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The Cavern of Ore.
Deep in the cavern of ore,
Murky and thick is the
Grief and who and despair,
Venomous sisters there,
Are gloomily sitting there,
Fulfilling their destiny,
Who never a stranger guest
That cavern of ore, there sees a dim
Of smoke and young groans and sighs,
A terrible discord of cries,
And its undertone seems to say
In a warning way,
"Beware!"
"Beware of the cavern of ore!"
Come out of the realms of obscurity
Into the light of day,
Where rivers of rapture run,
Sing loud with the birds,
A potent harmony of sweet words,
And look, look up to the sun!
How far away from the cavern of ore,
Where those pestilent sisters of darkness
Grief and we and despair,
Hark! the very echoes repeat and say
In their mocking way,
"Beware!"
"Beware of the cavern of ore!"
—Hon. W. F. Bates in Housewife.

A Courteous Gentleman.

This is the tale of a courteous gentleman, an impetuous lover and a fickle maid. The scene is in the gay Crescent City, twenty years or more before the war, when New Orleans promised to be the largest city on the continent, when its shipping was enormous and when darning was the gentlemanly and approved method of settling disputes.

The services at the large Catholic cathedral had just been concluded, and through the entrance, out into the public square, suntered a middle-aged man with a young woman, as fair as any desired to look upon, at his side. Her cheek had the hue of the unsmoked peach and her sparkling glance showed that she was by no means a demure madonna, although she had just come from church. Her companion was tall and distinguished-looking, dressed in the height of fashion and carrying himself with a military erectness. Everyone admired Mr. Marsden, the eloquent lawyer, the superb orator and the brilliant soldier-statesman. Kindly, but impetuous; with generous instincts, but a fiery temper, he was the ideal type of a gallant, chivalrous southerner. The tender regard he exhibited toward the young girl with the sparkling glance was in keeping with the attention he had bestowed upon her for twelve months past, giving rise to much speculation as to whether or not he would carry off the prize. Many disappointed suitors for Helen Manville's hand felt extremely vindictive toward the gallant statesman, none more so than Jack Culvert, a rich, talented and extremely reckless young man. For several months he had smiled before the shrine of the divinity without making marked progress and then the statesman had appeared and seemed to be carrying her off, despite the young lover's most strenuous efforts. So it happened that Jack, no better than he should have been, sought the consolation of misty juleps and similar beverages, becoming a constant frequenter of the St. Charles cafe. In that great subterranean resort, where were found men of all factions, it might be said, he made the vain attempt to drown his sorrow and his chagrin by means of the beverage he so persistently drew through two straws. He even plunged into greater dissipations. Helen once saw him driving to the races (there were two great tracks in operation then) with the prima donna of the French opera, whereupon the society belle deliberately took the other way. And many were the evenings passed at the cafe, when hock, burgundy and the more sparkling beverages flowed in abundance. But the sorrow wouldn't down, and the chagrin always floated on the surface.

At the soldier-statesman and Helen crossed the square whom she should they encountered but Jack himself, who looked somewhat pale and fatigued. She bowed to him very coldly, and then ignored his presence, smiling her sweetest upon her companion. Jack ground his teeth, gazed vindictively after them and then strode toward the St. Charles, where he drank three misty juleps one after another. At a fashionable ball that night he again met his divinity, who looked simply indescribable. Jack forgot his resentment in a sudden spell of admiration,

and, approaching, begged the privilege of a polka. She responded that she was engaged.

"You are always engaged when I happen around," said Jack savagely.

"You, too, have certain engagements, I believe," she retorted with biting sarcasm.

Jack thought of the prima donna and was silent. As he turned away Mr. Marsden carried off the young lady. Facing the most profound aversion to witnessing his rival's happiness, Jack plunged into the smoking room and immediately ordered a bottle of champagne. Then he lighted a cigar and cogitated bitterly, trying to stave off the rhythmical melody of the orchestra. The more he drank and the more he smoked the more enraged he became. When, after a considerable interval, his rival entered, Jack arose and deliberately jostled against him in moving toward the door. A flash of anger crossed the other's face while the lover stood there with an insolent smile.

"You jostled me, sir?" said the rival.

"Oh, did I?" said the lover.

"You have been drinking too much," sternly.

"Not at all."

"You imply intention. You shall apologize."

"Beneath the Oaks, at your convenience."

"Very well; I will send a friend to you."

"I will be glad to receive him. The sooner we meet the better. There isn't room for both of us in New Orleans."

The rival bowed and left the room. Three more he danced with the belle, while Jack resumed his attentions to the wines of his host. Late that night, or rather early next morning, when the French maid was disrobing her mistress, the girl appeared anxious to impart certain information.

"Mademoiselle, the outer at the ball told me something."

"What is it?" indifferently.

"He served Monsieur Jack with much wine and many cigars. Monsieur Marsden entered; Monsieur Jack jostled him; Monsieur Marsden responded with anger; they exchanged words and are to meet early this morning at the Oaks."

"At the Oaks!" exclaimed Mademoiselle. "Oh, that cannot be. Are you sure?"

"The butler saw it all."

"It is terrible; it is terrible!"

"Well, mademoiselle," said the girl consolingly. "Monsieur Marsden is one of the best swordsmen in New Orleans. It is not he, but Monsieur Jack who will be killed."

"Silence!" commanded the mistress.

Bright and early the next morning Jack found himself beneath the Oaks, with his second. His head felt a little heavy and his hand shook, but not with fear.

"We are early," he said to his second.

"Here they come," was the response.

Mr. Marsden was soon on the spot and the swords were brought out. A tar was another group, and they knew that another dispute was being settled in this popular fashion. The elderly contestant drew the lover aside.

"Sir, must this matter go on? An apology—"

"I have no apology."

"Very well."

"To him who survives she shall belong."

The rival smiled rather pensively.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?"

"We are."

They were about to throw themselves into position when a carriage was heard in the road nearby and the next moment a figure rushed forward. It was the young woman herself. Impetuously she threw herself not upon the breast of the rival but into the arms of the bewildered young man, then confronting with a commanding gesture the soldier-statesman.

"Steps," she said. "You shall not kill him. It is my fault. I have quarreled with him. Do you forgive me, Jack? Promise me you will not fight."

"I cannot honorably do otherwise," replied the confused lover, who imagined himself in a seventh heaven with her arm upon his shoulder.

"You must, for my sake," she pleaded. "I love you, Jack. I have always loved you. I have been cruel,

but lay it to waywardness, not to my real self. Hereafter I will be different. And now, come."

"I cannot. I am at the service of this gentleman."

The rival regarded them with a melancholy smile. He had passed that period of volcanic youth, but now he felt suddenly as if the head of age grasped him and made him 20 years older. How fair she was with the dew of early morn upon her hair! How impassioned was she when she told her love to another. Those words she had led him to believe, were to have been addressed to himself one day. But they were a handsome couple! And he had imagined her all his? Then he spoke to her gravely.

"I am at your command," he said. "This duel shall not go on."

"But," began Jack.

"Sir, I was in your way last night and naturally you jostled me. You had the right to feel offended, I presume. I am convinced now that I should have apologized. Having neglected to do so, this lady has made me feel the error of my position and I now do apologize for having been in your way. My apology, I trust—with a melancholy smile—"will be accepted."

"Yes, do accept it, Jack," pleaded the young lady.

The lover was about to make a shame-faced response when the rival saluted them courteously and turned away. Jack returned in triumph in his divinity's carriage, while the rival drove back slowly, telling himself that one is never too old to learn.—Detroit Free Press.

Raising Large Trees.

In the vicinity of Philadelphia they have a fashion of lifting large trees where the grade has been raised that does not seem to be in practice elsewhere. Two ropes are attached to the top of the tree so that each can be drawn in different directions. A trench is built around the base of the tree—the circle being as wide as may seem judicious. When dug to the depth desired the earth is forked away from the ball on one side and a block set under the roots as a sort of fulcrum. The rope on that side is drawn over the block, and the result is the lifting up of the mass of roots on the opposite side. A little earth is then placed under these elevated roots, and the opposite rope drawn to that side. This lifts the roots over the block, and more earth is placed there. The tree, by the aid of the opposite ropes, is then drawn backwards and forwards, more earth being placed at each turn. In a very short time the tree may be elevated as many feet as may be desired, standing on the summit of a firm mound of earth. Trees twenty-five to fifty feet high, with trunks twelve to eighteen inches in thickness, have been lifted in this way with very little check to future growth.—Meehan's Monthly.

Drought Every Nineteen Years.

H. C. Russell, a scientific man of New South Wales, announces as a result of a prolonged examination of history, from the earliest times that seasons of drought recur with unfailing regularity at intervals of nineteen years. Of 298 droughts recorded since the year 990, all but fifteen conform to his theory, which is that there are every nineteen years one long period of three years, during which the rainfall is somewhat deficient, and a shorter period between each of the long periods when the deficiency is excessive. He even finds a confirmation of the Bible chronology in the fact that the dates of the Egyptian drought during King David's reign, that told by Elisha and that predicted by Elisha all fall into the nineteen-year period.

Has No Friends in the Jungle.

Birds and monkeys will often warn the jungler of the approach of a tiger—the latter especially take every opportunity to express by loud hootings the intensity of their feelings at the hated presence of either of the dread beings of their jungles. I have heard too that peculiar bark of the sambar stag sound again and again in the night-air from out the dark jungles on the banks of the Nerbudda, as he ends out a warning to his kind that murderous "stripes" is stalking near.—Scribner.

OCCUPATION AFTER DEATH.

DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY THEME.

Our Departed Christian Friends, Who in This World Were Fond of Music, Are Still Regarding That Taste in the World Celestial.

TEXT: "Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar, that the heavens were opened."—Ezekiel.

Ezekiel, with others, had been exiled to the banks of the river Chebar, which he and other captives had been condemned to dig by the order of Nebuchadnezzar—this royal canal in the city called the River of Chebar. His captives, some had visions of heaven. Indeed it is almost a mooted question as to those who are on the throne of heaven, or to some Paul in a Martine dungeon, or to some Ezekiel standing on the banks of a ditch he had been compelled to dig—yep, to the weary, to the banished, to the man sorrow has banished. The text is very particular to give us the exact time of the vision. It was in the thirtieth year and in the fourth month and in the fifth day of the month. You remember the day, you shall never forget. You remember the day, you shall never forget. You remember the day, you shall never forget. You remember the day, you shall never forget.

The question is often asked, though perhaps never actually propounded, "What are our departed Christian friends doing now?" The question is more easily answered than you may perhaps think. You are to be there, you are to be there, you are to be there, you are to be there. You are to be there, you are to be there, you are to be there, you are to be there.

Yes, do accept it, Jack," pleaded the young lady.

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