State Library

Orange County Observer.

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UNHINDERED.

Far westward is some a-bound train:
Eastward, a soul is saying:
"Though I have looked so long in vain
There is not love's delaying.
For Life, upon a certain sense
Of answers, it is presence.

The letter, from its barriers free,
Hastes to the love that waited.
Let its first wonder "So close are we,
That, if he knew he would be late,
This message you are sure to get
The day before you break the seal."

O we, that never dwell apart
Though half a globe may sever,
The soul is ... when heart to heart
Can cling through time forever!
Though death may loom like Himalay,
Yet soul to soul unhindered will fly

[illegible] in the Century.

HIGHLAND NORA.

A [illegible] face, with great gray [illegible] dimpled arms, was gayly [illegible] the churn-dasher.

"Hear what Highland Nora said:
'The Earlie's son I will not wed!'"

"Do you mean that, Nora?"

A young man thrust his head and shoulders in at an open window, resting his elbows on the low, old-fashioned sill.

"Do you mean it, Nora?" he repeated.

Nora started in well-feigned surprise, and the rich blood dyed cheek and brow.

"Of course, I do," said she promptly, adding, "just as did that other Nora."

But the jest was entirely thrown away, for the young man only answered:

"Did she? I never read the poem. But I have been thinking, Nora—"

"Indeed! Is it such a strange thing for the young squire to think?" the girl interrupted saucily.

"Don't rough at me, my darling," said he, not heeding the indignant flash of the gray eyes. "You have said the same thing a great many times before, but somehow I always thought you did not mean it, and that you did love me, in spite of all. Now, Nora, I ask you for the last time, will you marry me?"

Nora did not answer; she was busy taking the butter out of the churn. As she placed it on the table she turned, facing him.

"I beg your pardon—what did you say? I was busy."

The young man bit his lip with vexation, but repeated his question.

Pilfering her hands behind her, and assuming an attitude of defiance, Nora sang:

"Hear what Highland Nora said:
'The Earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but brand I
For all the gold for all the gear,
For all the lands both far and near,
That ever sider lester won,
I would not wed the Earlie's son!'"

"But I mean it, Nora," he pleaded.

"And I, too—just as did that other Nora."

The Earlie turned his face away and bored his lips tightly a moment.

"Very well, I will never ask you again," said he, coldly.

The rich color faded from Nora's face, and she turned away that he might not notice it and said sarcastically.

"Ah, that will be something new! I really don't see what you will find to talk of, however."

Guy remained silent a short time; then he spoke in an entirely different tone—one that made the girl stare in astonishment, as he cried [illegible]

"No, I don't take you boating this afternoon."

Nora paused.

"At the risk of gathering terms, but [illegible] added graciously, as she thought of his words, "I will never ask you again."

"Thank you."

"Did I [illegible]" the girl wondered as she watched him turn out of sight. "The [illegible] Why doesn't he read the poem and see what the other Nora meant?"

Meanwhile, Guy was saying:

"I know Nora loves me, she only wants to torment me. Never mind, my lady! I'll change the manner of my siege, and be commander-in-chief a while; you have occupied that position quite long enough." Then an amused smile broke from his lips. "How surprised she looked at my commanding tone! I expected her to refuse me."

After dinner, Nora donned her prettiest dress, a dainty gray, with ribbons the color of the sweet lips. Tying on her rose-trimmed hat, she thought: "I'll take my zinc-lined box for ferns, there are such lovely ones on the island. There," giving a parting nod to the face in the mirror, "you'll make him ask you to go, too, this very afternoon!" she said, and smiling at her own conceit, tripped away.

She was purposely late.

"It won't do for him to think I am too anxious to go," she had said.

To her surprise Guy was not there, anxiously pacing the sands and wondering at her delay.

"Where can he be?" she wondered. "I never knew him to be late before."

She waited nearly half an hour, expecting the young man every moment, then she grew angry.

"How lucky I brought my fern case! I'll go into the woods and pretend that I never came here at all."

Saying this, she turned to enter the forest, but hearing the tramp of horses drew back, hidden by the bushes. To her surprise they stopped quite near where she was hidden; she could see the animals, but not their riders. Suddenly a woman's voice said:

"Guy, you are sure your love is lasting?"

"Of course, Elsie; I should not have spoken of it otherwise," said the rich voice Nora knew so well.

Parting the bushes she looked through them eagerly. Yes, it was Guy! But the lovely creature by his side—who was she?

Nora thought her the most beautiful woman she had ever seen. But she was speaking again. The girl moved forward a few steps in her eagerness to listen.

"How pretty the Hudson is to-day! See how calmly it flows—as if there were no such things as heartaches and disappointments."

Guy took the tiny hand that was laid on his arm.

"We will be happy yet, Elsie," he said.

As they turned the horses' heads and started homeward, Nora's face was pale and set.

"How dare he?" she cried. Then she moaned brokenly, "Oh, my love, why did you take me at my word? But no—he must have known her long ago, he called her Elsie, and said they would yet be happy. He has only been trifling with me," she thought miserably, as she walked slowly homeward.

When she reached the gate she heard the sound of strange voices in the house and saw the marks of carriage wheels. Before she could slip around to the back door a young man ran down the steps holding out both hands.

"This is cousin Nora, I am sure," said he, smiling eagerly.

Nora brightened instantly.

"You are my cousin, Laurence Norton, are you not?"

"Since you recognize me, allow me a cousin's privilege," he said; and stooping kissed her on the cheek.

The sound of footsteps caused her to turn her head just in time to see Guy Earle pause, as if transfixed by astonishment, then turn hastily and stride away.

This little episode was not observed by Cousin Laurence, who was in the best of spirits all the evening; Nora was not so gay.

"What will Guy think of me?" she pondered. "But I am glad he saw it. And I do hope, after what I heard this afternoon, that he will never, never read 'Highland Nora!' Cousin Laurie," said she, later in the evening, "don't tell anyone here are my cousin while you are here. I need a cavalier to accompany me in my rambles, and beside, I want revenge on somebody."

Of course Laurence was delighted to act as his cousin's escort, and henceforth she was seldom seen without him. When they chanced to meet Guy, Nora bowed graciously, for she thought, "I can afford to be magnanimous, as I am victor." She learned from the current gossip that a lady and gentleman were visiting at the Hall, distant relatives, the servant said, and that the lady was very wealthy. Guy himself Nora had not spoken to since that morning in the dairy.

In a few weeks an invitation came for Nora and her guest to attend a picnic given in honor of the young lady at the Hall. The party were to go up the river about two miles in skiffs, and cross over to the opposite side. Here the woods had been cleared of underbrush, the green grass was thickly matted together, and all around the flowers and ferns grew in abundance.

When Nora and Laurence arrived Guy and the strange lady had gone to the spring a short distance away, and Nora hurried Laurence off ere they returned. He accompanied her reluctantly, for he had some curiosity concerning the man he was sure his cousin loved.

"Fern gathering seems to be a perfect mania with you, Nora," he remarked, presently.

"Oh, I don't care if I never see a fern! I just do not want to meet that stranger," Nora said quickly.

"I thought we were invited expressly to meet her!"

"How rude I have been!" she exclaimed. "So we were! Let us go back."

They turned to retrace their steps and came face to face with Guy and the fair stranger. Guy introduced her to Nora as Miss Benton. Nora bowed coldly, but the lady held out her hand.

"Guy has spoken of you so often, Miss Neale, that I feel as if I had always known you. I am sure we shall be the best of friends."

Nora was not so sure of that; but she could only murmur something supposed to be a polite reply.

But when her cousin was introduced, Nora was greatly surprised at the glad light that flashed into his eyes, while Miss Benton's pink cheeks changed to deepest crimson. They shook hands, and Laurence turned to his cousin, saying briefly, "We have met before." Then offering Miss Benton his arm, which she accepted, they walked away, leaving Gay and Nora together.

They stood looking at each other in puzzled silence; then, as the funny side of the situation struck Nora, she burst into a merry laugh, in which Guy joined.

The laugh seemed to relieve their embarrassment.

"Nora, may I walk back to the landing place with you?" asked Guy.

"It seems that you must," she said, laughing. "It is a matter of necessity, not choice. I wonder where they met before!"

"No matter, since they have given me the opportunity I have been seeking for so long."

"And I," said Nora, interrupting, "want to apologize for not going boating that afternoon. I changed my mind, and went for ferns instead."

Guy looked at her in astonishment.

"Did you not go?"

Nora flushed, but said, smiling:

"Did you find me at the meeting place?"

"No," said Guy, bravely, "for I was not there. When I reached home, after leaving your house that morning, I found that Cousin Elsie and her father had arrived. She wished very much to take a ride that afternoon, and I felt in duty bound to accompany her. I took an extra horse with us as far as your house, intending to invite you to join us, but you were not at home. Since then I have sought an opportunity to apologize in vain."

A great load seemed lifted from Nora's heart.

"She is your cousin?"

"My only cousin," said Guy. "Your guest is a very handsome man," he added presently.

"You mean Cousin Laurie? Yes, he is handsome."

Guy turned like a flash, and, taking Nora's hand, exclaimed:

"What a blind, jealous fool I have been! I saw him kiss you Nora, and I thought——"

"Never mind what you thought. Let us hurry; we shall be late to luncheon."

She walked off rapidly.

"Nora," said Guy, as he overtook her, "since Cousin Elsie came I have been reading Scott's poems."

She gave him a hasty glance, and sinking on a large stone—that seemed to have been placed there for the express purpose, Guy said afterward—covered her face with both hands.

Guy dropped the fern box which he had taken in charge and took those trembling hands in one of his, placing the other beneath the dimpled chin, then he lifted her face till the sweet gray eyes met his. What he saw there must have satisfied him, for he bent his head and kissed her.

"Guy," said Nora, presently, "to-day is not the first in which I have seen your cousin."

Then she told him of the conversation she had overheard.

"You see, pet," said Guy, looking lovingly into the gray eyes. "Elsie's is a pitiful story; her name is not Benton, for she is married, but her father insists on her being called by his name. I will give you the details of her story some day; a brief outline will suffice now, as I am more deeply interested in my own," squeezing the soft hand. "Elsie went on a visit to an aunt in an adjoining State, and while there was secretly married to a poor, but worthy man. The next week she returned home, and had hardly entered the house when her father announced that he had selected a husband for her. Finding refusals useless, Elsie at last disclosed her secret. He was simply furious, and shut her in her own room till he could bring her here. He says the ceremony was illegal, and declares that Elsie must remain here until she forgets Will Norton."

At the last words Nora sprang to her feet.

"Guy, Cousin Laurie is Elsie's husband! His name is William Laurence Norton, but I always call him Laurie. And he isn't poor now; his mother's brother died last week, leaving him half a million."

"You will let me row you home, Nora?"

"And Elsie?"

"She will prefer going with her husband, of course. Uncle Ned's objection to him is removed now that he is rich." After a pause, "Do you know, sweet, after Elsie had confided her love story to me I returned the compliment. And she, God bless her! referred me to Scott's poems. Did you mean it, darling? Say you did not. Let me hear you say it, do!"

"Of course, I meant it—just as that other Nora did," said saucy Nora. "Don't you remember, Guy?

"But Nora's heart is lost and won,
She's wedded to the Earlie's son!"

—*Waverley Magazine.*

The Whelping Ice.

Thousands of seals are found in patches on the floes, but when one patch is exterminated the men often have to wander far from the ship in search of more prey, and it is then that their early training in copying comes in advantageously. Occasionally the sealers go eighteen or twenty miles away from the vessel over the ice, and in all places it may not be equally strong. Sometimes the pans are scattered; then the experienced copyist will use a slab of ice as a raft, guiding it into the desired position with his gaff, and so ferrying himself across the "leads" or open water. At other times the "lolly" or "sludge" is soft, but will bear just one foot at a time, so the hunters spring rapidly over till they find a more secure pan on which to take breath. When they have gone far and have to drag their "tows" of skin a considerable distance back to the ship, it may happen that where the ice has been all secure on the journey out the sealers find a gap too wide to jump lying right in their homeward path. But even if no floating pans are within reach, they are at no loss what to do; the "tow," each containing five or six sealskins with the blubber attached, are flung into the water; the blubber causes them to float and the men use them as stepping-stones across the open water. Accidents, of course, occur from time to time, and men often go through the "lolly" or miss their footing and come in for a cold bath which, considering their filthy condition, may not be altogether an unmitigated evil; but it is rarely that any of them are drowned, as help is always at hand. Occasionally the whelping ice approaches so close to the shore that the landsmen come in for their share of the spoil, and then even the women and children eagerly join the scene of carnage. In the spring of 1883, at a place called Bett's Cove, one woman secured five and thirty seals in one day, and at Twillingate many women killed heavy loads of seals, the people going twelve miles from land on the ice to reap this harvest. When the ice remains tightly packed for any length of time in the bays the seals sometimes crawl on to the land, and at Bonavista Bay it has happened that as many as 1500 seals have been killed among the bushes on one of the islands. A few years ago the seal ice came close to the town of St. John's, and the inhabitants sallied out to reap the benefit. As they went seaward in the morning some of the hunters saw a man with his gun beside him sitting on a hummock of ice not far from the mouth of the harbor. At his feet lay a dead seal. They went on in quest of their prey, and walked so far out that it was late in the afternoon before they returned. Happening to pass by the same spot they saw the man still sitting on the hummock and the seal lying as before. They went up to him. The man was dead, sitting upright stark and staring, frozen hard as the ice on which he rested.—*Nineteenth Century.*

The Cherokee outlet is the next section of the boomer's promised land. His advance guard is already there, announces the Washington *Star*, dodging the United States army, fighting over worthless claims, and, as in Oklahoma, swallowing great quantities of alkali dust in the water and air. Alkali water in the Oklahoma cities is now very expensive, and, after drinking, the imbiber heartily wishes that he hadn't.

LADIES' COLUMN.

POPULARITY OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

It is estimated that three-fourths of the women of leisure in New York and Brooklyn are interested in mind cure, Christian science or faith healing. The number of teachers in both cities is phenomenally large, and all have full classes. The pupils are invariably women, while the teachers are both men and women. The popularity of the mind cure is amazing to those who are outside and not acquainted with the subject.—*Star-Sayings.*

THE EMPEROR FAVORS BERLIN MILLINERS.

The Emperor of Germany in ordering the trousseau for Princess Sophia, sister of the Empress, who is to be married to Prince Frederick Leopold, and that of his own sister, Princess Sophia, who is to be married to the Duke of Sparta, stipulates that they shall be entirely of German manufacture, and specially forbids the use of any French silk, linen or other material. The Berlin milliners are in a rush of business. All the members of the imperial family will make presents of jewelry, which have been ordered in Germany.—*New York Herald.*

PICKING UP VICTORIA'S TRAINS.

Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane's duty at Queen Victoria's drawing rooms is to pick up the trains, and it is very arduous work and admirably calculated to give the strongest man a fit of lumbago. Sir Spencer, who has been in the public service for nearly thirty-nine years, has become rather infirm and stoops fearfully, never having recovered from his desperate exertions during the jubilee; and at the last drawing-room it was only with great difficulty that he got through his task, which would surely be more appropriately confided to a stalwart footman or some other domestic rather than to an aged official, for whom such menial duties appear decidedly undignified.—*London Truth.*

A SHREWD INDIAN WOMAN.

There is one Indian woman whose income from coal royalties is estimated to be not far from $60,000 a year. She is said to have succeeded in driving a hard bargain with Jay Gould himself. A white man cannot mine for himself in the Indian Territory, but he can mine for an Indian mine discoverer on royalty. This lucky Indian woman is said to have discovered that the lease she gave Gould was somewhat irregular, and to have turned that discovery to her greater profit, for the little man of Wall street knows as well as any one that it is better to settle quickly in all cases involving fuel supplies for western railroads. The coal mines of the Indian Territory are very productive even in the present infancy of the industry, and there are intimations that they will soon be worked on a large scale by a combination of capitalists closely identified with the Standard Oil interest who are behind a new railroad reaching from Denison, Texas, to the coal fields.—*Boston Transcript.*

FASHION NOTES.

An "ivory room" is the latest craze in the "house beautiful."

Hemstitching is the rage just now in both table and bed linen.

Boas of tulle will be worn the coming summer with evening toilets.

Crepe de chine will be largely used for afternoon watering place gowns.

Moire ribbon is as much in favor upon lace gowns as it was last summer.

Black is now stylishly worn with any color from the palest to the deepest.

Colors prominent in house decoration are yellow, green and a grayish tint.

A caprice of the season is to combine crash silk with the finer cotton fabrics.

Lilac and wistaria will be favorite flowers for ornamenting summer lace bonnets.

The favorite bracelet just now is a mere thread of gold, set with a single diamond or ruby.

Fine cut glass divides honors with silver in decorating the tables of our modern sires.

A "crush" bonnet, which can be "sat upon" without injury, is the latest London fad.

A unique bracelet, of chased silver, is made up of tiny mice, linked together by the tails.

An odd combination of fabrics now in vogue is that of ladies' cloth with India silk.

Work has already begun on the eleventh census.

Dakota's Indian Population.

Dakota's Indian population is much larger than that of any other State or Territory, except that inhabited by the Five Nations, and practically the whole of it is in South Dakota. Here, upon a domain of the richest and most productive land on earth, 24,000,000 acres in area, a territory nearly as great as the State of New York, quite as great as Indiana, and five times greater than Massachusettes, lives a body of 23,000 Indians who, with immeasurable resources at their command, lead an utterly idle and shiftless life, and cost the Government $1,750,000 a year for their food and clothing. One half of the Sioux are in a certain degree civilized, but as many as 12,000 of them live far within their reservation, where they lead as wild a life as ever, and few of them come personally to the agencies. Their animosity against the whites is held in check only because they have learned the lesson of an outbreak, and know a hostile attempt will end in their punishment. But they are bitter and savage, and a source of constant vexation to the agents, for their influence over the more enlightened Indians continues to be strong, and is always exerted against everything that tends to improve them.—*New York Tribune.*

The danger from gases only in connection with house drainage is said to be comparatively easy to avoid, the main consideration being a continuous thorough ventilation of the pipes.

Piedmont Air-Line Route.

Richmond & Danville Railroad

Condensed Schedule in Effect Apr. 14, 1889.

Trains Run by 75th Meridian Time.

DAILY.

SOUTHBOUND.

	NO. 56.	NO. 50.	NO 52.
Lv New York,	*12 15 a m	*4 30 p m	
Lv Philadelphia,	7 20 a m	6 57 p m	
Lv Baltimore,	9 45 a m	9 42 p m	
Lv Washington,*	11 24 a m	11 00 p m	
Lv Charlottesville,	3 30 p m	3 00 a m	
Lv Lynchburg,	5 40 p m	5 07 a m	
Ar Danville	8 20 p m	7 45 a m	
Lv Richmond,	3 00 p m	2 30 a m	
Lv Burkeville,	4 59 p m	4 30 a m	
Lv Keysville,	5 48 p m	5 13 a m	
Lv Danville,	8 40 p m	8 05 a m	
Ar Greensboro,	10 27 p m	9 42 a m	
Lv Goldsboro,	2 00 am	*4 01 p m	
Ar Raleigh,	4 45 p m	9 00 a m	
Lv Raleigh	4 50 p m	*12 midy	
Ar Durham	5 52 p m	3 02 a m	
Ar Greensboro	8 30 p m	7 40 a m	
Lv Salem	*6 15 p m	*6 30 a m	
Lv Greensboro,	10 37 p m	9 50 a m	
Ar Salisbury,	12 26 a m	11 18 a m	
Ar Statesville,	1 51 a m	12 12 p m	
Ar Asheville,	7 40 a m	4 44 p m	
Ar Hot Springs,	9 20 a m	6 10 p m	
Lv Salisbury	12 32 a m	11 23 a m	
Ar Charlotte,	2 05 a m	12 40 p m	
Lv Spartanburg	4 40 a m	3 37 p m	
Lv Greenville,	5 50 a m	4 48 p m	
Ar Atlanta,	11 00 a m	9 40 p m	
Lv Charlotte	2 20 a m	1 00 p m	
Ar Columbia	6 30 a m	5 10 p m	
Ar Augusta	10 30 p m	9 05 a m	

DAILY

NORTHBOUND.

	No 57	No. 51.	No. 53.
Lv Augusta	6 15 p m	8 45 a m	
" Columbia	10 40 p m	12 51 p m	
Ar Charlotte	3 15 p m	5 15 p m	
Lv Atlanta,	*6 15 p m	*7 10 a m	
Ar Greenville,	1 06 a m	1 51 p m	
" Spartanburg,	2 11 a m	2 52 p m	
" Charlotte,	4 50 a m	5 50 p m	
" Salisbury,	6 22 a m	7 05 p m	
Lv Hot Springs	8 05 p m	12 10 p m	
" Ashville	9 40 p m	1 32 p m	
" Statesville	3 30 a m	6 01 p m	
Ar Salisbury	4 37 p m	6 45 p m	
Lv Salisbury	6 37 p m	7 12 a m	
Ar Greensboro,	10 a m	8 40 p m	
" Salem,	*11 40 a m	*12 34 a m	
Lv Greensboro,	9 45 a m	10 50 p m	
Ar Durham,	12 01 p m	5 00 a m	
" Raleigh,	1 02 p m	8 30 a m	
Lv Raleigh	10 00 a m		9 00 p m
Ar Selma	10 55 a m		
" Goldsboro,	3 10 p m		12 50 p m
Lv Greensboro	*8 05 p m	*8 50 a m	
Ar Danville	9 47 a m	10 30 p m	
" Keysville,	12 38 p m	1 49 a m	
" Burkeville,	1 28 p m	2 41 am	
" Richmond,	3 00 p m	5 15 a m	
" Lynchburg,	12 40 p m	12 55 a m	
" Charlottesville,	2 35 p m	3 00 a m	
" Washington,	7 12 p m	6 55 a m	
" Baltimore,	8 50 p m	8 20 a m	
" Philadelphi	3 00 a m	10 47 p m	
" New York,	6 30 a m	1 30 p m	

*Daily. + Daily, except Sunday.

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