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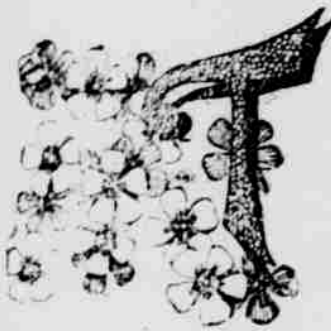
## FOREVER AND A DAY.

It's little that I mind  
How the blossoms, pink or white,  
At every touch of wind  
Fall a-trembling with delight;  
For in the leafy lane,  
Beneath the garden boughs,  
And through the silent house  
One thing alone I seek,  
Until she comes again  
The May is not the May,  
And what she calls a week  
Is forever and a day!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in Atlantic Monthly.

## THE GHOSTLY SINGER.

By ALICE E. IVES.



HE Rev. Bronson

Masters objected to Mr. Shelby. The first and foremost reason for this aversion was that Mr. Shelby had presumed to pay marked attention to his daughter Eleanor. The second was that Mr. Shelby was engaged as a bank clerk on a small salary.

Prophetic people might have been ungenerous enough to observe that the second objection bore the most weight with the Reverend Masters; but such persons have never known the anxiety of a parent with a marriageable daughter. How then can they be expected to judge intelligently on such an important question?

"You are quite right, Bronson," said his sister-in-law. "What do you know about Mr. Shelby? You remember the acquaintance was begun in an irregular way—a very irregular way."

There was no denying it did begin in an irregular way. The Merchants and Traders Bank was next door to the residence of the Reverend Bronson Masters; and Mr. Jack Shelby, an industrious, energetic young clerk, with his larger quite near the front window, had allowed his eyes to feast frequently on the graceful figure and pretty face of Miss Eleanor Masters as she flitted in and out of her father's house.

Strange to say, Miss Masters had also occasionally allowed her glance to stray toward the front window of the bank. Not that any one could possibly state under oath that she had seen the rather high-bred face of a brown-eyed bank clerk in that same window; certainly not. But one day she slipped and fell on the icy pavement in front of the bank just as Shelby was coming out; and he helped her up into the house, and was asked to call, and did call.

Another strange thing was that neither of them seemed to regret the accident, as it would seem natural they should.

Shelby, the third time he called, rather damaged his prospects by getting into a discussion with the Reverend Bronson Masters in which he manifested a tendency to spiritualism, theosophy and other occult and unorthodox beliefs. This had impression was otherwise augmented by the discovery that he had no fortune, not even expectations, and was dependent on his salary for a living.

The growing affection of the young people for each other was noticed by Mr. Masters, and he immediately consulted with his sister-in-law, having no one else with whom to consult, and as has been seen, she quite agreed with him that such affection should be immediately nipped in the bud.

Accordingly Mr. Shelby was given to understand that Miss Masters was no longer at home to him. But Shelby's belief was still near the front window, and Miss Masters had no mind of egress or ingress except by the front door of her residence, so she still preserved his old reputation in regard to locksmiths, and laughed after the good old fashion.

About this time the Reverend Bronson Masters met a fascinating widow, Mrs. Horton Verlane, who had lately become a member of his congregation. Mr. Masters intimated to Eleanor that he would like her to ask Mrs. Verlane to call. Like a dutiful daughter she obeyed, and Mrs. Verlane promptly accepted the invitation.

She came often, and dined and lunched with them, much to the pleasure of the host, but secretly to the annoyance of his daughter.

"Mrs. Verlane never seems to me genuine," she ventured to say one day to her father.

"Eleanor, I am surprised at such an uncharitable, unchristianlike remark from you," was the stern reply.

She saw that her father was deeply annoyed, and dared not say more; but when he closed the door after him, her feelings found audible vent.

"Oh, it's all right for you to send away poor Jack because I like him," she cried, "and here you are falling in love with a mysterious woman whom nobody knows, and who I'm sure is a schemer. Oh, I wish I were your father, for just one hour I wouldn't I turn her out flying wouldn't I?"

And she walked the floor in her helpless rage.

Shortly after this Mr. Masters announced to his daughter that he would spend his vacation in Europe. "I have decided to take you with me," he added.

Eleanor was delighted with the prospect, and gave her parent an ecstatic hug.

"Shall you close the house, papa?" she asked.

"No; Mrs. Verlane will rent it furnished. I consider myself particularly fortunate to have her here to look after things," he said.

Eleanor didn't agree with him, but concluded that silence in this case was wisdom.

"Mr. Burrows will take a room, too, so there will be the added protection of a man in the house," added Mr. Masters.

Mr. Berkeley Burrows was a nephew of Mrs. Verlane; he had been introduced to the Masters family by his aunt. Eleanor felt something of the same aversion for him that she did for Mrs. Verlane; but the Reverend Masters considered him a young gentleman of great promise. Besides, he had large expectations, as that gentleman phrased it, and such things are not to be looked upon as drawbacks in a son-in-law.

from some spirit who wished to warn him of peril to her.

As he closed the door leading from the president's room the sleepy janitor awakened with a start. He eyed Shelby suspiciously.

"Was ye wantin' anything in there, sir?" he asked gruffly.

"No; I simply opened the door because I heard a strange sound. Do you ever hear strange sounds about here?" he asked.

"Don't hear nothin'," answered the deaf servant, crustily, and Shelby took himself off.

The next day he thought of nothing but the strange happening at the bank. He burned with curiosity to again investigate. After hours he went again a little later and found Flynn, the watchman, there. Flynn didn't seem disposed to give him much time alone for occult demonstrations.

He invented a pretext for getting Flynn away. It was quiet, and he listened intently. Again he heard the low, musical sound. Then came the wailing words, low but distinct: "O Eleanor." The voice, which seemed half reproach, half entreaty, was heart-rending in its appeal.

The cold drops gathered on his forehead. What did it mean?

The next moment the watchman came in and put an end to further investigations. He could invent no further pretext for remaining, and went away.

The morning after this the president gave him an odd look as he passed through. Shelby went and stared into the mirror to see if he had omitted his necktie, or if there was anything peculiar in his personal appearance. He saw nothing but his rather haggard features.

There was a new clerk installed near him, and this man he also caught looking at him in a scrutinizing way. He wondered why he had suddenly become so suspicious of every one. Was this mystery, together with his suspense about Eleanor, driving him insane? Was she menaced by some terrible peril?

If he could only spend a night alone in the bank, what might he not discover?

He determined to go boldly to the president, Mr. Bortree, and ask his permission to do so.

"What is your reason for such a strange request?" asked the official, looking suspiciously at him.

Shelby hesitated. Could he tell this hard, cold man of facts?

"You are aware, of course, that should anything happen here it would immediately be traced to you," added Mr. Bortree.

Then it flashed upon Shelby that it was suspicion he saw in this man's face.

"My intentions are the most innocent," he said, straightening up. "I think the bank is haunted, that's all. I am fond of investigating such things."

"Why, so am I," said Mr. Bortree. "I'm a member of the Society for Psychological Research. Spend the night in the bank if you like; only I'm afraid you won't feel much like work the next day."

That night Shelby went to the bank alone, settled himself in two leather covered chairs, and prepared to await developments.

An hour wore on during which he heard nothing.

Then he was startled by a sound. It was a soft, clicking noise. It was in front. The door was opened. There were the footfalls of two men. He got up, and peered out cautiously over the high counter.

The watchman and Mr. Bortree were coming toward him.

"I told you I was interested in the occult," said the President, cheerfully. "I've come to help you watch."

A shade of annoyance passed over Shelby's face. How could he expect any developments with this man there?

Two hours passed by in silence, during which the President read and smoked.

There were no ghostly manifestations.

Shelby was getting very sleepy, and wishing he hadn't come, when suddenly he heard the familiar "O Eleanor."

Mr. Bortree heard it at the same time and looked at Shelby.

"Wait!" cried Shelby, clinging to his arm. "They are ready to come up, and they are ready for murder. They are watching on the outside, doubtless. Don't think of going out alone."

The president gave him a strange look.

"I am ready to risk anything. For myself I am not afraid," said the young man looking the other full in the face.

"Then take this lantern and hold it in the window."

It was an ordinary bull's eye lantern which Mr. Bortree took from under a chair, and which he had evidently hidden there.

In that moment Shelby knew that he had been the subject of a horrible suspicion. But he quietly took the light and obeyed.

After about three minutes, some one tapped on the door. The President opened it, and admitted two policemen.

Shelby spoke first.

"Put a guard on that house instantly," he said, pointing to the Masters residence. "Don't let any one leave it. There is a tunnel from there under the vault."

"Why, a woman and two men went away from there just as we came in," said the policeman. "I thought the minister was having some company."

"Quick!" cried Shelby. "It may be too late now."

His brain was in a whirl. It seemed so horrible to put a guard of police about her house.

Investigations revealed an empty house with the basement dug up, and forming the entrance to a tunnel under the bank.

An extract from the morning paper read:

"Mrs. Horton Verlane, alias Arlington, alias Baker, is at her old tricks again. This time she nearly succeeded in carrying out one of the boldest bank robberies on record. Jake Perley, whom she had been passing off as her nephew, was her accomplice."

Mr. Jack Shelby is now assistant cashier, and the wedding with Miss Eleanor Masters is to take place just after Easter.

"Shelby," said the President, as he congratulated him the other day, "I won't deny that I had you shadowed. That new clerk was a special detective placed on you. To think you should only have been a crank, after all! But did you ever account for that strange singing of the 'O Eleanor'?"

"Oh, yes," said Shelby. "That was evidently a signal. It wouldn't excite suspicion like a whistle, you know."

A Predatory Crow.

For several weeks the residents of a neighboring town have been puzzled to account for the disappearance of a small articles, consisting of jewelry, penholders, napkin rings and other trinkets, and the failure to apprehend the thief. On Friday, however, the offender was accidentally caught in the act. A gentleman who had been acquainted with the fact that the things had been stolen was talking to a friend, when his attention was attracted to a noise in his office, and on going to ascertain the cause was surprised to see a pet crow, belonging to Mr. Blank, pick up a gold pen and fly from the window to the ground, with the pen in its mouth.

The gentleman followed the crow, which went to a shed back of a bakery, and saw the bird deposit the pen under an old box. He drove the crow away, and turning up the box, found all the articles that had been stolen from the different houses. The owner of the crow was called, and he identified several trinkets that had been taken from his room. The articles were returned to their respective owners.—Kalamazoo (Mich.) Telegraph.

Sewing on Board Ship.

Any sailor or marine on a man-of-war may "tailorize" for his shipmates' money if he has the skill, and on every ship there are always a dozen or so of men, usually bluejackets, making extra money in the devising of uniforms and caps. The bluejacket clothes served out to new sailors are quite as atrocious in the matter of fit as the Government straight uniforms of the army, and all the unofficial tailors have generally all the work they can attend to in the manufacturing of mustering shirts and trousers. These men do their work on small, unmounted sewing machines—which suggests the recollection, by the way, that when the great disaster occurred at Samoa, about ten years ago, about three-quarters of the ships' companies of the Vandalia and Nipsic, the mention of war wrecked at Apia, put in claims for sewing machines as among the articles lost with their other personal effects. As to whether all the claims were allowed or not is another story.—Washington Star.

His Objection to Brother Wayland.

"How did you enjoy the sermon this morning?"

"Only middling. I have one objection to Brother Wayland. He has a trick of lowering his voice when he is very much in earnest, and then bursting suddenly into a tone that is almost a shout. And when he does that he always wakes me up."—Chicago Tribune.

A Bee in His Stomach.

While Peter Carson, of Kalamazoo, Wash., was eating his dinner a yellow jacket got into his mouth and was swallowed, or at any rate went down his esophagus, and, according to the Western chronicler, stung him in the stomach. It took a physician's services to give the bee its quietus. Carson described his sensations as those a man might feel who was blown up by dynamite just as a house fell upon him.—New York Sun.

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Ceaseless Struggle—The Older the Better—Another Matter—Not Ready—Perils of a Great City—Distraction in the Study—When Dinner's Late, Etc.

"Tis always morning somewhere in the world."

Ah! by what cruel fate this globe is twined! Forever somewhere—oh, the bitter cup!—Sad women try to get their husbands up.—Chicago Record.

The Older the Better.

Old Gotrox—"Am I, with all my millions, too old for you?"

Miss Mabel—"Oh, no. That would be impossible."

Distraction in the Study.

Professor—Margaret, please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it?"

Margaret—"Why, sir, you are sitting on it."—Boston Post.

Another Matter.

Jack—"Is Charlie a man to be trusted?"

Cholly—"I'd trust him with my life."

Jack—"Oh, yes, I know. But would you trust him with \$5."—Brooklyn Life.

Not Ready.

Customer—"Are my clothes ready?"

Tailor—"Not yet, sir."

Customer—"But you said you would have them done if you worked all night."

Tailor—"Yes; but I didn't work all night."—Harper's Bazar.

Perils of a Great City.

"Jenkins says bicycles are more dangerous than trolley cars."

"Has he had any disastrous experiences?"

"Yes; he got hit by a trolley car while his head was turned watching a girl on a wheel."—Chicago Record.

When Dinner's Late.

Grandpa—"Don't get scared, Willie, the tiger is about to be fed; that's what makes him jump up and roar so."

Willie (easily)—"Oh, I ain't afraid of him, grandpa; papa's the same way when his meals ain't ready."—Tit-Bits.

Frightened For a Moment.

He—"They say that George Hartley has been talking a good deal behind your back lately."

She (turning pale)—"I'd like to know what he's been saying."

He—"Oh, you know well enough. It was all done on his tandem."

Then she drew a long sigh of relief.—Cleveland Leader.

Why He Liked It.

Visitor—"You don't mean to tell me that you have lived in this out-of-the-way place for fifteen years?"

Citizen—"I have, for a certainty."

Visitor—"I'm surprised. I can't see what you can find here to keep you busy."

Citizen—"Neither can I. That's why I like it."—Richmond Dispatch.

Not Wasting Room.

"What I want," said the man who was talking about taking a flat, "is some place where the rooms are big enough for me to turn around in."

"Certainly," replied the agent. "That can be easily arranged, as you are not an unusually large man. Stand up, please, and let me get your exact measurements."—Washington Star.

The American Plan.

Stranger—"Five dollars a day at this hotel, eh? Well, here's the money. By the way, hadn't I better leave my pocket-book in the safe until I want it? If so, I'll hand it over to you."

Clerk—"Um—if you expect to get anything to eat, it would be better to hand your pocket-book to the head waiter."

How He Made the Sale.

Agent—"Can't I sell you a card of patent pants buttons?"

Miss Ancient (indignantly)—"Sir, I am a single lady, and—"

Agent—"Ah, madam, I can't believe that a lady of your attractions could possibly be single. It's a shrewd way of yours to get rid of me."

Miss Ancient (smirking)—"I'll take a dozen cards."—Judge.

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## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Clouded Chocolate Cake.

One cup of sugar, half cup of butter, two eggs, half cup of milk, two cups of flour, half teaspoon of soda, one teaspoon of cream tartar, sifted with the flour. Flavor with vanilla. Take almost half of this mixture and make as dark as required with grated chocolate. Put in the tin the same as for marble cake.

Marmalade Making.

Marmalade may be made of any ripe fruit boiled to a pulp with a little water; the best fruits to use are peaches, quinces, apples, oranges and cranberries. It is usual to crush the fruit. Use three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of the fruit, add a little water (half a cupful to a pound) and boil until it becomes a jellied mass. When done, put it in glass or white earthenware.

Whole Wheat Bread.

To make whole wheat bread—the quick process, as taught at Pratt Institute Cooking School in Brooklyn—add to one pint of thin oatmeal porridge one pint warm milk and two compressed yeast cakes dissolved in a little lukewarm water. Beat well; add again two rounded teaspoonfuls sugar, six level teaspoonfuls shortening, one rounded teaspoonful salt, and whole wheat flour until you can stir it no longer with the back of a knife. Cover lightly and set to rise. When twice its bulk, divide into small loaves, and again set to rise; then bake in a moderate oven about forty minutes.

Dish for Tea.

Thicken one cupful of rich milk or cream with one tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed to a paste; cook five minutes, then add one heaping tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful salt, one scant teaspoonful of onion juice, one-half teaspoonful of paprika, one and a half cupfuls of finely-chopped mushrooms and two tablespoonfuls of chopped cooked tongue. When cold shape into tiny cylinders and pin each in a very thin slice of bacon, using for this the round, smooth toothpicks. Make a batter, dip each into this, drop into smoking hot fat and fry golden brown. Drain on unglazed paper and set in the open oven until served.

Cannelon of Beef.

Chop finely two pounds of lower part of round; add grated rind of half lemon, level tablespoon chopped parsley, half teaspoon onion juice, a few gratings of nutmeg, level teaspoon salt, quarter teaspoon pepper, one egg slightly beaten, two tablespoons melted butter. Shape into a roll after thorough mixing, wrap in buttered paper, place on rack in baking pan, baste with quarter cup butter melted in cup of hot water. Thirty minutes in good oven should bake it well. Make sauce of half slice onion cooked in two level tablespoons butter until lightly browned; remove onion; stir until butter is browned. Mix two and one-half tablespoons flour with one-fourth teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon white pepper; stir; add gradually cup brown stock. Mushrooms may be added.

Household Hints.

To prevent a bruise from becoming discolored, apply water as hot as can be borne comfortably, changing the cloth as soon as it loses its heat. If hot water is not to be had at once, moisten some dry starch with cold water and cover the bruised part with it.

When tablecloths are beginning to wear out in the folds, cut two or three inches of one end and one side and rehem them. This process will change the places of the folds and will add new life to the cloth. Napkins and towels may be treated in the same way.

Cold roasted or boiled fowl can be made into croquettes, salads and entrees. Tough ends of steak are good when made into Hamburg steak. All fat from meat can be clarified and kept for frying. Doughnuts and fritters are much better fried in drippings than in lard.

[In the cleaning of a stove, if a little soap is used it will lighten the labor. Wet a flannel cloth and rub it over a piece of soap, then dip the cloth into the stove polish and rub over the stove; finish with a dry cloth or brush. It is said the polish will last much longer than if it is used without the soap.

Instead of throwing away the wick of a lamp that has got too short, fasten it to the new wick, which then can be made to do longer service. After lamps are filled and wicks trimmed turn them down, thus preventing the oil from coming over the outside and causing the unpleasant odor of oil in the room.

The best pie plates are those of tin with straight sides about an inch high, so there is no danger of the contents of the pie running over. Porcelain-lined pie plates do not bake so well on the bottom as those of tin. The old-fashioned pie plate of yellow stoneware is a mistake. It is responsible for the sodden under crusts of old-time pies. It can be successfully used only in brick ovens, where the heat is at the bottom and there is danger of burning the under crust when a tin pie plate is used.