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STEADFASTNESS. Waste not the present hour in vain regret
For prizes forfeited in days gone by;
It naught avails for fair winds lost to sigh Or mourn the glow of suns forever set;

Entomb thy past, bid memory forget . The fixed and changing years that rearward lie:

Charge but thy constant soul with purpose high, And life shall code thee of its treasures yet.

The Now is thine, a goodly battlefield
"Thereon all past defeats redeemed may

Fight bravely on and vanquished foes will Thy valiant sword a path to victory,

Tis cowards droop and moan, "It might have been !! "It yet shall be," the steadfast cry, and

-Donahoe's Magazine.

A GENUINE SURPRISE

BY HARRY GANUNG.



HE station at Swampy Corners was never a picturesque spot, even in the blue glow of the sunniest June day; but on this chill October night, with the first

gnowflakes of the season eddying in the slow, undecided way that first snowflakes have, through the gray air, and the tall hemlocks swaying this way and that in the raw wind, it looked especially dreary.

Emily Elkton shuddered as she stood looking out of one of the panes of glass clumsily inserted in the long framework by way of window.

"No, Miriam," she said, "you can't

"But I've got to go!" said Miriam Mudge, sympathetically compressing her lins as she tightened the straps of the parcel she was fastening one notch at a

"And leave me here alone?"

"Nobody won't hurt you, I reckon," said Miriam, a strong-featured woman of forty, with a bristling upper lip like

"If you go," said Emily, "I'll go too!" "Not much," composedly spoke Miriam, "thar ain't room in Pete Multer's buckboard for so much as a sheet o' paper arter me and him's in. Besides, wbat'll your Uncle Absolom say when he comes back and finds nobody here. Ef the fire goes out, everything'll freeze stiff, and- Yes, Pete, I'm a-comin'; thar ain't no need to stand there a-bellerin' like a Texas steer! Good-bye, Emily! Oh, I forgot!"-coming back, and mechanically lowering her voice, although there was no one but the gray cat by the stove to overhear the words. "The ticket money and two rolls o' gold eagles as the paymaster's call for tomorrer in the noon train is in the red chest under your uncle's bed. I reckoned it 'ad be safer than thau in the money-drawer. Don't forget to give it to him fust thing he gets back."

"Forget!" ethoed Emily, wringing her hands in frantic desperation. "But I won't be left in charge of it! I'll assume no such responsibility. I insist upon your taking it with you!"

The remonstrance, however, came too late. Miriam bawled out some indistinct reply and the next sound Miss Elkton heard was the creaking of the buckboard wagon as it turned the sharp curve below the gleaming line of the railway switches.

"She's gone," cried Emily, clasping her nauds like the tragic muse, "and left me alone with all that money! And the navy camp only three miles up the mountains, full of Italians and Chinese and the miners at Lake Lodi and the whole neighborhood infested with desperadoes i And Uncle Absalom not expected home until two o'clock in the morning, and the bolt broken off the door, and the key's a misfit, and nothing but a book and staple between me and destruction! Oh, why didn't I stay in Rhode Island? What evil spirit possessed me to come out here to Dakota, where one might as well be buried alive and done with it?"

Emily Eliston sat down and cried heartily, rocking herself forward and back and sobbing out aloud, like a child whose slice of bread and treacle had been aken away from it. And not until the candle flared up, with an extra sized siwinding sheet" wrapped around its wick and the cat rubbed itself persistently against her knee, did she arouse to

supper, the fire was low, the candle needed snuffing and there was no sort of use in tears.

Emily had come out West, partly because there seemed nothing to do at home and partly because Uncle Absalom had written that one of his nine nieces would come very handy for a house. keeper at Swampy Corners, in the State of Dakota, if she could be spared.

The latter sentence was intended on his part for a sarcasm, but the Eikton family had received it all in good faith and held many a deliberation before they consented to let one of the nine young birds flutter out of the home nest.

And more especially she had come because she had incidentally learned that Andrew Markham was one of the engineers in charge of the new line of railway on the other slope of the mountain. which undertaking involved the navvy camp and the great derricks and steam drills and the gangs of slit eyed Chinese and dark browed Italians.

"Not that that signifies," Emily had plausibly told herself. "But, of course, it's pleasant to be somewhere within a hundred miles of an old acquaintance."

Andrew Markham had been to see her twice, and both times she had made up her mind that the far West was the only place to live in.

"He expects to settle here," she thought, with a soft, pink color suffusing her face. "He says he has already bought a sunny slope of land, where he means to build a house and bring a wife when he can afford it. He thinks that life here means twice what it does in the effete civilization of the East."

But to-night, with the darkness wrapping the little depot like a blanket, and the wind howling down the mountain gorge, Miss Elkton would not at all have objected to some of that same "effete civilization."

Alone in the house! During the whole of her sojourn at Swampy Corners such a thing had never happened to her be-

Uncle Absalom had occasionally been

absent, it was true, but Miriam Mudge was always there to bear her company until his return. Now that a sudden summons from her father, hurt in an accident in the saw mill on Ragged River six miles below, had called Miriam away, poor Emily was all in a flutter.

True, the one train a day which stopped at the station was not due until seven in the morning. The telegram office was closed, and there was absolutely no care for her to assume except to put another log of wood on the air tight stove and go quietly to bed.

But the very sense of solitude appalled her. She shivered at the very click of the snow flakes against the window, the crack of the boards in the floor, the slow drip of the water into the kitchen sink, where Uncle Absalom had recently introduced the modern improvement of a water tap, connected by pipes with the spring in the spruce glen above.

"Why couldn't Miriam have stopped at one of the neighbors' houses and sent some one to keep me company?" she repined. "Andrew says there are some nice girls at Almondsley, down the mountain, and he said he'd like to introduce me to Marietta Mix, who teaches Sunday-school in the South Cleating, and does type writing for the company on week days. I'm sorry, now that I tossed my head, and put on airs, and

said I did not care to mingle in the society hereabouts. I must have appeared hateful enough. Gracious, what was

It was the clock striking nine, and then Emily remembered that she had no supper. Nervously glaucing around her, she tip-toed to the cupboard, and took a glass of milk and a little bread-andcheese. As she replaced the tumbler on the shelf she heard footsteps on the frozen ground outside.

"It's my imagination," she said, after listening for a second. "But I won't be frightened so. I will be brave." She took a hatchet, and sallying fortin, opened the cellar-door. "If anyone comes he'll sail down there before he can get to the door," said she.

And with two prodigious slashed of the hatchet she cut away the board rath which led ccross a series of rugged boulders to the railway platform.

"There," she cried, hurrying back to the inside warmth and brightness, as if a whole brigade of pursuers were at her heels, "that's done! I feel safer now, But I must hang the lastern out before Uncle Absalom comes back, I don't want him to fall down and break his New York Mercury.

She had just seated herself with a sigh of relief when something like a big firedy blazed on her vision—for a brief second only; then it was gone.

"A dark lantern!" she said to herself. "I am sure now that I hear the sound of feet on the platform. There are two or three people there-perhaps more. They have learned that I am alone with all that money!" She clasped her hands over her eyes, and shivered as she heard a crash, a smothered exclamation, a suppressed buzz of voices, "Some one has fallen down the cellar! Oh, how fortunate it was I thought of that!"

And now a low whisper came up through the carelessly-joined boards of the floor. She could distinguish the words, "Hold on! Be careful! The front door is fastened, for I tried it. You can all of you get down cellar, and come up that way."

Emily's heart gave an exultant jump. The cellar door, a mass of timber in which she had the fullest confidence, was securely bolted. She peered out into the stormy darkness. By the occasionally displayed gleam of the lantern she could see a huddled mass of figures creeping down the cellar steps.

Last of all disappeared the lantern itself, one leisurely step at a time; and then, consummating a plan which she had long been concecting in her mind. Emily made a dash out into the night, clesed the two divisions of the cellar door with a bang, barred them, and fled panting into the house.

By this time there was a brisk knocking at the celler door, a crying out of, "Open the door! Let us in!"

But to these calls Emily Elkton paid no heed, and it was only when a hand was midenly laid on her shoulder from behind that she uttered a plercing scream and lost all her presence of mind. "Why, Emmy!" exclaimed a familiar

voice. "Why, child, what's the matter?" "Oh, Uncle Absalom, how you frightened me.l Oh, dear, the cellar is full of burglars and robbers! Reach down your gun! Get the hot-water kettle!"

"Burglars, eh?" said Uncle Absalom. Robbers? Why, what on yarth did they come from? Sure ye ain't mistook, sissy? Anyhow, I'll be ready for 'em."

He advanced toward the cellar door with his loaded revolver in his hand. "Whosver ye be," he shouted, "tell

us what your business is or take this! Don't hold my arm, sissy! There can't no more'n one at a time come up these 'ere cellar stairs, and I reckon I'm s match for that much, if I be old an'

To Emily's infinite alarm he subolted the cellar door and flung it wide open. - There, crowding on the narrow wooden steps, stood Andrew Markham, the Miss Almonnsleys, Loonidas Mix and Sister Marietta, and Dr. Cliffe's two chub

"We came," said Markham, rather shamefacedly, "to give Miss Eikton a birthday surprise. We're sorry that-"

"Walk in-walk in!" cried Uncle Absalom, his face one full moon of broad smiles. "No need of bein' sorry for nothin'. You're all welcome: How on sarth did ye know it was Emmy's twentieth birthday?"

"Marietta has baked a cake," said Leonidas, "and the Cliffe girls brought a jug of lemonade, and it was broken when I tumbled down cellar, and-"

"Oh, that don't matter none!" beamed Uncle Absalom, "We're awful pleased to see you-sin't we, Emily?"

In this auspicious manner began Emily E2kton's first acquaintance with the young people who were destined to be her lifelong neighbors.

"But really," said she, half crying, half laughing, "I thought you were all banditti."

"It's all my fault," acknowledged honest Marietta Mix. "I was determined that, you should have a surprise. Andrew wasn't half willing, but I insisted. You see, I didn't think there would ever be any other way of getting acquainted with you, Miss Elkton. And we knew that Andrew was so interested

"Nonsense!" cried Emily, blushing. "Is it nonsense, though!" retorted Marietta. "Well, time will show."

And time did show. Six months afterward-but, after all, where is the use of turning over the leaves of the book of fate? Let all true lovers guess for themselves how the matter ended.

"But." Emily acknowledged in her turn. "I never was so frightened in all my life as at first and never so happy as was at last," And she never returned to town life .-- Origin of Our Alphabet.

It may now be taken as an accepted fact that emblematic signs preceded articulated language and even aided in its formation. In support of such a hypothesis we need only recall the designs which were intended to represent reindeer and other animals, and trees and plants, and which were traced by early historians-it they may be so designated, on the horn of the mammoth. and the still more recent discovery of designs of a similar character on teeth which belonged in their pristine condition to some cave bear of the paleological period.

In its development writing began with the drawing of material objects, and developed later in the representation of ideas by means of the ideographic signs, afterwards resulting in a sort of alphabet. The Chinese characters and the various sorts of cuniform characters which border upon the purely alphabetic writing of the Persians furnish an example of this.

In the Eighth Century the Assyrian mode of writing was adopted by the tribes tributary to that power, and the adoption becoming general, various modifications were made; but the first of any importance was that of reducing a character by the expression of a single sound-it ceased to be polyphonic and remained syllabic as a result. The Persians, when they borrowed the syllabic signs, attributed the alphabetic character to them, such as b for bu or

The history of the hieroglyphics of Egypt proves that the alphabets of the East are derived from the Egyptienne hieratic and cursive writing. Tue genealogy of our alphabet goes up again to the Latins and from the Greeks to the Phonicians, who are of the same race as the Hykos or king-shepherds who conquered and governed Ezypt from the fifteenth to the seventeenth dynasty. These strangers took in hand the study and the perfection, at least to confined practical use, of the hieroglyphics the Egyptians had neglected to make much

It is to these wandering Phoenicians that we are indebted for our alphabet. Their commercial instincts told them of the immense value of such a system to the Egyptians, but, instead of mastering everything they could in this matter, they only kept those which belonged exclusively to their own affairs. Setting aside the ideographic signs, syllabic and determinatives, their practical sense made them adopt the twenty-one charters from which our alphabet has been taken.-British Printer.

A Misunderstanding.

There is a funny story told in the United States Senate of the mistake by a member of that body at the time of General Anson McCook's marriage some half dozen years ago. Senator Dolph undertook to get up a subscription for a suitable wedding present, and, offering the paper to one of his colleagues who was somewhat deaf, explained the case and asked for what amount he might put his name down in the list. The Senator from Oregon was somewhat nonplussed and considerably nettled to meet with a point-blank refusal. The affair was the more inexplicable as the Senator of whom the contribution was desired was known to be a warm personal friend of General McCook. Later in the day the situation was unconsciously explained by the offending Senator, who remarked to a group or his friends: "What the deuce do you suppose Dolph means? He came to me today, and after telling me that his cook was going to be married, actually asked me to contribute for a wedding present." -Kate Field's Washington.

Correcting History.

It is asserted on seemingly credible authority that Nelson never gave the famous order, "England expects every man to do his duty." He gave one very much like it, but without the ring of the other. An Englishman, whose father was secretary to Captain Hardy and was aboard the Victory when Nelson fell, says he has the best authority for saying that Nelson's order was, "The commander-in-chief expects that every man this day will do his duty." The flag officer was unable to transmit this command quick enough, and at the suggestion of the lieutenant it was altered to "England expects every man to do his duty."-Detroit Free Press

"NUMBER ONE."

SELF-PRESERVATION IS THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE

Some Curious Forms of This Defer sive Instinct in Big and Little Animals That are Naturally Timid.

ECOGNIZING the impossibility

of bridging every stream and working a million miracles to keep fire from burning and nassion from flaming, Nature has preferred the simple alternative of endowing her creatures with the instinct of self-preservation - a tendency which. under certain circumstances, may take the form of self-revenge. Nine out of ten species of animals avoid danger by flight, but community interests and other considerations compel the remaining tenth to abide the arbitrament of battle, and without t e dread of their defensive valor some of the most useful kinds of insects would have become utterly extinet. Ants, the restless scavengers of the wilderness, will attack the disturber of their domicile with a fury that deters even the greedy boar and the insecteating baboons of the Nubian hill country. Termites permit themselves to be torn to pieces rather than loosen their bulldog grip upon the hide of a foe, and the hive bee assails intruders at the imminent risk of losing her life together with hersting.

Some forms of that defensive instinct have become curiously specialized. The little capuchin monkeys of the Brazilian forests are so timid that they scamper away at the mere rustling of a leaf, but experience has taught them that flight offers no chance of salvation from the pursuit of a winged enemy, and at the first glimpse of a harpy eagle a swarm of capteinos will huddle together and shrick out their defiance with an emphasis that really makes the hovering murderer reconsider his project. If he does risk a swoop a dozen pair of hands will grab him at once, and clutching at his throat and his wings soon fill the air with a whirl of flying feathers, not unmixed with fur, while the screams of the combatants bring up ring-tailed allies from all parts of the woods till the would-be assassin is glad to get away with the loss of half his plumage.

A still more interesting case of that

kind was observed in the zoological gar-

den of Cologne. A species of wild goat, the capra ruppeli, haunts the rocks of the Abyssinian highlands and manages to hold its own against all enemies. with the exception of the fleet-footed mountain jackal, an adversary whose cooperative tactics and keenness of scent makes flight unavailing and have led the capras to the conclusion that under certain circumstances valor may be the better part of discretion. The yelp of an approaching horde of jackals is therefore a signal of instant rally on the part of the goats. The nannies crowd around their kids, and the bucks rush forward en masse, butting away with a rage that lays out a yelper at every spring, and makes the survivors stand back howling and cowering. They had no jackals in the Cologne Zoo, but their capra buck somehow seemed to recognize the relationship of his hereditary foe to the genus cauis, and at sight of a dog he would fly into a paroxysm of rage, rushing up and down his enclosure, making frantic springs at the fence and getting evidently crazed with impatience to try conclusions with the cousin of the Abyssinian kid killers. Professor Mivart proved that there are

"instincts" that lead to death by failing

to adapt themselves to a change of circumstances. Migratory quail by thousands perish in the deserts of Northern Africa, where their ancestors used to find a comfortable winter resort, abounding with forests and even with grain fields. if we shall credit Pliny's account of the Numidian coast lands. The forests are gone, but myriads of quail still follow in the same route, at the risk of starvation. and Norwegian lemming rats still observe the ancestral custom by migrating south in a strict beeline, figoting and gnawing their way through all obstacles. They travel in armies of many hundreds of thousands, and have regular vanguards to charge every living impediment, Foxes, and even wolves, might yield to a charge of that kind, for the jealous little rodeuts make up in numbers and activity what they lack is strength, but their tactics miss their purpose in their application to a still greater

farmers join in a campaign of extermination as soon as their scouts report the advance of the lemming horde. Eq. with untanned boots and double jacks they are rat proof, and use from ringe clubs that knock down whole squads of the squeaking invaders at each blow. but the sight of their dying leaders ontirely fails to daunt the pluck of the rear ranks. On they come, with a blind disregard of consequences, and in the fory of combat cling by scores to the impenetrable boots of their slayers and come

and down again with crushing effect.
Several species of tortoises can be hooked without a bait by taking advantage of their mania for snapping at every floating object, and the great and bear of the South American forests contrives to intimidate his feline enemies by rearing up to his full length, but by that very trick gives the hunter a chance to take a deadly aim at his heart.

The fighting propensity of some species of our dumb fellow-creatures has been developed by their unwieldiness and the consequent difficulty of escaping the pur uit of their enemies, and the naturalist Linnaeus already called attention to the suggestive circumstance that "shortlegged monkeys are braver than the longlegged ones." The Falstaffian motive of valor makes the East Indian rhesus are fight like a buildog and partly explains the courage of sluggish bruin and some of his smaller relatives.

The European badger rarely leaves his burrow before sunset, but his love of sweet grapes now and then tempts bim to neglect the warning of the dawn, and specimens caught in flagrante by the dogs of the vineyard owner never budge an inch, but fight to the very death; the very youngsters darting out from behind their dam's back to try a snap at the velping aggressors .- Dr. Oswald, in Sou. Francisco Chronicle.

S. FUN.

But one in a thousand-The figure one.-Harvard Lampoon.

The bad practices of others give tho lawyer his good one .- Truth.

"Is your neuralgia any better, dear?" new dress."-Forget-Me-Not.

Jealousy is that which makes us insanely think we can secure the object of our regard by appearing hateful .- Puck,

St. Louis has a girl phreuologist. Evidently woman is getting to the head in the march of progress .- Boston Tran-

No man can paint a sign on a fence in such a way that a boy cannot change it to read something else. -Atchison

She (yawning)-"I do like a young man with some get up and go about him." He gets up and goes .- Detroit Free Press.

Only one person in a thousand dies of old age. So it seems that old age is not so dangerous as the insurance tables would have us believe. - Boston Tran-

The way in which little thidgs count looms up impressively when you note how far a slight change in the prevailing fashion can put your hat out of style. -Washington Star. Manager-"What in the world is all

that racket about out in the back room ?" Helper-"It's time for the four-footed girl to come on and she can't find her other two feet."-Truth.

The Rev. Silas Sophtey-"Ah, Thomas, that man tried to take me in about that wretched screw of a horse; but I'm not such a fool as I look, ch?" Thomas (the groom)-"Noa, sir, that ye're not." The Rev. Silas-"Eh, what?" Thomas -"Beg pardon, sir, I mean ye're hadn't need to be."-Punch.

Twins of Mixed Breed.

A cow belonging to Mr. Weatherby, a well-to-do stockman of Manhattan, recently gave birth to a pair of singular animals. They resemble colts more than calves, although both possess rudimontary horns and the hoofs of cattle, but in all other respects they seem to be young horses, having long, flowing manes and the tails of colts, only these latter are unusually long and bushy. One is a male and the other is a female, and both are well-developed, well-shaped animals. The mother, however, seems to know that there is something shnormal about them, and has declined to allow them natural nourishment, so they are to be brought up by hand .- Philadulp