Hon R P Battle

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COME HOME TO MY HEART.

Faded and few are the flowers,
The winds waft the leaves o'er the plain;
Listless and lone are the hours,
Mingled with sunshine and rain.
Nothing of joy or of pleasure
Can the cold seasons impart,
As silent I sigh for my treasure—
Darling, come home to my heart.

The river rolls on to the ocean,
Whose breakers are beating afar;
Its breast, as it throbs with emotion,
Is a glass for each radiant star.
Still the blue skies bend above me,
But what can their beauty impart
When I have no one to love me?—
Darling, come home to my heart.

I am sick of the gloss and the glitter,
The pomp and the splendor of life;
The sweet is so mixed with the bitter—
The happiness lost in the strife.
The pleasure of fame is abating,
Earth's glories like shadows depart;
I am weary of watching and waiting
Oh! Darling, come home to my heart.

MAGGIE AND THE BURGLARS.

"You are not afraid, Maggie?"

"Me afraid! said Maggie. "I'd no fear born in me. As for the house, it's the strongest fastened ever I was in. You say yourself there's no lock a burglar could force, and I am not the one to let tramps or the like in of my free will. God knows the place will be safe enough when you come back—as safe as though there was a regiment of soldiers, in it, and I'll have all bright for your new wife, Mr. Archibald."

She called her master Mr. Archibald still, the old woman; but she was the only one who still used his Christian name. He was an elderly man himself, and had few intimate friends, hospitality not being one of his virtues.

He was rich, and there was much that was valuable in the house; more ready money, too, than most men kept about them; but then it was as secure as a bank vault—patent locks and burglar alarms that first sent a bullet into any one who sought to enter by stealth, and then rang a bell to wake the household were attached to every door, and a furious watch dog that lived on raw meat, was in the back garden. The Van Nott mansion could have withstood a siege at a moment's notice.

Mr. Van Nott was a money dealer. He had ways and means of accumulating property which were mysterious to his neighbors and they were suspicious that the little back parlor, sacred to business had even seen such lesser dealings as the loan of money on the gold watches, cashmere shawls and diamonds of genteel distress.

Two or three mortrages that he had bought up had been rather cruelly foreclosed, and he was a hard landlord and a bad person to owe money to altogether. On the whole, he was disliked in the place, and, rich as he was, would have found it hard to get a wife to his liking among his neighbors of Oakham.

However, having resolved to marry again—there having been a Mrs. Van Nott, who died years before—he had sought out a wealthy widow of a saving disposition, who lived on a small farm, some miles from town, and having already disinherited her daughter for espousing an estimable man of small means, and turned her only son out of doors for equally prudent reasons, was not likely to bring any trouble-some generosity into his household, and he had offered himself to her and had been accepted.

And, now, though both their economical souls revolted against it, custom decreed a wedding of some sort, and a honeymoon trip somewhere, and they had decided to do it as cheaply as possible. For this brief time. Mr. Van Nott must leave his business and house, and it was upon the eve of departure that he held the above conversation with his old servant, standing with his portmanteau in his hands and regarding her gravely.

"Yes, yes" he said, "I presume it is all safe enough. And I'll speak to the night watchman, and give him a dollar to take a particular look at this house. Well, good-bye, Maggie, make things as neat as possible; if they look dirty my wife may think the furniture old, and want some new for the parlor." And Mr. Van Nott departed.

"Yes," said old Maggie, "no doubt she'll have fine, extravagant ways. Poor master! What a pity he should marry, after all—but old fools are the worst fools. A young man of eight and forty, too, when he has a sensible servant, sixty last January, and knows what belongs to good housekeeping. If he wanted to marry why didn't he ask me? I'd not have not gone galivanting and spending. Ah, well, he'll suffer, not I." And Maggie trotted away to begin her sweeping and dusting.

She said truly that there was no fear born within her, but as the night drew on she began to feel somewhat lonely, as her master's presence was strangely missed out of the great house, and there was something ghostly in the look of his empty chair when she peeped into his little back office.

"If I was superstitious," she said to herself, "I should think something dreadful was going to happen. I feel chilly up and down my back, and I keep thinking of funerals I'll make myself a cup of tea, and see if I can get over it."

And accordingly old Maggie, shut herself into the snug kitchen, and lighting two candles drew a pot of the strongest young hyson, and putting her feet to the cooking stove began to feel much more comfortable.

The old clock ticked away on the mantle, the hands pointing to half past eight.

"I'm going out to bed at nine," said Maggie "I've worked well to day. Much thanks I'll get for it, I doubt. Hark! what's that?"

It was a sound outside the door—a slow solemn grating of wheels. Then feet trod the pavement, and the bell rang faintly. "A carriage!" cried Maggie. "Has he changed his mind and brought her home at once? But that can't be—he's not married yet." And taking one of the candles she trotted to the door. but not before the bell rung again.

"Who's that?" she cried, holding the door slightly ajar.

"A stranger," said a voice, "one who has something very particular to say to you."

"You'll have to wait until to-morrow," said Maggie. "You can't come in to-night."

"My good woman," said the stranger. "you are Margaret Black?"

"That's my name."

"Mr. Van Nott's housekeeper for twenty years?"

"Yes."

"My good woman if you are attached to your master I have bad news for you."

"Gracious Lord!" cried Maggie, but she did not open the door much wider—enough to thrust her head out. "Don't scare me, mister. What is it?"

"The worst you can think of," said the man. "Mr. Van Nott travelled on the—road, There has been an accident."

"Preserve us." cried Maggie, letting the door fall back, "and him on his way to his wedding. He's hurt badly, then?"

"He's dead," said the man. "Dead, and we've brought him home."

Maggie sat down in a chair and began to cry.

"We've done what we could," said the man. "The lady he was to marry and her friends will be down to morrow. Meanwhile my instructions are that you shall wath with him and allow no stranger to enter the house. There are valuable things here, I am told; and Mr. Van Nott's lawyer must take possession of them, and seal them up before strangers have access to the room.

"Oh, dear, dear!" cried old Maggie, "that it should come to this. Yes, I will watch alone, I'm not afraid but oh, dear."

Then she shrank back and let two men carry a horrible looking coffin into the front parlor.

They came out with their hats off, and the other man also held his in his hand.

"I regret to leave you all alone in the house," he said.

"I don't mind that," said old Maggie "but it's terrible."

"Would you like me to stay," said the man.

"No," said Maggie, "I've no fear of living or dead folks. You can go."

Then she locked the door, went into the parlor, and putting the candle on the mantle, looked at the coffin through her

[redacted]as good enough to me." she sai[redacted] Mr. Archibald! And this come[redacted]nting to marry at this time of life, and galivanting on railroads. I wonder whether he is changed much. I'll take a look," and Maggie crossed the room and lifted the lid over the face of the enclosed body.

"I'll take a look she said again, "I'm not afraid of dead folks."

In a minute more, Maggie dropped the lid again, and retreated, shaking from head to foot. She had seen within the coffin a face with its eyes shut, and with bandages about his head, and the ghastly features of a clown in a circus minus the red mouth.

But it was a living face, was chalked, but not her master's. and Maggie knew at once she had been well hnmbugged—that this story of her master's death was a lie and that a burglar was within the coffin, ready to spring upon her and bind her or perhaps murder her at any moment.

She could of course, open the door and try to escape; but the accomplices of the man were doubtless outside. It was a long distaace to the nearest house and even if they did not kill her, the would execute their purpose and rob the place before she returned.

"Master looks natural," said Maggie! aloud, and tried to collect her thoughts.

Mr. Van Nott's revolvers were in the next room, she knew, loaded. six shots in each, Maggie could use pistols. She had aimed with troublesome cats with success more than once. If she could only secure these pistols she felt safe.

"Poor, dear master," she sobbed, and edged toward the back room.

"Poor. dear master." She lifted the desk lid. She had them safe.

She glided back to the front parlor and sat down on a chair. She turned up her sleeves and grasped a pistol in each hand and she watched the coffin quietly In half an hour the lid stirred. A cautious hand crept up the side. A wiry eye peeped out.

It fell upon the armed figure, and closed again.

"You'd bet er," said Maggie, to herself.

Again the head lifted. This time Maggie sprung to her feet.

"You're fixed quite handy," she said cooly. "No need of laying you out if I fire, and I can aim first rate, especially when I am afraid of ghosts, as I be now."

The head bobbed down again. Maggie reseated herself. She knew that this could not last long. It was as she supposed. A moment more and the coffin was empty, and a ferocious young fellow sat on its edge, and thus addressed her:

"We meant to do it all in quiet," he said "and I don't want to frighten an old woman. Just put them down."

"I'm not frightened, said Maggie.

"I'm coming to take them thing away from you," said the man,

He advanced one step. She took aim and he dodged, but a bullet went through his left arm and dropped by his side.

Furious pain he dashed towards her. She fired again and this time wounded him in the right shoulder. Faint, and quite helpless he staggered against the wall.

"There! you've done it, old woman," he said. "Open the door and let me out. My game is up,"

"Mine isn't said old Maggie. "Get into your coffin again, or this time I'll shoot you through the heart.

The burglar looked piteously at her, but he saw no mercy in her face, He went back to the coffin and laid down in it. Blood dripped from his wounds, and he was growing pale. Maggie did not want to see him die before her eyes, but she dare not call aid. To leave the house before daylight would be to meet this man's friend's and risk her own if There was nothing for it but to play surgeon herself, and in a little while she had stopped the blood and saved the burglar's life. More than this—she brought him a cup of tea, and fed him with it as if he had been a baby. Nothing however, could induce her to let him out of his coffin.

About one or two o'clock they heard steps outside, and knew that the other burglars were near, but her stout heart never quailed. She trusted in the bars and bolts and they did not betray her.

The daylight found her quietly sitting beside the wounded burglar, and the milk man, bright and early was the embassador who summoned the officers of justice.

When the bridal party returned next day the house was neat and tidy, and Maggie in her best alpaca, told the news in laconic fashion,

"Frightened!" she cried, in answer to the sympathetic ejaculation of her new mistress. Frightened!, Oh, no! Fear wasn't born in me!"

Health for Children.

One of the simplest and best remedies to be given to children if they are troubled with worms is poplar bark. A well known physician has used this for years with marked success. It can be purchased at any drug store, and a little package of it costing five cents will often prevent sickness and possibly save a large doctor bill. If a child looks white about the mouth, with flushed cheeks and bad breath, it is safe to infer that it is afflicted with worms I take a little pinch of the bark, about as much as one would take up on a point of a pen knife, and give it before breakfast; it has a clean, bitter taste, and there is no difficulty in getting a child to take it, if you explain what it is for. A good way to regulate a child's stomach and bowels is to give him a little bowl of oatmeal and milk every day, for breakfast or dinner—see that it is well salted, as salt promotes digestion. The ailments of a child who is in a normal condition almost always proceed from the stomach and much may be done for our children by paying some attention to their diet and so avoid giving medicine as much as possible.

Clear, Blue Eyes.

A few days ago a poor friendless lad might have been seen wandering along the streets looking for employment. He presently halted in front of a butcher shop and walking boldly up to the proprieter asked for a job. There was something in the young man's frank, honest countenance which struck the proprietor favorably.

"Not afraid of hard work?" he asked.

"No." responded the lad with a trembling voice, "I have supported my mother and two sisters for five years by hard work."

He was put on trial at $5 a week mauling leathery beef, and his sturdy frame and healthy constitution came in good play. One day an old lady came in to get some beef, and the proprietor told him to attend to the customer.

"A tenderloin steak. if you please," said she.

"Here's a cut that nobody but the first families get," responded the boy smilingly as he sliced off four pounds of tough round and cast it with a heavy hand on the scales, jamming it down with a quick dexterous movement until the indicator marked six even pounds. Then he snatched if off before the delicate machinery used to weigh beef had time to recoil.

"Six pounds and a half, madam," he said, looking her in the face with his clear, blue eyes.

The proprieter of the stall called him in that night, and remarking that he had watched his course carefully added that as a reward for his quick, comprehensive grasp of the business he would raise his salary to $24 a week. This shows the advantage of doing everything well, and when the boys mother back in New Jersey hears of his success there will be joy in that household. Young men starting out in life should learn to adapt themselves to their surroundings and never let an opportunity pass.

Winter Shoeing of Horses

During the constant employment of horses in my business during the past ten years I have noticed that all smiths are inclined to sharpen horses' shoes or draw the 'calk' square with the back end or heel. This is wrong. The 'calk' on the shoes of all horses should be squared to the front end of the shoe. It is well known that all travelling or fast 'horses' strike their feet upon the earth with such force that they slide forward a little after stricking. Wearing shoes with the 'calks' leaniug backward would not only prevent this motion, but when traveling on hard substances would have a tendency to shock the limb by striking against instead of moving forward, and sliding into the ice or snow as would be the tendency if the 'calks' were squared to the front end of the shoe, thus assisting the horse instead of being an impediment to his rapid motion. I am sure that all draught horses in their 'hard pulls,' depend more upon the toe than the heel 'calks and if squared to the back end of the shoe, after being somewhat worn and having become a little smooth. it will be much more likely to give way and allow the horse to fall on his knees than if squared to the front of the shoe. Again I never had or ever saw a horse brought to his knees during the hardest service at any season of the year except by giving way of the toe 'calk.' All observing persons, who use heavy horses, know in what position the latter place their feet when they attempt to make their greatest effort. I would ask all such to consider what would be the difference in their chances of success, whether the toe 'calk' on the horse leaned forward or backward. Who has not seen, in all our large cities, team and car horses after failing in their first efforts refuse to make another, having lost all their confidence in the toe 'calk' of the forward foot. I think all will see at once the advantages to be derived from this method of shoeing, especially in going down hill and in backing heavy loads, in having the heel 'calks' especially pointing well forward, so that they will be more likely to catch and hold in any hard substance than they would if pointing backward. It is well known that all horses 'ball up,' or are burdened with large balls of snow and ice sticking to their feet during a large part of the winter, and that they usually throw them off or drop them after raising the foot, making their steps very uncertain and their traveling very tedious. How much more likely would the same horsees be to throw off the ball, or perhaps not take it up, with the toe 'calk' leaning forward instead of leaning square to the back end, forming a sort of hook to hold the mass to the foot.

"My dear child," observed a good deacon to an urchin who was polishing a cat's back with a blacking brush on the Lord's day. "Have you never attended Sunday school?" "Naw," responded the urchin frankly; "I don't go to places of amusement."

The Devil's Tramping Ground.

In Chatham County, North Carolina, about three miles from the Randolph, line, is a place that has been known to the oldest inhabitant and his grandparents as the "Devil's Tramping Ground" Situated in the woods and surrounded by giant trees, principally red oak and short leaf pines, is a circle about twenty-five feet in diameter as perfect as though drawn with compasses, the circle being marked by a path as clean cut as though used every day; through the centre another path equally as clean about one degree to the east of north and south no paths to or from and none except cow paths in the neighborhood. The soil of the country is red clay, thickly strewn with rocks and no grass except some short scrub blades that struggle rather unsuccessfully for sustenance. The soil within the circle is sand mixed with clay and covered with a thick growth of long wire grass (not another bunch of which grows within eight miles of the place) and which never crosses the path that marks the circle, and though large trees have grown and rotted to the ground at the edge of the plot not one has ventured to intrude within the ring.

The natives have all of them a superstitious dread of the place, and it was with difficulty I succeeded in getting one of them to visit the place with me for the purpose of digging into it, and after getting down about three feet and finding nothing he was so impressed with the supernatural origin that he refused to go any further. In my reading the only thing I can find as a comparison for my Devil's Tramping Ground are the fables fairy walks of Ireland and one place in Norway. So if any of your readers can give us any theory of its origin or use they will oblige me, and any way this will have the effect of giving to the world that the old North State is not deficient in curiosities

Barbed Wire for Fencing.

Experience has demonstrated the practical value of the following suggestions for constructing barbed-wire fence: Set substantial posts one rod apart; the post at the starting point should be braced by cutting a notch in it two and a half feet from the ground and running a strong pole from the notch to the foot of the second post, where it is fitted to rest firmly and is supported about three inches above the ground by means of a short block driven down beside the fence post. This method of bracing should be repeated once in forty rods. A faulty construction would be to cut a notch in the starting point four feet from the ground; make the brace shorter, and allow the lower end to rest upon the ground; for the moment the wire is tightened upon the fence. the short brace acts as a fulcrum to lift the initial post. When the posts are set a wire is wrapped firmly around the first post, our feet and two inches from the ground then the coil is unrolled forty rods and the wire drawn tight by means of a set of small pulleys with grapples. After this wire has been securly stapled, a second is similarly fastened one foot below it, and a third and fourth below this, leaving a foot space between the respective wires; the ground space is fourteen inches. Four wires thus arranged make a perfect cattle fence. For horses the lower wire should be without barbs to prevent cutting the knee, and a fifth wire should be placed upon the posts five feet from the ground.

Fertilizers for House Plants.

When a plant is in a bad condition it is a mistake to apply a stimulating fertilizer. The causes of ill health are many; but the most general one with those who have had no experience in the care of plants is overwatering; Plants, to live, must have water; therefore the more water the better, seems to be the reasoning. The consequence is, starved nearly leafless sticks in pots of mud. In the majority of cases withholding the water is one of the things needed. When plants are in a flourishing condition and making growth, then fertilizers may be useful, especially if the soil in the pots was originally poor. Any of the fertilizers used in the garden would answer for plants in the house, were it not necessary to avoid unpleasant odors and to consult neatness and ease of application. For hard-wooded, slow growing plants very fine bone—flour of bone—sold by seedsmen for the purpose, is perhaps the best; a few tablespoonsfuls being forked into the soil of the pot. For soft wooded, quick growers, a liquid fertilizer may be used This may be guano, a teaspoonful to a gallon of water; soot, two tablespoonfuls to a gallon; or the wafer of ammonia (liquid hartshorn) of the drug stores, anounce to the gallon. Water the plants with either of these, instead of clear water once or twice a week, as the condition of the plant requires. No invariable rule can be given.

Stone Remains.

Mr. Mead in a paper recently read at a meeting of the Kansas Academy of Science said during the past summer I had occasion to travel over and along the continental divide which separates the waters of the two oceans, as well a the counties of Gunnison and Chaffees Colorado, and at a point about four miles west from the town of Monarch, near the head of the South Arkansas, I noticed the *debris* of very ancient works of stone, which, considering their location, were very curious and interesting. They comprised a series of low stone walls. and extending along the smooth summit or backbone of the mountain and connecting two elevated rocky points about a quarter of a mile apart. On the top of these points were circular inclosures of stone, ten or fifteen feet in diameter, and two feet in height; the walls were made by placing upon edge and leaning together slabs of granite rock, and were originally about two feet or more high, and are so ancient that in many places the granite of which they were composed had disintegrated and crumbled into sand. The course of these walls was generally north and south, with frequent dips, spurs, and angles, side walls, and pens, forming an intricate system. The design of it was difficult to comprehend. These marks extended accross a convenient top in the mountains, at an attitude of about 11,000 feet, and above timber line. They could hardly have been intended for defense, as the mountain range could be crossed as easily for several miles south as at this point, and I could not see that they would be of advantage in the capture of game. I have heard of such walls on the summit of the mountain further north, from several parties; these are the only ones which I observed in my travels. Their origin and purpose may ever remain a mystery. I have implements of stone picked up in that locality.

Lighting Stables.

Very little thought is usually given to the proper position of windows in horse stables. and yet a strong light which shines directly into the the faces of horses has a tendency to weaken their sight. A common point for a window is in front of horses and considerably higher than their heads. Numerous instances can be had of the injurious effects of such windows, among which is that of an officer in the British army, who had purchased a horse from a gentleman whose stable received all its light from windows situated at the rer of the stalls. The horse was sound, and the officer was perfectly satisfied with his bargain; but at the end of three months the animal became suddenly "ground shy." An examination of her eyes showed that they were directed upward, an explanation of which was held by the fact that the windows of her owner's stable were above the head of the stall, A removal to a stable which admitted light on all sides, removed this difficulty.

Another proof of our assertion is given In the case of a farmer who had some fine horses which he kept in a stable lighted only by a small window in one side. The stable was so imperfectly lighted by this window that the door was kept open nearly all the time when work was being done. The consequence was that nearly all of his horses had eyes of unequal strength; and two of them became blind on the side which was toward the window.

Snow Streamers.

A late paper from Nevada gives the following account of winter scenery in that quarter of this country.

Recently snow streamers were abroad in all their glory Last evening, however they could hardly be called streamers. They were in reality an unending series of whirlwinds that chased each other along the crest of the mountain. The spiral columns of snow took a thousand shapes in forming and vanishing. Being strongly lighted by the setting sun, the great surging columns looked like whirls of flame and illuminated smoke rolling up from a great fire. This brilliancy was seen in places where the rays of the sun passed through the thin mist of a single snow whirl. In places where three or four columns happened for a moment to fall in line between the spectator and the sun, the whole was black as the smoke from the funnel of a steamboat. Frequently several of the colors of the rainbow would flash out around these dark columns, and a moment after all above the peak would be deep red, giving the top of the appearance of an active volcano. It would have been a fine opportunity for a scientist interested in the study of atmospheric currents. The motion of these snow whirls show us what is always taking place in the air at the top of the mountain, both winter and summer. and if on our mountain, doubtless on all mountains of like height. The straight current of the atmosphere is broken up into thousands of little whirlwinds that rise from 50 to 200 feet above the surface of the ground