

1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. IX.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 1898.

LOVE IS BEST.

Three travelers met at the Brandon pass, By the bubbling Brandon spring; By the bibling Brandon spring; They shared their cake and venison, And talked of many a thing; Of books and songs and foreign lands, Of strange and wandering lives; And by and by, in softer tones. They spoke of their homes and wives.

"I married the lady of Logan Brae," Said one, with a lofty air: "And there isn't in all the north country A house with a better share Of gold and gear and hill and loch, Of houses and farms to rent: There's many a man here excited mo There's many a man has envied me. And I'm more than well content.

'Dream of a woman as bright as day," The second traveler said "Dream of a form of perfect grace, Of a noble face and head; Of eyes that are of heaven's own blue, Of flowing golden hair. That is my wife, and although not rich, "Oh, she is wondrous fair!"

She has not gold or gear or land, No wealth of golden hair. But, ah! she loves me, and her love Has stood through every test: Beauty is good, and gold is good, But, my friends, love is best." -Mrs. James Nicoll, in Buffalo News

***** The Privilege of the Day. BY BELEN PORREST ORAVES.

"It's perfectly ridiculous," said any man could have said more than Miss Daffodil, "for you girls to be that!" thinking of getting married all the So t time; I never do. Now just look how this bias fold is puckered! If you young women weren't cackling and chattering all the time, these things wouldn't happen. Valentine's day, indeed! Who was that talking about St. Valentine's day? And what is St. Valentine's day to you working girls, I'd like to know? It's only ladies that have time to think of such things."

Miss Deborah Daffodil, a somewhat faded maiden of five-and-thirty frostbitten autumns, was the Burnville dressmaker, and the four girls in her dingy back parlor were her assistants, whom she paid as little and scolded as much as possible.

"But, Miss Daffodil," reasoned Amabel Archer, a rosy, dark-browed bru-nette, with limpid brown eyes and a Lich crimson flush on her cheek, "why shouldn't we talk about St. Valentine's day? It's always a lucky day in our family. Uncle Job sent mamma a cheque for \$20 a year ago St Valentine's day, and two years ago, on that very anniversary, my sister Effie met the man that she afterward married. And who knows what dawn of good fortune it may bring for me?"

"Married!" shrilly repeated Miss Daffodil, tapping her thimble-finger on the table. "There it is, again! I cheeked little sisters who were clothed believe you girls think of nothing and kept at school by her toil, and she else.'

"Well," said Amabel, thoughtfully, "it does mean a good deal in a girl's life. If I supposed that I had got to sit here and sew always ----- ¥

"I only hope no worse lot will ever hefall you," said Miss Daffodil, sourly. "But I never knew a girl who thinking of her complexion who came | listen. to any good end."

"I have a wife," the third mer said, "But she's neither rich nor fair;

eve.

So that, when she heard of Amabel Archer's invitation, a very natural jealousy stirred her heart.

"That minx," said she, "shall stay home and mind her business, or T'll know the reason why! Sleigh riding, indeed! By moonlight! Not if I know it!"

"No, Miss Archer," she said, firmly; 'I have promised Miss Waterson that she shall have her plum-colored silk tomorrow morning.

"Can't Barbara Dayton finish it?" Amabel asked with wistful eyes. "Tll do as much for her some time.' "I'll do it," said cheerful Barbara.

"I'd as soon stay after hours as not." "Excuse me," said the dressmaker,

with awful stiffness of demeanor, "but I prefer to manage my business for myself. Amabel Archer must finish the dress as she has begun it. Two or three different hands on a job are sure to ruin it, and I don't desire to lose Miss Waterson's custom."

"But," cried Amabel, pitconsly, "I promised Captain Juniper-I must gol

"If you go," said Miss Daffodil, 'you don't come back into my employment again."

And poor Amabel thought of her invalid mother and the three appledared not remonstrate further.

"But I shall hear the sleigh bells," she comforted herself; "and I can just run out a moment and beg him to believe that it was not my fault."

And she sat down by the window, after the other hands were gone-she was the only one who boarded with was always curling her hair and Miss Daffodil-to sew and sigh and

Miss Daffodil put a preposterous splintbasket into Amabel Archer's hands.

"I try to be a Dorcas in all good works," said she, "and I've put these jams and jellies up for the Widow Bethiah Hull. She's dreadful poorly, they say, and needs watchers every night; so I told her daughter-in-law you'd come there and stay tonight." Amabel looked up, with a sudden flush dying her cheek. She had not forgotten that it was St. Valentine's

"Won't tomorrow night do as well?" said she, pleadingly.

"No, it won't!" said Miss Daffodil, tartly.

Amabel said no more. After all, what did it matter? If David Juniper had ceased to think about her, what meaning could the soft glow of St. Valentine's morn have for her?

So she took the basket and spiritlessly departed, almost wishing that she, too, were passing out of life's cheerless confines like poor Bethiah Hull. "Because," she thought, "'it don't seem as if life was worth living, after all

And when the rosy dawn began to kindle its soft fires along the edge of the gray east, Miss Daffodil dressed herself in her prettiest and most youthful dress, curled her stiff, graysprinkled head with a hot-iron, washed her face in cream of roses and posted herself behind the lattice of Amabel Archer's window. For she had been "reading up" on the subject and knew all the observances of the day.

"If he sees me first," said she, "he's bound to be my valentine and no mistake! And I can easily make him believe that I forget to give the message to that Archer girl.'

So Miss Archer waited, her artificially-blooming face looking almost ghastly in the fresh irradiation of the dawning day, her eyes peering restlessly, hither and yon, over the solitary snow.

And Amabel? It had begun to be just a little light, as she sat there by the fire in the Widow Bethiah's room, and Mrs. Hull, the daughter-inlaw of the invalid, had risen and was making preparations for breakfast, when there came the merry jingling of sleigh bells, the sudden cessation of sound, the reverberation of knocking at the door.

"Miss "Amabel, won't you go and see who's there?" called out Mrs. Hull. Jr. "I ain't got my hair out of the crimps yet!"

So Amabel drew the ponderous bolts, unlocked the front door and saw, standing on the doorsteps-CapWORK OF SEA SOLDIERS.

NEVER ENDING ROUND OF THE DUTIES OF A SHIP'S MARINES.

Monotony in Their Life-What They Do and How They Do It-"Marines" on Ship and in Barracks.

Uncle Sam has two kinds of sea warriors, the web-footed ones, who, wearing a blue shirt with broad, rolling collar, are called bluejackets, and the amphibious, who, dressed in soldier clothes, with stripes on their trousers and shevrons on their sleeves, are called marines. Ashore, says the New York Sun, the habitat of the marine is in barracks at every navy yard, and you'll find a sentry at the gate and one at every turn in the yard. Affoat you find sentries atbut come along with the corporal of the guard as he makes his rounds of the ship. At the door of the captain's cabin stands the orderly, a netty, intelligent looking soldier. He must needs be intelligent, for he has to carry many important verbal messages. In spite of yourself he makes you a little nervous semetimes when he salutes and says, "The captain wishes to see Mr. Smith." No one enters the captain's presence until the orderly has first taken in the name. Click comes the heels together, and the hand rises in salute to you as you enter the cabin door, no matter if you are going in to get a commendation or the toughest old reprimand there is, with a few days suspension from duty at-

tached. Down below there is a little narrow space between two bulkheads, where it's dark and hot and stuffy. There is a sentry down there, and his duty is to guard the storerooms. From the nature of his surroundings he can't walk, he can't whistle, he can't sing, and if he goes to sleep on post

he has a court-martial before him. Along the berth deck one comes across some long bright objects, looking much like porpoises, and evidently intended for swimming under water. Going closer to investigate, you are tapped on the shoulder and the "sentry over the torpedoes" courteously informs you that unauthorized persous are not allowed to handle those delicately adjusted but deadly instruments of warfare.

A little further along on this deck is the "sentry over the brig," for the brig is the ship's prison, where, in complete solitude, and on a bread and

the boat flying his flag passes by, and it also takes place when two ships of war pass each other.

Ashore the marine is an infantry man pure and simple. He does most of his sentry duty in the navy yard, and when not on guard he is being drilled out on the parade ground of the barracks or in the target gallery. There is no regimental or company organization such as there is in the army. In a battalion on parade, Private Smith of the New York barracks will be touching elbows with Private Slater, just around from the Pacific, while the swagger of the right guide is the result of his recent cruise on the European station.

There is but little monotony in the life of this soldier, and it is this continual change, this variety which attracts and holds the men-guarding the exhibits of the United States at the Paris Exposition, in the labor riots in Pennsylvania, the World's Fair at Chicago, the expedition to the Isthmus of Panama, at naval stations from Sitka to Pensacola, aboard ship in every part of the world, with Decatur at Tripoli, with Scott in Mexico. with Barney at Bladensburg, with Farragut in Mobile bay-affoat and ashore, ashore and affoat, this sea soldier of Uncle Sam has made his record. It is a proud one, and in keeping with the motto of the corps, "Semper Fidelis."

A Hospital Car.

This country is used to forging ahead in the way of improvements, but in one respect Belgium has distanced

In that land, according to a correspondent of the Chicago News, they have what is known as the hospital car, and when a serious railway accident occurs the car may be run to the spot, where the wounded may be picked up and carried to the nearest large city for treatment, instead of waiting hours for the arrival of surgeons.

Again, the car can be used to transport large companies of invalids from place to place at certain seasons of the year. The interior of the car is divided into a main compartment, a corridor on one side and two small rooms at the end.

The hospital proper is in the larger compartment; it contains twenty-four isolated beds on steel tubes hung from powerful springs. Each patient lies in front of two little windows which may be opened or closed at will. Each bed is provided with a dittle movable

AN AUDIENCE OF THREE. How Artemus Ward Escaped From an Awkward Situation.

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NO. 26.

Before Artemus Ward went to London, where the English fell in love with him only to mourn his premature death among them, he had conquered the respect and affection of his own countrymen by his quaint and kindly humor. The itinerary of one of his tours led him to a town in cenral Pennsylvania. It was about the middle of January. The day of the ecture came, and with it early came Artemus. Before noon a tremendous mowstorm broke over that part of Pennsylvania and raged furiously all inv and night. There are some persons yet living who remember that storm, and how regretfully, in view of ts savage ferocity, they gave up the dea of hearing Artemus Ward. All pecial trains were abandoned. When he lecturer appeared on the stage that night and looked about him, in all the large theatre he saw only three men, each in the seathis coupon alled for; all three, as it happened, being ar to the rear.

The three men looked lonely and uncomfortable. As one of them said afterward, they did not think there were enough of them to do justice to the occasion, and they felt the awkwardaess of the situation and wondered what the outcome would be. Keeping that solemn face of his at its solemnest, Artemns advanced to the footlights and beckoning to the three men, said: "Come up, closer, gentlemen. I want to speak to you." He had to epeat this invitation before his anditors understood that he meant what ae said, and mustered courage to go orward. When they had taken seats ogether in the front row, Artenna said: "There, now, that's more sociaole." He paused and went on:

"Gentlemen, you are entitled to see my show and hear my lecture, if you are so disposed. But I understand that inderneath this hall there is an excellent cafe, and I suggest that we spend the evening there, you as my guests."

Though reluctant to foregothe show and lecture, as they saw Artemus had no mind for them, the three agreed to his proposition, the lights were turned out, and the little party descended to the cafe, where for hours they made merry, and whence one of them at least was most reluctant to start for nome. He says he never had a more enjoyable time in his life, and that if Artemus Ward was not at his best then his best must have been "past all wnooping." For the stories he told, and the way he told them made them forget time and circumstance, and completely banished any lingering regret for what they had not received upstairs .- New York Times,

They Are Busy Afloat or Ashore-Little

Amabel crimsoned.

"Do you mean me, Miss Daffodil?" said she.

The spinster tossed her head.

"Them as the cap fits, let 'em wear it," said she, "And I'll trouble you all, young women, to leave off chattering silly, superstitious nonsense about heathenish old saints that never existed at all-"

At this there was a general outery. Not even from the lips of their vinegar-tongued employer would the girls listen to any derogation from the darling patron saint of girlhood-the good saint to whom all maidens render loying homage-St. Valentine!

"Well, if he did exist, it was a long time ago," said Miss Daffodil; "and you've none of you nothing to do with him now. And Miss Chickering's bridal outfit is to be packed on Monday, and here it isn't half finished.

What's that, Amabel Archer? You want to get away early this evening? You're going for a moonlight sleigh ride with Captain Juniper? Let me tell you, miss, that you will do nothing of the kind," said Miss Daffodil, speaking with added rancor. "It isn't decent nor proper for a young girl like you to go cutter riding man in town."

"You went riding with Captain Juniper yourself, last week, Miss Daffodil," said Amabel, all else forgotten in her rising indignation.

"That's quite a different thing," said the dressmaker, simpering. "Captain Juniper and I are very particular friends.'

"Oh, Miss Daffodil!" cried out Barbara Dayton. "You're not engaged to him? Oh, do tell us!"

"Barbara, will you attend to your work?" said Miss Daffodil. "Though, all the same, if such reports do get " abroad, I consider it my duty neither point me again." to deny nor confirm them."

But Miss Daffodil did not consider it her duty to tell the girls that she in Jozen yards through the had run he Captain Juniper's

But she heard no silver-chiming sleigh bells. How should she, when Miss Daffodil had quietly crept down the lane and intercepted the captain's gay little equipage just where the old finger-post raised its skeleton form in the air?

"Oh," said the captain, a frank, handsome young fellow, with laughing blue eyes and a golden beard, "is it you, Miss Daffodil? I thought perhaps-

"Yes, it's me," said Miss Daffodil, sweetly. "I just came to tell you that Miss Archer is very sorry, but she can't go cutter ridiug with you this evening. She's got a bad sore throat; besides, she's dreadful hurried with her work,"

Captain Juniper's countenance fell. He played with the handle of his whip, while the horse pawed the ground and flecked his jetty breast with specks of foam, all impatience to be gone.

"I am so sorry!" he said, with such genuine disappointment that Miss Daffodil could have boxed his ears. "But, Miss Daffodil, may I confide in you?' "Oh, certainly!" said the dressmaker, gracicusly.

"Do you believe in St. Valentine!" he asked?

"Dear me!" giggled Miss Daffodil-'what a very strange question! He's supposed to be the patron saint of lovers, isn't he?"

"That's the reason I asked you." said Captain Juniper, leaning his head still closer toward the spinster's worsted hood. "Do you believe in him?"

"Of course I do," smiled the lady, with a curious flutter in the region of her heart.

"Then I am sure I may trust you," said he, fervently. "I shall be under the casement at daybreak on St. Valentine's day to claim Miss Archer as my valentine for the year. Tell her so, from me. Beg her not to disap-

"Yes," said Miss Daffodil, turning a dull yellow with rage and vexation -"yes, captain, I will."

"I shall be so much obliged to you!" said the unsuspecting lover.

"Oh, not at all!" said Miss Daffodil. he would just far as the "You're quite sure she didn't send Iszuli butme any message?" said Captain Juniand that per, wistfully.

"No message," said Miss Daffodil, Airons smoothly.

> Poor Amabel could hardly see to finish Miss Waterson's dress, through er tears, and it was midnight when he had laid it aside and went to bed, ying herself to sleep.

"He has forgotten all about me." hought.

bialentine's eve was fall of still, Alendor, with a golden line est and great stars begin-

yen in the sky above, when

tain Juniper. "Amabel!" he cried; "my valen-

tine!" And he caught her in his arms with a kiss.

"Remember the privileges of the day," he exclaimed, laughing, "Remember that you are my valentine for a whole year to come-perhaps forever."

"But," cried Amabel, breathless with amazement, "how came you here?"

"By the merest luck in the world," said Captain Juniper. "My shaft has got itself broken. I was going to ask-Mr. Hull for a bit of wire to fasten it together until I could get to Miss Daffodil's. I was going there to see you, Amabel. Didn't you expect me?" "No," said Amabel, opening her

eyes wide. "Did not Miss Daffodil tell you that was coming?" he asked.

"Not a word," said Amabel. "She sent me here to stay with Bethiah Hull."

"The cantankerous old vixen!" said Captain Juniper. "So she has been playing me talse all along. But St. Valentine's sweet influences have been too strong for her at last. Look here, Amabel, darling. I will drive you home in the cutter. We'll show her that we are valentines after all."

And, half an hour or so afterwards, the little cutter dashed up the snowy road under the very casement where sat Miss Daffodil, blue with cold and already experiencing sundry twinges of rheumatism.

She flung the sash open with a smile, but the expression on her face changed when she perceived that Captain Juniper was not alone.

"Look, Miss Daffodil!" he cried.audaciously exultant. "Look at the sweet gift which St. Valentine has bestowed on me-my valentine - my promised wife!"

Miss Daffodil closed the shutter with a bang.

"The folly of them young people!" she muttered. "I don't care if I never hear the word valentine again. But I declare," she added, after a few minutes' melancholy reflection, "it does seem as if there was some supernatural agency at work!"

No Prison for Women.

Austria is the only country in the world which never places a woman in prison, no matter what crime she commits. Instead of being locked up, the female malefactor is sent to one of a number of convents, devoted to the purpose, and is kept there during the time for which she is sentenced. The courtyard stands open all day long, the only bar to egress being a nun, who acts as doorkeeper, just the same as in the ordinary convent.

Laplanders think nothing of covering 150 miles a day on their skakes.

water diet, an offender can meditate and see the error of his ways.

In the forecastle the sentry keeps order among the crew, and an occasional eye on that fishing boat drifting down with the tide. Jack sometimes goes fishing and makes queer hauls. With a coin as a bait, he drops over his line, gets a nibble, hauls in a little brown bottle-and doesn't show his catch to the sentry.

And so the marine does the sentry duty of the ship-and this explains. the ill-feeling that has existed from time immemorial between bluejacket and marine.

However, there are other things to be done besides the sentry-go. The marines are a company of infantry and form the advanced guard in operations ashore; they fight a battery of guns as artillerists aboard ship, they clean ship, they coal ship, they paint ship and their work is never through.

Then there are troublous times in one of our South American neighbors. The country is in a state of revolution, in the cities law and order are suspended, save the law of the machete. One does not venture out on the street unless heavily armed and with a guard. The American women and children are gathered under the flag of the United States consulate or legation. There is a soldier in a blue uniform on guard at the entrance; there are many of them within, sometimes bivouacking on the patio, shaded from a broiling sun, at other times shivering beside a fire in the compound. These soldiers are the same marines and their ship is in the harbor not far away.

Preventing looting, suppressing fires, burying the dead, such was their duty after the bombardment of Alexandria. For the manner in which they did their duty look for the letter of Lord Charles Beresford in the files of the British Admiralty offices.

It is quite an interesting and pretty sight to watch the ceremonies which take place on board ship on the arrival of a high official, such as an ambassador, an admiral, a general, or a consul. As the cutter dashes up to the side, with spray flying from the oars, the ship's bugle sounds "Attention." The side boys offer the man ropes as the official steps on the gangway, and the captain receives him as he steps on the quarter deck. As the two walk aft the marine officer, in quick sharp tones, commands, "present arms," and the whole marine guard, drawn up in line on the port side of the quarter deck, bring their rifles up in salute, while the bugle sounds a flourish and the drum a roll, one for a commodore, two for an admiral, three for an ambassador, and four for the president. The marines on a ship are, collectively, called the guard, and the ceremony is called parading the guard. It takes place on the arrival and departure of any official of rank. If the official does not visit the ship, it takes place when |\$170,000

table to hold all objects required.

On the outside of the hospital chamber the corridor leads us to the the linen closet and the doctors department, in which there is a huge cupboard used for drugs, surgical instruments and a folding bed. Various trap doors in the floor open into receptacles for ice, a provision cellar, etc. Arrangements are made for an operating chamber and there is even a small chapel for religious worship.

The car will be used principally to carry invalids from Belgium to the miraculous cure at Lourdes, France.

How Rulers Travel.

The elaborate precautions which are taken to protect European sovereigns in traveling contrast curiously with the simplicity with which the president of the United States moves about. The kaiser of Germany has patrols along all the roads he uses, both highways and railroads. He is always preceded on ordinary roads by guards who go ahead of him and beat the bushes and look out for any anarchist who may lie in wait for him.

. When the czar travels along any railway line the road is patrolled for days before by armed guards. They are stationed regularly throughout the entire distance at intervals of 200 yards. Up to the day the train is scheduled to pass they are allowed to take it easy, carrying their rifles meanwhile slung over their shoulders. Six hours before the passage of the imperial train they shoulder their rifles and march briskly up and down the track.

An hour before the imperial train passes the guards are required to stand with their backs toward the train and to allow no one to pass within less than one hundred yards of the track until ten minutes after the royal train has passed. Should any one attempt to approach, the guards are directed to challenge them, and if they continue to approach they have orders to fire with intent to kill.-New York World.

Marriage and Long Life.

Dr. Schwartz of Berlin, has come to the conclusion that marriage is the most important factor in human life conducive to longevity, as of 200 persons who attained the age of forty 125 were married and seventy-five single. At sixty the proportions were forty-eight to twenty-two; at seventy, twentyseven to eleven, and at ninety, nine to three. Among fifty centenariaus not one bachelor or spinster could be found, nor for the matter of that on married couple-all these venerable individuals being widows or widowers. -London Telegraph.

The German reichstag is said to be the cheapest of all the parliaments of Europe. Its total expenses for the current year have been only about

Twelfth Massachusetts at Antietam.

At the reunion of the survivors of the Twelfth Massachusetts in this city Wednesday, Secretary Kimball made the following statement:

"I am aware that it is a startling statement to make that the loss of the Twelfth Massachusetts at Antietam was the highest in percentage of any organization, Union or Confederate, in any one battle of the civil war, and even the highest of any organization in the entire world, in modern times, in civilized warfare, under normal conditions, but is there not good reason to believe it to be true?

"The fighting was terride, as every one knows. Let me simply say that a letter which I wrote to a friend on the 30th of September, 1862, says my company (A) had twenty-two men killed and wounded out of thirty, and of the eight who escaped unburt five had missiles strike either their clothing or equipments. Only thirty-two marched off the field under the fing of the regiment when relieved by the Twelfth Corps. One of the Confederate regiments, the First Texas, Hood's division, which we encountered in our advance through the cornfield, and which afterward occupied a position a little to our right, had 186 killed and wounded out of 226 taken into action-a percentage of loss of 82.3."-Boston Globe.

Victoria's Crown.

The crown used at the coronation of Queen Victoria in 1838, which is said to be the heaviest and most uncomfortable diadem in Europe, contains 1273 rose diamonds, 1363 brilliants, 273 round pearls, 4 la ge pendantshaped pearls, 1 immense ruby, 4 small rubies, 1 large sapphire, 26 smaller sapphires and 11 emeralds, The large ruby is set in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross at the front of the crown. This stone was given to Edward I by Dom Pelro the Cruel, and was worn by Henry V at the battle of Agincourt, when it was set in his steel casque.

It is peculiarly ent and its centre is hollowed cut to form a setting for a smaller ruby. Many of the stones were taken from old crow is, now unused, and others were furnished by the queen herself. They are placed in settings of both gold and silver, and incase a crimson velvet cap with an ermine border. Four importal arches spring from the four sides and support the mount, which is composed of 438 diamonds, and the whole is surmounted by a diamond cross whose centre is a single rose cut sapphire.

The United States of Australia is a probability of the near lature.