## VOL. III.

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NO. 3.

#### EQUIPOISE.

Jant when we think we've fixed the golden The diamond point, on which to balance Life, and life's lefty lanes—weighing there, With fractional precision, close and keen, Thought, motive, word and deed, there comes

Some wayward circumstances, some jostling

Some way ward of the control of the caper's fret, some mood's unwise despair.

Some temper's fret, some mood's unwise despair.

mar the equilibrium, unforeseen,
And speak our nice adjustment! Happy ha
Those soul's caim equipoise can know no jar,
because the unwavering hand that holds the

the same hand that weighed each stradfast Is the same hand that on the sacred tree Bore - a his sake the anguish of the natial —[Margaret J. Preston.

#### A VERY QUIET RUBBER.

BY JAMES PAYNE.

If the meditations of Mr. Gray had coarred to him in the churchyard of Tatbury, Burks, his "Elegy" would have n a different turn, or at least there would have been a supplementary verso or two not quite in accordance with its general tone. If he had had (as in my boyhood I had) the advantage of the acquaintance of Mr. John Newton, of Tatbury, he would have obtained some new material; which, though not precisely poetic, perhaps, might have been "worked up" into some startling stanzas. Mr. Newton was the great "auctioneer and upholder" of those parts, but incidentally an undertaker also, and know a great deal more about churchyards than Mr. Gray did. He knew, et all events, all se within 30 miles of him, and most of these who had been in the occupation of them for 50 years. It could hardly have been said of a Berkshire gentleman of any position, during that period, that he was "happy" unless Mr. John Newton had conducted his obsequies; it was like having no burial "at all.

When even the Marquis of Berks was gathered to his forefathers, no London firm was employed to place him in the family vault at Tathury; Mr. Newton was felt (by the executors) to be equal to the emergency. In the marquis's will it was known beforehand that he had expressed a wish that his hearse should be drawn by his own carriago horses, and Mr. Newton had the foresight (when his ordship was given over by Dr. Francisch Patbury, whose word was law and physio. In one) to have them exercised every day in plumes, lest they should be restive under them on the stately occasion for which their services were required.

Of course there were people, even in HUBBLY, RO LOST to AM SSIER OF ARCHORLY and solemnity as t make light of Mr. John Newton. At the Town Club, for example, which was held at the Berkthire Arms, and where he was accustomed to play whist, on one occasion—it was nuder the reg\_ncy—when he had won three bumpers running, a loser had castically observed to him, "Why, this is better, old man, than burying the prince regent;" but the observation had fallen flat, as being profune when addressed to a man of his grave position, as well as slightly flippant with respect to they don't see the operation, and there-n leading member of the royal family. fore do not realize it; if they did, it Yet if Mr. Newton could ever be said to unbend himself at all, it was at long whist; when his manner of saying "Hush!" and "We are playing at whist, if you please," was justly pronounced to be perfect in its gentlemanly bearing. The way in which he would set down his cards (with their faces downward, you may be certain, for there were sharp players in the Town Club), and fold his unds till conversation should sease, was ething that the lord chancellor of England, or the speaker of the house of commons, might have copied with advantage as a lesson in the dignity of re-

If a man so well established and respected as Mr. Newton of Tatbury could said to have an ambition unsatisfied, it was that his scientific genius as a whist player was confined to the Town Club, and forbidden to exercise itself in private circles. But trade, even in its quietest and gravest form, which surely among the gentry of Tatbury; their incomes were microscopic, but they made up for that by being exclusive and select. Even the local banker was only admitted into their society on sufferance, and it was thought a piece of imperti-

nence in him (as it was certainly one of superfluity) to win at which. There was one especial dique, consist-ing of two ladies and two gentlemen who ed the game with rigor every lawful night of their lives, to which Air. Newton particularly aspired, but in vain. Mr. Ashton and Mr. Groves, Miss Lake and Miss Sutton were the names of this little coterie, who had been partners and opponents for aearly one quarter of their nat-ural lives. Their points were but three pennies, but their science was great; if they made mistakes in play, they acknowledged them, and away from the card table they made uone. Their fives were blumsless; they were looked up to by at their neighbors, and it was said they gave all they won to the pour, which I can well believe. If they did so, that large as would not have been so great as to have demoralized Tatbury.

Mr. John Newton had made various efforts to enter this little paradise, but he remained outside. Take the Per in the poem, he could have brought many of the trule. There was a delicary, of a tear gathered in the course of his profeedound experience (from mourness if the next togoth heather would ladies were

not from pemtents), but it would have vailed him nothing. They knew he was quiet in his manners, an excellent whist player, and would have given them first rate suppers when his turn to invite them came round—for they played alternately at each other's houses—but their doors were closed against him. They refused to be connected, however, unofficially, with a man who sold by retail, even though it was but coffins to the great. On the other hand, they very cogerly welcomed the information he bad to give them concerning the demise of eminent persons in the neighborhood, and admitted him to a certain degree of familiarity. He knew from each one's a count of the others all their different syles of play, and when was the favorite partner of each. The temptation that beset Mr. Ashton, when his hand was full of trumps (otherwise he would have scorned it) was to lead a single card; Mr. Groves played too much for his own hand: Miss Lake would lead trumps on too slight a provocation; and Miss Sutton, an admirable performer in other respects, was given to finesses that made

Mr. Newton felt that he had none of these weaknesses, and was worthy to be the partner of any one of the four. But though cuvious of them, he was not ma-licious. It was from his line that I first licious. It was from his lips that I first heard of their virtues; he had come professionally to "measure" my grandfather, and over a glass of dry sherry discoursed to the housekeeper in my presence con-cerning them in a manner which, to my childish ears, considering the solemnity of the occasion, sounded somewhat secular. In later days I was better able to grasp Mr. Newton's character (which was anything but profane), and to appreciate his observations upon human nature, His lecture room was most commonly the graveyard itself, which, being contiguous to our own house, afforded mo many opportunities of conversing with him, when on the eve of any great engagement he came, like a prudent general, to survey the ground and make his dispositions beforehand—in advance of

After many years' absence from the home of my fathers, I returned to Tatbury the other day and found my friend of the scarf and hatband still above round and busy, as usual. His was a trade, as I ventured to observe to him. that never fails, and which such bad times as these even promote by occasional

He shook his head, "Folks die, Master James, of course," he said; "there is no folling off there." He was about to add thank Heaven," but perceiving with fine tact that the ejaculation was too professional and might have been misundertion: "But when they die they are not buried as they used to be:"

"Dear mo!" said I, "has cremation made such strides, then?"

He smiled contemptuously. "In a Christian land, sir, that will never succeed. What sort of a future can be looked for as begins, so to speak, with burning? The parson says 'Ashes to nshes,' it is true; but that is quite another thing from cremation. Folks know they will be reduced to dust, but fore do not realize it; if they did, it would be harder for them to imagine their friends saints and angels; and therefore they don't want to see it."

"There is something in that," I as-

sented, "no doubt." Mr. Newton smiled benignly, as though he would have said, "There is generally something in what I say, if you will only fayor me with your attention;" then added reflectively, "Why, there was old Lady Braddon the other day, she wouldn't be put into the family vault, nor yet into a brick grave, because, said she, 'How am I to get out again?' She was the best of Christians, but in that respect she had material views. And here she lies"-we were standing in the churchyard-"amorg the mere common

people accordingly. "It must be rather sad for you to have to come here so often," said I, and on such melancholy errands,"

I felt the observation was a foolish one directly it had passed my lips; but it is one thing to know what is commonplace and another to know how to avoid it.

"Melancholy!" he exclaimed, "not a bit of it. The great majority of my friends lie here, and I have no disincilnation to join them. You see that square green grave with the four stones about it; there lie the best people I ever knew in Tatbury, and the best whist players; two of them bachelors, two of them spinsters; Mr. Ashton and Miss Lake, Mr. Groves and Miss Sutton. There they lie, opposite to one another, just as they sat in life; you remember them, Master James, of course?"

"I remember who they were," I said.
"I was but a boy in their time. You used to tell me about them."

"Ay, I dare say. When Mr. Ashton went I had some hopes of filling his place; but they preferred dumby. The three met together every night for years, with that vacant seat at the old table; It was a very touching spectacle. None of thom would ever lead a single card after they had lost him, no matter how desperate their condition; it was felt to he breverent, and, so to speak, an in-frangement of copyright. It was what a American publishers (with whom, monifere went to call the courtery feeling and no mistake. Air Gyoves was

reduced to two double dumby. Miss Lake used to say, 'We can't help playing for our own hands now, dear, can we, as poor Mr. Groves used to do.' They were obliged to infringe his copyright from necessity. A man as couldn't drop a tear to see those two ladies without partners, evening after evening, wasn't worthy to be called a man. And in my opinion it hastened their end; double dumby is a great strain upon the mind,

The undertaker was so moved that if he had seen the same demonstrativeness in one of his own mutes he would have given him a shilling. It was always a principle with him to encourage emotion.

Then Miss Lake, she was the third to go. A good woman, if ever there was one. The poor lest a friend in her, and the church a constant attendant. She never touched a card after 19 o'clock on Saturday nights, though only a few peo-ple knew what it cost her to resist the temptation. There's been a note of it kept in the proper place, I've not a

Here the undertaker gave a sigh so significant that I could not for the life of me help observing, "There are few whist players can say as much, Mr. Newton."

"No, you are wrong there, Master James, leastways, if you think as conscience is a pricking me, I have never played into Sunday morning, though it is true I have sat up till after 12 on Sun-day nights and begun then. Well, when Miss Lake went, Miss Sutton was left alone! the last leaf, as one might say, of that green table. There was nothing for her, poor soul, but patience; and she played Patience accordingly every night. When her turn came, as she expressed it, to cut out she sent for me. It was only a few hours before her demise, and she'd already seen the clergyman. 'Mr. New ton,' said she, 'I knew you wanted to join our little party years ago, but it was not to be. Still, I feel you had a kindness for us. There are some good people in the world who make objections to our innocent game. I hope they may have nothing worse upon their own consciences to answer for than having played a quiet rubber. But I don't want to be a stumbling block. You need not therefore make public what I am about to ask you-st least, not until I am forgotten, which won't be long. Mr. Ashton and Mr. Groves lie at ri ut angles to one another, as you well know, and dear Miss Lake opposite to Mr. Ashton; bury me opposite to Mr. Groves, so that I shall make up the old party!"

"I assure you, Master James, she said it so pitiful that I couldn't answer her for tears. I only nodded my head and looked mournful, like one of my hearse

"Then she added, 'And if' you don't think it would be wrong, Mr. Newton, I should like the two packs of cards we last played with—we always used to make them last three months, you know -put into my coffin. Would you mind seeing to that yourself?

"Of course I said it should be done, and It was done with my own hands. There are some folks as would think it irreverent, though I have known the samo people drop a toy into a child's coffin, with tears ready to break their hearts; yet, what are cards but toys, and we but children? Well, I buried the poor old lady just as she wished, and there they lie, all four of 'em."

We were standing by the place he indicated, and I noticed that one green grava which contained the whole party had been somewhat flattened at the top.

"That was your doing also, I suppose?" "Yes. No one has observed it but your-

self; but I thought if I made it tabular it would look more like the real thing. It is a very quiet rubber !"

He Clapped His Man on the Back. It was not a kind thing to do, but he wasa young newspaper reporter and was, whether justly or unjustly, regarded as "fresh." His city editor sent him up to a meeting, and he started out a little too cagerly, for he got the address wrong. He was not so familiar with New York as reporters generally are, and by the time he got the address straightened out and found the correct one the meeting was over and he looked only upon closed

On the elevated train he met three other reporters going down to their offices, and he told them his dilemma.

"Oh, it's lucky you got on this train," said one brother newsgatherer. "The very man you want to see is on this train. There he sits down there in the cross seat-the old man with the umbrella and the gray beard."

"And he's a peculiar old chap," said a second man. "You have to know how to treat him. He's the president of the society, you know."

"You want to be diplomatic," put in the third conspirator. "You've got to let him see that you know him. You want to come up behind him, clap him on the back-a good, rousing whack, you know-and say, 'Hello, Jenkins, old boy, how did the little shindy come off to-night? Then he'll think he knows you and will

tell you the whole story."
"Be sure you crack him on the back."

"Oh, trust me," said the young reporter with a confident smile. Down .. the alsle he went, and reaching the and full-not excessive-employment of "president" he gave him a terrific thump on the back. For one second there was and auffers them to run to waste, leadan awful cahn. Than "Jenkins, old." boy, " raised his numbrella and startal for the offender. It was a share for the thor, the young man velling out the ne is any external I go he may scale in.

apologies, the old man frantically brand-ishing his umbrells and making violent whacks at the head of his assailant. The younger man reached the door in advance, however, and darting through it slammed it in the old man's face. As the wrathful old gentleman was return-ing to his seat, red and panting, three young men without consciences were letting out howls of laughter.

Equal to the Occasion, The barber drew his fingers gently across the face of his victim and said:

"You have a strong beard, sir." There was no reply. He caressed the silky locks and queried;

"Have a shampoo, sir? Your head really needs it." The stillness remained unbroken.

"Shall I wax your mustache, sir?" No reply. "Seafoam, sir?"

The man in the chair drew a small tablet from his pocket and wrote on it: "I am deaf and dumb."

On the wall beside the mirror hung a large "No Credit" card. The barber turned it and pointed to the motto on the reverse side. The inscription was this: "Deaf and Dumb Men Double Price."

"No shampoo, no wax, no seafoam!" said the disgusted man in the chair suddenly finding a voice.

"All right, sir," rejoined the barber. Thought I'd fetch you round. Fine

day, isn't it?"-[Chicago Tribune.

The waltz had its beginning in Germany and thence was taken to France, shortly after which it was introduced into England. Hungary was the birthplace of galopade or galop, and from Poland came the stately polonaise or polacea and the mazourka.

Mr. John Bland, a chess player, proooses to revolutionize the game by makg the board nine squares wide, and adding besides a pawn another piece, to be called the "Premier," possessing the combined powers of queen and knight.

SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT. There is value in experiment.

Love is mutual understanding. The reward of one duty done is the power to fulfil another.

Magnanimity owes no account to prudence of its motives. General tidiness not only pays on its own account, but because to be tidy is to

be economical. If everybody knew what one said of another, there would not be four friends left in the world.

There probably never was a man so good that he did not hope in his heart Webster, except when Mr. Calhoun or that his successor would be a failure.

To be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about gence that a superior being might wear it, is as if a man should put off cating and drinking from one day to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

Some people scorn to be taught, others are ashamed of it, as they would be of going to school when they are old; but it is never too late to learn what it is always necessary to know. And it is no shame to learn so long as we are ignorant -that is to say, so long as we live.

Punishment is fruit that, unsuspected, ripens within the flower of the pleasura which concealed it. Cause and effect, means and end, seed and fruit can not be severed, for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end preexists in the means, the fruit in the seed.

Every individual owes obedience to comething, and there can be no obedience without authority. Indeed freedom, rightly understood, imposes the most solemn obligations of all. When no human control binds a man, he is bound with the greater stress to obey the right. to bow to the authority of conscience, to live up to his highest ideal.

Of no use are the men who study to do exactly as was done before, who can never understand that to-day is a new day. We want men of original action, who can open their eyes wider than to a nationality, namely, to considerations of benefit to the human race, can act in the interest of civilization; men of elastic, men of moral mind, who can live in the moment and take a step forward.

There are things that could never grow familiar. Daybreak is one. There is always mystery about it. It is like coming to life again after death. You have been away you don't know where, and you come back again to the world, and when you find it as it is now, belonging almost to yourself, all the other people as good as out of it, it is very strange. No, I am not afraid of becoming too familiar with ben, tiful things.

There has been so much justly said about the prejudicial effects of overwork. especially in using up the powers of man and cutting short his life, that it may be hastily assumed by some that work itself is opposed to length of days. This, how-ever, is a fatal mistake. Whatever may be proved concerning the comparative ncies of different employments to shorten life, it will always be found that a life of idleness will surpase them all. The faculties of man, used and not abused, serve not only to benefit the world, but even more to benefit himself. Itis health, hamaness, and length of life depend largely upon the regular, ste his powers. He who necleots this law, ing an aimless and want the, will reap the penalty quite as much in bis own inferior condition, physical and mental,

AN INTERESTING OPINION. Some Information Which Old Hutch

Is Anxious to Asquire. A lady-we shall not tell her name had a most amusing experience with Benjamin P. Hutchinson the other day. This lady is deeply interested in charita-

ble work, and ever and anon she lends herself to the diagreeable task of soliciting money contributions to such worthy causes as she may happen to have in

This is rather ungrateful employment, but this lady applies herself cheerfully to it, for she recognizes it as a part of her Christian duty. It befell that this worthy woman had occasion to approach Mr. Hutchinson the other afternoon, and she did so in the spirit of charming good nature, which is, perhaps, her most conspicuous characteristic. Now, Mr. Hutch-inson is a wary bird, and seldom it is that he is caught in a corner by anybody. But this particular lady was so exceptionally bright and exuberant that the crafty millionaire gave up a crisp \$20 bill almost before he was aware of it. And then, as we can easily suppose, he began to regret it.

On her part the fair solicitor was considerably surprised; she had heard that he was a hard, unfeeling man, yet had he not responded promptly and generously to her appeal? She was so grateful that she insisted on shaking hands with the old man, and as she did so she remarked

"We do not always get our reward here, Mr. Hutchinson, but we should remember that the Lord loveth a cheerful

giver." "Yes, I've often heerd tell," answered Mr. Hutchinson dryly; "but I'm more interested in findin' out the Lord's opinion of a cheerful beggar."-[Chicago News.

A Woman's Impression of Webster. The following is the description Mrs. Jefferson Davis gives of Daniel Webster in her "Memoir" of her husband: "No words," says Mrs. Davis "can describe the first impression he made upon me. I had heard of him and spent long hours in reading aloud his speeches in the National Intelligencer when a mere child, and to see him was like looking at the Jungfrau or any other splendid natural phenomenon. There was no doubt as to where he sat, for the conviction of his identity was forced upon one when he turned his massive, overhanging forehead, with those great, specu tive, observant eyes full of lambent fire. He was as careful as a woman about the delicate neatness of his attire. \* \* \* He, like Mr. Calhoun, always listened most attentively to any Senator who was speaking; but Mr. come other intellectual giant had the floor, had the air of protecting indulto an inferior. He was rarely offensive, but sometimes showed a dignified inclulgence to weakness that was hard to bear. Voluble he never was." Of Calhoun she says: "He wore his thick hair all the same length and rather long, combed straight back from his forehead. This, with his brilliant eyes and unflinching gaze, gave his head the express on of an eagle's. His mouth was wide and straight; he rarely smiled, and the firm, square chin and grave manner made a personality striking in the extreme. He was tall and slenderly made, quick and alert in both speech and movement,"

## Failed to Draw.

He was waiting for his turn in a Grand River avenue barber shop, and he quietly remarked to the barber that he had been out in the Indian country. "Yes. Huntin' rabbits, I suppose?" re-

plied the barber, seemingly not the least interested.

"Rabbits! No, sir-Indiaus!" "Oh! Find any?"
"Of course I did! I was all through

the late troubles at Pine Ridge." "Yes. Get frostbitten?" "Frostbitten? Why, hang it, I was

wounded in three places!" "Gun go off accidentally?" "No, it didn't! What sort of a man cre you, anyhow?"

"Beg pardon, but can they raise artichoke out there?" "Arti-Halifax! Why don't you ask how many Indians I killed at Wounded

"Anybody wounded in the knee out there?" asked the barber as he reached for the water bottle. "Bad place to be counded in. I broke my knee cap once.

"Not by a jugful!" exclaimed the waiting man as he reached for his over-coat. "I was intending to have a hair cut, shave, and get my whiskers dyed. but you are not the man to do it! I'll go to some shop where they know something and have gumption enough to draw a feller out!"-[Datroit Free Press.

## The Deacon Was Thankful.

The importance of thinking before you rpeak recently received an amusing illusration at a meeting held in a well known town not a hundred miles from the banks of the Hudson, says the New York Ledger. One of the persons who occupied the singe was an enthusiastic deacon, who frequently interrupted the speakers by yelling: "Thank goodness for that." One gentleman was called upon who crose and said :

Ladles and gentlemen, I am heart and soul in this cause, and feel that it will be a great benefit to the people of this

Thank coodness for that !" yelled the

"But, ladies and gentlem tinced, "I am going to say that it will be impossible for me to address you this

"Thank goodness for that!" broke in the absentminded deacon, amid great laughter.

# Offensive Particanship.

Dr. Prayery-Search the history of the whole world, and you will find nowhere else so inspiring an example of bold, fear-less enterprise combined with gentle godliness as you find in St. Paul. Minneapolis (pic.ing up his hat)-That-that's just a little more than I can at under.- Puck.

#### ART AND ARTISTS.

Thirty thousand dollars will be spentat Trieste on a monument to Danta

Verestchagin was 30 years painting the 120 pictures of his famous collection. Alexander Harrison's "La Vague" has been sold to the Philadelphia Academy

The American painters in Paris will cend their works in a body to the Berlin Exhibition and have a section to them.

Meissonier is to have a statue, but he will in a sense pay for it himself, as the money is to be raiced by an exhibition of his works. The Art Club of Philadelphia is

ing from popularity and will have to spend \$25,000 at once in order to provide space for its members and guests. Hampton, N. H., has voted to erect a

monument to the memory of General Henry Dearborn of the Revolutionary war, who was born in that town in 1751. Verestchagin's pictures, after leaving New York, will be taken to Chicago,

where in all probability they will form a portion of the Russian department at the World's Fair. Professor Halsey C. Ives, who has been selected to manage the art department of the World's Fair, has been connected with Washington University School of

Fine Arts for 17 years. M. Munkacsy has received a commis sion for a large picture for the chamber of deputies in the new parliament palace at Buda-Pesth. The sum voted to the

artist is said to be equal to \$40,000. A "Gallery for British Art," or a sort of London "Luxembourg," is to be built at South Kensington, opposite the museum, to cost £80,000, the gift of an annonymous denor to the British government. He has since been revealed in the person of a prominent sugar refiner,

Henry Tute. The principal picture galleries of Europe are ranked a conting to the number of pictures they contain: 1, Vers Dresden; 8, Madrid; 4, Louvre; 5, London; 6, St. Petersburg; 7, Berlin; 8, Vi-cana; 9, Munich; 10. Florence; 11, Naples; 12, Venice; 13, Antwerp; 14, Turin.

On the monument over the grave of the famous Davy Crockett of Tennessee, who, among other wonderful things, killed 103 bears, the emblematic bear is to have a conspicuous place. But we do not see that any arrangement has been made for the historic coon, which gracefully came down from the tree when Colonel Davy appeared, without waiting for him to use aumunition on a shot.—[Cincinnati Con-

The statue of the late Henry Ward Beecher, on which the sculptor, J. Q. A. Ward, has been working more than a year, is nearly completed, and the Beecher statue committee of Brooklyn has arranged to have the monument unveiled Wednesday, June 24, in City Hall Park a small triangular inclosure facing the City Hall at Court and Fulion streets. The monument is finished, except the bronze casting of two of the four anxilfary figures. The pedestal is finished. More than \$35,000 have been raised for the monument. The occasion of the unveiling will be the seventy-eighth anniversary of Mr. Beecher's birth.-[New

York Times. John Deery, an attorney and art con-noisseur of Dubuque, Iowa, has just come inte possession of a remarkable picture. which was taken from the ruins of an old Spanish mission near Santa Fe. N. M. It is painted on wood and is believed to be a work by one of the great masters. It is evidently intended for one of the 13 stations of the cross, and represents Christ bowed down with his heavy burden, while St. Veronica has just wiped his face with a handkerchief, leaving a faint impression upon it of the face of Jesus. It is n remarkably well excluted painting and contains over 50 figures. The size of the picture is 5 by 3 feet. It is attracting great. attention.

## Defining His Disease.

Mr. Johnson-Wunt's the matter with you, Abram? When you first came with me you seemed to ke to work; now you seem to shirk it all a stime. Abe-Yo' tak notice er dat, has yo'l Well, yo' see, boss, I done get w'at dey calls de w'uk dyspepsy.

Mr. J.—Work dyspepsin? Never her
of such a thing.

Abe-I kyan' he'p dat, sahl' Hit's one er dem new 's azes do doctors iz has 'scoverin' all de time. De diagnostro am bout de same as de or only 'spe You know, in dat kin' or examplain, who de disconterum gits outer gent of a ting dat 'grees, gin'ally de best while man am de ting dat rattles him to mo-

an' dat's de way wid dit walk dyspepm don' make no difference bow me much a miss got for work, wen believe on 'Im, he have the ' the the