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WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

He looked at my tongue and he shook his head.
"This was Doctor Smart—
He thumped on my chest and then he said:
"Ah, there it is! Your heart!
You mustn't work—you mustn't hurry!
You must sit down and take it easy.
You may live for years, I cannot say.
But, in the meantime, make it a rule
To take this medicine twice a day!"

He looked at my tongue and he shook his head.
"This was Doctor Wise—
"Your liver's a total wreck," he said,
"You must take more exercise!
You mustn't eat sweets,
You mustn't eat meats,
You must walk and leap, you must also run;
You mustn't sit down in the dull old way;
Get out with the boys and have some fun—
And take three doses of this a day!"

He looked at my tongue and he shook his head.
"This was Doctor Bright—
"I'm afraid your lungs are gone," he said,
"And your kidneys don't right.
A change of scene is what you need,
Your case is desperate, indeed,
And bread is a thing you mustn't eat—
Too much starch—eat it, by the way,
You must benefit from live-only meat—
And take six doses of this a day!"

Perhaps they were right, and perhaps they
weren't.
It isn't for me to say;
Maybe I erred when I madly threw
Their bitter stuff away;
But I'm living yet, and I'm on my feet,
And grass isn't all that I dare to eat;
And I walk and I run and I worry, too;
But, to save my life, I cannot see
What some of the able doctors would do
If there were no fools like you and me.
—S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.

A VOYAGE ACROSS THE WORLD.

By E. C. KITTON.

VERY comfortable-looking poverty, I must say, George," said Geoffrey Martin, looking around the little room approvingly. "Certainly the dirty furniture and hangings and the blazing fire were worthy of approval.

"I quite agree with you, Geoff," answered George from her low chair, where she sat with her slippers tucked on the fender. "At first we found several drawbacks, but now that we have got used to making our own beds and cooking our own dinners we rather enjoy life than not. Of course there are heaps of things that we miss, and it was pleasant to have servants to wait upon us than have a woman in every morning to 'do up' the rooms; but we are too busy to have leisure to pine. I teach the young ladies of the town to play the piano, and to speak their native tongue with accuracy; and Josie is daily companion to an elderly lady—hours from ten to eight, and a holiday on Sunday. We rather like it."

"But Anna would not bend her shoulders to the yoke?"

"No, Anna thought poverty in England very objectionable. So she wrote to James that she had changed her mind about going out to be married, and should sail for Melbourne in the next steamer. We wanted her to wait for an answer from him, but she had a more perfect faith in him than we had, I suppose; anyway, she is gone."

"Have you heard of her arrival yet?"

"Yes, and no. We have heard that the Petrel arrived safely, but we could hardly have a letter from her till this week. It is just about three months since she sailed."

"Let us hope that her letter will not bring the announcement of her marriage to somebody else upon the voyage. It would be too bad if she broke poor old Jamie's heart, and those things do happen."

"So do snowflakes in May. No, I am not going to waste much anticipatory sympathy over Jamie's heart. I am anxious to hear from Anna though, and so is Josie. That young woman is late tonight, and I am dying to see her surprise when she finds you here."

"She is due, is she?" said Geoffrey, walking to the window and pulling aside the blind that he might look out on the garden path, dimly lighted by the gas lamps on the road. "Does she walk or drive? There is a cab now coming along."

"Walk, of course! We cannot afford carriages!"

"The cab is coming here, nevertheless. Stops at the gate—somebody gets out; it is Josie, or Anna!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Geoffrey, starting up in such haste that her chair went one way and the fire-irons another. "Oh, Geoff, what is it? I am so glad you are here!"

"I am glad you are glad," he returned grimly. "There, you see, if it is not Anna I am a Dutchman."

"And if it is Anna it is her heart that is broken and not Josie's," cried Geoffrey, rushing from the window to the front door. "Oh, my poor, poor dear!" she went on as she flung it open and caught the new-comer in her arms. "What is it all, and how came you to be back again?"

"I am so tired, Geoff! I cannot talk," answered Anna wearily. "All my luggage is out there."

"Geoff shall see to that. Come right in, darling. You shall rest and tell us all the tale to-morrow."

Rest was just what the wayfarer wanted. She drank her hot cup of tea, and took her soup in Geoffrey's lately vacant chair, and was after that only too thankfully led away to bed. Her sister undressed her and settled her with all the love and tenderness amongst the pillows without permitting a word of explanation, and then ran down again to Geoff and Josie.

"I call this a horrid surprise," she said. "I always did hate surprises; they are no better than practical jokes. What do you think of Jamie now?"

"Perhaps the poor fellow is dead," suggested Geoffrey.

"Not he; naught never comes to harm," said Josie specially. "The best I can hope for him is that he is ruined."

"Well, heaven be thanked that whatever has come to him we have Anna back safe. She looks horribly ill. Geoff, you will come in to-morrow to hear all there is to hear about it?" For Geoff was evidently ready to depart.

"I shall be in first thing, of course. I would stop if I might, but it won't do to scandalize your pupils. If there is anything to be done you will fetch me directly."

"I am so glad you are here!" said Geoffrey again.

Poor Anna! her tale was told in few words, but those few words contained a volume of sorrow. Her outward voyage had been prosperous and exceedingly pleasant. She was leaving poverty behind her, and was about to meet the man to whom her whole heart was given, and who had, as she knew, made a comfortable living for himself; she was strong and well and light-hearted, and all on board the vessel conspired to court and flatter her. She might have chosen a husband from amongst half a dozen men, but it was Jamie she wanted and Jamie to whom she was going. All through the voyage she pictured his delight when she should rush on board the Petrel to welcome her, but the Petrel arrived and there was no Jamie. Nor the next day, nor the next day; she settled herself in a hotel, wrote to him and waited.

After three days waiting a lady was ushered into her room—a lady most distinctly of the strong-minded genus. Not a bad-looking woman, Anna thought to herself as the two stood watchfully regarding one another; not bad-looking, nor vulgar, nor quite a lady, nor just at this moment quite at her ease.

"You are Miss Edgar, aren't you?" she said, after that pause of inspection. "It is rather awkward for me, you see, I am Mrs. Barrington—you won't take it kindly, I am afraid—but I am not come to see you, I would send me. Now what can we do to put things as right as they can be?"

So the delay was explained. The delighted bridegroom had not rushed to meet his bride because he was already husband to another woman. It went hard with Anna, but she was a proud woman and compelled herself to give cold attention to the explanations that Mrs. Barrington forced upon her. As if, being betrayed, it mattered to her how the thing was done! A rescue from Jangle on the one side, a nursing through an illness on the other. What did it matter to the woman they had cheated? Mrs. Barrington's offers of assistance were indignantly declined, and the first steamer that left Melbourne carried Anna Edgar with it.

"Did you foresee this, George, when you gave me the exact passage money in that purse towards the house plenishing?"

"Don't ask home questions, darling," answered Geoffrey with kisses. "Lie still and get well as quickly as you can."

For Anna had been exceedingly ill upon the return voyage, and was still terribly weak and shaken. The sympathy of all the place was with her, for seeing the impossibility of keeping the disaster secret, the Edgars had decided to speak of it openly at once, and friendly gifts of all kinds came in to show the kindly feelings of the neighbors. The little house overflowed like a cornucopia with fruit and flowers.

Geoffrey hung about, ready to nurse, run errands, write letters or do anything that could be required of him, as long as his business could spare him, and then unwillingly announced that he must go.

"You will say it is heartless of me to suggest that it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," he said, "speaking Geoffrey's mind as they sat over the twilight fire; but you see Anna could not have done me a better turn than by coming to grief in this way. All your misfortune seems to be good luck to me. If she had not come back I should have been afraid to ask you to come to me. Geoffrey, darling, for you would have said you could not leave Josie. I cannot expect you anything like what you are used to or what you ought to have, but

you say you do not mind being poor? "I like it, Geoff, dear," answered Geoffrey; "and, besides, your poverty is wealth compared with ours."

Three-and-twenty was Anna Edgar when she went out to Australia in the "Petrel." At three-and-thirty she was Anna Edgar still, and the "Petrel" was steaming towards England with James Barrington on board.

The little house in Oxford Road had proved a cheery home during those ten years; two busy and therefore happy women. Josie had tended the invalid to the close of her pilgrimage, and now aided her young daughter in the superintendence of the household. Anna had stepped into the place that Georgie left vacant, and had become famous through the neighborhood as a teacher of education. Her romantic story, instead of covering her with contempt as she expected, had brought her hosts of sympathizers and admirers. Life had prospered with the sisters, and they could now afford to work leisurely if they chose.

On a day in August, Anna Edgar was taking decided holiday. George and her babes had just left after one of their frequent gleeful visits, and she was resting in preparation for the next event. Her music was open on the piano, and her blotting-book on the writing-table; but her attention was wholly taken up with certain patterns of laces and silks and velvets that were spread before her. She was evidently choosing a dress or dresses for some important occasion, and she fingered one pattern after another with lingering care. Anna had always been handsome, but she was handsomer now than ten years back, and to-day, with an expression of gentle contentment upon her face, she looked particularly well. She was so entirely engrossed in the train of thoughts with which the silks and laces were associated that she did not notice the sound of footsteps coming through the garden, and started when Mary ushered into the room "a gentleman to speak to you, Miss Anna." With a flush of surprise on her beautiful face, she turned to encounter her old lover James Barrington.

"There is some mistake, I think," she said, drawing herself back haughtily after the first shock of astonishment had passed. "You can scarcely have wished to see me."

"There is no mistake," answered James. "I have come across the world for that purpose. They tell me you are still Miss Edgar."

"That is true," she said, "but I do not see what concern it is of yours—now," she cried with emphasis.

"I have come across the world, as I said, to seek you out, and ask if you have forgiven me for what happened ten years ago, Anna? This is my only child," he said, pointing to a little girl in a morning frock, who hung shyly behind him.

Anna looked enviously at the child of the woman who had supplanted her. She bore a softened resemblance to her mother, but in her face was a strange expression indicative of Anna's own heart.

"Indeed," said Anna, and paused inquiringly.

"I have brought her with me," resumed James; "she is all I have. It is almost two years since she lost her mother."

"And you probably wish her to be educated in England. I am sorry to hear of your loss; it is a great charge to be left with so young a child to watch."

Anna was aware that she spoke stiffly and indifferently; but she was still in the dark as to the meaning of the present interview, and she resented what she looked upon as an unwarrantable intrusion.

"I brought her with me because I could not do without the only creature I have belonging to me, and, besides, I want to show her to an English doctor. Anna, you do know what my loneliness is, and how ill I can bear to be alone. I never could bear to be by myself. It was that that brought about what you must look on as my treachery toward you. You know how I urged you to come out to me, and how you would still wait till I could come to fetch you. It was too lonely, and they met with Jessie. She told you all about it; she was good to me and I married her. Then you came out two months too late, and I broke my heart, Anna, for it was you always that I loved."

"Hush!" exclaimed Anna, again, as she called with an appeal in her voice. "This is scarcely fit to tell before your wife's daughter."

"Do you not know," he said, "that the child is stone deaf? The same calamity that deprived me of my mother took away her hearing. No one may say what we choose before her; she only knows what we say on our fingers."

"Poor little soul!" said Anna, "I don't believe she is stone deaf. She is a fine figure, and taking her into her friendly arms. She understood now by some strange expression that she had noticed on the child's face."

"It is a heavy trial to her at times, and she has no mother. And I have come to see if you can be persuaded to forgive me the past and take the new that you have always had in my heart. I am a rich man now in every thing but happiness. I had given up all the luxuries you were used to, and if you don't choose to go to America

will sell my property there and purchase an estate where you please in England."

Anna had released the child, and now stood proudly confronting its father.

"I am exceedingly glad to hear of your prosperity; it must surpass even your expectations, and I trust that you may long enjoy it. But, as I said at the beginning, you have made a mistake; your presence here is unaltered for."

"I know," said James earnestly, "that you must even yet feel sore and angry when you think of my treatment of you; but you do not realize how much I too have undergone. Jessie was a good woman, a good wife, but she was not the woman that I loved."

"More same for you," interrupted Anna.

James put up his hand imploringly. "You speak truly; but it was you— you always that I carried in my heart, and it is you that I have come back to seek. Anna, if you are still angry with me, will you not have compassion on the child? Think of her helplessness, for what am I as a guardian to that little thing? Women are always tender-hearted, and the child has never offended you. Think of her love and my need, and of how I have loved you always."

"And betrayed me," said Anna; but he went on unheeding her.

"And how I love you still. Will you not yield? You are still Anna Edgar."

"I am," said she, blushing in spite of herself; "but here is Dr. Wilberforce. I had better refer you to him, for this day month I shall be Mrs. Wilberforce."

"Anna, Anna! am I too late? Have I come across the world in search of you in vain?"

"You forget, perhaps," she answered coldly, "that there was a time when you led me across the world in search of you in vain. I loved you once, but I am only a woman, and if I were weak enough to love you still I should scarcely have courage to risk a second betrayal."

She stood before him, proud and prosperous and happy, and if she had desired revenge for her past wrong she had it in that hour.—New York Ledger.

Icebergs sometimes last 200 years before they entirely melt away.

It is said that if the earth's atmosphere were suddenly increased in thickness to 700 miles the sun could not penetrate it and the earth would soon be wrapped in ice.

A lamp-wick which does not require trimming has been invented. It is a thick coil of clay, perforated with minute holes, through which the oil ascends by capillary attraction.

The overhead trolley now in use in Cairo, Egypt. The line was opened a few weeks ago. The cars are divided into three compartments—for natives, for Europeans and for women of the harem.

A ton of Atlantic water, when evaporated, yields eighty-one pounds of salt; a ton of Pacific water seventy-nine pounds; the water of the Dead Sea more than twice as much—187 pounds to the ton.

A remarkable cave has been found near Des Moines, Iowa. In winter its temperature is about sixty degrees, while in summer it is usually below zero, the frozen moisture depending from the roof in the form of icicles.

For the purpose of removing horses from burning buildings a new fire mask has been placed on the market, consisting of a hood to cover the eyes and nostrils to prevent the horse from seeing the fire or smelling the smoke.

In a recent test of floor material, the most durable turned out to be a tile made of rubber. An English earthen tile comes next. Vermont marble, flagstone, granite, marble mosaic, yellow pine, oak, Oregon pine and teak came in the order named.

There are no fish in Crater Lake, Oregon, the deepest fresh water lake in the world, and the Government has decided to stock it with trout. The natives used to say that the lake was bottomless, but soundings have shown its greatest depth to be 2009 feet.

One of the first instruments to be shipped to the Klondike is Professor E. H. Thompson's X-ray jewel tester, which will be used by miners to test their ores. Many people have a lingering hope that in the new gold region a diamond mine may come to light, and in case of such a glittering find the assayers would be greatly helped by the classifying which the jewel tester would render possible, and even non-professionals could apply the test. This instrument can be applied to any ore of mineral kind.

At Ridgeville, Ind., recently John and Richard McGuff, the oldest twins in the United States—probably in the world—celebrated their ninety-third birthday. They are the sons of John and Nellie McGuff, and were born in what is now Darke County, Ohio, August 31, 1804.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Little Quakeress—Spicy—The Point of View—The Shock—Works Both Ways—Head of the Class—Culture's Coadjutor—Expert Testimony, Etc., Etc.

A little Quakeress, so quaint, so modest and so sweet, she looked a veritable saint, while walking down the street.
—Indianapolis Journal.

The Point of View.
Cholly Chapleigh—"Oh, I'm awfully glad you're not a man!"
Penelope—"And I'm just as sorry you're not."

Culture's Coadjutor.
"What an air of well-bred repose young Newrich has."
"Yes, but he was naturally lazy to begin with."
—Chicago Record.

Works Both Ways.
She—"If it wasn't for the old bachelors there would be no dirt."
He—"If it wasn't for the firts there would be no old bachelors."
—Chicago News.

Head of the Class.
Teacher—"Willie, can you tell me what a leptomammia is?"
Willie—"Yesum; one of them things y' look through."
—Roxbury Gazette.

Spicy.
"Any spicy features in the new play?"
"Well," the lady answered, "John had his mouth full of cloves."
—Kansas City Journal.

Expert Testimony.
The Attorney—"You say you could not believe this person on oath?"
The Witness—"No, sir; O never heard the lady swear in me life, sir."
—The Yellow Book.

The Shock.
Miss Boston—"How rough this sport of football is! What shocks of irresistible bodies!"
Daisy York—"Humph! What shocks of irresistible hair!"

An Inconsistent Woman.
"Well, for a man-hater I think you're just too inconsistent for anything."
"Why, what do you mean?"
"Well, every time you laugh you say 'Ha-ha!'"

Woes Compared.
Perry Pattie—"Well, what luck?"
Wayvorn Watson—"Worse in the world. He game a meal ticket."
"Oh, it might o' been worse. I struck a guy yesterday that gimme a order on a bath house."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Same Excuse.
Blinks—"The paper says the Czar is a very illiterate man."
Winks—"Not up in the classics, eh?"
Blinks—"Worse. They say his letters are full of errors in orthography."
Winks—"But, my dear sir, just think! He has to spell in Russian."
—New York Weekly.

More Decent.
Mrs. Gaddington—"I don't like her at all, dear. She is a decent woman. The other day she tried to get me to say something against you."
Mrs. Bubbington—"She did? How?"
Mrs. Gaddington—"Why, she asked me to tell her confidentially what I really thought of you."
—Puck.

An Apology.
Kelly—"Pshaw did yer hit Kerrigan fer?"
Murphy—"He sed that phwat Oi didn't know wud fill a book."
Kelly—"An' didn't yer make him apologize?"
Murphy—"Oi did. Oi made him confess right befor all the crowd that phwat Oi didn't know wud fill several libraries."
—Judge.

Egging Him On.
Miss Brisk—"I do not think it appropriate that Cupid should always be pictured as carrying a bow and arrow."
Young Pokelomp—"Why—er—er—it seems to me to—er—be quite fitting."
Miss Brisk—"No, he should be armed with a popgun."
—Puck.

Aggravation Below Stairs.
Mrs. Greene—"Really, I think that girls in domestic service have a pretty comfortable time of it."
One of Them—"But we have no trials, mam. Just as like as not, when we have got a bonnet or a gown that is particularly becoming, first thing we know our mistress comes out with something exactly like it."
—Boston Transcript.

Decision Reserved.
"You framed this act of Congress, I believe?" said an eminent lawyer to a member of the House of Representatives.
"I did."
"Then would you mind telling me what it means?"
"I wouldn't mind in the least if I only knew, but the fact is the courts have not got through interpreting it yet."
—Harper's Bazar.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

The Pig Pen.

Small pig pens which can be easily moved from place to place are much better for hogs than the large ones, where twenty or more are gathered in heaps together. If plenty of straw is provided, each pig will make a warm enough bed for itself. Separate pens should at least be provided for the breeding sows. Many pigs are lost each year by crowding sows into pens with other hogs too near their farrowing time.

Blanching Celery.

The old method of planting celery in trenches and blanching the stalks by piling soil around them is not much practised now. Various expedients have been devised to blanch celery cheaply. Much the best is to have the celery planted as nearly as possible on a level surface. When the stalks are large enough, place wide boards against the celery, holding them from falling by piling soil against the outside of the board protection. This will blanch the stalks and leaves without causing rust, as soil is sure to do in a rainy season.

Gapes on Old Farms.

Gapes prevail on old farms more than on new locations, due to the fouling of the soil during years of occupancy. Chicks should be kept on clean board floors, or on new plots of ground, the object being to avoid any location that may have been occupied by fowls or chicks during any former year. One of the methods adopted by those who have been successful is to spade a piece of ground and scatter a mixture of one part salt and ten parts air-slaked lime on the surface, raking it well with a fine-toothed rake.—Farm and Fireside.

The Value of Tar.

Poultry breeders seem to have failed to discover the value of tar. It is very useful and valuable in many ways. Some breeders tar their poultry-yard fences in preference to whitewashing them, though we do not like to see it done, for it gives the surroundings such a gloomy, forbidding look. It undoubtedly contributes largely to the durability of the wood, protecting it from the ravages of storm and time. It is in the poultry-house, however, that the value of tar is the greatest, for it conduces greatly towards healthfulness. When that scourge of the poultryman, chicken cholera, makes its appearance, we would advise, first, a thorough cleansing of the house; next, a generous application of Carolina tar on all the joints, cracks and crevices of the inside of the building, and then plenty of fresh whitewash properly applied. The tar absorbs or drives away the taint of disease, and makes the premises wholesome. The smell is not very offensive; in fact, many people like it, and it is directly the opposite of unhealthy. To vermin, lice, etc., the smell of tar is very repulsive, and but few will remain after you have tarred the cracks, etc. A friend of ours in Maryland was once troubled with chicken cholera, and by adopting the above, in connection with removing affected fowls, he soon put a stop to its ravages. A small lump of tar in the drinking water supplied to the fowls will be found beneficial, provided it is the Carolina tar, and not that known as gas tar, which is very different.—The Fancier.

Phosphate for Grass Lands.

Whenever the grass seeding fails the blame is usually laid upon the weather. But that is not always correct, even in part. Grass belongs to the same botanical family as wheat, only the grain has had a greater development of its seed. All farmers understand that the wheat crop needs phosphate to be grown successfully, year after year, on the same land. To secure the soil is cultivated, and there is a new seeding with some manure each year, for the grass crop. Yet farmers think that grass, without reseedling, and without new supplies of mineral matter, will continue to grow. The result is that the grass gradually dies out and is replaced by mosses or other weeds of low organization that can live without mineral plant food. Not only is the amount of grass lessened, but its quality is also impaired by lack of the mineral. On land that has long been without phosphate cattle will not thrive, and cows which give milk will take to the eating of old bones to secure the mineral nutrition they require. People who have learned that ground bone is good to make hens lay are apt to forget that the more bulky cow has an equally wonderful operation to perform. That is to take from her grass feed the nutrition required to make milk, which is less concentrated than the egg, but contains very nearly the same kind of nutrition. When we began using mineral manures on grass, we found that the second and third crops of grass seeded with the grain did not run out as they used to do. It is far better to apply the phosphate with the grain. The grass seeded with it will get the effects of the mineral fertilizing for at least two years thereafter.

Para rubber trees are being planted in Ceylon. Hundreds of tea planters are trying the experiment and hope to have the same success that they have had with cinchona (Peruvian bark).