

# Orange County Observer

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## HENRY, O'BRIEN & CO.,

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### IN A MIST OF GREEN.

In a mist of green the gardens lie;  
The happy birds go singing by;  
The sweet-breathed hyacinth is up;  
The tulip lifts a painted cup.  
The farmer whistles at his plow;  
The maple shows a tasseled bough;  
The swarming elm buds are uncurled  
For God has breathed upon His world.  
—Mary F. Butts, in Youth's Companion.

### ONLY JONES.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.



THE officers of her Majesty's Twenty-fourth and Eighty-fourth Infantry were sitting round their mess table, in Castle-town, the capital of the Isle of Man, one evening more than forty years ago—that is, all of them except one; but then that one was only Jones. Nobody minded Jones; even his peculiarities had begun to be an old subject for "chaffing," and, indeed, he had paid such small attention to their "chaffing" that they had come to find it little pleasure; and after some weeks of discomfort, Lieutenant Jones had been allowed to choose his own pleasures without much interference.

These were not extravagant. A favorite book, a long walk in all kinds of weather, and a sail when the weather was favorable. He would not drink—he said it hurt his health; he would not shoot—he said it hurt his feelings; he would not gamble—he said it hurt his conscience; and he did not care to flirt or visit the belles of the capital—he said it hurt his affections. Once Captain De Reuzy wondered whether it was possible to "hurt his honor," and Jones calmly answered that "it was not possible for Captain De Reuzy to do so."

Indeed, Jones constantly violated all these gentlemen's idea of proper behavior, but for some reason or other, no one brought him to account for it. It was easier to shrug their shoulders and call him "queer," or say, "it is only Jones," or even to quietly assert his cowardice.

One evening, Colonel Underwood was discussing a hunting party for the next day. Jones walked into the room and was immediately accosted.

"Something new, Lieutenant. I find there are plenty of hares on the island, and we mean to give puss a run to-morrow. I have heard you are a good rider. Will you join us?"

"You must excuse me, Colonel; such a thing is in neither my way of duty nor my pleasure."

"You forget the honor the Colonel does you, Jones," said young Ensign Powell.

"I thank the Colonel for his courtesy, but I can see no good reason for accepting it. I am sure my horse will not approve of it; and I am sure the hare will not like it; and I am not a good rider; therefore I should not enjoy it."

"You need not be afraid," said the Colonel, rather sneeringly; "the country is quite open, and these low Manx walls are easily taken."

"Excuse me, Colonel. I am afraid. If I should be hurt, it would cause my mother and sisters very great alarm and anxiety. I am very much afraid of doing this."

What was to be done with a man so obtuse regarding conventionalities, and who boldly asserted his cowardice? The Colonel turned away, half contemptuously, and Ensign Powell took Jones's place.

The morning proved to be a very bad one, with the prospect of a raising storm, and as the party gathered in the barracks-yard, Jones said earnestly to his Colonel:

"I am afraid, sir, you will meet with a severe storm."

"I think so, Lieutenant; but we promised to dine at Gwynne Hall, and we shall get that far, at any rate."

So they rode rather gloomily away in the rain. Jones attended to the military duties assigned him, and then, about noon, walked seaward. It was hard work by this time to keep his footing on the narrow quay; but amid the blinding spray and mist he saw quite a crowd of men going rapidly toward the great shelving Scalet Rocks, a mile beyond the town. He stopped an old sailor and asked:

"Is anything wrong?"

"A little steamer, sir, off to Calf of Man; she is driving this way; an' in fact, I fear she will be on ta rocks afore ta night."

Jones stood still for a moment, and then followed the crowd as fast as the storm would let him. When he joined them they were gathered on the summit of a huge cliff, watching the doomed craft. She was now within sight, and it was evident that her seamen had lost almost all control over her. She must, ere long, be flung by the waves upon the jagged and frightful rocks toward which she was driving. In the hulls of the minute gun, but also the shots of the imperiled crew could be heard.

"What can be done?" said Jones to an old man, whose face betrayed the strongest emotion.

"Nothing, sir, I am afraid. If she had managed to rount ta rocks, she would have gone to pieces on ta sand and there are plenty of men who would have risked life to save life. But how are we to reach them from this height?"

"How far are we above water?"

"This rock goes down like a wall, forty fathoms, sir."

"What depth of water at the foot?"

"Thirty feet or more."

"Good. Have you plenty of light, strong rope?"

"Much as you want, sir; but let me tell you, sir, you can't live three minutes down there; ta first wave will throw you on ta rocks, and dash you to pieces. Plenty of us would put you down, sir, but you can't swim if you get down."

"Do you know, old man, what 'surf swimming' is? I have dived through the surf at Nukuleva."

"God bless you, sir! I thought no white man could do that same."

While this conversation was going on, Jones was divesting himself of all superfluous clothing, and cutting out the sleeves of his heavy pea-jacket with his pocket-knife. This done, he passed some light, strong rope through them.

The men watched him with eager interest, and seeing their inquisitive looks, he said:

"The thick sleeves will prevent the rope cutting my body, you see."

"Ay, ay, sir, I see now what you are doing."

"Now, men, I have only one request. Give me plenty of rope as fast as I draw on you. When I get on board, you know how to make a cradle, I suppose?"

"Ay, ay, sir; but how are you going to reach the water?"

"I am going to plunge down. I have dived from the main yard of the Ajax before this. It was as high a leap."

He passed a double coil of the rope round his waist, examined it thoroughly to see that there was plenty to start with, and saying: "Now, friends, stand out of the way, and let me have a clear start," he raised his bare head toward heaven, and, taking a short run, leaped, as from the spring-board of a plunge-bath.

Such an anxious crowd as followed that leap! Great numbers, in spite of the dangerous wind, lay flat on their breasts and watched him. He struck the water at least twenty-five feet beyond the cliff, and disappeared in its dark, foamy depths.

When he rose to the surface, he saw just before him a gigantic wave, but he had time to breathe, and before it reached him he dived below its center. It broke in passionate fury upon the rocks, but Jones rose far beyond it. A mighty cheer from the men on shore reached him, and he now began in good earnest to put his Pacific experience into practice.

Drawing continually on the men for more rope—which they paid out with deafening cheers—he met wave after wave in the same manner, diving under them like an otter, and getting nearer the wreck with every wave, really advancing, however, more below the water than above it.

Suddenly the despairing men on board heard a clear, hopeful voice:

"Throw me a buoy!"

And in another minute or two Jones was on the deck, and the cheers on the little steamer were echoed by the cheers of the crowd on the land. There was not a moment to be lost; she was breaking up fast; but it took but a few minutes to fasten a strong cable to the small rope and draw it on board, and then a second cable, and the communication was complete.

"There is a lady here, sir," said the Captain. "We must rig up a chair for her. She can never walk that dangerous road."

"But we have not a moment to waste, or we may all be lost. Is she very heavy?"

"A slight little thing; half a child, sir."

"Bring her here."

There was no time for ceremony. Without a word, save a few sentences of direction and encouragement, he took her under his one arm, and steadying himself by the upper cable, walked on the lower with his burden safely to the shore. The crew rapidly followed, for in such moments of extremity the soul masters the body, and all things become possible.

There was plenty of help waiting for the half-dead seamen; and the lady, her father and the Captain had been put in the carriage of Squire Braddon, of Braddon, and driven rapidly to his hospitable hall. Jones, amid the confusion, disappeared. He had picked up an oil-skin coat and cap, and when every one turned to thank their deliverer, he was gone. No one knew him. In an hour the steamer was driven on the rocks and went to pieces, and it being by this time quite dark, every one went home.

The next day the hunting-party returned from Gwynne Hall, the storm having compelled them to stop all night, and at dinner that evening the wreck and the hero of it were the theme of every one's conversation.

"Such a plucky fellow!" said Ensign Powell. "I wonder who he was. Gwynne says he was a stranger; perhaps one of that crowd staying at the abbey."

"Perhaps," said Captain Marks, "it was Jones."

"Oh, Jones would be too afraid of his mother."

Jones made a little satirical bow, and said, pleasantly:

"Perhaps it was Powell;" at which Powell laughed, and said: "Not if I knew it."

In a week the event had been pretty well exhausted, especially as there was to be a great dinner and a ball at Braddon, and all the officers had invitations. This ball had a peculiar interest, for the young lady who had been saved from the wreck would be present, and rumors of her riches and beauty had been rife for several days. It was said that the little steamer was her father's private yacht, and that he was a man of rank and influence.

Jones said he should not go to the dinner, as either he or Saville must remain for evening drill, and that Saville loved a good dinner, while he cared very little about it. Saville could return in time to let him ride over about ten o'clock and see the dancing. Saville rather wondered why Jones did not take his place all the evening, and felt half injured at his default. But Jones had a curiosity about the girl he had saved. To tell the truth, he was nearer in love with her than he had ever been with any woman, and he wished in calm blood to see if she was as beautiful as his father had painted her during those few awful minutes that he had held her high above the waves.

She was exceedingly lovely, just the fresh, innocent girl he had known she would be. He watched her dancing with his brother-officers, or talking to her father, or leaning on Braddon's arm, and every time he saw her she looked fairer and sweeter. Yet he had not courage to ask for an introduction, and in the busy ballroom no one seemed to remember that he needed one. He kept his post against the conservatory door quite undisturbed for some time. Presently he saw Squire Braddon with the beauty on his arm approaching him. As they passed, the squire remembered he had not been to dinner, and stopped to say a few courteous words, and introduced his companion.

"Miss Conyers."

"Lieutenant Jones."

But no sooner did Miss Conyers hear Lieutenant Jones's voice than she gave a joyful cry, and clapping her hands together, said:

"I have found him! Papa! Papa! I have found him!"

Never was there such an interruption to a ball. The company gathered in excited groups, and papa knew the Lieutenant's voice, and the Captain knew it; and poor Jones, unwillingly enough, had to acknowledge the deed and be made a hero of.

It was wonderful, after this night, what a change took place in Jones's quiet ways. His books and boat seemed to have lost their charm, and as for his walks, they were all in one direction, and ended at Braddon Hall. In about a month Miss Conyers went away, and then Jones began to haunt the postman, and to get pretty little letters which always seemed to take a great deal of answering.

Before the end of the winter he had an invitation to Conyers to spend a month, and a furlough being granted, he started off in great glee for Kent. Jones never returned to the Eighty-fourth. The month's furlough was indefinitely lengthened—in fact, he sold out, and entered upon a diplomatic career under the care of Sir Thomas Conyers.

Eighteen months after the wreck, Colonel Underwood read aloud at the mess a description of the marriage of Thomas Jones, of Milford Haven, to Mary, only child and heiress of Sir Thomas Conyers, of Conyers Castle, Kent. And a paragraph below stated that "the Honorable Thomas Jones, with his bride, had gone to Vienna on diplomatic service of great importance."

"Just his luck," said Powell.

"Just his pluck," said Underwood; "and for my part, when I come across any of these fellows again that are afraid of hurting their mothers and sisters, and not ashamed to say so, I shall treat them as heroes just waiting for their opportunity. Here is to the Honorable Thomas Jones and his lovely bride! We are going to India, gentlemen, next month, and I am sorry the Eighty-fourth has lost Lieutenant Jones; for I have no doubt whatever he would have stormed a fort as bravely as he boarded a wreck." —The Ledger.

### The Congressional Record.

Some interesting facts are connected with this official gazetteer of the proceedings of Congress. Altogether, the publication of the Congressional Record makes more type setting and press work than half a dozen ordinary papers in the United States. It some times has from 100 to 125 pages of solid matter, which would make an octavo book of 400 to 500 pages. It requires an enormous amount of type to get out the Record. A new dress is procured at the beginning of about every other Congress—every four years, and sometimes every two years. A new dress means over 100 tons of type—many times more than there is in a dozen of the largest printing offices, including type of all grades. The Record uses but three kinds of type—long primer, nonpareil and brevier. The body of the Record is set up in brevier, bold face, solid. Extracts are set in nonpareil. Some announcements and a little other matter is put in long primer. The bulk of newspaper matter in the daily press is in nonpareil or minion, so that the Record has her body matter in a little larger type than the newspapers use on an average. It is printed on good, heavy paper.

About 12,000 copies are published. Each member of the House gets about twenty-seven, and each Senator about forty copies daily. These they have mailed regularly from the Government printing office to those they wish to have them. Some of them are preserved and bound at the end of the session, all free of cost. A new dress of type for the Record costs in round figures \$73,000. It costs probably \$3000 to \$5000 to give a first class daily newspaper a new dress. The type came from the foundry in Chicago, and filled 383 boxes, averaging a weight of 115 pounds. By purchasing in such large quantities, prices are made very low. The nonpareil costs, in round figures, forty-three cents; the brevier thirty-six cents, and the long primer thirty-one cents a pound net. This is a considerable reduction from the customary prices. The old type is sold at the best prices the public printer can get. It is usually about half worn when sold, and ordinarily commands about five cents a pound more than the metal is worth. Many newspapers in the country have been given a new dress from the old dresses of the Congressional Record. A two-year-old dress of the Record is ordinarily not worn more than that used for twelve months in a country office, as there is so much in use here, and then everything is stereotyped. —Piscayune.

### A Farm with Variety.

Henry Kruppeter has been looking for a place to file his homestead right a long time, and has at last found one which contains as much diversity as a lesson in geography. He has a mountain, two rivers, a swamp, a railroad and a country road, to say nothing of twenty acres of sumac bushes. To get all this he begins on the Natchez river, back of Captain Simmons' homestead, goes across the river and over the mountain, and then, turning eastward, crosses the Yakima river right in the gap. No homesteader ever before included such variety in 160 acres; and this is within two miles of town, too. —Yakima (Cal.) Republic.

### A Correspondent's Peril.

I could fill volumes showing what a traveling correspondent does not hesitate to do in obeying orders," writes W. J. C. Meighan, in Lippincott. In 1868 I was making a tour of some of the Southern States, especially with a view of getting at the bottom of the doings of the Ku-Klux, fairly and squarely, without bias. Sometimes I had to sleep in a negro's cabin on the roadside in a lonely part of the country; at other times I fared well at city hotels. Had I known when I started from New York what I was expected to do, I think I would have shown the "white feather." I was, in starting, simply told to go to Nashville and attend a convention that was to be held there. When I arrived I found orders for me which said, "You will make a tour of these States, and avoid, when possible, the beaten roads of travel," and then the details were given as to what I should do. This meant an across-the-country cut, evidently. Well, I went to Nashville, expecting to return in three days. I never left the South for several months, thanks to that "avoid the beaten roads of travel" order. But I will give only one incident of this "tough" assignment, to show what a correspondent has to do to succeed sometimes, even at the risk of his life.

I managed to get Fort Pillow Forrest, the famous Confederate cavalry officer, to consent to talk to me fully about the Ku-Klux. I was in Nashville, and he was in Memphis. I had to meet him on a certain day, otherwise my great opportunity was gone. Besides, I knew that a Cincinnati newspaper man was then on his way to Memphis for the same purpose. That knowledge of itself made me desperate. I left Nashville one evening, but during the journey, to my dismay, the train broke down. I found that the only way I could make up for lost time was to walk several miles; but I was warned that I should have to cross a rocky stream on the narrow side-planking of a huge trestle several hundred feet long and thirty or forty feet high. I did the walking well till I reached that trestle. It was a shaky affair, and I wondered how on earth a train in those days ever got over it safely, after the wear and tear it had got from its transportation work. Fortunately, the moon was shining and the sky was clear. I used my grip-sack as a balance-medium at times, and was fully half-way over, when I heard a whistle blow and the low rumble of a train behind the cliffs ahead of me. It was a single track I was walking on, too. I don't know, but I think my hair stood on end like needles; anyhow I felt as if somebody had suddenly pulled them up by the roots and then dropped a piece of ice down my back.

There was a slight curve at the end of the trestle, toward which I was making my way, and I could then see no train. But I saw it soon enough. The shimmering of the headlights through the trees away beyond the trestle grew brighter, and the rumble of the cars grew louder and louder. There was no time to be lost. The engineer could never see me until he struck the trestle, and then all the brakes in the world couldn't stop the train from rushing over where I stood. Well, that train went completely over me, yet I met Forrest the next day, dined with him, and had a three-column interview with him on the wires twenty-four hours afterward, which interview, I am happy to say, Henry Watterson, the brilliant editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, copied in his paper with big headlines when he saw it in the Herald.

### Cornbread in Europe.

A contemporary suggests that the generosity of the American people in feeding the starving Italians may be rewarded in an unexpected way, by the demand that is likely to follow for corn as an article of diet. Europeans have never regarded corn as a breadstuff, and the best efforts of the Department of Agriculture to introduce it to them in this light have met with very limited success. Necessity, it is thought, may teach the Russians, at least, that it is healthy, palatable and cheaper than wheat. If so, the farmers of the Northwest will have reason to be glad that they were generous. —Piscayune.

The statement is made that London contains 2000 more doctors than the whole of Ireland. This proves, for one thing, comments the New York World, that the people of Ireland, for the most part, cannot afford the luxury of getting sick.