

# Orange County Observer.

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

There are American cities 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 in any other city in the world. The Pope's lace treasures are said to be worth \$875,000, those of the Queen of England \$375,000 and those of the Princess of Wales \$250,000. The Queen's wedding 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 Farrag, 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 poor-house in Camden, N. J., a few days ago, the old man who, for years, has been the foremost American "claimant" and "heir" of the mythical Jennings 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 poor-house became his home. He was the first President of the Jennings 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 distributed among the heirs." But there is abundant proof that the English Court of Chancery holds no millions of "the Jennings 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 indeed, we think, to save their money and energy for the pursuits of sane and 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 intoxicating liquors. Not only as this the first and direct cause of crime, but he shows that forty-one per cent. of a certain number of convicts 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 poverty and its attendant miseries drive many men to crime, and the view that a general increase of wealth is a stimulant to crime is contrary to the popular idea. Mr. Lea quotes from an authority who asserts that "every rise in the rate of wages is followed by an increase of offenders, 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 wages is far removed from the incentives to crime, and prosperous times always increase the number of home-owners among the laboring classes. While general wealth may not be productive of rapid moral development, it is a restraint to that form of immorality that appears in police courts and on criminal dockets. Refinement, that almost invariably negatives the criminal impulse, is the attendant of prosperity.

## DEAR MOTHER EARTH.

Dear Mother Earth, full of 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-worn 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 Antepus 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  
Revised, and with a hopeful grace,  
Thus having met thee face to face,  
Dear Mother Earth.

—J. Edmund Y. Cooke, in New York Sun.

## A DOUBLE-DYED VILLAIN

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

ENGAGED to Dalzell Kenwood, is she?" said Carl Knighton, carelessly. "Well, I wish her joy of her bargain!"

He was a dark-faced, handsome young man of the Spanish type, with large, lustrous eyes and a silken black moustache, and he spoke the words after a debonaire fashion; but Rosalind, his sister, detected the false ring in them, and exchanged a laughing glance 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.

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, Dal, said she, "I never knew before that men could be gossips as well as women!"

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

Zoe Atwater's engagement was scarcely 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 business 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, Marie," said she. "I can see no one."

knows better than myself, but I allays kept myself respectable and decent, an' not a penny owing 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 lady know about me. Says 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 ain't one of the interfering kind,' says I, 'and I mean to keep mysen to mysen. But I would like to see the bonny birlee,' says I. But, 'No,' says he, 'mother,' says he, 'there's no one draws the line like a American lady, an' I'll be ashamed,' says he, 'to have her know as you was a workin'woman.' So that's the reason, miss, as I've waited till he was gone—humbly beggink as you'll excuse the liberty—just for one look at your blessed pretty face. For a 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?"

"A fine gentleman with a college education can't be expected to be proud of a mother as makes her-ink by cleanink offices, miss," said the woman. "Praps it ain't natural 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, 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 allays 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 careless talk of money, as if he were a millionaire! Oh, who could have dreamed of peridy 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 ashamed of his honest, hard-working mother!"

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

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. Carl Knighton's trump card may come uppermost one of these days?"

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

But Love, the gentle god, takes care of his own, and it so chanced that the next morning, while Zoe was still crying 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, beside my mother's grave, he wrote—"the dear young Southern 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."

Zoe caught up the spray of white jasmine 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.

## POPULAR SCIENCE.

Charcoal is said to be the best fuel 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.

Boiled 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.

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

Of 67,000,000 rays of light and warmth radiated by the sun only 1,000,000 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.

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

Charles McIlvaine, an American expert on fungi, claims to have eaten full meals of over 400 species of toadstools 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 wonderful 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 power. Easy enough!

An Argument.

Mamma—"Now, Andrew, you mustn't eat that candy, because it will destroy your appetite for dinner."

Andrew—"I don't think so, mamma."

Mamma—"Why don't you think so, dear?"

Andrew—"Because, mamma, I haven't got a bit of appetite just now."

—Harper's Young People.

A Modern George Washington.

Teacher—"Now, Willie Wilkins, I want you to tell me the truth—Did Harry Thomas draw that picture on the board?"

Willie Wilkins—"Teacher, I firmly refuse to answer that question."

Teacher—"You do?"

Willie Wilkins—"Because I gave Harry my word of honor I would not tell on him."—Philadelphia Record.

Just How to Take It.

Mr. Meeks (anxiously)—"Do you think my mother-in-law will pull through, doctor?"

Physician (encouragingly)—"We can hope for the best, sir."

Mr. Meeks (hopefully)—"So she's really going to die, is she?"—Truth.

