

# Orange County Observer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1878

HILLSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1907.

NEW SERIES--VOL. XXVI, NO. 46.

## FIT and FINISH



Are essential in Gentlemen's Clothing and to get perfection it is necessary that they be most carefully tailored, also the material must be of the best. Then the preparation of the cloth is important, a great amount of shrinking and sponging must necessarily be done. This all costs money, but just this is what makes the difference between cheap "hand-me-downs" which may look well for a week, and our strictly tailor-made garments. Our Griffin Brand combines everything which makes perfection in a gentleman's dress. Prices range from \$12.50 to \$22.50.



### H. W. & J. C. WEBB

J. S. SPURGEON, President.

P. C. COLLINS, Cashier.

CHAS. A. SCOTT, Vice-President.

## THE BANK OF ORANGE

Desires an account with every man, woman and child in Orange County.

To new enterprises we will be glad to extend such accommodations as is consistent with conservative banking.

We claim to be the Financial Bureau of Information for Orange County, and will gladly furnish information.

FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

DEPOSITS FROM \$1.00 UP TAKEN.

### THE PULPIT.

AN ELOQUENT SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

Subject: The Gospel of Tears.

New York City.—The famous head of the Christian Alliance, the Rev. A. B. Simpson, on Sunday preached a notable sermon, having for its subject "The Gospel of Tears." The texts were:

Jesus wept.—John 11:35. And when He was come near He beheld the city, and wept over it.—Luke 19:41.

Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that He feared.—Heb. 5:7.

Who has not wept? Weeping we begin life as helpless babes and, amid the tears of mourning friends, we pass out to the grave. Tears are the badges of sorrow. How can they be the expression of the Gospel, the glad tidings of great joy and divine love?

And yet redemption has transformed the curse into a blessing and made a rainbow of our tears.

"Jesus wept." This little phrase, the shortest in the Bible, has more in it than all the books that man has written. A single drop of ink could write it, but all the world could not contain its depths of love.

It tells me that my Redeemer is human. Tears are human and the tears of Jesus proclaim Him my Brother and I my Friend. He is the great heroic Head of our fallen race. One has come to us who is "bone of our bone" and "flesh of our flesh" and has the right to represent us; who is able to right our wrongs and recover our lost heritage of happiness and blessing.

When God determined to save this fallen world, He did not send some mighty angel. He did not come in His own awful deity, but He stooped to become a man that He might meet us in a gentle human form of which we should not be afraid. How the Roman Catholic clings to the tender sympathy of the virgin mother, but we do not need even woman's tenderness to introduce us to the Father's heart; for Jesus Christ, our Saviour, has a heart both of woman and of man. He has been an infant child like us. He has traversed every stage of the pilgrimage of man from the cradle to the grave. He has been everywhere that we have been. He has felt everything that we can feel. He knows our nature. He bears our name. He wears our humanity. And for evermore the Head of this universe, the King of Kings, the Lord of angels shall be a Man like us, our Friend "that sticketh closer than a brother."

Oh, what a gospel of comfort we find in the humanity of Christ. You can come to Him to-night as you would to the gentlest friend, the most intelligent father, the noblest man you ever knew; and though we have sinned and gone far astray, "He is not ashamed to call us brethren."

They tell us that He is able to sympathize with our sorrows. He wept those tears for others. He saw two breaking hearts before Him. He felt their agony! He groaned in spirit and was troubled and at last He broke down altogether and burst into a flood of tears. How we thank Him for those tears.

This salvation is not all for the pearly gates, the streets of gold and the glorious Heaven that is coming

bye and bye. We need a lot of it down here in this broken-hearted world amid our poverty and pain, our sickness and death, our broken friendships, our wrecked homes, our wrongs and sorrows and, thank God, He has it for us. He has experienced it and He has not forgotten it and still in His heavenly home we are told "He is able to be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

He was a child and has felt every childish sorrow. He had the hard struggle to support His mother at Nazareth and He knows all about hard work and hard times. He was despised and scorned and He understands the sense of wrong and sting of insult. He was deceived, betrayed and murdered and there is no wrong or insult can come to us that He has not borne and is still ready to bear for us. Yes, He has felt the awful weight of sin, for there was an hour when He sank under His Father's wrath in punishment for the sins of men. He knows the cloud of spiritual darkness. He knows the weakness and agony of death and He is with us in it all. Blessed Friend, how we thank God for Christ and what a gospel of love and sympathy and help speaks to us through the tears of Bethany.

The tears of Jesus tell us that He understands our danger, our destiny and our estate. He shed those tears over the grave of Lazarus. They meant much more than a sense of bereavement. He was not weeping because He had lost Lazarus. He was not weeping because the sisters at Bethany had lost their brother. He knew that Lazarus was coming forth again in a little while and that the sorrow would be forgotten in the glad reunion. Oh, no, He saw deeper than that. He saw in the grave of Lazarus every grave that had been opened and filled through earth's forty centuries and that would be filled in the twenty centuries that have passed since then. He saw all the horrors and agonies of the battlefield, the ocean wreck, the lingering deathbed, the scourge of famine and pestilence and the ravages of the king of terrors with the millions and billions of victims that He has smitten in the past six thousand years; and as He saw it all, realized it all, and the vision loomed in lurid horror before His Omniscient eye, He realized the fearful curse of sin and His heart broke down in agony and sorrow.

Nay more, He saw a sadder sight. He saw a deeper grave. He saw the eternal grave beyond all that we behold in death. He saw the death that never dies; the fire that never is quenched; the yawning gulf of endless woe into which the sinful soul must sink forever. It was the sight of that horror that had brought Him from Heaven to earth. It was the thought of man perishing in everlasting darkness that had made Him glad to live and suffer and die, and as it all rose before Him as through a glass in the tomb of Lazarus "Jesus wept."

Oh, that we might realize it as He did. Did Christ o'er sinners weep And shall our tears be dry? Christ never thought or spoke of eternal punishment in cold, hard words. He did it with a breaking heart. He did it with tenderness and for none knew so well as He that eternal sin must bring eternal hell and that all we know and fear of death is but a paradise compared with that second death—

whose pang Outlasts the fleeting breath; Oh, what eternal horrors hang Around the second death.

The tears of Jesus tell us of His atonement. He did not come down to earth to weep in helpless sorrow but to rise in almighty strength against our doom—and rescue us from it.

When Hercules came to the place where the helpless virgin lay bound upon the rock and the dragon was coming to devour her, her parents and all around were frantic with tears, but Hercules cried, "This is no time for tears; this hour is for rescue," and he slew the dragon and saved the maiden.

So Jesus came, not merely to weep but to help, and by His own tears and His own agony and His own blood to meet our peril and our penalty and save us from eternal sorrow.

And so we read of another instance of His tears in Heb. 5:7. These were the tears of Gethsemane and the anguish of His passion. These were the tears that we deserved to shed. These were the pains that we deserved to suffer. But as our great Substitute, and Sacrifice, He bore our sins in His own body on the tree, and having paid the penalty and satisfied the claims of justice, He comes in the glad message of the Gospel to announce our pardon and salvation.

O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head; Our load was laid on Thee; Thou stoolest in the sinner's stead, Didst bear all sin for me; Jehovah lifted up His rod, O Christ, it fell on Thee; Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God, Thy bruising healeth me.

Hindu mythology has a strange tale typical of the atonement, the story of a dove pursued by a hawk until in desperation it flung itself into the bosom of Vishnu, one of their deities. But the hawk demanded satisfaction, declaring that the dove was her lawful prey and that Vishnu must not only be merciful to the dove but just to its claims. Then Vishnu, holding the trembling dove in her bosom, devoured of her own living flesh as much as would compensate for the dove, while all the time the dove lay fluttering there and knowing the fearful cost of her deliverance. Yes, we are safe within His bosom, but oh, the cost to Him. "He saved us, Himself He could not save." He wipes away our tears, but in order to do this He had to weep when there was no eye to pity and no arm to save. Don't you think the least that you could do would be to thank Him and give Him your heart, your love, your grateful tears?

We have yet one more picture, Luke 19:41. He was entering Jerusalem from Olivet. He had just turned that point where the whole city suddenly bursts upon the traveler's view. As He gazed upon it in its singular beauty, there arose behind the scene another vision that a few years later was to fill all that valley: a city besieged, cruel Roman legions around on every hill top, the narrowing cordon of destruction, a breach at last in the walls of defense, the breaking in of the brutal conqueror, the streets running with blood, the Temple rising in smoke and flames, the shrieks of mothers, maidens and little children in the cruel grasp of the conqueror, and then, a long train of captives going forth to distant lands while behind them lay a plowed field of desolation where once their beautiful city had been.

And as He saw it all and how it might have been prevented if they had only received Him, He cried, "If thou hadst known even now in this thy day the things that belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes." It was too late; but even yet He had for them His tears.

These tears tell us of Christ's compassion. They tell us how He longs to save.

They tell us that He is here to-night with infinite pity and power to wipe away your tears, to wash away your sins and make you happy and holy through His love.

But they tell us also that if you refuse and reject Him, there may come a time, there will come a time, when He can do nothing for you but weep.

They tell of a judge before whom was brought for punishment his oldest friend. As he stood up to pronounce the sentence upon him, the memory of their boyhood days together came upon the judge's heart with overwhelming force and he broke out in floods of weeping. "My friend," he said, "how can I, by a single word, consign you to a felon's cell and a life of banishment from home and friends and all that earth holds dear? But I am a judge and must be just. Why did you force me to do this thing?" And they wept together, but it was too late to save him from his fate. From that scene of weeping, he went forth a doomed, ruined man to spend his days in fruitless tears.

Oh, sinner, beware! lest some day on the Throne of Judgment you look in the face of a weeping Saviour and hear Him say: "How often would I have gathered you even as hen doth gather her brood under her wings and ye would not. Oh, that thou hadst known the things that belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes."

Separated, Man Dwindles.

Separated from God, man dwindleth; he is nothing. He was made to have magnitude and be in flood, by having great inspirations roll under him and through him. Existing in mere selfishness he cannot push himself out any way to be complete as from himself. There is nothing, in short, but religion, or the life in God; that can be looked to for the completion of a soul.—Horace Bushnell.

Grow Lettuce at Dinner.

"Yes," said a florist, "I can work miracles in my business. For instance, I can grow you lettuce while you wait—sweet, crisp lettuce that you may eat for your dinner with the broiled spring chicken.

"I do it in this way. I take a handful of lettuce seeds that have been soaked over night in alcohol, and I plant them in a box containing three inches of loam and quicklime. I water this soil, and in ten minutes the seeds burst. In twenty minutes tiny leaves push through the earth. The leaves grow and multiply. In an hour they are as big as half-dollars. Then you may pluck and eat them. They are delicious—a fairy salad.

"Sometimes, when I give a dinner party, I have one of these little prepared lettuce beds in the center of the table. The guests see the lettuce grow, and when the time comes for the salad course, there is their salad blooming before them, all ready for them to pluck."—New York Press.

DISAPPOINTED.

"That Prof. Blink fooled me bad."

"How?"

"He told me ethnology was the science of the races, and when I went to the library and asked for a book on ethnology there wasn't a word from cover to cover on how to pick winners."—Baltimore Sun.

NEW SPECIES.  
Brown Zebras and Black-lined Antelopes Seen in Africa.

Intimation concerning two new species of animals, indigenous to Africa, has been conveyed to Europe by Mr. J. E. Speares, who has been spending several months in trapping and hunting big game in Portuguese East Africa in the regions surrounding Lake Nangadi and the Rovuma River. One of these refers to a new type of zebra, a whole herd of which the hunter observed near by, but a specimen of which he failed to secure. Many members of this herd were marked differently to the prevailing type of this animal, the heads and necks being brown, while the hind-quarters were striped in the conventional manner peculiar to this quadruped. When the natives were questioned upon the point, they asserted that they were a variety of zebra, but that they were becoming very scarce. Although the hunter pursued the herd for several miles, owing to their agility and timidity he was unable to approach them closely. Upon another occasion, however, he was more fortunate and secured a closer view of the animal. It resembles the zebra in shape, but the head, neck, fore-legs, and fore half of the body were quite dark brown in color, the hind part of the body, including the legs, being striped. He also discovered a peculiar type of antelope similar in size and shape to the Boer reebuck or impala, the distinctive difference being a black line down the centre of the back and on either hind leg down to the foot. When the animal is startled it immediately takes to flight, the initial leap being fully ten feet through the air. This species of antelope is essentially gregarious, being found in herds ranging from ten to fifty in number, and is exceedingly wild and active. Mr. Speares also secured what is believed to be a new species of buck, which is perfectly hornless, about as large as a steenbuck and possessing a brilliant red coat.—Scientific American.

England's National Color.

Why red should have been selected as the National color becomes intelligible when we look at the Cross of St. George. Sir Walter Scott, when he wrote of how "their own sea hath whelmed those red-cross powers," was merely anticipating the phrase of today. But Oliver Cromwell, when for the first time he put the English soldier in a red coat, probably did as much as St. George to monopolize red as the national color. The aggressive color has, however, many meanings, and has lent itself to many uses. In the days of the Romans, when it flared on the head of a slave, it stood for freedom; in the days of the French Revolution it stood for freedom backed by blows, while in the streets of the city to-day the "red" cross stands for succor. So far back as the reign of Henry II. there was a "red" book of the Exchequer, a record of the names of all who held lands "per baroniam," and at this moment persons of consequence in the service of the State find their names entered in a "red" book.—London Chronicle.

SAVED HIM FROM DISGRACE.

The Butler Would Not Permit the Senator to Expose His Ignorance.

In one of the old families of Charleston, S. C., writes Mrs. Ravenel, there was an important personage, Jack, the butler. Jack disputed with another old man, Harry, the butler of Mrs. Henry Izard, the reputation of being the best and most thoroughly trained servant in the town.

From the judging of the wines to the arrangement of a salt spoon there was nothing which these withered brown potentates did not decide and maintain. Nothing would have astonished either more than that master or mistress should dissent from his verdict.

Jack was intolerant of anything which he considered a breach of the etiquette of the table. Nothing could have induced him to serve a gentleman before a lady or a younger before an elder brother. To place fruit and wine on a table cloth instead of upon the mahogany was to him a falling from grace.

On one occasion he was much annoyed when a senator from the up-country twice asked for rice with his fish. To the first request he simply remained deaf; at the second he bent down and whispered into the senatorial ear.

The genial gentleman nodded and suppressed a laugh; but when the servants had left the room he burst into a roar and cried: "Judge, you have a treasure! Jack has saved me from disgrace, from exposing my ignorance. He whispered, 'That wouldn't do, sir; we never eats rice with fish.'"—Youth's Companion.

Bamboo Sap.

The sap of the female bamboo is used for medicinal purposes in India, and it may be had in the Indian bazars of Calcutta at from 41 cents to \$1.35 per pound, the latter being the specially white and calcined tabashir. "Tabashir," or "banslochan," is sold in all Indian bazars, as it has been known from the earliest times as a medicinal agent, its use as such having, it is supposed, originated among the aboriginal tribes. It is also known in Borneo, and was an article of commerce with early Arab traders of the east. Its properties are said to be strengthening, tonic and cooling.

A great deal has been written about tabashir or tabashir, in Hindu medical works, which have been reviewed by modern writers. It has been analyzed and has been shown to consist almost entirely of silica with traces of lime and potash. According to our present knowledge of medicine, such an article cannot be very efficacious, but from its remarkable occurrence in the hollows of bamboos the eastern mind has long associated it with miraculous powers.—Philadelphia Record.

THE CHAMPION OPTIMIST.

"Millerby is certainly the most optimistic man I ever knew."

"I don't believe I have the pleasure of being acquainted with him."

"He leased a summer hotel early in the spring and is still hoping for the best."—Chicago Record-Herald.