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SECRET.

If I had known oh, loyal heart, When, hand to hand, we said farewell...

If I had known, when far and wide, We lettered through the summer land, What Presence wandered by our side...

If I had known when your kind eyes Met mine in parting, true and sad— Eyes gravely tender, gently wise...

If I had known how, from the strife Of fears, hopes, passions, here below, Unto a purer, higher life...

If I had known to what, strange place, What mystic, distant, silent shore, You calmly turned your steadfast face...

If I had known that, until Death Shall with his finger touch my brow, And still the quickening of the breath...

If I had known how soon for you Drew near the ending of the fight, And on your vision, fair and new...

THE CLOWN'S STORY.

BY FLORENCE REVERE PENDAR.

It was at one of New England's pretty towns that Nina Walters first joined our show, with her fellow performer, Louis Mason...

"Now, Maudie, dear, one, two, three, jump. Oh!—can't? Want a little help?" crack went the whip's lash around the little girl's slender ankles...

Nina Walters and her fellow performers were trapeze artists, wonderfully clever in their line, and consequently high in favor with Pa Dryer...

Before many weeks Nina's dusky eyes and pretty ways had captivated us all and we were her willing slaves, from Ned our colored tentman up...

"You know how my fiendish attempt was frustrated. How the girl I loved took the place of the man I would have murdered..."

see my name in print, in a different form from its habitual one influenced me; or, perhaps, the hope that it might help some poor souls mad with jealousy...

Well, as I was saying, this evening as I stood waiting, I saw Nina coming slowly as if in thought toward me. It was something so unusual to see her pretty face without a smile...

"Nervous! What about?" I asked. You see she sort of looked upon me as an old fogey and didn't mind expressing herself freely as it were...

"Oh! I don't know," she answered, "only I feel as if something was going to happen, don't you know? It is silly of me, but I feel it..."

Shall I ever forget the cry that rang through the building that night, causing women to faint and strong men to turn white like unto death...

"A brave act ye've done this night, lad, it ought to wipe out a heap of sins for ye..." That night Joe disappeared, and "The Fays," as far as the public was concerned, were known no more...

"She did that, Nina," he murmured, adding, and she must have guessed all; I saw it in her reproachful eyes that night...

"You know how my fiendish attempt was frustrated. How the girl I loved took the place of the man I would have murdered..."

"Yes, I think you can," then as he

see his haggard eyes questioningly upon me, I added: "Wait here a few moments."

A little dark-eyed fellow stood shyly eyeing the man I had left but a few moments before, then laying his hand upon the man's arm he asked: "Are you my big, brave Uncle Joe?"

There are many plants whose leaves, flowers and seeds contain virulent poisons, which every one should know, so as to avoid them and keep children from them...

The oleander contains a deadly poison in its leaves and flowers, and is said to be a dangerous plant for the parlor or dining-room. The flower and berries of the wild bryony possess a powerful purgative...

The bulbs of the daffodils were once mistaken for leeks and boiled in soup with very disastrous effects, making the whole household intensely nauseated...

Gould's establishment at Irvington has very peculiar associations. The original building is by no means new, but its grandeur is such that it holds distinction even in these days of progress...

Gould bought the place, which he enlarged and improved at an immense cost, and on his hands it became Lyndhurst, the grandest establishment on the banks of the Hudson...

The advantages of the electric light over candles or gas in a ballroom were pleasantly demonstrated at a large dancing party given the other day at the house of Sir George Grove...

Colorado has to buy \$2,000,000 worth of grain every year for cattle feed.

A COMICAL MISCELLANY.

VULGUS STORIES BY THE NEWS-PAPER WAG.

Get a Turn Out—He Took the Hint—Well qualified for the business—still sold, etc. etc.

He Took the Hint. "My darling, you never have kissed me yet," he said. "Haven't I?" she answered, with a gurgling laugh...

Well Qualified for the Business. "So you would like to become a blacksmith," he would you? he said to a little barefoot boy, as he stopped blowing the bellows for a moment...

Still Sold. A man rushed into a Wall street broker's office the other day and rubbed his face hard. "How is Northern Pacific?" he inquired...

A Party That Will Support Him. "Which candidate will you support?" asked Farmer Furrow of a bachelor boarder. "That's a nice question to ask a man who is a candidate himself," replied the single man, with a mysterious air...

Two Views. Colonel Clepmore, editor of the Daily Blue Wing, went fishing one Sunday and broke his leg. The Rev. Mr. Gidfelt heard of the accident, and, in his Sunday sermon, said: "Here we have a striking example of the retribution following the violation of the Sabbath..."

Foiled. I see by the papers that ten thousand people in this country have been poisoned by eating ice cream," observed George to Angelina the other evening as they started out to walk. "Is that so?" "Yes, and that is not the worst of it. The Asiatic cholera was caused by eating ice cream."

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NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Black silk stockings remain popular. Red hose are worn with dresses of almost any color. Red sunshades are as ripe as ever on fashionable beaches...

The Medical Summary recommends the external use of buttermilk to ladies who are exposed to tan or freckles. Many elegant black lace mantles have either the sleeves alone or the bodice only lined with red silk gauze...

A fashionable young lady in New York has had her hair tinted a beautiful chestnut color to match her saddle-horse's mane. The skirts of dresses for girls of all ages are now made longer than they formerly were, falling always well below the knees...

High-heeled shoes are not worn by girls, and all heels are dispensed with by fashionably dressed children until they are eight or nine years old. Rough-and-ready straw pokes are much worn in the country. The prevailing garbure is a scarf of white mull wound about the crown and a mass of flowers in front...

The Cardinal sleeve is a Parisian novelty. It is quite straight, is plaited the whole length and set full into the arm-hole, whence it hangs half way down the forearm. Coaching parasols this season are many of them covered with changeable silks of two or three shades of some warm, dark colors, as red and brown, gold and rose or bronze and red...

There is no recipe for a good, clear complexion equal to the one that prescribes plenty of fresh air, soft water, wholesome food and regular exercise. Nothing is worse for the complexion than the sating of sweets and rich foods. The accordion plaiting, just now so fashionable, is made by machinery. The accordion plaits open and close like the instrument for which they are named, without injury. The regulation plaiting and knitting rarely keeps its place for any length of time, and needs constant supervision...

Ann E. Leak, an armless woman, was married about ten years ago to William Thompson, a steamship engineer. The couple went to Australia, and made a great deal of money in connection with the show business. Mrs. Thompson can crochet, knit, sew and write, using her feet as well as most people who perform such work with their hands. High coiffures prevail in Paris. The coil of hair on the top of the head is held in place by gold or silver-headed pins, in place of a comb. The forehead is covered with little round rings of hair termed statue curls, which are decidedly stiff in effect and unbecoming to most faces. New York ladies have not adopted these extreme modes, though many dress the hair high and have abandoned the regular bang over the forehead...

The first American petroleum was exported in 1863 from Pittsburgh to Europe at a loss of \$2,000 on 600,000 gallons. In 1883 400,000 gallons were exported, for which \$60,000,000 were returned to this country.

THE BLUE BOTTLE FLY.

Buzzing and gay in the early dawn, Fresh from a nap on the parlor wall, Out for a flight over garden and lawn, Fearing no tumble and dreading no fall; Came a fly: A lively, frolicsome, blue-bottle fly; And his feet Were as neat As his style As complete As his brain Was replete With the mischief that laughed in his eye!

And he wickedly winked his wee eye! "Then I'll go and dance on grandpa's head, While he struggles to push me away; And tickle his ear 'till he'll wish I was dead! And over the table at dinner I'll play Back and forth, And feast on crumbs from a newly-baked pie! And I'll sip From the lip Of each glass That may pass All sweet things Dinner brings Quoth this riotous blue-bottle fly. But, alas for the plans he had laid! And alas for the day just begun! For this fly soon lit in the grateful shade And to dream Of the sights that should soon greet his eyes! When unseen, From the green Of a limb Above him, On his head, By a thread, Fell a spider, Who coolly devoured that blue-bottle fly."

Humor of the Day. Maintains a very high standing—the thermometer. "Time's money," growled the disappointed creditor. "Well," replied the persecuted debtor, "invent I always said I'd pay you in time?"—Life.

"How do you like it?" asked a yachtman of a young lady, as the boat went up and down in the trough of the waves. "Oh, I—I—it's too awfully swell!" was the distressed reply. "As we journey through life, let us live by the weigh," sang the happy grocer as he put up fourteen ounces of coffee and put it on the customer's book as a pound.—Merchant-Traveler.

"He is a great artist." "Indeed! I never knew he used his pencil at all." "Oh, yes, he's fine. Come down some day and see him draw his salary. It's the best thing he does."—Boston Budget.

As they reached the other end of the bridge he said: "You must pay your toll, Miss Edith." "What is that?" she innocently asked. Then he kissed her. A few moments she remarked: "I don't like this side of town; let's go back." "There is this difference between us," said the needy tramp, looking the editor full in the eye: "you fill a long felt want, and I want a long felt fill." The editor wept, and, with many a muffled blow, hewed off a fragment of a wedding-cake that had been sent in with the notice, and handed it to the wanderer. "Will you up on that," he said, "and you will feel it long after all that trivial fond records have been wiped away from the subtraction table of your memory."—Burlington Hawkseye.

Odd Traces of Lost Money. Almost any one could collect and tell a good many incidents about lost money that has been found if he would try, but these cases came under my own observation, and I can vouch for the truth. A farmer in Kinnickinnick valley was paid \$1,000 while he was loading hay. He put it in his vest pocket, and after he had unloaded the hay he discovered that he had lost it, and no doubt had pitched the whole load into the mow on top of it. He went to work and pitched it all out, a handful at a time, upon the barn floor, and when the hired man's fork tines came up with a 1,000 bill on it knew that he struck a lead. He got it all. A young man one spring plowed a pocketbook and \$30 in greenbacks under, and, by a singular coincidence, the next spring it was plowed out, and, though rotten and full of holes, was sent to the treasury, where it was discovered that the bills were on a Michigan national bank whither they were sent and redeemed. I lost a roll of \$100 in the spring of 1882, and hunted my house and the office through in search of it in vain. I went over the road between the office and the house twenty times, but it was useless. I then advertised the loss of money, giving the different denominations of bills, and stating, as was the case, that there was an elastic band around the roll when lost. The paper had not been issued more than an hour before I got my money, every dollar of it. It was in the pocket of my other vest. This should teach us, first, the value of advertising, and secondly, the utter folly of two vests at the same time.—New York Mercury.