

Orange County Observer

ESTABLISHED IN 1876.

HILLSBORO, N. C. SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1890.

NEW SERIES--VOL. IX. NO. 17

THE SUN GOES DOWN
Though the morning may be dreary...

POLLY'S GHOST.

Pretty Polly Paschall sat at night, her red-brown curls falling in rich confusion about her bare white throat...

"My ghost at last," said Polly, clasping her pretty little palms together. She waited a moment in breathless silence...

"How interesting!" exclaimed Polly. "I am sure I shall find a ghost!" But so many a ventral writher had passed since she came to herself...

"You were a very tame episode," said her mother. "I should want something really exciting." "Nevus you fear?" said Polly.

"I shall try for the hundred time," she said at last. "to see if I can open the

little door, which I am sure leads to my ghost." Polly was light and graceful and agile, so to scramble from the back of the big chair to the top of the book-case was but the work of a moment.

Polly gave a scream and sank down upon the top of the book case. She waited a moment, no sigh, no sound resulted from her successful effort...

Gradually, as her eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness, she began to distinguish the objects in the little room beyond. There was a little case of books, a large square table and one chair...

"They belong to a dead generation," said Polly. On the table were papers, sheet after sheet of manuscript, pencils, pens and ink.

"The ghost is an author," said Polly, "and his manuscript has been rejected." "Proved unavailable to our columns," Poor fellow! Well, I shall read his story...

Richard Blount opened the door of his bare little study, "put down the armful of wood he was carrying, and knelt down upon the hearth to kindle a fire." He was what a casual observer would have called an ugly man...

"You are Miss Paschall," he said. "I have heard my grandmother speak of you. My name is Richard Blount." Polly turned her beautiful eyes a moment up to his good, ugly face...

"I remember being fast food in the little square room once," said the old lady very gently. "It was when I was a young girl and here at a visit to you Aunt Ellen Richards. Your grandfather induced me to stray through the little door, and then he fastened it behind me..."

"My task is almost done," he said to himself. "If I could only get my story wrapped up! If I only knew how to make it go! I feel sure there are good things in it, but if I only knew what to make the girl say..."

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a knowledge of his own grandmother he can't have a very clear idea of what a young girl's conversation would be like. Well, I'll try once more and see what I can do with it."

He picked up the MS., which was folded carefully and still in the place where he had left it. Slowly he turned over the first few pages, listlessly reading them.

"Who can have done it?" he said, when he had finished. "No one knows of this den but myself—not even grandmother."

"I have brought you the magazine containing the new story that is creating such a furor now," said Polly's father to her one day.

"Oh," said Polly, significantly, when she had cut the leaves. That was all. She went up to her room, taking the magazine.

"I believe I shall pay another visit to my ghost's apartment," she said, when she had finished reading the story. So saying she scrambled up on the book-case, opened the door and went into the room beyond.

"How—how did you get here?" he asked abruptly. "Through the little door here," said Polly, breathlessly. "It has shut to behind me. Oh, dear, I thought you were a ghost."

"No, I think it is you who are the ghost," said the young man, with a smile. "Won't you open the door for me?" said Polly, recovering herself.

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"Why?" asked the girl. "So that I might hope for further assistance in writing my stories," he answered, with a smile. Not many months had passed, however, before he was telling her that he could not write without her—that he could not live without her.

"Send Down 113." The Philadelphia Times is responsible for the following remarkable story. Out in the far West on one cold night in January a horrible accident occurred.

The little town of B — was perfectly quiet and not one of its inhabitants dreamed of the scene of disaster that would soon be witnessed. The small station house was for the time deserted, the station-master having gone to the store not far distant.

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POPULAR SCIENCE. The average human life in Rome, under Caesar, was eighteen years, now it is forty. A Russian mineralogist, E. D. Christoff, claims to have discovered a new metal, which he proposes to name "Russum."

The perfumes of flowers M. Ungerer ascribes the power of protecting against, and even arresting, consumption. In the perfume distilling town of La Grasse lung troubles are but little known.

Oil for locomotives in place of coal will, it is stated, be largely introduced on one of the English railways soon. It is probable also that petroleum refuse will be used for fuel in consequence of the high price of coal.

A complete list of the flora of Newfoundland and Labrador, in preparation by Rev. A. C. Waghorne, will contain about nine hundred species of flowering plants, fifty ferns and over two hundred and fifty mosses and lichens.

Among those who have worked out the problem of procuring aluminum by electrolysis M. Minet is one of the most successful. The electrolyte used by him is a mixture of from thirty to forty per cent of cryolite with from sixty to seventy per cent of common salt.

A new mode of teaching music has been proposed in France, based on the periodicity of the octave. A radical reform is aimed at, the system being expounded in a series of fundamental propositions...

Scientific inquirers are puzzled by certain mysterious water holes in the ledge on the shore of the Boothbay Land Company's territory in Maine. There are three of them, eight inches to a foot in diameter, and about ten inches deep.

After the lamentable experience of this country, it is interesting to know that there is a part of the world where the buffalo is not only not dying out, but increasing in numbers. Vast herds of these animals are now ranging wild over certain districts of northern Australia.

These electrical machines at which you test your strength on the sidewalk are frauds. The moving of the hand on the dial has no connection, at all with the measurement of the amount of electricity which is sent into the system of the person by the wire, and of the current from the soil.

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Richmond and Danville R. R. Co. Condensed Schedule in Effect Nov. 24, 1889. Trans Run by 100 Meridian Time.

Table of train schedules for Richmond and Danville R. R. Co. with columns for Southbound, Northbound, and Daily. Includes routes to New York, Philadelphia, and various intermediate stations.

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Electrical Frauds. These electrical machines at which you test your strength on the sidewalk are frauds. The moving of the hand on the dial has no connection...

Steeping Car Service. On trains bound for Pullman Buffet Sleepers between Atlanta and New York, Greensboro and Augusta, Greensboro and Asheville, and Meridian and Tallahassee.