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OUR COUNTRY.

One country—beautiful as one
From sea to mountain closes,
The southern daisies seek the sun
That rims New England's roses.
The same undarkened lights of God
Shine on us from the skylands,
And color every breathing clod
From lowland vales to highlands.

One country! and her flag unfurled
On heights of high endeavor
Is like a garland round a world
Where Freedom lives forever.
Hail to that country! Strong she stands
For loyal hearts that love her,
With Freedom's falchion in her hands
And Freedom's flag above her.
— F. L. S., in Boston Press Club Souvenir.

Saved From Death by Chilkat Maiden.

ARTHUR JORDAN, hunter, trapper, miner and Klondike guide, has played the role of John Smith, while Pochontas was impersonated by Annota, a beautiful maiden of the tribe of Chilkat Indians, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Like John Smith, Mr. Jordan is an Englishman. While on a hunting expedition in British Columbia just ten years ago he was captured by the Chilkat Indians on Skeena River, on the old Telegraph trail to the Yukon gold regions. He was subjected to many cruel tortures, but an Indian maiden who fell in love with him planned his escape, and to her skill and strategy he owes his life. Not only did she save his life, but she saved a buckskin bag of gold dust worth \$3000.

At length, John Smith's experience of Chief Powhatan in Old Virginia is met "in ill" when Arthur Jordan's tale of love and adventure with the Chilkat Indians in the frozen north is told. So let the bold hunter tell his own story in his own way.

"Twenty years ago I was a lad of sixteen summers, living with my father, who is proprietor of the Jordan iron works, in Bristol, England, and I ray away from home and came to America," began Mr. Jordan, as he sat in a quiet corner of the corridor of the Laclede Hotel, and narrated his experiences to a Globe-Democrat man. Jordan was attired in a common black suit of clothes, with black slouch hat, but wore high-topped boots of yellow tanned leather that laced up to the knees. They are the boots worn by all the miners of the west. Mr. Jordan is of medium height, and of strong build, and his ruddy cheeks are bronzed by years of exposure.

"I have spent fifteen years in hunting and trapping, and occasionally mining, in the Northwest territory," continued Mr. Jordan. "In the spring of 1885 I was at the head of Stewart river, 250 miles east of the spot where Dawson City now stands. My sole companion was a Chilkat Indian of the name of Seeta. We had a cayuse apiece to ride, and we slept in a tepee made of caribou skins. At the head of the Stewart river are three small lakes locked in the mountains, and as we saw some color on the surface there we pitched our tepee and made some washings for gold. We had only one gold pan, but with the additional use of a frying pan the Indian and I washed out \$6000 worth of gold dust. We remained in that region until 1888, and had fine sport in bear hunting. When we left we crossed the sources of the Pelly and Liard rivers, and pushed on to Lake Telsa, 150 miles northeast of Dyea.

"By the summer of 1888 we had come as far south as the Skeena river. The Chilkat Indians at the time were in an uprising against the white hunters, but I knew nothing about it. One fine afternoon Seeta and I rode into a beautiful valley that lay between two tall mountain peaks. I was admiring the scenery, as nature was there displayed in all her rugged and primitive beauty. Suddenly Seeta, whose Indian mind was keen and alert, called my attention to the fact that we were nearing a Chilkat Indian village. I was congratulating myself on this fact, as I was glad to reach even an Indian village after three years spent with only one Indian companion in the mountains and plains to the north. I was contemplating a friendly greeting at the village as an Indian dog barked savagely at my coming. Suddenly a half dozen stalwart Indian bucks darted from the brush at either side of the trail and covered Seeta and me with their muskets. Of course, discretion told me to make no resistance. It was only a moment until the bucks had disarmed Seeta and me, and had taken our ponies. Then, as they led us into the Indian village, we fully realized that the episode meant our capture.

"There were about 300 Chilkat braves and squaws in the village. They were in their war paint, and had been giving war dances. As Seeta could speak the Chilkat language, and as I could understand some of it, I learned for the first time that the tribe were in fighting humor because the pale-faces had poached on their hunting grounds. The Indians treated Seeta and me with great courtesy and good will for one week, although they kept us under guard constantly. Then our tortures began. They tied our hands

and feet with thongs of buckskin and pegged us to the ground, flat on our backs. The thongs were drawn so tightly around my wrists and ankles that they sank into the flesh and interfered with the circulation of the blood, and I suffered the most excruciating agony. Every night Seeta and I were tied down in this manner, and a strong guard kept over us by two or three young bucks. While I was lying thus flat on my back, and unable to move, the Indians threw mud in my face and walked over me.

"After I had been tied down every night for six weeks, then I was doomed to a new form of torture. One morning after I had been unpeppered from the ground the Indians held a war dance around me. Then they tied a buckskin lariat around one of my ankles and fastened a soft caribou robe over the back of my head and shoulders. A big buck mounted a pony, with the lariat in his hands, and started over the rough ground at a lively gallop, and I was dragged behind as if I was a captured fox used in making a trail for a pack of young hounds. The Indians had tied the caribou robe on my head to prevent my skull from being fractured and my brains from being knocked out. Oh, I tell you, those Chilkats are devils!

"Of course, I had not been dragged over the ground but a short distance until I was knocked insensible. When I regained consciousness it was late at night. I was flat on my back, pegged down, and I was weak and faint. A beautiful young Chilkat girl, not over seventeen years old, was crouching near me. She whispered in broken English, and informed me that she would try to arrange a plan for Seeta and me to escape. She said that the Indians had considered me almost dead, and for that reason only one buck had been detailed to guard me that night, and he had crawled into the brush to sleep. She told me to 'play sick,' so that the vigilance of the night guard would be relaxed. She said that she had bitterly denounced me in camp in order to ward off any suspicion that she might aid me. In her simple way she expressed great love for me, and said she wanted me to escape, and that when the Indians quit the war-path and peace was restored I could return and marry her. Of course, under the circumstances I could not protest against even an Indian maiden popping the question to me, and I made a marriage engagement then and there in a hasty acquiescence to her proposition. By this time my head was aching, from the bruises, and the fever was making me suffer from thirst. I asked the Indian girl for a drink of water. She crawled away quietly on her hands and knees in the dark, for discovery would have meant death. In due time she returned in the same way and brought me a leather pouch full of water. She had carried the pouch by a string around her neck. Before she left for the night she kissed me, and said that her name was 'Annota.' How appropriate! The name means 'laughing rill.'

"The next day I was very sore from my bruises, and I did not have to do much acting to 'play sick.' But when the Indians unpepped me from the ground I pretended to be too weak to walk but a short distance. I was pegged to the ground again for ten nights in succession, and so was Seeta alongside of me. I played sick. Every night Annota came on her hands and knees and brought extra food to me when the guard had walked to some other part of the village. She told me she was a niece of the Chilkat chief.

"One night she informed me that I was to be killed one week from that day, but that the braves in their council had not decided by what form of torture they would kill me. Then Annota informed me that, if possible, she would have two of the fleetest ponies in the camp saddled and bridled and tied in a secret place in the brush the next night, and that Seeta and I must try and make our escape. I told her that on the day I was captured, and while being led into the village I had thrown a buckskin bagful of gold dust into the thick brush at a certain place beside the trail and that I had not been detected in doing so. I told Annota that if she could find this bag of gold she could keep it for the assistance she had given me.

"At 10 o'clock the next night Annota, true to her word, crawled quietly to me on her hands and knees and

thrust my revolver, my penknife, and, to my surprise, the little bag of gold dust into my pockets. She hastily informed me that two saddled and bridled ponies were in waiting. She cut the thongs that bound me, and then cut the thongs that bound Seeta. The night was inky black and deathly still. The village was asleep and the silence was only broken now and then by the howling of a woods wolf that was lurking in the timber. Annota said she did not know exactly where the Indian guard was, but that he was in the brush near by, and that we would have to proceed very quietly. She led the way, crawling on her hands and knees, and Seeta and I followed in the same way across the green sward, and we did not rise to our feet until we reached the brush. Then Annota led us quickly to the ponies. Just as I was throwing my right leg over the saddle of my pony I heard the click of a musket, for the sound was a familiar one to me. The Chilkat Indian always aims to shoot a man in the stomach. They have old-fashioned muskets that fire but once, and they load them with buckshot. I threw myself on the other side of the pony just in time to catch three buckshot in my right thigh when the Indian guard fired. I rushed toward him and fired three shots from my revolver, and he fell dead.

"Now came the flight, and I shall never forget it. Annota astride the pony and I behind her, and she led the way along a secret trail. Seeta followed on his pony. The sound of the revolver and musket shots aroused the whole village, and the Indian dogs were howling, and there was great commotion. Annota had prepared for the flight by quietly stamping all the ponies of the village earlier in the night so that they would run to a pasture some distance away. By this trick the Indians could not get their ponies immediately, and we had a good start. Annota led the way along a trail straight up a sloping mountain 2000 feet high, until we stopped on a level plateau on the backbone of the ridge. The regular Indian trail was around the bottom of the bluff, and by going up the side of the mountain to the top we eluded our pursuers. Once on top of the mountain Annota kissed me good-bye, and said I must come back and find her again. She said she would have to work her way back to the camp again quickly, before her absence was discovered.

"Seeta and I rode along the top of the mountain all night. At daybreak we looked down and saw the Indians following the other trail in the valley below. They followed us for three days, and then we saw them return in disgust. The buckshot made my leg swell and the pain and fever was severe. The second night I picked out the shot with my penknife Annota had fortunately given me, and I washed my wounds in snow water, and then made a poultice of wild balsam bark and tied it around my leg with a part of my shirt. The balsam reduced the fever and swelling. I couldn't bear any weight on the lame leg. I traveled for one week and went down into the valley on the other side of the mountain, 125 miles from where I was captured, and there Seeta and I found a lodge of friendly Chilicolin Indians and an old clutchman (squaw) nursed me a short time. Seeta left me here. I finally rode my pony to Fraser river, and was nursed by a French trader at Lillooet, a small mining town, and then I rode to Lytton, on the Canadian Pacific railroad, and took a train for Vancouver, B. C., where I first found a doctor, one month after I had been shot. I then went to San Francisco and spent the winter there, and spent the \$6000 of gold dust that Annota had saved for me in seeing the 'elephant.' I never saw or heard of Annota from the night she kissed me good-bye on that mountain top.

"I went back to the Pelly river country in 1890, and brought out \$15,000 in gold dust and \$300 worth of furs and buckskin. I sold them in Vancouver. While there I met by chance Miss Clara Collins, whom I had known back in old England when she was a little girl. She was living in Vancouver with her parents. To make a long story short, Miss Collins became my wife, and she is to-day visiting her parents, who are now living in Springfield, Mass.

Boxing a Bride's Ear.
In Lithuania, a province of Russia, it is customary that the bride's ears should be boxed before the marriage ceremony. No matter how tender-hearted the mother may be, she always makes it a point of administering a hearty smack to her daughter in the presence of witnesses, and a note is made of the fact. The mother's intention is a kind one, though the custom itself is bad. The reason for it is to protect the bride should her marriage prove an unhappy one. In that case she will sue for a divorce, and her plea will be that she was forced into the marriage against her will, and on that score the verdict of the judge will be in her favor.

How Buffalo Bill Got His Name.
William Frederick Cody earned the title of "Buffalo Bill" by killing 4280 buffaloes in eighteen months. This slaughter was to supply meat for the laborers who were constructing a railroad in Western Kansas.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

He Feared Bankruptcy—And Postage is High—Didn't Want to Die—Wanted Everything Clear—Disproved—He Gets the Drops on People—In Paris, Etc.

"I am in debt to you, I know. A world of owing this! But if you'll call to-morrow, Joe, I'll pay you off in kisses."

And, knowing she had lovers right And left (yes, to his sorrow), He said: "You'd better pay to-night; You may be broke to-morrow."
—James C. Challis, in Puck.

Didn't Want to Die.
Fair Visitor—"What a lovely parrot!" (To parrot)—"Polly want a cracker?"

Polly (cautiously)—"Did you make it yourself?"—Truth.

And Postage is High.
Sykes—"If you can't get any of the American papers to print your jokes, why not mail them to England?"
Scribes—"I'd call that carrying a joke too far."—Harlem Life.

Wanted Everything Clear.
Editor—"I shall want about five hundred words on the subject I mentioned."

New Reporter—"Yes, sir; about what size do you want the words?"—Puck.

In Paris.
First Citizen—"Have you ever had any unpleasantness with Monsieur Allons-Marchons?"

Second Citizen—"Nothing worth mentioning. Nothing more than a duel or two."

A Question.
The Infant—"Maw, a grown up elephant's nose is his trunk, ain't it?"
The Mother—"Yes, my son."

The Infant—"Why ain't the nose of a baby elephant called a satchel, then?"—Syracuse Herald.

He Gets the Drops on People.
Jorkins—"Drugged and robbed! Why don't you have some action taken in the matter?"

Johnson—"I can't. I suppose the fellow had my permission. You see, he was my doctor."—Puck.

Disproved.
They say if you fix your gaze on the back of any person's neck you can hypnotize them.

"Not so. The other day I tried it on a tandem for an hour, and the girl didn't work any harder."—Life.

A Striking Observation.
Villainous-looking Character—"Wot's her time, guv'nor?"

Mr. Bluff (hitting him over the head)—"It's just struck one!"

V. L. C. (groaningly)—"I hope your watch ain't a repeater!"—Tit-Bits.

Dangerous Knowledge.
"So he is a Frenchman? And a fugitive from justice?"

"Yes. In his own country he is under suspicion of having guilty knowledge of the innocence of one who has been convicted and imprisoned."—Life.

An Able Man.
"Yes, sir. Bleeker would make money out of anything."

"Is he so lucky?"

"I should say so. Why, he married a penniless girl two years ago and he got her a position that brings him in \$1200 a year."—Life.

Well Turned.
He—"Who is that disreputable, ugly old fellow there?"

She (haughtily)—"That is my husband, sir!"

He (coolly)—"How true it is that homely men always secure the handsomest wives!"—Judy.

Rivalry.
First Klondike Boy—"Huh, my father's richer than yours; he's got nearly half a barrel of gold dust."

Second Ditto—"Pooh! What's that. My father's got three cans of baked beans, and nearly four pounds of bacon."—Brooklyn Life.

Headed Off.
"Here," said the philanthropist, "is a dime. Now, let me give you a little advice. Never—"

"Hold on," interrupted Sloncky Simpkins, "take back your money. My lowest price for listenin' to sermons is fifty cents."—Chicago News.

Through Other Spectacles.
Moth—"We're getting up a 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Insects and to Accomplish the Weeding Out of Campbor.' Will you join us?"

Potato Bug—"You bet your boots I will!—if there's a clause in it against Paris green!"—Puck.

Named With Reason.
Dole—"I hear that you've gone into the bicycle business."

Hale—"Yes, I'm making the 'V' wheel for racing men."

Dole—"The what?"

Hale—"The 'V'."

Dole—"Why do you call it that?"

Hale—"Because it goes so fast."—The Widow.

His Clever Scheme.
"I have come," said the young man.

"to ask you to let me have your daughter."

"Never!" shouted the millionaire. "Thanks," answered the other, as he hurried away. "Up to this time she has refused to smile upon my suit. When I tell her that you object to me she will be mine."—Chicago News.

In Danger of Being Omitted.
"So," said the Chinese Emperor's friend, "you have decided to open the gates so that in the course of time every nation on the globe will be permitted to transact business in your territory."

"Yes," replied the Emperor, gloomily; "every nation, with the possible exception of the Chinese."—Washington Star.

Fatigue.
"How is your husband?" asked one of two women who had met at the bargain counter.

"Very much run down," was the answer.

"Perhaps he works too hard."

"No, he doesn't. But he loses sleep and wrecks his constitution trying to figure out some way to live without working at all."—Washington Star.

Watched an Old Coat a Week.
The constancy of a dog was pathetically and forcibly illustrated in Muncie, Ind., last week. A farmer hauled a load of lumber to a Muncie factory last Friday and laid his coat on the ground. He told his dog to watch it. It seems that the farmer forgot the outer coat when he had finished his work and left it. Saturday afternoon the workmen at the factory noticed the coat and the dog sitting by the side of it. They attempted to move it, but were driven away by the faithful animal.

Sunday morning P. J. Connors, one of the workmen, noticed the dog and the coat were still there. He so admired the dog's constancy that he got it some meat and the way the brute got away with it indicated that he had not quit his vigil long enough to even get a mouthful of food. But notwithstanding this kindness he would not allow Connors or any one else to approach the coat. Monday morning he was still there and attracted the notice of the workmen. People began going several blocks to see the watcher, and carried him food. He was a great pet. All attempts to find the owner of the coat were unsuccessful, and Wednesday passed but the dog was just as vigilant as the first day.

That night his master came after him. When the dog heard him coming he began to bark and show signs of great joy. The master had no difficulty in picking up the old worn-out coat which the brute had so faithfully guarded almost a week from the several hundred who approached him, some to tease and some to feed him. The master's rough nature did not seem to realize what a friend he had in his dog. —Chicago Chronicle.

The Time Niagara Dried Up.
It seems almost incredible that at one time in its history the greatest and most wonderful waterfall in the world actually ran dry. Nevertheless, it is an established fact that this occurred on March 29, 1848, and for a few hours scarcely any water passed over Niagara Falls. The winter of that year had been an exceptionally severe one, and ice of unusual thickness had formed on Lake Erie. The warm spring rains loosened this congealed mass, and on the day in question a brisk east wind drove the ice far up into the lake. About sunset the wind suddenly veered round and blew a heavy gale from the west. This naturally turned the ice in its course, and, bringing it down to the mouth of the Niagara River, piled it up in a solid, impenetrable wall.

So closely was it packed and so great was its force that in a short time the outlet to the lake was completely choked up, and little or no water could possibly escape. In a very short space of time the water below this frozen barrier passed over the falls, and the next morning the people living in the neighborhood were treated to a most extraordinary spectacle. The roaring, tumbling rapids above the falls were almost obliterated, and nothing but the cold, black rocks were visible in all directions. The news quickly spread, and crowds of spectators flocked to view the scene, the banks on each side of the river being lined with people during the whole day. At last there was a break in the ice. It was released from its restraint, the pent-up wall of water rushed forward, and Niagara was itself again. —Toronto Globe.

Opium From Lettuce.
A sort of opium is obtained from the common lettuce. The scientists give it a long name, which, no doubt, means something very learned and profound, and declare that they find important differences between the opium of the lettuce and the opium of the poppy; but, for all practical purposes, the one is identical with the other. Many a man who has eaten lettuce knows how sleep it causes him to become an hour or so after dinner, and the older the lettuce the greater the sleepiness, for in mature lettuce the milk juice is well developed and all the properties of the opium are present. —London Evening News.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

More than 300,000 series of arc lamps are in use in this country now.

In Bielefeld, Germany, there is a colony of epileptics, numbering about 1500. The colony was established in 1868, and patients from all parts of the world go there for treatment.

Large fish can be killed or stunned to prevent trouble in getting them into the boat by using a new spring pistol, which has a chisel-shaped point, to be released by a trigger, and shot out by the spring to sever the backbone of the fish.

That a caterpillar secretes wax to line its cell is a known fact. It now appears that a geometrid moth covers its eggs with silk. It is contained in a pouch at the end of the abdomen in the form of dense bundles about two mm. long, and resembling in miniature locks of wavy flaxen hair.

Projectiles used for the United States Army for its great modern guns cost as follows: Solid shot, 8-inch, \$69.80 each; 10-inch, \$144.50 each; 12-inch, \$212 each; 12-inch mortar shells, weighing 800 pounds, \$114 each, and 12-inch mortar shells, weighing 1000 pounds, \$195 each.

Victims of "rose fever," "hay fever" and "ragweed fever" will be interested to learn that a German doctor has added "bean fever" to the list of these popular summer epidemics. His discovery has been christened "Favismus," and the cure for the disease is to beware of bean fields.

A German paper maker has recently obtained letters patent on bottles made of paper, for use on board ship. The new bottles are made of a composition which, with the solution in which they are made water-tight, is still the inventor's secret. After being impregnated with this fluid the paper bottles are slowly dried in gas stoves.

A doctor in Paris has made the discovery that a solution of one part picric acid to seventy-five parts of water will cure quickly the most serious burns. The pain of the most terrible burns is instantly removed without blistering or irritation, and healing takes place in four or five days. There is left a yellow tint on the skin, which can be removed by a solution of boric acid.

The collector of butterflies may not know that specimens are sometimes made up of two or three different species, and even ordinary insects are often dyed and made to appear as if they had been native to the tropical forests. The collectors of butterflies are also orchid hunters, the flowers and insects that so closely resemble each other being alike denizens of dangerous and inaccessible jungles.

Calling Wild Fowl.
The difference between the notes of invitation made by various shore fowl—stints, gray plover, golden plover, ringed plover, knots and sandpipers—is so slight that no one but a fowler would notice them. Yet to these the difference is as great as that between the sound of French and English. A really first-class gunner will sit in a creek in August and call the birds up, if within hearing, and inclined to move, in any order you like to name. Even such closely allied birds as the curlew and the whimbrel have different notes. We once saw a large mixed flock of gray plover, knots and stints flying past on the muds, at a distance of some ninety yards. A gunner noticed that there were two or three golden plover among them. The gunner whistled the golden plover's note, and from the big flock of some sixty birds the pair instantly flew out, wheeled and passed within fifty yards, answering the call in their own language. Perhaps the best instance of the aptness of the gunners in learning bird language was recently recorded in the Westminster Gazette. It is credited to a fowler who shot the only specimen of the broad-billed sandpiper ever killed in Norfolk. When down on the muds listening to the notes of the shore birds he distinguished one which he did not know. He imitated it, the bird answered, flew up to him and was shot. Starlings, which seem almost to talk and certainly can imitate other birds when engaged in their curious "song," which seems so like a conversational variety entertainment, are all the time enjoying a monologue. Starlings, when they have anything to say, as when nesting, or quarreling, for places when going to roost, use quite different notes. Of all bird voices the song of the swallow is most like human speech—not our speech, but like the songs which the Lapp or such outlandish races sing. A Lapp woman sings a song just like that of a swallow at dawn. —Washington Star.

German Army Cycle Corps.
The German cycle corps of 1000 men has fully proved the advantages of the bicycle, outdoing the mounted men in swiftness and endurance, and acquitting themselves well in conveying orders and dispatches, doing scout and patrol duty, occupying and holding bridges, exposed spots, etc., and in covering artillery, baggage and even cavalry.

Berlin has female commercial travelers who make their rounds on tricycles, to which their sample boxes are attached.