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A SONG FOR THANKSGIVING.

A few late roses linger and smiling deck the sod,
And the world is like a picture where the harvest smiles to God,
There's a greater joy in living—for no blessing He denies,
And the soul's divine thanksgiving drifts in incense to the skies!

Through the darkness and the danger—through the peril of the past,
To the starred and stormless haven He has led our ships at last,
And with richest treasures laden we have furled the flag above,
For the garlands of His glory and the banners of His love!

Sing sweet thy sweet Thanksgiving, O, Soul! and ring ye bells,
Till the world shall catch the chorus and the anthem heavenward swell!
For His love and for His mercy—for His cross and chastening rod,
For His tender benedictions, let the whole world thank its God!

—F. L. Stanton.

A Double Thanksgiving.

BY HELEN FORBES GRAVES.

PEARS to me," said Miss Hepsy Peabody, "that the weather's colder'n when I was a gal. Things is changin'—yes, they be!"

And an odd, complacent smile crept around the corners of her mouth, as she stood on the doorstep, a faded, three-cornered shawl pulled over her head, and her calico skirts blowing in the keen November wind.

Cautiously she crept along the line of the fence, cowering behind the leafless gooseberry bushes, like some escaping criminal.

"Tain't daybreak yet," said she to herself, "but Deacon Cooper is an awful early riser!"

She paused beneath the shadow of a rickety old barn, where the wisps of hay protruded through the staring boards, as you sometimes see a child's yellow hair rioting through the cracks of its ragged straw hat. Her keen ear had caught a squeaking sound.

"I knowed it!" muttered Miss Hepsy. "That mink trap was always a master good thing to ketch! And the hinges ain't got rusted yet. My! I do wonder what the deacon'll say!"

For there, with its parti-colored wings flopping wildly, and one foot firmly caught in the iron teeth of the trap, was Deacon Cooper's biggest turkey gobbler.

Miss Hepsy captured it in an instant, loosing the metallic grip with a deft movement of one hand, while with the other she silenced the croaking sounds in the folds of her apron.

"Be still, you creature!" she muttered, energetically. "I guess I've got you at last, arter all them young daylia plants you scratched up and the strawberry runners you ruined for me. And Deacon Cooper standin' up for 't that it was my fences to blame! Fences, indeed! when there warn't no fence between here an' the Connecticut State line but you could fly over easy as winkin'. I guess I'll hev a Thanksgiving dinner now, and no stealin' neither, for I ain't never forgot them young ducks o' mine that the deacon's city nephew shot, makin' out he didn't know but what they was wild game, and the deacon never offerin' to pay for 'em. The law wouldn't do nothin' to help me, bein' they was swimmin' in the deacon's pond, but I'll be my own law this time. I set the trap to ketch the wessels, and if the deacon's gobbler's walked into it, 'tain't no fault o' mine."

Fifteen minutes afterward, the de-capitated fowl lay on Miss Hepsy's kitchen table.

"It's pretty tough," said she, "but I guess I can par-bile it an' give it a good long spell in the oven. I'll change a hank o' that blue yarn for a part o' Mrs. Miller's cranberries, an' I'm most sure Desire Hawkins'll let me hev a handful o' her summer savory to flavor the stuffin'." Widdler Hall's got more pumpkins than she knows what to do with, and Sarah Skimmer'll be glad to exchange a peck of apples for some o' that crocheted lace I did last week. Bless me! I ain't had no Thanksgiving dinner for a dozen good year—not since mother died—but it all comes back to me now as handy as rollin' off a log.

"Why—Miss—Hepsy!"

"Land o' Goshen, Dulcie Cooper, is that you?"

Quicker than lightning Miss Hepsy flung her apron over the defunct turkey gobbler and interposed her gaunt form between the kitchen table and the door, in which, framed like some lovely Gainsborough picture, stood a blue-eyed young girl, with yellow hair ruffled by the frosty wind and an old-fashioned red and blue shawl wrapped around her.

"Miss Hepsy," said the girl, quickly, and with a certain tremulousness of accent, "don't—don't you need

some one to help you? I'd come for my board only. Please, please don't say no!"

"Why," stammered the spinner, "I was calculatin' to clean house and fix up things a little, but—what on earth does this mean, Dulcie? You an' your pa hain't had words, have you? Again?"

"Yes, we have!" said Dulcie Cooper, breathing quicker than ever. "I told father this morning that I was going to be married" (turning her rosy face to one side as she spoke), "and he twitted me with ingratitude for going off to leave him after all the schooling I'd had." And I'm sure he never paid a cent for it. And he said I wasn't a good house-keeper, because some one neglected to look the fowl house last night, and the biggest gobbler is lost this morning—"

"La!" interjected Miss Hepsy.

"And so," went on Dulcie, "I just told him to get some one else to cook and wash and scrub for him, and came away without my breakfast. And if I could only stay here until he comes for me—"

"When's he comin'?" demanded Miss Hepsy.

"I—I don't quite know, but very soon!"

"Why? Hain't he asked you to marry him?"

"We kept company thirty years ago," Miss Peabody evasively answered. "And if Betsy Barnes hadn't meddled—but, of course, it's just the same. He's to be here Thanksgiving Day."

And she looked sidewise at her gray crimps.

Dulcie gazed with pitying glance at the elderly maiden.

"Everything changes in thirty years," she thought. "Even a man's heart! How can she talk about things being 'just the same'?"

"Is this the turkey?" she said, aloud. "Oh, what a beauty! Where did you get it?"

"It is a pretty to'able fat one," said Miss Hepsy, proudly. "And I made the stuffin' arter Grandma'am Gibson's receipt. Look, Dulcie, the pumpkin's all billin' up. Do you suppose you could bake a pie? I never want much of a hand at piercest; but I b'lieve everything else is ready for to-morrow. I do hope it ain't goin' to snow."

The old house wore its holiday aspect the afternoon before Thanksgiving. The new wall paper—a trellis pattern, with big, impossible roses

And he struck his butternut-colored vest across the fourth button.

"Well, I declare!" said Hepsy. "I'd ought to ha' thought of it before. You will be lonesome Thanksgiving Day! Hain't you better come over and eat your dinner with us?"

"Miss Hepsy," said the deacon, "you're a dreadful forgivin' creeter! I ain't been the neighbor I'd ought to be to you. I ain't treated Dulcinea quite as I should ha' done. But we're all poor errin' mortals, Hepsy—May I call you Hepsy?"

"I hain't no particular objection," said Miss Peabody, half smiling, as a sweet young laugh sounded under the leafless lilacs in the garden outside.

"It's a good Scriptur' name," said the deacon. "It sounds sweet in my ears. I'm a lone, solitary man, an' you're a-livin' here by yourself. You ain't noways principled ag'in marriage, be you?"

He put his butternut-colored arm around Miss Hepsy—his spectacled eyes beamed tenderness.

"Say you will be mine!" he murmured.

"I hain't no pa'tickler objection," Miss Hepsy answered. "Do lemme go, deacon! Can't you smell that suet puddin' scorchin'?"

A QUEER CLASS OF MEN.

THEY WORK UP BUSINESS FOR THE BIG CRIMINAL LAWYERS.

One Prisoner's Industry—While Actually Locked in the Tombs He Made a Great Deal of Money.

AMONG the many curious ways of making a living in a great city like New York, perhaps the most curious is that of serving as a procurer to lawyers. Many criminal attorneys derive the greater part of their practice through men who daily frequent the police courts and other places where they are likely to secure cases to sell to their patrons.

Supposing the case of a young man who has been arrested for assault. He appears in court next day, without counsel, and is remanded for a future hearing. A procurer, sitting on a front bench in the court room, has been an attentive listener to the proceedings, and when the young man is taken back to prison, endeavors to communicate with him, so as to find out the names of the friends upon whom he can rely in his trouble. Frequently the prisoner has friends present in the court room, in which case the business is easily managed. An experienced procurer can tell who they are by their interested countenance and whispered conversation when the prisoner is brought to the bar. To make their acquaintance is a simple matter. Then, by working upon their sympathies and insinuating himself into their confidence, he persuades them to contribute a specified sum toward the defense of their friend, agreeing to attend to all the details of the affair himself.

If the prisoner has no friends in the court room when he is brought up for examination, it is a difficult matter to secure his case without the assistance of an official of the prison. Procurers who understand their business are never without influence in this direction. Having secured control of a case, the procurer's next move is to sell it to the lawyer who is willing to pay him the largest commission for obtaining it. So he goes about from lawyer to lawyer until he makes the best bargain he thinks is possible, and there his connection with the business generally ends. But if the case turns out to be one of importance—that is, if the prisoner is held for trial—he often obtains further remuneration for hunting up witnesses, serving subpoenas and engaging in other work connected with it.

One of the most successful procurers who ever did business in New York was a lawyer named Reavey, who a few years ago was under sentence to serve five years in State prison for embezzlement. His case had been appealed, and he was confined in the Tombs, awaiting the decision of the Court, when it occurred to him that he might do a profitable business among prisoners by securing their cases for a friend of his, outside the prison, who was a shrewd criminal lawyer. A kind of partnership was entered into between the two, by which Reavey was to get a certain percentage on all business obtained by him inside the prison. This arrangement proved highly remunerative to Reavey, and with the money so made was enabled to procure himself many comforts while confined in the Tombs. He conducted his business in the following manner:

At the times appointed for the exercise of the prisoners he would come out of his cell and begin to walk briskly around the corridor, peering into the faces of all the prisoners he passed. Presently his eyes would rest upon the face of a new arrival in the prison. Unless the man was a hardened criminal, he would probably be in a very dejected mood, and stand sadly in need of sympathy. Reavey was prepared to give him an abundance of it. Approaching him with a kindly smile, he would say:

"Well, my friend, what brought you to this sad place?"

If the prisoner were inclined to be suspicious, one glance at Reavey's benevolent face and elegantly dressed figure was sufficient to allay every doubt in his mind. It would not be long before Reavey had the full particulars of his story. If the crime for which the man had been arrested had been a small one, he would look grave and say that it was a very serious offense, and that it would require the services of a very skillful lawyer to keep the man out of State Prison. In fact there was no one whom he (Reavey) knew who was competent to manage such a case, but—giving the name of his partner outside the Tombs: But if the crime were a grave one, he would make light of it, saying encouragingly:

"It certainly looks bad on the face of it, and the evidence would probably convict you; but the case would be easy for a lawyer smart enough to take advantage of the technicalities of the law. Be advised by me and employ—. He has got many a poor fellow out of a worse scrape than you are in."

By employing these and other arts he succeeded in getting considerable practice. His partner called upon him frequently in the Tombs, ostensibly to consult with him upon his own af-

airs, but in reality to attend to the business of other prisoners. Reavey was finally removed to Sing Sing, which put an end to his money making.

One of the shrewdest procurers now operating in this city is a young man of broken fortune, who was formerly one of the shining lights of the "Tenderloin" precinct. He calls himself an accident agent, and devotes his entire attention to hunting up accident cases for his patrons. His business is conducted on systematic principles. He breakfasts every morning at 8 o'clock, and, while sipping his coffee, searches the newspapers carefully for notices of injuries or accidents to persons living in or near the city. At 9 o'clock he starts out to go the rounds of the hospitals to ascertain if any accident cases have been received in them since his visit of the day before. As he has made it a point to be on friendly terms with some one in authority in most of the hospitals, he finds no difficulty in getting the information he desires.

When he has found a case of accidental injury, and ascertained the name and address of the unfortunate person, he communicates with him, or her, through friends, or in person, and if he discovers that the accident was due to the negligence of others, offers to recover damages without cost to the injured, for half the amount of the sum recovered. If his proposition is accepted he takes the cases to any lawyer who will pay him a fair commission, and then turns his attention to hunting up witnesses and securing other evidences for the plaintiff.—New York Press.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Cinnamon kills the typhus microbe. Children's first teeth have a great effect upon the second set.

Soap is one of the best known sterilizers of water suspected of infection.

Substitute for glass is made from collodion wool and is flexible, not brittle.

The fiber of nettle weed is being used in the manufacture of textile fabrics.

The phosphorescence near the Cape Verde Islands is at times so bright that one can easily read the smallest print.

Spontaneous combustion occurs in many substances because during fermentation heat is evolved and inflammable gases are engendered.

A closed room is bad for sleeping, because air once breathed parts with a sixth of its oxygen, and contains an equivalent amount of carbonic gas.

The France Militaire says that the French and Spanish Governments have agreed to the boring of two railway tunnels through the Pyrenees to connect the two countries at Saint Chiron and at Oloron.

It is estimated that 12,000,000 tons of coal are used for gas making annually in England. A train of coal wagons three miles long, each wagon holding a ton, would be required to bring into London the coal for an hour's supply of gas.

That lizards will catch and eat butterflies is stated by Jane Frazer in an article in a London entomological journal. In the Samoan Islands she saw a "skipper" butterfly when lighted caught and instantly swallowed by a beautiful golden-green lizard with a bright blue tail.

A living specimen of the largest and most deadly snake known (Ophiophagus elaps) has been added to the Zoological Gardens of London. It grows twelve to fourteen feet in length, and is hooded like the cobra. It occurs in India, Burma and in the East Indian Archipelago, living in forests and jungles and readily climbing trees.

It has been discovered that microbes capable of germination exist in the ocean everywhere except at great depths. They seem to be more plentiful in the Canary, Florida and Labrador currents than elsewhere, and are not detected in the ocean bed. They are, however, plentiful at a depth of 1300 feet, and are found as far down as 3500 feet—certainly deep enough for all practical purposes. Some of these microbes are phosphorescent, and are found on the bodies of living fish.

A Wild Ride on a Deer.

Dr. and Mrs. Derby, of Riverside, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Leonard, of Moreno, recently. Dr. Derby is an expert hunter, and when Mr. Leonard mentioned that there were deer in the hills back of his ranch his friend was eager for a hunt.

After tramping the hills for several hours they started a deer. The doctor fired and the animal dropped. Elated over the prospect of having killed a deer the hunter pulled his knife, threw his leg over the animal and grasped one of its horns. No sooner had the knife pricked the skin than it jumped to its feet and started bounding over the grade, the astonished hunter on its back.

Mr. Leonard at last found his friend in a snare bush, head downward, his clothes tattered and torn. It seems that the shot had only stunned the buck, and the prick of the knife had revived it.—Morena (Cal.) Indicator.



Thanksgiving Day—A Transfer of Affections.

"Can you whitewash?" said Hepsy.

"Yes," assented the girl.

"And put on wall paper?"

"Oh, yes! I've often repaired the old rooms at home!" eagerly responded Dulcie.

"Much of a hand at sewin'?"

"I can do almost anything with a needle."

"Well, then," nodded Miss Peabody, "you can stay. I want a new dress made—silver-gray poplin—and I must hev the best room whitewashed and spapered new to-morrow. You needn't fear but what I'll give you plenty to do, Dulcie Cooper."

"A silver-gray poplin!" repeated Dulcie, her blue eyes shining. "Oh, Miss Hepsy—"

"Yes," smiled the elder woman, not without a certain complacency, "you've guessed it. I'm goin' to be married, too."

"Really?"

"He was an old bean o' mine thirty year ago," confessed Miss Hepsy; "but Betsy Barnes—she was killed in a railroad accident Centennial year—she made mischief betwixt us. So when I seen his name in a newspaper, I just up and writ to him, and invited him here for Thanksgiving, and he sent back word he'd come. So of course—But run, Dulcie, and drive that cow out into the garden. I must get the gate pin fixed."

"That's the reason she's got her poor old gray hair up in crimps," thought pretty Dulcie, as she waved her sun-bonnet to frighten the cow away.

"And a new set of teeth! Well, I declare, if that ain't our old Mooley! I don't wonder Miss Peabody is always complaining. Father didn't do quite the right thing by her about those ducks that Billy Porter shot; and our fowls always scratching up her garden. Poor, dear Miss Hepsy! I do wonder who can possibly want to marry her?"

For blue-eyed Dulcie was 'only eighteen, with hair like corn-silk and dimples in either cheek. And Miss Hepsy was fifty-odd and had only just begun to put her scant tresses up in crimping pins and wash her wrinkled skin in buttermilk of nights.

Why should she? Until now she had not cared to look younger or prettier than she was.

When Dulcie came back, breathless and blooming, the turkey gobbler was locked into the cellar cupboard, and Miss Hepsy was slacking a pile of lime, in readiness for the whitewashing operations.

"Because," said she, "we hain't no time to lose!"

Dulcie was kept too busy to talk, what with wall paper, whitewash brushes, and the breadths of the silver-gray poplin, which, unhappily, proved to be such a scant pattern that nothing short of magical ingenuity sufficed to make it into a suitable dress.

"But why didn't you buy two or three more yards?" said Dulcie.

"I hadn't no more money," said Miss Hepsy. "Besides," a little unwittingly, "it's sort o' guess work, arter all!"

blooming like red blobs all over it, reflected back the leaping blaze of the birch logs; the ceiling winked whitely down at the brightly-scoured andirons.

Dulcie had gone out to the woods to get some scarlet berries, which still hung on the pendant branches of the mountain ash trees, and a few balsam boughs, to decorate the mantles and Miss Peabody, in her best black alpaca, out after the pattern of a bygone day, was polishing up the six silver teaspoons which had been her grandmother's bequest, when there came a knock at the door.

"Tramps!" was her first reflection. "Book agents!" the second.

But it was neither one nor the other. It was a red-cheeked, black-haired young man, with a traveling-bag in his hand.

"You didn't expect me so soon?" said he.

Miss Hepsy stood with a teaspoon uplifted.

"I didn't expect you at all," said she. "Who on earth be you?"

"You invited me to visit you, and here I am!" he exclaimed, in some surprise. "Don't you know me—Lorenzo Wingfield?"

Some familiar accent in the fresh young voice, some indescribable, likeness in the straight features, had furnished the clue almost ere he spoke.

"Lorenzo—Wingfield?" she repeated, vaguely.

"You used to know my father," said he—"my father, who died ten years ago—and when you kindly wrote to me—"

"I didn't know there was any you," stammered Miss Hepsy. "I never heard o' Lorenzo Wingfield marryin'. I s'posed I was a-writin' to him." She drew a quick, short breath. "But you're welcome, all the same. He's dead, is he? And nobody never let me know!"

"And Dulcie Cooper—she lives near here? You see, Miss Peabody, I met Dulcie at Deephaven last summer. I couldn't help loving her, and I went back to Montana to make a home ready for her. Can you tell me where I shall find her?"

"Why on earth didn't she tell me the name of the feller she was engaged to?" gasped Miss Hepsy. "Where'll you find her? Just look down the garden path, and you'll see her a-comin' up it with both arms full o' red berries for Thanksgiving Day."

She turned her face resolutely away. She could not bear to witness the glad meeting between the two young lovers.

"I'm sort o' left out in the cold," said she, with a dry sob in her throat. "No, I ain't, nuther!"

Her face brightened at the sight of Deacon Cooper, in his Sunday suit, coming up the garden path.

She opened the door wide.

"Come in, deacon," said she. "Set up to the fire and warm yourself. Drefful snowy feel in the air, ain't it?"

"I ain't thinkin' nothin about the outside air," said the deacon, whose new gold spectacles made him look portentously owlish. "It's here I feel comfortable."

So there were two weddings in the little church, before the Thanksgiving sermon was preached, and the two brides hurried home to superintend the dinner.

"I never was so astonished in my life," said Dulcie. "It was so good of you, Miss Hepsy—I mean, mother—to prepare such a surprise for me!"

The deacon's wife only smiled.

The deacon declared he had never enjoyed a dinner so much. Little did he know its history!

"I'm afraid the turkey's a little tough," said Mrs. Cooper; but—

And she stopped just there!

Thanksgiving Dishes Abroad.

A few years ago one of the diplomatic corps in Paris complimented some American visitors by giving a Thanksgiving dinner. He made some elaborate researches regarding our National customs as applied to the day, and with the help of his chef offered among other things baked beans well thinned with custard and frozen. The browning glory of the feast was a pumpkin pie. Its crust was shingly puffed paste fully an inch thick. The pumpkin was merely a filmy glaze upon the paste, with a taffy-like consistency that made it cling to the eater's teeth.

The chef must have imparted the secret of the National pie, at least in part to others of his craft, for a little later a well known restaurateur announced on a little placard at his establishment: "Bouquin pie a l'Americaine."

In Berlin the traveler will find, if he is there in November, an addition to the menu at some places of refreshment. The addition is a flourishing announcement to Americans that Indian puddings, bean puddings, pumpkin tarts and other delicacies, which the waiter will affably say are for the American "Thanksgiving," but which only resemble the originals they imitate as the mist resembles the rain.

Foreign restaurants pride themselves upon catering to American customers' tastes, but their translations are striking and worked out laboriously from the dictionary. One Berlin hotel proudly put upon the menu, "False hair stewed American fashion." It requires some penetration to discover that a dish of smothered beef, known to us as mock-rabbit, is meat.

Willie Wanted More Turkey.

"Hush, Willie, hush!" said Mr. Hicks to his noisy son as they sat at dinner. "You are noisy enough for six boys."

"Well, give me turkey enough for three boys and I'll keep the others quiet," said Willie.

And Was Detained.

Mme. Gobbler—"My children, I have sad news for you."

The Little Gobblers—"What?"

Mme. Gobbler (breaking into sobs)—"Your poor, dear father attended a Thanksgiving dinner yesterday."

Foresight.

"That's the chap what was always a pokin' fun at me 'cause I kept from eatin' all the stuff they gave me; I knowed what I was about. They couldn't fool me when Thanksgiving was a-comin'!"—Life.

doorstep, a faded, three-cornered shawl pulled over her head, and her calico skirts blowing in the keen November wind.

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