

Orange County Observer.

For R. P. Battle

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SOUTHERN INTELLIGENCE

A new company has been organized in Louisiana.

Smallpox seems to be spreading all over Kentucky.

There are six thousand visitors at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

There were six suicides in Fort Worth, Texas, last week.

Cattle and land companies are daily organized in Texas.

Shad are being caught quite plentifully in the Alabama river.

St. Charles parish Louisiana, has a steam moss picker in full blast.

Large quantities of East Tennessee marble is being shipped to Boston.

Fruit has been much injured by cold weather in many sections of Alabama.

More cotton will be planted in some of the Louisiana parishes than any year since the war.

The estimate is that twenty thousand people have visited St. Augustine Florida, this season.

Alabamian mines are being worked to almost capacity. The demand for the coal is enormous.

The Alabama legislature has defined a bushel of cotton seed to be thirty two pounds avoirdupois.

Mrs. Nathan Dorton, of Russell county, gave birth recently to triplets—all girls, weighing four pounds each.

Carrying His Skull in His Pocket.

On December 4, 1876, John Harris, a miner was working at the bottom of the Yellow Jacket shaft, Gold Hill. Through the endlessness of one of the workmen at the top of the shaft an ax was dropped through the mouth of the pit, which in its descent struck Harris on the head, the keen edge cleaving his skull diagonally and stretching him at full length in a bleeding and supposed dying condition. He was immediately conveyed to the open air and medical attendance summoned, although his death was expected at any moment. The sufferer proved to be very tenacious of life and the attending surgeon, Dr. Masson, decided to remove the injured portions of the skull, which was accomplished successfully, thirteen pieces, covering an area of 24x34 inches on the apex of the cranium being taken out. Strange to say, Harris began to improve, and the expiration of a few weeks the flesh had grown over the aperture, and he was apparently as well as ever. Harris has since been to England, his native country, and applied to the surgeon of Guy's Hospital, in London, to perform the trepanning operation, which they refused to do under the circumstances, as the wound had entirely healed, and they deemed it prudent to let well enough alone. They, however, pronounced his recovery one of the miraculous events of the century and were at a loss to account for it upon any surgical hypothesis.

Mr. Harris is still engaged in mining and claims to be able to perform as much work with the pick and drill as any of his comrades. He is now in this city on a short visit, and yesterday exhibited to an Engineer reporter, with paragon pride, the upper crust of his headpiece, the detached particles of which he carries around in a small sack.—San Francisco Enquirer.

The Use and Abuse of Bathing.

Dr. Bailey A. Sargent, medical director of the Union gymnasium, gave the fourth of his talks of physical training at the Union hall last week, taking for his subject "Bathing; Its Uses and Abuses." He gave general rules for bathing as follows: "A warm bath, with liberal use of castile soap, is best for cleanliness, and at night the best time. Twice a week is often enough. Too frequent warm baths debilitate the system. A cool sponge or wet cloth bath should be taken daily for its tonic effect, and always in a warm room. If strong and vigorous the best time is the morning; if not strong, the cold bath had better be omitted and the tepid substituted. After exercise, if greatly fatigued, take no bath but rub down vigorously with a dry towel. It thoroughly warmed up but not tired, take a tepid sponge bath standing. Never take a tub bath, except when bathing for cleanliness. A warm shower bath followed by a cool sprinkling is preferable to a cold bath after exercise. Vigorous exercise rebuffs Turkish and hot baths unnecessary, those should be reserved for medical cases. Skin disorders are frequently caused by excessive bathing and the use of too much soap. Although no general rules for bathing could be given, every man must be guided by his own physical condition and his occupation.

Strange Characteristics of a Color-Blind Man.

"I should think you would meet with funny mistakes?" "I do." I often get on the wrong car late at night, and, after a while, find myself almost beyond walking distance of my destination. Of course I swear but that don't help matters. The other day my wife said, "Henry, do get a black suit of clothes this time, and don't come home here wearing that eternal brown cloth." I said "all right. I bought what I was supremely confident was a jet black suit." Upon going home I gazed proudly upon my partner and said: "See, I have this time got a black suit." She laughed, and to this day I am wearing those clothes, which are a deep brown color. When I want a little circus all to myself, I close my eyelids and vigorously rub my eyeballs. I never see over seven colors but I see these seven mighty quick and they dance around in spots and streaks and zig-zag shapes like demons. Blood has a dull gray appearance, like stone. My inability to distinguish colors renders me more susceptible to music than most people. The lost power is thus compensated for. "I am also magnetic, but whether this depends upon my color blindness I do not know. See! I brush my hair, you hear the crackling sound and sparks jump from under my hat. I do this without any effort. To a certain extent I am insensible to pain. I think this is consequent upon most color blindness. My nerves are blurred. Once I dropped a heavy piece of iron on my toe, cutting it completely from the foot. It did not hurt me. I saw blood, but that was all. But I must say goodbye here, we are at the depot," and the stranger jumped out and disappeared.—Philadelphia Times.

The Unknown.

It is what they don't know that frightens people. Soldiers can brave the known terrors of the battlefield. Sailors dare the known perils of ocean storm, of shipwreck and collision with icebergs. But soldiers who have dared the dangers of a hundred battle-fields have been terrified at the apprehension of a ghost and dared not sleep in a house reputed to be haunted. The brave sailor, who will stand by the ship and do his duty in battle and in storm without flinching, is terrified by some superstition of an unknown terror, the unlucky ship, the beginning of a voyage upon Friday, and nothing can reassure him against the vague evil. The old fathers of New England were brave men in defending their homes from the Indians and French but when it was rumored that many among their own people had made covenants with the devil, when by stories was believed to be brought upon the subjects by those who had made this alliance with the powers of darkness, it sent a terror to the heart which made these good and just men as cruel as death. Since those days of superstition science has explained the phenomena where they have not been proved as fraud, and with the knowledge of natural laws and the objects of nature the terror has been very greatly diminished. Knowledge is the antidote to fear, but the sad fact remains that only a part of the people in the most enlightened community have knowledge even of the rudimentary sort which enables them to see that this is a universe of law and not of mysterious terrors. The people who do know are not generally aware of how much of the old time superstition of the days of witchcraft remains.

Fond Memories.

How this perfumed air and soft sunlight carries us back to the fast receding days and memories of our childhood. We see the old homestead almost hid by vines, shrubbery, and trees of years' growth that were planted long ago by our sweet mother's direction, and whose hand tended them many and many years to the perfect growth, down the orchard with its wealth of bloom, and beyond the old forest through which we have so often wandered, gathering the delicate, frail willow, or rested on the mossy beds and built play houses. There the little stream, clear as crystal, flowing over its pebbly bottom and past its mossy flower-decked banks we see now the daisy and uncertainty, to us, trying to catch them. Can birds ever sing so sweet to us as did those wild ones we have watched so oft building their nest in the ground. We hear now the distant lowing of the cattle in the green meadows, and the noisy Rabelais but charming to a child, sounds from the barn yard. An old hen's voice was a signal that never failed to call for a race as to who would get to her nest first and capture the prize awaiting them. There too is the pond upon whose bosom floats a flotilla of geese and ducks, and anon we hear the guttural, homely voice of the frog. There the grand old mountains, could one ever tire, gazing upon their changing, shifting lights and shades. But this was

years ago, and we had almost forgot that this dream of the past was not the reality of the present in the memories this day had called up.

Property of Tomato Leaves

"I planted a peach orchard," writes M. Story, of the Society of Horticulture of France, "and the trees grew well and strongly. They had just commenced to bud when they were invaded by the curculio (pulyon), which insects were followed, as frequently happens, by ants. Having cut some tomatoes, the idea occurred to me that by placing some of the leaves around the trunks and branches of the peach trees, I might preserve them from the rays of the sun, which are very powerful. My surprise was great upon the following day to find the trees entirely free from their enemies, not one remaining, except here and there where a curled leaf prevented the tomato from exercising its influence. These leaves I carefully unrolled, placing upon them fresh ones from the tomato vine with the result of banishing the last insect and enabling the trees to grow with luxuriance. Wishing to carry still farther my experiment, I steeped in water some leaves of the tomato and sprinkled with this infusion other plants, roses and oranges. In two days these were also free from the innumerable insects which covered them, and I felt sure that had I used the same means with my melon patch I should have met with the same result. I therefore deem it a duty I owe to the Society of Horticulture to make known this singular and useful property of the tomato leaves, which I discovered by the merest accident."

How Long Ought a Man to Live?

Thurlow Weed, who died not long ago was eighty-five years old. That in America is regarded as a very old age. It gave Mr. Weed distinction, as much as anything else, in his city. Comparatively speaking, Mr. Weed was not an old man, but, in fact, he came nearer living out the measure of his days than the majority of men. There is no valid reason why, under favorable conditions, a man should not live a hundred years. All animal life is found to be constituted with a stock of vitality sufficient to run it five times the period the particular animal requires to mature. For example, the horse matures in about five years, and will be dead in about twenty five; the dog matures in about two years, and will be dead in about ten—and so on through the list, but a man who matures in about twenty years, and ought, therefore, to live one hundred, is dead, on an average, at thirty five. The failure of the rule in the case of the man does not prove that the rule is not applicable in his case, but simply that he fails to comply with the conditions of life. The lower animals come nearer complying with the conditions than man. Man wastes his stock of vitality, and is bankrupt before his term is half spent. There is nothing dearer to a man, it is said, than his life, and yet there is nothing with which he is so improvident and reckless.

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A human interrogation point went to an oculist the other day to get a glass fitted to his eye. "This is the weakest glass you have?" he asked. "Yes." "Well, what shall I do when I can't see with this?" "Why, you will probably be compelled to purchase a stronger one." "And when I can't with that?" "Well, then you will have to use a still stronger one." "And after that?" "Oh, then you will have to get the very strongest." "The victim of defective eyesight thought a moment, and then asked: "And when I can't see with the strongest?" The oculist didn't care to say what would happen after his own skill had proved ineffectual, and was rather indignant at the inquisitiveness of the customer, so remained silent. "But tell me," persisted the knowledge seeker, "what shall I do when the strongest glass fails me?" "Oh, ahem, well," was the answer, "I should say that the next thing to do would be to buy a small dog with a string round its neck and let him lead you."

Remedy for Cold Feet.

The following remedy for cold feet is recommended for sedentary sufferers, as policemen, car drivers and others who are exposed to the cold. All that is necessary is to stand erect and very gradually to lift one's self up upon the tips of his toes, so as to put all the tendons of the foot at full strain. This is not to hop or jump up and down, but simply to rise—the slower the better—upon tiptoe, and to remain standing on the point of the toes as long as possible, then gradually coming to the natural position. Repeat this several times, and by the amount of work the tips of the toes are made to do in sustaining the body's weight, a sufficient and lively circulation is set up. A heavy pair of woolen stockings drawn over thin cotton ones is also a recommendation for keeping the feet warm, and at the same time preventing them from becoming tender and sore.—From the Fireman's Journal.

A Hermit's Home That Defies Indians.

Prof. Lemmon and his wife recently returned from a botanizing trip in the wilds of Arizona. The Professor bore letters of introduction to a curious old hermit, the only occupant of Rucker Valley, calling himself Dr. Monroe. That was their objective point. As they approached his cabin the noise of their feet stirred his hens to cackling, then the upper part of his door opened and the old hermit appeared—a little old man with a hooked nose like an eagle's, a dilapidated straw hat over his right ear, long fine hair, streaked with gray and piercing black eyes. His clothing was half military and half frontiersman. He read the letter and they opened the lower part of the door and invited the guests in.

The hermit entertained his guests with stories of his life and his instruments of defense, which consisted of a certain tunnel ingeniously constructed that it is worthy of description. At the back of the cabin some sacks were carelessly hung, which, when drawn aside, disclosed what appeared to be a cellar, but which really was the opening of a tunnel 120 feet long, with a double elbow in the middle and a cabin at each end. The tunnel was just high enough for himself, and he was a short man, only about five and one-half feet high. The bottom and roof were rough with cobble stones. The middle was enlarged to allow for strong defense. It was very dark, and unless one was acquainted with it, it was of no use to try to follow the hermit. For defense, in case he was overpowered, he had an arrangement of fuse carefully covered over with rocks and cobbles, which when fired, would blow up everything.

This Dr. Monroe was a very intelligent man and had evidently moved in high circles. He had had some twenty-three occupations in life, from playing the clarinet in a circus to teaching school in Virginia and practicing medicine. Hanging over the fireplace were not less than twelve hats, in different stages of dilapidation, and he was never seen without one of these on. He never put it square on his head, but always on one side. He kept cats and chickens, and when asked why he did not have a dog, he said that several years ago he had a partner on a mining scheme, and they had a dog which was considered very faithful. One day the partner returned to the cabin to get dinner, and when Dr. Monroe reached it an hour later he found his friend dead. The dog had not given the alarm of the approach of the Indians, but had skulked off and hid. After that he never had faith in dogs.—San Francisco Rural Press.

Tiniest of Wee Babies.

The smallest baby in the world is at the house of Mr. Poe, on Carter street. It was born last Wednesday. It is the most diminutive creature imaginable, weighing only one and a half pounds at the time of its birth and scarcely twenty six ounces yesterday. It can hardly be described. The entire body is not as large as the forearm of an ordinary person. It is just eleven and a half inches long, and in no portion of the body is it more than six inches in circumference. Its head is no larger than an English walnut. Its arms look like a man's little finger and the legs like the centre finger. Its hands are not as large as a five cent piece. The child is perfectly formed and its physical organization is complete in every detail. Its head is covered with all the hair usually found on one so young, and in all particulars it differs in nothing from an ordinary child except in size.

In answer to our question whether it cried, Mr. Poe smiled and said: "If you had seen me walking the room last night you would not ask the question. It cries as loudly and as lustily as any child I ever saw." The mother was asked regarding its nourishment. She replied: "It takes nourishment perfectly natural and thus a most voracious appetite. The child is doing very well. To show you the size of its arm I will take this plain gold ring off my little finger and slip it over the child's hand to its elbow," and sitting the action to the word, the ring, which was very small, slipped over the forearm with the utmost facility.—Chattanooga Times.

Sinfulness of Wearing Flouces

At the County Court, Guilford, England, some weeks ago, John Balch, who resides in the village of Wanborough, was charged with neglecting to send his daughter aged six years, to school. The fact of the non-attendance of the child was admitted, but for the defense it was shown that the child was not allowed to attend the school because she had a flounce on her frock. The Rev. G. Chilton, the vicar of Wanborough, and one of the managers of the school, said that one of the rules was that children must come neat, clean and plain in their dress. The flounce was deemed an infringement of the plainness, and the child was consequently refused admission, the mother declining to

remove the flounce. The little girl was brought into court wearing the dress objected to, which had a small flounce or fringe at the bottom, the ornamentation objected to. The neat and clean appearance of the child evoked great admiration from a crowded court. The Chairman said the rule as to neatness was a very proper one. The dress of the child did not appear out of the way, but it did not suit the taste of the managers. The Bench would not inflict a fine but the defendant must either take off the flounce or send the child to another school.

What Surgery Can Do.

The London "Lancet," in publishing its record of the progress of medicine in its many departments during the last year, gave some of the more prominent points connected with surgery. Some of the operations seemed almost miraculous, and were regarded as impossible previous to experiment. No region of the body is now considered beyond the scope of surgery. Its most marked triumphs relate to the internal organs and cavities.

What has rendered the operations comparatively safe is the use of antiseptics—fluids that prevent putrefaction in the wounds. Hitherto carbolic acid has been the chief agent used. But this proved more or less dangerous—sometimes fatally so—in other directions. A much safer and equal effective substitute has been found in what is called eucalyptol, which is obtained from the Eucalyptus tree.

Abscesses of the liver have been freely and successfully cut into and drained. Large parts of the stomach have been cut out, including even the pylorus which is the most highly organized part of the stomach that shuts in the food until digestion is carried to a certain extent, and then opens and pours it into the intestines.

Entrances have been made through the walls of the stomach for the regular introduction of food in cases where the gullet has been closed by disease.

Two pieces embracing the entire circumference, the one about three inches in length, the other five, have been cut from the large intestine—the colon. In all cases the divided parts are brought together and sewed. The stitches becoming soon absorbed after the healing is complete.

Considerable progress has been made towards ascertaining the exact spot where the brain and nervous system may be affected, thus facilitating the reaching of disease. It has been found that bone can be transplanted and aid in the formation of new bone, and more wonderful still, that sponges can be grafted into a large wound, and be a porous support for the granulations—the new flesh particles—while they are filling the cavities. The sponge is believed to be gradually absorbed.

Advertising.

It is sometimes questioned by merchants whether advertising pays. The question will hardly bear discussion in the following facts, rates of transient advertising being figured: The Chicago Tribune, it is said, for a column a year, receives \$20,000. The New York Herald receives for its lowest price column \$3,725, and for its highest \$34,000. The New York Tribune, for the lowest, \$20,764, and for its highest, \$85,048, and these papers are never at a loss for advertising to fill their columns. Their patronage comes not from any desire to assist the respective papers, but from business men who find it profitable to advertise. The sensible business man does not consider whether he likes the paper he advertises in or not. It does not take long to find out by experience where it pays him the best to advertise. That it does pay he has no doubt, and raises no questions. Long experience with almost every business man who has succeeded has proved that beyond question.—Printers Circular.

A Coon Hunter's Wife.

A minister laboring in the mountain districts of Fayette county, W. Va., gives the following conversation he had with a woman there recently:

"Is your husband at home?" "No; he is a coon-hunter. He killed two whooping coons last Sunday."

"Does he fear the Lord?" "I guess he does, cause he always takes his gun with him."

"Have you any Presbyterians around here?" "I don't know if he has killed any or not. You can go behind the house and look at the pile of hides to see if you can find any of their skins."

"I see that you are living in the dark."

"Yes; but my husband is going to cut out a window soon."

Duty cannot be neglected without harm to those who practice as well as to those who suffer the neglect.

IN THE COMIC LINE.

First woman—"But of course, there is no way of getting at her age." Second Woman—"Oh, yes there is—Multiply it by two."—Paris Paper.

"Bah Jove!" exclaimed young Daliboi, "the weathah is getting so mild, yer know, that I must have the ferrule taken off my cane. It's too beastly heavy for a warm day, yer know."—Boston Transcript.

"I am a native American citizen, born, bejehers, in this country," said Mr. Mulleou at a recent political gathering, "and if ye disbelieve it, come around home and I will show ye me naturalized thion papers."—The Judge.

Teacher—"Define the word excavate." Scholar—"It means to hollow out." Teacher—"Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used." Scholar—"The baby excavates when it gets hurt."

High art appreciated: "What did you think of the water-cooler exhibition this year?" asked an artist of his super-aesthetic friend Mrs. X. "Very far, very far, indeed. The pictures set off that divine gilt papering in a charming way."—Life.

A polite man, truly: The scene is laid in an railway carriage, where seven passengers are smoking furiously. The eighth passenger courteously: "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I do hope that my not smoking doesn't inconvenience you."—French Fun.

"Was it a small, white dog, with a blue ribbon round his neck, yer was looking for, miss?" "Yes," gasped the young lady, in anxious suspense. "Well, Jack Adams' Newfoundland pup, he's a gone av' swallered him." They carried her into the nearest drug store.—Chicago Eye.

"What a man Finixton is to change round!" exclaimed Mrs. Fenderson. "It was only last week that he went into the grocery business, and now he's gone into insolventy." "Oh, that's nothing," replied Fogg, "good deal more money in it you know."—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Sam Milledge, an Austin lady, was busy trying to make a punctation of saw dust when the colored cook came to ask what she should cook for dinner. "Go way, and don't bother me now. My head is full of sawdust now and I can't think of anything else."—Texas Sitings.

"If you don't like my sermons, pray what kind do you like?" said a petulant minister to an over-candid parishioner. "Well," was the reply, "I like the kind that drives a man into the corner of his pew and makes him think the devil is after him. When you preach like that I shall be converted."

"Well," remarked a young M. D. just from college, "I suppose the next thing will be to hunt a good location, and then wait for something to do, like 'patience' on a monument." "Yes," said a bystander, "and it won't be long after you do begin, before the monuments will be on the patients."

In a Boston newspaper office, The gentleman who is making up the form—"Here's an item that has no mark and there's no way to tell where it belongs." Foreman—"What's it headed?" Maker up—"An Old Scandal Revised." Foreman—"O, that goes in the New England news."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I hate to see a woman with rings in her ears," exclaimed the good deacon, "they ain't natural. If it was intended for woman to wear them, she would have been born with holes in her ears. The first woman didn't wear rings, I'll be bound." "No," remarked the quiet little man of the corner, "nor nothing else." The discussion was adjourned without delay.

"I see that your son is out of the penitentiary," said a man to an acquaintance. "Yes, we proved that insanity was the cause of his killing the fellow, and they turned him out on probation." "How's that?" "They said that they'd let him stay out a day or two, and if he acted like a crazy man they'd let him stay out permanently. Well, he acted like he was insane, and I reckon he'll stay out." "How did he act like he was insane?" "By killing another man."

How to start an echo: We cannot vouch for the truth of the following story, but an Austin gentleman said he was an eyewitness of the occurrence. He was on a steamboat on the Hudson river, with a party of excursionists. The boat stopped at a place in the river where there is a wonderful echo. One of the gentlemen asked everybody in the crowd for a pistol with which to walk up the echoes. Nobody had any pistol, but a gentleman from Arkansas said that he had something that was darned sight more reliable than a pistol, and pulling out of his boot a knife with a three-inch blade handed it over to the party who wanted to stir up the echoes.—Texas Sitings.