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THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust no e'er falleth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.
Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rife,
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawnine.

There's many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snare the delicate silver threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then heaven blame for the tangled ends,
And sit to grieve and wonder.

—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

TWICE IN ONE HOUR.

CLAUDIO was tired, and it took a deal to tire this big, tusk-headed young Mexican. But it was not to be wondered at, after his morning's work. The lambs in his barn were now five days old, and at that age a new Mexican is smart enough in body and impish enough in mind to undo Job himself. Then the mothers, whose age might have been expected to give them discretion, were as crazy as the lambs. To add to the worry, the snakes were beginning to come out from their winter nap.

Late in the afternoon, the ewes, with a chorus of strange whistles, went tearing and galloping over the swale and disappeared over the brow of the ridge as if the very wolves were after them. Claudio started in pursuit, but the lambs hung at his heels, in spite of a bombardment of words and pebbles that he directed at them, and whenever he paused, pranced up to him and muzzled against his legs and dropped contentedly at his very feet.

Pulling off his coat, Claudio swung it vigorously about him to clear a space, leaped over the backs of a few loiterers and went running up a slope at a gait it was a wonder to see. The coat dropped from his hand as he jumped a gully, and as the lambs came stumbling along several tripped on it, and, finding it warm, promptly sprawled upon their knees and began to nurse at whatever rag or tag they first found. And the others, fancying that they were being robbed of their dinner, crowded and jostled about, butting, falling down, clambering over one another.

Claudio might have laughed at the sight; but when he came back fifteen minutes later, he saw about the coat only a lot of little white patches, smeared with blood. Here and there a lamb was to be seen, wandering disconsolately about or fallen exhausted under a shrub. And over the farther swale was just disappearing a big, dark, shambling figure, with two white objects shining upon it.

It was all plain enough. The ewes, scenting the bear from afar as he sneaked through the woods, had fled incontinently; and, taking advantage of Claudio's brief absence, Bruin had sallied from the junipers, played havoc among the lambs (which were too stupid to fear even him), and was now making off with a couple "for future reference."

The bear, like bears always, was only anxious to get away. When Claudio came in full view of him and only 100 yards behind, he whipped from his belt the six-shooter he carried in lieu of a rifle. "Throwing down," in his swift, instinctive motion of those who really know how to use a revolver, and never stop to ask whether it has sights or not, he sent a leaden proxy running for him. It was a good shot, fired and aimed as he was—the kind of shooting one had

to learn on the frontier and cannot learn in a gallery. The bear turned a complete somersault, and, gathering himself again, began biting viciously at his body. Claudio had not stopped at all; but now, within thirty yards, he halted and watched for the brute to give him a shot at a vital part. But in that very instant the bear, with a snuffle of rage, wheeled and came galloping at his late pursuer.

Claudio drove a square shot at the skull—not in any notion that he could bore that sloping forehead, but hoping the rap might startle the beast into rising, so that he could get a chance at the throat, the best of all shots at a bear. But the heavy ball merely plowed a red furrow up the squat skull, and the bear came lurching on. It was worse than useless to run. Slender as was the chance of life now, it all lay in standing firm. Within six feet the huge brute did rear up his haunches; and, springing back a step, Claudio was bringing down his weapon to "let go" when it should be on a level with that mighty throat, now fully exposed. But the bear was no innocent; and, cleverly judging as was Claudio's move, he had met his match in quick wit. Even the sweep of his swift arm was slow beside the flash of that great paw as it swooped far forward, met his descending hand with a calculation an Indian eye might have envied, and sent the heavy revolver spinning forty feet, going off as it flew. And in another instant the shepherd was on his back and the bear upon him.

The great claws had struck only the six-shooter, and Claudio's hand was unhurt, save where the violent wrenching of the guard had out and twisted his fingers; and instinctively he gripped deep in the thick fur where first his hands lighted. Neither had he been hurt by the fall, for here was soft gray sand—which a little relieved, too, the fearful pressure upon his legs. But none of these things comforted Claudio; and he fought only as a man fights blindly to the end. His last faint hope had gone when the six-shooter went whirling far beyond reach.

The bear, which had gone to bed in his cave in the canon of Acebache, rolling-fat, in November, but a few days ago come forth from that long nap, the shadow of his proper self. His long, heavy fur was sadly rusted, and his huge frame lean as a rail. He had been interrupted in the first square meal in five months; and from that long fast came two strange results. One was, that he was not half himself in strength; and that the powerful young Mexican was therefore something more than a puppet in his paw. Of the end certainly, there could be no doubt; but meantime, Claudio wrestled mightily, and even succeeded in struggling to his feet, hugging close, to give those paws no chance for the swipes that would make an eggshell of his head. His face he snuggled into the bear's chest, and so kept clear of the dripping jaws. And despite the fearful pressure under which his ribs creaked and sprang, he hunched and tugged and swayed blindly and desperately, as wrestling with some tall man whom he might hope to pitch at last. But it was not for long.

Finding these close quarters unsatisfactory, the bear brought up his muscular arm, and clapping its paw upon Claudio's mat of hair forced his head resistlessly back. The great claws were buried in his scalp, and little streams of red spurted out. The bear's left arm was around his waist, while the right was giving him the "break hold" as scientifically as any wrestler could have done. And now a villainous warm breath came sickeningly in his face, and he could see the red jaws and white teeth within six inches. He even noticed with that strange inconsequence which comes upon a man in these moments, that blood from the scalp wound had run down and tinged the froth which dripped from great mouth. In a frenzy of terror he caught a clutch under the throat, to hold back that horrible head—and the strongest man could scarce have bent against Claudio's desperate arms. But it was only a question of a little longer. Slowly, slowly, those resistless neck muscles bore down Claudio's iron arms; and the big jaws, working grudgingly, drew nearer. A deathly faint-

ness began to spread from his stomach, and Claudio shut his eyes.

Just then a sudden jerk ran through the body of the bear, and there was a sharp aortas of rage or pain. Claudio opened his eyes. He could see nothing but that demonic face; but in it he fancied there was a new expression. Then there was a sickening movement of the great claws which had sunk deep into his back and scalp. Surely they were relaxing! Their withdrawal was far more painful than their entrance had been; but even with the faintness of the new pain, a sudden wave of joy swept through the shepherd—for the first time, now, he hoped, though he knew not why. He shook his head savagely, to clear the blood which streamed down over his eyes (the paw had dropped from his scalp) and dug his fists into the deep furrowed throat, and fought with the strength of two Claudios—fighting no longer as a dying rat fights, but like a man for hope of life.

Then a very wonderful thing befell. The bear was growling and panting heavily; and suddenly it lurched and fell to the ground, carrying Claudio with it. But it was no longer trying to get his head between its jaws. For a moment he lay half upon him, writhing and grinding its teeth, and then flung itself to one side, biting up a great mouthful of sand. Claudio leaped to his feet, ran to the six shooter and fell upon it, crying like a child. It was ten minutes before he could get up, for loss of blood—and more than all, the frightful strain—had left him limp as a rag. At last he staggered to his feet, clutching the six shooter, and walked unsteadily toward the bear.

Laying down his revolver he caught the heavy fur to turn the bear over. Ordinarily he would have succeeded. Four hundredweight is no fool of a lump, but Claudio, as you have seen, was an uncommonly powerful young man. Now, however, worn out by his fearful struggle and with nerves so unstrung that he trembled all over, it was too much for him. Still, the mystery would not let him rest, and hunching his shoulders against the bear's back he ran his hand under, feeling for the wound. He groped and groped, but suddenly in a hollow felt the touch of something very different from fur or sand, and in the same instant an inconceivable pang. And when he jerked away his arm a tiny snake, less than a foot long, gray backed, and coppery on the belly, was hanging from his thumb.

The last vestige of color faded from the brown face and left it gray as ashes between the drying streaks of blood—for Claudio knew the picu-cuate, the only real asp in the new world, the deadliest snake in North America. So he had escaped the bear only to die by the tiny foe—for never yet had one been known to recover from the bite of the picu-cuate. A rattlesnake was nothing; but this—well, see what it had done for such a monster as the bear and in the space of less than a minute! Evidently in their struggle bruin had stepped too close to this unsuspected danger—that great lump on his hind leg explained all. Had he carried his usual coat of fat the venom would have taken far longer to operate and he would have had abundant time to settle accounts with Claudio. But he no longer looked gaunt. He was still swelling—already he looked fat as if July were here.

Already Claudio was reeling. Fearful pains shot up his arm and went forking through his body. Upon the thumb were only two tiny black dots right at the tip, but the hand in these five seconds had taken twice its size. If he could only cut it off! But alas his knife was in his coat, and before he could get half way to that he would be a dead shepherd.

All this had taken not so long as you have been in reading it—nay, scarce the time in which one might spell the longest word in it, for in these crises things and thoughts move swiftly, and one lives fast. Claudio was still squeezing his thumb and crying aloud for a knife, when his eye lit on the six shooter. Quick as a flash he sprang and caught it up and cocked it. There was just one cartridge left.

His nerves were steady now. He held his hand at arm's length before him, the wounded thumb erect, drew

the revolver back to his very eye that the ball might not mangle too much and thus stop the blood which must flow; and with a hand as firm as if it had been carved of stone pulled the trigger. There was a dull, numb sensation, hardly a pain in all what side, and when the smoke cleared from his eyes his right hand was black and bleeding. The thumb was gone clean at the lower joint.

There is one man in New Mexico who has been bitten by the picu-cuate and lives to tell of it—a tall, powerful, good natured shepherd with four grim, grey furrows in his hair and the thumb of the right hand missing. But Claudio seems rather proud of these disfigurements and often says:

"Who talks of bargains? For so cheaply I bought my life twice in one hour."—New York Press.

SAILORS' OMENS.

JACK TARS MORE SUPERSTITIOUS IN FORMER DAYS.

Lawyers, Women and Clergymen Looked at With Disfavor on Sailing Vessels—Other Striking Superstitions of Seamen.

LEUTENANT J. D. J. BROOLEY gives an interesting chapter of "Superstitions of the Sea" in the Century. After studying them fairly well, he doubts if modern sailors are more superstitious than any other class with equal training and opportunities. I believe, he says, that everybody is leavened with superstition, notably the noisiest scoffers, and those mountebanks, the Thirteen Clubs, for these gentry protest too much. It seems to be a human instinct, modified by racial inheritances and developments. In the youth of the world its manifestations were the earliest recorded utterances of men concerning the visible phenomena of the universe, and its grip on simple words was an outgrowth of the fear of the unknown. Of all people sailors must deal at first hand, and helplessly to some degree, with the most unknowable, uncontrollable of material problems, the sea, and it is only natural that their folk-lore should be, in part, land stories fitted with sea meanings, and in part blind explanations of sea phenomena—both being maintained valorously by the gruesome conservatism of the seaman, even after rational causes come to the rescue.

In earlier days superstition was as much a part of every ship as the water she was to float in; for it entered with the wood scarfed into her keel, and climbed to the flags and garlands waving at her mastheads; it ran riotously at her launching, controlled her name, her crew, and cargoes; it timed her days and hours of sailing, and convoyed her voyages. It summoned apparitions for her ill-fortune, and evoked portents and signs for her prosperity; it made winds blow foul or fair, governed her successful ventures and arrivals, and when her work was done, promised a port of rest somewhere off the shores of Fiddler's Green, where all good sailors rest eternally, or threatened foul moorings deep in the uncanny locker of Davy Jones of ballad memory.

In many countries stolen wood was mortised into the keel, as it made the ship sail faster at night; though if the first blow struck in fashioning this keel drew fire, the ship was doomed to wreck upon her maiden voyage. Silver (usually a coin) placed in the mainmast-step went for lucky ventures, and misguided indeed was the owner who permitted any of the unlucky timbers to enter into the construction. Something of the ceremonial character given to launching survives to this day; where of old ships were decked with flowers and crowns of leaves, flags now flutter; the libation poured on the deck, the purification by the priest, the anointing with egg and sulphur, had their exemplars in the well-aimed and wasted magnums which are shattered on the receding cut-water as the craft, released from the ways, slips, well-greased, into the sea; the jar of wine put to his lips by the captain, and then emptied on deck, the cakes and ale set before the crew, the stoup of wine offered to passers-by on the quay, and the refusal of which was an evil omen—all are realized in these sadder lustrums by the builder's feast in the mold-loft.

Lawyers, clergymen, and women are ever looked at with disfavor on sailing ships as sure to bring ill-luck—lawyers, undoubtedly, from the antipathy of sailors to the class, dislike so pronounced that "sea-lawyer" is a very bitter term of reproach, and "land-shark" is a synonym. Clergymen—priests and parsons—are unlucky, probably because of their black gowns and their principal duty on shipboard—that of consoling the dying and burying dead—though possibly because the devil, the great storm-raiser, is their especial enemy, and sends tempests to destroy them. Women—who may reason out their unpopularity?—save that a ship is the last place for them, or perhaps because of the dread of witches; for of all spellworkers in human form none is so dreaded

as the female brewers of hell-broth. Like the priests of the middle ages, they can raise a prime quality of storm by tossing sand or stones in the air, and, like Congreve's Lapland sorceress, are supposed to live by selling contrary winds and wrecked vessels. Certain families could never get sea-employment under their own surnames, not even such members as were born with caul, for they were taboed, barred; and many animals—hares, pigs, and black cats, for example—could neither be carried nor mentioned on shipboard, save under very stringent conditions. Scarborough wives kept a black cat in the house to assure their husband's lives at sea; but on voyages every black cat carried a gale in her tail, and if she became unusually frolicsome a storm was sure to follow.

Figureheads were at first images of gods, and later of saints and sea-heroes, and were held in high reverence, and the eyes glaring from each bow of a Chinese junk enable the boat to voyage intelligently—for "no have two eyes, how can see? No can see, how can do?" is the shibboleth of their sailors. Ships' bells were blessed, and to-day if a mistake in their striking is made by a stupid messenger-boy, they are struck backward to break the spell. In one ship to which I was attached the bell had come down to us from the Ticonderoga, through the Thetis, I think, and was supposed to be under the special control of a blue spirit of mischief. Why the blue spirit should indulge in such vagaries is hidden, but in the middle of the deep-sea nights, when the moon rode in an auspicious quarter, and the wind blew with the force, and from the direction, necessary for the spell, the blue bell was bound to make a complete circle, and ring out nine bells strictly. Of course no one ever heard or ought to hear nine bells at sea, for eight bells are as fixed a limit as the decalogue; but this was promised. Whether the conditions failed to co-ordinate, I cannot say, but though the bell was watched by all sorts and conditions of men, the occult ceremony was never performed for our benefit. It is necessary to add that by report it was a common event in the other ships mentioned.

The proverbial desertion of sinking ships by rats is founded upon reason, and undoubtedly occurs, for as rats like to prowl about dry-footed, and will stick to one place so long as food is plenty, it is probable that the ship they leave is so leaky and unseaworthy that their under-deck work is too wet to suit them.

A Rival of the Bicycle.

A rather formidable competitor of the cycle has made its appearance in the Midlands in the shape of a pneumatic road skate. It has lately been seen in the streets of Birmingham, and judging from the admiration it excites, is not unlikely to find its way soon into all parts of the country. The invention, which was patented a short time ago, by a Scotch firm, is evidently derived from the old roller skate of skating celebrity, but, whereas the ordinary roller skate has four wheels, the pneumatic skate has only two, placed in line at either extremity of the skate. The wheels are larger than those of the roller skate and instead of solid rubber are covered with pneumatic tires. The patentees claim for them a one can skate over ordinary turnpike roads with them the same as on ice and at even greater speed, while at the same time they will easily ascend and descend hills. Six or seven miles an hour, however, is the maximum speed attempted in the streets of Birmingham, and that only on smooth roads. One obvious advantage of the pneumatic skate over the pneumatic cycle is that punctured tires may be readily replaced, as the skater may carry surplus tires, or even reserve wheels ready fitted, in his overcoat pocket.—London Ironmonger.

Smoking Through the Snow.

In the snowy regions of the Himalayas, it is said, little smoking funnels are made in the frozen snow, at the end of which is placed some tobacco, while to the other the mountaineers place their mouths, and lying flat on their stomachs, inhale the smoke.