Orange

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BILL MASON'S BRIDE.

en fan hour till train time, sir, An' a fearful dark time, too: a look at the switch-lights, tel in a stick when you go through, some 7" Well, yes, I guess so -Left the last station all rightome round the curve a flyin'; Mas in comes up to-night. You know Ball? No! He's an engineer;

is non the road all his life-I henever forget the morning He married the chuck of a wife. I as the summer the mil hands struck-I me off work, every one; licked a row in the village I le novan's son.

Hill hado't been married more'n an hour, I'm comes the massage from Kress, only chi kill to go up there Il oft his gain a hurry, and went on number one Linking of nothing but Mary

And the train he had to run. And Mary sat down by the window In wait for the night express; I, sir, if she hadn't 'a 'done so, d been a widow, I guess.

For it must 'a' been nigh midnight n the mill hands left the lidge me down, the drunken dev.is! a rail from the bridge. La Mary heard 'em a-workin', And guessed there was something wrong, And in best then fifteen infuntes, I ... - tram it would be along.

she couldn't come here to 6 il us, A mile elt worldn't a' done-- he jest grabbed up a lantern And made for the bridge alone, Then down came the night express, sir-And fall was makin' her climb! Lat Mary held the lantern, A - wanging it all the time,

Well by Jose! Bill saw the signal and he steeped the night express, And he found his Mary cryin', Cream and langion for jey sir, An handin on to the light-He but here's the train good-by, sir,

In. Mason's on time to night. DRETE HARTE.

LILY OF THE GLEN

In one of the most beautiful of New Lingland's shady dells, far away from the din and dust of the city, musical with the song of brooklet and bird, and fragrant with breathings of trees and flowers, hidden almost out of sight by the old gray mountains, lies the fair little village of Glen. And in one of its summiest spots, sheltered by elms of a century's growth, mossy itself with unvines and embosomed in roses, stands the fairy little cottage where dwelt the pride of the village-its fair young Lily an orphan from the hour of her birth.

but so loved by her aged grandparents that the name had never a meaning.

Beautiful as the flower whose name the bare was the Lily of the Glen, and as hely and shrinking in nature, too, breathing out her sweetness in lonely places, and coveting ever the lonely seat. Scarce more was she idolized in the humble home whose life and light and beauty sha was, than in every other one of the scattered village; for wherever she went she carried a blessing, and from every threshold here one, too, now from the crowing lips of a baby face, and then from the quivering ones of wrinkled age. Pure in heart, not dazzlingly but softly Unilliant in intellect, gentle and loving. for eighteen years the maiden had led that happy life which only the good and true can know-a sunny life, scarcely darkened by a single cloud-a flowery one, scarcely pricked by a single thorn a hely one, scarcely touched by a single

But her heart was saddened then. I irst one and then the other aged relatwo grew sick, and for many weeks they he side by side on the same couch, to ming in feverish dreams. Patiently and tenderly did the young grandchild turse them, heeding their slightest wish, and giving up cheerily the demands of her pulse, that she might be ever with them, and striving with all love's earnestness to win them back from he valley whose shades seemed vailing them. And even in the last fearful hour, though her heart was sore and bleeding. she calmed herself and sung in sweet. though tremulous strains, the hymn they asked for, that on the breath of music their souls might be wafted into heaven.

But then, when all was over, her strength gave way, and for weeks she lay like a frost-bitten flower; her cheeks like snow and her lips voicelss. Yet, though alone in the world then, never had an invalid kinder and more considerate There was none in the whole village that did not render her some service, happy to pay back a debt of love, and sad that it must be paid in such a way. And when at length she recovered, and on the arm of the gray-haired pastor, slowly passed up the nisle of the little church to the seat that had been vacant for nearly a wear, there went up from every heart a thanksgiving to the Father in Heaven, and when her sweet, the like voice rose and fell in waves of thrilling melody, as she joined in the grand old hymn, tears of joy streamed fast from many eyes, and when the service was over, and the little group passed out of the holy place, every right

from every lip there fell a blessing.

But one among them did not greet her, though his gaze followed her intently from the moment she entered till she left. It was a stranger, a tourist, who charmed by the rural beauty of the glen. had resolved as the stage left him there on Saturday evening, to spend a few days in rambling about in sunny spots and sketching its picturesque rivers: a highly-gifted, noble young man, dowered with a princely fortune, who, having completed his collegiate course, had nought to do but while away his time in the most agreeable way. But, now, surfeited with the pleasures of fashionable life, he had turned away to seek in communion with Nature and her truehearted children that congeniality for which his spirit had longed but had not found, either in his aristocratic home or his wealthy friends.

His mother had been one of those spiritnally organized beings to whom holiness of life and devotion to duty are as necessitous as breath, and though spared to him but seven brief years, she so inwrought her nature into his that all the unfortunate circumstances of later years so sweetly in the far depths of his bosom that the syren voices of temptation sounded to him ever like hideous dis-

The proud lady who, ere two years hal left their greenness on his mother's grave, was installed as mistress of her with the aged pastor, on whose arm home, gave no affection to the dining boy, while his father, a stern, grave, taciturn man, though deep in his heart there welled strong waves of passionate feeling, manifested them only by seeing that his temporal condition was well cared for, and so he grew to manhood, filled with affectionate yearnings, but with none to breathe them upon, and only uttering them upon the low grassy mound where slept the gentle being who had given him life.

Once indeed his spirit thought it had

found its mate. There flitted into the brilliant saloons of fashion a radiant young creature, who seemed the incarnation of a poet's dream, and whose spell soon bound the youthful Reuben. But ere many months the charm was counted years, over-run with luxuriant | broken. She proved but a gay coquette, and after toying with many hearts, finaliv surrendered to wrinkled age, bartering herself for gold. Reuben had believed he loved her, but when the dream was so rudely broken, he found his heart was fetterless-he had loved not her, but the creation of his own soul who be had funcied was embodied there. For a time indeed he scorned the other sex, but ere ong the vision of his own sweet mother came to him in such vivid light, that he felt he stained himself with sin to think even harshly of those to whom she was bound by the ties of sisterhood, and he said within himself, "I will seek her counterpart, and finding it, be happy.' So Lord Burleigh-like, he went about as a traveling artist, and in the wild or beautiful of nature, as chanced the scene, his spirit drank in peace, and the angel in his heart sang dearer and more

Such was he who, in the little church of Glen, had watched so closely its frail Lily. Her loveliness, ever bewitchingly delicate, was enhanced by the paleness of convalescence, and she seemed to the young man like one of those sainted ones of whom he used to dream when in his bovish sorrow he nestled on the couch where his mother's spirit had departed. There was no guile, he felt, in those heavenly eyes, no mocking taunt would ever sing from lips like hers-nay,

home with the inn-keeper; "who is that fair young creature who seems the adopted child of the church? She walks

'efore us with the old pastor." "She has another name, but we only call her Lily or the Lily of the Glen, a homeless girl now, without a relative on earth, and yet she will never want for anything, for, humble as we are, we will ever make room for her by our hearths and in our hearts, for she is an angel whom we cannot entertain without s blessing !"

The young man shut himself in his room and mused upon her. In his wildest dreams he had fancied nothing earthly so ethereal, and he felt that could he but clasp that fragile Lily to his heart its low murmuring moans would be

hushed forever. The sunset flooded the Glen with brilinney as he stole forth again, and longing for silent communion with the human floweret who had entranced his soul, he turned from the pleasant village street and followed the banks of a little stream that went singing along as though each wave was a melody. Whither it led he knew not, but keeping the worn path he found himself ere long opposite a little grave-yard, whose monuments had nothing to arrest attention, but whose quiet

hand was kindly clasped by her, and | beauty entranced one at a glance. Reuben leaned with folded hands on the white stile and was soon lost in fresh thought. Memory carried him back to the day his mother died, and he saw himself again in childish grief, bending, half in wonder, half in awe, over the open grave, and then kissing a white rose-bud from a neighboring bush and easting it on to the coffin, and then he thought of the after visits he had paid it when it was green and flowery, and remembered how many times he had wished he could have slept beside her. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he leaned there; those holy tears which come unbidden to wash the heart of the dust that has gathered on its beauty.

> Suddenly he started. A low, sweet strain flitted by on the evening breeze, and to his highly-wrought feelings it seemed at first like the angel voice of her he mourned. But he soon rallied himself, and listening closely, discerned that it came from a locust grove in a distant corner of the yard, and he felt intuitively that it was the night hymn of the Lily sung over the grave of her buried loves.

He forbore to disturb the solemnity of the spot by seeking the acquaintance could not eradicate it-the angel sung he desired, and so he turned from the stile, and passing on, threw himself on a bank of violets beside the stream, and was soon lost in delicious revery.

"A beautiful spring night, sir," said a mild voice soon, and starting up the young man found himself face to face leaned the fair young mourner.

"You are a stranger, sir, I take it, here. I noticed you in church, and I should have spoken to you there, but I had no chance. We are plain, simple people here, but mean to do our duty, and if while you tarry I can be of service, you may command me."

It was a courteous greeting, not so much in words as in the fatherly manner of the grav-haired man, and Reuben ffered his hand warmly and expressed his thanks for the kindness, and as la walked back to the village with them. charmed them with his high-toned thoughts, and the three were each regretful when the pastor's gate was

"Let us see you here to-morrow," said he, as he led the Lily in, for she was his dove-like blessing, "or to-night, even, if apart from home, a family altar should be longed for."

"I have longed for it since my mother died," said the young man with a touch ing pathos.

"Come with us then, sir. We have few forms, but we trust our hearts are right;" and he ushered Reuben into the little study, and for a while they sat there in the calm moonlight, not conversing with each other, but uttering as they chanced, the holy thoughts which begged for an expression. At an early hour an aged female do-

mestic entered with lights, and drew stand to the pastor's side. He turned over the leaves of the family Bible till he had selected a chapter, and then passed it to the young man, saying: "My eyes grow dim; let me borrow

Reuben took the holy volume reverently, and read in clear, thrilling tones, those glorious passages from St. John, commencing: "Let not your heart be" troubled." When he had closed, the pastor turned to Lily for the hymn. It emotions of her heart were too powerful for her weakened frame, and the words hung there in uttered music. Reuben's prayer with the beauteous Lily.

him was aroused, not partially, but well its intuitive suggestions. He bell). sought out the aged pastor and revealed to him his previous life, its longings, its aspirations, its unquietness, and his last resolve, to seek him out a bride who

should give beauty and bliss to life. "When I saw Lily yesterday," said he, "the poet's charming story came vividly to mind, and I resolved to woo her as did the lord of the tale, in painter's dress, and bear her to a princely awakened in me. I would still win her, he had ever met.

if I can, but not to lead her into fashion's halls. They are not the place for one so spiritual as she. Home is the sphere for one like her, and I would win her to a home with me, in this or some other shady glen, and keep her my Lily through my life.

of you a paster's anties. My life thus far has been an aimless one. I need not work, for I have wealth at my command, but I would consecrate myself to something. My spirit has ever chafed at the fetters I have thrown about it. I will untangle it, and let it have its will. And

"And this is not all, sir, I would learn

at your feet, sir, I would study earnestly, faithfully, and pray that your lips may ask God's blessing on me as I somewhere kneel before my chosen people. "My son," said the old man, solemnly, 'you have chosen well. Heaven hath

directed you here as a guardian for Lily and a student for me. These fifty years I have ministered here. I knew my strength was failing and mysenses growing dim, but I could not bear to leave my people with one who served their Master from other than the holiest motives, and so, tremulously I have performed my duties for a year or more. My son, you shall commence this day your studies. You are well trained and learned, and your heart is right. It will not take you long to fit yourself to speak to these simple, truthful Christians. shall be spared to stand beside you when you first preach to them, and then I shall be content to go. Come, let us begin."

And from that day Reuben was an inmate of the parsonage, and that he prospered fast was no wonder either, for he had, as he said, an angel and a saint for guardians. There were scornful looks and haughty words in his aristocratic home, when his proud relatives heard that the heir of their princely wealth had turned student of divinity, and would settle in an obscure village, and there was much wonder among his fashionable friends. But nothing could win the young man from his holy vows, and night after night till the stars waned did he lean over his desk, that he might the sooner be prepared for the pastor's place, his only recreation being his walks and talks with the gentle Lily.

Two years from the day he first entered the little church as a stranger to holy work, the aged pastor's trembling hands being placed upon his head, as with quivering lips he ordained him, a Christian minister; and the same low, lute-like voice that entranced him then, sang now the hymn that confirmed the

At sunset, the holy Sabbath sunset, the little church again was filled, for before the altar stood the youthful pastor to take a new vow to his heart, one that bade him "love and cherish till death did them part," the gentle being who unconsciously had woke his soul to the sublimer view of life-a vow that, while it changed the "girlish thing" to a pastor's bride, yet left her, as she was before, the Lily of the Glen.

Dead Reckoning.

Lieutenant Brown was the navigator of the brig Perry of the United States navy a good many years ago, and on a passage from China to Mexico he alquivered on her lips, but the sacred lowed the chronometers (by which they found the longitude) to run down. They were bound to San Blas, and running to make Cape St. Lucas, which is high and keen ear had caught the strain, though, I can be seen a long way off. The capand his rich voice harmonized fully with | tain, Jot Stone Paine, was not told that there was a purity of soul visible in her | the lofty words as he sung it through. | the chronometers had run down and that Then the aged man bent his knee and they were depending on dead reckoning "Who is she?" asked he, as he walked prayed. And while he took in the for the longitude. Brown got on the whole world in his petition, he yet parallel of the cape, and steering due pleaded earnestly and individually for the east kept a good look-out ahead. He gentle girl he had taken to his heart, kept a foretopman at the masthead with and for the stranger who worshiped orders to come down and tell him quietly with them, and, subdued as his human when he saw the land, and not otherfeelings were, the young man was yet wise to announce it-promising him a conscious of a sudden thrill of joy when bottle of whisky in return. Accordingly he heard himself thus coupled in solemn one day shortly before 12 o'clock the foretopman came down and reported the Only snatches of sleep came to him land in sight from aloft. He was told that night; most of it was spent in by Brown to return to the masthead, and revery. And when he went out on the when the bell struck one to report it in ensuing morning, life wore a changed the usual manner. A little after 12 look to him. It had put on a majesty o'clock the captain came out of the that awed him, and yet that roused him cabin and said: "Well, Mr. Brown, to sublimer views. The divinity within when do you think we will see land?" "We will make the land, sir," said thoroughly, and he resolved to heed Brown, "at half-past 12 o'clock," (one

"We will, eh?" said the captain. "Yes, sir," replied Brown, in his most pompous manner, "at half-past 12 pre-

cisely."

Just then the bell struck, and the man at the masthead roared out in s stentorian voice, "Land ho!"

"By George," said Captain Jot, "that's the most remarkable landfall I ever made!" and he afterward told the home when she expected but an humble first lieutenant that he considered

Not Pleasant Reading.

The barbarous custom prevails in certain States of letting out convicts to the highest bidder, to whom, for the term of his contract, they are as veritable slaves as any negro was under the old regime. Mr. Geo. W. Cable, the novelist, made it the theme of his eloquent denunciation at a late meeting in New Orleans, and from Arkansas comes an instance of its practical working which justifies the worst that can be said against it. One Sharp, arrested for owing \$1 board money was fined \$10 by the judge. Not having the money, he was sent to jail. whence he was taken by one of the contractors in flesh and blood. In six days the latter had whipped him to death. A coroner's jury found a verdict of wilful murder. The contractor was arrested and immediately discharged on straw bail. It is hard to say which is the fitter subject for indignation : the law which condemns a man to slavery for a debt of \$1, or the inhuman wretch who takes advantage of it to murder his helpless victim.

The sickening outrage is nearly paralfeled by a late occurrence in a Georgia town, where a woman sentenced to sweep the streets in the chain gang for some trivial offence, and pleading sickness as an excuse, was, by order of the magistrate, tied to the tail of a cart and so dragged to the place of punishment.

Trick Played by the British when They were Leaving this Country.

A never-to-be-forgotten incident occurred when the American column, headed by General Washington and Governor Clinton, approached the Battery as the British army left it, at the close of the Revolutionary War. Lieutenant Glean had been ordered by Commodere Grinnel to raise the American standard on the staff where the English ensign had been heretofore flying. The evening before the British had unreeved the halvards, broke off the stepping cleats, and slushed the flagstaff. The flagstaff stood on Fort George, at the north end or bastion, close to the Battery. Several men tried to climb the staff, which was as olippery as ice, but all, he was solemnly set apart to hir I in vain. A young sailor boy named Van Arsdale made three attempts, got up about three feet and slipped down again. Then several persons ran to Goelet's hardware store on Hanover square and goi a handsaw, hatchet, gimlet and nails, One sawed lengths across a board, one split the cleats and another borod them until there was plenty to use. The sailor boy tied the halyard around his waist, filled his outside pockets full of cleatsand then began at the ground to nail them in on the right and left of the flagstaff. As he ascended higher he nailed the cleats on, and then, reaching the top, he rove the halyards and descended. The flag was immediately run up, amid a salute of thirteen guns and three thundering cheers from the multitude assembled. The time spent in preparing to hoist the flag was a period of intense interest and suspense. The English vessels were moving down the bay and spreading their canvas to the wind, and it was passionately desired to let them see the American standard waving over the city before they left. The sailor boy was given a more substantial token of approval than mere applause, those present, from General Washington down to the plainest citizen, cheerfully contributing to a collection for his benefit. The son of the sailer boy David Van Arsdale is now a night inspector in the Barge Office in New York.

Another incident, related by an eye witness of the scene, may serve to illustrate the reluctance with which the British quitted their hold of the city which they had so long claimed as their own. By the conditions agreed upon the city was to be surrendered at noon, but an impatient shopkeeper in the neighborhood of Chambers street anticipated the arrangement and hoisted the American flag during the course of the morning. Provost Marshal Cunningham hastened to the spot and confronted the proprietor, "Pull down that flag," he exclaimed, with an oath; "the city belongs to the British till noon." The man objected, hesitated, and was on the point of yielding, when the good woman of the house came to the rescue. "The flag shall not come down," said she. Cunningham stormed and swore, and finally attempted to tear down the colors with his own hands; but the woman assailed him so vigorously with a broomstick, striking a cloud of powder from his wig at every blow, that he was forced at last to abandon the field and leave the American flag unmolested.

He that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him cottage. But better thoughts have been Brown one of the most skillful navigators | to know, is an ignorant man, whatever I he may know besides.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

This is the Question that troubles a French Justice of the Peace. A drover and a butcher in the market adjusting their accounts went to a tavern to dine together. During the meal the butcher took from his pocket a bank note of 100 francs value, wherewith to pay the drover, but in handing it over let it fail in a dish of gravy. He snatched it out. and holding it between a thumb and forefinger, waved it to and fro to dry it. The drover's dog accepting this movement as a friendly invitation, and liking the smell of the saturated note, made a spring at it and swallowed it. The butcher was furious. "Give me my money," he demanded. "Kill the dog and open him." "Not by a blanked sight," replied the drover: "my dog is worth more than 100 francs." "Then I owe you nothing. Your dog has collected for you before witnesses." "My dog is not my cashier. And besides, where is your receipt?" "The Justice will have to settle this." "Let him." And now for weeks the Justice has been seeking law or precedent for such a a case, and the townsmen have been on the verge of a riot over it again and

AT A REUNION OF THE original Abolitionists in New York, the story was told about an attempt to break up the meeting at the Broadway Tabernacle fifty years ago by Capt. Isak Rynders. The captain, who is now about 80 years old, says the story told was not true, and says:-" I got mad at Garrison because he was an infidel, and he made some blasphemous remark about Jesus Christ. He also used some insulting language about President Taylor. I would not listen without protest to their blasphemous language. I did jump on the platform and grab Garrison by the collar, and I did say to him, ' If you say that again I will throw you off the platform, and I would have done it. I was not afraid of anybody in those days. I had no gang with me, and as for any organized attack on the meeting there was none, except what was done by ma alone."

A NOTABLE DRUNKARD who recently died in Paris in his seventieth year ker't a record of his potations for half a century, so that mankind have an opportunity of estimating the amount of abuse which a phenomenal organization is able to endure. His daily allowance of wine was four bottles, so that in fifty years be emptied a total of 73,000 bottles. He could never eat until he had taken a dram of absinthe, and as he had three meals a day he must bave swallowed 54,750 drams of that poison during the fifty years. But in addition to all this he found it convenient to drink daily about twelve small glasses of liquor, or a total of 219,000 glasses in the half century. His oldest acquaintances deciare that they never saw him perfectly sober. A fine career certainly for this nineteenth century of grace!

A CHICAGO HACKMAN, who has a pleasant face and winning ways, has, according to the Chicago Herald, gained \$40,000 from his business in the past ten years. His eye falls on a country man getting out of the train to make his first visit to the city. The hackman engages to show the stranger around town for a dollar. Ere they reach a clothing store he has persuaded his customer to buy a new suit of clothes, and then the two must necessarily go to a shomaker's to get boots to match. And so the backman trots his man around until the city has been seen, and the rural visitor feels grateful to the man who has taken so much pains with him. In the evening the hackman goes to the traders and draws his commissions. THE CENSOS OF 1880 gives the total

population of Austria and Hungary at 37,786,216, of which number 22,144,244 belong to Austria and 15,642,002 to Hungary. Divided into nationalities, the population of the two countries consists, in round numbers, of 10,000,000 Germans, 7,000,000 Czechs and Moravians, 6,200,000 Magyare, 4,200,000 Servo-Croats, 3,300,000 Poles, 3,200,000 Ruthenians, 2,500,000 Roumanians, 1,200,000 Slovenians, and 680,000 Italians. Classified according to their religious tenets, there are 29,753,169 Catholics of the Roman, Greek, and Oriental Churches, 3,450,000 . Orthodox Greeks, 2,130,000 Protestants of the Helvetic confession, 1,450,000 Protestants of the Augsburg confession, and 1,640,060 Israelites.

Hm Bigs. - Over the door of a small frame building in which a colored family is living in Greenville, Tenn., is a pine board on which is the legend, now almost erased by rain and storm, "A. Johnson, Tailor." A little beyond the western border of the town is a merble monument that marks the last home of "Andrew Johnson, President of the United States."