



Roanoke Publishing Co.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

\$1.00 a year in advance.

VOL. VI.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1895.

NO. 46.

THE BEST OF LIFE.

Not till life's heat is cooled,
The healing rush slowed to a quiet pace,
And every purblind passion that has ruled
Our noisier years, at last
Spurs us in vain, and, weary of the race,
We care no more who loses or who wins—
Ah! not till all the best of life seems past
The best of life begins.

To toil for only fame,
Handclappings and the flecked gusts of praise,
For place or power or gold, to gild a name
Above the grave where
All paths will bring us, were to lose our days,
We, on whose ears youth's passing bell has
Tolled,
In blowing bubbles, even as children do,
Forgetting we grow old.

But the world widens when
Such hope of trivial gain that ruled us lies
Broken among our childhood's toys, for
then
We win to self-control!

And mail ourselves in manhood, and there
rise
Upon us from the vast and windless height
Those clearer thoughts that are unto the
soul
What stars are to the night.
—The Spectator.

A MAN'S CHOICE.

JANET'S fortune!
How much is it,
mother?" said
Ronald Mitchell,
as he carefully
measured the
anchovy for his
salmon.
"Nothing less
than the whole
Cross-Me-loof estate and \$10,000 good
money in the Bank of Scotland."

"Too little. I could not sell myself
so cheap."

"But there is the lassie forbye;
she is not bad looking, and she is a
careful housewife and a good Christian."

"Doubtless, mother, she is better
than she's bonnie; but I know a girl
worth ever so much more than Janet
McDonald."

"That will be Bailie Johnson's
daughter?"

"You do me too much honor; I do
not aspire to a woman six feet high,
especially when her temper is of equal
proportions."

"Well, Isabelle has a bad temper,
but Janet is different; she has—"

"No heart."

"She has plenty of money."

"And no intellect."

"But she has interest enough to send
you to Parliament."

"I don't want to go there, and I do
want my dinner, and you are taking
away my appetite." And Ronald drew
the moor-cock toward him and helped
himself liberally. There was a few
minutes' silence, which did not deceive
Ronald; he knew it was the lull be-
fore the breaking of the storm. His
mother's attitude of indifference and
listlessness was all assumed; he was
perfectly familiar with it, and knew
what a spirit it hid.

She was only hesitating now to open
the subject which lay nearest her
heart. While she was hesitating, a
servant brought in a card and gave it
to her.

"It is Wylie Ronald," she said;
"you had better go and see him."

"Why so, mother? I know nothing
about the property. You and he have
always managed it. Besides, I have
an engagement at half-past seven."

"But something must be done.
Every year the rents are deersgasing.
My income will soon be at starvation
point."

Ronald looked up and smiled in-
credulously.

"Oh, yes. I keep up an appearance
of course, and I suppose I shall
always be able to do that, for I am
not one of the foolish women who
spend as they go. I have laid a little
by to help the future; but what is to
become of you?"

"Heigh-hoo! I have a good angel,
I suppose."

"A good wife would be more to the
purpose, and if you would only marry
Janet McDonald, she would bring you
a fine estate! besides, she is a prudent
lassie and would help you to keep the
gear well together."

"How do I know that Janet would
have me?"

"I have already spoken to her."

"It was throwing words away,
mother. If there is anything else I
can please you in, I shall be willing
and obedient; but I cannot cast my
life away—not for gold, at least."

"Yet you are going to do it for a
pretty face."

"You are mistaken. I have my
price, I suppose, but neither land nor
beauty are able to buy me."

"The conceit of men is wonderful;
it passes the comprehension of women.
Where are you going this evening?"

"To Mrs. Sorley's."

"To see Eva. Well, Ronald, re-
member, if you decline to accept Janet
McDonald as your wife, I also decline
to receive Eva Sorley as my daughter.
I suppose the right of rejection is left
to me as well as to you."

"Not equally, mother. You cannot
make Janet my wife; but I, by marry-
ing Eva, can make her your daughter."

"I deny it, sir, for in such a case
you would be no longer my son.
Good evening, sir."

"Mrs. Mitchell Victrix as usual,"
said Ronald, laughing softly to him-
self. "Here is a turn in affairs. I
must go and see what Eva says about
it."

On his way there he tried not to
think of the subject; it annoyed him;
but Eva had a way of letting sunlight
into everything, and whatever she
said, of course he should do. Eva,
watching and listening in the shadow,
heard the echoes of his swinging steps,
and divined in them something new,
even before she saw him.

"What is the matter, Ronald? I do
not believe I shall all you 'Sans souci'
to-night; you look troubled."

"You may call me the Disinherited,
Knight, for I think my trouble will
amount to that."

"What have you been doing?" said
Mrs. Sorley.

"My sin is one of omission, madam.
You see, I am only a part of the estate
to my mother. She wants to invest
me profitably, just as she does the in-
terest of her savings. At present she
allows me five hundred pounds a year;
but if I refuse to carry out her plans,
she will withdraw it. What am I to
do?"

"Ask Eva."

Eve met the questioning face with
one of confidence.

"Go to work, sir, and make five
hundred pounds a year. I will marry
you when you can earn three hundred
pounds. What do you say to that?"

"That you are the loveliest and
bravest little lady in Christendom;"
and he fairly lifted her in his arms
and kissed her.

"Put me down, Ronald, and listen
to what I say. You are six feet two
inches high, and strong as Hercules.
You never have a headache, and are
just twenty-two. 'Disinherited'! Pshaw!
Your inheritance is in your
own keeping. The world is given to
the children of men; go into it, and
take your portion."

Nothing strengthens a man in
trouble like the sympathy and help of
the woman he loves. Ronald went
from Eva's presence gifted with a
definite purpose. The inward change
had its outward evidences. It was per-
ceptible in his tread, which had lost
its usual lazy swing, in the manner
which he ascended the steps, and in
the impetuous way in which he flung
hat and gloves on the hall table, and
entered his mother's presence. She
partly turned her head, and said, in a
sleepy manner:

"Your energy is exhausting and un-
necessary, Ronald; I wish you would
be more gentlemanly."

He tried to obey her, as he had al-
ways done, but he was too excited.
Before he got half across the room he
stumbled over a small ottoman, and
then kicked it out of his way.

"What is the matter with you? What
kind of company have you been in, to
bring such a riotous influence back
with you?"

"I have been with two of the noblest
women in the world, mother."

"Indeed! I am sure I should never
have thought so."

"I told you I was going to Mrs. Sor-
ley's, and I have been."

"Very well, sir; that is enough. I
am not curious about the family. We
will change the subject, please."

The habit of obedience was so strong
that he remained silent.

"The Wilkies were here to-night.
They wish you to join a fishing excur-
sion to the Trosachs. I told them I
was sure you would go."

"You are mistaken, mother. I
shall be better employed, I hope."

Mrs. Mitchell raised her eyes in
credulously, but asked:

"How?"

"I am going to try and find some
work."

"Work! and pray, what can you
do?"

"Indeed, mother, very little; but I
can learn. I have been taught nothing
useful; my education is superficial,
and no profession has been given me.
I am not even fit for a clerkship. I
see nothing before me but manual
labor, unless you continue my allow-
ance while I study law or medicine."

"You have begun at the wrong end
of your story. Now be pleased to be-
gin your argument properly. What
led you to form this resolution?"

"Your remark this evening. You
declared that if I married Miss Sorley
I should no longer be your son."

"Quite correct."

"Then, as I am determined to marry
Miss Sorley, it becomes necessary for
me to consider some way of support-
ing her and myself."

"True; for you can hardly expect
me to support a young woman I de-
test. As for continuing your allow-
ance, I shall do no such thing. I will
give you a month to reconsider your
conduct, and if at the end of it you
still prefer this—this—"

"Miss Sorley, mother?"

"This girl, sir. You can take her,
and go your own way. That is all I
have to say."

But it was easier to determine to
work than to find the work to do, and
if it had not been for the strengthen-
ing influence of Eva, Ronald would
perhaps have become discouraged.
The month drew to a close, and still
no employment had been found.

"What shall I do, Bright Eyes?"
said Ronald one evening. "It seems
as if there were no place in the work-
a-day world for me."

"Oh, yes, there is, only you have
not found it yet. And do you know,
Ronald, mamma and I have been talk-
ing of your going to America?"

The suggestion was not new to the
young man; his own heart had been
giving him the same advice, and the
subject, once broached, soon assumed
a tangible form. It was thoroughly
discussed and arranged, and Ronald's
place taken in a steamer leaving two
days before his month of grace ex-
pired.

During all his trials and prepara-
tions Ronald's home—never a happy
one—had been becoming daily more
wretched. His mother wearied him
with alternate reproaches and en-
treathes, and his friends pitied or
abused, advised or laughed at him.
Still the last night he was to spend
under his mother's roof he made
another effort at reconciliation.

"I have a miserable headache to-
night," he said. "Kiss me, mother,
for the sake of old times."

"Certainly, Ronald, if the kiss im-
plies that you have recovered your
senses and are willing to follow my
plans for your welfare."

"I cannot give up Eva, mother."

"You are old enough to choose be-
tween us. If it is Miss Sorley, her
kisses must suffice you."

"At least, mother, shake hands."

"You are sentimental to-night—a
thing I have no use in the world for.
Obedience is the test of love."

"Well, good night, mother."

"Good night, sir."

And thus they parted.

Hard as his parting was with Eva it
did not sadden him like the unnatural
"Good night, sir," of his mother.

After Ronald's departure Eva waited
hopefully and happily for the good
news she was sure would come. Nor
did she wait in vain. In two years
Ronald had completed his study for
the law and opened a small office in a
flourishing town in Western New York.

For some time his practice was small,
but at the end of the fourth year he
was making more than enough to claim
the redemption of Eva's promise.

Mrs. Sorley accompanied her daugh-
ter to America, and lived many happy
years with the young couple. Ronald

is always a warm defender of that
much abused character—a mother-in-
law.

As years wore on the little cottage
was added to and enlarged until it be-
came the pride of the town, and Judge
Mitchell's house and gardens, his horses
and servants are certainly evidences
of an income vastly above the £500 a
year he refused to accept as equiva-
lent for manhood's noblest rights and
privileges.

Ronald is a portly, middle-aged man
now, and Eva, though still beautiful,
has lost the early bloom of youth, but
up and down the long piazzas, and
through the shady arcades of elm and
chestnut, beautiful boys and girls
play, walk or read, uncontrolled by
any element but a wise and patient
love. For Ronald has still a sad re-
membrance of a home cheerless and
loveless amid all its splendor, of a
childhood unblest by fairy lore or
mother's kisses and of a youth in which
everything was to have been sacrificed
for interest and ambition.

Mrs. Mitchell still lives. If her
heart ever softens toward her son she
never suffers it to make any sign. She
is apparently as indifferent to his later
honors as she was to his early struggles
and trials. It is likely even that she
may outlive her busy, hard working
son, whose brain and heart carry the
cares and sorrows of many besides his
own, for

"The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer
dust
Burn to the socket."

A Test for Apparitions.

Among the curiosities of thought
which the physician meets with, unex-
pected perceptions suddenly appearing
before the mind with the same vivid-
ness as ordinary perceptions, but with-
out any accompanying external ex-
citant, are not uncommon. A person
may look at an empty chair and yet
see a familiar form seated in that
chair, and may even hear remarks
made by this imaginary figure and not
doubt for a moment that the figure is
an actual entity.

I have seen persons talking with
such imaginary individuals, and have
had them assure me that they were as
sure of their presence and of their
voices as they were of my own. I have
seen persons manifest the greatest
alarm at the presence of animals about
them, and refuse to believe from as-
surance that those animals were not
there.

A young woman, having once been
frightened by the sudden presentation
to her of a white mouse, has been
troubled for years by seeing this
mouse running about her, upon her
clothing, upon anything she is
handling, and even upon her food;
and, as a result, she is in a state of
constant agitation and perplexity,
though at times convinced that this is
the product of her mind. She washes
her hands and her clothing frequen-
tly because she is convinced that this
animal has made them dirty; and she
cannot divest herself of the belief that
it is real.

I have sometimes been able to con-
vince persons that such fancied figures
were not real by asking them to push
one eyeball up a little with the finger.
This makes all objects about them
seem double, as any one can prove to
himself, but it does not double the
false image—the product of the mind.
The young woman just mentioned was
much comforted by this device. —Popu-
lar Science Monthly.

Swallowed by a Snake.

Charley Hiett, a student of natural
history, last year when on a trip
through the mountains witnessed a
contest between a water snake and a
toad. The snake had caught the toad
by his hind leg, evidently intending
to make a meal. He seemed to let go
occasionally only to get a better hold,
and at last got the poor toad fairly in
his mouth. After quite a period his
toadship disappeared down the throat
of the snake and could plainly be seen
some inches below the head.

Charley has an antipathy to snakes
and sprang from the bank three or
four feet high and landed squarely on
the scaly monster's back. He struck
just behind the swelling in the snake
and much to his surprise the toad shot
forth from the mouth of the reptile
and hopped off as nimbly as though
he had not just escaped from death. —
Oroville (Cal.) Register.

He Fined Mark Twain.

Among the recent deaths at San Fran-
cisco, Cal., was that of Alfred Barstow,
a pioneer lawyer, who, as a justice of
the peace, once had "Mark Twain"
before him for "painting the town
red." "Mark" was then a newspaper
reporter, and Barstow remitted the
fine of \$10 on the future humorist's
showing that he possessed only a plug
of tobacco and a broken jackknife. —
New York Tribune.

LADIES' COLUMN.

BUSINESS WOMEN'S RESTAURANT.

Danish women are the latest to start
a business women's restaurant and
reading room. In the heart of the
business centre of Copenhagen such a
place is to be established, which will
afford women engaged in office and
shop work comfortable quarters for
taking their luncheons. Good, nourish-
ing food is to be provided at reason-
able prices, and a reading room is
planned. It has been suggested that
a field for such a restaurant in New
York was down town, among the
many big buildings, where scores of
women are employed. Many women
now carry their luncheons, and eat
them in the law or business office
where they are serving as typewriter
or stenographer, because they do not
care to go to the restaurants whose
chief patronage is among men, and
which at the noon hour are apt to be
overcrowded.

If one of the women's exchanges
would start a luncheon room of that
sort at or a little below the City Hall,
it is believed by many that it would
be of great mutual benefit, alike to its
patrons and its management. —New
York Times.

CAREER OF A WOMAN LETTER CARRIER.

Mrs. Ann Hawkins, whose death at
Cuteky, near Castleford, is announced,
had a remarkable career. She was a
native of Pontefract, and from the
time of the Queen's coronation, in
1837, till 1869, she fulfilled the office
of town letter carrier, and discharged
the duties single handed. She was
never known to be absent from her
duties from sickness during the whole
of her period of service. Through
the interest of the late Lord Hough-
ton and Mr. Childers, who then re-
presented Pontefract in Parliament,
Mrs. Hawkins's services to the country
were brought before the notice of the
then Postmaster-General, and for
about twenty-seven years past she has
been in receipt of a well-earned pen-
sion. Prior to the introduction of
railways into the district, letters were
delivered in Pontefract by means of
postboys, meeting the mail coaches
proceeding north and south at Ferry-
bridge, and some bags of letters and
newspapers, which contained as many
as fifty or sixty missives daily, were
considered a good average in Mrs.
Hawkins's time. Mrs. Hawkins wore
a singular waterproof garb in wet
weather, and carried the letters in a
small covered basket protected by
waterproof covering. She had deliv-
ered many writs for Parliamentary
elections in her capacity as postwo-
man. —Yorkshire (England) Post.

TOILET ACCESSORIES.

There are many things necessary
nowadays for the up-to-date toilet
table. One of the requisites, which,
fortunately, can be procured without
expense or trouble, is a jar of salt—
common table salt, and it is a panacea
for many ills. A little of it dissolved
in warm water is sure to remove the
slight inflammation from eyelids red-
dened by a long drive in the wind. If
used for a gargle it will allay any
slight irritation of the throat; a little
should occasionally be put in the water
in which one's teeth are brushed, as it
helps to harden the gums.

Tincture of camphor or tincture of
myrrh, dropped into water, is an ex-
cellent wash for the mouth and throat
when the breath is not sweet. When
the latter is used the proper propor-
tions are ten drops of myrrh to a glass
of water.

Powdered alum is another important
adjunct; a little should be thrown
into the water in which you bathe
your hands before putting on gloves
for a crowded reception or ball, when
there might be a tendency to perspire
too freely.

It is said that a few drops of sul-
phuric acid in the bath water is also a
preventive of the too free perspiration
of either hands or feet.

An equal mixture of lemon juice
and glycerine is another "aid to
beauty," necessary to the toilet table
—it whitens as well as softens the
hands. —Detroit Free Press.

FASHION NOTES.

Blue, always a cold, unbecoming
color, is no longer fashionable.

It, the trimming of skirts there
continues to be the greatest reserve.

Made brims of straw braid and

fancy crowns were prominent at the
first openings.

The fashionable thing at present is
to wear white linen collars with the
colored shirt waists.

The new crepon challoes displayed
in the shops are as pretty as silks and
wear infinitely better.

The coat-and-skirt style of tailor-
made gown is as popular as ever this
spring, but in addition there are cloth
gowns with closely fitting bodices and
elaborately trimmed.

The sale of fine grade but inexpen-
sive silks is so great that one house
asserted last week that it had in less
than six days sold fifty miles of silk
for gowns, skirts and fancy linings.

Hair, bonnets, hats, sleeves and
skirts have suddenly widened to an
almost grotesque extent, causing the
tallest woman to look short, while the
short ones are turned into veritable
sarcophagi.

All the new skirts are from nine to
ten yards in circumference, while the
dressmakers assert confidently that
the width will go on increasing, and
predict that fifteen yards will be the
measurement this summer.

Very pretty are the lawn waists in
China blue, old rose, red or black
with an all-over pattern in white em-
broidery. Striped and checked linen
make neat waists; they cost quite as
much as silk, but are more substan-
tial.

The Sun Bittern and the Kagu.

Very little has been recorded of the
habits of the sun bittens, it merely
having been stated that it resorts to
the undergrowth found along the
muddy banks of sluggish streams,
where it feeds upon insects and small
fishes.

Newton, who has observed it in cap-
tivity, at the gardens of the Zoologi-
cal Society of London, says: "It
soon becomes tame, and has several
times made its nest and reared its
young." It has a plaintive, piping
note, and "it ordinarily walks with
slow and precise steps, keeping its
body in a horizontal position, but at
times, when excited, it will go through
a series of fantastic performances,
spreading its broad wings and tail so
as to display their beautiful mark-
ings." These sun bittens were known
fully three-quarters of a century or
more to science before anything at all
akin to them was found; but when
the island of New Caledonia became
colonized, a bird there discovered,
and nowhere else, at last furnished an
ally. This was the kagu, now de-
scribed by ornithologists as *Rhino-
chetus jubatus*. Externally the kagu
bears but little resemblance to a sun
bittern, though its internal structure,
which has been carefully examined,
proves the relationship. Considerably
larger than *Eurypyga*, it has its head
ornamented by a hanging crest of
long and soft feathers. Both its legs,
which are rather long, and its beak
are of a livid red color. Its ample
wings are marked something after the
pattern seen in the sun bittens, while
its chief body color is a pale slate,
shading lighter below. Numerous
transverse bars embellish the tail, and
these markings, though far less dis-
tinct, are seen on the wing coverts al-
so. Ordinarily it is a very passive
bird, standing motionless for several
minutes at a time, when it will stop
off briskly for a short distance, only
to again assume its attitude of rest.
This is by no means, however, the in-
variable behavior of this extraordinary
bird, for when aroused by excitement
it will even quite outdo a sun bittens
in its extravagant and fantastic "show-
off." Holding one of its wings or the
extremity of its tail in the most re-
markable manner, it will violently
pin about in giddy dance, the like of
which is never performed by any other
known member of the class Aves. Un-
fortunately, this extremely interest-
ing type, it is now said, is becoming
rapidly exterminated. —Popular Sci-
ence Monthly.

Police Dislike Leather Breeches.

The park mounted police of New
York City are tired of their buck-skin
breeches and have petitioned the
"powers that be" to allow them to
encase their nether limbs in woolen
garments. The leather breeches cost
\$23 a pair, and each is guaranteed to
last five years. The police complain
that in wet weather it is impossible to
take off the garments. —New Orleans
Picayune.