\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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HOW

POEM:

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1905.

THE BOY NEXT DOOR.

of the

Thirteen Superstition.

From the French of F. Berthold.

One Remarkable Result

Oft Fve envied goodly people that could boast a model boy—
The kind that will not fight or shout or break each costly toy—
Who never tracks his muddy boots about the house, nor flings
His playthings on the parlor floor—my boy did all these things?
And whenever I would childe him, and his reckless ways deplore.
I would always bid him pattern by the boy that lived next door.

Absorbed in the telegram which had t

ard, the artist.

troubled frown.

ed, as he drew nearer.

the house, nor flings
His playthings on the parlor floor—my boy did all these things?
And whenever I would chide him, and his reckless ways deplore.
I would always bid him pattern by the boy that lived next door.
Fer the parythings would get broken in the careless little hand.
And my head come nigh to bursting when he brought his plrate band and talked in vain.
To keep the small hot fingers from my shining window-pane.
Now at last I've perfect quiet—there is stillness every day: and my window-panes so grimy have grown clear and bright for aye: And I strain mine eyes to find the slight-est mud print on the floor— but alas! my house is spotless as the boy's that lives next door!
How I listen—till my longing ears do ache —to catch a sound?
And if only I could find a shoe or broken toy around?
But, ah. no? I only hearken, hearken vala-ly evermore.
And I only hear the laughter of the boy that lives next door.

-Harper's Bazar.

douin swears that he met you yestershall I say it?-made evident your ad-

miration for my sister. I was equally certain that it was not you he had How "the Wheels Go Round" in the met, but there is only on Pierre Deslandes, the novelist. There is some secret somewhere, and we will soon be able to find it out, but do not let us talk about it now. I want to hear about your books, which I have read with the greatest admiration."

Roanoke

often blindly described in his pages.

tily, granted him.

. A month later Pierre Deslandes received the following letter from his

old friend, Maxime Richard; My Dear Boy-I have a confession

to make to you which I have put off from day to day. Not long ago, I went to your villa

to ask you, on the part of a Mme. Marnier, an excellent, though superstitious lady, to take lunch with her as, her guests failing, there were thirteen left to sit at the table. Not finding you, I was obliged to pick up the first man I met, whom, in a spirit of evil jest, I introduced under your name!

But what a terrible double I gave you! I bow myself in the dust st your feet. For a while, all went well, but, alas! after a too copious imbibing of Mme. Marnier's good wines. you-pardon me, the false Deslandes -became jovial and-you can guess the rest from the fact that M. Hardouin's seconds called upon you the next day!

I tremble at the thought of all that have brought upon your innocent head, but I did not dare to warn you, as your genuine surprise was your best proof of guiltlessness. Write me and tell me if you forgive me, or if I must ever consider myself the most wretched of scoundrels.

The artist had not long to wait for his reply. When the return letter came, it said simply:

my life! I have not fought with M. intend. Hardouin, nor does Mme. Hardouin consider that I have insulted her her own sister as my wife. I forgive in her Long Island house. you because you have repented. But you owe me this in reparation; come An additional \$5 a month is made to

"Whew!" whistled the artist as he

Palace of the Millionaire-Elect-Town House, Without Yacht, \$200-000 a Year-"Martyrdom," a Georgia Visitor Calls It.

There is a stupendous development in fashionable housekeeping, the echo Entranced by her beauty, Deslandes of which has not yet reached some talked eagerly, feeling that he had at small towns. The method and the exlast found the ideal woman he had so pense of running a millionaire's house at the top notch of style is not even When he finally rose to go, he grasped by those who are delighted begged permission to come again, a when their two servants are well request which Lucile, blushing pret- trained and do not want too many days out.

The average town-house expenses range from \$2,000 to \$4,000 a week. This does not include the stable or yacht, and of course the matter of house rent is not taken into consideration at all, as most lavish entertainers own their own houses.

The summer house, especially if it be at Newport, takes about as much as the yearly cost of keeping up an establishment is from \$100,000 to \$250,000, according to the elaborateness with which the mistress entertains.

One daughter of a well known millionaire has \$75,000 a year allowance to run her town house for a little less than four months, and this does not include her personal expenses, such as gowns, or her opera box or stable. This comes pretty near the average of New York establishments.

The American woman who assumes this great responsibility must have tremendous executive force. She cannot be an ordinary woman. She cannot be stupid. If she is unobserving she is a failure. Her house must run on wheels that are oiled, and she is responsible to her multi-millionaire husband for much of his reputation as a successful man.

It would astonish the simple-minded woman in a little town to foregather with such women as Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Mrs. John R. Drexel in the early morning hours and watch the stupendous amount of fine detail You have given me the happiness of which these women personally super-

In such houses twenty-four servants are considered enough, although Mrs. since, in two weeks, she is to give me Clarence Mackay employs forty-eight

The wages of these people are set, tions. and be the best man at my wedding. New York prices when any one of

"The head laundress does the per FHE sonal linen of the family. The second laundress does the children's clothes, and she and the assistant laundress

Beacon.

do the household linen. The servants' laundry is sent out." "One minute," said the Georgian; what is the average amount of linen

in a house like this in a week?" "About five hundred pieces a week,"

answered the Newporter. And, ignoring the groan of dismay from her guest, she went on with the "regulations."

"The head cook is in charge of every person below stairs. She hires, discharges, pays wages, hunts references, and is responsible for the good behavior of her regiment. The butler has official rank with the cook. His regiment is upstairs. He also hires, pays, controls, discharges and commands. The head housemaid is in

control of the sleeping floors. "It may amuse you very much to know that not one of our set of housekeepers would think of giving an order to any servant but these three. We do not even know the names of the others. If there is a mistake in the dining-room the butler is sent for, and he criticises the man who made it. We observe these rules of etiquette as much as we do our visiting and dinner

engagements." "Some day I shall write "The Martyrdom of a Millionaire," said the Georgian .- From Ainslee's Magazine,

DRUG DECADENT IN MEDICINE.

Due to Increasing Knowledge of the Causes of Disease.

Never did the public so be-drug it self as today. The invaluable method of hypodermic injection, greatly facilitating the use of drugs by the medical man, has performed a like service -usually, in this case, a grave disservice-for the public," so that homes for the treatment of drug habits spring up and flourish everywhere. Morphia, cocaine, trional, paraldehyde and many more claim what appears to be a constantly increasing number of victims. In all these relations, then the drug, so far from being decadent, is in full climax. And yet, in sober, scientific medicine, the drug is decadent. The discovery and use of active principles instead of the plants that contain them, and the employment of hypodermic injection, though greatly facilitating the abuse of drugs, have led also to a better recognition of their legitimate uses-and that is chiefly a recognition of their limita-

The days of the shotgun prescripcontaining on.

Skact no knowledge of the past Nor thought of what's to come. Select your subject from the vast And limitless humdnim ! I homely theme is best, say like "When Pa Joins in Our Sport." "When Sister First Began to Bike," "When Ma Begins to Snort."

WRITTEN

POPULAR

and if you have a conscience hard And ripe for all emprize. Desire a lighting-quick reward. Of fame an extra size. lust drop a tear or two for shame-The public won't suspect-And straightway then express the same In rotten dialect?

As to your style: Be sure that it's Much plainer than in prose; A trope or other play of wits, Remember, never goes! And last and gravest thing of all-

Don't let your muse cavort oo long a time! The rule recall And cut it very short! l'oo

Then will your name on many lips Be, and your fame increase; On walls will pasted be the slips That hold each moving piece! And folk will say: "That Browning,

Is crazy, lacking pith; The fool, he can't compare nohow With Beresford J. Smith!" -New Orleans Times-Democrat.



"Watch out," warned the pick-pocket, as he palmed the gentleman's timeplece.-Princeton Tiger.

"If your husband were to die, would you pray for him?' "Of course, but at the same time, I'd pray for another." -Town and Country.

Physician-I have made a new man of you. Bocker-Thanks; but you will have to find the old man for payment.-Harper's Bazar.

Knocker-A fool and his money are very soon parted. Bocker-Yes; but it's awfully hard to part two fools without any money .- Puck.

Denham-A man can't serve LWO masters, Nagger-No. The only thing for him to do is to secure a divorce or get rid of his mother-in-law. -Brooklyn Life.

"I notice that Russia is groaning under a debt of \$3,000,000,000." "Isn't that foolish? Why doesn't she let the other fellows do the groaning?"-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"It's all right for a man to be cool in the face of danger," remarked the Observer of Events and Things; "but

As he sat there

just been handed to her, Mme, Marnier did not hear the click of the gate as it was opened and shut nor the approach of her guest, Maxime Rich-"Am I the first?" he called, gayly. "Country etiquette, you know," he add-Mme. Marnier glanecd up . with a

"Dear me! I am so perplexed," she said. "I scarcely know what to do. 1

have just received a telegram from the Cortots, saying that they cannot come out from the city for luncheon. It is half past 11 now, and the others will soon be here. What can I do?"

"But I fail to see the trouble," began the artist. His hostess interrupted him

"Why, if the Cortots don't come, it will make us exactly thirteen at the table, and Mme. Second would never in the world consent to such an arrangement, nor would I for that matter."

"Would you like me to go away?" asked Maxime, with a smile at the perplexed Mme. Marnier.

"Not for worlds! But listen. You have plenty of friends about here. Do go and ask somebody, anybody, to come to luncheon with me. It's a queer thing to do, I know, but you can explain the circumstances. Get Pierre Deslandes, the novelist. He lives near here.

The first two letters, begging for autographs, he tossed carelessly aside, but the third he read and re-read with a deepening wonder. It was from a lady thanking him for the honor he had done her the day previous in accepting her impromptu invitation to lunch, and expressing her regret for the painful scene which followed and which she hoped had not led to any disagreeable consequences.

Pierre Deslandes laid down the letter in amazed astonishment. He had not accepted any invitation the day previous.

"Bah, it is some crazy joke," he thought to himself.

But his surprise redoubled at the sight of the next letter, which was signed by an utterly unknown gentleman, who wrote to vow undying gratitude for the novelist's kindness in recommending the writer to the famous publisher, Lacroix.

The fifth letter was from a lady reminding him of his promise to send her his photograph and the sixth said that the writer would send immediately for the trifling sum he had so graclously agreed to lend.

Deslandes looked about him helplessly. It was too much.! The letters were evidently authentic. What could it mean? He asked himself blindly how in one day he could have done so many things, while retaining absolutely no memory of them.

uggling to

"You see," she explained, "M. Her COST OF SOCIAL PRESTIGE day at a luncheon, when you-how A STUPENDOUS DEVELOPMENT IN FASHIONABLE HOUSEKEEPING.

"Anything to oblige you, madame," said Richard, with his best bow. "I will bring a guest if I have to hale him with ropes!"

"Good boy, you have saved my life!" and the pretty Mme. Marnier waved him farewell with her brightest smile.

Half an hour later Maxime Richard was wheeling rapidly along the road, returning from the home of his friend Deslandes, where he had found the house tightly closed.

"What the dickens will madame say when I come back alone?" he thought ruefully.

Absorbed in the problem of his superstitious hostess, he failed to see a pedestrian directly in front of him and before he could stop himself they were both rolling in the warm dust.

"What in thunder do you mean by running down an innocent traveler," demanded the stranger, wrathfully.

"A thousand pardons, monsieur," said the artist, contritely. "It was entirely my fault." Then, a sudden thought striking him, he continued rapidly: "May I ask you to do me a great favor, sir? I beg and entreat that you will consider it.

"There is a lady in this neighborhood who will look upon it as an honor if you will take lunch with her today. The circumstances are most pressing. - Other guests failing, there remain only thirteen.

"Thirteen! Do you understand? Will you take pity upon her and be the fourteenth guest?"

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed the man, surprised at the proposition. "Say yes, I beg you, sir. I haven't the ghost of an idea who you are, but I'm sure you must be presentable. You consent, do you not?"

"It would certainly be a most amusing adventure and I'm as hungry as a dog, not to mention that I've lost my way. Well, yes, I'll do it!"

"Good! And listen: Here's another idea! You shall be my friend whom no one here knows and whom I promised to bring back with me."

As they talked, the two men approached the entrance to Mme, Marnier's summer villa. A moment later, in the presence of his hostess and her assembled guests, the artist said, seriously:

"Allow me to present my friend, M. Plerre Deslandes, the well-known author.

No one doubted the novelist's identity, and, the butler having announced luncheon, the guests went out to the table.

. . . . The next morning, seated at his desk, Pierre Deslandes, opened his mail, which seemed unusually voluminous.

some head or tail to the affair, his servant entered, saying two gentlemen would like to speak with him. Correct and dignified in their tight-

ly buttoned coats, the two men entered the room and bowed. Then one said:

"You will have seen from our cards that we come from M. Hardouin." He paused, waiting for Deslandes to answer.

"Well," said the latter, after a moment, "pray proceed."

"This is not the reception we expected," said the second of the gentlemen. "It is contrary to all the rules of such affairs of honor. Since you force us to explain, M. Hardouin has charged us to represent him and to demand-

Deslandes bounded to his feet.

"Do you mean that you have the impudence to come here and tell me that a M. Hardouin, whom I never before heard of, has challenged me to a duel? Tell me, where does this M. Hardouin live?"

Furnished with the address, the novelist was off like a shot, leaving the two correct and dignified gentlemen victims to the greatest astonishment.

It was not without difficulty that Deslandes succeeded in gaining access to M. Hardouin, and when he finally entered he was greeted with:

"Ah, you come, I suppose, from M. Deslandes?"

'Not at all! I am M. Deslandes." "You? Impossible!"

"What! Do I not know who I am?" "I doubt it, sir. To my regret, I am positive that you are not the man whose name you have borrowed. The man in question is dark-haired, while your hair is light; he wore a mustache and you have a beard, and, if you will pardon me, you have the air of a gentleman, while he was a

wretched scamp!' "Well, if I am not Pierre Deslandes, who am I?" groaned the novelist, feeling that the days of witchcraft were not yet at an end.

Just then M. Hardouin's sister-inlaw, a charmingly pretty girl of 18, entered the room.

"Why, M. Deslandes," she cried, both hands outstretched, "how glad I am to meet you again! There, I told you, Alfred," she continued, turning to the astonished M. Hardouin, "that it could not have been the real M. Deslandes whom you met yesterday. Pray leave us alone and I am sure that I can unravel this mystery much better than you. M. Deslandes and I are old

Mlle. Lucile waved her brother out of the room and then sat down near the perplexed author.

friends.

put the letter in his pocket. "There's New York and Newport. Those who a marriage that has cost me a good deal of worry! It's astonishing how one sometimes renders a man the York, with expenses allowed and greatest service possible-without the slightest intention of doing so!"

Short and Good.

A Baltimore man tells a good story of a friend of his who recently became engaged to a charming young girl.

The happy lover chanced to be in a fashionable shop when his eye caught a glimpse of a jeweled belt that seemed to him an acceptable gift for his flancee. He asked the clerk to place an assortment of the belts on the counter. "Ladies' belts?" queried the polite salesman. "Certainly, sir; what size?" The prospective bridegroom blushed. 'Really," he stammered, "I don't know." And he gazed about him helplessly for a moment or so. Finally, a happy thought struck him. "Can't you let me have a yard-stick for a moment?" he asked. The yard-stick being forthcoming, he placed it along the inside of his arm from shoulder to wrist. Then looking up the clerk, he exclaimed, triumphantly, "Twenty inches!"

Westerner's Cause of Complaint.

The Coates House had a guest recently from the far west, who remained there three weeks, having a room with a private bath in connection. A few days ago, after paying his bill preparatory to leaving, he approached John M. Egan, who lives at the hotel, and said: "I believe I've been overcharged here." "That so?" replied Mr. Egan. "What makes you think so?" "Well," said the westerner. the clerk tells me I was charged for that bathroom for every day in the entire three weeks, and I've only used the tub once .- Kansas City Times.

Order

The chairlady rapped sharply. "It ought not be necessary for the Chair to remind members," she said severely, "that under our rules of order, to say nothing of common courtesy, only one member may be silent at a time. Any members who becomes silent at the same time that another member is silent is distinctly out of order.'

The ladies of the club visibly cringed under this merited rebuke. Many of them flushed to the roots of their hair, and several there were who burst into tears .- Life.

Russian papers state that the Chinese court astronomer predicts that the present war will last 33 years and that four years hence Great Britain will be involved.

these servants is employed outside of go to Philadelphia and Boston are given a trip once a month to New ticket paid for. They demand this because of the unions and societies to which they belong in Gotham.

In the kitchen the cook gets \$75 if a woman; if a man, \$95 a month, although a woman is considered the better cook by the greatest housekeepers. There are only twenty firstclass women cooks in New York, and all of the great leaders in society know their names and anxiously await an opportunity to get one.

The butler gets \$65 a month. When there is a housekeeper, her regulation price is \$1500 a year, and she must have a sleeping-room, private sitting-room and dining-room combined, and bath.

In the stables the chauffeur gets \$125 a month, the head coachman \$85, the carriage groom \$60 and the strapper \$60.

The butler and the cook in New York assume that their salary is necessary for pocket money, and demand, besides, a well-furnished room, three perfect meals a day, a certain guaranteed amount of whiskey or wine, all liveries, every piece of laundry-and commissions.

This last provides not merely a little extra pocket money, but a snug income. Outside of these great establishments a mistress would gasp at such a condition of affairs. The head of the twentieth century palace shuts her eyes to it.

These commissions are handled by the head cook, the butler, the head coachman and the chauffeur. The coachman divides with the strapper, the cook keeps her commissions to herself, the butler makes his divisions according to favoritism. The chauffeur divides with the man who helps

"Tell me," said a Georgian visitor in a Newport house, "how, the wheels go round in these fairy palaces. I have a glimmer that the housekeeping in them is as different from ours as Buckingham Palace is from a North

the Newporter, "as a set of army rules. We are like a lot of sheep, We do exactly what the other one does. The exact duties of servants have been firmly fixed by them. The head cook prepares all food for the diningroom and has charge of all kitchen accounts. She keeps a personal exnense book, which I settle once a month. The second cook prepares meals for the servants and makes the bread. The kitchen mald does the lesser work and serves the servants'

might hit the mark, were numbered man. when scientific study was directed to the normal action of each constituent

of every drug. And with the direction of individual study to individual drugs came the discovery that drugs, except in a very few and unmistake able instances, are and can be no more than mere auxiliaries, usually of not more than doubtful utility in the treatment of disease. When you have mentioned quinine in malaria, mercury in another disease, iron in anaemia, and sodium salicylate in rheumatic fever, you have practically exhausted the list of drugs which

have a specific action in disease. But the discovery of the causes of disease has done even more for the humiliation of the drug. It is found that the active cause needs certain predisposing causes to prepare the soil for the accursed seed. And among such predisposing causes we ob serve the potency of bad air and de ficiency of light. Then there comes that remarkable revelation of the obvious-that fresh air is worth all the drugs in all the pharmacopoeiss put together, and multiplied by all the exertions of all the German chemists yet unborn. The point I want to make is the inherent improbability that this that or the other plant shall provide a cure for a disease the cause of which has nothing whatever to do with the plant. The only indisputable excep tion to the irrelevance of plants in the cure of disease is furnished by quininc in malaria, and there, as it happensfor it is a palpable fluke-the drug is directly lethal to the minute animal parasite which causes the disease .--

An Obstruction on the Track.

World's Work.

Alice Brown, 37 years old, a heavy weight seamstress, tied up traffic or the Crosstown line at Bedford avenue near South Fourth street, early this morning, and it required the combined efforts of Policeman Smith of the Bed ford avenue station, and four muscular volunteers to remove the obstruction from the tracks. Shortly after 1 o'clock Alice placed herself in the centre of the down-town tracks, and had beer there but a few minutes when a trolley car arrived. She scorned the entreat les of the motorman and conductor to move, so the officer was called upon.

When arraigned before Magistrate Higginbotham in the Lee avenue cour Alice was in a penitent mood. She couldn't remember what had happened and on her promise to do better, sent ence was suspended .- Brooklyn Eagle

Today Japan has 1500 dally newspapers and periodicals.

it is not to his credit if the coolness things, of which some two or three is all in his feet."-Yonkers States-

> Tramp-Kin I hev free transportation, boss? Conductor-If you are willing to take a Tie Pass. The walking is good. Tramp-I aint no Jap. boss; honest, I ain't .-- Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

> Smith-You remember Muggins, who used to bore us with his longwinded stories? Jones-Yes: what of him? Smith-He was arrested yesterday for being short in his accounts. -Chicago Daily.

> "Our poets are beginning to exercise more influence," said the literary optimist. "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; they are certainly helping to sell a great deal of soap and patent food." -Washington Star.

> Hoskins-I don't object so much to Fanny kissing her dog, but I prefer her to kiss me before and not after." Wilkins-I know; but don't you suppose the dog has his preference, too? -Boston Transcript.

Towne-So you are learning the jlujitsu method of defence? Browne-Yes; it's necessary in these auto days; teaches a man how to be knocked down without being hurt, you know.-Detroit Free Press.

Prisoner-I don't think there will be any need for you to address the jury. Counsel-Why not? Prisoner-My insanity will be immediately plain to them when they see that I have retained you to appear for me .-- Pick-Me-Up.

Reggie Ripper-D'ye know, Miss Twipper, I sometimes wish I could be appointed foolkiller faw a while, ye know. Tessie Tripper-Why, Reggie, you shouldn't let your-er-thoughts run on suicide so much!-Cleveland Leader.

"Don't you sometimes think that you are too much attached to money." 'No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "If you knew all the schemes to pry a man loose from it, you'd realize that he has to be closely attached."-Washington Star.

"It is pretty hard." said the czar suddenly arousing himself from a brown study. "What does your majesty mean?" asked the courtier. "It's pretty hard to think of suing for peace when you feel as if you ought to be suing for damages."--Washington Star.

Marietta-Such a joke on Mr. Gayboy! We were out on the balcony between the dances, and he got the sleeve of his dresscoat all over red paint from one of the posts that were just painted. Papa-And did you go pear the post? No. Why? Because you have red paint all over the back of your waist .- New York Weekly,

Sea fisherman's home."

him.

"It's as distinctly laid out," said

table.