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AN EXPERIENCE WITH A DESPERADO.

By Rev. William E. Barton.

A TRUE STORY.



On the days when I was a student in college I spent my vacations in the mountains of Kentucky teaching school, and giving occasional talks on popular subjects to the parents of my school children. These so-called "lectures" were delivered in the schoolhouse by what was called "candle-light," although the light was mostly made by pine torches in the great open fireplace.

The first of these lectures was on "Experience," a practical subject, and I went to the locality, for although I had made and too much is common in the mountains of Kentucky, there is no place of which I know more than a more strenuous and wholesome temperance sentiment. So my lecture was well received in the schoolhouse on Highland Creek, and I was invited to deliver it again on the next day.

These lectures were given in the schoolhouse, and the road was rough and I had to take an additional half hour to get to the schoolhouse. I had a mountain pack on my back, and a pair of horses, and the school was a long way off. I had a long ride, and the school was a long way off. I had a long ride, and the school was a long way off.

Pal begged him not to shoot. He told him they were good friends. He swore that he would stand by the other fellow if he would stand by him. He wouldn't kill him, and he, feeling good to have humbled Pal and to have made him his defender, shook hands with him. They rode down here and watered their horses together, and while the other fellow was looking down at his horse, drinking, Pal shot him.

Later my friend pointed out a double log house, with barn across the narrow road.

"In that house and barn six men concealed themselves and waylaid Seagraves. They filled him so full of lead he hasn't dared to go in swimming since, folks say. They thought he would die, sure, but lead can't kill him."

I remembered the incident, for I had chanced to ride in the stage with his mother on her way to see her son, whom she believed to be dying. "My Pally," she called him, and told me that she herself had named him Palestine, "because his a good Scripture name." She was curiously proud of her boy, although disapproving his crime; sorry that he did as he did, but admiring his hardihood and power.

I had seen Seagraves himself once. He had galloped by me, frightening my horse with his reckless speed and yell, and turning toward me as he passed a pair of fearful eyes. Whether he was light or dark, wore a beard or not, I could not recall, but I could not forget those eyes, and I knew that I should know him again if I ever saw him.

By this time the thought of Pal Seagraves had well-nigh absorbed the little part of my lecture that was devoted to other aspects of the liquor problem. I had no thought of naming him, but I knew that every one would know whom I meant, and I was sure that they should know, inasmuch as he was at a safe distance. And so the lecture began.

I was a boy of twenty, cultivating my first mustache, and the minister who introduced me told the people who filled the schoolhouse not to despise my youth, for, said he, "I reckon he'll talk well, and I know he'll give you the best he's got."

I was through with my introduction, and had started well upon the body of my lecture, and had reached the topic of intemperance and crime.

I had just got into this when the door opened, and in came Pal Seagraves. He had a companion before whom he was evidently minded to show off, and both were more or less drunk. Respectful room was made for them, and they sat well toward the rear, but in plain sight, and their coming sent a perceptible chill over the audience, and worse than a chill over me. I tried not to look that way, but turn as I would to this corner and that, I saw nothing but those eyes.

I talked on from sheer inability to stop. I could not forget what I had to say. I could not change it. I had to go on.

I confess I tried to soften down some of my illustrations, but it seemed to me that every such attempt brought the statement out in all the more uncompromising form. I grew almost desperate.

I soon saw that Seagraves recognized my portrait, and counted it a good joke. He winked at his companion and winked him. Then he looked at me, then at me, and then a coarse, defiant laugh. This rattled me, and I began to say to myself that he should hear the truth about himself once, anyway. So I gave myself more liberty, and went straight ahead.

His laughing mood did not continue long. He scowled; he scuffed his feet on the rough floor; he made some discourteous noises; and all the time I talked on as if driven by fate, every word sounding harder and more stinging than I had meant it to, even when I supposed that he would be absent.

At length he rose and started toward me, walking unsteadily, partly because he was drunk, partly because he was the custom of human carcasses when compelled to use their own legs. It was not because I wanted to that I looked him straight in the eye. I could not help it. And I talked on because I could not stop. Perhaps my looking at him had an effect, perhaps he counted me small game; for he turned on his heel and went out.

Many mountain schoolhouses have no glass windows, but this one had, and at one I soon saw the hideous, grinning, angry, drunken face of the desperado. There are few faces that look well through a window at night, but I am willing to admit that no face ever looked less attractive than his did to me. It was plain that he was undecided what to do, for I could read

his thought in his drunken features. At times he seemed tempted to shoot me through the glass and again, he remembered apparently that I was a boy, and that to kill me would be a little out of his line, and could do him little good.

As before, I kept my eyes on him, and every eye in the schoolhouse was fixed with mine on that pane of glass. His curiosity soon overcame him, and he came in again, apparently a little more sober, and partly restored to good nature by the fresh air. And I found means about that time to draw my lecture to a close.

In that part of Kentucky the ministers descend after a service, and the people come forward and shake hands with them. I was a sort of lay minister, and the preacher and I stepped down. The first man to come up and extend his hand, which he did with a swagger, was Seagraves.

I took the hand which he extended, and asked, "Will you tell me your name, sir?"

He told me his name with emphasis and evident pride.

"Do you live about here, Mr. Seagraves?" I asked. It was a stupid enough question, but it was all that I could think to ask. To my surprise it abashed him. He felt an apparent humiliation that he had left it possible for any man to enter Jackson County and not know his name. Turning on his heel, he went out.

My friend, the minister, got together a group of people to walk with us to our stopping place and protect me in case of need. We passed the radian, who was watching for us in the shadow of the schoolhouse, and his attitude and a growing curse convinced my friends that the precautions were not unnecessary.

By the time Pal had taken one or two additional drinks, he appeared to repeat of having let me off so easily, and came galloping up to the log house where we were entertained. I had gone to bed, and was making some mental calculations of the thickness of the walls when I heard his voice.

My landlord went out to the fence and reasoned with him. Pal demanded that "the preachers" should be brought out. He wanted to see both of them. If we did not come out, he would come in and fetch us out. And there was more talk of this sort, emphasized now and then by the firing of a bullet over the house.

My host pleaded the laws that govern hospitality, and seemed to be urging me to go in case of my own safety. Somewhat mollified, Pal at last rode off, and as the light of the new day was coming in, I ceased to wonder if he would return again and fall asleep.

That was the last time I saw Pal Seagraves; but I was told a year ago that he has settled down into a shiftless farmer, and "rides on his raids no more." About three years since, his nerve shaken and his aim less true, he found himself with empty pistols looking into the loaded barrel of a revolver in the hands of a younger and equally desperate man, and gained his life by the hardest begging upon his knees.

The stock in trade of such a desperado is chiefly the fear which his name excites. The power of his name to frighten once broken, his poor, sallow courage cozes out, and he stands confessed a coward. I never knew a man who had not in his more potent elements of cowardice. The swaggering and bluster of the desperado rarely go with true courage, which, as I have seen it, is almost uniformly modest and at the root, moral.

Now, they tell me, "Anybody can kick Pal Seagraves around," and "When a fight begins, and you see a man going through the brush to where he's tied his horse, and hitting the road right lively—that's Pal!"—Youth's Companion.

Fatalities in Modern Wars.

The ratio of killed to wounded has not become greater in modern military conflicts than in those of former days. At Kunsersdorf it was 1 to 1.9; at Leipsic it was 1 to 2; among the British in the Crimea it was 1 to 4.4; among the French in the Crimea it was 1 to 4.8; among the Prussians at Koniggratz it was 1 to 3.6; among the Austrians at Koniggratz it was 1 to 3; among the Germans in 1870-71 it was 1 to 4.4; in our own Civil War it was 1 to 4, and in the Spanish American struggle it was 1 to 5.6.

In the late Spanish war the casualties before Santiago, from July 1 to 12, were a little over eleven per cent. There were present for duty 858 officers and 17,358 men. Twenty-two officers and 222 men were killed, and ninety-three officers and 1288 men were wounded.—New York World.

Fishing With a Jug of Lime.

The fish killers at Lake Wawaseo, Ind., on whose trail the Deputy Fish Commissioners have been hot, have abandoned dynamite, which gives an easy clue to their identity, and are now generally adopting a new device for slaughtering the fish in the lake. A jug is procured, filled with unslaked lime and corked. A small aperture is left in the cork, through which the water seeps, and as the lime slakes there is a violent explosion in the water and the dead fish rise to the surface by scores. The method is in vogue by many of the poachers.

FARM TOPICS

Cultivation of Growing Crops.

It is a good practice to cultivate growing crops before they are planted. Get the soil in good condition so that the seed has a perfect seedbed and then even before the plants appear, we find it the best practice to go over with a fine harrow or weeder, to destroy the young weeds that always get the best start, because they start right from the top of the ground, whereas the seed for the crop is an inch or more below the surface. This harrowing always leaves the surface in fine condition.

Keeping down the weeds is the all important thing with any growing crop. The weeds not only rob the plants of the needed fertility, but use a large amount of water, which is so necessary during the growing season. It is not a question as to how often we cultivate, but how thoroughly. The essential things are the destruction of the weeds and the breaking of the crust that forms after a rain.—Professor Charles W. Burkett.

Cleanliness in Feeding Chickens.

One great trouble in feeding little chickens is to place their food in a receptacle which will keep them from tramping on it. This occurs when the food is placed on the floor of the brood room, out in the run or in pens. A good way is to take a piece of tin about four inches wide and two feet long, tack along the edges of a three-quarter inch plank, so that the tin will project along the edges about one and a half inches on each side. Bend the tin so as to have a shallow trough, fasten the ends of the planks to blocks which will raise the trough one or two inches from the floor. The troughs will be in easy reach of the chickens and so narrow that they cannot stand upon the edges. Food placed in such a trough can be kept clean until entirely consumed.—Hard boiled eggs, of which the chicks are quite fond, make an excellent addition to the bill of fare from the beginning. As they grow older, cracked wheat and whole grains of wheat can be given, mixed with coarsely ground corn.—Atlanta Journal.

Hints for Beekeepers.

Tall sections require more honey to fill them.

The average life of a queen bee is about two and a half years.

Many keepers clip the queen's wings when they have their swarms.

Young queens are the most prolific and are less inclined to swarm.

Stimulative feeding is the means by which colonies are made strong.

Approach a hive of bees from the side or rear, so as not to disturb the bees at work.

Strong colonies prevented from swarming is the key to large honey crops.

If moth once gain a footing in the hives the colonies will soon be destroyed.

Basewood is said to be the greatest honey producer for the time that it is in bloom.

There is no possible economy in taking from a strong colony to build up a weak one.

A large number of extra combs are necessary when extracted honey is the object sought.—St. Louis Republic.

What and How to Feed.

The daily feeding standard for milk cows of 1000 pounds weight should contain two and a half pounds of protein, four pounds of fats, two and a half pounds of sugar and starch, and twenty-four and a half pounds of dry matter.

Following are rations properly made up according to this standard by the Wisconsin station:

Corn silage forty pounds, clover hay eight pounds, wheat bran six pounds, corn meal three pounds, Fodder corn twenty pounds, hay six pounds, oats four pounds, shorts four pounds, oil meal two pounds. Corn silage fifty pounds, corn stover six pounds, oats six pounds, malt sprouts four pounds, corn meal two pounds, Hay eleven pounds, corn fodder fourteen pounds, corn meal four pounds, cottonseed meal four pounds, gluten meal one and a half pounds. Silage thirty pounds, hay ten pounds, corn meal three pounds, cottonseed meal three pounds, gluten meal two pounds.

It is almost impossible to feed too heavy in the dairy. A cow, when in full flow, should receive at least seventy per cent. more food than is used for the maintenance of her body, and it is this excess that produces the dairyman's profit.

This is another proof of the necessity of keeping cows that respond promptly to good feeding, for you are not keeping the cow as an ornament, but merely for milk which is to come from the "excess" food used, and the cow that produces the most milk from the least "excess" food is the one the dairyman needs, for such a cow as this is the one that will pay the best profit.—Weekly Witness.

Reasoned by carloads, the increase of traffic on all Russian railways last year was seventeen per cent. over the preceding year.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Making the Bed.

To make up a bed, after the mattress has been turned and the bed thoroughly aired, spread on the under sheet, tucking it in carefully all the way round; then the upper sheet, leaving the wrong side up and tucking it in well at the bottom; then the blankets, placing the open end at the top; then the counterpane. As soon as the counterpane is put on and tucked in at the foot of the bed, turn the upper sheet over so that the right side of the hem may be on top, and tuck in the clothes all the way round. Then place the bolsters and pillows in position.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Ideal Dust Cloth.

An authority on household matters says that a slightly moistened clean dust cloth is the ideal one. She says further that this does not mean a damp one which smears furniture, nor one that is grimy and soiled. A suitable quality of cheese-cloth is very cheap, and there is no reason why there should not be a generous pile of dusting cloths made from this fabric in every housemaid's closet. The cloths should be a yard long, and should be hemmed across the edges before being put into service. There should be sufficient to permit an ample supply for two weeks' use, half being laundered every week. Even competent housewives are apt to overlook the necessity for clean furniture cloths. The word clean is used relatively.

Handsome Work Baskets.

Even one's work basket harmonizes with the fittings of one's boudoir in these artistic days. Baskets of octagonal shape, lined with flowered chintz and edged with quiltings of pink-ribbon, with pockets for spoons and loops of ribbon to keep needles, scissors, etc., in place, are sold for summer fancy work. They are roomy enough to hold a quantity of embroidery or knitting or the filmy rennaissance so much beloved of fair workers these days. The handle is high and arched and filled with narrow ribbon quiltings. Some of the baskets carry out the old-time effect further by fitting up the quaint chintz baskets with odd pearl, filigree-chiselled ivory or inlaid wood implements. Curious old "bus-sis," with covers of polished wood, filigree bone or pearl are usually a feature of these fittings.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Ventilating the Sleeping Room.

The best way to ventilate a bedroom is to open the window about an inch at the top and insist upon its being left that far down, at least while the room is occupied. The idea that an open window will give any one a cold, even in winter, is nonsense. Every person living in the house should be expected to open his or her window wide when they leave the room in the morning. In addition to this the children should be taught to turn down the clothes from the beds and to arch the mattresses so the air can get underneath the bedding. It is not necessary to leave the windows open long. The girl can close them, either partly or wholly when she makes up the beds. A bedroom ought to be as light, bright and airy as a sun parlor, and it can be kept so if the foregoing suggestions are followed.—New York Journal.

How to Avoid Shrinking Woollens.

Woolen garments should be washed separately, and never put with linen or cotton goods. They should be put to soak in hot water (as hot as can be borne by the hand) in which soap has been boiled. To every six gallons of water add four tablespoonfuls of liquid ammonia, which removes grease deposited by perspiration. Cover the cloths as the retained heat assists in removing the grease. After soaking for an hour wash on by drawing through the hand. Do not rub or knead the fabric. Very dirty spots should be brushed out with a soft brush. Rinse out twice in warm water. Use a wringer if possible, as it expels the water with the least friction. Hang the clothes up lengthwise to dry. Iron while still damp, stretching the article to the necessary length and width. The iron should not be unnecessarily hot. Do not use lye or washing soda as they will certainly injure the fabric.—New York Journal.

Recipes.

Potato Biscuit—To one pint of mashed potatoes, add two pints of flour, two large tablespoonfuls of lard, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of buttermilk and a little soda.

Baked Rice With Cheese—Put one quart of new milk and one cupful of rice into a double boiler and cook until tender; add one-half pound of grated cheese, turn into a buttered dish and bake for one-half hour.

En Vinaigrette—Cut the beef into the thinnest slices possible with a particularly sharp knife; put it in a salad bowl with alternate slight sprinklings of salt and pepper; make a top layer of stripe of anchovies, smoked herring, capers, sliced gherkins, and finely chopped chervil, chives, small onions, etc. Pour over this a plain salad seasoning of pepper, salt, mustard, tarragon vinegar and oil, well beaten up, and serve without disturbing the arrangement of the dish.

GETTING TO THE GAME.

Now the relatives are dying At a most appalling rate. And the sudden spells of sickness Much anxiety create. And the strangest thing about these Tales of woe, these faces wan Is that they are much more frequent When the baseball season's on.

There are trembling on the eyelids Of the office boy, once bright. And he sadly makes an announcement That his uncle died last night. Then the tears so plainly noticed Down his face begin to stray. And he sobs his thanks on being Told he needn't work to-day.

As the hour of noon approaches It is noticed that the clerk Is so sick that he's unable To continue at his work. He's complaining of a fever And a pain that racks his head. So he asks and gets permission To go home and seek his bed.

Just at 2 p. m. the merchant, Who has long denounced the game, Feels a twinge of rheumatism, And he suddenly gets lame. Every minute brings more torture, As his grimaces attest. Till at last for home he's starting, With the hope of getting rest.

But recovery is sudden, And, from favorite grand-stand chair, That sick merchant sees the ball game, And he sees the sick clerk there. And among the yelling rosters On the bleachers to the right, Is the office boy who told them That his uncle died last night.

Yes, the relatives are dying At a most appalling rate. And the sudden spells of sickness Much anxiety create. Not an undertaker's profit. With the doctors it's the same, For these tales are fabrications, And to get to see the game.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

'Tings which stand upon the floor Would stand upon the wall. We could walk around the ceiling And would need no floor at all.

Grandma—"Ah, my dear, the men are not what they were fifty years ago." Ethel—"Well, granny, you know fifty years will change any man."

"I could not help being struck by the likeness," remarked the unfortunate man when one of his family portraits fell upon him.—Philadelphia Record.

"So she's really going to be married?" "Yes." "I suppose she thinks of nothing but the future?" "Well, she only talks of the presents."—Standard.

Ella—"I have had a photograph taken every year since I was twenty." Stella—"I suppose the photographer who took the first one has been dead a long time."

Jimmie—"Wot's de use of studyin' percentage?" Tommy—"Youse don't know nuttin'. W'y, dey uses it in figgerin' de standin' of de baseball clubs."—New York Journal.

"I understand Susie Smartweed was dismissed from the hospital service in disgrace." "Yes. She used the chief surgeon's best lancet to sharpen her lead pencil."—Tit-Bits.

"I think I am in love with that girl; when she comes around I get three new diseases." "What are they?" "Palpitation of the heart, ossification of the head and paralysis of the tongue."—Tit-Bits.

She (coquettishly)—"I read the other day, Cousin Charley, that marriage is declining." He (inspired)—"Oh, that's quite wrong. Marriage is—accepting." (Seizes the opportunity and proposes).—Punch.

Hubbard (whose wife has been struck by the automobile carriage)—"Heavens, man! why don't you look where you're going? A little more and it's me you would have run down instead of my wife."—Illustration.

"They call vocal lessons 'voice-placing' now, William." "Is that so? Well, I'm going to write a polite note and ask that girl down stairs to please place her voice across the street instead of up in our air shaft."—Chicago Record.

Mother—"Where are you off to, Hans?" Hans—"To school; teacher is going to show us the eclipse of the moon to-night." Mother—"Here, you stay at home; if your teacher wants to show you anything he can do it during school hours."—Tit-Bits.

"Tommy," exclaimed Mrs. Fogg, "don't you know it is naughty to make a kite Sunday?" "But, my dear," interposed Fogg, "don't you see that he is making it out of a religious paper?" "Oh," said Mrs. F., "I didn't notice that."—Standard.

A Fern Ball.

It is my belief that every woman likes to have some flower or plant growing within the room where she spends the most of her time, but that the bother of taking care of the plant balances the pleasure. Nature is a cunning force and the Japanese a cunning people. They have combined to produce a delight of greenery to meet the need of the woman who wants a growing plant that is content to live on smiles and glances. It is a ball of ferns which swings pendant from the chandelier, the portiere pole or any other high place. It is a running fern vine twined round and round a ball of moss, with delicate fronds growing out of every inch or two. It swings, a lovely mass of feathery green, without soil, an unending delight. All it asks is to be immersed a night in the water of a bath tub once a week. And moreover, it is the fashion.—Truth.