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ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

HILLSBORO, N. C. SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.NEW SERIES-VOL. XIII. NO. 45

The London Statist claims that the withdrawal of British capital from the United States is due to distrust of the conntry's financial future.

There are American idaics who have more valuable lace than any European potentate. The laces of the Astor family are valued at \$300,000, those of the Vanderbilts at \$500,000. More lace, it is said, is bought in New York than any other city in the world. The Pope's lace treasures are said to be worth \$\$75,000, those of the Queen of England \$375,000 and those of the Princess of Wales \$259,000. The Queen's we bling dress was trimmed with a piece of Honiton costing \$5000.

Maine has produced men of astonishing vigor and longevity, but none more notable in this way than Dr. Westbrook Farrer, of Biddeford, if the stories told of him are true. He is said to be a physician in active practice, though ninety-eight years old, and, still more remarkable, to be in the habit of visiting his patients regularly on a bicycle. He attributes his exceptional vigor at this advanced age to the use of wintergreen tea, of which he is said to be an ardent advocate.

The New York Times observes: There was taken to the county poorhouse in Camlen, N. J. a few days ago, the old man who, for years, has

DEAR MOTHER EARTH. Dear Mother Earth, full off I long To sing thy praises in a song , I ache to lay me down to rest Somewhere upon thy yielding breast. To turn my pavement-wearled feet Beyond the seeming endless street. And seek some dimpled country place. Half cool, half warm, for thy embrace, Then kiss thee, prone upon my face,

Dear Mother Earth! Like old Antæus long ago. Whose strength surged up from earth below, I feel there is a peace in thee, Which thou dost whisper unto me, When thus I press thee, cheek to cheek, Thou art so strong and I so weak And some time there shall come a day When tender, trembling hands shall lay Me deep, to mingle with thy clay, Dear Mother Earth.

Thy gift to me shall come to thee, And as thou art, so shall I be. I owe thee all, and so must try To make thee better ere I die; And as we twain are one, I see Bettering myself may better thee. And so I rise from thy embrace Revived, and with a hopeful grace, Thus having met thee face to face,

Dear Mother Earth. -J. Edmund V. Cooke, in New York Sun.

A DOUBLE-DYED VILLAIN

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

NGAGED to Dalgell Kenwood, is she?" said Carll Knighton, carelessly.

some young naval officer, the flash of a diamond gem on her engagement finger seemed to strike across Knighton's eyeball like a cimeter of fire. "Yes," murmured Dalzell Kenwood, with a smile, "and a precious scapegrace he was. Schoolmates, yes: friends, no! I'm not one of the sort that likes to play with edged tools. Nevertheless, in consideration of all that he has lost and I have gained, I'll try to forget those old times. People always hinted that his father was a Spanish pirate and his mother a fortune-teller." Zoe laughed.

"Oh, Dall, said she, "I never knew before that men could be gossips as vell as women !"

"They're capital at the business," said Kenwood, with gravity.

Zoe Atwater's engagement was carcely a week old when one day her maid came tiptoeing softly upstairs.

"There's a very respectable old woman down stairs, miss, asking to see you," said she, lowering her voice to a mysterious cadence.

Zoe's fair face clouded over slightly. Dalzell had just departed on a brief basiness tour to the South, and this was her first delicious love letter to him.

She laid down her tiny pearl-handled pen with its diamond tip.

"I'm particularly engaged to day,

kept myself respectable and decent, an' not a penny owin' to no man. I'm an office cleaner, miss, by business, with a very good connection, an' I don't quite know why it is as Dalzell's so unwilling to have his good lair know about me. Savs I to him, 'My son,' says I, 'if she's the person I take her for, she won't despise you for having a mother as has worked to make a gentleman of you. I sin't one of the interfering kind,' says I, 'and I means to keep mysen to mysen. But I would like to see the bonny bir lee,' says I. But, 'No,' says he, 'mother,' says he, 'there's no one draws the line like a American lady, an' I'd be ashamed,' says he, 'to have her know as you was a workinkwoman.' So that's the reason, miss, as I've waited till he was

gone-humbly beggink as you'll ezcuse the liberty-just for one look at your blessed pretty face. For a | teside my mother's grave, he wrote -"the

mother's a mother, miss, an' she has a mother's feelinks." And once more she courtesied and

eclipsed her face in her re-edged handkerchief with an audible sniff and gurgle.

All this time Zoe's eyes had grown larger, bluer and more startled, her cheeks paler. A strange quiver came to her lips.

"Do you mean," she said, "that he -Dalzell was ashamed of you?"

knows better than myself, but I allays ideas as to honor and chivalry," thought he; "nor does any woman like to realize that she has been deceived. Dally's cake is all dough by this time, and who knows but that Mr. Carll Knighton's trump card may come uppermost one of these days?"

State Kilran

bzerver.

And his smile, as he stared up at the ceiling, with both hands clasped be hind his black curly head, was mor. Mephistophelian than ever.

But Love, the gentle god, takes care of his own, and it so changed that the pert porting, while Zoe was still erying over the letter which was to blight all Kenwood's bright hopes, a missive arrived from the true knight himself -a missive brimming over with love and tenderness.

It was dated New Orleans, and bore within its folds a scented sprig of white jasmine.

I picked this little blossom, darling Zoe. dear young South irn mother who died when I was a child. If she could have known you, dearest ! But let this white, star like flower be the same to you as her blessing!

"It's- very -- strange!" said Zoe, her blue eyes brimming over with tears.

Just then Marie came in.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, miss, said she, "but it s that stout old woman again, and she won't take 'no' for an answer. I never saw any one so pushing in all my life."

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Charcoal is said to be the best fael for producing intense heat.

Seashells murmur because the vibrations of the air are brought to a focus in them.

A telephone has been invented through which a voice may be heard in any part of room.

Boded water tastes flat and insipid because the gases it contained have been driven off by heat.

A tree in a forest near the southern boundary of Japan attains a height of four feet in seven weeks.

Scientists are now able, by means of an ingenious machine, to count the particles of dust in the air.

Lieberkuhu estimates that the extent of respiratory surface in the human lungs is not less than 1400 square

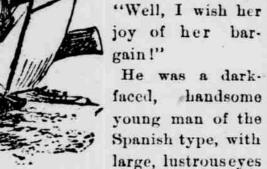
OI 67,000,000 rays of light and warmth radiated by the sun only 1,-000, 909 fall on the planets of the solar system.

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 earliest known attempt at an explanation of the rainbow was made by Aristotle. It was along the line of modern scientific investigation.

been the foremost American "claimant" and "heir" of the mythical Jennens estate in England, the value of which has been variously estimated at from \$100,000,000 to \$500,000,000. In pursuit of this estate Isaac Jennings expended all the profits of his business until that business ceased to be profitable. Then his savings went in the same way, and at last the poorhouse became his home. He was the first President of the Jennens Heirs Association, and we are told that he never lost, his faith in the justice of his claim and the existence of the property. Even now "his belief is unshaken that the millions held by the English Court of Chancery will eventually be brought to this country and distribute lamong the heirs." But there is abundant proof that the English Court of Chincery holds no millions of "the Jennens estate" for distribution at any time, and if this claimant and those associated with him had taken the trouble to become familiar with the many warnings of Ministers and Consuls of the United States in England, which have been published in the Times during the last ten years, they would have been induced, we think, to save their money and energy for the pursuits of sane an l sensible men.

Henry Charles Lea discusses in Forum the causes of the universal increase of crime. As might naturally be expected he assigns the first cause to the marked increase in the consumption of intexticiting liquors. Not only is this the first and direct causo of crime, but he shows that forty-oue per cent, of a certain number of conviets were the offspring of drunken or intemperate parents. This will be more readily accepted as a reason for the increase of crime, thinks the Chicago Record, than will his second cause, which he designates as the increase of wealth. It has been the theory upon which much has been written, that poverivand its attendant miseries drive many men to crime, and the view that a general increase of wealth is a stimulant to crime is



and a silken black moustache, and he spoke the words after a debonair fashion; but Rosalind, his sister, detected the false ring in them, and exchanged a laughing dance with Nina Ford, her dearest friend.

"How coolly he takes it," said she, "when all the world knows that he was madly in love with Zoe Atwater !" Nina laughed, but her subtle gray eye never abated its vigilant watch on Knighton's face, and a deep rose burned on either cheek.

"Mr. Kenwood has won the belle of the season," said she, in a soft, low voice. "Not that I ever fancied Miss Atwater. Her style is too statuesque for me. I like some animation in a woman. You never really cared for her, Mr. Knighton, did you?"

"If I really had," retorted Knighton, with some animus, "do you believe Kenwood could have won her?" "It seems that he has," drily observed Rosalind.

"You think so?" he sneered. "Appearances would certainly confirm that fact !" laughed Rosalind. Knighton flung his eigarette out of the window.

"Well, time will show," said he, tugging at his moustache, after a Mephistophelian fashion. "In the meanwhile, I'll undertake to give each of you girls a diamond collar-button on the day that Zoe Atwater is married to Dalzel Kenwood!"

Rosalind danced lightly up and down.

"Oh, what fun!" she cried, her merry black eyes dancing in unison with the sway of her supple figure. "I've always longed for a diamond collar-button to wear with my boy collars and delicions little satin stocks. Zoe's a darling, but she can get lots of other lovers, and I never can have but one chance for a diamond collar-

Marie," said she. "I can see no oue." "Yes, miss, I know," sail Marie crimping the rulle ot her apron with her fingers, "but she is so very per sistent-quite a respectable body, too -and I think-I'm not sure, miss, bu' I think it has something to do with Mr. Kenwood."

face.

"Oh, why didn't you say so at first !" cried she. "Teil her to come up immediately. Perhaps it's some message that he omitted to leave-or maybe-But go, Marie, go at once !"

Marie obeyed, and presently, returned, ushering into her mistress' blue-and-silver bondoir a stout, respectable female in a stiffly-starched print dress, a white apron and a black bonnet, with the edge bent a little askew under its weight of scarlet cotton roses and crumply leaves. On her hands she wore cotton

gloves, and she carried a flat market basket and a gingham umbrella, faded | in streaks by its last encounter with the rain.

She dropped a courtesy. Miss Atwater rose from her low writing-chair, with a soft frou-frou of white cashmere and Valenciennes lace, while she secretly wondered whether this were a visitant from her Sunday-school district, or a representative of the tene ment-houses she sometimes passed through in the cause of sweet charity. Was she a washerwoman, or a hired nurse? Or perhaps the grandmother of one of those ideal "bad boys" who could not be made to take interest in. church picnics or model gymnasiums, but obstinately preferred the gutters

"Good-morning !" said she, with the soft graciousness that was part of her nature. "I don't seem quite to remember who you are."

instead?

"No, miss, it can't be expected as you should," said the stout old woman, clearing her husky throat. "You're writing a letter, miss. P'raps it's to Mr. Dalzell Kenwood?"

Zoe looked at her in surprise-perhaps with a little offense.

STOCKED AND A

"A fine gentleman with a college education can't be expected to be proud of a mother as makes her-fivink by cleanink offices, miss," said the woman. "P'raps it ain't natural as as he should. He was allays a good lad, though. And as I hain't no wish to intrude where I ain't wanted, miss, A charming glow suffused Zoz's I'll bid you a very good-by. It was

only that I wanted to see what you was like, miss."

Zoe looked after the stout, retreating figure as it trundled down stairs with a pang of shame--an ache which she could not analyze.

"I-I should have offered her refreshments-I should, perhaps, have kissed her !" with a shudder, as she remembered the blotchy complexion, the blunt nose and the red-bordered handkerchief. "Dalzell's -- mother ! Now I come to think of it, I always supposed his mother dead, though he never told me so in words and sentences. And all this time she is a poor, workingwoman like this, and he with his cigars and carriages and carcless talk of money, as if he were a miliionaire! Oh, who could have dreamed of perfidy like this?"

She set her little pearly teeth together and tore up the half-written sheets of that sweet first love letter.

"It must be quite different from that," said she -- "the note that is to tell him our engagement must end! For I never, never could respect a man who has deceived me--or a man who is ashanied of his honest, hardworking mother I"

The sweet, nower-like face fell into her hands, tears rained down like diamond showers, and with every teas the knell of a dead hope was sounded. Poor little blue eyed Zoe-to her this was the very bitterness of death.

 • y y • 2• y "I've done it, Mr. Knighton -and it was the wust an' meanest job I ever done !"

"Carll Knighton was lounging at his office desk, his hat on the back of his head, his feet thrust deep into the white pile of an Angora rug. He turned quickly at the sound o

the stout old dame's voice.

Loo caught up the spray of white asmine with a jealous hand as the old woman in the crumpled bonnet came in, weeping and excited.

There had been an accident in the cartridge factory down town at which her son worked, and he had been suddenly killed.

"It's a judgment on me," she bewailed herself, wringing her hands, "because I told a wicked lie to shield him! And now the Lord has punished me. But it's Mr. Knighton as the judgment might have fell on, and I'll clear my soul by telling the truth at last. I never see Mr. Dalzeli Kenwood in my life, and the story of my being his mother was all a put-up tale as Mr. Knighton bribed me to tell to make trouble. But I'm punishedyes, the Lord's hand is heavy on me at last !"

And she fell in a dead faint on the floor.

So Zoe's second letter to Dalzell was destroyed also.

When that young man retured from his Southern trip, he went to demand a reckoning at the hands of Carll Knighton, but in vain. That enter prising worthy had closed his law office and gone to some distant Western town, the name not specified.

And on the day of Zoe Atwater's wedding, Rosalind Knighton looked ruefully at Miss Ford.

"People don't always get their deserts in this world, Nina," said she. "Here's Zoe married to Mr. Kenwood, and we haven't received our diamon l collar buttons."

"No," murmured Nina.

But her loss had been greater far than that of her volatile friend, for she had secretly loved the handsome scamp who had abscouded.

"I knew he was a villain," she mused. "I know he would have broken my heart even had I become his wife; but -I loved him !"-Saturday Night.

The San Francisco Chronicle remarks: When Colonel Sellers in "The Gilded Age" spoke of the immense sums of money he proposed to make by dispensing his eye water to

The most remarkable formations of frost known to the metcorologist are found on Mount Washington, where the crystals are often a foot long.

Charles Mellvaine, an American expert on fungi, claims to have eaten full meals of over 490 species of tondstoois without ever having been poisoned.

Electrical weaving machines are in use in Germany. Seamless stockings, with double heels, are rattled out of each machine at the rate of eleven pairs an hour.

Muscles of the eyes, ears and nose show that several groups, which, in the lower animals are very highly developed, in man are in an almost rudimentary condition.

Professor Ball, the Astronomer Royal of Ireland, says that if the fixed star Sirius is inhabited its people cannot see our sun, which is 100,000,000,-000 miles from them.

Animal magnetism is no new discovery, but was practiced by Father Hehl, at Vienna, about 1774, and had wondertul success for a while in France and England in 1788 and 1789.

In the interior of Australia is a series of great lakes which are occupied by water only at long intervals. The mud which remains when the water is absent is filled with the bones of geologic monsters.

An inventor has just discovered that there is enough latent energy in a cubic foot of air to kill a regiment, and that this power can be "liberated by vibration." This is the Keely motor principle. As air is composed of certain elements (gases), united in proper chemical proportions, it is simply necessary to produce a vibration of sufficient intensity to make a new chemical combination, and there you have the nower Easy enough!

An Argument.

Mamma -- "Now, Andrew, you mustn't eat that candy, because it will destroy your appetite for dinner." Audrew---'I don't think so, mamma."

Mamma "Why don't you think so,

contrary to the popular idea. Mr. Lea quotes from an authority who assists that "every rise in the rate of wages is followed by an increase of classical fenders, and that the prisons are never so full as in a period of general prosperity and abundant work." This state of facts may exist and yet not prove that prosperity is a cause of crime—it may be a mere coincidence, which does not prove cause and effect. The man with a home and good wage is far removed from the incentives to crime, and prosperous times alway increase the number of home-owner among the laboring classes. While general wealth may not be productive of rapid moral development, it is a re- straint to that form of immoralit that appears in police courts and o criminal dockets. Refinement, the almost invariably negatives the crim- inal involve, is the attendant of pro- perity	while arise rord inted her eye brows, satirically. "Mr. Knighton seems very sure of his premises," said she. "It is as he says—time alone will reveal the actual trend of affairs" As it chanced, Carll Knighton met Miss Atwater at a party that very evening—a fair, golden-tressed vision, like some dream of Norseland beauty. There was no special point in Zoe's personality upon which-one could ex- patiate, but she possessed some strange magnetic spell of attraction that won all hearts, and Knighton's tongue seemed almost paralyzed as he spoke a few conventional words of congratu- lation. "It's so kind of you!" said Zoe, in her pretty, artless way. "I always knew that you and Dalzell were old schoolmates and friends."	"Oh, 1 understand !" said Zoe, pul- ling forward a chair, into which her visitor dropped. "You are his old nurse-or perhaps one of the Kenwood family servants?" "No, miss," said the woman. "I'm his mother." "His-mother !" Zoe started back.	say?" "Say? She didn't say much; but I'd sooner ha' thrust a knife into a lamb's throat. It was a cruel thing to do, Mr. Knighton, and if I didn't owe you money for what my poor lad stole out of your till, and if you didn't threaten to give him up to the law if I didn't do this for you, I'd ha' said no-that I would! For I've got feel- inks, sir, if I am a poor workinkwo- man." "Bother your feelings!" said Enighton, contemptuously. "You've done the job, and you've bought that precious son of yours off from ten years in State's Prison. We're square, so far. Now let me hear no more of, your nonsense!" And he smiled grimly as he thought of the effect this ruse would produce on Dalzell Kenwood's hopes.	these ants have an aversion to lime may put some ingenious American on to an idea which if properly worked out would be a benefaction to people living in the Orient, especially Euro peans, who would pay liberally for some practical remedy for the uni-	Andrew Because, maining haven't got a bit of appetite just now." -Harper's Young People. A modern ueorge wasnington. Teacher
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