

# THE GREENSBORO PATRIOT.

GREENSBORO, N. C., WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 8, 1893.

By the Patriot Publishing Company, in Advance  
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## PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

8 Cents Per Line Each Insertion.

### WANTED

To insert notices under this head at a rate of 10 cents per line. First insertion. After first week at five cents per line.

For a horse, one noted dated January 20, 1893, for one hundred dollars, owned by S. W. H. Smith, and for a horse, one noted dated January 20, 1893, for one hundred dollars, owned by S. W. H. Smith, and for a horse, one noted dated January 20, 1893, for one hundred dollars, owned by S. W. H. Smith.

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## "MATT."

A TALE OF A CARAVAN.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

"He goes out high every night," she said, "and often don't come home till morning. Sometimes he finds things and brings them. He finds bits of gold, and old ropes, and bottles of rum."

"I don't tell," he said.

"I wish you'd tell me, Matt. Do I have a particular reason for wanting the information?"

"You won't say I told? William Jones would be downright wild, he would."

"I'll keep the secret faithfully."

"Then urged, Matt informed her friend that on two occasions, out of curiosity, she had followed her guardian on his nightly pilgrimages and watched him go in the direction of the Devil's Cavern. On both occasions the night was very dark. On getting clear of the coast guard station, and among the sand hills, Jones had lit a lantern which he carried. Trembling and afraid, she had followed the light along the coast, and among the sand hills. But all at once the light and his bearer had disappeared into the solid earth, leaving her to find her way home in terror."

"The plan of action in this was in Matt's opinion, very simple. William Jones was a mad man and went to 'visit the fairies.'"

"Yes," she cried, "and every time he goes the fairies give him summat, and he brings it home, and among the sand hills. Each time you followed him," asked Brinkley, thoughtfully, "he disappeared at about the same place?"

"Yes," said Matt; "and the light and him sank right down and never come up again."

The result of the information thus communicated was to leave the young man of the caravan far more curious than ever. He determined to turn the tables on William Jones, and to watch him movements, not in the daytime, but during the summer night, waiting for his appearance in the immediate neighborhood of the Devil's Cavern.

The first night he saw nothing—it was a stormy night, with a heavy rain. The second night was equally uneventful. Nothing happened, he went for a third and last time, and lay in the moonlight on the cliffs, looking toward the village.

The night was dark and cloudy, but from time to time the moon came out with sudden brilliancy on the sea, which was gently stirred by a breeze from the land.

He waited for several hours. About midnight he rose to go home.

As he did so he was startled by the sound of oars, and lying down, perceived a small boat approaching on a silver patch of moonlight sea.

The moon came out, and he saw that the occupant of the boat was a solitary man.

It approached rapidly, making direct for the Devil's Cavern. Lying down on his face and peering over, Brinkley saw it stop just outside the foaming passage, while the man stood up, stepped, lifted something heavy from the bottom and threw it overboard.

Brinkley waited for a moment, a dark object which drifted seaward, right into the cavern, he rowed away, close to the scene of the swimming adventure. Here he ran the boat ashore and leaped out.

The next minute Brinkley heard him coming up the cliffs.

Trembling with excitement, he lay down flat on his face and waited.

Presently he saw a man emerge on top of the cliffs, within a few yards of Brinkley's hiding-place. Just then the moon flashed brightly, and Brinkley recognized him.

It was William Jones, carrying on his shoulder something like a loaded sack, and dangling from his left wrist a horn lantern.

He looked round once or twice and he hurried toward the sand hills. Brinkley followed him, and he saw him pass over the first sand hill, Jones disappeared. Quick as thought the young man followed, and, peering over, saw the light in the hollow beneath it, and higher and higher till it reached the top of the next sand hill, where it

passed. Crawling on hands and knees, Brinkley slipped down into the hollow, and then crept upward half way up the sand; he found a large rock, behind which he crouched and peeped.

As he did so William Jones, light in hand, seemed to dive down into the solid earth and disappear.

CHAPTER X  
THE SECRET OF THE CAVE.

For a minute after the disappearance of Charles Brinkley lay as if petrified, and he did not move till he was startled by a sound which he recognized as the sound of a hammer. What had happened? Had an earthquake swallowed the mysterious cavern, or had he tumbled down in a fit? Brinkley waited and watched; the hammer ceased, he peeped, and still the light did not reappear. At last, overcome by curiosity, Brinkley rose, and, stooping close to the ground, crept from the rock behind which he had lain concealed, and crawled across the summit of the sand hill. Suddenly he stopped short and went down on hands and knees, for he saw clearly discernible, coming out of the solid earth or sand, the glimmer of the light.

It glimmered, then disappeared again. Just then the moon slipped out

of her cloud, illuminating the rocks with vitreous rays, and he perceived, close by him, a dark hole, opening in the very heart of the hollow.

He crept closer and looked down, but could see nothing. He held his head over the hole and listened. All he heard was a dull, hollow moaning, like the sound of the sea. The light of the moon, however, enabled him to perceive that the hole had been covered with a loose piece of wood, or lid, about four feet square, and with an iron bolt in the center, which lid was now lying by the side of the opening, ready to be replaced. A number of large pieces of stone, suitably shaped, were scattered everywhere about the sand hills, lay piled close by.

He lay for some time waiting and listening. All at once, far beneath him, the light glimmered again. Quick as thought he rose and crept away, only just in time, for he had no sooner regained the shelter of the rock and crouched there watching than he saw the light re-emerge, accompanied by a hummer, he saw the light follow closely, and then he clearly discerned William Jones standing in the moonlight without the burden he had previously carried, and holding in his hand a lantern.

Setting the lantern down, William bustled himself for several minutes, and finally, having concealed the work on which he was engaged, extinguished the light. Then, after glancing hesitantly round him on every side, he walked rapidly down the sand hill and disappeared in the direction of the sea.

Not until he distinctly heard the splash of oars, and saw the black silhouette of the boat pass out from the shadow of the cavern, did he rise, and he did not begin to stir, and even then he did so very cautiously lest his figure should be perceived against the moonlight by the lynx-eyed rover. Creeping on hands and knees, he crawled to the mysterious spot, and found, as he had indeed anticipated, that the hole was covered up, and the wooden lid or trap-door so carefully covered with stones and loose sand as to be completely hidden.

His first impulse was to displace the debris and at once to explore the mysterious place; but reflecting that he was unprovided with lights of any kind, and that the cavity below would most certainly be in total darkness, he determined to postpone his visit of inspection until daylight. By this time there was no sign or sound of the boat. Rising to his feet, he mused. If he were to go to the moonlight, another man, but how was he to find the spot? The sea of sandy hillocks stretched on every side, and he knew by experience how difficult it was to distinguish one hillock from another.

As to the chances of losing Jones, such chances were nearly as numerous as the hillocks themselves.

At last he thought of the rock where he had first concealed himself. Such rocks were numerous, but, pulling out his case of crayons, he marked the spot with a small streak of color. Finally, remembering that the drift sand might cover this mark, he made a large cross in the hard sand. Having taken these precautions, he marked the best of his way down the cliffs, and following the open grassy sward which fringed the crags, was down to the cavern.

At daybreak the next day he started back along the crags, first taking a look at the mark, and then, peering over his shoulder, he saw the willow, and perceiving no sign of William Jones, who had doubtless no suspicion that he would rise so early. He soon found the spot where he had stowed overnight his things, and he saw that the boat and first re-remembering the neighborhood, struck off among the sand hills.

At first he was guided by footprints, but as the sand grew harder these disappeared. At length, after a somewhat bewildering search, he found the sand hill he sought, the rock with his mark upon it, the cross marked on the ground, and finally the well-concealed mouth of the hole.

He looked keenly to right and left. No one was visible. Stooping down he disclosed the trap-door with its iron ring. A long pull, a strong pull, and up came the trap. Open season! He saw a dark cavity, with a slanting path descending into the bowels of the earth.

Anxious to lose no time, he squeezed himself through the aperture, and he was descending, while he did so he heard the hollow roaring he had heard the night before. As he proceeded he drew out a box of matches and a candle, which he lit. Proceeding cautiously on his back, and restraining himself with his elbows from too rapid descent, he found himself surrounded, not by sand, but by solid rock, and peering downward, saw that he was looking down into a large subterranean cave.

Just beneath him was a flight of steps cut in the solid rock. Descending these carefully, for they were as slippery as ice, he reached the bottom, and found it made of sea gravel and loose shells, forming, indeed, a decline like the sea-shore itself, to the edge of which, filling about half the cavern, the waters of the sea crept with a long, monotonous moan. Approaching the water's edge he saw facing him the solid back of the cliff, but just at the base there was an opening, a sort of slit, almost touching the waves at all times, quite the height when the sea was in, and through this opening crept beams of daylight, turning the waves to a clear malachite green.

The mystery was now clear enough. The cave communicated directly with the sea, but such a way as to make an entrance for any large object impossible from that direction.

Turning his back upon the water, and biding up the candle, he examined the interior. The damp, black rocks rose on every side, and from the moon hung spray and hideous weeds, like those found to be seen in sunless vaults of wine; but piled against the inner wall was a board of treasures to make a stranger's most wondrous water or turn a wrecker's brain.

Punches of rum and other spirits, bales of wool, plants of mahogany and pine, oars, broken masts, coils of rope, and sundry things, of all sorts, of all nations and articles of such material as is used on shipboard, swinging tables, brass swinging lamps, mast-head lanterns, and hammocks, enough, and to spare, in short, to fit out a small fleet of vessels. Lost in amazement, Brinkley examined this extraordinary hoard, the accumulation, doubtless, of many years. All at once his eye fell upon a large canvas bag, rotten with age, and gaping open. It was as full as a child's hold of pieces of gold, bearing the inscription of the mint of Spain.

O William Jones! William Jones! all this was yours, at least by right of plunder, upon the ocean's sea-way; all this which, turned into cash, would have made a man rich beyond the

dreams of avarice, was the possession of one who lived like a miserly beggar, groveled himself and his desires, and blooded the common necessities of life, and had never been known, from boyhood upward, to give a starving fellow creature so much as a crust of bread or to drop a penny into the poor box!

William Jones!

The above reflection belongs, not to the present writer, but to my adventures discoverer, the captain of the cutter "Ship's" cavern, those were mops and brooms, there were holy-stones, there were "squeezes," there were canisters of tinned provisions, there were bags of sweetened biscuits, there were boxes of tinned tongues, but there were no rings, bolts, there were tin mugs and panikins, and, lastly, mirable to relate, there were a few books, laid out on the top of a heap of sacks and were in the last stage of mildew and decay. For what purpose had they been carried there? Certainly

not to form a library, for William Jones could not read. As curiosity deepened, Brinkley opened some of the forlorn volumes covered with mildew and full of hideous crawling things. Most were in foreign tongues, but there were several English novels half a century old, and a book of famous "Voyages," also in English.

Near to them were some large paper rolls—ships charts, evidently, and a few maps, but they were all soiled and stained, and were in the last stage of mildew and decay. For what purpose had they been carried there? Certainly

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