

Orange County Observer.

D. C. Parks

ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

HILLSBORO, N. C. THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1899.

NEW SERIES-VOL. XVIII. NO. 15.

THE MAN AND THE WIND.

THE MAN.
What on the hilltop?
Wind in the trees!
Is there aught in earth or heaven
That bindeth thee and me?

I through the long hours
Feebly creep and crawl
O'er the green, smooth shoulders
Of the huge mountain wall.

Willst thou in a moment
With roaring skirts outspread
Leap from the valley
To the black mountain head.

THE WIND.
Little puny brother,
Why question thus of me?
There is need of me; I doubt not
There is need of thee.

I would smite thee were I hidden
Without pity, without wrath,
As I smite the giddy May fly
On the rain-swept path.

I care not, nor question,
As I play my eager part,
But I think that thou art nearer
To the Father's heart!

MISS CRAWLEY'S HOME-COMING.

A Frontier Stage-Ride and How It Ended.



HE wind shrieked and whistled through the empty cattle pens and rocked the palace stock cars and from upon the siding. The air reverberated with whistling reports as the dense ice snapped and cracked with its own weight and the intense cold, while the rickety old back that conveyed passengers in winter from the eastern bank of the "Big Muddy" to the sleepy little town of Riverside (the county seat of Gumbo County and emporium of the vast stock range that stretched away to the westward) rattled noisily along with its scanty burden.

In the principal store Mr. Meggs, merchant and postmaster, was busily engaged in sorting out and tying up packages of mail for the lonely ranches that did duty as postoffices along the star route that extended some two hundred miles farther into the interior.

Across the street Maverick Bill, stage-driver, was fortifying his stomach preparatory to a sixty-mile ride over the aforesaid star route. At one of the green-baize tables at the farther end of the room a little coterie of ranchmen, cowboys and gamblers had gathered. Bill eyed the group longingly as he remarked to the host who was also the Sheriff of Gumbo County and Deputy United States Marshal: "Twenty-two below, an' the north wind a howlin' like a pack of coyotes. I tell you, it's a picnic, packin' mail on a day like this. Mix me up a bottle of your best of rye an' Janavan ginger."

"Yes," replied the Sheriff consolingly. "It's sure pretty rocky weather; nobody but fools and mail-carriers will be outside to-day."

The stage-driver growled something incoherently a little later the host observed, from his post at the window, "You'd better get a wiggle on yourself, Bill. Old Meggs has just hove the mail-sack out on the sidewalk and Mike is waiting for the team."

Bill thrust the bottle into his overcoat pocket, and hurried with some what unsteady steps across the street. He had just finished tying the mail-pouch to the backboard when the hack driver from the depot halted his panting team beside the vehicle.

"Train just got in, Bill," said he. "Cats are full—Rotary busted—got a messenger and some express for you. Will you wait for this mail?"

"Not as anybody knows on," returned Bill, "three or four days won't cut no figger with them fellers up the creek."

The hack driver opened the door of the carriage, and a tall, stylishly dressed young lady emerged from its dingy interior.

"Good morning, Mr. Harris," said she in a low, musical voice; "I was afraid that we would not get here on time. I want to go out to the ranch with you to-day."

Bill stared at the new arrival for a moment in open-mouthed astonishment and then exclaimed: "Why, Minnie Crawley! is that you? You sure don't think of trying to ride sixty miles on a day like this! You'll be plumb froze to death."

"Oh! I must go, Mr. Harris; I haven't been home for nearly two years, and Madama will be so disappointed."

"She'll be a whole lot more disappointed if I bring you in froze stiffer as a doggie. But if you must go, come inside and get some more duds. That rig may do in Boston, but it ain't no account out here on the prairie."

When they emerged from the store a little later, Miss Crawley was clad in a huge eonskin coat that reached nearly to the ground. A fur cap was upon her head and a pair of thick German socks over her dainty little feet. Maverick Bill helped her into the buggy, tucked the robes carefully about her, then presenting her with a thick, dark-blue, woolen blanket, plainly inscribed with the well-known character U. S. I. D., he politely remarked:

"Well, that wakkapomany blanket over your head an' keep your mouth shut until we get to the road-ranch. I hope the lady'll have a good hot dinner ready when we get there, for we'll sure need it."

Then taking the lines from Mike's hands, he sprang into the seat beside his fair companion, and with a

sharp cut of the whip sent the horses galloping down the street. The town, with its huddle of squat, unpainted houses and its single deserted street, was quickly lost to view. Instead appeared a long, winding valley, bounded on either hand by bleak, desolate gumbo hills and snow-covered ridges and ravines. The snow creaked and crackled under the wheels of the buckboard. Long icicles attached themselves to the horses' nostrils and their sides became covered with frost as they sped along.

Minnie obeyed instructions to the letter by keeping her face covered and her mouth firmly closed, although at times when the vehicle swayed and jolted about, crossing deep, narrow creeks with the horses at their topmost speed, she felt an almost irresistible desire to scream. Fifteen miles out they stopped at an Indian's cabin to change horses, and two hours later Maverick Bill pulled up his tired team before the door of a long, low, dirty-roofed, log tavern where their midday meal was awaiting them.

Their hostess, Mrs. March, a short, stout, elderly lady, whose reckless disregard for his betrayed her British birth, met them at the door with a cordial greeting and urged them to sit up by the huge, red-hot heater and thaw themselves, while she poured out the fragrant coffee and added a few more dishes to the already ample spread.

They resumed their journey none too soon, for the days are but scanty length at that season of the year, and the sun was already sinking towards the western horizon. Off to the right a lean, hungry-looking coyote eyed them curiously for a moment from the top of a small, conical-shaped butte, then dropping upon his haunches he elevated his nose and gave vent to a weird, blood-curdling howl, like the wail of a banshee foretelling death. This prelude was immediately answered from a neighboring draw, and then half-a-dozen of them joined at once in a hideous symphony that was swelled still louder by the hoarse, deep bass of a gray wolf concealed among the somber shadows of the cottonwoods. Minnie shivered as she listened to this gruesome orchestra, and Maverick Bill drew the flask from his pocket, saying as he did so: "Take a drop of this, Minnie. A sip of something hot is just what you need now."

Minnie dropped the blanket from her face, and her eyes flashed fire as she replied: "I don't drink whiskey, Mr. Harris, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for making such a suggestion."

Bill gave vent to a long, low whistle. "I plumb forgot that you'd been back East for the last two year. I don't expect you'll mix with common cow-punchers any more."

"Certainly not unless they behave themselves like gentlemen," retorted Minnie.

"Well, that depends; if you flinger that we're again to act like them Eastern duffers, you're away off; but I tell you what, Minnie, we're just as good as they are, only they're shy an' decent about their oneriness, an' we've got the rough all on the outside. When I was a little kid, way back in Tennessee, my ol' mammy used to take me on her knee an' read to me out of the Good Book, an' I remember she verse specially that said: 'God loves sinners, but hates hypocrites,' or words to that effect. Well, He sure ain't got no call to put us fellers in the fire for bein' hypocrites."

"Perhaps not; but, Mr. Harris, don't you do a great many things that your poor old mother wouldn't approve of if she were alive—and it is possible that she knows about them just the same? When I first knew you, years ago, you never drank, or smoked, nor gambled, and papa said that you were the best boy-hand that he ever had about the ranch. What has made such a change in you since then?"

"Well, Minnie, it's hard to tell. You know I've been in the cow country a long time. I commenced wrangling horses for the Cross Anchor outfit when I was only twelve years old—a poor little Maverick kid without kith or kin in all this wide world as he knowed on. But the ol' lady's teachings had taken a mighty strong hold on me, an' I ains' ained to act right an' save my money—an' I did fer quite a spell. In '84 I had a nice little bunch of cattle of my own, then the hard winter come and wiped 'em all out. After that I put my money in the bank, but the bank went broke,

an' put me afoot again. Next thing, my horse fell on me an' drug me all over the flat with one foot in the stirrup, an' it took a heap of money fer doctor's bills. Seemed like the Lord dun give me up an' turned me to the wild bunch. But what worried me the worst of anything was this: There was a little gal on one of the ranches that was just as sweet an' pretty as an angel. I used to holt her on my knee an' tell her stories by the hour; an' I used to braid her hair an' quilt an' bridle for her ponie. She was the only critter on earth that I ever loved since my poor ol' mother died, an' when she was a little thing I think she used to kinder like me, too. But when she got older her dad sent her away to school, an' I knowed that settled it. She wouldn't have no more use for an' old broken-down cow-puncher when she came back, an' when I thought about it, 't made my heart bad, as the Indians say. I didn't never go to be tough, but just nonchalantly drifted that way, like a steer in a blizzard. If I once thought she really cared fer me I'd sure brace up an' be a man again."

He tried to catch a glance from Minnie's eyes as he concluded, but she was gazing far away over the moon-lit hills.

"How thick the coyotes are to-night," said she, presently. "Wasn't that the howling of a gray wolf, Mr. Harris?"

"Yes," replied Bill, gloomily. "Have the wolves killed many cattle this winter?"

"Yes, a whole lot; they pulled down a three-year-old Flying V steer, up at the forks, day afore yesterday."

"Is it possible? They must go in large packs to do so much mischief."

"That's what they do, from fifteen to twenty in a bunch—'Whoa! One of the horses had stepped into a prairie-dog hole, and was sprawling upon the ground with his mate standing over him."

Bill sprang from the vehicle, dexterously disentangled the team, and soon had them in proper position again.

"That nigh boss has got a bad cut on his right shoulder," said he, as he resumed his seat. "But I got 'em sharp shod a few days ago, and I reckon they'll make the ranch all right."

For some time they dashed along in silence, then Bill glanced retrospectively over his shoulder and gave a sharp exclamation: "I'll be blessed if there ain't a bunch of wolves a-follerin' us. They've got a taste of fresh blood from the boss's shoulder, an' now the onery brutes are after the boss and us, too, I reckon. Here, Minnie, take the lines, an' throw the whip into the horses, while I pump lead into them wolves."

A moment later the sharp crack, crack, crack of a pistol rang out on the frosty air, as Bill emptied his six-shooter into the hungry pack. Three of the wolves went rolling over in the snow, but the others, after a moment's hesitation, dashed forward, howling ferociously as they came. Bill flinched in his belt for more cartridges and then turned pale in spite of his bronze.

"I've only got three cartridges left," said he; "I must have been plumb lodeed to have left town without filling my belt."

He glanced furtively at the young girl at his side as he spoke. With pallid cheeks and set teeth she was skillfully guiding the team over the rough and dangerous trail, plying the whip with a dexterity that betrayed long practice as well as great mental excitement. But the horses were fast becoming exhausted, especially the one whose wounded shoulder had first attracted the attention of their blood-thirsty pursuers, and the wolves were rapidly shortening the distance that intervened between them and their intended victims. There were still sixteen of the big, gaunt brutes, their eyes glowing like coals of fire, and their teeth gleaming ominously in the moonlight. Bill glared at them for a space in impotent rage, then laying his revolver on the seat began to pull off his overcoat.

"I've got to do it," said he; "if them wolves ever get near enough to hamstring the horses, we're done fer, but if I make a rush and give 'em three shots right quick, they may break an' run . . . if they don't . . . you can get to the ranch all right above; it ain't far from here."

"Stop, listen!"

Bill paused and turned his head. As he did so a loud "Hallo!" and the sound of horses' hoofs crunching on the snow came to his ear.

"Thank God, we're saved! that's your dad an' the boys a-comin'," cried Bill.

Almost as he spoke four horsemen swept past, and a volley from Winchester and six-shooters sent the wolves scurrying away in all directions. The horsemen turned their animals' heads, and with the stoical taciturnity of frontiersmen rode silently along behind the stage.

"Have you got my kid aboard to-night, Bill?" finally inquired Jack Crawley.

"That's what I have," responded the driver.

Not another word was spoken until the buckboard paused before the Crawley residence, when a soft, white hand pressed Bill's big brown paw, and Minnie's voice murmured in his ear: "Try and be a man for my sake,

Will." Then she sprang to the ground, caught the pale, tired-looking woman that had just appeared at the door in her arms and covered her face with kisses.

Bill sat like one dazed, staring at the open floor, until the ranchman remarked: "Well, it looks like you'd fall out of that wagon and come inside."

Some twelve months later a small party of Riverside "flancurs" were gathered at their usual rendezvous, when the Sheriff entered with a prisoner, a short, heavy set French-Canadian, who had been accused of selling intoxicating beverages to the noble Sioux. The Sheriff seated himself in one of the well-worn chairs, crossed his feet comfortably on the billiard table, and began: "Well, I've seen pretty near all the old-timers on Alkali Creek this trip, and they all seemed to be doing well; but I must say that Maverick Bill surprised me. You all know what a lusher he used to be when he was whacking broncks on the stage line—we all thought he was dead hard. But he's done quit drinking and gambling and put him up a dandy little ranch in the next bend above Jack Crawley's—where the big beaver-dam used to be, you know—and he's got as nice a bunch of cattle as you ever set eyes on. Of course the bank's got a plaster on 'em yet, but if he has luck for two or three years more he'll be out of debt and lying high."

"By the way, were any of you fellers up at the wedding? Bill's and little Minnie Crawley's, I mean. Well, I've been to a hoe-down or two myself before now, but I must say, that one took the cake. The whole of Alkali Creek and a big gang of us Riverside gobblers were there. Old Jack Crawley alms was stuck on Bill, and he just kept mooseying around, a-stirring up the drags, and we kept the girls a-milling till plum sun-up the next morning."—Field and Stream.

HORSE MEAT CANNING FACTORY.

One at Linton, Oregon, That Makes No Secret of Its Business.

A factory for canning horse meat is located at Linton, Oregon, and it is the only one in the United States that does not hesitate publicly to announce its business, relates the New York Sun. The factory was started four years ago, first as a fertilizing plant. This business was not a success. The attention of one of the company was attracted by the excellent appearance of the flesh of a horse that had just been killed, and the idea occurred to him to turn their fertilizer plant into a factory for canning horse meat for the markets of Europe. The building is a large wooden structure built and appointed like any other slaughter house. The horses are knocked in the head, skinned and all the available flesh dressed, cooked and pressed the same as beef. It is then put into cans, barreled up and labelled "horse meat." Among the European cities where canned horse meat is sold are Paris, Brussels, Berlin, Vienna, Amsterdam and Copenhagen. A good deal of horse meat is consumed in London, it is said, but it is not sold as such.

The factory at Linton gets many of the horses needed for nothing. Thousands can be had in eastern Oregon for taking them away. The ranchmen are glad to get rid of their surplus supply of horses, as they consumed the hay that would be more profitably fed to cattle and sheep. The statement is made that 200,000 horses will perish of starvation in eastern Oregon this season. Last year the canning factory at Linton slaughtered 5000 horses; the year before 10,000. At present they are not slaughtering any on account of the poor condition of the animals.

The business has not been a financial success, according to the statement of a member of the firm, but it is expected to outlive the prejudice against horse meat in this country. A member of the firm quotes Professor Wheeler, of Philadelphia, to this effect: that there is no objection to horse meat as a food except that which is founded on prejudice, and that it is as good, healthy and nutritious as beef or mutton.

"Many of the people at Linton," said he, "have learned to like horse meat and eat it with as great a relish as they do beef or mutton or pork."

The hides of the slaughtered horses are tanned and used for shoe leather. The bones are used for fertilizing purposes.

Aginaldo's Whistles Galore.
Private Andrew Spencer, of the Twentieth Kansas, says in a letter from Manila that every other native he meets wants to sell him a brass whistle purporting to be the celebrated gold whistle with which Aginaldo provided himself when he assumed the dictatorship. "I have had opportunities to buy at least three hundred of these whistles," writes Spencer, "and the natives appear to be greatly offended when I question the genuineness of the souvenirs. Each one tells a different story about how he came into possession of this trophy, and the prices asked range all the way from ten cents to \$30."—New York Tribune.

A mammoth phonograph, which can be heard by 10,000 persons, is being constructed for the Paris Exposition.

HORTICULTURE.



Field Peas For Orchards.

There is natural adaptability of the orchard for peas aside from the fact that the pea roots increase nitrogen in the soil. The pea must be sown early, and therefore the plowing is done when it does not injure the tree roots. Then the broad leaves of the pea shade the soil and apparently absorb enough moisture at night to keep the plant fresh and growing. Then after the peas are harvested the hogs can be turned in to eat what have been scattered in harvesting. If the hogs are left without rings in their noses they will root over the surface soil and thus cover what excrement they have dropped. This with continued extra feeding in the orchard is the best way to enrich it.

Training the Evergreen.

The main objection raised to the pruning of evergreens lies in the fact that there is a continual exudation of resin from the wound. Where grown for timber or hedge purposes, pruning is without doubt beneficial or necessary; but otherwise as ornamentals or for shelter belts their natural form with low spreading branches and towering tops is by far the most pleasing and desirable.

In hedge planting, where the prime object is a screen or border, and not for the exclusion of stock, one of the most beautiful trees that can be used is our common arbor vitae or white cedar. Its beauty, as such, largely depends on the skill exercised in pruning.

Mr. Gardner, of Osago, Iowa, a well-known authority on the growing of evergreens, offers the following suggestions on the shaping of conifers:

"They can be made to grow in any required shape. Suppose the spruces or pines or arbor vitae are two or three feet high, and you wish to grow them in symmetrical cone shape. When the new shoots have about obtained their full length, the latter part of June or early July, cut all the new growth back to one inch for even balance all around. Do not cut the leader. During the remainder of the season, buds will form on the stubs of new growth. Buds will also appear bursting through the bark of the one-year-old wood, and frequently from the two year old. But for the cutting back of the shoots these buds would forever remain dormant. If the trees are of considerable size, say five to eight feet, and have never been pruned, then early in the spring cut off all branches that hang over a lower branch. Make the lower branches the longest, and each succeeding set as you go up should be shortened in.

At the proper time, when the tree has completed its new growth, cut it back as in the first case to about one inch, where it is desirable to do so to fill in a space, for instance.—American Cultivator.

Successful Culture of Gooseberries.

Gooseberries do best on a clay soil which has been made rich by a liberal application of well-rotted manure. I find that few fertilizers surpass barnyard manure. I have also used as a mulch well-rotted straw, wood and coal ashes, leaves, vines and anything that could be gathered up. After selecting the location I prepare my land by plowing and pulverizing thoroughly. I then mark out rows six feet apart, using great care to have them perfectly straight. With two horses and a large plow I furrow out and set my plants six feet apart in the furrow. The plants can then be cultivated each way. To some this distance may seem great, but I find from experience that it is much the best, as there is plenty of room for cultivation and the application of fertilizers. The space between the bushes can be utilized for growing beans, cucumbers, muskmelons, dwarf tomatoes and the like, as the vines remain green a long time, thus affording shade and protection to the soil during the summer.

I prefer to plant in spring as soon as the soil is dry enough to work well, especially if the plants have been taken up the previous fall and heeled in over winter. Select hardy, vigorous bushes and take great care in setting. It is of the greatest importance to get a full stand, for plants that are put in later are at a great disadvantage and seldom do well. Properly prune both roots and tops before planting, lay the roots out straight in the furrow and cover with a fine, rich soil. With me cultivation is the easiest part. After the fruit is harvested and the vine crop, if any, is out of the way, I plow the longest way of the field with a diamond plow, throwing the soil to the bushes. In early spring I cultivate the other way and harrow, which levels the ground and prepares it for the small crops. The sooner this plowing is done after the fruit is off, the better.—E. S. White, in American Agriculturist.

Egg Sauce—One cup of stock, heated and thickened with a tablespoonful of butter rolled in flour, poured over two beaten eggs; boil one minute, with a tablespoonful of parsley chopped in; add the powdered yolks of two hard-boiled eggs; stir well, and serve with boiled meat or fowls.

Kidney Toast—Stew two sheep's kidneys in a little water until very tender. Skin them, remove the gristle and chop fine. Add one-half teaspoonful of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt. Spread this mixture on buttered toast, and heat in the oven before serving.

Spice Cake—Cream together thoroughly one cup of butter, two cups of sugar and three eggs. Then add one cupful of cold water, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one-half teaspoonful of nutmeg, three and a half cups of flour, to which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been added, and one large cupful of raisins and currants mixed.

Prune Pudding—Cook one pound of prunes until very tender, remove the seeds and chop very fine. Beat the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth and add one tablespoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt and a pinch of cream of tartar. Mix thoroughly with the chopped prunes; put into a double boiler and steam twenty minutes. Pour into a mould and serve with whipped cream.

The average weight of a man in the latitude of New York is 140 pounds; of a woman 125.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Cleaning Silver.

If whitening to clean silver is mixed with water and a few drops of ammonia or alcohol it will be applied with much better effect than when used dry. A soft brush after polishing with a piece of flannel or chamois can be used to take the dry powder out of the crevices.

The Lavender Pillows.

Lavender pillows are taking the place of the pine-needle cushions. They are usually covered with white linen, decorated with spikes of the lavender flowers worked in natural colors or heliotrope linen worked with flax threads of a paler tint. Lavender is also largely used in place of the unalodorous moth balls, and is said to be quite as efficacious. A few drops of oil of lavender sprinkled along the edges of the carpet not only give the room a clean, fresh smell, but obviate the necessity of eternal vigilance for the appearance of carpet bugs.

The Care of Sponges.

To clean old sponges, boil them for three or four hours in water enough to cover them, containing a couple of tablespoonfuls of carbonate of soda, or in water mixed with a couple of handfuls of wood ash, this to remove all the greasy matter the sponges may contain; then rinse them thoroughly, squeezing them well in several lots of clean cold water. After this preliminary operation soak the sponges in chloride acid mixed with four times the quantity of water, suiting the whole amount to the size of the sponge, but keeping the same proportions. After twenty-four hours let the tap run on to the sponge for some time, then rinse with the hands until all smell of the acid has disappeared. Hang the sponge up to dry over a hot stove, and when this has been satisfactorily accomplished, the sponge will be almost as good as new.

Lamp and Candle Shades.

The favorite way of lighting a room at present is the one that will give the most light and not cast unbecoming shadows nor too strong a light. Lamps, if well attended to and filled with good astral oil, give the most becoming light, but some attention must be paid to the lamp shades. Those most in fashion are made on the wide round frames, and are either of the parchment, painted by hand, or of flowered silk or cretonne, finished with a very narrow "Tom Thumb" fringe. The painted ones are, of course, handsomer than the others, but there are some exquisite designs in the flowered silks and cretonnes which are much less expensive, and almost equally as effective. The glass globes have come into fashion again; those made of the shaded glass in the heavy iron frames are of good shape and coloring, but do not give as good a light as might be desired. Any globe or shade that covers the lamp or the burner of the lamp at the base is not suitable for a reading lamp; but these globes look very well on a lamp intended merely to light some corner, or to be a means of ornament in a room.

Candle shades are daintier and prettier than ever. They are made of both silk and paper—some in the shape of flowers, others in silk fitted over a frame and with an over-fringe of fringe silver. Women who entertain a great deal keep a number of different designs on hand, so that they can change the decorations of their tables at any time. The candle shades and lamp shades should not be used without a small inner shade or chimney of some material like fishglass, mica or asbestos—something that is non-inflammable, and does away with the danger of the shade being burned.—Harper's Bazar.

Recipes.

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