

Orange County Observer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1878.

HILLSBORO, N. C. THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1899.

NEW SERIES--VOL. XVIII. NO. 26.

"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE."

Under the greenwood tree,
Friends with the moss and grasses,
Flocks with the wind that passes,
There were the still pool glasses
Under the greenwood tree.

Under the greenwood tree,
Where the bold sun is shining,
Full on the ivy, twining,
There on the sod reclining
Under the greenwood tree.

Under the greenwood tree,
All in the summer weather,
Smoothing a pheasant's feather,
Watching a spider's tether,
Under the greenwood tree.

Where the woods sing to me
In joys that many be;
Nature and I together
Under the greenwood tree.
—Ernest McGeary, in Youth's Companion.

"MY PRETTY JANE"

By ISABEL CAMPBELL.



As you are fond of my cooking, Edgar, will you have a biscuit? I know they are good, for I made them after your favorite recipe," and Jane Elverton handed her best-trodden plate of the hot, flaky balls, with the serene composure of one who knew of what she spoke.

"Why, certainly," he replied gallantly. "On such a recommendation, I know I may venture." Then he laughed. "There's an unmarriageable conceit," he said gaily.

"And pray, why a conceit, Jane, praise her own work?" cried his brother, coming to the young girl's rescue. "Her biscuits are excellent, as every one who has ever tasted them will testify. Of course, so they should be, for it was I who taught her how to make them."

Then both ladies joined in the burst of admiration that followed this candid acknowledgment.

"Well, for out-spoken, undisguised self-esteem, commend me to the accomplished housekeeper," said Edgar, as his brother, Dr. Norman Gray, entered the room, late for breakfast. He sat down, tired and worried.

"I'm almost at my wits' end," he said, as he took his cup of coffee from his mother's hand. "Both the Miss Stevens have been taken very ill, and I can't find a nurse in the place who will take care of them for love or money."

"Why, what is the difficulty?" asked his mother. "There is usually no lack of women only too eager for such work."

"Yes, but just now the whole village is afflicted with the small-pox, which is certainly epidemic, if the disease is not. These two ladies have contracted the dreaded illness from an unhappy vagrant that they took into their kitchen, out of the kindness of their hearts, and befriended. Their own servants have deserted them."

"Oh, that is the reward of the humane!" said Edgar Gray, the doctor's younger brother.

"It is nature, following her unchangeable law. But you would not advocate infamy on that account, would you?"

"Don't moralize, Norman, please," said the younger man, shrugging his shoulders.

The doctor laughed.

"Well, it's hardly necessary on such a self-evident point," he said. "But can any one suggest some help for me? My patients must not leave home, because they are so nervous and sensitive that they could not stand the shock of removal. Of course, it's not needful that they should be in their house on the hill-side in entirely isolated, but it is essential that I should find a nurse more capable than Aunt Becky, who is in charge now."

"Norman, I will go if you do not succeed very soon in finding some person to suit. It is dreadful to think of those two dear old ladies in want of care."

Elverton, with a slightly heightened color on her beautiful face, and a sparkle in the soft brown eyes; "or, rather, it is not settled differently from what it was before."

"Why, my dear, surely you will acknowledge Edgar's right to object?"

"Certainly. He has a perfect right to object. I have an equal right to gain say that objection, however, and I do! The matter in question can only be determined by my own sense of what is right, and that outweighs Edgar's opinion. I'm sorry he does not agree with me. I have yielded to him on several other occasions, but I will oppose him on this, unless he changes his mind. Am I not right, Norman?"

"I cannot advise you," he answered gravely. "I am an interested party, you see, in much need of help. You do run a serious risk, the full extent of which, perhaps, you do not comprehend, and Edgar is somewhat justified, I think, in what he says. On the other hand, however, I need say no more, for I know you will act according to your own judgment."

Next morning, when Edgar Gray came down to breakfast, he did not find his pretty betrothed waiting for him as usual. She had gone to the house on the hill, and was doing her best to nurse and care for the sufferers there. Edgar was alone with his brother. He was very angry, hurt and offended.

"Norman, when you see Jane, today, you can tell her that I consider her foolishly reckless both quiet and blamable. Tell her that I can't easily overlook such direct defiance of my wishes, and that our engagement is at an end!"

"Is that why you wish to break the engagement—because she opposes your will?"

"Yes, it is! What right has she to go against me about such a thing? Do you think I want to marry a woman with a disfigured face?"

"Oh, hush! You speak as if that calamity were already a certainty! Ten to one she may escape, and then you are not marrying her entirely for her pretty face, are you?"

"That enters somewhat into my thoughts," Edgar answered satirically. "At all events, I will never marry a woman whose self-will and obstinacy deprives her of her beauty!"

"She acted entirely from a sense of duty, Edgar."

"Miserable cant! Her 'duty,' if you come to that, was plain enough before her! In this case, it was simply to obey my wishes."

"Indeed! She certainly thought otherwise!"

"Very well. She will never have the chance to think otherwise again!" he said hotly. "And that you may tell her, if you choose!"

Doctor Gray stood on the hearth for some time after his brother had left him, gnawing his moustache in great perplexity of mind.

did not seek to combat the inevitable, but tried by every means in his power to allay the severity of the disease. The twin sisters were badly marked; Jane, not at all. When she recovered from the illness which had showed such malignant unkindness to her friends in their old age, her lovely, youthful face was more beautiful, soft, and blooming than ever.

It was six months after that she stood in Mrs. Gray's parlor, looking out of the window at the moonlight falling on the lawn. It fell, too, on her own graceful figure in the warm, crimson dress, and on the silky curls of chestnut hair that drooped over the forehead and around the little shell-like ears, lying in a thick mass at the back of the pretty, dainty head. She was charming. Even Edgar might have thought that she had sacrificed none of the beauty requisite to a candidate for the position of his wife.

He was not seen very often now in his mother's house. His business demanded close attention; and he had found it convenient to take rooms in town. They were expecting one of these infrequent visits to night.

Jane and he had often met since her return to her aunt's house, but nothing of their past relations had been alluded to by either. She treated him with perfect friendliness and good-fellowship, as one entirely justified in his line of conduct; but at the least hint of the old dictatorial manner which previously she had listened to with attention, she froze instantly, disregarding his opinion with the most complete indifference. Of late, there was a certain air of proprietorship in his manner towards her, and even when it was shown in solicitude for her comfort, she resented it with pride and secret anger. She was thinking of this when he entered the room this evening.

"Ah, Jennie, is that you?" he said, coming over to her, his handsome face glowing from his rapid walk through the frosty air. "How very pretty you look in that red gown! After dinner, I want you to come out bicycling—will you? The road is in splendid condition, and it's bright moonlight, as you see."

"Thanks, Edgar! But I have promised to read to Aunt Ellie."

"Tut, tut! She will not keep you a prisoner this glorious night! You would enjoy a spin!"

"Well, I don't care to go," she said, walking towards the fire. "I've been out walking to day, and prefer to remain indoors now."

He frowned, and bit his moustache. However, he felt that he was treading on delicate ground—and was careful in consequence.

"But won't you come to please me?" he said softly. "You know I can't get over very often, and I wish it so much!"

"Why should I do this, or anything else to please you?" she asked coldly.

"Well, maybe you think there is no reason now why we should wish to please each other. But there is, Jennie! I spoke hastily to Norman about you, I confess; but then I was annoyed, you know! No harm has come of what I did, and so we will let things be as they were, will we not? I love you still, dear, with all my heart!"

Jane did not even change color when she turned her face to his.

"There is no love in the matter," she said quietly, "and your heart is in no wise concerned."

He flushed hotly, but she raised her hand to check his rejoinder. "Your heart has nothing to do with this affair," she repeated, "and I'm sure mine has not! Please do not think me proud or speak of it again! I could not marry you, now, under any circumstances that could be imagined!"

"You did not judge your heart correctly, then, in times gone by?" he asked satirically.

"No," she said, with a quick blush. "I was entirely mistaken! I might never have discovered my mistake, Edgar, if you yourself had not showed it to me. We can be friends, now, but nothing more."

And later in the evening, when Edgar had gone back to town, contrary to his previous intention, she told his brother of their interview.

"What a very unfair question!" she said with a soft laugh, and her head dropped so low that only the rosy cheek was visible.

"My Jane, my Jane! my pretty Jane, oh, never look so shy!" he quoted, and raising the blushing face, dropped a kiss right on the sweet tremulous lips.

"Oh, my darling, my darling, how I trembled for you when your pretty face was in danger! I love it, Jane, for its flower-like beauty; but for beyond all words can say, do I love the soul that animates it—the true and noble soul that looks out at me now through those sweet brown eyes!"

And, shy as she was, she threw one arm around his neck and held him prisoner while she gave him back his kiss.

DARING FEATS OF HORSES.

How They Learn to Climb Almost Perpendicular Cliffs.

So extraordinary as to seem incredible are the feats of horsemanship, which are a part of the many others that are daily performed in the Italian cavalry service. They are watched for by many reliable eye-witnesses; among them the British military attaché at Rome. Long and careful training of strong, intelligent and courageous horses is the explanation of these seeming impossibilities. They could be accomplished by a well-trained horse under a good rider anywhere, particularly in the West by our cowboys, but are specially practised in the Italian Army because of the Alpine climbing the cavalrymen must frequently do in times of war.

The training begins in the cavalry school Tor di Quinto, in the Campagna, and at the school at Piedmont. The horses selected for this work are chiefly English and Irish hunters, although some are Italian bred. They are light, yet very powerful, and possess an unusual degree of intelligence. At Tor di Quinto an old gravel-pit, with sides varying in height from six to forty feet, is used for the first training. At the beginning the horse is made to ascend and descend the bank at its lowest part, but gradually, as its confidence in itself and the sureness of his footing increases, the ascents and descents become higher, until at last the horse will put his fore-feet over an almost perpendicular bank, sit down on his quarters and slide down many feet, giving when near the bottom a great leap, which is calculated to make the hair of the average spectator stand on end.

Such is the strength, agility and fearlessness of the horse, however, that almost invariably he lands safely. But much, of course, depends upon the rider; the latter must have confidence in himself and in the animal under him. If he possesses this confidence and unflinching nerve he can successfully take one of these trained and sure-footed horses through precipitous regions where the risks seem quite appalling. The Irish hunters make, one the whole, the best mountain-climbers. Even in Ireland, without special training, they often do some astonishing climbing.

WISE WORDS.

Beware of him who hates the laugh of a child.—Lavater.

Interest makes some people blind, and others quick-sighted.

The use of money is all the advantage there is in having it.—Franklin.

The misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never happen.—Lowell.

Kindness is wisdom; there is none in life but needs it, and may learn.—Bailey.

It is not wealth, nor ancestry, but honorable conduct and noble disposition that makes men great.—Ovid.

The best evidence of merit is the cordial recognition of it whenever and wherever it may be found.—Bovee.

The careful reader of a few good newspapers can learn more in a year than most scholars do in their great libraries.—F. B. Sanborn.

Very Willing to Bury Him. The Philadelphia Record says: "Conductor Penn Little, of the Reading Railway, who was painfully injured a few weeks ago by being thrown from the top of a car at Nicetown, is aware now that great rivalry exists among undertakers and florists in this city. The day following his accident he received twenty-two proposals from various undertakers who wanted the job of burying him, the rates running from \$55 to \$350. Florists from all over the country sent their rates for 'gates ajar,' broken columns, pillars and vacant chairs. One gardener called in person, and Little, meeting him at the door, succeeded in getting fifty per cent. discount of market prices before he made himself known with as the man supposed to be dead."

FARM TOPICS

Growing Sweet Corn.

Sweet corn may be grown upon the same spot for many years in succession, if it is kept well manured, or until the smut gets to be very abundant on the crop, when it is best to leave the field to other crops for a few years. The same thing is true of field corn. After any other crop will follow corn the next year, unless it may be such as needs a moister soil. We have seen celery and cabbages follow corn well where it had been on strong soil not too dry. A crop of corn fits land for growing strawberries or any of the bush fruits another year excellently well, but they do not do very well after either potatoes or any of cabbage or turnip families. They do well the best year after onions or carrots, and fairly well after beets. A crop of early peas may be used to fit the land for setting strawberry plants in August.

A Run For Chickens.

Little chickens, in order to develop strength and size, must be given plenty of exercise. It is true, not only of fowls, but of all animals as well. Cramped confinements will make runs of the finest breed of chickens, even though they be given every other attention with highest feeding. A good sized run for fifty chicks for the first two or three weeks would be 6x10 feet, constructed out of one inch wire netting two feet wide, with twelve inch baseboard around the bottom. The ground should be kept well sprinkled with sand and swept clean every two days, with a fresh supply of sand added.

After the chicks get older and stronger they may be allowed larger runs in which some kind of green crop should be growing. Wheat, barley or clover could be sown in the latter part of August or September, when the plants will be just right for the chicks when needed. After the dew is off, on dry days, the chicks could be turned out of their narrow, clean runs and given the benefit of the pickings furnished by the green food, together with such insects, bugs, etc., as they will find and chase around over the wheat or clover patch.—Atlanta Journal.

Caring Room For Cheese.

An above ground curing room for cheese with a sub-earth duct to provide cool air is desirable. Provide proper insulation of the room by means of double walls, floor and ceiling with an air cell between them. The outer one should be properly covered with three-ply to make the structure air-tight. When properly insulated a room with a sub-earth air duct can be kept continually at from sixty to sixty-five degrees. The general plan of the sub-earth duct is this: There ought to be a stack to admit air. It ought to be about fifty to seventy feet high with a hood so arranged as to turn an opening toward the wind and cause a draft down the chimney. The stack ought to lead into a passage about twelve feet under ground, where the ground is coolest, for a distance of about one hundred feet and then up into the curing room. The curing room must of course have a ventilation. The sub-earth duct may be divided into several cool passages by means of drain pipe. This same principle has been applied by running the air into a well and then into the curing room. The average cost of such an air apparatus is about \$70. Practically it has been demonstrated that a curing room even in summer may be kept in the neighborhood of sixty-four degrees.—Professor F. H. King, in New England Homestead.

Cream Raising by Dilution.

The idea of the old process of cream by dilution is to dilute the milk with an equal or greater bulk of water; the mixture is allowed to stand two hours or more and then skimmed by drawing off the skim milk. It is claimed that this method has several advantages, especially when various patent contrivances are used that are now being sold by traveling agents. The fallacy of such claims was exposed a year or two ago by the New York Experiment Station and published in these columns at the time. Now, the Vermont station announces the results of exhaustive tests. The dilution method left in the skim milk thirteen per cent. of the fat of mixed Jersey milk, forty per cent. of the fat of Ayrshire milk, and seventeen per cent. of the fat of stripper milk, mostly Jersey. A centrifugal separator left in the skim milk only between one and two per cent. of the fat and was able to extract cream from the diluted skim milk. Speaking of the cans that agents are selling for the dilution method the Vermont station says: "These cans are less efficient than centrifugal separators, less efficient than the best forms of deep setting apparatus, and no more efficient on the average than the old-fashioned shallow pans. The cream does not churn so well." The fact that these dilution cans are sold by traveling agents and are not advertised in our own or other reputable agricultural or dairy journal, is of itself enough to make dairymen cautious in regard to their claims.—American Agriculturist.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

Polish Beefsteak Roll.

Take a two-pound rump steak, one inch thick, make deep incisions in it with a knife, taking care not to cut through. Fill the incisions with a dressing made of bread crumbs, onions, butter, pepper and salt. Roll the steak, fasten it together with a soft tape, but it into a well-buttered stew pan and cook slowly for two hours and a half. Thicken the liquor in the stew pan, add a little tomato catsup and serve with the beefsteak.

A Lemon Cake.

A delicious lemon cake is made as follows: Put one cup of sugar and one-half cup of butter in a bowl and blend them to a cream, beat the yolks and whites of two eggs separately and add them; add the grated rind and the juice of one lemon and stir in well; mix two heaping teaspoonsful of baking powder through one and one-half cups of flour and stir it through the mixture till the whole is perfectly smooth and free from lumps. Bake in three jellycake tins. For the filling to put between the layers: Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, with ten tablespoonsful of powdered sugar beaten in slowly and the grated rind and the juice of one lemon added and stirred in slowly. While the cake is still warm spread each layer except the top one with the filling. Make a soft frosting of the white of one egg well beaten and four tablespoonsful of powdered sugar; dust the top layer slightly with flour and spread the frosting over with a knife.

Food For the Invalid.

It is very necessary that an invalid should eat nourishing food, and a sufficient quantity of it; but it is one of the most difficult feats in the art of cookery to be able to tempt the invalid's palate during the heated term of the year, and the skill of both nurse and cook are often taxed to the utmost to provide a variety that will combine the perfection of skill in preparation and of daintiness in serving, and, at the same time, be not over-rich or indigestible for a weak stomach.

If one is at a farm house where butter is made, the fresh buttermilk, if liked, is often very strengthening and an aid to digestion. Cases of chronic dyspepsia have been known to be entirely cured by the free use of buttermilk. In cases of nervous disorders it is most beneficial, as it quiets the nerves and often gives relief in troublesome cases of insomnia.

Beef tea with egg is highly nourishing. Beat the white or yolk of an egg and add it to a cup of beef tea not quite boiling hot; stir thoroughly and salt to taste. Sometimes when there is a distaste for the beef tea, the egg will change the taste and make it more palatable. Often the whole egg may be used; there is little inclination for solid food. It will not do to heat it after the egg is added.

An egg-nerf that is strengthening, and without alcoholic stimulants, is made as follows: Take one egg, drop the yolk in a large tumbler; beat well with three tablespoonsful of sugar, a little nutmeg, or any flavoring desired. Beat the white to a stiff foam, add and fill the glass with milk, mix well. This has a delicious appearance and is generally relished, especially by those recovering from a long illness.

Household Hints.

The use in common of the same vaseline bottle should be avoided.

When buying nutmegs, remember that the smaller ones have a much more delicate flavor than the larger ones.

An Italian way to give the touch of garlic to the salad is to rub a piece of bread with it and put it in the salad dish, where it lends its flavor through the dish as the salad is tossed.

An oblong of cream cheese, surrounded with a rich gooseberry jam or some other tart sweet, is, with unsweetened wafers, a frequent accompaniment of after-lunch coffee.

Tapes-holders in sterling silver are useful pieces of parlor bric-a-brac. They are about half the ordinary length, but are sufficiently long to give all the assistance needed in lighting overhead gas-jets.

In baking cake or muffins in gem pans it should be remembered that if there is not quite enough batter to fill all the set a little water should be put in each one of the empty ones before they are put into the oven.

A suggestion comes from the Argentine that may be useful in counteracting the chill and dampness often experienced in basement kitchens or in any room that has a brick or cement floor. A good thick layer of saw dust is sprinkled evenly all over the floor, a carpet laid over this and nailed all around to the edges of the base-board.

To clean brass inlaid work requires more than ordinary care, and the following method should be employed: Make a mixture of equal parts of tripoli and linseed oil, dip a piece of felt into it, and apply the polish gently. If the wood be rosewood, polish with finely powdered elder ashes; or make a polishing paste of rotten stone, a piece of starch and a few drops of sweet oil and some oxalic acid mixed with water.