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A PLEASANT STORY.

There was a pleasant old time;
Oh, many years ago,
When laughing boys and singing schools
Were all the fun, you know.

The singing school in Tarrytown—
A quaint old town in Maine—
Was wisely taught and grandly led
By a young man named Paine.

A gallant gentleman was Paine,
Who liked the ladies well;
But best he liked Miss Patience White,
As all his school could tell.

One night the singing school had met;
Young Paine, all carelessly,
Had turned the leaves and said, "Well sing
On page one-seventy."

"See gentle patience smiles on pain,"
On Paine they all then smiled,
But not so gently as they might;
And he, confused and wild,

Searches quickly for another piece,
As quickly gave it out;
The merriment, suppressed before,
Ran now into a shout.

These were the words that met his eyes
(He sank down with a groan),
"Oh, give me grief for other's woes,
And patience for my own!"

—Alice M. Roberts, in Good Cheer.

SURF-STATION NO. 9.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

There were two persons sitting on the
doorstep of a station of the life-saving
service. One was Will Plympton and
the other liked to write down his name
and calling as "Sam Walker, Surfman,
Station 9." They were looking across
the white, chilly sands to the sea, that
under the tearing, exasperating strokes
of the wind hourly grew more and more
violent. The clouds had a scowling look.
It was not a disturbed sky simply,
angry here and there, but everywhere
his face was one of settled, ugly, morose-
ness.

"Mischievous brewin'," said Sam.
"Yes; the wind has been busy at some-
thing for the past twenty-four hours,"
replied Will.

"How white and ugly that surf is!
Looks to me as if it was all full of
sharks' teeth, white and hard."

"Somebody will feel them when the
storm breaks—at any rate, before it is
over."

"Yes; I s'pose the vessel is on the
water that has been quietly movin' on to
meet its doom in this storm, and didn't
know it more than you and I know the
future."

All this time sea and sky had been
growing blacker.

Keeper Joel Barney, the official head
of the crew at Station 9, stepped out of
the station, and the conversation was
interrupted. When Sam and Will were
alone again, Sam said:

"That sea and me feel alike, I guess."

"Why?"

"Oh, I am not at all easy."

Here Sam's face seemed to darken like
the sky.

"What are you thinking of?"

"I'm thinkin' of somebody that
wronged me once. That was in old
England. We were both boatmen and
there was an extra chance at work we
both wanted, and Payne Chesley set on
foot some stories that lost me my old
place and kept me out of a better one.
Lies! Lies!" said Sam, vehemently—
"all of them."

"Well, didn't people see that?"

"Yes, but too late to help me. If it
had been the truth, it couldn't for the
time have hurt me more."

"What's false will wash off like mud.
It's only what is true that sticks in and
stays and hurts."

But Sam was not disposed to dwell
on this side of the subject. He arose,
strode off grumbling, and sat down in
the station doorway.

"What makes me think of Payne
Chesley, I don't know. I feel ugly as
that sea looks, and I don't know but I
could put Payne Chesley under the
water if I had him. Seems to me 'twould
be just sweet to do that. But that isn't
the thing for an old chap like me," he
said, meditatively. "We've got to swal-
low those feelin's."

Still blacker grew sea and sky.

A savory odor of old Java, fried
potatoes and biscuit now came from the
station kitchen, and the crew gathered
for supper.

"Storm broke," said Keeper Barney,
amid the rattling dishes; "I see the
rain on the window near me."

Just then Silas Pease came in from
the beach and his dripping "son-wester"
told the story of the arrival of the rain.

"A bad night," said Silas, "if a vessel
gets on Howlin' Point."

But no vessel was so foolish as to do
that fatal thing.

The men on duty patrolled the beach
as the regulations require. Four times
between sunset and sunrise they trapped
from two to four miles each side of the
station. Each patrolman carried his

Coston signals, which could be lighted
at once, burning with a red flame and
warning off any vessel that might be
discovered sailing too near the shore, or
announcing to any wrecked vessel that
help was near. But though keen eyes
watched and quick ears listened, there
was no sign of vessels in danger or dis-
tress. There was only that near and in-
cessant thunder in the darkness, that
awful roar of an invisible anger which
manifested itself in an occasional throw
of cold surf about the feet of the patrol-
men venturing too near the edge of the
sea.

The morning lighted up a confused
mass of white, struggling billows under
black, heavy masses of storm cloud that
swept the sea with pitiless discharges of
rain. The men at the station were at
breakfast, when Arnold Rankin rushed
in shouting:

"There's a wreck off here!"

"Boom—m—m!" came the report of
a gun from the sea.

"That's Arnold's voucher," cried
Keeper Barney, springing from his seat
and upsetting the chair in his eagerness.

"Our surfboat cannot live in that sea.
Open the boat room doors. Man the
beach wagon, boys."

Out upon the sands the cart was quick-
ly rushed, and a wreck gun and other
apparatus taken from it. The gun was
placed in position, and a shot carrying
with it a light, strong line sent over the
wreck.

"They've got it!" said Sam Walker,
looking toward the vessel, around which
boiled the white surf. "They have made
it fast!"

"Take two half hitches with the shot
line round that whip," shouted the
keeper, soon signaling to the wreck to
haul on board.

The "whip" was a larger line doubled
through a single pulley-block, and it was
patiently hauled on board, followed by a
hawser. These two lines were made fast,
the hawser being secured above the
"whip" or endless line.

"Send the life-car, boys," said Keeper
Barney. "Quick!"

Every moment the storm seemed to
be gathering more force, as if to
resist the brave men in their
work of rescue. More heavily
rolled the waves upon the shore;
the wind charged up and down the beach,
and roughly the rain splashed the faces
of the surfmen. And yet how the crew
worked, springing from duty to duty and
cheering heartily when they saw the life-
car riding along the hawser and hauled
out by means of the whip!

"They've loaded her up," was the news
that Sam's keen eyes enabled him to
communicate. "Four men have got into
her."

"Haul ashore," shouted the keeper;
and safely across that turbulent sweep
of surf came the life-car. The hatch
was removed, and four men sprang upon
the beach.

"Haul out!" was the keeper's ready
command, and back to the wreck went
the car.

"It's a steamer, the men say," was
Arnold Rankin's announcement to his
mates. "She's in a bad fix and will
break up afore night, they think."

Again and again went the life-car on
its journey of mercy to the wreck. At
last arrived those who said:

"Nobody else on board."

"Look here!" exclaimed one of the
steamer's crew, coming from the station,
where the rescued men had found
shelter; "there was one sick man. Has
he come? He is not at the station."

The keeper looked around upon his
little circle of helpers.

"Boys," he said, "there's a sick man
aboard. Are you sure, though, he did
not come?" he asked, suddenly turning
to his informant.

"Sure as I am here, Payne Chesley
is not at the station, and he is not on
the beach."

"Payne Chesley!"

Will Plympton heard the name, and
instantly looked at Sam's face. He saw
Sam's startled, intent gaze, and then
Sam said to the keeper:

"Somebody must go and get him.
I'll volunteer."

"I'll go! I'll go!" said several.

"Your ropes out there are weak," said
one of the steamer's crew; "there has
been so much strain on 'em. One will
be enough to go in that car; send your
strongest man. No easy thing bringing
a sick man to it. Whew! If he ain't
up! And he signals, too! I'd go if I
wasn't bruised so."

Upon that wreck the sharper eyes of
the company could make out the form
of a man waving something—waving a
plea for life on the edge of that horrible
ghastly ocean-pit of water.

"I'm the strongest," said Sam Walker,
proudly, and in proof he raised his
heavy, muscular arm.

Everybody knew it was as Sam as-
serted. Into the car he went and the
hatch was closed after him. Keenly
every eye watched the passage of the

car to the steamer.

"I hope the ropes will hold," mut-
tered the keeper, looking off in the face
of the driving storm.

"Hurrah! He's there!" shouted the
men.

There was a season of anxious wait-
ing.

"Haul ashore!" shouted the keeper.

"Ker—r—ful, boys!"

The car was near the beach, when
suddenly the ropes gave way and over in
the surf helplessly rolled the car.

"Form a line, boys. Look close and
wade out as far as you can," shouted the
keeper.

And, so, reaching out into that hungry,
grasping sea, they snatched from the
food that the "sharks' teeth" in the surf
had almost won.

"Hurrah for Sam Walker!" was the
bidding of Keeper Barney to his men.

But Sam Walker did not need the
pleasure afforded by that ovation. He
made this confession to Will Plympton:

"I thought it would be sweet to put
Payne Chesley under the water, but I
tell you, Will, it was a good deal sweeter
to pull him out."

Another Bond Call.

The Secretary of the Treasury has is-
sued a call for \$10,000,000 of the three
per cent bonds. In the ten months of
the current fiscal year the debt has been
decreased by \$87,000,000, or about \$28,-
000,000 less than for the corresponding
months of the preceding fiscal year. The
chief reduction has, of course, been
made in the three per cents. On June
30, 1883, there were outstanding about
\$32,000,000 of the three and one-half
per cents and \$318,204,350 of the three
per cents. The former have all been
called in, and on May 1 there were
\$254,621,950 of the three per cents out-
standing and subject to call. A part of
this amount, about \$20,000,000, is in-
cluded in the last bond calls issued, so
that it is very probable that at the end
of the current fiscal year there will not
be outstanding much more than
\$230,000,000.

As the excess of income over expendi-
ture for 1883-4 applicable to debt reduc-
tion is estimated to be \$105,000,000,
and, if anything, will be larger in about
two years, unless conditions are
changed, all of the three per cent bonds
will have been cancelled. If there is a
revival of industry the process of can-
celling bonds will be more rapid, as the
national revenues are quick to reflect
changes in the commercial condition,
though not in the financial and indus-
trial condition of the country. At all
events, unless some marked reduction
in the national income is made, in about
two years the government will have paid
off all that part of its debt that is under
its control. It must then wait until
1891, when the four and a half per cents
become due, or go into the market and
purchase its bonds at whatever premium
the holders choose to ask.—N. Y.
Herald.

Bennett the Elder.

Ben. Perley Poore in his reminiscences
says:

James Gordon Bennett in 1828, when
in his thirtieth year, became the Wash-
ington correspondent of the New York
Enquirer, which was then on the top-
most round of the journalistic ladder.
It is related of him that during his stay
in this position he came across a copy of
"Walpole's Letters," and resolved to try
the effect of a few letters in a similar
strain. The truth of this is doubtful. It
is more probable that the natural talents
of the man were now unfettered, and he
wrote without fear of censorship, and
with all the ease which a sense of free-
dom inspires. He was naturally witty,
sarcastic and sensible. These letters,
however originated, were undoubtedly a
great hit. They were lively, they
abounded in personal allusions and they
described freely not only Senators, but
the wives and daughters of Senators.

This sort of thing was a novelty then;
the descriptions of toilets, the cravats of
the President and the hunting saddle of
his niece tickled not only the fools, but
also wiser people, who liked the sensa-
tion. These same letters established
Mr. Bennett's reputation as a light lance
among the hosts of writers, and he found
a ready sale for the poetry and the love
stories which flowed from his pen dur-
ing his leisure hours.

"Do not believe that a woman nowa-
days would die for the object of her
love?" asked a bachelor friend. "I
don't know whether she'd die or not,"
answered the Benedict, "but I've known
her to go wild when the trimming didn't
suit her."—Newport News.

"Now," said a boy to a companion,
as they were playing, "I'll sit here and
you come up and say you've got a bill
you want me to pay." "Oh, yes! you
want to tell me to get out. You be the
one what comes with the bill."

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

WORDS OF WISDOM FROM PARADISE
HALL.

The President Disbands an Agitator and Sets
Him Adrift.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

By actual count there were forty-three
members of the club coughing and
sneezing at the moment the triangle
sounded, and it was not until four min-
utes after the echoes died away that the
President arose from behind his desk and
said:

"If Socrates Spikeroot am in de hall
dis evenin' I would like to see him out
heah in front of de desk."

Socrates had just crowded himself in
between the stove and the wood-box,
calculating to get warmth enough to
last him until the next meeting, and he
didn't look over-pleased at being dis-
turbed. When he had limped along to
the desk, one hand in his pocket and
the other digging into his wool, Brother
Gardner continued:

"How long have you bin a member of
dis club?"

"'Bout six months, sah."

"Um! It has been 'bout three months
since I fust had my eyes on you, an' to-
night you seber your connexun wid dis
club. Misser Spikeroot, it was under
stood when you jined dis club dat you
was a barber. Has you barbed anybody
or anythin' since dat date?"

"I—I—no, sah."

"On de contrary, you has loafed aroun
saloons an' policy shops an' queer
places, an' no man has known you to do
an honest day's work. We doan' hanker
arter sich members as you. When a
poo' man kin lib widout labor people
have a right to be suspicious of him.
Brudder Giveadam Jones, you will escort
dis punson to de doah. If, when he gits
dar, he should utter any remark derog-
atory to de character of de Lime-Kiln
Club, you needn't put de Bogardus
kicker at work. Let him go in peace.
What he kin say won't hurt us, an'
you might kick too hard an' break a leg."

After the late deceased had been shown
out and order restored, the President
said:

"Gentlemen, if dar am any mo' agita-
tors in de hall I want 'em to listen close-
ly. Socrates Spikeroot used to be a
hard-workin' man. All to once he got
de ideah dat capital was oppressin' la-
bor. He quit airnin' \$12 per week be-
cause he didn't want to be oppressed. In
a month he became a dead-beat. While
it am a serious offence fur capitalists
to oppress labor, it am all right for a
kicker to go aroun' borrowin' money, runnin'
in debt, an' stealin' his wood. A few
weeks ago Misser Spikeroot got lone-
some, an' began to agitate. He went to
var'us laborin' men an' convinced 'em
dat de man who airns his \$12 or \$14 per
week orter turn out and mob de capital-
ists who furnish him de chance."

"He am now an agitator. He has got
facks an' figgers to prove dat de work-
in' man who owns his cottage and kin
aim a good support fur wife an' chill'en
am de most oppressed bein' on de face
of dis earth. When a saloon turns him
out he threatens to boycott it. When a
man refuses to lend him money he am
called a bloated monopolist. When his
wife wants shoes or his chill'en cry fur
bread, he comforts 'em wid de statement
dat America am buildin' up an aristoc-
racy to lord it over de poo' men an'
grind 'em to powder. If Misser Spike-
root has left any friends behind, an op-
portunity will now be giben 'em to pick
up deir hats an' feet an' trubble."

There was a deep silence for a minute,
and as no one traveled the President
signed for the Secretary to proceed
with the regular order of business.

The Soudan.

Recent events in the East bring to
mind some old legendary long forgotten.
The Soudan is old historic ground, for
it is the Ethiopia of the Bible, whose
kings once conquered Egypt when that
country was one of the mighty powers
of the world. Tradition has it that
Moses once led an immense Egyptian
army against a king of Ethiopia, whose
victorious hordes had cut their way to
the very walls of Memphis, and defeated
him with great slaughter. It is a vast
country, lying in, perhaps, the hottest
region of the world, whose people are
certainly the blackest in person and
fanatical in religion. Slaves and ivory
are the principal staples of commerce.
Why England should think such a
country worth the lives of the brave men
who have recently perished there, and
the millions of money she has spent in
the recent operations near the Red Sea,
rather strains the ordinary mind to com-
prehend.

Men are born with two eyes, but
with one tongue, in order that they
should see twice as much as they say.

THE SOUL OF BUSINESS.

Rev. Robert Collyer on the Relations of
Private Virtue to Public Credit.

"The Lord God is a shield," was the
text that the Rev. Robert Collyer se-
lected for his Sunday sermon. After
speaking of the absolute necessity of
man's keeping constantly before him in
all transaction of life the knowledge and
the fear of the Lord, Mr. Collyer said,
if I am a merchant, I may fairly try to
make my calling gainful, but I must also
make it noble or I shall fall short of
the mark and prize of my high calling,
and if I have to give my business to my
sons when I get tired of it or die, I
should take at least as much pains to
form and mould and inspire them for all
noble and true adventures as I do to de-
velop my business before I give it over.
I must remember that not all my creed,
nor even my paternoster, but that public
credit is the soul of business in good
times and bad times alike. I must also
remember that this credit taken alto-
gether, as the wise old German says, is
a sacred deposit which should never be
touched by rude and ruthless hands, and
whoever brings it into peril wilfully and
with his eyes open, and for his own
private gain, is worse than the man who
breaks into your store or cracks your
safe. The virtue of a man of business
should bear the same relations to his
good name as the things he sells do to
the coin or paper he takes in exchange
for his wares.

More greed of gain only makes a man
sharp sighted to his own interest with-
out thinking of the consequence to his
fellow citizens or to the Commonwealth
to which he belongs, until at last, as a
quaint old writer says, he swallows all
he can catch and never thinks of the
bones wherewith he may be choked.
To such a man nothing—but his own loss
is of any moment and the profits of a
single year are more to him than the
gain of a whole century to the world
about him. A man, no matter what his
name or profession may be, has taken
the first step downward in the corrup-
tion of morals when he ceases to care
for the opinion of the upright and down-
right man who has God for his shield,
and unless public opinion now marks
and makes an example of such a man
there will soon be no such thing in our
nation as public opinion. But we all
know that every nation and every city
that have a spark of virtue left in them
are ashamed of such men's presence.
The man who in the trials of man-
hood walks uprightly, and makes and
sells things that are as genuine as a bit
of heaven, knows of no way but the
straight way, no word but the true
word, will not look at mean things lest
his eyes be defiled and will have no gain
that is against the genuine good. He
is like the man who plants trees of
which he may never see the fruitage,
but which he knows will give fruit when
he is gone.

Baked Tomatoes, with Cream.

Cut the tops from a dozen large to-
matoes, wipe them with a wet towel and
scoop out the inside with a teaspoon; put
over the fire a large pan, with enough
butter to cover the bottom, and when
the butter is hot put in the tomatoes and
quickly brown them on the under side;
when the bottoms of the tomatoes are
brown take them up without breaking
them, and lay them carefully in an
earthen dish just large enough to hold
them; into the pan where they were
browned put the pulp previously scooped
out of them and set the pan over the fire;
soak in cold water as much stale bread
as there is tomato pulp, until it is soft,
and then squeeze out the water and put
the bread with the tomato pulp; season
them highly with salt and pepper and
stir them over the fire until they are
scalding hot; use this mixture to fill the
tomatoes, pour around them enough
cream to moisten them, dust dry crumbs
over the surface, and then bake the
tomatoes in a moderate oven for twenty
minutes. Serve them hot in the dish in
which they were baked.

ON THE ICE.—Perhaps the most cu-
rious battalion in any army is the Nor-
wegian Corps of Skaters. It is composed
of picked men armed with rifles, which
they use with great precision. The
skates used are admirably adapted for
traveling over rough and broken ice and
frozen snow, being six inches broad and
between nine and ten inches long. The
soldiers can be maneuvered upon open
ice or over the snow fields of the moun-
tains with a rapidity equal to that of the
best trained cavalry. As an instance of
the speed at which they can go, it is
stated that a messenger attached to the
corps has accomplished 120 miles in
eighteen hours and a half, over moun-
tains.

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE
OVER THIS WEEK.

MUSICAL NOTE.

Gus De Smith imagines that he is the
best solo singer in Austin, but nobody
else thinks so. Whenever he is present
at a social gathering, he bribes some-
body present to call on him for a song,
and then he warbles forth a madrigal
that has a depressing effect even on the
real estate in that neighborhood. After
a performance of this kind a few nights
ago, Mrs. McSpillkins, who does not
live happily with her husband, remarked
to Gus, with whom she is quite familiar:
"Oh, how I wish my husband could
sing like that."

"Ah!" responded Gus; "I expect you
would like it. There would be more
harmony in the family."

"It's not that, but if he sung like you,
I'd have no trouble getting a divorce on
the ground of cruelty and brutal treat-
ment."

Then Gus ceased to smile and smirk.
—Texas Siftings.

HE HAD NO LAWYER.

Old Dan had used his neighbor's fence
as firewood and he was accordingly
brought before the court to answer for
the same.

"Have you any lawyer for defense?"

asked the judge as Dan took his place.

"No, sor, I hab not," replied the
negro. "Kase yo' know, jedge, taint de
fence what needs a lawyer, hit am dis
po' niggah dat am in fur it; I spee yer
better pint one for him."—Cincinnati
Commercial.

TROUBLE EXPECTED.

Struggling Surgeon—"No, dear, I
cannot go calling with you to-night."

His Wife—"But you promised that
you would."

"I know it, dear, but our finances are
very low and I must not lose a chance to
get a fee."

"But what chance will you lose? No
patients have sent to you for a week."

"I know it, dear, but I expect to be
summoned for a very important surgical
case, perhaps a broken leg, before the
evening is over."

"Where to?"

"Across the way. Mrs. Brown over
there is house cleaning, and I just saw
Mr. Brown going home with a step lad-
der."—Phila. Call.

SPECIAL RATES FOR SPECULATORS.

A Brooklyn man who hit wheat for a
few thousand dollars last week rushed
around and rented a brown-stone front,
and then sought the services of a furni-
ture mover.

"I'll take it by the job and do the fair
thing by you," replied the mover.

"Well, how fair?"

"I'll say fifty dollars for the two."

"What two?"

"Why, the moving this week into the
brown-stone, and the moving, in about a
month, from that into a cheap frame
house in the suburbs! I always job the
two moves together in the case of a grain
speculator!"

A WIFELY HINT.

Mr. B.—"Here is something in this
paper that you ought to know."

Mrs. B.—"What is that?"

Mr. B.—"A recipe for getting rid of
rats and mice. It says that wild mint
scattered about the house will soon clear
them out."

Mrs. B.—"Mint? That is what you
are so awfully fond of, isn't it?"

Mr. B.—"Well, yes, I rather like
mint. But I wonder why it clears out
rats and mice?"

Mrs. B.—"Probably when they smell
the mint they conclude that the man of
the house is a hard drinker, and that
therefore the cupboard is empty."

Mr. B. changed the subject.—Phila-
delphia Call.

HE KICKED.

A farmers' mutual insurance company,
doing business in Virginia, had a meet-
ing of directors the other day, and after
the transaction of routine business, one
of the Board rose up and said:

"I notice among the bills of expense
one for \$3 for printing our annual state-
ment on 4,000 postal cards."

"That's all right," explained the Pres-
ident.

"How all right? Don't we employ