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Gloaming.

FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE.
Twilight dawned and softly floated:
All, once more, seems dim and far;
High aloft now faintly gleameth,
Pale and clear, the evening star.
All in doubtful shades of gray:
Up and up the slow mists creep;
Down, the lake, and deeper darkness,
Mirrored darkness, lies asleep.
On the eastern sky appearing,
Lo! the moon, bright, pure and clear;
Slender and low, waving her lines
Sport upon the waters near.
Through the playful, fitting shadows,
Quivers Luba's magic slide;
Through the eye this darkness stealing,
Streaks into this heart of mine.
—CLAREMONT JOURNAL.

A Wild Ride.

Before I begin my story, I must tell you that I am a commercial traveler, born and bred, so to speak, to the business.

I have my wits about me, and, as often happens to have a good many valuable articles also, I have need of them.

I am an Englishman—English to the backbone—and live on roast beef, bottled ale and old port wine. I am one of the men who don't dream and don't fancy.

When I see a thing I see it. When I hear a thing I hear it. And what I saw on one particular occasion I mean to tell you.

You will not offend me if you don't do it. Nevertheless I shall, as I said, tell the story.

It was in the year 18—, and the month was May, and the place was England. I had left London five days before, and now I was miles and miles away from it, in the very heart of the country, travelling toward a little town where I had business. It was an old-fashioned inn, and the people were kind and obliging.

Travelers did not stop often at that inn, I suspect, for they were as particular about my meals as though I had been a prodigal son come home for the holidays.

They killed the fatted chicken for me and made much of me altogether; and to crown all, as the train did not stop in time to take me on, as I wanted to go, and as it was only a matter of five miles or so, what did the landlord do but hunt up a rusty old coach that was tucked away in the coach house, and ordered his man to drive me over that evening. It wasn't an extra, mind you. It was sheer good will. So I shook hands all around, and remembered the chambermaid and the waiter with half a crown each, and off I rode. It was getting dark fast, and the road wound away among the hills in a very romantic sort of a way, why, it made you think of ghosts if you were a commercial traveler.

"Here's the place," says I to myself, "where the gentlemen of the road would have liked to meet me and my black bag fifty years ago."

A pretty joke it would have been to have handed my valuables over and danced a jig for their amusement beside, fifty years ago.

A hundred years ago, anyhow, I would not have felt so safe as I do now.

Just then the coach came to a sudden pause.

"Hallo," cried I, out of the window, "what's the matter?"

"It's more than I can tell, sir," said the man. "Black Jane has turned sulky; she won't move a step."

With that he began to shout and crack his whip. I felt my head out of the window watched him, and suddenly the beast started off like mad, and I drew in my face and saw I had company.

While the coach was at a standstill, a lady and gentleman had slipped in.

They sat on the seat opposite me, and though it was intrusion I had not the heart to find fault, for a prettier pair I never saw in my life.

If he was twenty-one it was as much as he could be, and she was not seventeen.

I have seen a pair of china lovers on the mantel-piece the perfect image of what they were, as pretty, and dressed much the same.

His hair was powdered and hers too. She had on a yellow silk, lower in the neck than I would like a daughter of mine to wear it, and her arms would have been bare only for her long kid gloves. She had pearls in her ears and on her throat, and she had just the most innocent little face my two eyes ever rested upon. As for the boy, he had a chocolate velvet coat and white silk stockings, and lace ruffles at his

wrists. And they had one large cloak—his, I fancy—cast about the two of them, though it had dropped down a bit as they sat down.

"Two young folks going to a fancy ball, perhaps," said I, "and just took a bit on the way."

And I touched my cap to them and says I:
"Fine evening, sir."

He did not answer me, but she looked at me and stretched out a little white hand.

"Oh, sir," she said, "look out at the back of the coach, I pray you, and tell me if he is gaining on us."

I looked out of the window.
"There's a man on horseback riding up the road," said I, for I saw one.

"Oh, heavens!" said she.
"Courage, Betty," said the young fellow. "They shall never part us."

"Then I knew it was a runaway match."

"I see how it is," said I. "Keep up your heart, young man. If the young lady likes you, she'll stick to you thro' thick and thin. I'll do my best to help you."

"Oh, heavens," she cried again.
"Oh, my darling, I hear the horse's feet. There are more of them. Oh, sir, look; tell me."

I looked and saw many armed horsemen following swiftly.
"Closer to my heart, Betty," cried the young man. "My beloved, they come."

He drew his sword.
Among other things he wore a sword.

I pulled my pistol from my pocket. We all stretched our heads forward, and at that moment the coach turned a rocky point of the road, and I saw we were on the margin of the precipice.

All this time Black Jane had kept up her furious speed, and I saw we were in danger.

"Have a care," cried I.
"Faster," screamed the young man. Suddenly there came a jolt and a scream from the lady. I heard him say, "At last we die together!"

And the coach lay flat on its side—not over the precipice, but on the edge of it.

A man is a little stunned by a thing like that.

When I climbed out of the window and helped old Anthony up with the coach, and coaxed Black Jane to quietness, I remembered that no one else got out of the vehicle, and I looked about in vain for my pretty lovers. They were not there, nor were there any signs of the troop of horsemen I had seen dashing up the hill. They could not have passed us in that narrow path by any possibility.

"We ran a chance for our lives, master," said Anthony. "Yet, I'm called a good driver, and Black Jane is the kindest thing I ever saw in harness. Thank God for all His mercies. It's a strange thing we did not go over the cliff."

"But where did they go?" I asked.
"Who?" said Anthony.

"The two lovers—the pretty creatures in fancy dress. The people who were after them—where are they?"

"Where are—?" began Anthony. Then he turned as pale as death.

"All good angels over us!" he cried.
"We have ridden with Lady Betty. It's the 10th of May. I might have known better than to try the road to-night. Protect us all. Yes, yes, we've ridden with Lady Betty."

"Who is Lady Betty?" said I. "As pretty a creature as ever I saw, at all events. Who is she?"

Old Anthony stood looking at me and shaking his head.

"It's an old story," he said. "Book-learned folks tell it better than I. But a hundred years ago or more, on this blessed night, my Lady Betty Hepe, the prettiest lady, ran off from a country ball with her father's young secretary."

"They put one cloak over their heads, and an old servant drove them, knowing it was worth his life."

"But before they had gone far, behind them came her kinsfolk armed and ready for vengeance. And when they reached this point they saw that all was over."

"Better die together than live apart," he said, holding her close. Then he called out to the servant. "How goes it?"

"All is lost, sir," said the man. "The horses can't hold up five minutes longer."

"Then drive over," says he.
The man obeyed orders.
"But ever since that night, sir, as sure as the 10th of May comes around, there's plenty here that will tell you that whoever drives a coach past this

road after nightfall, won't ride alone. There's nobody that remembered the night would do it for a kingdom, but I forgot. I'm getting old, and I forgot things while; and so we've ridden with Lady Betty."

That's the story old Anthony told me, and what went before is what I saw and heard. I'm a solid, sensible man, but facts are facts, and here you have 'em.

Religious and Moral.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

It is sin, *i. e.*, "missing one's aim." In which profound word is contained the truth that all sin is a blunder, shooting wide of the true goal, if regard be had to the end of our being, and not less wide if regard be had to our happiness. It ever misses the mark; and the epiphany might be written over every sinner who seeks pleasure at the price of righteousness. "Thou fool,"—*Alexander MacLaren.*

What the world calls beautiful music, its operas, cantatas and the like, is as different and inferior to the music that the Christian sings, if music be the bubbling up of living joy in the heart, as the thunder and lightning of the theatre is inferior to the rolling of God's chariot in a summer sky.—*P. S. Henson.*

Largely thou givest, unloving Lord;
Largely thy gifts should be restored.
Freely thou givest; and thy word is,
"Freely give!"
He only who forgets to hoard
Has learned to live.

JOHN KEBLE.

If thy thoughts should, like the laborious bee, go over the world from flower to flower, from creature to creature, they would bring thee no honey or sweetness home, save what they gathered from their relations to eternity.—*Richard Baxter.*

The sins of youth are the shadows of old age.

REMEMBER THY MOTHER.

Lead thy mother tenderly
Down life's steep decline;
Once her arm was thy support,
Now she leans on thine,
See upon her loving face,
Those deep lines of care;
Think! it was her toil for thee
Left thee to record there.
Never forget her tireless watch
Kept by day and night;
Take care, from her step the grace
From her eye, the light,
Cherish well her faithful heart:
Which through weary years
Echoed with its sympathy
All thy smiles and tears,
Thank God for thy mother's love
Guard the priceless boon:
For the bitter parting hour
Cometh all too soon,
When thy grateful tenderness
Loses power to save,
Earth will hold no dearer spot
Than thy mother's grave.

The characters of Christians differ. It is the peculiarity of the life of the Saviour to impart different gifts, and a different selection of gifts to different believers, so that while all have a family likeness to the Master, yet they are not "like to like," but "like in difference."—*Charles Butler, D. D.*

LITTLE MINISTRIES.

A single word is a little thing,
But a soul may be dying before your eyes
For lack of the comfort a word may bring,
With its welcome help and sweet surprise.
A kindly look costs nothing at all,
But a heart may be starving for just one glance
That shall show by the eye-lid's tender fall
The help of a pitying countenance
It is easy enough to bend the ear
To catch some tale of sore distress;
But men may be fainting beside us here,
For longing to share their weariness.
These gifts nor silver nor gold may buy,
Nor the wealth of the richest of men bestow,
But the comfort of word, or ear, or eye,
The poorest may offer whenever he go.

If sin had not brought death into the world, and Christ to the cross, we should never have known so much of the goodness of God as we do.—*Rev. T. Adams.*

Get at the root of things. The gold mines of Scripture are not in the top soil, you must open a shaft; the precious diamonds of experience are not picked up in the roadway; their secret places are far down. Get down into the vitality, the solidity, the veracity, the divinity of the word of God, and seek to possess it with the inward work of the spirit.

What an insult is offered to God to come before him, and by an appearance of devotion to call forth his attention when in reality we have nothing to do with him. What trifling with divine things! It impairs conscience and deadens moral sensibility. It renders the means of grace unimpressive by familiarity, and provokes God to withdraw the influence essential to their success.—*Wm. Jay.*

Passing along the street the other day we thought we had found a very

beautiful knife. On picking it up, it was found to be only a handle without a blade. So we hear very beautiful sermons—well written and well read—but they are without a blade. They cut out no cankers of sin, and carve out no models of piety. Sermons must have blades.—*Ex.*

Uses for Sunflowers.

We have lately met with a paragraph in several of our exchanges recommending the planting of a sunflower seed in each hill of pole beans, so that the stalk of the sunflower, growing faster than the beans and always keeping a little ahead, would serve instead of a pole, saving to the grower considerable labor and expense. How this would work in practice we cannot say, but we do know that for many uses the sunflower is a valuable plant to raise. It grows very rapidly and when thickly planted around sink drains, privies and other unsightly and offensive places, not only serves as a screen, but it is also said to have the property of absorbing malarious exhalations and purifying the atmosphere. The seeds are much relished by poultry, and, if not fed too liberally, are very wholesome. A correspondent of the Country Gentleman recommends the seeds as a cure for the heaves in horses, and says: "A gentleman told me that there is nothing equal to sunflower seeds for that purpose. He had one bushel of the seeds ground with two bushels of oats, and gave a horse two quarts of the mixed meal, wet in water, three times a day. He took the time when the horse was not used at hard work. In two weeks not a sign of the heaves could be observed and the horse looked as sleek and bright as if his hair had been oiled. He had cured two horses of his own of this distressing complaint and recommended it to others, who had experienced a like result. In cases of horse distemper and coughs it is an excellent remedy."

A New Torpedo Boat.

The Russian Government has introduced another naval novelty in the shape of a very formidable torpedo boat. This vessel is one hundred feet long, 12 feet beam, and a mean draft of 6 feet 3 inches of water. The engines are very powerful, and the speed is 22 knots an hour, and extends back to the conning tower. Through two doors at the end of the deck torpedoes are introduced into two launching tubes, which are parallel to the centre line of the boat and project a little beyond the bows. This double-barreled arrangement for torpedoes is of great importance in attacking a vessel protected in the usual way. It is intended that the first torpedo, when launched, will tear the netting, and the second one, immediately following, will strike the hull. Ten tons of coal can be carried in her bunkers. As to the sea-going qualities of the boat, they may be said to be excellent. The voyage from England where she was built to the Black Sea has been safely accomplished, notwithstanding the small size of the craft.

Babies.

We love babies, and everybody who does love them. No man has music in his soul who does not love babies. Babies were made to be loved, especially girl babies when they grow up. A man isn't worth anything who hasn't a baby, and the same rule applies to a woman. A baby is a spring day in winter; a ray of sunshine in frigid winter; and if it is healthy and good natured, and your very own, it is a bushel of sunshine, no matter how cold the weather. A man cannot be a hopeless case so long as he loves babies one at a time. We love babies all over, no matter how dirty they are. We love them because they are babies, and because their mothers are lovable and lovely women. Our love for babies is only bounded by the number of babies in the world. We always look for babies, we do with paternal affection and anxiety; we do, indeed. We pity wives who have no babies. Women always look down-hearted who have no babies; and men who have no babies always gamble, and drink whisky, and stay out at night trying to get music in their souls; but they don't come it. Babies are babies, and nothing can take their place. Pianos pop out, and good living plays out, but there is a baby in the house. We say there's nothing like a baby.

It is awful hard to realize that a woman is an angel when one sees her pick up a clothes prop fourteen feet long to drive a two-pence chicken out of the yard.

The Scrap Book.

"How long has she been dead?" inquired a bereaved husband as he stepped into the room. "About five minutes," answered a tearful bystander. "Well, it's all right. I never got a chance to see any of my folks draw their last breath. If a hundred of my friends were to die, 'twould be just my luck to miss it every time." Grief will assert itself.

A pickpocket in Paris, taken with his hand in some one else's pocket, endeavors to invent all manner of possible explanations of the phenomenon. "What's the use of your trying to lie about it so clumsily?" says the magistrate, quite benevolently; "haven't you a lawyer?"

A little girl heard some one say "Tempus fugit," and asked her mother what it meant. She was told that it was one way of saying "time flies." A few days afterward she said, very gravely: "Why, ma, how tempus does fidget?"

Arabella (on her toes in a chair clutching convulsively at her skirt)— "Oh! Bridget! A mouse! a mouse! Come and catch it, quick!" Bridget— "Shure, mum, there's no hurry. If this one gets away, I can catch plenty more for yer, mum."

"Married—William H. Penn to Alice E. Hogg," is the announcement in an exchange. We believe this is the first instance on record of a Hogg being turned into a Penn without making a vigorous resistance.

"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days, or five days, or a week?" "Because we want it fresh," replied the ingenious child.

A new-paper biographer trying to say his subject "was hardly able to bear the demise of his wife," was made by the inexorable printer to say, "wear the chemise of his wife."

She's a regular coquette, Miss Pacific Mail. Do you notice how she jiggles her first love for her second, and don't consult Pa na Ma on the subject, either.

A political speech is something in which a man's statements are apt to come back to him, just as if it were a boom harangue.

Patrick on the zebra—"That kind of a baste is that—the mule wid his ribs on the outside of his skin entoirly."

"I wish I was a pudding, mamma!" "Why?" "Cause I should have such lots of sugar put into me."

A bright boy recently told his teacher there were three sects: the male sect, the female sect, and insects.

A baby in Milwaukee, Wis., has been christened "Zero," in honor of the cold Sunday upon which he was born. The one thing needful for the perfect enjoyment of love is confidence—same with hash and sausages.

The spots on the sun do not begin to create the disturbance produced by the freckles on the daughter.

A dressmaker's apprentice speaks of her cross-eyed lover, as the fellow whose looks are cut bias.

Many editors are of such a peaceful nature that they will not put a head on their editorials.

A close observer says that the words which ladies are fondest of are the first and last words.

Many a young lady marries a rich man, but finds soon after that he is a very poor husband.

When a man bows to circumstances he is forced to be polite.

Retiring early at night will surely shorten a man's days.

A depraved punster says he shall smoke if he chews too.

Time is money, and many people pay their debts with it.

What animals are often seen at fairs? Black kids.

Self-made men are very apt to worship their maker.

Living on excitement is very expensive living.

Cheap drapery—the curtains of the night.

A good line of business—the fish line.

Tea for the gossipers' table—T. T.

CHARITY begins at home, but should not end there.

A CALIFORNIA naturalist says: "Bees are capable of indulging in conversation with each other." Don't see why they can't talk to a boy and ask him where he'll take another.

GREECE is oiling up her machinery for a tug of war.

"THIS animal," said an itinerant showman, "is the royal African hyena, measuring fourteen feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and the same distance back again, making in all twenty-eight feet. He cries in the woods in the night season like a human being in distress, and then devours all that comes to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of human nature."

Ancient Butter.

An abstract of an interesting paper on two ancient samples of butter, by Professor Church, has been published in the English journals. The first specimen of butter was what is known as Irish bog butter, and its estimated age was about one thousand years. It contained four per cent of curd, consisting partly of vegetable matter derived from the bog, but enough of animal matter to show that the butter had, in fact, been made from the milk of animals, and was not mere fat. Its fatty character had, however, been entirely changed, and the glycerides of which the fat had originally consisted had been decomposed, so that a mixture of fatty acids only remained. That is to say, time and exposure to moisture had converted the butter into a substance of both the character and composition of the material of which composite candles are made, and which has to be produced artificially for industrial purposes by heat and acids. The other sample was found in an alabaster vase in an Egyptian tomb. Its age was thought to be about two thousand five hundred years. It had first been melted and then poured into the vessel, which was afterward carefully sealed. There was no decomposition very apparent. With the exception of a slightly rancid taste, it had all the flavor and odor of butter, and had none of the cheesy smell of the Irish bog butter. The perfect state of its preservation is remarkable.

The Gulf Stream.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Austrian Civil Engineers, Mr. Carl Englehardt gave an interesting account of the natural supply of heat on the continent of Europe. He showed that certain European countries are favored over other parts of the world by natural influences of the upper Etesian winds, the desert of Sahara and particularly the Gulf stream. When the Sahara was still a sea, the climate of South Europe and Northern Africa was many degrees colder than at present. Many thousand years ago, before the isthmus of Panama had been raised above the level of the sea, the Gulf stream flowed between North and South America. That was the glacial period in Northern Europe. Scandinavia and Finland were covered with ice, moose and reindeer abounded in Italy and Spain, and the South of Europe was inhabited by a race similar to the Laplanders. The Vosges and the Black forest was covered by glaciers. Through the rising of the Central American isthmus, the Gulf stream was turned eastward, and Europe emerged from the ice period.

In how comparatively short a time the climate of the country can change is proved by Greenland, which was discovered 892 years ago, and owes its name to the verdant valleys and blooming meadows which greeted the eyes of the first settlers. Even 450 years ago Greenland had over 200 towns and villages, and was a bishop's see. Through the elongation of the coral reef of Florida, the Gulf stream has turned more toward the west coast of Europe, and Labrador and Greenland have now the climate of the Arctic Circle. The mean temperature of the most southern point of Greenland is the same as that of Norway, 600 miles further northward.

The deflection of the Gulf stream will probably increase, as the Florida banks advance to finally join the Bahama and Tortugas islands, and the influence of the Gulf stream will at last be lost to North-western Europe. The consequence will be a decrease in the area of cereals in Europe, a considerable lowering of temperature, and a general reaction in the march of civilization on the Eastern continent. Some thousands of years will, however, elapse before this can be accomplished.