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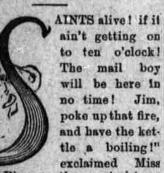
#### INTERPRETERS.

The lark sings—bathed in sunshine-Oh, Love is joy and gladness.' In shade the nightingale complains, "Oh, Love is pain and sadness."

It takes a nightingale and lark To tell Love's complex hist'ry; For Love is joy, and Love is pain, And therein lies the myst'ry!

—Pall Hall Budget.

## A BOGUS FORTUNE.



to ten o'clock! The mail boy will be here in no time! Jim, poke up that fire, and have the kettle a boiling!" exclaimed Miss

Prudence Pieper, the postmistress of the village of -, in Virginia. And, starting up, she glanced up the road, as the clatter of horse hoofs reached her ear.

"Yes, here he comes! And I'n not fixed for delivery! And the time that I ought to spend in examining the letters, I'll have to be putting on my things. This all comes of my losing so much time trying to convince that hard-headed boy what is best for him. After all I've done for him! Giving him college education, and raising him to be what he is-good enough to be the husband of the best girl in the State. And that's just what I'm after him about; but no, he can't see it so. He wants to go and throw himself away on a poor teacher with her pale face and fine airs. A body would think she was a young queen, instead of a poor school-ma'am. There's Colonel Raymond's daughter, the richest girl in this State, would have him. but no-"

"Here's your mail, Miss Peeper!" eried the boy, throwing the bag on the

"That's of my name. I've told you often enough now!" "Folks say as how it ought to be!"

answered the young scamp.

"Be off with you, you r take your mail !- here it is !"

"Miss Peeper, don't you wish you could change your name? And don't you wish some day a male would stop here, and take a shine to you? Would you deliver that male to any other body? Ha! ha! ha! I'm off."

And, with this laugh still ringing in her ears, Miss Pieper slammed the door, closed the window, and proceeded to undo the mail-bag.

"That boy ought to be hanged. What can he mean by saying 'folks say my name ought to be Peeper?" Can they suspect .. Jim, you can run out to play, and when folks come, say the mail is being assorted. I can attend to my work better when I'm to

One after another, letter and paper was scrutinized by the postmistress and put in its place.

"Nothing I care to see this morning same old things. Stop! here's letter for Clara Raymond, in a man's hand. If that girl's gone and got a lover I'll see-" And Miss Prudence held the envelop close to the mouth of the kettle. A moment more and ie held the letter open in her hand.

"Oh, only a bill! Dear me, what lots of fine things she has been getting! No one can ever say I broke open a letter without lying-under a mistake. There, I'm through. Now I'm ready for delivery."

While Miss Prudence stood before the office window her nephew, Charles Osborn, was we the Maj Rosi-ter in the grove fin by.

He was pleading earnestly, but she shook her head, and in tones decided, but filed with sadness, said:

"No, I cannot promise to be yours, our aup!" slikes me, and I will never of trouble between you. oply indebted to her, and to expect you to marry agreeable to her. I way now. The little for me. It is near

> you talk so calmly of up. Can you really love

om the soft brown eyes was swer. But it was enough, quickly:

me, May. But will nother determination?" g but your aunt's change of high I fear will never be.

My poverty is the only reason for her objection. And unless some fairy godmother should come and give me riches, Miss Pieper's dislike will never grow less."

Charlie longed to clasp her to his heart, and, despite all opposition, to hold her as his own. The girls were beside them, and he could only say:

"I must see you again. I shall leave home in a few days, to be gone a long while. I may come before I go?"

May nodded assent. A couple of hours after the little girls, Lilly and Rose Hawthorne was in the musicroom. Lilly ran her fingers over the keys and struck a few chords, and then whirled quickly around and

"Oh, I can't play. There is no music in my heart. Oh! Twish I was a fairy that I could make dear May happy! And I wish, more, that I had the power to change that disagreeable Miss Prudence into a pleasant, charitable and considerate woman !"

"Oh, yes; I know what you mean! heard what Miss May said, as we joined her. How sorry I am for her! wish she was rich. I'm sure she ought to be. Don't you, Lilly? She seems so accustomed to everthing elegant. And then it must have cost great deal of money to have educated her. She knows everything, I think-"

"No, she does not. I know one thing more than Miss May; and that is, how to deal with that hateful Miss Peeper."

"What is it, Lilly?"

"You will know all in good time. Do you think Mr. Osbern is good enough for Miss May?"

That was a question for grave consideration, and the little maidens seemed fully to appreciate it, for their faces grew grave and earnest. The conference was assuming a very solemn nature, which was highly amusing to a third person, who had entered unobserved, and, no longer able to restrain his mirth, broke out in a fit of coughing, and both girls exclaimed:

"Oh, Gus! You here listerned "Yes, only came in a moment ago." "But you beard-"

"Your last question? Yes. And, divining the persons, can answer it. He is a capital fellow. As good as the best. About the happiness, that will depend much on herself, I think. But he has made me happy many times, I know. I'd like a chance to give him s return, if I could," said Gus, the sage little maiden's brother.

The matter under consideration was entered into with much zeal by Gus; and after Lilly had given her idea about the way to deal with Miss Prudence, the young plotters came to the conclusion that, under their management affairs concerning young Charles Osborn and their governess might assume more favorable light.

Miss Prudence was more than ever determined on making a match between her nephew and Colonel Raymond's daughter, after the young lady had called that morning for the mail, and came in and sat a half hour to chat with her.

"It's no use thinking about any other girl for him. I'm not going to let him throw himself away. It's my duty to do the best I can for him, and I'm going to. That governess has a deal of pride, and will never come where she's not wanted. So I'll let her see, plain enough, Sunday, after church, that I don't want her connected with me in any way."

And so she did, an excellent opporlunity offering. After the services were over, Miss Prudence was moving majestically down the churchyard, smiling and bowing to her many acquaintances, when the merry little Lilly called to her, saying:

"Miss Prudence, brother is going lo New York to-morrow. Have you any commissions?"

Lilly stood still with her hand clasped in May Rositer's, when Miss Prudence approached. Thanking Lilly for her kindness, and inquiring after the health of Mrs. Hawthorn, she stood for several moments by May without noticing her, save by a passing glance. And she bade Lilly goodby, and sailed on.

The next morning Gus called on his way to the depot, and Miss Prudence could not resist the desire to find out what Gus was going to New York for. So, after many roundabout questions,

"On Miss Rositer's business! Dear me, it's very kind of you," said Miss Prudence.

"Oh, don't imagine that, Miss Pleper. Something more than kindness carries me. It will pay me well. But Miss Rositer is very quiet about her affairs. Ha, there's the whistle! 1 must be off. And he ran off, leaving Miss Prudence's mind very much ex-

"What can it be? What does he mean by 'pays well,' and 'keeps her affairs quiet?"

Before the end of the week the village postmistress held in her hand a document which she felt quite sure would throw some light on the subject; a large business-looking envellope, directed to Miss Rositer.

"How lucky for me it ain't done up in that old fashioned way, with sealing wax. Bah! I detest that way. Now let us see."

And from the steamed envelope she drew the letter, and proceeded to read a few lines, and an exclamation of surprise escaped her lips. A little more and she gasped for breath-recovering sufficiently to proceed with her reading to the end of the first page. Then she dropped the epistle, exclaiming:

"Land of liberty! I'm no longer worthy of my name. I might have known it, she holds her head so high. Oh, if I had not put that finishing stroke, Sunday, I might have fixed it up right!"

The letter was picked up, and again Miss Prudence read it, over part of which she groaned forth: "How will you have your dividends invested, the interest on your bonds amounting to fifteen hundred dollars now? Shall we forward by Mr. Hawthorn, or invest again? Please let us hear immediately from you on this sabject. In regard to the house an Fifth avenue, we think it advisable to raise the

rent two thousand dollars!" "What a fool I've been! Charlie said she was worth more than all the Baymonds. That's what he meant sure. But I thought it was his lovesick nonsense. Oh, I've read of such things before! Wants to be loved for herself. Oh, I'm done for now! I had the chance of living in that house. But I've thrown it away. Oh, I must get it back somehow. Here

comes comebody." Miss Prudence quickly closed the envelope, and soon after opened her window to deliver the mail. After a little while Lilly Hawthorn came. A bright thought came to Miss Prudence --- a chance for her to repair the evil she had done.

After giving Lilly the letters and papers --- all save one, which she retained, Miss Prudence said :

"You have a friend visiting you Miss Lilly 2"

"No, indeed! We have no company. Why did you think so?"

"Why, I surely saw one with you Sunday," said Miss Prudence. "That was Miss May. Why, did you

not know her?" "Lands! no! Well, I'll have to own up, and not try to hide my failing sight any more. I must get glasses. Well, I expect her summer clothes must have made her look different. Please explain this to her, Inlly. I have so much respect and regard for Miss May, I would not like her to

think me rude." "Oh, I will explain, and fix it all right," Lilly said, with a twinkle in her eyes.

An hour after, Charlie came in, and bis aunt held out a letter, saving:

"Here is a letter I failed to give Miss Lilly. It may be of great importance. Will you ride over with it? And I say, Charlie, I'll send Jim to get a basket of those pears. You can give them to Miss May from me. They have none like them over there. And give my respects and say I sent them." Charlie gazed with perfect amaze-

ment, but thinking it advisible to keep quiet, and do as he was told, started off, feeling happier than for many weeks.

That was only the beginning of Miss Prudence's kind actions. What had caused the change of feeling, neither May nor Charlie could imagine. Miss Prudence kept her own counsel, secretly congratulating herself on the clever way she had managed the affair.

Things progressed so favorably un-

she drew out the knowledge she was | der her management that in the early fall Charlie won his sweetheart.

After the marriage, when the happy couple were receiving the congratulations of their friends, Gus managed to draw Miss Prudence aside and whisper:

"Miss Pieper, have you ever heard of the firm of Dunn, Brown & Company?"

That was the signature to the letter that had had such a magical effect on Miss Prudence. Her face flushed; but before she could call up an answer Gus

"Ah! I see you have. Well, Gus Hawthorn, Esq., is the principal, in fact, the whole of that institution, which is for the help of those suffering from Cupid's wounds. If you know of any such, who wish the favorable consideration of opposing relatives, send them to me. I can write a letter that will bring round the most decided opposition to a cordial consent, with a blessing in the bargain." And with a laugh he joined the company. - New York News.

#### Duplicate Writing.

A double writing apparatus has been constructed by Marquis Louis Fonti, at Rome, who was desirous of obtaining two hand-written copies, although doing the work but once. The idea of the invention originated with Alexander Damas, who wanted such a double writer, and had a man by the name of Levesque make a machine with which two identical copies could be written. That apparatus was rather imperfect, as the lower sheet had to be folded after every two lines of writing, so that the writing on the upper lines might be continued.

Fonti has entirely solved this matter. The sheets of paper are no more above each other, but side by side, and are held down by the heavy metal base of the apparatus. This latter consists mainly of three pairs of levever movable on a horizontal axis. The penholders are attached through the little tubes and movable on universal joints. At the base of the apparatus two inkstands are attached, in which the two pens are simultaneously dipped. With this apparatus each of the two pens does exactly the same works The levers and movable parts being made of aluminum, it is not very fuconvenient to handla the double writer. - Philadelphia Record.

# An Aged Pensioner.

A few days ago a Polish lady, a refugee, named Mme. Rostowska, said to be 112 years old, appeared at the prefecture at Lille to receive her pension from the French Government. Her history is extraordinary. She followed the French army in the Russian campaign as a canteen woman, and took part in twelve campaigns in all. She was twice wounded, and wears the order of the Silver Cross. In 1831 she acted as surgeon to the Tenth Polish Line Regiment, in which her husband was captain. For the last twenty years she has lived at Aniche, where she is known for her philanthropy. She brought up fifteen children, though her last surviving son died several years ago, aged eighty.-London

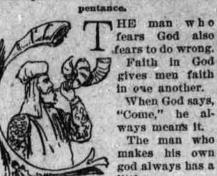
Value of a Brother's Ashes. A novel claim is being made upon one of the great French railway companies. A gentleman who came to Paris to have the body of his deceased brother cremated at the crematorium at Pere la Chaise Cemetery, took the ashes away in a handbag, and previous to setting out on his return journey to his home in the country, deposited the bag at the "consigne," or cloak room of the railway station. When he came back to claim it, it had gone. Some one had come and claimed a bag, and it had been givenup, probably in mistake. Inquiries were instituted, but the missing bag could not be discovered. The gentleman has brought an action to recover damages for the loss he has sustained, and the Judges will be called upon to decide what is the money value of a brother's ashes -London News.

# War Supplies for the Union Army.

During the Civil War in this country, from 1861 to 1865, the Union Ordnance Department served out to the army 7892 candons, 4,022,000 rifles, 2,360,000 equipments for foot and horse, 12,000 tons of powder, 42,000 tons of shot and 1,022,000,000 cartridges. — Chicago Times-Herald.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Calling the Wicked to Re-



makes his own god always has a little one. What we truly

pray for we are willing to live and die While you are true to God nobody

can hurt you but yourself. The road to heaven would be crowd ed if it were carneted with velvet.

The devil can behave as well as an ing# when he finds it to his advantage. The hardest kind of repentance to bring about is repentance for popular

Nothing will bring barrenness to the soul like looking at everything through money.

The real preacher is always preaching, no matter whether he is in the pulpit or not. No Christian has any right to try to

make a dollar without asking God to tell him how. The man who gives as much as God

expects him to, never growls about it afterward. The people who do not believe in a

personal devil are strangers to a per sonal Christ. No tree can become so great that it can get along without the help of its

smallest roots. Instead of "putting off the old man," some people go in for dressing him up

and sending him to college. Every once in a while the devil makes some man believe he can be a Christian without belonging to church.

Every man who loves God with all his heart is trying to do something to make a heaven of this earth. If you don't know from experience

that it is more blessed to give than to receive, you had better try it. Some people who sit in front seats in

church, leave their religion behind them whenever they go away from home. How much God is like a mother. He not only watches the footsteps of his catch him. children but he listens to hear their cry.

The first duty we owe to the world is to tell those who come within our immediate influence what Christ is to us. The devil is not throwing very many

stones at the man who is not as relig-

ious in business as he is in prayer meet-The man who can pay his debts and won't do it will some day live in a

world where all like him will be locked The farmer who tries to earn his bread by the sweat of a hired man's brow will have to go without ple for

breakfast. If angels hear all the preaching that is being done down here, it must puzzle them to make out what some preachers

are alming at. Some converts take so much pride in telling what awful sinners they have been that they forget to tell us how good the Lord is.

The "Lament" in Italy. A curious and impressive custom of

Southern Italy is the lament which takes place at the death of a person, and while the body lies awaiting burial. The corpse is fully dressed, and laid upon the bed with the head and shoulders raised. Lighted candelabra are placed at the sides. A young girl is generally dressed in white and adorned with flowers. The relatives and friends gather, and sit in an irregular semi-circle about the foot of the bed. At intervals they join in a weird, monotonous wall that is distinctly Oriental and resembles nothing European. Perhaps a near relative will approach the bier, and with wild actions, clasping her head and tearing her hair, will describe the illness and sufferings of the departed one, the good qualities, and the disconsolateness of those left behind, the mournful cry being finally taken up by the others. One who has lost a parent will sometimes keep up this awful death-cry for over twentyfour hours. But, though the lamentations are so violent, the grief of these people seems to be soon assauged, and after a day or two they appear to be fully reconciled to circumstances, and mention the lamented one in quite a light and airy manner.-Harper's Bazar.

Not Such a Pet as It Seemed. Mahy of the British regiments keep pet animals, and the creature that the Second Life Guards take under their patronage is a bear. A lad of twelve who used to fetch and carry for the soldlers suposed himself to be a friend of Bruin's-wrongly, as it turned out. The bear lived in a grass plot fenced in railing, and was tied to a chain in railing, and was tied to a chain eighteen feet lorg for additional security. One day the boy squeezed himself between the rails went up to the bear, which was then bing down, and patted it on the back, saying, "Get up, resorts. mp.4 1 # edl" ""

animal .ac nave been surly, for it rose at once, felled the lad, and began to gnaw him, Although the boy struggled bravely with the angry brute, it would have gone III with him but for the prompt arrival of a soldier, who beat the bear off, and carried the boy to the nearest hospital, where, his wounds being attended to, he recovered.

Ethel-"Have you any very expensive tastes, Charlie?" Charlie-"Well. I don't know-I'm very fond of you."-Buffalo Express.

#### "Bill" Cook's Brief Career.

"Bill" Cook, who has now exchanged the exciting scenes of outlawry in the West for a long period of monotonous jail life in the Albany Penitentiary, has had only a brief career, but the penalty of forty-five years' imprisonment is none too small for the crimes which he crowded into the brief span of a short year.

He is only about twenty-four years old, with about three-fourths Cherokee blood in his veins, and, as usual, came of poor but honest parents, who lived on the banks of Fourteen Mile Creek, not very far from Tahlequah, in the Indian Territory. Unfortunately, this virtue of the parents was inherited by only one of the five children, and it was not "Bill." His sister Lou has achieved a reputation for deviltry almost as sensational as her brother's. "Bill" began his active life as a cowboy, but soon tried to make money by smuggling whisky among the Indians. He was caught and sent to jail. Just before this his one romance had crept into his existence. He met Martha Pittman, and the two fell in love at first sight. The opposition of her father is said to have been the cause of his turning outlaw. After leaving prison, he tried an honest life as a Deputy Sheriff, but this did not soften the old man's heart. though he gave his consent after "Bill" had carried into execution his threat of terrorizing the Territory. The outlaw never could enjoy the benefit of this tardy permission, however; the officers of the law were too anxious to

"Bill" Cook's first attempt was a failure. He tried, in June, 1894, to rob Treasurer Starr, of the Cherokee Nation, but was beaten off, losing, as one of the two captives, his brother "Jim." Cook then gathered around him the remaining members of the notorious Dalton gang and soon had a force of about twenty reckless desperadoes. For six months the territory in the vicinity of Fort Gibson and Muskogee, about 570 miles from St. Douis, was in a state of terror. Towns were raided, banks robbed, and trains! plundered, until the country was aroused and large rewards offered for the capture of the adacious leader. The last act of the gang was the sob bery, November 13, 1894, of a train on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Road, about four miles from Muskogee. The pursuit was kept up so closely after that "that Cook was obliged to devote his attention to elading his pursuers. He was captured, early in January last, in New Mexico, by Deputy Marshal C. C. Perry, and taken to Fort Smith, Ark., tried, convicted, and sentenced t prison for forty-five years. - New Yor

# "Hang Bon Bolt," Said Its Author.

Thomas Dunn English, author of "Ben Bolt," at the last session of Congress introduced what he considered a worthy measure. Objection was made to it, however, and to get even he became for a short time the leading objector to almost everything "unanimous consent" was asked for. This naturally made the other members angry, and to annoy Mr. English the wags of the House would go as near him as they dared, and hum "Hen Bolt" every time he rose to speak.

While in a restaurant one afternoon a quartet of his tormentors sat at the next table and made the distinguished author furious by singing "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," in discordant keys. Jumping up from the table Mr. Fing-lish shook his fist at his termenters and exclaimed: "Oh, hang Ben Bolt." I wish I had never written it!"-New York Herald.

A Boston church has decided to hold services at 8.80 a. m. during the summer, so that the congregation can spend the rest of the day at pleasu