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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 WANDER TRAIL.

Across the mountains, downward through the vale, On the foaming seas runs the wander trail; Peek your bundle, comrade, and take your staff in hand; We're off to seek contentment, which dwells in No Man's Land. The skies are blue above us, the roaring wind is sweet; The roads are warm and springy beneath our faring feet; Oh, leave the home-kept people to work and play and breed— We must be off, fulfilling the rovers' easy creed.

For lands we've never traveled, for seas we've never crossed, Our hearts are all a-hunger, we never count the cost; The sun in all his glory of rising at the dawn But calls to us to follow where he is leading on, And when in sheen and splendor he sinks beneath the sea, He seems to send a message, "Come, comrades, follow me." The end of all our journey—who knows what it may bring? But, friend, the wander fever has awakened with the spring. —Berton Braley, in McClure's Magazine.

THROUGH THE STRAIT OF BELLE ISLE.

By JOHN K. COTTON.

"Icebergs, eh?" said Captain Sargent Spinney, in reply to a question from a knot of school cadets huddled round the stove in the Cape Ann Seaman's Bethel. "Oh, yes, a good many, all told. Mostly off in the distance, though."

Seating himself astride a chair, he stared reflectively through the bank of crimson geranium blooms in the window out upon the shipping in the harbor.

Although I continued to hold up before me a volume of Geodetic Survey Records, in which I had been studying the singular changes in the coast-line, I lost all interest in its contents, and found my eyes wandering expectantly to the rugged skipper.

"Cape Ann fishermen up in northern waters," said he, "don't go in for scenery much; it's mostly halibut. Once in a while a duck or a seal, and sometimes a game and a dicker with the Eskimos—but it's mostly halibut."

"But spring before last we ran the Nancy Lee up to latitude fifty-five degrees and fifty-six minutes. That's about one hundred and sixty miles east by north of Cape Hatteras, and not far from the queer little settlements of the Moravians. 'Twas as far up as we could get on account of drift ice."

"The Nancy is only an eighty-tonner, and though she is Essex-built, and as clever and able for her tons as any craft fishing out of this port, she was never timbered to bunt arctic ice in those fierce currents and windy fogs. It's nearly always foggy up there, and when it blows it blows."

"The sea was full of field ice, a good deal of it full-fledged bergs higher than the burgee on our topside. Set trawls? I guess not! We didn't even try the bottom or send down an anchor."

"First a blow kept us busy, then a snow; wet, heavy snow, too, that stacked up all over the deck and sail, and weighted her down so that we had to wear often and take it on the other quarter to keep her trim. And fog! 'Twas foggy all the time."

"So we headed her back south again, and ran until we found a hundred and fifty fathoms of water, about one hundred and twenty miles east of Belle Isle. We had fished along here many trips before, and felt quite tidy and homelike when we hoove over the dories and got the gear all out and fishing."

"The sun came out and shone bright in the blue, and for nearly a week we found good trawling. We had two-thirds of a trip in the hold, when one morning up shot big Judic Chisholm in the Therese Prindall, and he hailed him. 'Twas on that day, Friday, that a lot of poor judgment tries to hide behind."

"We've got only about ten thousand fish and thirty of fletchers in her now!" he sung out as he flew by. "Going to try for a better berth south a bit."

"Better berth south, eh," thought I, as I watched them bear off to southwest, his dories all nested and made fast, both anchors taken on deck, and the craft setting so deep that if she had a fish in her she had a good sixty thousand pounds."

"Touches me Judic have a likely catch in her already, cap'n," blurted Page Rowe, who sat beside me on the house."

"Aye," spoke he again, "I say he's on the clean leap for home by the outside course this very minute. Takes a navigator to slip through the straits."

"Me, too," joined in Buster Plummer. "The Cape Ann Halibut Com-

pany's wharf is like to be that berth south a bit he have in mind, I fancy. Judic's a crafty bundle. He be that. "While we sat there watching them up staysail and up topsail running off more to westward all the time, I calculated in my mind the difference in the price of the first spring trip landed and the second, though 'twas only an hour's difference in hailing the market. No fisherman likes to be shown the way home to market."

"We baited up again that day, and the next morning the dories began to come in with good fish from that night's set. But before all hands got aboard the glass began to fall, and dropped steadily until, through that golden sunshine, all hands stared into trouble of one kind or another. So before noon we were headed for home by way of Belle Isle Strait, with a fair trip tucked away."

"I'm glad for one," said Toby Snow. Toby's a black man. Negroes are scarcer than Irishmen aboard a fisherman, but Toby's one. Good negro, but poor fisherman."

"Alabama's de place," said he, every meal-time, and talked about balmy days and chicken and hoesakes till the crew began to get dainty and actually shivered quite ladylike with the cold, though all of them were Newfoundlanders and true 'dogs' the length of their six feet."

"But everybody felt neat that afternoon when the Nancy tripped into the Strait of Belle Isle, the deck scrubbed, her skirts gathered up behind her, and stepping off ahead of a six-knot breeze."

"But ice—as soon as we got into the mouth of the strait, ice was everywhere, as far as we could see. Not field ice, but bergs, high toppers, too. And as we ran farther in, it looked as if all the bergs coming down from the pole had shot off into the strait for a farewell game among themselves."

"A likely lot, cap'n," said Alec Peoples to me.

"I stood watching them sail along before supper, and I realized that to put into the strait at this time of the year was the most foolish thing I had ever done in all my life."

"Outside was the Prindall, though, wallowing for home, I felt sure, with a handy twenty-four hours' start. I gulped it down as it was; 'twas no fisherman that would put back then before his crew."

"After supper I went on deck to sniff the weather before snuggling away for the night in the cabin. A heavy mist had settled down, and it was beginning to rain, and I could smell a true northeaster in the air. I felt a little chary as I watched her shy and duck in and out amongst those mountains of ice. The strait truly flush with the face of that berg

seemed full of them, and they loomed up in the deep dark so sudden and often, white and ghostlike, that 'twas scariest to stand there and watch them sail along in that tide.

"I went below, and stretching out on the port locker before my bunk, with my boots and watch-coat on, watched the hands at their games and listened to their bandying."

"I could hear the lookout for'ard every once in a while sing out steering orders to the man aft at the wheel, and feeling the Nancy running smooth, I dozed, in spite of my determination to keep awake."

"Yes, sir, Toby," I faintly heard Buster Plummer say, 'when we chucks that rat overboard a big gull swoops down and grabs him, and you may not believe me, sir, but what does that rat do but turn round and grabs that gull, and setting one wing up for a mainsail and tother for a jib, he beats into port ahead of the ship, and when we got up to our dock he was there waiting for us.'

"But I must have slept in spite of myself, for seemingly right on top of Buster's yarn I heard thunder on deck:

"Up with her! Let her come up quick, man, I say! And though I could swear I had not been asleep, I landed all standing as I felt the craft career to port before a short helm."

"I shot a glance around the cabin, and was dumfounded to find the carboard deserted and the light turned down low. I looked at the clock before me and read half past two, and as I make toward the companionway I noticed all the aft hands sound asleep in their bunks."

"I felt her strike easy as I stumbled on deck, and then shivering and quivering she rose, as on a sea, but in that second I felt 'twas no sea she was riding. In fact, she didn't ride at all; up she went and stayed there."

"Long Jack at the wheel," thought I, as I pushed by him. Surely Peter Hanscom and his dory-mate took the deck as I lay down. I must have slept."

"I stumbled round the house, and clutching the starboard rail, seemed to be staring into a great white wall that ran straight up higher than I could see. It was ice. I could almost reach out and touch it with my hand."

"All hands now!" I heard the man at the wheel roar with all his might, and before I could collect my wits from the surprise, every man of that crew stood round me."

"Not a word broke the deep silence that held there. We could see the green glare of our starboard running light reflected against the glistening wall, and could feel the cold air from the sides."

"Cap'n, we're high and dry on an iceber!" came a trembling voice from for'ard, and for the first time I was able to fathom our true situation."

"I had been up on the rocks, hove down on Georges, and with a coaster poked clean into our windlass, but high and dry on an iceber I never was before in all my life."

"We needed no torches to see how we lay. Dark as it was all round us, every inch of that ice shone out as plain as day. Up on the starboard side like a great crystal cliff towered that mountain, awful to look at, its great top pinnacles leaning out into the air, seemingly ready to drop down on us at any minute."

"At its foot spread out a shelf, its breadth so great that we couldn't see or form any idea of its size, running from below the water at its edge up a steep grade to the base of the berg, allowing us, under our head-way, to slide fair upon it, high and dry, for more than our length, and as those mountains of ice. The strait truly flush with the face of that berg

as could well be. And there we stood. "The wind screeched round us and the rain shot down in slanted sheets, but the swinging of the berg had brought us fair in its lee. The little Nancy stood there, stark still and straight as an arrow, her sails limp and empty, as if she was like all hands, dumfounded."

"I ran round to the port side, then for'ard, and as far off as I could see in any direction lay a great white flat of ice. I ran aft again, and looking off astern, could see that the only way off was the way we came on. And while I stood, there was a thunderous report beside us, followed by a long, tremulous vibration, as though the whole earth was in upheaval round us, and with a shrieking roar, ton upon ton of ice crashed down on our deck for'ard."

"Timbers crunched and crackled beneath it, and the little schooner shook and trembled until I felt as if my own life was being crushed out with her. The crew broke in confusion for the first time and made aft from where they stood amidsthips, but not a man spoke."

"I felt the wind beginning to squeeze round behind us again, and the whole mountain of ice seemed to be revolving as on a pivot by the force of the wind and tide."

"'Tis the way of these blasted bergs to turn turtle at times, cap'n!" some one said; and as he spoke, a blast of wind struck our mainsail, and over the Nancy went on her beams, sending us headlong down against the wheel cover in a bunch."

"A deafening series of snapping reports traveled from beneath us. Everything solid round us seemed to shake and tremble for a second; then down she went, straight down through that honeycombed ice, until it seemed as though we were going under altogether. The tons of the schooner's weight in capsizing had smashed through the ice that held her!"

"Ice and sea rolled over the rail as we went down into it, and there we lay on our beam-ends, and spars and sail stretched flat out upon the ice. I could not move. I hung on to the wheel, my eyes and teeth shut tight as a vise."

"Then I felt her beginning to right as the broken cakes of the ice parted round her, and rising slow but sure, and coming up to her bilge, with a lurch she stood up straight again, and I could feel that we lay in good brine once more."

"The big main-boom swung out with a bang; the mainsail filled, and starting off before the wind, she bid up with a glancing blow against the edge of ice in that little bay broken round her. Then turning a half-circle along its edge, she shot up dead into the wind, out into clear water, and off to starboard of her own will, straight away from that monster."

"'Twas more than our own hands did that!" I heard old Barnacle Grannet say, as those thirteen men, one after another, let go their holds and breathed deep again as she gathered way."

"We found our rudder hanging loose and wrenched from the steering-gear. Tons of ice lay piled forward on our deck, the flying jib-boom was gone altogether, the martingale was forced into the stem, opening the seams in the peak; her bulwarks and stanchions were cleaved off flush with the deck on the starboard bow and aft to amidsthips, and the fore chain-plate was bent and twisted like tin. I glanced at the clock again as I ran below for an ax. But twenty minutes had gone from the time we struck, yet in those twenty minutes I seemed to have lived longer than in all my twenty odd years at sea."

"Daylight opened at last, and found us running wild, with the rudder rigged in a 'berther,' and water making fast through the peak into the hold. The compass had shaken out of the gimbal and was useless, but we felt round in all directions for soundings until we caught the ringing of a bell-buoy up to windward, and we knew we had Point Rich and a landing at hand, and we made it, fast and hard."

"But we got the market first for all of that. After all Nancy's frolic, and the scrape she led us into, we were only steering clear of worse things on the outside course. We were the last men to see the Prindall afloat. And except a few timbers and one man, we landed home with our trip, and as fit as when we started."

The Philadelphia Press says we shall "soon have battles in the air."

The Pulpit

A SERMON BY THE REV. IRA W. HENDERSON

Subject: The Sustaining God.

Joshua 1:9—"Have I not commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid. Neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

Moses is dead. Joshua, the son of Nun, the minister of Moses, leads. For forty long, weary heart-trying years Moses had led Israel; led her in the face of discouragements and disagreements, against the will of the fickle multitude that with longing looked back to the leeks and garlics and onions of Egypt desiring to serve a thousand years in the house and under the bondage of Pharaoh rather than to live for a day by faith in God; in spite of machinations and cabals, through the desert to the bounds of Canaan. Moses' work was done. The task for which he was particularly fitted was completed. A vision from a mountain top, Canaan to the west. "And the children of Israel wept for Moses."

The old leader was dead. The new leader is in command. Moses, the cautious, relinquishes the rule to Joshua, the captain. Moses had his capacities, opportunities, talents. Joshua is not Moses. But even as Moses was the man of the hour, so Joshua is the called of God in his time. Moses and Joshua are not struck from the same mold, but they both strike for the same cause, serve the same people, yield homage to the same God. Each is necessary to his age. And the age that produced each is prepared, by the wise providence that broods upon the affairs of men, for each."

Differently, and yet not altogether otherwise, is it with us, as together in this church we confront the larger labors of another year. The leader is the same. The cause is the same. The same Spirit moves within us. The same Sovereign directs. But the old year is dead. A new one lives. The old year had its problems, difficulties, discouragements, perplexities, delights. The experiences of the old year are memory, history, yesterday's events. The new year, full of larger tasks, mightier opportunities, more searching joys, lies ahead. The old year had its peculiarities that will forever differentiate it from any other that shall ever be. The new year cannot be the old, any more than Joshua could be Moses. The old year is dead. The new year—Alleluiah!

Moses is dead. But the God of Moses persists. Joshua is the leader. The promise of God to Abraham and Isaac, Jacob and Moses, is the promise of God, in its ripeness and efflorescence, to Joshua. The God of Abraham is Joshua's guide. The Spirit who made bright the way for Moses is the evangel of Jehovah to Joshua. "Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

The promise that God gave to the new leader He makes to us in a new year. Joshua has no mortgage upon the loving kindness of Jehovah. He has no monopoly of the grace of God. The arm of the sheltering God is not shortened. His affection is not lessened. His promises are not ceased. His heart yearns toward us. God speaks to us as much as He did to Joshua. We shall not do damage to the text to unduly strain it if we insist that God advises us that which He delivered to Israel through Joshua. He makes covenant with us as we face the work of the new year in the language that He used to Joshua. "Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

Under the sway of the consciousness of the reality of the promise Israel took courage, received enthusiasm, was enlarged with expectation. Believing that God was with them the people entered with heartiness, enthusiasm and hopefulness into the labors of the Lord. We need courage, enthusiasm, expectation. That is to say, we need heart, heat, hope. Without these we cannot be effective in the service of our Saviour. These we may secure if we will accept as words of comfort and encouragement from God to each of us, the text of our discourse, "Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

We need courage, heart! A Lacedaemonian church, neither hot nor cold, lukewarm or warmest ever, is as inefficient for real accomplishment as the white of an egg to the satisfaction of the taste. The people must be courageous and the organization must have the heart of the Master—kind, robust, roborant—to attract the multitude and to uplift the mass. Only by intrepidity and interest can we inspire or command the men and women to whom as the messengers we

come with a necessary and vitalizing appeal.

We need enthusiasm, heart! On the day of Pentecost the disciples were so enthused that the natives said "These men are full of new wine." They were hot with a mighty joy, thoroughly on fire. They acted as though they were drunk. They appeared to be fools. Fools for Christ's sake. But it seems that the heat of Pentecost is the only force that has kept and can keep alive the force and power of the church. Would God that we had more Pentecostal fools! Men and women who could be as much on fire with enthusiasm for Christ and His kingdom as they are ablaze with interest in politics, fashions or art.

We need expectation. Hope! Hope that shall not be deferred. Faith that there is life in God, value in His truth, salvation in His Saviour, use in our efforts, result in sight. Hope is the breeze that fans the flame of enthusiasm. It is animative. A hopeless church is like a hopeless fight. Lost! The hope-full company of Christ's followers is scintillant, vibrant with energy in full, majestic play, invincible.

What we need we may secure. And as Joshua and the Jews! "The Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Believe it. Receive Him. Trust Him.

Let no man belittle the value of courage. They were a gloomy band in blue who ran from Early at Cedar Creek. Vincible, discouraged, disgusted, fearful! But when Sheridan sped from Winchester to their head rout became victorious frenzy. The courage of Sheridan infused heart into his men. Courage has written October, '64, large and lasting upon the tablets of valor. It was not an easy matter for Lincoln to declare against the wisest counsel of his most devoted friends that "A house divided against itself," "A nation half slave and half free," could not endure. It lost him a legislative election. It made him President. Without transcendent courage a hero would have been undiscovered. Heart in the martyr was the motive that sowed the blood seed of the church.

Let no man underrate enthusiasm. Israel was at Eben-ezer. The Philistines were pitched at Aphek. The ark was at Shiloh. They met. Israel was beaten. Thereafter the ark of the covenant was brought into their midst. And the Scriptures tell us "when the ark of the covenant of the Lord came into the camp all Israel shouted with a great shout, so that the earth rang again." It matters little for our purpose what was the outcome of the ensuing conflict. The earth rang again. Enthusiasm reigned. The beaten hosts again took up their arms. Faithlessness gave place to hope. They were revived. What were the Crusades without enthusiasm, or the victories of the church?

Forget not expectation. In the hope of everlasting glory Paul endured stripes, buffetings and terrors. Hildebrand planned the glories of Romanism, that found expression in the reigns of Innocent III and Boniface VIII, in hope. Henry Ward Beecher went to Ireland in the darkest days of civil strife to fight a quixotic, oratorical and moral battle for his country and the right. He was knocked, scoffed, threatened, maltreated. But in hope he talked and battled on. At last faith found its victory. Commercial England yielded to God Almighty as He snaked through His latter-day evangel of truth.

All these men in their dire straits and under these trying conditions were encouraged, enthused, hopeful. They were unheeded, augmented in zeal, enlarged in their capacities through richest expectations, because they heard, even as Joshua, the voice of the Lord saying unto them, "The Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest."

There is no psychological impetus more profound than this. This is the mainspring of human power. It is the dynamic of human endeavor. The consciousness and certainty of the reality of a sustaining God is the superior motive of all life. Shall we not realize its appeal and scope? "The Lord thy God is with thee." "Be not afraid." "Have not I commanded thee?" Hear Him! This is comfort, joy, peace. Hear Him! Listen!

Irving Square Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York.

A GENEROUS LAND. This is a false country, Bridget? exclaimed Norah, who had but recently arrived in the United States. "Sure it's generous everybody is." "I asked at the post office about sinnin' money to me mither, and the young man tells me I can get a money order for \$10 for 10 cents! Think of that now!"—Youth's Companion.

There is a lot of poverty on Manhattan Island, but the assessment rolls gives \$2,000 in taxable property to each inhabitant.

The Ten Mistakes of Life.

- An English paper is said to have given what are called "the ten mistakes of life," as follows: 1. To set up our own standard of what is right and wrong and judge people accordingly. 2. To measure the enjoyment of others by our own. 3. To expect uniformity of opinion in this world. 4. To look for judgment and experience in youth. 5. To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike. 6. To look for perfection in our own actions. 7. To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied. 8. To refuse to yield in immaterial matters. 9. To refuse to alleviate, so far as lies in our power, all that which needs alleviation. 10. To refuse to make allowance for the infirmities of others.