

# Orange County Observer.

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## A Dream of Life.

I built me a vessel long years ago,  
And I fitted it out like the galleys of old;  
Its sails were as white as the fresh fallen  
snow,  
And its bows were resplendent with crimson  
and gold,  
Its bulwarks were firm, and its masts strong  
and tall,  
And a gay colored pennon on high was  
spread;  
The beauty of Youth lent a charm to it all,  
And an image of Hope was its proud figure  
head,  
I launched it one morn in the spring of the  
year,  
When the breezes were low and the sun-beams  
were bright,  
And I, in the pride of my youth, had no fear  
Of the strength of the waves, or the gloom of  
the night,  
So I dreamed of the riches my galley would  
bring  
From the lands where no bark had been ever  
before;  
But the summer passed by, and spring wore  
round to spring,  
And my vessel returned not, alas, to the  
shore!  
At length one dark autumn it came back to  
me,  
But its masts were all broken, its bows were  
bare;  
Its bulwarks were covered with growth of the  
sea,  
And the figure of Hope was no longer there;  
While it brought me for freight but the drift  
of the wave,  
The sea foam and weeds that had laid in it  
long;  
And I mournfully sighed as I gazed on the  
grave  
Of the dreams that were bright when life's  
heart-beat was strong.  
—CHARLES A. CLOSE, in London Graphic.

## Chalk Your Own Door.

His proper name was Jeremiah Marden; but he had not been in the village a week before everybody called him Jerry Marden, and within six weeks he was known as Jerry Muddler. But why Muddler? Who gave him that name, and why was it given? The giver is unknown—for who ever knows the giver of nicknames?—but the reason for its being bestowed was that Jerry was always muddled with drink.  
He was a very good shoemaker, but he stood no chance with George Stevens, a sober man, and so drifted into becoming a cobbler.  
Jerry's one idea was to get a job, and having done it, to invest the proceeds in drink at his favorite beer shop, "The Oram Arms." The consequence was, that Jerry was seldom sober, and had he not possessed an iron constitution, two years of such a life must have killed him; but he dragged on, working to-day and mulling to-morrow, and drinking whenever drink could be got, and finally he drifted into debt.  
His score at "The Oram Arms" was a large one, and the chalks stood up against him like files of soldiers, but Jerry ignored their existence—paying off a little now and then, and drinking more, each time increasing the army of debt against him, until one evening Mr. Richard Rewitt, the landlord of the aforesaid "Oram Arms," cried "halt."  
"I can't go on any longer, Jerry," he said. "The last sum I had of you was three shillings, and you have paid nothing for a fortnight."  
"Work is slack," murmured Jerry, "but the harvest is coming on, and then everybody will have their soles and heels done, and I shall be able to pay you off."  
"Perhaps so," returned Mr. Rewitt, "but you will have as much as you can do to square off what is up there. Look at them. Those chalks are a standing disgrace to any man. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."  
Jerry looked at the accusing marks, and really felt agitated at the long list against him. No spider courtlyly entreating a fly to enter into his parlor, could have been more oily-tongued or smiled a more persuasive smile—that is presuming that spiders do smile, which is just possible, but when Jerry got into the toils, and had been well confined in the web, nine hosts, put on another face and tone.  
"If you drink," he said, "you must expect to pay for it. My brewer would stand no nonsense from me, and I must have my money from you."  
"Only one pint," pleaded poor Jerry.  
"Not half a pint," replied the landlord. Go home and work, and pay your debts like a man."  
The entrance of a customer with ready money cut short the conversation, and Jerry stood back a pace or two while the other was being served. When that was done, and the beer drunk, and the stranger gone, Jerry made a final appeal.  
"I've been a good customer to you, Mr. Rewitt. Almost every penny I've earned has come into your till. I've nigh lived on beer, if you think it can be

called, and my wife and children have had to shift how they could for bread."  
"That's nothing to me," said the landlord.  
"Let me have one pint."  
"Have you the impudence to ask for it with that shameful lot of chalks staring you in the face?"  
Jerry did not reply, but he took a long and earnest look at the recording files, and drawing his hand across his dry mouth, hurried out of "The Oram Arms."  
"Who is that you've been talking to, Richard?" inquired Mrs. Rewitt, entering the bar from a room behind.  
"Jerry Muddler," was the reply. "I've stopped his drink until he pays up."  
"Then he will go to 'The Green Goose,' and get his drink there," said Mrs. Rewitt.  
"They won't trust him a penny," returned her husband with a grin—"he's tried it on and failed, and so I've got him. If he does not pay up I'll make him."  
"There's nothing to be got out of that house," said Mrs. Rewitt, shaking her head; "I've heard that there's not a chair for them to sit down upon; and Jerry's wife—clean and tidy manages to keep herself—looks more like a skeleton than a woman; and as for the children they look as ravenous as wolves at the dinner coming from the bake-house."  
"That's Jerry's lookout," replied Mr. Rewitt, coolly. "If he can't afford it, he shouldn't drink."  
The subject was dismissed, and Jerry forgotten in the noise and bustle of the usual evening business. About nine o'clock Jerry's wife, to the astonishment of both Mr. Rewitt and his wife, appeared in the bar; but not, as they supposed, for drink.  
"My husband tells me," she said, "that he has a heavy score here. How much is it?"  
"I'm almost too busy to tell you," replied the landlord, "but if it is pressing, and I shall be very thankful if you will let me know at once what it is," returned the poor woman, who was indeed wan and pale, and almost justified the title of "skeleton," which Mrs. Rewitt had given her.  
The landlord went through the chalks twice, and finally announced that Jerry was indebted to him to the amount of two pounds, seventeen shillings and four-pence, halfpenny. Jerry's wife received the announcement with a look of quiet dismay, thanked the landlord and left the house.  
"I suppose she is thinking of making an effort to pay it off," said Mr. Rewitt, addressing his better half, "and I hope she will; but I fancy it will be a little too much for her."  
For a whole week nothing was seen or heard of Jerry; but at the end of that time his wife appeared and put down five shillings on the counter.  
"Will you please take that off the amount, sir," said she, "and give me a receipt?"  
This was done with a gracious smile, and Jerry's wife departed. Mr. Rewitt announced his having hit the right nail on the head. The wife of the cobbler was making an effort to clear off her husband's debt.  
At the end of another week a second five shilling was paid, and then harvest came on—truly a harvest to the agricultural laborer, as at that time he gathers in clothes, and whatever necessities his harvest money will enable him to procure. All the little tradesmen in the village were busy, and even Jerry was reported to be full-handed. But he did not come near "The Oram Arms" for a drink.  
On the third week Jerry's wife brought ten shillings, and on the fourth, fifteen, to the great joy and satisfaction of Mr. Rewitt, whose joy, however, was alloyed by the fear that he had lost a good customer. He resolved to look up Jerry as soon as another installment of this account was paid.  
Nothing was brought for a fortnight, and the landlord congratulated himself upon not having hastily sought his absent customer, who still owed him over a pound, but the appearance of Jerry's wife with the balance had the effect of making him think otherwise. There was no display in putting down the money—it was quietly done—but the happy light in the woman's eyes when she took the receipt, spoke more than mere words or actions.  
"I have been hasty with Jerry," said Mr. Rewitt, when another whole month had elapsed without Jerry appearing; "he promised to pay at harvest time, and he did it; but I have afforded him, and 'The Green Goose' has caught his custom."

"Go and see him," suggested his wife.  
"I intend to do so. Here, give me our Tom's boots; they want a patch on the side, and it will be an excuse for my dropping in upon him."  
"That isn't much of a job for him, seeing that you give George Stevens the best of the work," said Mrs. Rewitt.  
"Stevens works better than Jerry," replied the husband; "you can always trust him to do his work when it is promised, but Jerry keeps the things for weeks together."  
"That's true; but I've got a pair of boots that I want new fronts, and I can wait a week or two. Take them."  
"I'll take both," said Richard Rewitt; "nothing like baiting your hook while you are about it."  
Armed for the reconquest of Jerry the landlord set forth in the morning—that being the slack time when he could be easily spared from home. Outside were a couple of loafers, with no money and no credit, who touched their hats to him. Mr. Rewitt favored them with a nod of lofty indifference.  
Jerry's cottage was in the middle of the little village, standing back about fifty feet from the road; and although its inside poverty had been well known, the outside, thanks to his wife, looked quite as well as its neighbors. Therefore Mr. Rewitt was not in the least surprised to see that it looked bright and gay on that beautiful autumn morning.  
As he approached the door, he heard the sound of Jerry's hammer upon the lapstone, and to his utter amazement, the voice of Jerry carolling a cheerful ditty, as unlike the cracked efforts he used occasionally to come out with in the taproom as the song of the raven. Raising the latch, the landlord of "The Oram Arms" peeped in.  
"Good morning, Jerry," he said.  
"Ah! is that you, Mr. Rewitt?" replied Jerry looking up. "Come in."  
Jerry looked wondrous clean, and had even been shaved that very morning. His blue shirt looked clean, too, and he actually had a collar on.  
Mr. Rewitt was so overcome by the change that he stood still with the boots under his arm, forgetting that they formed part of his mission.  
"You look very well, Jerry," he said at last.  
"Never felt better in my life," replied Jerry. "I wish, sir, I could say the same of you. You look whitish."  
"I've got a bit of a cold," replied the other, "and I've been shut up a good deal with business lately. Trade's been brisk; but how is it we've not seen you?"  
"Well—the fact is, sir," said Jerry, rubbing his chin, "I've been busy working off your score."  
"But it is done, man," said Mr. Rewitt, cheerfully; "the door is quite clean, as far as you are concerned."  
"I am glad of that."  
"Others have got their share," said the landlord, facetiously; "but I think we could make room for you, if you look us up."  
"No, thank you, sir," returned Jerry. "I've had enough of chalking on other people's doors, and now I chalk on my own."  
"Yes, sir; have the goodness to turn around and look behind you. There's my door half full."  
"It's a wise thing to keep account yourself," said the landlord, who hardily knew what to make of it, "for mistakes will happen; but—"  
"No mistake can happen sir; interrupted Jerry, "for I am the only party as keeps that account."  
"But who trusts you to do that?"  
"Nobody—I trust myself," replied Jerry. "The marks that were on your door showed what I did drink, and their marks on mine show what I don't drink."  
A little light had got into the landlord's brain, and he had a pretty good idea of what was coming, but he said nothing.  
"That night when you spoke to me about the chalks on the door being a standing disgrace to me, was the night of my waking," continued Jerry. "No man could have lectured me better than you did, and I thank you for it from the bottom of my heart. As I left your house I vowed to touch or drink no more, and I came home and told my wife so, and we both joined in earnest prayer that I might have strength to keep my vow. The next morning I went over to George Stevens and asked him how I could go about signing the pledge. He helped me like a man—and it was done."  
With his eyes wandering too and fro between Jerry and the chalks upon the door, the amazed landlord still remained silent. Jerry went on:

"My wife wanted to work herself to death to keep me," he said; "but I said 'No. You do what you can to keep the children until my debts are paid, and then I'll keep you and the children, too.' So I went to work, paying right and left; and when all was paid off, I began to do what I ought to have done years ago—feed my wife and children. I had enough and to spare, and I would have spent some with you. And many's the time I've been tempted to come—and I'm tempted still, but when the feeling comes over me I have a drink of water or a cup of tea, puts two pence into the box I've got on purpose, and scores a chalk on the door. All of them chalks are so many temptations and so many twopences saved."  
"Mr. Rewitt was unable to make any particular remarks; but he murmured in a confused manner, "You've got a lot of 'em."  
"Yes, there's a large family," replied Jerry, complacently, "and the more I look at 'em the better I like 'em. There's not much standing disgrace about that lot; credit if anything."  
"Oh yes—yes," returned the landlord, "but—dear me—this cold in my head is quite distressing. You must have a large box for all your two pences."  
"When I get together I takes them to the post office," replied Jerry; "There's a bank there better than any till. They give nothing out, but banks like that returns you more than you put in. Until I began to keep my own chalks I had no idea how much your till swallowed up. You would not trust me for a pint; but I can have my money out of the bank whenever I want it."  
"That's something," said Mr. Rewitt, tartly.  
"It is everything to a man who has a wife and children to keep," replied Jerry. "The best of us have sickness and trouble and rainy days, and then it's a great thing to have something to fall back upon. It is better to be able to keep yourself than to go to the parish. There's another thing, too, about these chalks of mine—yours went down before my wife and children were fed; mine go down after that's done; and I think that my chalks are the better of the two. So I say to all, 'Chalk your own door.'"  
Mr. Rewitt had nothing to say; he could not deny and he would not admit it, but took refuge like other beaten men—in flight. With the boots under his arm he hastened home, and presented himself before his wife in a rather excited condition.  
"What is the matter, Richard?" she asked.  
"Nothing particular," he replied, "except that Jerry Muddler has joined the temperance lot, and he seems so firm in it that I don't believe he will ever touch a drop again."  
Mr. Richard Rewitt, of "The Oram Arms," was right. And Jerry, who bears the name of Muddler no longer, but is called by that to which he is entitled by right of birth, viz., that of Marden, has not touched a drop of strong drink from the day of his reformation to this. His door has been filled again and again with the score which he records in his own favor; and the beer he has not drunk is everywhere around him in the form of a comfortable home, a respectable amount in the savings bank, and goodly investment in a building society. *Epithem sat sapienter*, which, being freely interpreted, means, "A word to you, my reader, is sufficient." Chalk your own door.—*The British Workman.*

## A Curious Fact about Bread.

A Paris correspondent calls attention to a curious fact about bread, in a letter to a New Orleans paper. He says: "Did you know that bread is not only eaten, but eaten? Darwin has told us that some flowers enjoy a porter-house steak. The discovery is interesting to dyspeptics, for bread can be made to do the work of the alimentary canal and relieve dyspeptics of all bother except mere deglutition—and of course paying the baker's bill, which is harder work than digestion. Science has since found that several vegetable juices, or saps, dissolve meat, but M. Scheurer Kestner is the first person who observed that in the process of bread making a peculiar fermentation takes place which produces complete digestion of meat. A beef-steak hashed fine and mixed with dough containing yeast disappears entirely by the time the bread is taken from the oven. The steak's nutritive principles are dissolved and incorporated into the bread. Not the least curious phenomenon noticed in these circumstances is that meat, which so rapidly becomes putrid, when once incorporated into bread, may be kept longer than ordinary bread. Bread made in 1873 has been shown in the Academy of Science; it was as sweet and free from mold as when it first came out of the oven. At first M. Scheurer Kestner used raw meat; he mixed one and one-tenth pounds of flour, one pound of leaven and three-fourths of a pound of raw beef minced fine; water in sufficient quantity was added, and the dough was left to ferment. In two or three hours the meat had disappeared. The bread was then baked as usual. This meat bread had a disagreeable sour taste. To remove it M. Scheurer Kestner first boiled the meat in just the quantity of water necessary to wet the flour, and used this water in kneading. The meat should be rid of all fat, and only salt enough to season the bread added; for if salt be added the bread will become humid (salt being a great absorber of water) and spoil. The objection to this bread is that it is insipid. If bacon be used instead of beef the objection is removed. Veal, too, makes a delicious meat bread. All these breads may be used to make soup. Cut into slices one-sixth of a pound of the bread, put the slices in a quart of water, salt to taste, and boil for twenty minutes."  
**Charcoal and its Uses.**  
The following, taken from a contemporary, will be of interest not only to the correspondent who inserted a query in this journal respecting the uses of charcoal, but also to many of our readers. Charcoal, laid flat while cold on a burn, causes the pain to abate immediately; by leaving it on for an hour the burn seems almost healed when the burn is superficial. And charcoal is valuable for many other purposes. Tainted meat, surrounded with it, is sweetened; strewn over heaps of decomposed pelts, or over dead animals, it prevents any unpleasant odor. Foul water is purified by it. It is a great disinfectant, and sweetens offensive air if placed in shallow trays around apartments. It is very porous in its minute interior; it absorbs and condenses gases most rapidly. One cubic inch of fresh charcoal will absorb nearly one hundred inches of gaseous ammonia. Charcoal forms an unrivaled poultice for malignant wounds and sores, often expelling away dead flesh, reducing it to one quarter in six hours. In cases of what we call proud flesh it is invaluable. It gives no disagreeable odor, corrodes no metal, hurts no texture, injures no color, is a simple and safe sweetener and disinfectant. A teaspoonful of charcoal, in half a glass of water, often relieves a headache. It absorbs the gases and relieves the distended stomach, pressing against the nerves, which extend from the stomach to the head. It often relieves constipation, pain or heartburn.  
**General and Personal.**  
Afternoon naps are what keep Bismarck in health.  
It is now denied that cigarette smoking is injurious.  
The growing of ginger is a new industry to be tried at the South.  
Hartford sportsmen are bagging road birds by the hundred on the wild rice fields along the Connecticut river.  
Mr. Moody told the ministers at Northfield that one of the prime evils of Christian life in this day is telling stories to raise a laugh.  
A very important line of railroad is now approaching completion in Russia, connecting the Caspian Sea and the Caucasus with Moscow.  
Dr. Samuel Elliot, Superintendent of

the Boston Public Schools, who is in Europe, owing to ill health, has written home resigning his position.  
An old salt, when asked how far north he had ever been, replied that he had been so far north that "the cows, when milked beside a red-hot stove, gave ice cream."  
Black and white Spanish lazes are the correct eater for a lady to wrap her pretty throat in and fasten the folds on the left side with the oddest lace pin to be found in the market.  
The oldest living ex-member of Congress is John A. Cuthbert, of Mobile, Ala., who was born in Georgia in 1778. He practices law in Mobile, and is said to be still hale and hearty.  
During forty-five days fishing in the St. Lawrence river last summer ex-Lieutenant Governor Alford, of New York, caught 3,238 fish, including one muskellunge, 479 pickerel, 2 pike and 1,399 black bass.  
Mr. Clark Davis, of New Rochelle, N. Y., has a portrait of Major Andre, painted by himself while awaiting trial. It represents him as of fair complexion, blue eyes, dark-brown hair, and smooth face, excepting small whiskers.  
The Roman Forum has now been completely excavated, with the exception of a small portion at the entrance near the Capitol. The shape proves irregular, being broad on the Capitol side and narrow toward the palace of the Caesars.  
A Cincinnati firm which manufactures powdered soap-tone is said to sell large quantities of it to Western dairy-men and butter-packers, who mix it with the butter in judicious proportions, greatly increasing the weight of the commodity and their profits.  
An elephant travelling through Indiana in a car next to the engine, got his trunk out of a window, opened the tender tank, drank all the water and compelled the stoppage of the train. This is probably a lie, but as no names are mentioned it will not hurt the circus any.  
**The Jocos.**  
The burglar who undertook to break into a hearty laugh the other night was taken in charge by a policeman.  
There is an officer in the army named Harmony, and every Secretary of War feels called upon to promote him.  
The Duke of Westminster is to be made a K. G. If you want to know what K. G. stands for write to Bardwell Sloze.  
The man who sighs: "How soon we are forgotten!" has only to leave a hotel without paying his bill to find how sadly mistaken he is.  
A number of barrels of salt were attached at Saginaw recently for a debt. This episode, although it took place near the Great Lakes, was not one of the "un-salted" ones.  
Mr. S. Knapp Beans, of New Hampshire, will lecture as a reformed Republican. Whereupon the *Elmira Free Press* asks: "Is there anybody who doesn't know Beans?"  
A lady says that a woman in choosing a lover, considers a good deal more how the man will be regarded by other women, than whether she loves him herself. Some women may; but the men they smile upon will be regarded by other women as jolly green to be taken in by them.  
**Is Mars Inhabited?**  
There is no other planet of the solar system, says a scientific paper, which offers so close an analogy to the earth as Mars. The telescope reveals to us the figures of broad tracts of land and expanses of sea upon its surface. The duration of his day and night almost coincide with our own. His exterior experiences the alternating changes of the seasons. His nights are illuminated by two satellites, which present all the phenomena of our own moon, and more frequently, owing to their greater velocity. An atmosphere probably surrounds this planet; in fact, the existence of air is indispensable to his other features. Hence the inference that Mars is a habitable globe appears a very obvious and fair conclusion, and it would be inconsistent to imagine that this planet, provided apparently with all the requisite natural facilities to render life a necessary and desirable feature of his surface, is a sphere of desolation, a mass of inert matter, which, though conforming to the laws of gravitation, is otherwise serving no useful end, as the waste and sustenance of animate creatures. It is far more in accordance with an analogical and rational speculation to conclude that Mars is the centre of life and activity, and that his surface is teeming with living beings.