THE----Official Organ of Washington County.

FIRST OF ALL-THE NEWS.

Job Printing in ItsVarious Branches.

1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 25, 1898.

The Normake Deacon,

# NO. 27.

SINGLE COPY, 5 CENTS.

AN EXCELLENT

ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

Circulates extensively in the Countles of

Washington, Martin, Tyrrell and Beaufort.

# "THE RIDDLE OF THINGS THAT ARE."

We walk in a world where no man reads The riddle of things that are,-From a tiny fern in the valley's heart To the light of the largest star,-Yet we know that the pressure of life is hard

VOL. IX.

And the silence of Death is deep, As we fall and rise on the tangled way That leads to the gate of Sleep

We know that the problems of Sin and Pain, And the passions that lead to crime, Are the mysteries locked from age to age In the awful vauit of Time;-

Yet we lift our weary feet and strive Through the mire and mist to grope And find a ledge on the mount of Faith

In the morning land of Hope, --William H. Hayne, in Harper's Weekly,

# Mother's Mistake. NOT NOT NOT YOUR ADD

\*\*\*\*\*\*

shutters were closely bowed and tied she kept the precious souvenirs of with broad black ribbons, a lady was her boy, she followed her husband to unfolding and stroking with tender the dining room. Everywhere the hands the contents of a small trunk. bowed shutters kept out God's sun- I find nothing there but gloom and Not packed for a traveler's comfort, the trunk contained only the posses- gloomy as if a corpse awaited burial sions of a babe a year old, who had there. "gone before" to the heavenly home. For six months the bereaved mother had made a weekly visit to the trunk, silently, gladly scrambling down and unfolding and refolding every baby escaping to Nannie and the nursery garment, packing carefully the baby when the dinner was over. thes and stroking tenderly every tiny "Come, Susy," Fred sai object endeared by the touch of the afford to take a few leisure hours tolittle one she had lost. Yet, on the day, I will get a carriage, and we by, her tears fell upon the dainty em- the seashore will do us all good, for broideries, the worn socks, the broken the weather is getting hot." toys as fast as on the day when she first put aside the clothes Baby Willie would never wear again. Her dress there.' of heavy black, loaded with crape,

suited well her pale, tear-stained face, heavy eyes and grief-drawn mouth. While she was yet busy at her mournful task the door opened softly and two beautiful boys of four years

old, her twin sons, Eddie and Charlie, came into the room. Seeing their mother busy, they softly stepped to the days preceding it for six long her side and stood quiet until Eddie spied a tin horse and wagon on the knitting in a cheerful sitting room. floor. A moment later he had grasped it and was pulling it down from the upon the bed, resting after an expitsummit of a pile of little garments. ing talk, weary with crying and half Down toppled the whole pile, the cart rattling noisily. The mother looked around with a quick frown.

"You naughty, heartless boy!" she cried, sobbing. "How can you touch your poor, dead brother's things? I think you are old enough to know poor Willie is gone, never to come back, and mamma is so sad-so-

Here the sobs choked her, and the children, terrified, began to cry, too. "Eddie sorry," one sobbed; "don't

ky, mamma.' 'Is Charlie bad boy, too?" asked

the other, with a piteous wail in his voice, that should have gone straight

In a darkened room, where the closing the door of the room where light, and the house was as dark and

Awed by the father's grave face, the mother's look of woe, the children ate

"Come, Susy," Fred said, "I can day when the sixth month had rolled will take the children out. A run on

"Oh! Fred, drive me to Greenwood. It is nearly a month since we were

"Well, as you wish,"said Fred, pitying the pale face and really fearing that he was growing heartless. "We can take the children down to Bath not go away, Fred!" afterward."

Nearly a month after the day described, which was a fair specimen of months, a silver-haired old lady sat In a sleeping room beyond a lady lay sleeping.

While the old lady plied her needles with her sweet, placid face clouded by some troubled thought, Fred Aiken came into the room.

"Oh!" he said, kissing her fondly, "you always look cheerful here, mother.

"I am glad you still love your old home, Fred," was the reply. "Yes. Have you seen Susy today?"

"She was here this morning, and

"Has she told you I am going 'to accept Russell's offer and take the

row. But I must escape. I am becoming unfit for business, and-

Mother, I have actually been tempted to join bachelor parties to get rid of the necessity of returning home to meet only darkness, tears and repining!"

"Oh, Fred, you frighten me!"

"I frighten myself! It is because I am losing my strength to resist such temptations that I am considering this California offer. Susy will then have no one to consider, and I will have at least air and light out of business hours. Mother, advise me! What can I do? If it is cowardly to run away, shirk my duties as husband and father, I will stay; but I tell you frankly I am afraid I shall be driven tion in the course of eight years. to neglect home, wife and children if darkness."

There was a rustling noise in the sleeping room as Fred ceased speaking, and the door, which had stood ajar, was pushed open. Susy stood upon the threshold, her heavy black draperies still clinging around her, but her face lifted with a look upon it that went to Fred's heart. It was the expression of so much penitence, such heart-stricken remorse, that he held out both hands, to gather her closely in his arms. Then she spoke:

"Forgive me, Fred, and stay with me! I did not mean to be an envesdropper, but I heard all you said, and I see how wickedly selfish I have been. You were so kind, so tender, that I did not realize what I was doing in my neglect of you and our boys. Do

"Never, Susy, if you bid me stay." "I do. Mother, you will help me to keep him."

"Not now! I must give my answer this morning. I am off now, but I will be home to dinner."

It was still daylight on the summer afternoon when Fred Aiken came home. Before he entered the house he drew a deep sigh of relief, seeing the shutters of every window opened and the light shaded only by inner curtains. In the sitting room Eddie and Charlie, long banished because they were noisy, were building block houses. Their dress showed plainly that Nannie had no longer sole control of their appearance, and on each little face was a serene happiness, as if some long-felt restraint was gone.

Susy, in a dress of black, this goods, had put snowy ruffles at wrists and throat and, for the first time since her baby died, had arranged her hair | They were silent tokens of the water fashionably and becomingly. Upon maid's grief, she who perhaps pined her face, still pale and thin, was a smile of welcome for Fred, and the kiss of greeting he gave her was cor- ure voyage to the distant Society Isles dially returned.

tality and want of feeling for her sor- ONLY ONE PEARL KING. A YOUNG CALIFORNIAN'S INTEREST-

> ING SOUTH PACIFIC TRADE. Controls the Pearl and Pearl Shell Mar-

kets of Europe and America-How He Built Up the Industry-Bartering Merchandise for the Beautiful Gems.

It is not generally known that one single merchant, a young Californian, 32 years of age, controls the pearl and pearl shell markets of America and up an astounding commercial reputa-There are plenty of cattle kings in the west, and wheat kings in the east and money kings everywhere, but there is only one pearl king, and that is Harris. Thousands of rare, translucent gems are brought to this country and shipped to Europe by his agents. He deals in mother of pearl shells by the ton, and the magnitude of his transactions has made the private mark of Harris, namely, a diamond inclosing a large H, a seal of international importance and a guarantee of genuine kingship.

Harris gathers his gems exclusively in the Society Islands. For eight years he has made these Pacific land spots the field of his interesting business. It was on the shores of Tahiti that first he earned his title of king. After repeated transactions with the natives whom he employed in pearl fishing he stimulated them from passivity to great activity, gaining their confidence and trust by honest and reliable barter. He never made promises to them that he did not keep. He paid them in full the price which they demanded. Himself a finished critic, a connoisseur, he never permitted them to overvalue a pile of shells, and they grew to admire him. He controlled the situation at Tahiti. He was easily king.

It is said that Harris has been a lover of these delicate gems since his boyhood. Pearls have always been to him the most mysterious, the most wonderful, the most beautiful handiwork of nature. To him, gifted with an artistic, idealistic temperament, they appealed in a romantic, poetic wave To him each translucent globule seemed like a tear from the weird eyes of an earth-bewitched mermaid. for a terrestrial lover.

Finally young Harris

determining value, and he is a shrewd buyer as well, and has never permitted the native experts to outdistance him in judgment. When a pile of shells is dropped before him he picks up one or two and runs his arm carelessly through the heap, and in a moment can determine the grade, for the natives are clever at assortment, No uncommon shells are ever found among the poor ones. They have not learned yet the trick of deception by mingling the good and the bad.-

### BULL AGAINST TIGER.

### A Combat in Which the Latter Came Off Second Best.

In the Spanish capital a few days ago, before one thousand three hundred well-pleased spectators, there was a combat between a royal Beugal tiger and an Andalusian fighting bull, the tiger being a full grown animal, known for its ferocity. A cage seventeen yards square by four in height had been erected in the middle of the plaza, and the animals were brought in, the bull being the first to be released into the inclosure. He immediately began to run round and round his prison, bellowing and throwing up sand and gravel with his hoofs. The instant the tiger entered the cage the great cat gave a roar and bounded on the bull, avoiding the horns, and fixed on his flanks and belly with both teeth and claws.

The bull remained paralyzed for a few seconds, and then seemed to be sinking backward to the ground. The tiger, however, loosened its grip for a second to take another hold, and in the brief interval was hurled to earth by the wild plunges of the bull. Before the tiger had time to recover, the bull was on him, and, plunging its horns in the tough hide, tossed the tiger into the air. This was repeated four or five times, the bull varying his tactics occasionally by crushing his adversary against the bars.

When the bull desisted the tiger lay limp on the ground, and the crowd, thinking he was dead, cried, "Bravo, toro!" The bill stood stamping for a moment in the middle of the cage, and then, seeing that the tiger did not move, approached and smelt his enemy, who, however, was only shamming death, and seized the bull's muzzle in his powerful jaws, so that the latter could not move.

Eventually, however, the bull was released, and, after stamping furiously on the tiger, again canght him on his horns. This time the tossing, stamping and banging apparently really ended in the tiger's death. The cage was then opened and the bull rushed out and back to his stable. For precaution's sake the tiger's van was brought up, and, to the general surprise, he rose to his feet, glanced round as if afraid the bull was still there, and then bounded into the van. The tiger was found to have five ribs broken, besides having a number of wounds from the bull's horns. He is expected to survive.-London Telegraph.

A TRYING SITUATION.

A man may be a hero In most any walk of life; But certain situations Make him falter in the strife; And one that tries his mettle.

- Till warm beneath the collar, Is when he comes to parting With his last and only dollar!
- He'll laugh at old misfortune When he hears the dollars clink, And be brave for any danger, When he knows he's got the "chink;" But he sings a different measure, When his hoard is growing smaller,

And he finds he's come to parting With his last and only dollar!

You speak in praise of striving, And of conquering adverse fate, And prove how oft the humble Have been truly good and great; But philosophylis vanquished By both the boor and scholar, When it comes to final parting With the last and only dollar! -Detroit Free Press.

HUMOROUS.

Different kinds of punishment are good for unruly children, but as a general thing spanking takes the palm.

"What's Old Calamity howling about now?" "Because he can't get as much for wheat here as you are paying at the Kloudike."

Wallace-I presume you are aware that money is a great carrier of bacteria? Hargreaves-Yes. That is why I burn it as fast as I get it.

"And why," said the young porker, "do you feel so sad whenever you see a hen?" "My son," replied the old hog, "I cannot help thinking of ham and eggs, "

First Hen-What are those young bantams fighting about? Second Hen -Oh! they are disputing about the question, Which is the mother of the chick-the hen that lays the egg or the incubator?

Lounger-Do cook-books form an important item in your sales? Bookseller-Yes, we sell them by the thou-"The women appreciate them, sand. eh?" "Oh, the women don't buy them; their husbands do."

"Pat, you complain of being out of work, and yet I heard that coal dealer offer you a job to drive one of his carts, not ten minutes ago." "Yis, sor; but I'm blamed if I'll freeze meself to death to keep alive, begob!"

Maud (showing fashion plate) - Papa, that's the way I would look if I had a sealskin sacque. Mand's Father (showing advertising picture labeled "Before taking") -- And that's the way I would look, dear, when the bill came

# Europe. This monarch of the pearl rade is Samuel Harris. He operates n the Pacific ocean, and he has built

Chicago Times-Herald.

to the mother's heart.

"Go to the nursery," she said, and the little ones trotted off, hand in hand, vaguely conscious that they were in disgrace and ready to be comforted by rosy-cheeked Nannie, their murse.

"And, dear knows," said that warmhearted individual to the cook, "it is a shame for the poor darlings. It's not blaming Mrs. Aiken I am for crying her eyes out for the beautiful boy she lost. Didn't I love every curl of his hair, the pretty pet. But look at tried to comfort her, but I tell you the two that's left. Wouldn't they be a comfort to anybody, and Mrs. Aiken | if I do not get away. It is useless for only speaks to them now to set them crying. Sure she can't expect babies like them to remember their brother more than six months, and if they were downright wicked she couldn't be harder than she is if they laugh or romp. She'll break their spirits entirely.

And the mother, rocking to and fro. with the picture of her dead boy clasped to her heart, was thinking:

"Everybody is forgetting Willie but me. But I will never forget. I will returned to Heaven pure and spotless. never, never cease to mourn for my darling. Oh, Willie! Willie!"

Breaking in upon her sobs came a whistle, a merry whistle of a popular tune, and the door of the darkened room opened again noisily. Oh!"

"Where are you, Susy? Voice and face fell, and Mr. Aiken slowly gathering the mournful expression suited to the funereal aspect of the scene before him.

room," he said, "but Nannie told me not spend so much time in this room, Susy. It is wearing away your health."

"Oh, Fred," the mother sobbed, "how can you whistle! I don't expect sorrow or sympathy from the children, but you-I thought you loved Willie so dearly.

"So I did, Susy, but I made a most fortunate investment in business a few weeks ago, and today I was able of the mortgage on the house. sht-hearted when I thought nome for my family." can you think of

California branch of the business?"

"She said you thought of it. But, Fred, I hope you will think better of

it. You are doing well here, and your first duty is to your own home." "I have no home."

"Fred, you shock me!"

"There is a funeral vault up town where I live," was the reply, "but the home I had there is gone. I have been patient, mother, as you advised me. I have not said one harsh word to Susy, I respected her sorrow and frankly that I shall become insane me to tell you that I loved my boy, my little Willie, as fondly as ever father loved a son. I grieved for him sincerely, but after my first shock of pain was over I thought of him safe in God's care, happy, released from all the sorrows of this life, and was comforted. God has left me my wife, my

two noble boys and my own home, health and strength. It seemed to me monstrous and wicked to see no light or hope in life because a babe had But Susy would not see the loss in this light. It became her religion to mourn for her baby ceaselessly and hopelessly. She hugged her grief to her heart till the whole world was

dark, and would hear no word of comfort. "Have you told her what you have

sto d silently at the door, his eyes just told me of your own source of comfort?"

"Over and over again, but she only sobs more pitifully because I do not "I was hoping you had gone out share her feelings. You advised me when I did not find you in the sitting to be patient, to let time carry its healing to her. I have been patient, you were upstairs. I wish you would but I am losing my own powers of usefulness in the dreary atmosphere of my once pleasant home. My boys are growing pale and thin in the unuatural suppression of their baby spirits. Susy has actually persuaded them that it is a sin to romp, to make a noise or laugh, and I have seen Eddie put his finger on his lip and say to Charlie:

" 'Don't laugh! You forget baby bruzzer."

"Fred!" "I assure you I do not exaggerate. The house is like a prison. Every room is kept darkened, and the whole atmosphere is heavy and actually chilly our beautiful in this glorious summer weather. Susy nurses her sorrow till it is bed shamecoming a monomania." shadow

"Cannot you coax her out?" Villie's

"She will go nowhere but to Greenthes wood, and the last time we were there ink she fainted on Willie's grave, " "She is not strong."

"Because she shuts herself up closely in the house, dark and gloomy as a vault, destroys her appetite and weakens her whole system. I cannot any sternness, exercise any strong with for it seems like actual bru- | Hallow eve,

tumble down the tower mamma built."

And down came the rattling blocks, without any quick cry of restraint for passing by with ropes of pearly gems their noise or the gleeful shouts of the about their throats, such treasures as little ones.

It is nearly seven years now since Baby Willie was laid to sleep in he took with him \$3000 worth of mer-Greenwood. Two little girls are chandise. His burden consisted playmates for Eddie and Charlie in mainly of tobacco, knives, rope, fish-Mrs. Aiken's nursery, and another little grave marks a second bereavement. But the mother has learned and the pearl trader brought back that well the lesson impressed upon her year in exchange for his merchandise heart when the selfish sorrow so nearly blighted her homa. The little ones God has taken can

never be forgotten. Tears still fall year since. over their pictures, the silent souvenirs of their brief lives, but the duties to the living are never forgotten in sorrowing for the dead, What God has taken to His own care the mother has learned to resign submissively, thanking Him for the blessings spared, shutting out no sunlight He gives and treasuring gratefully the memories of brightness with the sorrow of the little lives ended.-New York News.

Disagreeable Flowers Made Fragrant. Artificial flowers now imitate the natural ones so truthfully that they are much used in room decoration, and the practice has become much more widespread since manufacturers have succeeded in giving them a lasting perfume. But a still more remarkable fact, says a foreign paper, is that Dutch horticulturists have produced delicately fragrant varieties of flowers among those species which usually have a disagreeable odor. Thus sunflowers exchange their pungent smell for the scent of the rose, camellias are made to smell like violets, the faint perfume of primroses is intensified and the large cyclamens acquire the exquisite aroma of the Alpine violets. The process is still a secret, but it is said that horticultural science will soon be prepared to disclose it .-New York Tribune.

### Consecrated to Food.

Food plays an important part in the world's history. A number of days are consecrated to some article of diet. Chief to the American is Thanksgiving, with its turkey and cranberry sauce; to the Englishman, Christmas and plum pudding; Christmas Eva and snap-dragons; barley, sugar and oranges on St. Valentine's eve; Shrovo Tuesday and puin cakes; hot cross buns and Good Friday; salt codfish on Ash Wednesday, goose on Michaelmas day; gooseberry tart on Whit-Sunday, and froasted nuts on All

and saw what made his enthusiastic "Papa!" the boys shouted, "see us eyes bulge in their sockets. He saw native children playing along the sands with the richest pearls he had ever seen; he saw the native belles would have made a society queen turn pale with envy. Then Harris made his first business trip to Tahiti, and hooks and articles of clothing. These

were luxuries to the native Tahitite, fully \$40,000 worth of pearls and pearl shells. He did not consider it a bad

Formerly only the lowest grade pearls were brought to the American market. The finer ones were retained abroad and rarely ever found their way this side or the water. Harris has turned the tables, and now brings to the San Francisco market the most perfect stones are Orient and of translucent whiteness or glimmering iridescence. They are finely symmetrical in form and the best are generally pearshaped, like a falling tear. The hunt for these beauties of the deep goes on incessantly. The same excitement and uncertainty attend the fishing as surround the tireless chase for gold or the determined digging in a diamond mine.

There is the same labor and the oftrepeated disappointment. Now and then a great suprise is brought up by the fearless pearl diver. That compensates for all the rest. Lately it was an immense black pearl, the handsomest of its kind ever snatched from the fathomless ocean. Harris brought it on his last recent voyage to San Francisco. After careful examination it was found to be absolutely perfect, having a weight of six karats. It is valued in the London markets at \$750. Since 1895 Harrishas revolutionized the trade in pearl shells. Only one grade ever found its way to the manufacturers of pearl shell ornaments and gewgaws. It was generally shell that was thin, flakey, and colorless, and sold for \$800 a ton. This energetic young pearl king now exports four different grades or varieties, ranging in value from \$600 to \$1200 a ton.

All shells are purchased in bulk from the native fishers. They bring down their hauls of shell to the young king's schooner as it lies in port, fretting restlessly against the side of the rude piers. They bring down their find here for the king's inspection. He sits in state and passes judgment. Harris can tell at a glance what a pile

## Pranks of Art Students.

In the National Magazine W. H. Leavitt tells some amusing stories of the pranks of American art students in Paris. Once the students in one atelier hazed a newcomer by taking all his money, putting him into a cab and giving the driver instructions where bargain and he has been back every to take him. When the cab halted the penniless student alighted and stood on the curb, "Will you be so good as to light a match," said the student. "I dropped a napoleon in the cab and can't find it." Whereupon the driver whipped up and was away in a hurry.

A new student from Algiers amused perfect pearls found anywhere. The the studio for a while by imitating the sounds of various wild beasts and birds. Then the fickle fellows tired of it. So one day, having prepared a hig box with breathing holes in it, they put the mimic in it and kept him there three days, at the end of which time he performed only by request.

## How France's Treasure Was Hidden.

The discussion in connection with the renewal of the charter of the Bank of France, which has just been pro\* longed by the National legislature until the end of 1920, has brought to light the measures that were adopted during the war of 1876 for the preservation of the specie and valuables confided to the care of the institution to the extent of over \$100,000,000. It seems that the whole of this treasure was packed into some twenty-five thousand cases, marked "explosive projectiles," and was shipped by rail to Brest, where it was "cached" in such a manner in the arsenal that, had even the Germans captured the port, they would never have discovered the hiding place. Indeed, so elaborate were the precautions adopted that neither the people who shipped the cases from Paris nor those who concealed them at Brest had any idea of the contents of the boxes.

## Theological.

"Ah," he said, as the postman handed him a letter, "an epistle?"

"No." said his wife, as she anened the envelope, and a tailor's bill flut-tered to the floor. "Not an epistle; a collect."-Boston Traveler.

Few natives of India cat more than of shells is worth. He is an expert at | twice a day, and thousands only onca.

"Papa," said Sammy Snaggs, who was seeking for information, "how much is gold worth an onnce?" "I can't tell you what gold is worth an ounce here, but in the Klondike I understand that gold is worth its weight in doughnuts."

Mrs. Askem-It's the unluckiest store to shop in, dear. Mrs. Priceit-Why? Mrs. Askem-There isn't a thing you might ask for they haven't got, and everything they have is so lovely you're forced to buy without going further."

She beats the bars of her prison in her wrath. "Release me," she shricked, "or I shall break out-if not in one way, then in another." The warden trembled. If she proved to be a poetess of passion, would he be responsible?

"Yon," said she, as she came down leisurely pulling on her gloves-"you used to say I was worth my weight in gold." "Well, what if I did?" he asked, looking at his watch. "And now, you don't think I am worth a wait of two minutes."

"You enjoy coaching, do you? I never could see where the fun comes in. One looks so like a blamed fool, sitting up on a three-story coach and cavorting over the highway tooting of a horn. "I know it, but it isn't every blamed fool that can afford it."

Johnnie-Papa, is mamma the better half of you? Father-Yes, my son, that's the way they put it. Johnnie-And are all wives the better part of their husbands? Father-Certainly, my son. Johnnie-Then, what part of King Solomon were his wives?

### Feeding Army Elephants.

Elephants in the Indian army are fed twice a day. When meal time arrives, they are drawn up in line before a row of piles of food. Each animal's breakfast includes ten pounds of raw rice, done up in live two-pound packages. The rice is wrapped in leaves and then tied with grass. At the command, "Attention!" each elephant raises its trunk and a package is thrown into its capacious mouth. By this method of feeding, not a single grain of rice is wasted.

### Five Years in Search of a Cow.

Five years ago young Barkley Geary, son of a farmer living near Westmoreland, was sent to bring up the family cow. Nothing was seen or heard of him until one night recently, when he drove the cow up to the barn, entered the house, hung up his cap on its accustomed peg, and told his mother that he would milk after supper. He refuses to tell where in spent the five years, beyond declaring that he was out hunting the cow, -Kansas City Star.