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STEVE CALDWELL'S vacation at North Harbor had not been profitable. He had not rested, had not found his affinity amongst the law-decked beauties of the place, was tired, remorseful and "broke." Thursday, having counted his small change and telephoned home for enough money to pay his bill, he determined to leave on the Saturday night boat. He told himself that the summer girls of North Harbor had "worked him to a finish." He called himself "a mark," and vowed that thereafter he would "vacate" in some trackless, primeval forest, where the wiles of women penetrate not and where high balls and penny ante are remote and uncanny memories.

Then he met Miss Glendennin and the whole face of nature was changed. The dowdy little summer resort became a paradise; he yearned to prolong his visit; the horizon suddenly expanded, the skies lifted and he noticed the pungent perfume of young summer in the air. But he was broke—flat broke, and rhapsodize as he might about her beauty, her gentleness, her evident regard for himself, he could not see any



way to cash on the delirium. He had met her twice and was sure he had "made an impression." There could be no doubt as to what she had done, for Steve had not known her a day when he was telegraphing to his house for permission to extend his vacation. They said "No" very curtly, and he moped. Jerry Mowatt, who had come with Steve and who disapproved of his extravagance, saw his friend's lowering frown and asked, "What's matter, Steve?"

"I'm broke," said Caldwell.

"Shouldn't be surprised. So'm I. But you're going home, aren't you?"

"Yep. Got to."

"But you're sick of the hole, aren't you?"

"No—that is, I'd like it if I could afford it."

But when Saturday came and he had the check, just enough to pay his bill, Caldwell couldn't make up his mind to go. To brace himself for the test he paid his last \$5 to the hotel clerk and the next minute wished he had kept it. He couldn't go without another tete-a-tete with Miss Glendennin. He took a walk that led him down toward the beach past her cottage. Her mother was in the verandah, but Anne, his loadstar, was at a lawn fete. He moped back to his hotel. The next day was Sunday. Caldwell, worshipping from afar, saw Miss Glendennin and her mother go into the village church. He went in, too, and sat droning in a back pew during the dull service. When they came out he was on the walk, beaming, glorified with the reflected light of her countenance.

"Oh, we're so glad to see you, Mr. Caldwell," she said. "We're going to have a midday dinner at the hotel—tired of our cottage fare, you know. Have you tried the Shelburne cuisine? They say it's wonderful."

They were walking now, he holding

her white lace parasol and she setting his heart afire with the flash of her twinkling, black eyes.

"Would you honor me by coming as my guests to the Pines?" he said desperately, remembering that his credit ought to be good there.

But old Mrs. Glendennin broke in with: "We'll be delighted to be your guests, Mr. Caldwell, but won't you humor us by taking us to the Shelburne? It's all the same to you, I suppose, and Anne has her heart set on the music there. Haven't you, Anne?"

And so to the Shelburne they went, Steve trying to forget that he had less than a dollar, living only each successive moment in her presence, hectic with alternate joy and embarrassment, till they were well along toward the coffee. He urged the ladies to order this, that and the other—anything that would defer the catastrophe and prolong his rapture. On tenter hooks of delight and terror, at last he saw Mowatt strolling across the verandah. He hailed his friend as a deliverer, and Jerry was soon chatting with them. No, he would have nothing; he had just dined; he was going for a sail with the Hildebrandts. Steve winked, grimaced and in a dozen ways tried to send him wireless telegrams of distress—financial distress—but Mowatt, curse him, either could not or would not see them.

Matters were becoming desperate. Steve saw the waiter making out the bill. He excused himself a moment and tried to walk jauntily as he approached the cashier's desk. He explained that he had "left his money in his other suit." Was he a guest of the Shelburne? No. Then the cashier was "very sorry to say, but," etc. Steve grew red and gray by turns, but he went back to his table and sat like a graven image for a whole minute. Then he twiddled his watch chain furiously for another minute. Miss Glendennin, who sat next to him, noticed the ruby Chinese ring he wore on the chain and leaned over to examine it. Here was a brief but priceless oasis in the desert of his troubles. He felt the pressure of her perfect hand upon his arm. He caught the vague fragrance of her ebon hair. But Mowatt came around suddenly, shook hands with Steve, and said good-by. Caldwell could have throttled him as he stood an instant grinning into his face. It was evident that Jerry understood the awful predicament his friend was in, and was deliberately deserting him. But the economical villain gave Steve no chance to say a word, much less to make a quick and dexterous "touch." He bowed grandly to the ladies and was gone like a flash.

As Caldwell turned round he caught a fleeting look of puzzled curiosity upon the expressive face of his idol.

"She's on to me," he thought, and blushed like a schoolboy. Mrs. Glendennin was getting nervous. The waiter had brought the finger bowls long ago and was skulking near a pillar with anticipation of a liberal fee. Steve's right hand wandered aimlessly into his trouser's pocket.

"Eighty-five cents, count 'em," he thought, grimly biting his mustache. Then his fingers stole up into his vest pocket. He felt a hard, round bit of metal, clutched it, looked at Miss Glendennin and turned purple. He pulled out a \$10 gold piece and tried to look his gratitude at her. He succeeded in looking foolish, but she smiled faintly and sighed with pleased relief.

The old lady noticed nothing. Steve paid the bill and gave the bobbing waiter a dollar. When they walked into the cool air Caldwell felt as a man feels whose reprieve is delivered at the gallows' trap. He was sure now that Anne, his Anne, was an angel. Such tact, such sympathetic acumen, such considerate regard for his feelings, his dignity, his vanity!

He told her, in a whisper, that she was a goddess. In the evening he found that Jerry was yet out on the water, so he borrowed a \$10 gold piece from the hotel clerk and hastened to his tryst with Miss Glendennin. It was midnight when he returned to his room and found Mowatt in pajamas smoking a pipe.

"Jerry," said Caldwell, "I'm going to marry that girl—yes, Miss Glendennin, if I can, and I think I can. You didn't see that I was broke to-day at dinner, did you? Of course not. You found it easy to go blind, deaf and dumb all at once. But I forgive you. Do you know what she did? She saw I was in a fix about settling the bill and she managed to slip a \$10 gold piece into my pocket while she was examining this watch chain. I'd die for a woman like that, Jerry."

"But are you sure? How do you know?"

"I made her admit it to-night. First she said no, of course, and tried to get angry when I insisted on paying her back, but—"

"But what?"

"Finally, when she saw that it would grate on my pride to resist longer, she took back her ten."

Mowatt smoked furiously for five minutes. Steve, speechless with excitement, began to lose his temper.

"Well," he bawled at last, "aren't you going to say a word?"

"Steve," drawled Mowatt, lolling back in his chair, "if I were you I

wouldn't have anything to do with—Anne—Miss Glendennin."

"Why?" snapped Caldwell.

"Well, she bunkoed you out of that ten, that's all."

"But don't you see it was her ten, I was paying it back. She put it—"

"No, she didn't. I slipped that ten into your vest pocket myself."—John H. Rafferty, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

FIRST PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Started in Charleston, S. C. in 1698 and is Still in Operation.

The city of Charleston boasts of the first library in this country supported by public funds. In the year 1698 the South Carolina Assembly appropriated a substantial sum of money for the purchase of books for a public library. The Lords Proprietors supplemented the appropriation later, and the library was governed by officials appointed by the Assembly, under the oldest library laws of America.

In 1749 officers of a Library Society were elected in Charleston, and soon had a membership of one hundred and sixty. At the time of the Revolution this society owned between six and seven thousand books, besides pamphlets and philosophical instruments, all of which save about 200 volumes were destroyed by the great fire of 1778. The society, however, preserved its identity, began the labor of collection, and in 1836 removed to the building which it now occupies. It was endowed in 1900 with the property, real and personal, of the South Carolina Jockey Club, including the historic Washington Race Course, now leased by the Charleston Exposition.

The society's collection includes much that is rare and interesting—several volumes of Incunabula, "Mr. Wm. Shakespeare's comedies, histories and tragedies, published according to the original copies. Second impression; London." "Printed by Thos. Cote for Robt. Allot, and are to be sold at the sign of the Black Bear, in St. Paul's Church-yard, 1761." There are files of newspapers from 1732 to date, a collection of autograph letters and one of MSS.

Mines of Wax.

In several parts of the world a resinous substance, called ozocerite, and bearing considerable resemblance to beeswax, is found, usually in connection with rock salt and coal. There are deposits in Austria, Russia, Roumania, Egypt, Algeria, Canada and Mexico, but says the Brooklyn Citizen, ozocerite has, so far, not been discovered in sufficient quantities to pay for mining anywhere except in the district of Rorystav, in Austrian Galicia, and on an island on the west coast of the Caspian Sea. In mining this mineral wax shafts are sunk until a bed or "nest" of ozocerite is struck. Then connecting galleries are driven. There is considerable danger, and many lives have been lost in consequence of the sudden forcing up of the soft wax into the shafts by the enormous pressure to which it is subjected. It is used largely for manufacturing ceresin, which is employed, together with beeswax, for making wax candles, as well as in the manufacture of phonograph cylinders, and for many similar purposes.

Statues of Queens.

There are three queens commemorated by statues in the city of London—Victoria, Anne and Elizabeth—though most Londoners would be puzzled to find the effigy the last named. Anne is left untouched in her lonely splendor in St. Paul's churchyard, says the London Chronicle. The figure of our late queen at Temple Bar is being cleaned by the corporation, as is also that of her son and successor at the same place, and it is to be regretted that, while their loyalty leads them to brighten the obstructive column which bears these statues, it is not strong enough to inspire them to remove that beast that never grew (or that bird that never flew) which crowns it. It is, however, said that at the church of St. Dunstan's in the west, only a few yards off, the greed of seat letters will prevent the king from seeing the fine old effigy of one of the most famous of his famous predecessors, great Elizabeth. Probably Edward VII. will regret that a three-guinea seat blocks his view of the sister of Edward VI.

Birds' Eggs and Science.

It is not often that science acknowledges herself at fault in an apparently simple matter, but she frankly does so in regard to the color and marking of a large proportion of birds' eggs. A reason there must be for their infinite diversity—it cannot be an esthetic one, and all we can say with any confidence is that the ever-pervading instinct of distrust is probably exhibited in egg shells as in more important things, and the main idea in their scheme of coloration has been the securing of safety from many enemies by harmonizing them with their surroundings. But it is a scheme full of perplexing exceptions, which any one can study for himself at this charming season.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Awkward.

The awkward man may not be slow, yet he always wants a day of grace.—Chicago News.

Water Drinking Best Means of Health

By G. T. Palmer, M. D.

THE human body contains a complete sewerage system in which poisonous and disease-producing refuse is constantly gathering, and jeopardizing the health, says Invention. The same rule which applies to municipal sanitation will also apply to personal sanitation, and the danger of disease may be forestalled by flushing out this sewerage system with an excess of water. Just as truly as the gathering of filth from the city in the "sewerage veins" endangers the lives of the inhabitants, so the poisons generated by the bodily metabolism, collected in the excretory organs, will jeopardize the lives of the millions of inhabitants of the body—the living cells. Every action of muscle or of nerve is accompanied by the destruction of cells, which, if not eliminated, will accumulate, like clinkers.

Aside from the mere "choking of the flues," we must bear in mind that the body is constantly generating poisons, which, if eliminated freely, will do no harm; but which, if retained, will be productive of disease. Such a poison is uric acid, which is charged justly with causing rheumatism, gout, constant headaches, dizziness, and a train of other symptoms, and it must be seen that if the accumulation of refuse is the cause of such conditions, the logical means of cure is its elimination. Other "products of metabolism" create their own types of disease, and all may be prevented by the free use of water.

A beginning of kidney trouble lies in the fact that people, especially women, do not drink enough water. They pour down tumblers of ice water as an accompaniment to a meal; but that is worse than no water, the chill preventing digestion, and indigestion being a direct promoter of kidney disease. A tumbler of water sipped in the morning immediately on rising, another at night, are recommended by physicians. Try to drink as little water as possible with meals, but take a glassful half an hour to an hour before eating. This rule persisted in day after day, month after month, the complexion will improve and the general health likewise. Water drunk with meals should be sipped, as well as taken sparingly.

Why Boiling a Potato is an Art

By Alice Dynes Fealing, B. S.

WE often hear the remark that some would-be cook "cannot boil potatoes." The truth is, few cooks prepare this dish properly. The girl who understands science knows that the potato does not boil. The water boils and the heat conveyed by this medium cooks the starch and softens the cellulose of the potato. Physics has taught her that, under ordinary pressure, water never becomes any warmer after the boiling point (212 degrees Fahrenheit, 100 degrees Centigrade) is reached; therefore she allows the water to remain at boiling temperature until the heat has penetrated and cooked the vegetable. She then removes the water at once and has a mealy, flaky potato. True, without her knowledge of science, she might obtain the same result accidentally. But she is quite as likely to continue the cooking until the starch is partly dextrinized and a gummy, sticky potato is the result. The scientific cook is quite likely to endeavor to hasten the cooking process by adding fuel to the fire, thus causing violent boiling, believing that she is thus attaining her object. She may cause the vegetable to break by the mechanical action of the water, or the liquid may splash over on the stove or pass off in steam, but in no case is the cooking accomplished in less time. Thus a knowledge of the simple laws of physics prevents a waste of fuel, a point in economy well worth consideration.

The Praise of Science.

By Garrett P. Serviss

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN is mentioned in any history of modern times; Daniel Webster in any history of America.

Thus writes Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in praising some of the great men of our country.

Consciously or not, he has put into one pregnant sentence the praise of science.

For, if you ask yourself: "Why does Franklin's name appear in histories which omit the name of Webster?" your only reply can be: "Because Franklin's scientific investigations and discoveries have made his name a household word in every civilized land, while Webster's political services, great as they were, affected narrower interests and stirred the minds of fewer people the world over."

And this is by no means a solitary instance; on the contrary, it may be called an expression of a general law. All through human history it has been so, and not only in modern times. But a very few of the foremost poets and great conquerors have won places as lofty in the temple of fame as those occupied by the leaders in scientific thought and achievement.

Alexander's name is not more widely celebrated than that of his master, Aristotle. Homer has not lived longer on men's tongues than Euclid.

Columbus in some respects stands alone, although science may with more reason claim him than any other branch of human effort.

Is Shakespeare, with his universal popularity, after all more widely known or respected than Newton? Would not more histories leave out the name of Luther than that of Copernicus?

Does not Galileo's fame tower as high as that of his countryman, Michael Angelo? If no account of the career of mankind could ignore Napoleon and his victories, as little could it omit Laplace and his mathematics.

Put yourself in the place of an intelligent reader 500 years hence looking back upon the nineteenth century. Would he behold any figure among men towering higher than that of Darwin?

The presidents and kings, and politicians and fighters, and spinners of literary gossamer, and blowers of metaphysical bubbles, and hoarders of gold and banknotes will then present almost a dead level, a little tumbled perhaps with the excrescences of vanity, above which Darwin's fame will rise like a pyramid.

Especially let the young man, stirred by an honorable ambition to make the best use of this world's time and opportunities, remember that as the ages roll by the poorest figure of all is cut by the mere money-bags, the "king" of this, that or the other form of "industry" and greed. Into the heaven of lasting fame and honor it is indeed harder for the rich man to enter "than for a camel to go through the eye of a needle."

The hope of humanity on this earth is based upon the advance of science. The human mind instinctively recognizes that fact, and this is the reason why the name of Benjamin Franklin is familiar in lands where that of George Washington is seldom heard and that of Daniel Webster is forgotten.—American and Journal.

To Hang a Scythe.

During one of their college vacations Daniel Webster and his brother returned to their father's farm. Thinking he had a right to some return for the money he had expended on their education, the father gave them scythes and requested them to mow. Daniel made a few sweeps and then stopped to wipe his brow and rest: "What's the matter, Dan?" asked his father.

"My scythe don't hang right, sir."

His father fixed it and Dan went to work again, but with no better success. Something was wrong with the

implement, and it was not long before it needed fixing again, when his father said impatiently:

"Well, hang it to suit yourself."

Daniel, with great composure, hung it on a near tree, and retired from the field.—Philadelphia Times.

Thick as Leaves.

In Liverpool, which is the densest and unhealthiest district in England, the population is 63,823 to the square mile.

All the heroes are not married, but all the married men are heroes.

Farm Topics

Care of Colts.

Young colts are easily injured and seem to use but little precaution for their safety. To avoid injury they should be turned out on pastures that do not contain deep ditches or barbed wire fences. They should be given an allowance of ground oats at least twice a day, and should also be treated as pets.

To Mark Poultry.

The illustration shows the shape of a leather leg band used by a Massachusetts man. It was made from a band sent us by him which one of his



hens had worn for two years. It was made from a piece of old glove, kid will do, as there is no particular wear on it, and was three inches long by one-half inch wide.—Orange Judd Farmer.

The Corn-Fed Hog.

When the time comes that the cook prefers cottonseed oil to lard for household use, we shall expect to see what is called the bacon hog, with two streaks of lean to one of fat, take the place and sell for as good a price in our markets as the corn-fed animals. We do not mean that it will be necessary to go back to the animals that weighed 400 or 500 pounds when slaughtered, because feeders have learned that they can be fattened at 175 to 225 pounds, be well fattened, too, but the thin-backed, scant-boned and peaked-nosed tribe do not find favor among our marketmen, however well they may be liked by the aristocracy of England. And they do not care for them unless they come from Ireland or Denmark.—The Cultivator.

Economical Poultry Fattening.

While the Maine Experiment Station has got as satisfactory results from feeding poultry in small houses and yards, the Ontario Agricultural College has done decidedly better when the fowls were confined in small coops. Those fed in loose pens, with five square feet space to each bird, gained eleven pounds per crate of twelve birds at a cost of 7.44 cents per pound and sold at nine cents per pound. Those fed in coops gained in the same time fifteen pounds at a cost of 6.21 cents per pound and sold at ten cents per pound. Those kept in crates and fed with crumming machine gained 21½ pounds at a cost of 4.88 cents per pound and sold at eleven cents per pound. Equal parts milk and grain were used.

A Cheap Homemade Fence.

I improvised this spring what was intended to be a temporary fence, but have decided to let it remain. It is made with smooth wire, is easy to build, cheap, effective, and I believe durable. The slabs are heart pine, and light. Such slabs cost here fifty cents per 100. I used a twisted wire bought some years ago for \$2 per 100 pounds. I estimate the cost as approximating twenty cents per rod put up, including cedar posts, set twenty feet apart. Three wires were stretched the whole line. I had been tearing down some old buildings and had a lot of slabs five feet long, about three inches wide, and a scant half inch thick. I wove these in with the wire and also dug a shallow trench to keep the lower ends of the slabs in place. I did not use a wire stretcher but drew the wire pretty tight and the weaving process took up the slack. The fence as finished looks neat, and stops chickens, turkeys, dogs and larger stock.—W. H. Rowland, in New England Homestead.

How to Begin Dairying.

In many localities dairying would be profitable, but farmers are not used to this kind of work, and take to it slowly. The first thing to overcome is the dislike for the work. This is a difficult problem, as few men are really fond of milking. If this can be overcome by keeping good cows which make the business profitable, the next serious problem is that of good roads. Poor roads are a great detriment where milk has to be hauled to the creamery. Mr. Gilkerson, of Northern Illinois, formerly a dairyman in the Elgin district, believes that large, roomy cows should be selected, possibly Short-Horns or Holsteins. He believes that a general purpose animal, that is, one producing large quantities of milk and also fairly good beef, is the best. He admits that raising one's own cows is the best method, but, under present conditions, he thinks it more profitable for farmers to buy their cows from outside sources, selecting rangy animals with milk characteristics. Get up a co-operative creamery association as soon as possible. Remodel barns so that winter dairying can be carried on, as this is by far the most profitable.—American Agriculturist.