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DESPAIR AND HOPE.

Despair of all and hope for none, We are unclean beneath the sun. Foul vapors cling to all that's high, Notes jar in every harmony. We tame our flights to lower goals, Moan deeds defile the purest souls. Trust nothing-this alone is sure, We pass, and nothing will endure."

For all men hope, despair of none! Foul vapors flee the golden sun. The darkest puddle draws on high To paint the sky with harmony, So love shall lift to higher goals The lowest lives, the darkest souls. Rejoice we then, of one thing sure, We pass, but deeds of love endure.

-I Zangwill, in Voice, Speech and Gesture.

A STORY OF TEMPTATION.



ISS WARNER!" She turned. elenched tightly in her fingers the bank-notes, and with a face deadly pale she gazed on the woman beside

"Miss Warner! The trustworthy, the confidential clerk! The betrothed wife-" "Stop! oh, stop! Let me tell you! Hear me !"

"The betrothed wife of the junior partner of the firm of Fairleigh, Noble & On., to be caught at -"

"For God's sake, have mercy! I am not doing as you would say. I am only borrowing this until I can return it, when it is really due me!" "Of course! But if it was any one

but Miss Warner-I, or the boy who sweeps this place-what would it be?" "Ch! you have no mercy! You hate ne, I know, and will not hear the truth. You know I am incapable of such wrong. But, oh! you will tell it! Yes, yes; I am in your power. Oh, why was I so weak as to yield to his pleading? Why should he not have borne the result of his own wrongdoing? Listen, Julia. You shall hear. When my mother, dying, bade me kneel by her side, and vow to love, protect and shield her boy, I did it, knowing full well it would require long endurance, privation, and possibly the sacrifice of my dearest hopes. But I never dreamed it could possibly bring even a suspicion of dishonesty

upon me." The miserable girl dropped her head, in her anguish, on the desk, and

Coldly, cruelly Julia Garnet stood, unmoved by the piteous moans of the girl she was torturing. A triumphant light gleamed from her small black eyes, and with a sneering expression curling her lips, she said:

"Really, this is quite dramatic! You have mistaken your vocation, Miss Warner."

The girl raised her head, wiped from her face the tears-that pale, beautiful face with the soul-lit deep gray ear smooth brow so full d; such a striking Fk one beside it, was so sharp and line about the bring one thought girl's heart. She d, and said:

Il you more of my ve no mercy. You s devotion. You n wishes, and seek Speak at once! nd 1 shall do? I ulia Garnet. You ny since-"

n won the love of we hated you. And s father, who even tle favor on your enwill he say to his having been caught ruth is so terrible to ear, I will say a family failing,

ps!"
peak, and end your torture!" ou will resign your position here, y cause you may choose to as-Put back that money, if you w. I will let you have the unt. You can return it have obtained so much to will readily obtain em-

bonnet, with a calmhave been more touchhat could feel, than the s of a short time beer left the store. er, a pleasant, boyish

are you? Have you

rling sister!" I'll do word for you; indeed glad! so relieved!"

was not cheerful as urn; the lamp not lit, ning brightly in the ing so cold and dark; life and light that used to coming, sat with bowed little lounge, her bonnet

ill on. she was tired, and had tting home, Willie began d to make things more

was so filled with gratisister for saving him, he ink of the disappointment her reject

in not finding the nice little supper waiting his coming.

Lighting the lamp, he turned to look at Dora.

"Dora, are you tired? Let me take your wrappings?" he said.

She raised her head-his eyes fell on her face. He sprang forward, caught her hand, and sank on his knee beside her.

"Dora! Dora! sister, what is it? You are ill? Speak to me?" he pleaded, gazing wildly into her face—yester-day so beautiful, loving and hopeful; now so haggard, weary and despairing. "What is it? Oh, tell me, sis-

She put out her hand, drew him to her, and said:

"Love me, Willie, I have no one else to love me now."

When, with his head bowed in her lap, he heard of the sacrifice his sister had made to shield him, the boy's heart was awakened to the full appreciation of his own wrong and its results.

He had been drawn into bad company, tempted to visit gambling houses, and finally to try his luck, which, at times, was so successful as to lure him on. Thinking he could soon return it, he took, from time to time, small sums of money from the store, of which he was the bookkeeper. He had, up to a short time before the opening of our story, returned the amount before the loss was discovered. But fate turned against him. After having taken a much larger sum than usum, his losses were continual. The principal of the firm had been absent for several weeks, but was expected back the next day; and Willie knew the books would be carefully examined, and the discrepancies surely discovered. So it was he sought his sister for help, confessed his error. and besought her to save him from the suspicion of dishonesty.

"For me you suffer this? Oh, Dora, I cannot permit it. I will go to Harry Noble, tell him all. To my

employer-" "No, no, Willie. It is too late now for that. Harry Noble, I know, would feel for us and help us. Your employer might forgive and trust you again. But Julia Garnet has a power over me that she will never resign. Her heart knows nothing of pity. She would use her power to the utmost of her evil will. Nothing can change her determination. Nothing but God's work can move her hard, cruel heart. It is meet that I should suffor Willia and von too my dear We have both erred very much. did not mean to be dishonest, yet it might have resulted so. Many things might have intervened to prevent the return of the money. Oh, think how narrowly you have escaped! Will this sorrow of mine call you back from the fearful path into which you have strayed? If so, I am content. Give me this hope to cheer my dreariness, Willie."

"Dora! sister! darling! Yes, yes, hope and pray for me. With God's blessing, I will not give your loving, devoted heart an additional pang. I vow here on my knees, before heaven, to be once more worthy of your love. And I will seek God's forgivenness. You will not suffer long. I feel, I know, mercy will be shown us. That cruel girl's power must give way.'

All was over. The severest trial of all was past. Dora had seen Harry Noble for the last time, she believe l. After receiving her note, giving him back his plighted faith, Harry sought her presence, and would not go until he had seen her, and from her lips he had heard the words, "I wish to be

He could obtain no explanations. But from various hints, looks and insinuations from Julia Garnet, Harry's mind was filled with the idea that Dora had been trifling with him until she found a more acceptable suitor. And, indeed, the one had been pointed out. Harry knew that one had shown a decided preference for Dora; and so, believing her false, he strove to drive

her from his heart. Months passed by. The money was returned to Julia Garnet, and Willie was comforting his sister for her sacri-

Rumor whispered that Harry Noble and Miss Garnet were engaged, and of the gratification it gave Harry's father, who had yielded to the wiles of the scheming girl, and grown very fond of her. Still time rolled on, and Dora wondered why the marriage did not take place. She had never seen Harry since the day she sent him from her. She had studiously avoided him, and stroye hard to forget him; or when she thought of him, it must be only as the future husband of another. By continual acts of charity, mercy and kindness, she won partial forgetfulness of her sorrows. Those who suffered came to her to comfort.

Three long, weary years of waiting, with alternating hopes and fears, had passed, and Julia Garnet had not yet gained her heart's desire. Although Harry Noble was often, and only seemed to care to be with her, still he had never told her he loved her, or

asked her to be his wife. Why? Because his heart was still true to his love for Dores and the eved by falsity of his ansa

Once more he went to her, and

"Dora, will you come to me? Will you not reward all these years of constancy ? I love you only, Dora!"

"I cannot," she answered. "Why? Why? Tell me!" "Because, better than my own life I love one-"

What more she would have said, he heard not; for, starting up, he said: "Enough, Dora. May you be happy. will go now and strive to be grateful, at least, to one who I know has loved me long. I can offer her a poor recompense for years of devotion. Farewell."

He was gone, and poor Dora had drained to the very bottom her cup so overflowing with bitterness.

"Oh, when will this weary journey be over? Pity, pity me, heavenly Father!" she sobbed.

A coming step fell on her ear, and she knew Willie was near. And her heart grew calmer, and breathed the grateful prayer:

"Forgive my murmuring, Father. Through my sorrow I have gained a blessed boon."

Yes; her brother had kept his vow, remaining firm against all temptations. Julia Garnet was triumphant at last. Her marriage was fixed for an early day. But when only two days remained before the time for which she had so long hoped, she was stricken with a fever, which proved to be of a contagious form.

This reached Dora's ear while visiting a sick friend. From the attending physician came the intelligence, and he added:

"I fear she will suffer. All have fled except her mother, who is too feeble herself to do much for her. Do you know, Miss Warner, of a competent nurse I could obtain?"

"I do. I will find one immediately."

"Hush! She is stirring. She will awake to consciousness," said the doctor, as he bent over the prostrate form of the sleeper, who, in a moment after, opened her eyes, looked inquiringly an instant into his, and whispered:

"Have I been asleep? I was so ired! When Julia was sleeping 80 sweetly, I must have lost myself.' A pleasant little smile was on the

doctor's face, when he said to himself: "Yes, my dear. You lost yourself for just three weeks."

Willie came in and pressed his lips to hers, so pale and thin. And then gradually the truth was given to her. Beside the suffering Julia she had stayed, despite all the entreaties and commands of her brother and the doctor. And when the fearful crisis had passed, the noble girl's strength failed, and she too was stricken with the same fearful fever. Long days and nights Willie and the nurse watched beside her couch, and Julia Garnet feebly hovered near, praying- for she could pray then-that the noble, suffering girl might live.

"May I come in, doctor?" asked a voice at the door, so low and sweet, that Dora looked up with surprise as, in answer to the permission, Julia came to her side-Julia, whose sharp eyes were softened, and glowed with a new and holy light, as she bent over and whispered:

"Dear Dora! Good, noble, forgiving Dora!"

"You do not hate me now, Julia? Oh! I've had such happy dreams!" "I love you, Dora. But there is one who loves you better than I. Your future life shall be one long happy dream. Look at me, Dora. Thank God, the wicked girl you used to know died in that dreadful fever, and you nursed back to life another, a better one, whose aim is now only to prove her gratitude to God and you. Harry knows all. He has forgiven me, and is waiting now to gain your permission to come to you.'

"And you-you love him. No, no; he is yours!"

"Dora, I do love Harry Noble; but I have learned to love justice better than him. I can return him to his own true love without a struggle?"

A few weeks after there was a quiet little wedding, when Julia and Willie attended the happy couple. A nine days' wondering after, by all the friends and acquaintances, no two of whom came to the same conclusion about the affair.

Tortoise Shell,

The tortoise shell is not the bony covering of the turtle, but it is the scales that cover or shield the turtle. There are thirteen of these scales, eight of which are flat and five are a little curved. Four of the flat ones are large, being sometimes a foot in

length and seven inches in width. The fishers do not kill the turtles, but when they capture them they fasten them and cover their backs with dry leaves, to which they set fire, When the heat makes the scales separate, a large knife is inserted under them and they are carefully lifted from the backs of the turtles.

Many of the poor turtles die under this cruel operation. The coating sometimes grows again on those that live, but when they are again caught it is found that only one scale forms. -Boston Commonwealth.

Carlyle's house in Chelses, England, has been made a memorial museum.

FARM AND GARDEN. .

STIMMER CARE OF MILK.

Cleanliness in all dairy operations is of first importance. Milk with dry hands. Keep the atmosphere in which the milk must stand free from bad odors. Preserve the desirable flavors in the cream. If the milk is wanted sweet, lower the temperature as soon as the milk is drawn from the cow to inst above freezing if possible. Neglect of proper care of milk by patrons is the cause of much trouble at the factory and results in a like reduction in net profits. It pays to be honest .-American Agriculturist.

RETAINING THE BUTTER PLAYOR. Concerning cold storage of butter, we will say that there is only method that will keep butter so as to preserve its first rosy flavor, and that is by freezing it.

The old method of cold storage by holding it at a temperature of thirtyeight to forty degrees would keep the butter from getting rancid, but it would soon lose its fine flavor and show a sort of dead, cold storage taste. If refrigerators are constructed on a system whereby a temperature of sixteen to twenty degrees can be constantly maintained, butter can be held in a sweet, rosy condition six months. Recent experiments have indicated that it is better to go down even as low as eight degrees above zero. The butter does not lose its flavor quickly when brought into consumption. The sixty-pound package, either in tubs or firkins, is probably the best form of package for this work. - Hoard's Dairyman.

THE CULTURE OF PLAX.

Flax requires a rich, light loam soil, and, preferably, a grass sod turned under. The land should be moist, but not wet, and a low-lying meadow on a river bottom is especially favorable to it. It is grown either for the seed or for the fibre, and the method of cultivation differs as the purpose for which the crop is grown. For seed, the seed sown is not more than two to three pecks per acre, as thin sowing encourages the growth of side branches, on which the fruit, called seed boils, are produced more than on the main stem. It is mostly grown for seed on this continent, as the climate is too dry and warm for the best kind of fibre. The only locality where the best fibre might be grown is in the Southern mountain region, where the summers are cool and the rainfall is twice as much as elsewhere on the continent. The seed is sown early in May, about the time of out seeding. The product of seed is from ten tofifteen bushels an acre, and at the present prices prevailing, it is the most profitable of all grain crops. As the preparation of the fibre requires much hand labor, it is not a paying crop, and it is hardly possible that at present we can compete with the Russians and Bohemians in growing and preparing it. The culture is rapidly dying out in Ireland on account of the competition of the Eastern European Nations, where labor is so cheap .-New York Times.

A CHEAP PLANT HOUSE.

I should like to tell of a cheap little house we built last fall, writes Mrs. G. D. The winter was unusually severe, yet all my flowers except an attillery plant were saved, even the tender begonias. As it may be of use to some other beginner I will give the plan of this house.

Strong posts were driven into the ground at intervals of six feet. Upon each side of the posts inch planks were nailed. The space between was filled with sawdust rammed down close. The boards on the inside were planed so as to make a smooth ceiling, but the outer ones were not dressed. Over the outside a layer of asbestos is tacked, and over this is a heavy weather boarding. The roof has a double ceiling, as well as a thick shingling. A coating of sawdust about three inches thick is placed between the shingles and the first ceiling; and between the two ceilings overhead is a layer of asbestos. The dimensions of this little house are only 6x12 feet, yet it gives room for as many plants as I care to keep. Height of the front is nearly eight feet, height at back is six. It fronts south, and is lighted by sliding windows, which come within three feet of the ground, below thom being ceiled and weather-boarded like the other walls. At the east end is a glass door. I have neavy duck curtains outside the glass. These are dropped down during the worst weather, and left down every night in the middle of to make the plants hardy.

winter. The flowers are placed on a set of steps eight inches apart. The lower ones are twelve inches wide, the two upper six inches. The most teuder plants are put on top. I open the windows on every warm day in winter The only heating apparatus is a

coal oil stove. This is kept burning whenever I find it necessary, and it gives warmth enough for a South Tennessee winter. I don't know whether such a structure and such heating appliances would be safe further north or not .- Detroit Free Press. .

enpants a very scant proportion of food to exist upon. No rose can by.

thrive under such conditions. Kever choose a place to plant roses that if very wet or undrained, as extreme moisture will rot the roots, and the poor rose will soon die of rapid consumption. Neither should a gravel or sand heap be selected, for the simple reason that such positions are so porous that all the fertilizing given will be washed away by every rain that falls upon it. These are the principal extremes to avoid in selecting a

place for planting roses. Preparation of the Rose Bed .- Dig up the soil to the depth of eighteen to twenty inches, thoroughly incorporating a liberal proportion of well decomposed manure, and if the natural soil is of a heavy clayey nature the addition of three or four inches of sand will help it materially; on the contrary, if the soil is of a light, sandy or gravelly nature the addition of a liberal proportion of a heavier or clay soil will be very beneficial. Where the bed has to be entirely prepared with new earth I would advise selecting a good, fresh, loamy soil-the surface five or six inches deep from an old pasture is the best. First remove the natural soil altogether, to the depth given above, replacing it with the new soil, adding one load of manure to every five or six of soil, thoroughly mixing the whole, and when the bed is filled up a little higher than the original soil, to allow

for settling, it is ready for the rose

Planting and Care of Roses.-Place

the plants about eighteen inches apart

plants.

each way, and should dry weather set in give them a liberal soaking of water once a week as long as dry wester continnes. Do not give water in homeopathic doses, for roses are like robins, they like the best there is and plenty of it. It will also very greatly help them to produce continuous bloom it they are heavily mulched with short manure or chopped straw; even a coat of coarse, dry grass is better than nothing. In the following spring, after all frost is past, go over them, shorten back any long shoots and cut out any dead tips that may appear; keep all weeds cleared out at all times as soon as they show themselves, and renew the mulching in the spring as pruned. When the plants have started into new growth go carefully over them, and as soon as the first green worm or caterpillar is seen on the leaves, syringe the leaves both under and above with water, then dust them with hellebore powder-a large pepper box or flour dredger is a good thing for this purpose. Repeat this three or four times before the flowers open, and these pests will all disappear, and you will be rewarded with such a crop of beautiful flowers that you will wonder thy you had never tried rose growing before. You will find it both a pleasure and a profitpleasure in the beauty and grace it will add to your home, and profit in giving you employment and recordstion in the open air, thereby ofter saving doctor's bills and discontented minds. - New England Homestead.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Always weigh your butter at home. Don't keep the soil too wet, as it inclines them to decay at the base.

Don't breed for bones, but strive to build up a dairy of butter producers. Do not leave an orchard to itself after planting. Cultivate it without

It is necessary that you be able to control the temperature while ripening cream.

Pure water is absolutely necessary, and pastures must be kept free of noxious weeds. Lantanas, perenuial phloxes and

chrysanthemums will grow rapidly from cuttings put out now. Two largely common crops that

should be considerably reduced-lice on hens and weeds in the garden. Do the milking in a quiet place and

make no noise doing the work. If in a stable, have it free from odors. It is just as important that an or-

chard receive good tillage to make healthy, vigorous growth as it is to corn or potatoes. One of the chief causes of disease

among sheep is overcrowding. They will never do well if they are kept in crowded quarters. It is not yet too late to increase, your stock of roses if cuttings are put out where not exposed to the wind

and sun. If the buds are kept pinched off they will make nice little bushes for next winter's blooming. Don't let the sunshine beguile you into putting out your hothouse plants

too early. Even if below the line of late frosts there is danger from chilling dews and the drying winds of March, which have lingered with us this year until late in April. It seems as if any farmer should be

willing to give the attention to his trees that he does to regular farm crops. Yet it is simply because orchards are entirely neglected both as regards tillage and fertilization, as well as applying fungicides and insecticides, that they often prove so unsatisfactory and inremunerative.

Considerable demage has been done to wheat in Indiana and Illinois by the Hessian

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Hurn Sounds a Warning Note to



HE devil fears a praying mother. To know a good man is a call to know God. God'sside of the cloud is always bright.

Beauty in the heart writes its name on the face. No man knows himself who is a stranger to Christ. The sweetest songs of faith are sung in the dark.

The yoke of Christ will only fit the willing neck. When the church is wide awake sin-

ners cannot sleep. The man who walks with God keeps

the devil on the run. A sin of any kind is a demand for

God to leave His throne. It never makes the day any brighter to find fault with the sun.

God has never tried to make a man who could please everybody. The father who prays too little will

sometimes use the rod too much. The prayer that starts from God's promise is sure to move His hand. If you say "Good morning" to the

devil he will spend the day with you, When you seek God, go as far as you know the way and he will meet you. Men see only what we put in the

plate. God knows what we keep back. Hell will be the hottest to the man who goes to it from heaven's doorstep. When you talk about the goodness of God, don't do it with a frown on your

God never sees anything big in the gift that is made to win applause from

There is no blood in the preaching against which the devil never lifts a club. Give us more mothers like Mary and

there will be more Christians like Christ. The religion that sheds no blood may

have a good deal of zeal, but it has no Christ. Some people never think about religion until they come in sight of a

A path may look pleasant and yet be filled with footprints made by the eloven hoof.

When some men are baptized they first put their pocketbooks where they won't get wet: There is no premise in the Bible for

the man who is not willing to trust in God and do right. "Let your light shine." God expects that the man who loves him will find a

way to show !t. God has no use for the religion that loves to have men admire it and tell it

hat it looks nice. e man who expects to outrun a lie eve to travel on something faster

thantbe limited express. It will co st us something to walk with Christ, it we would keep close enough to behold the there is no their

hell, and only those who are on way there will appland you. Every good deed that is done simply and only to honor God, will have something to do with making us more like

Don't conclude that you have said good-by to the devil because you have joined the church. You may find him there on a front seat.

The preacher is on dangerous ground who is beginning to be more concerned about what men will say than about what God will think.

The heart that worships doesn't put God off with a pinch, and then walk home from church with a self-confident stride, feeling that it has done enough.

An Expert in Criminal Ornithology

The death of Robert Biron, Q. C. the police magistrate, will be regretted by a large social circle, and far beyond it, for in him the poor will have lost a friend. His character was kind and genial, and those who belonged to his circuit had reason for thinking him ex-ellent company. As an after-din-ner speaker, of the cheerful sort, he had few superiors. His humor, thou good-natured, was very keen. I remember an example of it which always tickled me. His expression was not that of one who passed his time in brawling courts and prolicus of the law, but was rather countrified than otherwise. This, on one occasion, caused a couple of rogues who drove the common trade of selling sparrows in Regent's Park as "having just flow'd over from the Zoological Gardens" to imagine him an easy victim. "It's a curious bird, sir, and we don't know its value, nor even what kind of a bird it is. Now, what should you think?" "Well," said Biron, looking from on to the other of their thievish faces, "I am not quite sure, but I should think it was a jailbird." The astonished embarrassment they displayed was, he used to say, quite remarkable, - London Illustrated News.