

1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. IX.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

## PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 21, 1898.

#### A SONG OF HER LOVE.

There's a song of a bird in a blossoming tree, And songs in wind-trebles above; But the song that is ever the sweetest to

Is a dear little song of her love !

singing !

O the bird in the blossoms with melody charms And the winds sing the blue fields above;

But of rosy-red lips and two little white arms

ress me.

Is the dear little song of my love.

Like fairy bells ringing Where roses are springing, Is the song of her love that my glad heart is Us the song of her love that my glad heart is Like fairy bells ringing, Like fai

And I'm singing a song of her love : Like fairy bells ringing Where roses are springing. Is the song of her love that my glad heart is

singing -F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

his mind reverted to those crocuses. "They will be black by morning," he "Too bad! and the little ...omau said. thinks so much of them.

He hesitated a moment and then went in again, reappearing shortly with an old mackintosh.

"Just the thing to spread over the bed to defend them from the frost,' he muttered and with long strides crossed the rectory garden and leaped the hedge.

Feeling a good deal like a night prowler who had no business in the place, he crept through his little neighbor's garden and approached the crocus bed near the porch. He started at the slightest sound and glanced about fearfully. Suppose anybody should see him-one of his pari hioners-even his major-domo! He forgot the night was dark; it seemed to his excited imagination that anybody passing along the road could see himthe rector of St. James'-prowling about beneath a lady's window!

Suddenly, just as he spread the covering over the crocus bed and was turning hastily to flee, he heard a sound on the porch. He started, and his eyes became fixed upon the vision before him. A figure, all in white, and motionless, stood upon the lower

The Rev. Wetherby Smiles was startled, but he was not superstitious. For some seconds, however, he stared at the apparition before he recognized it. Then he stepped quickly forward and began to make excuses in a low volce

"Mrs. Scorritch - Lydia - I beg your pardon, but I thought-

He got no further in his faltering remarks. With a shuddering little cry the figure tottered and would have fallen to the ground had he not sprung forward and caught her in his arms.

"Good gracious!" muttered the Rev. Mr. Smiles, the perspiration starting on his brow. "What a situation. Suppose anybody should see me now. To think of me-a clergyman-in a woman's garden at night, holding that woman in my arms!'

He was tempted to lay her down upon the porch and run. But he looked down into the little white face, revealed by the faint starlight. The pale lids were drawn over the great eyes, which he thought so glorious. The pouting lips had not entirely lost their redness, but the cheeks were without color.

He looked upon her, and then did not lay her down and flee. Instead he stooped lower and--lifted her more closely against his breast and carried is burden into the house. There was a couch in the reception room. He laid her down and lighted the gas. She opened her eyes languidly and saw him.



A Leading Material. Crepe de chine in all the lovely tints

one of the season's leading materials for evening and house dresses. A pretty costume is in a bright shade of pomegranate toned down by panels of black plaited chiffon, two on either side of the skirt over black, and one at the left side of the bodice where it opens, and is fastened with silk cord and small diamond buttons. Both the skirt and bodice are accordion-plaited and the belt and collar band are of black satin. -New York Sun.

Woman Physicia. to Ll Hung Chang. Miss Hu King Eng, M. D., the only female native of China who has ever graduated from an American medical college, has just received very high honors in her own country. Following close upon her appointment as sole delegate from China to the Women's Medical convention, to be held in London next June, comes the announcement that Li Hung Chang, China's grand viceroy, has appointed her first physician in his private household. Never before has this high office been given to a woman.

### A Fortune With a String.

Miss Grace Hartley, a Vassar college girl and member of a prominent family in Fall River, Mass., has been bequeathed one of the most unique fortunes on record by her father, Dr. W. Hartley.

The queer conditions of the will are as follows: First, that she never marry any one within the degree of kinship of son, grandson or great grandson of Cook Borden, late of Fall River, deceased. Second, that she shall at no time give, bestow, present, loan, endow or furnish any part of the principal or income of the estate to, for or upon, or for the benefit of any person deeply, and really knows a great deal about it.

Mrs. Nansen is considered decidedly intellectual; her family has been distinguished for generations for the number of professors it has contributed to Norwegian institutions of learning, particularly to the university at Christiania. Such a family history confere distinction anywhere, but particularly is this so in Norway, where there is neither aristocracy nor plutocracy. But perhaps Mrs. Nansen's good looks and love of outdoor sports are for her husband as decided attractions as her musical or mental gifts. She is just the contrast in coloring to him that she should be-dark haired and dark eyed, and a contrast in size, too, for she is decidedly a little woman.

Running over hill and dale on Norwegian snowshoes is the great winter sport of Scandinavia, and Mrs. Nansen is an expert at skilobning, as they call it; but once when she was skilobning in the mountains with her husband she did too much, and became exhausted; she was wearing a short dress and a long coat and high boots. Her husband picked her up and sought help. At last he found a peasant's hut, and from it issued its owner before he reached the door, protesting volubly: "Oh, sir, you ought not to bring a little boy like that out so far. The country here is too rough for a child to skilohn in."

It is a pet trick of Dr. Nansen to set her on his outstretched arm and parade up and down the room with her; but that really to one that knows him does not indicate much about her size, for at a banquet given in Christiania after his return from Greenland he picked up Captain Luerdorf, who has since commanded the Fram, and, holding him by the arms high man I place above us all."-Chicago

# "Nobody who has spent in the Klondike will ever it again," said Thomas Ha Denver (Col.) Mining Bul is, unless he has a certain

ing enough money to part him for suffering hardship were never endured in any camp on earth before.

EACH MAN FOR HIMSEI

THE DLD PROVERB IS LITER

A Returned Miner Declaves The Greed for Gold Leads Them to

Suspicious of Each Other and

the Verge of Crueity-A B

FOLLOWED IN THE KLONDIK

NO. 18.

Mr. Harmer went into Alaska two years ago and says that he left there last August never to return. would not go back there and remain five years for \$250,000," he continued. "When I speak of suffering I do not mean actual bodily pain or sickness, because I think if a man goes there prepared as he should and abstains from excesses he can keep in reasonable good health, but to live duri g the winter season in those close-cabins and see the horrible seltishuess and cruelty of human beings towards each other, the result of the rush for gold, which many of them, even after they have secured it, do not hesitate to throw away, is enough to make one lose all faith in the fitness of men to live on the earth. When I was coming out I saw men retuse a nail or the use of an axe, or even the use of a tin cup to men who were in need of these trifles. Every man there seems to be afraid of his fellows-afraid that they will steal something or have better success in unding gold. I spent last winter from September to April with eight ther men, we having gone together to save labor in keeping warm.

"Each of us had a claim or a part of a claim, and went out every day that the weather was not too cold to work our claims. In melting the frozen gravel we nearly always found one or more nuggets in the dirt, but during the entire eight months that we worked together I do not remember of a single occasion when one of us asknowledged that he had found any gold. Each of us had a buckskin bag, which was carried on the person, and the ingenuity of all was taxed to the utmost to devise some scheme whereby the bag could be concealed from the rest. There was no stealing from the floor, cried: "There is the in the camp. A man caught stealing would have had a rough time of it, but every man seemed to think that every other man wanted to steal from him, and I do not think that a single one of us knew where any other man carried his gold. I remember one night lying awake and seeing five men of our company at different times putting away nuggets found during the day, and in every case after putting them in the little buckskin bag they would thrust the bag under the blankets, and I could see from the fumbling that they were concealing it about their persons. We always had a man sitting up to keep the fires, and the men were afraid that he might see where they put their gold. There was no absolute cruelty, but the total indifference to the welfare of others that characterized everybody was simply horrible. I was in the cabin one day reading with two men, one of whom was sick, the rest being at work. The sick man had a terrible cold and fever' and asked one of us to hand him a drink. "The other man went over to the bucket in which we kept our melted snow, and with the remark, 'There is no more than I want myself,' drank it all. This, of course, was exceptionally brutal, but there were many instances almost as bad. Every man is for himself, and many of them are so constantly thinking of their gold that they become insane, or partially so. I came out with one man who was so excited over about \$10,000 worth of gold that by the time we got to Sau Francisco he was almost an idiot, and it was with difficulty that we could induce him to deposit his gold in a bank and go to a hotel. There is plenty of gold there, and I think more fields will be found, but all a man is likely to get will not pay him for the horrible experiences he is called upon to endure. I was not particularly lucky, though I brought out enough to pay me fairly well for my two years in Alaska, but if I was assured of \$50,000 a year I would not go back there." Killed a Two-Headed Sparrow. A very curious ornithological freak has been discovered in Columbus by Oliver P. Davies, a well-known ornithologist and the author of a book on the subject. Some time ago Mr. Da vies' attention was attracted by the apparent possession of two heads by a little English sparrow. The bird seemed especially tame, and, after several futile attempts to catch it, a boy in Mr. Davies' employ finally man aged to kill it. One of the heads was set on as usual in the bird line, while the other seems to have a windpipe ranning through the neck down to the lungs. but to have no other arrangements for eating or drinking. Mr. Davies hat come to the conclusion that the bird whistled with one head and ale with the other. He has mounted it -Cleveland Plain Dealer ...

### Creed and Crocuses.

The Rev. Wetherby Smiles was rec- | health to work in his garden while the

embowered cottage not far from the dant garden, was a dainty, pretty neighboring yard. Really, after por-spot, which looked as though a ing over musty theological tomes all woman's hand had planned and cared winter a man must get some freshness for it. But no woman had anything in his soul and new blood in his to do with the rectory. The Rev. heart. Mr. Smiles' only servant was a doddering old man; the rector prepared his own meals, except when he was Many were the conferences held across invited to tea by some old lady who the hedge regarding the proper prunpitied his lonely, indigestion-breeding | ing of rose trees, the planting of hardy existence.

Not that the Rev. Mr. Smiles was a woman hater, but Mr. Smiles was very high church indeed. Unfortunately, St. James' and the parish and the people were very poor. The good people liked the Rev. Mr. Smiles and tried to follow his suggestions upon from his neighbor. high church usages. But there are people, you know, whom you couldn't make high church with a jackscrew. The communicants of St. James' were through the mold-and there is another Sostly farmers and small tradesmen. The rector felt that the clergy, to be

able to give their whole time and thought to their work, should live lives of celibacy. He had felt at times and certainly this spring weather was a strong drawing toward some ecclesiastical order in which such vows would his veins quite like old times) and look be necessary. Then he would wear at the crocus bed near to. some outward sign of his vows, and the young women of his parish would not fall in love with him. The rector noticed them at all last spring" (he was young and good looking; he had pronounced maledictions upon himbeen in his present pastorate six self for having been so blind as to months, and he had already had an miss so much beauty the previous seaexperience.

books, occasionally taking a little rec- frost you have been prophesying." reation in the garden. The roses disappeared, the leaves fell and left the suddenly crossed the young rector's clinging vines bare, and the snow covered the prim little beds in the rectory points of crocus blade, breaking the

tor of St. James' and occupied a rose- blue gown (flitting like a butterfly from rose tree to vine and from vine to church. The cottage, with its atten- hedgerow) was in evidence in the

> The gardening went on apace, and the treacherous warm weather continued. seeds and the preparation of the beds of earth. The rector had never suspected there was so much detail to the business of gardening.

> One morning, just after a warm night rain, the Rev. Mr. Smiles was called to the hedge by a little cry

"They are coming!" she cried, in delight. "See! here is the dearest through the mold-and there is another -and another! Just look at them!" The rector found it necessary to leap the hedge (he had been somesending the blood coursing through

"They are such lovely ones," she said, earnestly. "I don't believe you son), "but they will be even better The young rector lived with his this year-if we don't have that horrid She looked at him roguishly, and it

mind that several yellowish-green

garden. Thus a year of his pastorate | damp soil, made a far prettier picture closed, and the spring drew near.

The Rev. Wetherby Smiles, from his study window, could look across his garden plot and see the brown earth warming in the spring sunshine and the trees and bushes slowly burstattractive in the spring, and nature in a thousand ways, with bud and leaf sky and sweet air, wooed him from claimed: his books.

He looked across his garden, I say. And across the garden, beyond the low hedge, was another garden, which year before, but now the only bit of that flitted about the inclosure.

To tell the truth, the rector had seldom noticed that morning gown or the little woman inside it before. But the hedge and watch his neighbor. had told him the cottage next the parsouage was occupied by a widowed up her abode there but shortly before the Rev. Mr. Smiles was settled over St. James'. He remembered the little figure in black in one of the side pews, "Mrs. Scorritch," and probably had

However, he saw so much of the pale-blue gown that first warm week in spring that he looked for the little widow in her pew the next Sabbath. She had laid aside her weeds and was dressed in some soft, clinging, fawncolored material that made her look like a very demure little moth. And she had the sweetest face in the world -as least, the sweetest face in the Rev. Wetherby Smiles' world,

On Monday morning the clerical black appeared in the rectory garden almost as soon as the pretty morning robe appeared over the hedge. The under its garden hat at the rector's still night. approach, and the widow nodded brightly.

"You are early at your gardening is april Scorritch," he said. this apr Tsarm," she reexpecting

ay now.

frost

than the finest rose bush in full bloom which he had ever seen. It was a strange fact and one he had never discovered before.

But when he had returned to his own lonely domain and entered his ing into leaf. Nature is always most study, he stopped and thought seriously for a minute. Then he cast his flat-crowned ministerial hat upon the and warming earth and white-flecked floor with great emphasis and ex-

> "It's my creed, I tell you, that" a man in orders should not marry."

Now, there was no one visible to argue the question, and yet there in summer was full of color. He had seemed to be argument in his own noticed the brilliant-hued beds the mind, for the Rev. Wetherby Smiles smote his palm with his clenched fist color was a pale-blue morning robe angrily and kicked the flat-crowned hat to the other end of the room.

For two days the rector of St. James' rigidly stifled his interest in crocuses; his interest in creeds, however, was it pleased his fancy now to look across not entirely satisfying. On Sunday, after vespers, he overtook on his way He recalled that his old major-domo home a little figure in a fawn-colored gown.

"You must see my crocuses, Mr. lady-a lonely creature who had taken Smiles," she said. "The buds will be open before Sunday."

The rector glanced gloomily at the darkening sky and thought that probably there would be a frost that night. pointed out to him by the clerk as But he could not long think of frost not given her a thought or a glance under the skillful manipulation of his charming. Little with the skillful manipulation of his tated at her gate, and again crocuses triumphed over creed. The crocuses were flourishing finely; the creeds took a back seat-indeed, a very unobtrusive seat-in the rector's mem-

> His interest in the crocus continued that evening to so late an hour that his old servitor really thought he was not coming to supper and cleared away the repast.

"Never mind," said the rentor, kind-"I am not hungry," and when the Iy, old man had doddered off to bed he sat down before the open window of demure little face dimpled and smiled his chamber and stared out into the

> He sat there for an hour. A light burned behind the curtain of one of his neighbor's windows. That was her light he knew. Finally it disappeared, but he sat on, his arms folded upon the sill, his eyes glaring fixedly into the darkness. Creed was making a strong fight for life.

> It grew rapidly colder, and suddenly the Rev. Wetherby Smiles awoke to the discomforts of the outer man. He shivered and drew away from the winlow. There was no breeze and no louds, but an increasing chill made m close the casement.

> Then he slipped on a smoking jacket nd went to the door, There was a ight haze upon the river and a shimr of froat in the air.

A bad night for the farmers and owers," he thought. Then

"I have frightened you, Lydia," he said, stooping above her. "Really, I had no intention, you know. I only remembered the crocuses-

"I-I thought you were a burglar," she admitted. "And when I heard your voice \_\_\_\_ "

"Didn't you recognize it?" he asked.

"You-you had never spoken to me in just that way before, and --He bent lower and took her hand. "I was only thinking of the crocuses, Lydia," he said, which was very true. He had quite forgotten the "creed." -Chicago Record.

#### The "Whistling Language."

Some years ago, while roaming through the mountain ranges of Teneriffe, it fell to the writer's lot to hear the shepherds conversing in the whistling language which is used by the people of Teneriffe and Gomera. Three parties of shepherds were exchanging their hopes and fears regarding the weather by this means. On another occasion he heard an invitation to a dance sent in the "whistling language" across a stretch of country exceeding four miles in with some simple emolient; this is as length. The young boys, and even | the girls, are adepts at the "language," and the very sheep appear to understand whistled commands at a considerable distance. By placing two or three fingers in the mouth, the whistlers contrive to make the whistle carry to a distance of three miles or thereabouts. A French savant has conclusively proved that the whistling is in Spanish. Easy words are taken, and the sounds imitated by the whistlers. The language dates from 1455. Long practice and heredity have naturally given the shepherds extraordinary skill, and their vocabuary is now a long one, while in addition they have a regular code of graduated notes, which convey telegraphically what they cannot satisfactorily reproduce in the ordinary manuer, -- Waverley Magazine,

#### - The Richest Town,

The richest town in the United States is Brookline, near Boston. Its population is 17,000 and valuation \$50,000,000, yet it is governed through the typical New England town meet-It has a public library containing. ing 45,000 volumes, a \$300,000 high school, a \$40,000 free bathing establishment, and spends \$100,000 a year on its parks and well shaded streets. Eoston would gladly annex it, but Brookline prefers to go on as it is,

Among the 55,000,000 inhabitants of Germany, there are only seventyeight who have passed their one-hunfredth birthday.

within the kinship of wife, son, daughter, grandson, granddaughter, great grandson or great granddaughter of said Cook Borden.

#### Help to Beauty.

Those of us who have been much in the open air through the summer find ourselves thoroughly tanned and freekled, and although at first we may be very proud of this acquisition, it will thicken up the complexion in a way that women, at least, find very unbecoming when trying to make themselves presentable for the autumn. Something more potent than lemon juice is required at this season, but as a supplement only; as the latter should be used as much as a matter of course as soap. This needed supplement is close at hand, and is nothing more or less than over ripe encumbers and ripe tomatoes. When the former are close and crisp for table use, they are useless for the toilet. When turning yellow they are soft and spongy. The face, neck and hands, after thorough washing, should be well rubbed alternately each day for a week or more with slices of soft cucumber and red tomatoes, then well rinsed in warm,

soft water. It is taken for granted that the skin is thoroughly massaged every night much exercise for the complexion as calisthenics for the muscles, and will wake it up and make the countenance lively and expressive as nothing else will. After this treatment over night the cucumber and tomato will work wonders and need only to be used for the first week or two after indoor life is resumed once more. A cucumber cream for occasional

winter use may be made by squeezing the pulp of the cucumber through a coarse seive and mixing through a teacup of this a teaspoonful of glycerine and five drops of salicyclate of soda; the two latter are preservatives, but if glycerine does not agree with the skin it may be omitted.

#### Mrs. Fridtjof Nansen.

The wife of the world famous Arctic explorer 'is a great favorite in Norwegiau society on her own account beside being, of course, now a kind of queen as the wife of her husband. But before she was married she was much sought after in Christiania, because, for one thing, she is one of the finest musicians in Norway, the possessor of an extraordinary and highly cultivated voice, and -au annsual combinationan accomplished planist as well.

When in England a year ago, Mrs. Nansen played and sang before Queen. Victoria at Windsor, and the queen was very gracious in her expressions of pleasure in the occasion, and though so much could hardly be said in regard to any other art, a compliment from the queen on things musical is a genuive triutuph, for she loves music ment.

Record. Fashion Notes.

### Jacqueminot velvet hats are much

favored by brunette beauties. Amethysts and emeralds seem to be

favorite stones for gold hatpins. Very lovely tea gowns are of Roman

striped silk, with lace garniture. For yokes and skirt borders there are beautiful lace applique insertions. Three kinds of fur utilized in one

garment is no unusual sight these days.

Long black lace scarfs in the style of days gone by are now used as sashes.

The latest French skirt models grow narrower and closer on the front and sides.

Some French house dresses are rimmed with two shades of ribbon of the same color, artistically arranged.

Daggers for the hair are again in fashion in gold, aluminum, filigree, silver and amber set with mock jewels of every color and device.

Many of the new skirts are cut with the narrow tablier front, as it serves to display the trimming which covers it entirely or extends up either side in elaborate designs.

There seems to be a veritable epidemic of tiny waists. The athletic girl has broad shoulders, but she doesn't run much to waist-to indulge at once in a pun and an honest statement.

The fashionable photographer possesses such an assortment of laces, neck jewels and fancy headwear that the woman anxious to be posed artistically has a wide range of choice in the matter of her adornment.

Very many of the new fur boas are long enough to reach the bottom of the skirt in front. Some are made entirely of Russian sable, Hudson's bay or stone marten tails. With these lace and jewels are often introduced.

When silks are packed away they are likely to become yellow unless care is used. To prevent this, break up a few cakes of white beeswax, fold them loosely in old handkerchiefs and place these among the folds of silk.

White gloves stitched with black are only de rigueur for day wear when accompanying a costume in black and white effects. The more fashionable shades are doe color, biscuit, mushroom, almond, pale brown and tan.

Spangled belts are entirely out of late. Ribbon belts with loops and ands are still in favor. Russia leather belts, fastened with solid silver links, are expensive, but much neuter and more useful than the white belts which so many wear unthinkingly. White belts only look well on slender women. as has been said before in this depart-