twelve by eight inches. It is printed not from type, but by the hectograph process, and contains a variety of news, arranged under different heads. In mirthful imitation of the daily papers in other localities, it triumphantly carries at the head of its columns the legend, "Largest Circulation in the Arctic," and also the additional boast of "Only yearly newspaper in the world." The Esquimaux Bulletin is in error, however, in assuming this sub-title. Has our contemporary seen a copy of the Attaglitit?

That is also a yearly paper, and it is published in about the same latitude as the Esquimaux Bulletin, at Gootsaab, in Greenland. A Parisian journal, the XXe Siecle, appears once a year, but that is only to secure the right to the title when the twentieth century becomes a fact.

THE N. C. AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION AT RALEIGH.

Matters of Interest and Value to Farmers Specially Prepared for This Paper.

THE EXPERIMENT STATION BULLETINS. The offer is made by the management of the Station to send the bulletins free of charge to all in North Carolina who really desire to receive them. Thousands of farmers have already taken advantage of this offer. Unless you really want to be benefited by them, please do not apply for them. If you desire to read them, write on postal card to Dr. H. B. Battle, Director, Raleigh, N. C.

WHAT IS AN AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION?

It is an institution established to benefit agricultural industry. How can it do this? To bear the expense and to conduct work which will be useful to enterprising farmers. Many of these often desire to investigate for themselves but are prevented by expense and lack of facilities. At an experiment station are employed scientific and practical men who, with every facility, devote their time in investigating agricultural subjects.

What are these subjects? How can farming be made to pay? How can we improve our worn soils at a minimum expense? How should certain soils be fertilized to yield the best crop? How can waste products be saved and utilized? Can new plants be advantageously grown? The value of certain foods for cattle. The best grasses for certain soils. The dairy industry. The value of ensilage. A study of the diseases and insects affecting crops, and the best methods to prevent their ravages. To determine the best varieties of grasses, fruits, and vegetables for the highest markets. These and a score of kindred subjects.

How long will it take to reach these conclusions? Answers should not be expected in a short time. In many cases several seasons of careful work will be necessary. In the meantime the Station seeks to disseminate valuable facts and truths which will enable farmers to make and save money.

Is the North Carolina Station at Raleigh doing all this? Yes; and in addition, through the Fertilizer Control, it protects farmers from fraud in the sale of fertilizers. In this way it has already saved them millions of dollars. In answering correspondents, it is always ready to give the best advice it can on agricultural subjects.

Does the Station print the result of its work? Yes. It issues frequent bulletins and reports. These are all free to those who request them. By valuable co-operation of the press of the State, notes of the work of the Station are printed in their columns from time to time.

How is the North Carolina Station at Raleigh supported? Funds for its support are appropriated by the U. S. Congress. Though it is working for the farmers of North Carolina, the State appropriates nothing to it. No one need, therefore, fear that the cost to sustain it is burdensome. [H. B. BATTLE, Experiment Station, Raleigh.]

TO CURE COW PEA VINE HAY.

For hay, cow pea vines should always be cut before the pods are full grown. A fairly satisfactory way to cure pea vines is to cut in the afternoon when there is a promise of fair weather, and let the pea vines lie and wilt until next day after the dew is off. The leaves will then be somewhat tough and the vines can be put up in moderate stacks without losing much foliage. The stacks should be as small as convenient to make, and from seven to nine feet high. These may stand until the vines are thoroughly cured, when they should be brought together and housed early in the morning or on a cloudy day, without rain, when the hay is tough enough to bear moving without loss of leaves.—Extract from N. C. Experiment Station Bulletin No. 98.

WHY PULL YOUR CORN FODDER?

It is definitely settled by careful experiment that there is a serious loss in pulling fodder; and that by cutting the whole corn plant at the time of pulling fodder, almost twice as much food material may be saved as is now done by pulling the fodder.

To get the most food out of the corn crop would be to make ensilage out of it, by putting it up in a silo. If the silo is not at hand the next best plan would be to cut close to the ground with short handled hoes and shock in the field. Put 400 to 600 pounds in a shock, and stand the butts out open enough to make the shock stand firm and let in the air to dry the corn. Bind the tops tight to hold together and keep out rain.

When cured, shuck out the ears, and cut what is left, known as stover (the stalks, blades and shucks), into one half or inch lengths. Feed to cows or work teams with cotton seed meal wheat bran, or such other nitrogenous materials as can be most readily obtained.

For nearly balanced ration, feed one pound of meal to four to six of stover. Fed in this proportion all the stock will eat up clean. For growing stock one of meal to six to eight of stover will do. The stover alone, fed freely, will support an animal at rest and not giving milk. Bulletin 104 of the N. C. Experiment Station also shows how much is gained by this plan, and estimates the gain almost equal to the weight of the fodder now saved. That is, by curing the whole stalk about twice the food material is made as is now done by pulling the fodder.

About 14,000 farmers have taken advantage of the offer of the N. C. Agricultural Experiment Station to send its bulletins free of charge to addresses in North Carolina.

ONIONS ELEVEN INCHES IN CIRCUMFERENCE.

A farmer of Henderson county, N. C., writing to the N. C. Experiment Station, at Raleigh says "I have been following some of the instructions given by the Station, and the result is I have the finest onions I ever raised. Some of them are eleven inches in circumference. They are the yellow Dutch variety."

One hundred and four bulletins upon different subjects have been issued by the N. C. Agricultural Experiment Station. The size of the bulletin ranges from 4 pages to 152 pages each, and the number of copies each number printed has varied from 1,000 to 65,000.

The publications of the N. C. Experiment Station go to every one of the postoffices in North Carolina in all of the 96 counties.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Oldest specimens of glass are Egyptian.

Fishes can be frozen hard without losing their vitality.

Spider silk thread is used to some extent in Madagascar.

Storm warnings were first given early in the last century.

The best specimens of alabaster carvings have been exhumed at Ninevah.

The first caricaturist is said to have been Antiphilus, an Egyptian, about B. C. 332.

The perfectly round pearls are the most valuable; next in order come the pear-shaped, and lastly, the egg-shaped.

Species of snakes that are enemies of one another in captivity will coil up into their winter sleep in the same bundle.

Research shows that there is not a particle of vegetation in the eastern part of the North Sea. It is one great watery waste.

The woodpecker has a three-barbed tongue like a Fijian spear, with which it draws out the worm which it has excited by its tapping.

A seventeen-year-old girl, who was arrested in Brooklyn recently on the charge of vagrancy, could converse fluently in six languages.

Bicycle riders in Southland, Australia, are required to dismount twenty-two yards from an approaching horse and draw their wheels past.

The last criminals who were beheaded in England were the Gato street conspirators in 1820, though they had previously been killed by hanging.

If man had been limited to the use of his natural weapons of defense he would long since have been beaten out of the contest by the animal kingdom.

Drone cells are larger than workers' cells. The queen cells are still larger and may be easily recognized, as they always point downward after being capped.

Sea Waves May Make Electricity.

A number of men are at work erecting portable houses near the concourse at Coney Island, Brooklyn. Inquiry as to what they were for elicited the reply: "For Edison. Watch and wait." It is said that Edison is going to experiment in using the sea waves as a motive power for generating electricity. It has long been known to him that by floating a series of large casks attached to each other by chains, and anchored so as to rise and fall with the waves, they could, by means of rods communicating with ratchet wheels placed in power houses on the shore, be made to revolve dynamos and generate electricity.—Chicago Herald.

Buttermilk as a Drink.

For a cooling drink in hot weather there is nothing more generally satisfactory than buttermilk. It is none the worse for being from cream that has undergone the acid fermentation, its slight acidity making it agree better with most people than does absolutely fresh, sweet milk. There are thousands in cities who were brought up on farms in the country, and to such a drink of buttermilk is a treat. No doubt in every village farmers who make butter could find a good market for buttermilk if they look up customers who would like to drink it occasionally if they knew where it could be procured.—Boston Cultivator.