Orange County Observer.

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EVERY-DAY VERSES.

[illegible] from sky and meadow
[illegible] and silent praise
[illegible] fields and shadow,
[illegible] mother days—
[illegible] blossom
[illegible] and valley,
[illegible] and city maze.

[illegible] fluttering sedges,
[illegible] shining fields,
[illegible] hedges
[illegible] where harvest yields
Grass and clover—
[illegible] time over—
[illegible] barn and fields.

Beckoning grasses, insect voices,
Breezes balm from slope and fell,
Flowering thistle—all rejoices
While the round world says 'tis well.
Wakes the music,
Hearts responding,
Let me, too, the story tell.

Come, all genial life, together
Sing with me—a joyous throng.
You on pinions rise, with feather,
Swift ascending, move along.
Praise forever,
Gladness telling;
Life and joy in grateful song.

—New York Observer.

JOHN HUBERT'S LUCK.

BY HELEN BEEKMAN.

[illegible] Hubert! Ill luck had [illegible] at his heels for many a [illegible] until it seemed as natural a [illegible] his every undertaking as [illegible] to other men. But [illegible] honest breast was a [illegible] of hope, bubbling to the [illegible] ripples and [illegible] sunny smile, his happy outlook, spite of [illegible] and disappointment. It [illegible] its boundaries when he [illegible] pretty Meta Mitch for [illegible] the year they spent to[illegible] year of potential sun[illegible] the dark cloud of poverty [illegible] over their humble [illegible] it so hard to pro[illegible] simple wants. But [illegible] work like some [illegible] and John found [illegible] with the memory of his [illegible] before him.

[illegible] a day when the poor [illegible] on her lips, as they [illegible] pale, leaving only a [illegible] smile about them, and [illegible] low, unheeded, [illegible] not of poverty, but the [illegible] horror, which broods over [illegible] with the hovel—but [illegible] and sweet Meta Hubert, with one lingering look [illegible] their depth for the strong [illegible] like a child at her bed[illegible] for the last time, while the [illegible] of life flickered and went [illegible] a little while black darkness [illegible] John Hubert's soul. [illegible] of the spring seemed [illegible], lo! his young wife had [illegible] unfortunate. Baby fingers [illegible] at his heart strings; a [illegible] stirred the waters of bone [illegible], and as the months grew [illegible] and he traced in the little [illegible] the same look which had [illegible] in her mother's his very soul [illegible] to the child who was as [illegible] and wife both, and the well-[illegible] of hope once more bubbled and [illegible] It was for her dear sake, I2 [illegible] after his young wife had [illegible] to rest, that he determined [illegible] the grave kept ever green and [illegible] face westward. His farm [illegible], his struggle a hard [illegible] Little Meta deserved something [illegible] he had and, with [illegible] sold all he had and, with [illegible] set out for their new [illegible] wonderful gold country.

[illegible] little evidences of its hidden [illegible] which at last it was reached. [illegible] delayed at the rough [illegible] the settlement, which, [illegible] to his father's hand, [illegible] them. She would [illegible] She did not dream that [illegible] falling in curls [illegible] her great blue eyes [illegible] or drooping with the [illegible] blushing the deep [illegible] it was as though an angel [illegible] covered in their midst. [illegible] had wives and children [illegible] at home, and tears sprang [illegible] I known no sorrow [illegible]

[illegible] place for such as she." [illegible] the stranger, instinctively [illegible] glance, but John answered [illegible] dignity.

[illegible] place by my side. She [illegible] friend. Her mother [illegible]

[illegible] was said, and John [illegible] "[illegible] little girl was soon as [illegible] though she had [illegible] But the feeling [illegible] had [illegible] to them [illegible] child. And [illegible] would [illegible] she would [illegible] would be [illegible] be [illegible] hand.

[illegible] Hubert [illegible] Meta [illegible] to girlhood, [illegible] unmolested, a [illegible] Hubert [illegible] day while those on [illegible] would have [illegible] John Hubert [illegible] Meta declared [illegible] John Hubert but strives [illegible] enough to his little [illegible] to go back [illegible] Meta [illegible] no locks, in this [illegible]

Each man was to the [illegible] a brother—a brother marked, [illegible] with the brand of Cain upon [illegible] the result of a quick word, a momentary anger, but never a blow in the dark or the assassin's hidden steel. So a great thrill of horror and amaze shook the little community to its centre when the day after John Hubert's luck had come to him he was found cold and lifeless in his bed, smiling as though he had no time to awaken from some happy dream, but with the cold steel through his heart.

Who had done this thing?

No need to ask why it had been done. The missing gold proclaimed the motive. The murderer had been thief as well. No stranger had entered the camp; none of their number were missing. Each man feared to look in the other's face. Silently, sadly, they laid the poor body in the ground. A rude burial, but few, whatever the outward pomp, receive such silent meed of grief.

Six months later, and Meta Hubert and young Roger Rollins walked side by side on the outskirts of the camp. Her face was pale, her eyes had in them an expression born there since her father's cruel death, and she listened with resolution already formed to the young man's words.

"Will you not marry me, Meta? Have I not loved you ever since you came among us a little girl? True, darling, the wealth for which I have so patiently toiled has not yet come to me, but it will come, Meta. I know it. I feel it, and then I will take you away from all these sad associations, but while you must be here let my love cheer and comfort you."

"It does, Roger; it does. I will confess to you tonight what I have never before acknowledged. I do love you, or, rather, I would had I room for love in my heart—room for any other feeling than the determination to bring my father's murderer to justice. How do I know but that you," speaking with sudden impetuosity, "are the man?"

Roger Rollins' face grew ghastly pale as he almost whispered:

"Meta!"

"Forgive me—oh, forgive me!" she cried, noting his pallor. "I did not mean that, Roger, except that we know not whom to suspect, and I am almost maddened with suspense and grief. Poor father! He had toiled so long, with ill-luck ever pursuing him, and when at last the tide of fortune turned Roger! Roger, who could have begrudged him at the end?"

"God only knows. Meta darling, Leave vengeance in His hands. Be my wife and forget your misery in our happiness."

"I cannot—I cannot!" she answered, a dry sob in her throat, as the bright future she pictured faded before her. "I might doubt even you, however even you!"

"You would come back to her as a penitent—a penitent we little meant."

She only realized when verified when, one short week after, the men came to her with triumph in their eyes and voices and told her that they had discovered her father's murderer. No need to question who. The name rang like a clarion through the camp, to her ears like a dirge, since it was the name of the man she had loved and trusted, Roger Rollins.

Working in his claim he had cried out that he had discovered gold, and the men, rushing to the spot, found his words indeed true; but, on further investigation, the gold was found to have been placed there, and when removed from its temporary bed so artfully deposited as to make detection almost inevitable. John Hubert's murderer was revealed. The motive was revealed. The murderer, by his premature speech, had betrayed himself. He had only looked aghast when told of his crime, and, pale and pale, lay bound awaiting his speedy trial—the certain death.

Meta listened shuddering to their words, each falling like a dull blow on her unprotected head; then, with a moan as of some stricken animal, she buried her head in her hands, plunged to be unforted. The sanity of her pulling at her life seemed almost gone before her; his terrible bereavement, his terrible bereavement, which, in her father's hard, [illegible] them. She would [illegible] looks, this [illegible] Each man was to the [illegible] a brother—a brother marked, [illegible] with the brand of Cain upon [illegible] the result of a quick word, "You here?" he questioned, raising a haggard face to hers.

"Yes, Roger," she answered, very gently. "I am come to tell you I believe you innocent. Nothing can save your life, I fear, but I want to give you proof of my words. I want to be your wife before you die."

"Meta!" exclaimed the young man. "Thank Heaven! Not as my wife, darling. You shall be no felon's widow even in man's sight. In God's sight I am innocent! He only knows how that gold was placed within my claim, but as I soon shall be summoned to His presence, it never soiled my hands. Your words have wrung this from me—your belief in me—else I should have gone silent to the grave. Now, darling, leave me, lest you unman me for the morrow."

As silently as she had come, her pleading in vain, Meta passed away.

The trial was very short, the testimony conclusive, and the verdict that the next morning at daybreak Roger Rollins should die. In vain Meta protested her belief in his innocence, in vain appealed for mercy. They thought grief had unsettled her reason, when, as the shades of evening were gathering, a man staggered into the camp mortally wounded. He had wandered beyond the guards and in an encounter with two or three stray Indians met his death. He was one of their number—a surly, silent fellow, but one now needing their attention and care. Two of them sat by his bed as the slow hours wore on, and one, bending over him, said:

"You won't see daybreak, old fellow. If you've anything to say—any message to leave—say it now."

"So soon?" he answered in a broken voice. "I am going now where I sent poor Hubert."

"What?" they questioned, aghast.

"Yes, I murdered him; not the boy you have out there in chains. Then I did not dare use the money, and after a time I learned to love the girl. She spurned me—would not give me even a kindly glance, and one night I heard her tell Rollins that she cared for him. Mad with jealousy, I watched my opportunity, and in the darkness of the night placed the stolen treasure in his claim, knowing well what would follow. I never should have told. I don't know what it is makes me tell now, unless—unless—" and with a great choking in his throat the man fell back—dead!

No need of notaries and depositions. Justice and right ruled in this far off camp, though clothed in so rude a garb, and the men knew Phil Carlton's words were true. He had gone beyond the reach of their vengeance. They left him to the mercy of his Maker.

But ere another day drew to its close the solemn words were said which made Meta Hubert Roger Rollins' wife. Her father's fortune was hers now with which to build a home far away from these sad scenes, but, looking into her husband's face, with its proud, hopeful trust, she felt with her hand in his she could go anywhere. But sometimes, when her fairest hopes have been realized, in the evening twilight, while waiting the happy husband's and father's return, she tells the children gathered at her knee the strange story of Phil Carlton's confession.—New York Ledger.

The Lasso.

The lasso is of great antiquity. It is said to be depicted in the ruins of Nineveh. An early German manuscript, preserved in the Escorial, shows a sportsman whom I suppose royal by his Olympian expression and carriage, intent in the act of catching a wild ass with a nicely plaited lasso.

The Laplanders are said to lasso their reindeer, and the Tartars and modern Australians use a rudimentary lasso fixed to a long pole in order to catch wild or refractory horses. The Poles, Croatians and Wallachians, with the Hungarians, seem to have used the lasso till about the beginning of the present century. A picture by the German artist Bichter shows Polish remounts for the German cavalry being lassoed in the Zwinger at Dresden. The horses look as wild as a Texan "broncho" or an Argentine "pagual," and the attitude of men and animals, and the way the ropes are coiled and thrown, are identical with those adopted in Spanish America to-day. The lasso appears to run through a ring in the pommel of the saddle. It is, however, in Spanish America where the art has been most developed. The lasso is one of the open country, and the vast numbers of wild and semi-wild horses which up to the last fifty years or so roamed over the pampas.—Badminton Magazine.

Where Mustaches Are Barred.

There was a time in England when the employes of banks thought that wearing boards or lasts was a sign of dignity. This affectation has in almost every instance long been removed. One exception still remains. The best trade houses of Counts, where royalty keeps its private accounts, decline to alter their rule of a bygone age, and visitors to its ancient walls will note that the employes present a remarkably neat and smart appearance. The younger clerks, yearning for those hirsute adornments so dear to budding adolescence have recently memorialized the partners on this subject, but, alas, without success.

IN BLOCKS OF THIRTY.

LANDING IMMIGRANTS AT THE NEW YORK BARGE OFFICE.

Boatloads of Foreigners Make Their Entry Into the New World—Italian and Polish Women the Most Picturesque Arrivals. All Bear Burdens.

One of the most curious sights which the city has to offer is the scene which takes place almost daily at the barge office dock when the boatloads of immigrants from all parts of the world make their entry into this country. It is not, strictly speaking, the first time that they have set foot upon American soil, for they have been landed an hour or so previously at the pier of the steamship on which they came over, and, after picking out their several pieces of baggage there, have been re-embarked, with all their worldly goods, upon the barge office boat which is waiting to receive them. But their arrival at the battery marks their formal entrance into the United States, and it is not until after they have successfully passed the careful inquiries of the registry office that they can be sure that the new land they have chosen is willing to adopt them.

As the barge office boat draws up to her dock there is usually great animation to be observed on her deck. The passengers are standing about in little groups, either talking earnestly, with the abundance of gestures characteristic of foreigners, or else gazing silently toward the new city as if fascinated by its appearance. Every man, woman and child manifests a desire to go ashore immediately, and if it were not for the wholesome respect which they entertain for the blue uniforms of the officials there would probably be something like a stampede upon the gangplank. To facilitate the work of the registry clerks, the immigrants are divided off while on the boat into groups of thirty, and intervals are allowed between the landing of the different groups, so that there may be no crowding. The only way in which the groups can be preserved intact is by fencing them in art with ropes, and the appearance of the deck thus divided into pens is amusing.

On the forward end of the boat are huge piles of the larger pieces of baggage, too heavy and unwieldy for the immigrants to carry in their arms. Judging from the poverty expressed in the costumes of the people, one would not expect them to bring many possessions with them, but the fact remains that there are bundles, baskets, boxes and budgets of all descriptions, in addition to the trunks and chests which must be moved by the expressman.

The most picturesque arrivals are the Italian and Polish women, with their resplendent shawls and the gaily decorated handkerchiefs which cover their heads in lieu of hats. Their gowns are always short enough to satisfy the most advanced dress reformer, and the most popular style of foot covering seems to be high-knee boots of stout leather, precisely like those worn by the men. The women march ashore with the heavy, clumping tread which the boots connote, frequently carrying huge bundles upon their heads and smaller ones in their arms. Sometimes, however, it is a baby which takes the place of the second bundle, and there may be two or three toddlers clinging to their mother's skirts.

The father of the family is not idle, either; his arms are full of what are presumably more family treasures in boxes and bags. The wrappings of the bundles are remarkable for their diversity. Besides the brown sacking, there are brilliant pink calicos and multi-colored plaids, corresponding in kind to the clothes of the owners. Not even the children are exempt from burden bearing. Nearly every one that can walk has something to look after, and many of them are seen to be hugging fast little wicker or wooden chairs, evidently their own private property. Sometimes a band of Hollanders are conspicuous among their poorer brethren by reason of their clattering wooden shoes and general air of better health and prosperity.—New York Tribune.

A Mastery of the Heavens.

There is a curious light in the sky, which only a keen eye can detect, and which few astronomers even have seen, but which Prof. E. E. Barnard, who five years ago discovered the fifth satellite of Jupiter, has been studying for many years. He believes it comes from the [illegible] of others [illegible]. It is a faint patch, roughly circular, several degrees [illegible], and lying always in the plane of the heavens which is directly opposite to the sun. The [illegible] through it as they do [illegible] German astronomers have given to this strange light the name of the gegenschein. Precisely what it is remains to be determined.—Youth's Companion.

Atchison (Kan.) society people thirsting for novelty gave an imitation circus parade in their own [illegible], which they had decorated as hack wagons, chariots of $10,000 beauties and tanks and closed cages of reptiles and wild animals.

A HARVEST OF HUMAN HAIR.

Millions of Pounds Every Year Get Tangled Up in Commerce.

Perhaps there is no staple article about which less is known by the average person than the human hair as an article of commerce. It will doubtless surprise many when it is stated that the dealers in human hair goods do not depend on chance clippings here and there, but that there is a regular hair harvest that can always be relied upon. It is estimated that over 12,000,000 pounds of human hair are used annually in the civilized world for adorning the heads of women. In New York city alone over four tons of this class of goods are imported yearly.

"Not a little of the hair used in this country," said a New York dealer to the writer, "comes from the heads of American women and is fully as fine in shade and texture as the imported article. We had a big harvest during the craze that the fair sex had not long ago for having their hair cut short. Many thousands of women who then had their locks sheared have since bitterly regretted it, as in many instances their hair has grown so slowly that they have been compelled to wear a wig or a switch since the fashion changed. After the majority of women reach the age of thirty the hair seems to partially lose its vigor, and if cut it will not grow long again.

"Two-thirds of the ladies now adays use false hair more or less. The degree of fashion, or the desire to conceal a defect or heighten a charm, is the reason, of course. One woman, for instance, has a high forehead and wishes to reduce it in appearance. Another has worn off the front hair by continuous frizzing, and would like to conceal the fact. Both make use of a front or top piece, with a choice of many styles.

"Ladies' wigs cost from $20 to $200. Half wigs, top pieces and switches, from $10 to $50, according to quality.

"The largest supply of hair comes from Switzerland, Germany and the French provinces. There is a human hair market in Merlans, in the department of the lower Pyrenees, held every Friday. Hundreds of hair traders walk up and down the one street of the village, their shears dangling from their belts, and inspect the braids which the peasant girls, standing on the steps of the houses, let down for inspection. If a bargain is struck the hair is cut and the money paid on the spot, the price varying from 60 cents to $5 in our money.

"A woman's hair may grow to the length of six feet. And I know a lady who has been offered and refused $500 for her crown of glory, which is over six feet long. A single female hair will bear up a weight of four ounces without breaking, but the hair thus heavily weighted must be dark brown, for blonde hair breaks under a strain of two and one-half ounces. There are some 2000 importers, manufacturers and dealers in human hair in the United States.—Washington Star.

A Remarkable Discovery.

The Christian world has been startled by the announcement that some unknown sayings of Jesus have been discovered. It seems as if a miracle was being enacted before our eyes, when we read new sayings of one whose great lifework was done almost nineteen centuries ago. Is it a fact, or some strange illusion that we are asked to believe in the possibility of such a thing? The boldest novelists have not tried to put new words into the mouth of Jesus, but what they have not dared to do has now been done through the work of two young scholars of the University of Oxford, Bernard P. Grenfell and Arthur S. Hunt. These gentlemen were sent to Egypt by the "Egypt Exploration Fund," an organization founded by the late Amelia B. Edwards in 1883. They passed up the Nile about a hundred and twenty miles beyond Cairo last autumn, going to the little village of Behnesa, on the west bank of the Nile, near Abou Girgeh, where the Libyan desert comes down almost to the river bank. Mounds of sand, overgrown with bushes, extend along the edge of the cultivated land, to the east of which is a sandy plain of great extent. Upon digging in these mounds ancient papyri were unearthed. More than twenty papyri were found, being a greater number than has been heretofore gathered in all of the libraries and museums of the world. But the most interesting of all was a single leaf, which once contained eight sayings of Jesus.—Democrat's Magazine.

Digging Fish Worms He Found $20,000.

A Ralph Jackson, a lonesome old boy, while digging bait on Beaver Island, in the south part of Minnesota, struck a rusty tin box with his shovel, which when unearthed, and opened, was found to be full of gold and silver coin. When opened the under was nearly overgrown with the great amount of wealth he saw, there lay gold and paper money aggregating to $20,000. It is not known whether by whom the money was buried, or if it was the proceeds of an express robbery or belonged to a Swedish nobleman who lived a number of years on Beaver Island, dying there two or three years ago.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

SINCE BABY CAME.

Since baby came
The birds all sing a brighter, merrier lay,
The weary, darksome shades have fled away
And night has blossomed into perfect day
Since baby came.

Since baby came
The world is joyful and the home life sweet,
And every day with brightness is replete,
And time speeds by on swift and lightsome feet
Since baby came.

Since baby came
Dark, grim-faced sorrow is replaced by mirth,
At last I realize life's precious worth,
And far-off heaven seems very near to earth
Since baby came.

—Florence C. Baird, in Ladies' Home Journal.

HUMOROUS.

"No, sir, I never break my word." "Too flexible, eh?"

Visitor—And who are you, my little man? Cuthbert (with conscious pride)—I'm the baby's brother.

"Any spicy features in the new play?" "Well," the lady answered, "John had his mouth full of cloves."

"Rogers must have been fitting up a flat." "Why so?" "He's at work now trying to invent a folding butter dish."

"I see there is a county in Iowa that is free from debt." "How did the people out there get rid of their politicians?"

"I love you! Will you be mine?" "Why, yes, of course! What else did you think I was taking the cookery lessons for?"

"Bob says I grow more beautiful every time he sees me," said Mary. "Why don't you ask him to call oftener?" said Anne.

"Correct the sentence, 'Don't never look a gift horse in the mouth.'" "Don't never look a gift bicycle in the name plate."

Witness—Well, judge, I'll tell you all I know. Judge—All right, go ahead; there are two minutes yet before time to adjourn.

"Do you know, I'm quite worried about myself. I really believe I'm losing my nerve." "How do you notice it?" "I'm getting so I hate asking anyone for a loan. As soon as I saw you I began to tremble."

First Author—Do you always inclose a stamped and self addressed envelope when you send out a manuscript? Second Author—No, I don't want to make it too easy for the editor to send the contribution back.

Kind-Hearted Old Party—Hello, my little boy! Has some one been kind to you and given you that nice basket of eggs and vegetables? Little Boy—No, mum; pa worked fer it. He played Hamlet at the theatre last night.

Wallace—The "13" superstition has been exploded at last. A fellow who located claim No. 13 on Eldorado creek made one of the richest strikes of the year. Ferry—Yes, and a woman married him before he got out of the country. I guess "13" is still in the ring.

"Why," she finally ventured to falter, "do you look so sad when we are sitting thus?" "Because," he answered, gazing tenderly down into her troubled eyes, "a man always looks sad when he holds a lovely hand." She was something grieved, although she did not altogether understand.

Dogs for the Klondike.

There is a party of Philadelphians to start for the Klondike in the spring who take little stock in the innovations in the way of rapid transit in those icy regions. They intend to depend on a dog train to carry their outfit, and to that end have established a dog training school out on Willamette heights.

The training school or kennel is in a barnyard belonging to one of the members of the prospective party. The dogs number twenty-five, and are of various breeds. The teams are to consist of five dogs each, and they are trained each day to haul a sled.

The dogs seem to make little objection to being harnessed to the sleds, and haul the train around over the bare ground at a great rate. But like the "husky" dogs of the Esquimaux, they are not averse to fighting, and each run usually ends in a lively row among the members of the teams.

The head of the enterprise, Charles E. West, estimates that a team of four dogs, aided by the driver, will haul 1500 pounds without difficulty over the greater portion of the route to the Klondike after the Chilkoot pass is crossed. For the ascent of the pass the dogs will each be provided with a pack saddle, in which from twenty to fifty pounds of freight can be carried. Thus the dogs will be utilized so well that the labor of crossing the pass will be considerably lessened. An allowance is made of one pound of prepared food a day for each dog.—New York Press.

Lighthouse Built by a Duke's Daughter.

Penmarch lighthouse, on the Brittany coast, with its 10,000,000 candle power electric light, 150 feet above sea level and visible 60 miles away, is a monument to Marshal Davoust, Duke of Auerstadt, his daughter having given the French government $60,000 for the purpose.