

# W. FletcherAusbon, Editor and Manager.

## FOR GOD. FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

# VOL. VI.

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## THE CROAKER,

When it ain't a-goin' to blow. It'll snow, It'll snow ! When the land with cash is hummin', There's a money panic comin'! When the sky is beamin' bright, There's a hurricane in sight ! And you'll know, And you'll know, It was him who told you so !

When the crops are growin' fine, They'll decline, They'll decline ! When the weather's kinder sunny, All the heat will melt the honey I When it's lookin' rather wet. It will drown the cotton yet ! And you'll know. And you'll know, It was him who told you sol

He's a great one in his way. Every day, Every day ! He is always prophesying You are either dead, or dying ; And no matter what you do, It's exactly as he knew ! And you'll know, Know, know. It was him who told you so -F. L. Stanton.

#### ABANDONED HOUSE. THE

#### BY FRANCOIS COPPEE.



passed nearly every day, and sometimes twice a day through a little street situated at the extreme limit of the Faubourg St. Germain, and ending in one of those magnificent boulevards which radiate about des Invalides. It was one of those very

rare Parisian by-ways where there is not a single shop. I do not know a more tranquil spot. Several gardens. enclosed in long low walls overhung with branches, shed over the deserted street in May the delicate odor of lilacs; in June, the heavier perfume of elderflowers and acacias.

Among these was one abode even more isolated than the others. When the porte cochere opened to admit a landau or coupe, the pedestrian (who heard the echo of his steps on the sidewalk) saw only a graveled road, bordered with a hedge which turned abruptly toward a house hidden amid the verdure. It would have been difficult to find a corner more secluded. The place contained neither gardener's house nor porter's lodge-nothing but that nest in the foliage. The pavilion was inhabited. The garden, gay with flowers, always care-fully attended to, was a proof of that. In winter, the smoke from the chimneys rose to the gray sky, and in the evening a light shone dimly behind the thick curtains, always closely drawn. Several times I saw going or coming through the lattice-door an old servant in sombre livery, and with a circumspect, even suspicious, air. Evidently I should gain nothing by interrogating him. Besides, what right had I to trouble with vain curiosity the unknown host or hests of the closed house?

shook the trees. I felt a large drop of rain on my hand. I was obliged to make all haste to get home.

Some days afterward I was in the Casino at Dieppe with some jolly companions, and took part in an animaled discussion upon music. I praised popular airs, which spring spontaneously from an innocent sentiment. In aid of my theory, I related my adventure.

"What do you think of this air ?", I nsked Prince Khaloff, a young Rus-sian with whom I was very intimate. 'I shall never forget it," I said warmly. I proceeded to sing it indifferently well.

"Well," replied the young prince, "you can congratulate yourself, my dear sir, in having had such a rare treat. That melody is a song of the sailors of Drontheim, away out in Norway, and the beautiful voice must have been that of Stolberg, with whom we were all in love two years ago. when she made her debut in St. Petersburg-that Stolberg was the rival of her countrywoman Nilsson, and who would have become one of the greatest singers of the century if she had not been suddenly snatched from art. from the stage, from success of all kinds by her love for Count Basil Lobanof, at that time my com-rade in the Guards, when we were both cornets in the cavalry. Yes, for two years we were without news of Basil. He had given up his commission and left Russia without saying adieu to any one. And we only knew vaguely that he had hidden himself in Paris with his wife; but we were ignorant of the place of his retreat till you now revealed it by

chance." "So," said I, "the wonderfully gifted artist has renounced everything for a little love affair."

"Say rather for a great passion !" oried the prince. "Although very young, Stolberg had had numerous flirtations when she met Lobanof. 1 was there in the green room on the evening when Basil-who, I should tell you, is ashandsome as a god-was presented to her, and I saw the diva pale with emotion, even under her powder and paint. Oh, it was startling, and I thought that she would carry off our young friend that same evening, pell- ', with the trium-phant bouquet , after the fifth act. But immediately he became as jealous as a Mussulman-yes, jealous of the very public when she sang. He was always there in the front seats of the orchestra, and at each burst of applause he turned abruptly, and cast a sombre look over the house, That look seemed to express desire to slap the whole audience in the face. Everything went wrong. Even when the Czar was present, the prims donns had eves for no one but Basil-sang always to Basil. That caused trouble behind the scenes, and the poor girl decided to leave the stage. She did so at the end of three months, at the close of her engagement. He married her- and since then they have hidden themselves in Paris, in the retreat which you discovered. They must be dead in love. But I will wager that Basil will get over it. He is built like the Farnese Hercules, and they say poor Stolberg is consumptive. They pretend even that it is disease which gives her voice its wonderful power and extraordinary sweetness and pathos. Her gift is the result of disease, like the pearl. All the same, no matter how much in love with Lobanof the poor girl is, she will die of weariness in that cage in which he keeps her. Then she must sing very rarely, since in the many times you have passed before their house you have heard her but once, that night of the storm. Well, it will end badly." The conversation turned to other things, and the next day I left Dieppe to go with some friends to Lower Normandy. I had only been there ten days when I read accidentally in a theatrical paper the following notice: "We announce with sorrow the death of Mile. Ida Stolberg, the Swedish cantatrice, who shone so briefly and brilliantly on the stage in Germany and Russia, and who renounced her lyrical career in the midst of her success and has been living quietly in Paris for two years past. She died of pulmonary consumption." I had never seen Stolberg. Once only had I heard that incomparable voice. Still, the reading of this commonplace notice, which announced to me the fulfilment of Prince Khaloff's dismal prophecy, broke my heart. I knew now the whole mystery of the closed house. It was there that the poor woman had languished and been extinguished, desply in love, no doubt, but stifled also by the captivity to which she was condemned by the jeslousy of her husband. No doubt. also, sho was full of regrets for the former triumphs of her abandoned art. The fate of Stolberg seemed so and to me that I fairly hated the man who had sacrificed her whole life. He seemed to me a fop, an egotist, a brute. I was certain that he would soon console himself for the loss of his wife, that he would soon forget the poor dead woman, and that, unworthy of the love which he had inspired, he would also be incapable of grief or fidelity.

I had been moved at the news of the singer's death, and I could not hide from him the instinctive antipathy which I felt toward Lobanof.

"Behold, you people of imagina-tion?" cried the prince. "You were charmed for an instant by this wo-man's voice, and you feel a posthumous love for her, and a retrospective jealousy of my poor friend. I own to you that I have always thought Basil a more sensual than sensible man, more passionate than tender; but ] have seen him since poor Ida's death, and he is a prey, I assure you, to the most horrible and sincere despair. When I expressed my sympathy to him, he cast himself in my arms, and repeated to me, as he wept on my shoulder, that he could live uo longer. And it was not pretence. He goes at once to Senegal, to join the Jackson mission, a party of explorers, who will bury themselves, probably forever, in frightful Africa. That is not sommon, you will own. It is to be feared that fever or cholers, or a shot 'rom the gun of a savage, will end the poor boy's life and sorrows. "ake back, I beg you, your rash and premature judgment upon him. Besides, he had before his departure an idea which should certainly seem affecting to you. That pavilion, where he has been so happy and so unhappy, be-longs to him. Well, he has closed it forever. Basil wishes that no living being should ever again penetrate that abode of love and sorrow. You can pass there now, and see the house fall into ruin, and on the day when they put a notice upon it, on that day you can say, 'Basil Lobanof is dead.'"

I left the prince, and the next day, reproaching myself for my injustice, I went to see the deserted house. The shutters were closed; the dead leaves of the great plane tree, half-bare (it was the end of autnmn), covered the grass of the lawn. Weeds forced their way through the gravelled walk. The work of destruction had begun.

Months passed; a year; then anoth-er; then the daily papers were full of the great anxiety felt over the fate of Jackson and his companions, from whom no news had come. You know that even to-day the world is ignorant of the fate of those brave explorers.

Living always in the same vicinity and passing every day before the abandoned pavilion, I say it decay, little by little. The rain of two winters had lashed constantly the plaster of the facade and covered it with a damp mould. Then the slate roof was damaged by wind and rain storms. Dampness attacked everything. Lizards sunned themselves on the wall the balcony was loosened; the roof bent. The appearance of the poor house became lamentable. As for the garden, it had returned quickly to its savage state. The flowers were not cultivated ; the rosebushes were untrimmed, and had only leaves and branches; the geranums were dead. The grass had long since disappeared under the dead hay, and the high stalks of the weeds were disdained even by the butterflies. Nothing grew there but thistles and the pale poppy. It was a gloomy spot1 Years rolled on. It was now impossible to hope for the return of the Jackson party. Evidently those intrepid pioneers had succumbed to hunger and thirst in some horrible desert or been massacred by the savages, and Count Basil Lobanof was dead with them, faithful to his Stolberg. The deserted house had fallen absolutely into ruins. The great tree which was near the bouse, and whose foliage was no longer kept in check by trimming, had thrast one of its immense branches through the window. The shutters had fallen off, and the tree had pushed its way into the interior of the disembowelled house. There might be mushrooms within and even grass growing on the floor of the salon. Each time I passed before the old ruin which had come to to the last stages of decay, I thought, abandoning myself to a romantic revery,-"It is better that it should be If they had heard of the count's death, the heirs no doubt would have caused steps to be taken at once for its restoration. They would have broken it open brutally, and let in the garish light of day, to desecrate those hallowed associations of love and sorrow. Basil Lobanof has done well to disappear, and nature lovingly destroys slowly this old love nest, and keeps it from profauation. The other day I saw the ruin again; the branches of the great tree came through the roof, and there were little trees growing in the rocks. Then I met Prince Khaloff, who had not been in France for a dozen years. We walked and talked together, and I told him all about the abandoned house, its slow destruction, and the thoughts it suggested. The prince burst into laughter. "Decidedly, my dear fellow, you will never be anything but a poet. Basil is married again, the father of three children, and holds the office of First Secretary to the Russian Ambassador at Rome."

"I should have suspected him. It seems that he forgot his dead love at unce."

"Oh no," replied .he prince. "Basil is not so gailty as that. Wild with grief after her death, he would, for good or bad go with the party, and he set out for Senegam-bia. But on the sixth day of their march he fell seriously ill and was taken to St. Louis by a caravan, in the greatest agony. There he re-covered—but it was not his fault. His friends profited by his weakness and lack of energy to carry him back to Europe, and since then, after waiting a long time, he has consoled himself. "But then the deserted house?

What does that comedy signify?" isked I, in a bad humor.

"How severe you are, my dear !" re-plied the amiable Russian. "It is not s comedy, but it proves on the con-irary, that the count is a man of honor. What did he promise? That as long as he lived no one should go under the coof which had sheltered his love. And he has kept his word, though it has acst him a great deal. Besides, who knows if he does not always mourn his lelightful singer, and regret bitterly the evenings passed in that closed house, listening to the divinely sad music of that voice which caused him and the prince with an ironical smile, "is that with a large fortune, a beautiful family, and a home in the Eternal City, a despairing love twelve years old ought to be endurable!"-Translated for Romance.

#### SELECT SIFTINGS.

Cloves grow wild in the Moluccas. The camphor tree resembles the inden.

Blonde hair is the finest and red the coarsest.

Ironmaking was commenced in South Carolina in 1773.

One-third of the coal consumed in France is imported.

A goose at Berry, Ky., has adopted a litter of twelve pigs. The best and sweetest cheese is

made in the month of May. In Sweden a man is expected to take

off his hat when he enters a bank. A Chinese soldier is paid \$1 per month and finds his own rations.

Migrations of the more timid species of birds take place at night. The population of Peru under the

Incas was twelve times greater than it to-day.

# ODD ACCIDENTS.

STRANGE RECORDS OF FATAL-ITIES AND CASUALTIES.

What an Examination of the Vital Statistics Issued by the New York Board of Health

Discloses NY person interested in the subject of accidents in the

city will be repaid by studying the vital statistics prepared by the Board of Health. These extend back for many years. Formerly they were printed annually. In 1880, however, there came a break in the publication, and it was not until recently that the omitted years were put into type, and the valuable records carried forward to 1892.

In glancing over the tables one finds many features of interest. It is a remarkable fact, for instance, that homicides in the city are not only relatively but actually on the decrease. In 1892 but thirty-eight persons came to homicidal deaths. This is but 2.39 persons to the 100,000, the lowest ratio ever known. The proportion has been as high as 7.44 to the 100,-000. This was in 1873, when seventythree persons were murdered during the year. The lowest actual number of deaths in twenty-four years was in 1869, when thirty-seven persons were killed. The ratio at that time per

100,000 of population was 4.13. Turning from this record of decreased murders, which, oddly enough, coincides with the introduction of electrocution, one is horrified to learn that deaths from accident and negligence are increasing steadily. In 1891 they numbered 1597; in 1892 they had risen to 1900, an increase of 851. The total deaths are subdivided and classifie 1 with great care.

According to the subdivision the greatest cause of fatality from accidents are fractures and contusions. Of these in 1892 there were 835. The other causes follow in this order: Sunstrokes, 320; drowning, 187; burns and scalds, 179; surgical operations, 151; suffocation, ninety-nine; wounds, fifty-six; poison, fifty-six; other causes, seventeen. As against the increase in accidental deaths it is interesting to note that the number of suicides is decreasing, or, at least, remains about stationary. In 1892, 241 persons took their own lives, as against 300 in 1891 and 239 in 1890.

by a snowball and one by being struck in the chest by a baseball. One girl died from falling while jumping rope.

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Among the deaths due to sufficiation one was caused by swallowing artificial teeth, four by beans becoming lodged in the larynx, three by bed clothing, three by bones in the bronchus, three by buttons in the pharynx, one by grain in a grain car, one by swalowing the head of a walking stick, one in a bin of bran, two in bins of malt, one in a diving bell, one in the cassion of the Brooklyn Bridge and one in a manger of hay. The most common cause of deaths by suffocation is due to smoke at fires and the lodgement of food in the traches.

A person would scarcely look for a fatal accident due to a mosquito bite, yet among the records of deaths due to wounds one is credited to such a cause. The bite of a boar has resulted fatally in one case, that of a rat in another, and that of a cat in still another instance. Two deaths are attribated to wounds received from the bites of horses. Three persons have died from cutting corns, two from piercing their ears, and eight by being gored by cattle. Gunshot of all wounds appear to be the most fatal, next to which in number of deaths are punctures of the feet by nails.

The statistics of the Board of Health concerning fatalities due to lightning strokes ought to afford comfort to all persons who feel terrified at a thunder storm. In twenty-two years there have been exactly nine deaths due to lightning. During the same period twenty-three persons died of front bite. The chances are therefore about three to one in favor of dying from frost bites as against being struck by lightning. As a matter of fact there is scarcely a cause of accidental death reported, which in the order of things might fall to the average person, that has so few deaths accredited to it lightning. The chances of death are from suicide about 600, from sunstroke about 250, from murder about 140 to one of death by lightning. One is infinitely more liable to die by stepping on a nail, or by being struck by a falling tree or safe, or being run over by vehicles in the streets.-New

I respected their secret, but the enigmatical dwelling continued to exercise for me its singular attraction.

One July night, a stifling night, un. der a dark, heavy sky, I came home about eleven o'clock, and, according to my usual habit, I mechanically turned my steps so as to pass before the mysterious pavilion. The little street, lighted only by three gas jets far apart, which flickered in the heated air, was abso-lutely deserted. Not a leaf stirred on the trees in the garden. All nature was dumb in the quiet which precedes a storm.

I was in front of the pavilion, when some notes were struck on a piano within and echoed in the motionless sir. I noticed with surprise that, doubtless because of the heat, two of the windows were partly open, though not enough for one to see the interior of the apartment. Suddenly a woman's voice, a soprano of wonderful sweetness and power, burst forth upon the silence of the night.

She sang a short melody, of strange rhythm and the most touching melancholy, in which I divined instinctively a popular air, one of those flowers of primitive music which are never gathered in the gardens raked by professional maestri. Yes, it certainly was a folk song, but of what country? I did not recognize the tongue in which the words were written, but I felt there the plaintive inspiration, and fancied that I detected in them the sad spirit of the North. The air was thrilling, the voice sublime. It hardly lasted two minutes, but I never felt in all my life such a deep musical sensation, and long after the song had died away, I felt still vibrating within me the final melodious note, sharp, penetrating, sad, like a long cry of psin. I remained there for a long time in the hope of hearing that delicious voice again, but suddenly a storm burst upon the city. The wind

On my return to Paris, one of the first persons I met on the Boulevard was Prince Khaloff. I told him how much

"The Count Lobanof is not dead !" I cried, stupefied.

"On my last visit to Rome he was as well as you or I.'

"He did not go with the Jackson party? Oh, the perfidious man !" I cried, furious at my wasted sympathy.

There is a lady in Marietta, Ga., who has a hand-spun counterpane made one hundred and twenty-three Tears ago.

Notaries are first mentioned in the fourth century. They were appointed by priests and bishops to keep the church records.

At Talbotton, Ga., a hog discovered a large owl in a farmyard. The owl was blinded by the sunshine, and the bog cornered it and killed it.

The Hungarian of three centuries ago was entitled to wear one feather in his cap for every Turk he killed, hence the phrase in common use among us.

"Gray Juan," a Digger Indian liv-ing in Cabrillo, Southern California, claims to be 136 years of age. There is documentary evidence that he has reached the age of 119.

Coat-of-arms were first employed in England during the reign of Richard I., and became hereditary in families in the following century. They origi-nated from the painted banners carried by knights and nobles.

Henry Hemingway and Mary Rob-inson were married in a balloon which was sent up from a fair ground at the town of North East, Md. The balloon took an erratic course, and they do not know whether the marriage took place in Pennsylvania, Delaware or Maryland.

John H. Thompson and his brother Bugh, who were married at the same time in September, 1844, celebrated their golden wedding together a few days ago at Northumberland, N. Y., with three other persons-exclusive of their wives-who were present at the original ceremony.

Ezekiel Squires, aged eighty-eight; John Jones, aged eighty-one; John Richmond, aged eighty-one; W. W. Butler, aged eighty-four, and John Williamson, aged eighty-three, all residents of Brookville, Ohio, were photographed in a group the other day. Their united ages are 417 years.

#### The Egg Product.

According to the census the United States produced 450,000,000 dozens of eggs in 1879 and 817,000,000 dozens ia 1889. These figures are probably under the mark. At the figures given, however, the annual egg product of the United States amounts to \$100,-000,000. If to this we add the value of the poultry sold we shall obtain a pretty high figure for the annual output of the department. One authority has placed it at \$300,000,000. In 1893 the entire wheat crop of the United States amounted to 396,000, 600 bushels, worth less than \$300,000, 600 .-- New Orleans Picayune.

Suicides still prefer pistols as a means of terminating their real or fancied troubles. Eighty-five selected this medium of death during the year mentioned. Fifty-two poisoned themselves, fifty-one resorted to hanging, seventeen stabbed themselves, and a like number leaped from elevated places; eleven used illuminating gas. four resorted to drowning, and five chose methods not specified, but just as effectual.

Included in the report is a summary of deaths from accident from 1870 to 1892, both inclusive. According to this there have been some strange accidents in the city during the past twenty-two years. Persons who have been drowned, for instance, do not all meet their fate in the river or bay. One met death in a barrel of water, thirteen by falling into boilers, one by the bursting of a sewer pipe while in a cellar, three in cisterns, one in a flooded culvert, eleven babies in pails of water, twenty-seven children and others in tubs, and three men in vats.

.The record of deaths from falls is even more varied than the drowning accidents. Three men, for instance, have fallen from church steeples within the period mentioned, and met death. Falls from the Brooklyn Bridge have contributed seven to the total of such casualities, which are almost numberless. One man died from slipping on an orange peel and falling; one while performing the "leap for life," one by falling from stilts, another while stopping a runaway and two by falling from swings.

One man died from a fracture by the bursting of a grindstone, and one by the bursting of a wheel; one by an explosion of fireworks, four by the bursting of kegs of ale, one by the explosion of a mineral water siphon, one by the explosion of a soda water fountain. and one by the bursting of the waterback of a range. Five persons died of frac areareceived by the fall of plastering from ceilings, one from injuries received while boxing, one by being hit

# York Herald.

## Life on an Iron-Clad at Sea.

Admiral von Werner, a high auhority in naval matters, describes in work recently published, the behavor of armor plated men-of-war in a leavy sea. He says: "Even with noderate gale and sea, an armor plated cruiser, if going against the wind, will find herself in conditions similar to those of a storm-at least, the crew will have that impression. The movements of the stern of the hip are violent and exceedingly dissgreeable. The waves pushed by the dvancing prow sweep continually over the ship from bow to stern. All vindows and port holes must be closed. and air reaches the lower decks, where he heat increases unbearably, only through the artificial ventilators. With the exception of the specially proected command bridge, all the unovered portions of the ship are impassable; thus the whole crew must year as well as they can the closed lecks. On such a ship no one can-'eel comfortable; and when there is a torm in which a sailing ship would cel comparatively at case, the crewof in armor plated ship imagines itself to be in a heavy hurricane which threatens destruction at every minute. The long, narrow forepart of the ship, which is not borne lightly by the vater, and is rendered extremely neavy by the mighty ram and the arnored deck and the cannon and torbedoes, forces the ship in a high sea to pitchings and rollings of such an exraordinary kind that they cannot be lescribed. The crew of such a ship s not only exposed to mortal dangers, but the voyages they make render hem physically, extremely and dangerously nervous; the mental impre sions they receive wear them out and make the profession hateful."- St. James's Gazette.

### Japanese Soldiers Are Gymnasta.

Every Japanese barraok has a gym nasium, and the Japanese soldiers rank among the best gymnasts in the world. In half a minute they can scale a fourteen-foot wall by simply bounding on each other's shoulders, one man supporting two or three othera.-Chicago Horald