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## Word of Advice.

'Tis the custom to prize of the sadness,  
The sighs and the sorrows of life;  
But I'd rather speak of the gladness  
And beauty with which it is rife;  
For the darkest of clouds has its lining,  
The hardest of labor brings sleep;  
'Neath the rocks there is gold for the mining,  
And pearls may be found in the deep.  
Is it better to sip of life's nectar,  
Of purposely drink of its gall?  
Would you willingly walk with a specter,  
If angels would come at your call?  
Would you rather have sunshine and light-ness,  
Or darkness and gloom, in your dreams?  
As for me, I would cherish the brightness  
With which the whole universe teems.  
Look around and behold the earth's glory—  
The mountain, the river and plain;  
For they tell us an exquisite story,  
The burden of Nature's refrain.  
How the Father of love, in his kindness,  
Has given us more than we know;  
Thou' we throw it aside in our blindness,  
We reap of the pain which we sow.  
But, to harvest the best of life's treasure,  
Our lesson must early be learned,  
That we give to each other a measure  
Of what our best efforts have earned.  
Then, my children, I pray you be ready  
To search, as you go, for the flowers,  
And to share with you have with the needy,  
For thus you'll have blessings in showers.  
—A. E. Ross in Independent.

## A MYSTERY IN WHITE.

"It's not more than a year ago," said the veteran detective when asked for a story, "that I had the strangest experience of my career. That's saying something, for, while I'm not one of these men in novels who can put on half a dozen disguises in an evening or look at a little heap of cigar ashes and identify the man who smoked the cigar, I've seen a great deal that's way out of the common.  
"A gentleman named Denzil called at my office one afternoon to employ my professional services. I saw him by reputation as a stern, grasping, money-making man who loved nothing but his possessions and his beautiful daughter. On her he had lavished wealth, but had saddened her life by preventing her marriage to a manly young chap who was a fitting match for her in appearance, attainments and disposition. He was fast making a record in the world of business, but it was a rich old bachelor who had passed the years of romance and enjoyment that Denzil had elected to have as a son-in-law. Even under the threat of disinheritance the girl would not yield to this mercenary arrangement, the result being a strained state of neutrality which left both aspirants for her hand without any apparent hope of getting it.  
"My caller went direct to business. 'I'm a constant and heavy loser because of the theft of money and jewels from my own house,' he told me. 'Things that are of the most value constantly and mysteriously disappear. Now don't start off with the usual questions about the servants. I have taken pains to test their honesty for years and they are above suspicion. I am completely in the dark, without any theories to embarrass you or any explanations to help. You have the whole job without a ray of light thrown upon it, and if you find the thief there will be no haggling over the fee. It will be worth much to me to get this worry off my mind. Burglars that make no noise or marks and leave one's house shut up as tight as a drum tend to shatter a man's nerves.'  
"I went at once into the country and neighborhood where Denzil lived, pretending to look for a bit of land where I could build within easy reach of the city. I put up at a little roadside tavern much frequented in the evening by farm hands. I was soon interested in their gossip about a ghost which they declared had been seen at different times and by different people. Their awed tones and scared faces fitted the subject, and there seemed to be some substantial foundation for the uncanny story. One husky young fellow who did not look as though he would be easily frightened told of his encounter:  
"I was a gittin' home kinder late of a Sunday night, an' just as I kim to the woods beyond ole Denzil's I mighty near had a collision with th' 'ghost'. It warn't no white cow or gray boss or shaggy nothin' else as war flesh an' blood. It whizzed by me jist like it war flyin' low an' 'ortul swif' on a broomstick. A feller's got ter believe his own eyes, hain't he? I war never

soberer in my life an' never so skeered. I bet my footprints war twenty feet apart th' res' of the way home, fur I had a idee that thar pesky thing war a sailin' 'long jist ahind my coat tails.'  
"I heard like experiences from several others, and in some way connected th' 'ghost' with the Denzil robberies. For two nights I stood a dreary watch in the woods referred to without making any discovery. The third night I received a shock. It was intensely dark in the shadows of the trees, and as I sat at the root of a big oak some white object glided swiftly and noiselessly jist above the centre of the road. I made the cold chills run over me, though I have no patience with those who tell of visits or communications with the departed.  
"I was determined to enlighten myself and secured a good saddle horse as companion of my vigils. The second night the 'ghost' flew by and I galloped in its wake at all the speed my horse could command. A mile ahead the apparition swerved to the right of the road and ended our mad race. Tying my horse in a fence corner I crept nearer. Slowly I made out that the 'ghost' was a woman of stately proportions wearing a daintily ruffled night robe. She leaned for a brief time over the hollow stump that had been her evident destination and then turning mounted her flying machine, which was a modern bicycle, and went scorching back over the course she had come. Again I followed and did not stop until I saw her disappear in the side door of the Denzil house. Hastening back to the hollow stump I explored the interior.  
"And found the stolen property, of course," interrupted a listener.  
"Not a sign of it. I could discover nothing that did not naturally belong there. Failing to find the thief in the 'ghost,' I became a member of the Denzil household, ostensibly as his private secretary. My first discovery was that the 'ghost' was the beautiful Miss Denzil. She was a somnambulist, and in utter ignorance of the weird night rides she had taken. But when told of them the explanation was an easy one. When she and her young lover were children, that hollow stump had been the postoffice where their ardent missives were mailed and called for. The memory of those days was a delightful one to her, and the strange mentor of her unconscious action prompted her visits to the old spot.  
"My next important discovery explained the mystery. I was employed to solve. Watching secretly in the hallways, I saw old Denzil, with eyes wide open and set, come out of his chamber, climb the stairs to the attic, unlock an old desk stored there, open a secret drawer and deposit money as well as jewels. His action showed me that his daughter's habit of moving about at night was an inherited one. The next morning he gave me a terrific blowing up as a careless, incompetent and worthless detective who could not catch a thief when in the house with him. I was more interested in that charming daughter of his than in my case, and a scheme flashed into my mind as if inspired.  
"Mr. Denzil," I said, "can you stand the shock of knowing that your daughter is seriously threatened with the loss of her mind because of brooding over separation from the man whom you say she shall never marry, and that because of her mental infirmity she is innocently robbing you under a delusion that in no other way can she provide for the future happiness of herself, and that young chap she honestly thinks, poor girl, she is going to marry?"  
"It's a lie," he roared, "a miserable plot. You're discharged."  
"I did not take Miss Denzil into my plans. I secretly transferred all the stolen wealth to the old stump, had a trusted officer on guard and then told the old gentleman that I could prove all I had said and insisted on the right to vindicate myself. He and I watched at the primitive postoffice till his daughter came and repeated the conduct I have described. Then we brought out the concealed treasures. Denzil was beside himself for fear he might act too late. He sent post haste for the young lover, made a handsome settlement, insisted on an immediate wedding and had me as one of the guests. Did ever matchmaker do a slicker job than I did?"—Detroit Free Press.

## Saving the Bison.

The reproduction on a large scale of the all but extinct American bison or buffalo of the plains has been decided upon by Mr. Henri Menier, the millionaire chocolate manufacturer of Paris and new proprietor of the Island of Anticosti. He has purchased a young buffalo cow, which was for some time kept in captivity by a Quebec dealer in furs, and his agents are now in correspondence with the proprietors of the few remaining private herds of this noble animal, with a view to the purchase of as many as possible of them for breeding purposes. The intention is to ship them this autumn to Anticosti, where they will be turned loose upon the island, and be permitted to roam at will throughout its 140 miles of length and 35 of width. Mr. Menier foresees the time when the only remaining herd of wild buffaloes—that in the Yellowstone National Park—will have disappeared through the lack of protection on the part of the State authorities of Idaho, and believes that the only practical means of preserving their race to posterity is to reproduce them in their natural condition and upon as large a scale as possible, on an island like Anticosti, where their slaughter is impossible, since nobody but its proprietor can shoot or hunt upon the island.  
Not only for the purpose of stocking his island park with the grandest of big game and of being in a position eventually to dispose of stock for other preserves has Mr. Menier undertaken his new scheme for the wholesale breeding of buffalo. He has not overlooked the commercial promise of the undertaking, having found that dealers are now asking \$80 to \$100 each for buffalo skins that twenty years ago could be had in abundance for \$8 and \$10 apiece.  
Moose are also to be carefully nurtured on Anticosti. These animals are rather difficult to obtain, and only two or three are so far ready for shipment to their island home. By next spring it is hoped that the herd will have been increased to fifteen or twenty, and that the caribou upon Anticosti will be in excess of a hundred head.—New York Sun.

## The Touchhole Left.

"Here," said an old gentleman to his young friend, "is a family relic of which I am proud, and the sight of which should inspire in your heart feelings of the loftiest patriotism. It is a musket borne by my father in the revolutionary war and, before its deadly aim many a rebelcoat has bit the dust in that struggle for human liberty."  
"The young man handled the venerable relic tenderly and reverently. After long and patriotic contemplation he at length ventured to ask:  
"But where is the bayonet?"  
"Oh," said the old man, "one of the boys was poking for a coon in a hollow tree and broke it, and the pieces are lost."  
"Where is the ram-rod?"  
"Why, that was splintered so badly that I had a new one made of iron at the blacksmith shop."  
"But," said his young friend, "these look like fresh marks on the stock."  
"Oh, yes," was the reply, "Jim broke the stock last year cracking hickory nuts, and I had a new one made."  
"Why, this don't look like a very old barrel."  
"Well, the barrel bursted last hog killing time, so I've got a brand new one."  
"I didn't know," said the young man, "that they used percussion locks in the Revolutionary musket."  
"I believe," responded the old gentleman, hesitatingly, "that the touchhole is left."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Had Been There.

Old Grumps (in bed, nearly midnight)—Ooo! I hear stealthy steps on the stairs—some one creeping along barefooted!  
His Wife (who was young once)—Keep quiet, Joshua. I guess that's only our darter going up with her shoes under her arm.—New York Weekly.  
An appeal has been issued to the Massachusetts schools for contributions towards purchasing the James Russell Lowell estate in Cambridge for a public park.

## TO CARRY MAIL.

### Novel Proposition to Utilize Homing Pigeons.

### Will Bring in Letters From Steamships Far Out at Sea.

To mail a letter on the ocean far out of sight of land seems almost an impossibility, but it will be an every-day occurrence when the newest proposed feature of the postal service is in operation.  
The homing pigeon is the medium by which this is to be accomplished. Louis Beebe of Millville, N. J., proposes to train a number of these pigeons so perfectly that they will bring letters from an ocean steamship to the land in one-tenth the time in which the vessel itself could bring them; if it tried its best.

Mr. Beebe's scheme is an elaborate one. He would establish pigeon stations all along the Atlantic coast, from which birds would be taken to the steamships. Then, when freighted with letters, the pigeons start on their homeward journey, they would fly directly to the stations from which they were taken, and the men in charge of the stations would promptly forward the letters.  
That the idea is practical has been shown by tests made recently. Some time ago a pigeon that has been trained for the purpose was taken aboard the steamship Waesland by Miss Nellie Lamborn, a passenger.

The bird taken was called the "Sea Gull," and is a two-year-old black checker that had never been trained until this year. The bird was liberated from the Waesland 177 miles off Cape May, N. J. The missive attached to the homer was addressed to Mrs. Haines, No. 1804 R ice street, Philadelphia. The bird reached Millville safely, and the letter was forwarded from there by mail. Overland this would not have been considered a great fly, but over water it is looked upon as a wonderful performance. By those who have examined the birds now being trained at Millville, they are looked upon as perfect specimens of their kind.

The homing pigeon is frequently and wrongly confused with the carrier pigeon. The best blooded homer, such as the Sea Gull, that made the recent trip at first sight has the appearance, to those uninitiated, of the ordinary pigeon. Upon closer inspection, however, it is plainly seen that the bird has a bearing which none other can imitate. It does not possess the brilliant coloring of some of the other members of the pigeon family, but more than makes up for that in the trim symmetrical build, close, hard feathering, and the athletic appearance good birds always possess.

Quite close to the lots in which the homers for the ocean mail service are being educated, there are a number of carrier pigeons, but they are very different in appearance from the homers. They have a greater length of leg, neck and head, with enormous wart-like wattles around the eyes and on the beak.

It is thoroughly understood by Mr. Beebe that flying over the sea is one of the most severe tests to which a homer can be subjected, for over the water they cannot see any familiar landmark to go by. They must depend wholly upon their instinct or intellect, or whatever it is, to guide them home.

In regard to the coast station he favors, Mr. Beebe believes that lofty could be secured in the majority of seaport towns and fortresses. He is making every effort to induce the United States Government to give his idea a practical test, with the view of adopting it. It would not, he says, in view of the results that would be achieved, be at all expensive.—New York Journal.

## The Plot That Failed.

"Did you try that scheme of ringing a bell on Johnson when he was in the middle of his speech?"  
"Yes, and it fizzled. Johnson was a street car conductor at one time."  
"Well?"  
"I made the mistake of ringing twice and he took it as a compliment. Thought it was a signal for him to go ahead."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Artificial Bird and Animal Eyes.

Artificial eyes in imitation of the eyes of birds and animals are made in great variety. They are used in mounting birds and animals as specimens; birds' eyes are used in mounting birds for millinery trimmings; animals' eyes are used for the heads in fur rugs, and both bird and animal eyes are used for many other purposes; for example, for eyes in cane and umbrella heads made in imitation of animals, for many kinds of toys, and so on. Artificial eyes are also made for some living animals; it is not uncommon for horses to have glass eyes, and dogs are sometimes provided with them; in at least one case a calf has been supplied with one, but most artificial eyes are for use in mounting natural specimens, and in the manufacturing uses above referred to.

The eyes are made, of course, in imitation of nature, and many of them are beautiful. The stock that the manufacturer or dealer keeps always on hand is wonderful in its variety. There is no eye that could not be supplied. Here are humming birds' eyes, and alligators' eyes, tigers' eyes, and swans' eyes, and eyes for owls, and for eagles, and for birds of all kinds and sizes; eyes for mounted fishes, eyes for the bear, the lion, the panther, the fox, the squirrel, the dog, and the wolf, and for other animals to be mounted, and eyes for imitation, pigs and dogs, sheep and cats and so on.

Artificial eyes for birds and animals are sold chiefly to taxidermists, to furriers, and to the various manufacturers. They are sold in pairs; the number sold in the aggregate is very large. The busiest season is the fall and winter.—New York Sun.

## The Horrible "Jiggers" of Africa.

The village of Maylo is surrounded by a boma of stakes, clayed four feet up; the three gates are firmly closed at night. The natives do not venture outside at night for any purpose, and this gives the village a very pretty aspect. The place is horribly infested with the burrowing flea, "the jigger," the pest of men, women and children, who are a mass of horrid sores. Through lack of washing, and removing the jigger when he first enters, big sores are found all over the feet. I felt very sorry for the children, who were all more or less lame, and many stumping about on their heels, unable to put foot to ground, owing to swollen toes. The moaning of women at night, and the howling of youngsters, were most distressing to hear. I tried to impress on them that constant washing and attention to their feet and occasional flooding of the low, clayey ground in hut and street, would cure the evil; but it was too much like hard work to be adopted. The flooding could be done without the slightest injury to property, as the streets are quite level, and the clay floorings of grass brick are raised about a foot above the ground; but no precautions are taken, and even the babies are permitted to squat on the bare ground as though the jigger did not exist.—Century.

## Costly Game Heads.

The head of the musk ox is the most costly of mounted game heads, and next is the head of the bison, or buffalo. Fine buffalo heads, well mounted, bring from \$150 to \$500. A head at \$500, however, would be one exceptionally large and choice; and a fine head can be bought for \$250. Fifteen years ago well-mounted buffalo heads could be bought from \$50 to \$100. The increase in price is accounted for by the growing scarcity of the buffalo, which has now practically disappeared from the United States. The wood bison of the Great Slave Lake region of British North America, which inhabit woodland, or mountain districts, are rather more numerous than the prairie buffaloes of this country, but their numbers are limited and decreasing. The wood bison is not so large as the prairie buffalo, and its hair is straighter, and very black.  
Musk ox heads are held at \$300 and upward. One musk ox head owned by a taxidermist in this city is valued at \$750.—New York Sun.

France's silver coinage contains only forty per cent of its face value in silver.

## Two Aims.

He wrote of conquests, dreamed of fame,  
And yearned for honors, lands and gold;  
For these, while long years went and came,  
His manhood prime he gladly sold.  
And flitting past him, trooped they on,  
These gaudy phantoms, frail delights,  
Till speedily they all were gone,  
He stood where prime with old age meets.  
Then lived to conquer, and not fame,  
But yearned to do and be his best,  
And, won't you, to him there came  
With this wish granted all the rest.  
—Beatrice Clayton.

## HUMOROUS.

"I second the motion," said the man on the rear of the trolley.  
"She had a lively race for a husband." "I heard she married a run-down nobleman."  
Cynthia (looking at photograph)—Hiram, just turn your head a little. Hiram—You have turned it already.  
Miss Huggins—My father is very good at reading faces. Mr. Lissam—Then I had better not print my kisses there.  
Artist—That man Beebe offered me \$12 for that largest painting of mine! Caller—Oh, then you've had it framed.  
Inventor—I'm working on a cyclometer. Friend—What is the special feature? Inventor—It registers the number of times you fall.  
"If you don't do something on this bill before the 15th, I intend to sue you." "And will you permit me to recommend Sharp & Steele? I receive a percentage on all they get out of me."  
Crammer—Nothing impresses me more than the littleness of greatness. Gilleland—The greatness of littleness impresses me more. Nothing can be more profound than the observations of unimportant men.  
Proprietor of Restaurant—Chicken tough, sir? Impossible! (Indignantly.) Look here, sir, it's you know, sir, I first came to this restaurant twenty years ago and— Customer—Did you bring this fowl with you?  
When the mercury is a winter  
I'll coast you if you try  
To remember how last winter  
Made the coal pile fly.  
"Hand over, and be quick about it!" said the "holdup," as he put a revolver to the head of the belated man. "But you held me up last week and didn't get anything," remonstrated the victim. "Well, hand over what I didn't get then."  
Daughter (in tears)—Oh, papa! Why did you throw Reggy down the front steps? Father—Why, you didn't think I was going to throw him up the front steps and into the house again, did you? You're as hard to satisfy as your mother.  
Guest—See here! The rates charged in this bill are very much higher than I agreed to pay. Proprietor Lake View Villa—True, my dear sir! But the weather has been very much finer than either of us anticipated when that arrangement was made.  
"What are you doing here?" said the woman to the tramp, who had gone over the wall just in time to escape the bulldog. "Madam," he said, with dignity, "I did intend to request something to eat, but all I ask now is that, in the interests of humanity, you'll feed that dog."  
Suburbis—If I should build this house, you are sure it won't cost more than your original estimate? Architect—Quite sure. Suburbis—Oh! I forgot to state that my wife will revise your plans! Architect—In that case you will have to add another thousand for extra cupboards.  
Hard on the Young Man  
A young man came to New York from Europe a few days ago and was admitted. Shortly after his sweetheart arrived, and as she had no money he gave her what he had and she was allowed to land. Then the young man, being penniless, was seized by the immigration authorities and ordered to be deported, on the ground that he was likely to be a charge on the country.  
Age of Discretion.  
"Dorothy has wonderful self-control."  
"Why do you think so?"  
"She could tell lots of things that happened thirty years ago, but she never does."—Chicago Record.