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#### DON'T WORRY,

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Don't worry—though above your head The threatening storm clouds meet, The rainbow as of yore shall spread Its sign of promise sweet. The flowers fled when winter gray Proclaimed again his cruel sway.

"Don't worry." Don't worry-though the noon-tide find Your footsteps faltering,
The morn's glad hopes left far behind;
The day its joy shall bring.
When sunset's radiant curtains fall, Sleep's angel, ready to the call Of night, shall whisper low to all, "Don't worry."

Yet early blossoms smile and say,

Don't worry-though with little good Your eager quest seem fraught He that bath striven as he could Has striven as he ought, Ask not how destiny was planned. The little that we understand Is eloquent with the command,

# Nobody's Papa.

A sombre-looking man wandered gloomily from picture to picture. He had no catalogue, some people prefer to go without and gaze untrammelled by prejudice. He was not perhaps the only man in the room without a catalogue, but there was that about him which distinguished him effectually from every other human being in that crowd. No one else looked so utterly unamused and indifferent as he, though many were less critical. He knew a good picture at once, and gave it a quick, appreciative scrutiny, while the worthless specimens he passed by with a glance of contempt. Presently he turned listlessly away and sat down on the ottoman in the centre of the room. Folding his arms, he sank into a brown study. What was he thinking of? A woman of course! Yes; but not a woman that he loved.

He thought of her as the beautiful heiress who n he had wooed and won. She was courted as only such women are courted, and from all the host of admirers he had borne off the prize. He, penniless and obscure, with only his personal qualities to recommend him--ah! she must have loved him then. How beautiful she was, and how sweet-she seemed! A bitter smile curled the man's lips. Sweet! she was made of muriatic acid. He himself, to be sure, was not all honey and sugar. Men are not-but a woman! His ideal of womanhood had always been softness, gentleness-she should be a hero worshiper-and her here naturally should be her husband.

Gertrude had been accustomed to homage. She had not been willing to own a master, had expected apparently to find in him a slave-a slave! She should have married another man than he. They had scarcely a week of love and happiness, and in six months he had left her.

"You married me for my money!" was the last fatal insult she hurled at

him in her passion.

"Very well, madam. I will leave you your money and relieve you of the presence of a despised husband - for-

Those were the last words he had ever spoken to her-the last words he ever should speak. He had left her then and there, to her grand house, with her grand servants and her grand friends, and he had gone to Australia to begin life anew with only his brains for capital. The capital, however, was a good one. He had made his fortune. and he had come home, yielding to a strange longing to see-not her-oh, no! nor any man or woman alive, but to tread his native soil, to revisit the scenes where he had spent a happy boyhood-and then-he should return to Australia. There he had friends; there he had land. It was his home now. No one knew of his arrival in England; no one should know. From his wife his separation had been complete. There had been no letters-no inquiries. To each other they were as

dead. It was seven years since they had met and married and parted, and he did not know if she were living or dead. Of course he did not want to know. She perhaps was anxions to hear of his death in order that she might marry somebody else. Perhaps in time she would assume his death.

He started up. The heat was intolerable, the pictures odious, the people detestable, their cackle unendurable. He would go straight out. He would not look at another daub. That one was not so bad, though! In spite of himself he stopped to look at it. It was the portrait of a little girl dear, little girl in hat and fur tippetand muff, standing in the porch of house. It was evidently a r's day. Her feet stood he was standing quite leager expectancy.

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they should have a daughter he would wish her to be called Ellen after this sister of his. His wife had declared with heat that she hated the name. Was it possible that she could be jealous even of a dead child? Or was it simply that love of opposition which ended by making their life together impossible? Ah, if Nellie had lived, he would have had some one to lovesome one to turn to in his desolation. The likeness was extraordinary.

"Do you like my picture?" He turned round and saw the original of the portrait standing at his elbow. What a pretty little girl she was! And how much prettier than her picture! The artist had done his best, but he could not adequately render the light which danced in the dark eyes, nor the dimples that came and went in the round, rosy cheeks.

"It is very nice, but you yourself are nicer still," he said with a smile. How that smile became him!

"What is your name?" he pursued. "Nellie."

He started. "It is a curious coincidence," he said, "that you remind me of a Nellie who died long ago."

The child looked up with sympathetic, wondering eyes. "You weren't her papa, were you?"

"No; I am no little girl's papa." "Oh!" said Nellie, in a disappointed tone, and her face fell. "Then it's no use-I won't tell you. No, I won't tell you now."

She stood for a moment irresolute; then made as if she would go. He did not want her to go; he took her

"Tell me-oh, do tell me!" he said. "It's a secret-why that picture was painted-why I come here every day, but I won't tell you-no, I won't tell Good-bye, nobody's papa!"

She bounded off like a little colt to her mother's side. He supposed she was her mother-a tall woman dressed in black, who stood with her back to him absorbed in a landscape opposite.

"He says he is no little girl's papa," announced the child, in her shrill voice. The lady hushed her, took her hand and led her quickly from the room. "Excuse me, but will you hand me

your catalogue for a moment?" The old gentleman addressed started, dropped his double eyeglasses, looked somewhat annoyed, but nevertheless put the catalogue into the eager hand held out for it.

Waiting for Papa. "No. 179. Portrait of Ellen, daughter of Hugh Marston, Esq." "Thank you." His hand trembled

so as he handed back the catalogue that it fell to the ground. "Drunk or mad?" muttered the old

gentleman, as he stooped, much discomposed, to pick it up again. Our friend meantime, passed through

the crowd and hurried breathlessly on, through the turnstile, down the steps, just in time to see an open carriage with two horses, and a footman in livery, drive off. In it were the lady in mourning and little Nellie.

Nellie waved her hand to him, but the lady averted her gaze.

"Is your mistress at home?" The gentleman who asked this question of a stately butler at the door of a house in Belgrave square was our friend of the Royal academy, but he was no longer gloomy and morose. He was eager and excited. So great was the difference which this change of expression made in his countenance that

"Mrs. Marston is at home, sir. What name?" The butler looked at him a little askance.

he seemed another man.

"Never mind my name; show me There was an imperiousness about

his manner which conquered the butler, in spite of the deepening mystery. The visitor was shown in silence into the drawingroom, where a lady dressed in black, a still young and beautiful lady, but pale and thin, sat with her head on her hand. Nellie played at her feet, but the mother was not paying any attention to the child.

"Gertrude!" She sprang to her feet, and for a moment a look of the most intense joy came into her face. She seemed as if she would have fallen into the arms stretched out to her, but then suddenly she recoiled, saying, with bitterness:

"I will not acknowledge for a husband the man who disowns my child." "Perhaps he can't help being no little girl's papa," interceded Nellie.
"Disown her! Never! Did I dis-

own her when I found out?" "You did a few hours ago, and you must have known. You said it to insult me."

"Gertrude! Gertrude! How could I even imagine?" He caught up the child and kissed

her wildly, passionately. "You might very easily, and if you had ever troubled yourself even to inquire whether I was alive or deadoh! to abandon me like that for one word-one hasty word-it was cruelcruel and brutal!"

"No, no," said Nellie, "he's sorry now. I am sure he's sorry now." She patted his cheek, down which

the tears were running. "Oh, run away, child-run away!" cried the mother. "No, I can't forgive you, Hugh, not even now you are nere, though the picture did bring you | it makes everybody tired." - Chicago

She was weeping now, and he was kneeling at her knees, imploring her forgiveness with broken sobs.

Nellie ran to tell the servants that her papa had come home at last, but mamma was angry with him because he said he was not her papa.
"Oh, hush, Miss Nellie!" cried the

"I thought who it was when he wouldn't give his name," said the but-

"I suppose they won't want no dinner," observed the gook sarcastically. No, they wanted no dinner, nor one other earthly thing-that couple upstairs. They were in paradise, and there it would be a pity not to leave them. - New York Ledger.

#### GRAVE OF PATRICK HENRY.

Not in Richmond, but in Charlotte, Where

He Lived - One Line on His Tomb. Every now and then we see in some newspaper the query: "Where is Patrick Henry buried?" and tourists in Richmond, Va., constantly ask to be shown his grave, with the mistaken idea that it is in that city, where much of his public career was passed. Few people, comparatively, know that the man who acquired the title of "The Tongue of the Revolution" lies in a quiet grave on the estate in Charlotte county where he formerly lived. Over him is a marble slab inscribed with the one line: "His Fame His Best Eptaph."

The estate lies on the Staunton river, thirty-eight miles from the town of Lynchburg, near the border line which separates Charlotte and Campbell counties. It derived its name of Red Hill from the peculiar color of the soil in that vicinity. When Patrick Henry bought the place it comprised about 3500 acres. The land is richthere was a saying in the neighborhood that poor land and Henry could never be mentioned together-corn grows there as high as a man on horseback; there is a general air of smiling fields and abundant prosperity. Its situation in early times was very remote. Neighbors were few, one of the nearest being the celebrated John Randolph of Roanoke, who lived in

his chosen solitude fifteen miles away. Red Hill is now owned by Henry's grandfather, William Wirt Henry, a clever, cultivated gentleman of the 'old school." He has in his possession some most interesting relics of his celebrated grandfather, including the desk he always used, which still contains his letters from Lafayette, Washearly days : the large, roun chair in which Patrick Henry died, and a portrait of him by the elder Sully, under which hangs a yellowed slip of paper signed by Chief Justice John Marshall and several others of his friends, testifying to the faithfulness of the likeness. - Philadelphia Press.

## Prince of Wales' Dinner Table,

Good taste reigns over all the arrangements. Thus the tablecloths are severely plain, though of the finest quality, and simply worked with the royal arms-the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock-while the table napkins are invariably folded into a small square to hold the bread, and never in the fancy shapes in vogue elsewhere. To each guest two forks, and no more, are provided, and these are placed prongs downward. In addition, there are one large tablespoon and one large knife, for in no circumstance are two knives together given to any guest.

A great many reasons have been assigned for this rule, but apparently no one has summoned up the courage to ask their royal host and hostess. It has been asserted that his Royal Highness has the old-fashioned dislike of seeing knives inadvertently crossed. Small water bottles are used, but the Princess holds to the Hanoverian habit of never having finger bowls.

At Marlborough house dinner begins at 8.45 o'clock, and is never allowed to last much more than an hour, Occasionally during dinner soft music is played. The menu is always served a la Russe-that is to say, nothing is carved in the dining-room.

# Instruction for Doctors.

There is a movement on foot in Berlin to provide free courses to physicians in which they shall be instructed in all the laws bearing upon the profession and its practices. There, as here, the young man fresh from the university does not know much and is in great need of a post-graduate course to acquaint him with branches of his profession of which he will some day stand in urgent need. According to the plan proposed, those who have taken degrees and diplomas are to be supplied with further instruction, receiving clear explanation of the laws concerning accidents, insurance, judiciary functions and the like, so far as possible perfecting their equipment for the ardnous and responsible duties of their profession. Formerly they picked up this information as they went along, with the chance of rossessing some sort of mastery of it late in life; now it is to be imparted practically as a part of the regular course of study. - New York Tribune.

A Truism. "What is a truism?"

"It is a tiguth which is so true that Record.

## THE RESOURCES OF CUBA

HER PROSPECTS FOR PROSPERITY WHEN A LASTING PEACE COMES.

The Choicest Lands in California Cannot Approach the Soil of Cuba in Fertility-The Mineral Wealth of the Island-It Is an Agricultural Paradise.

Now that Cuba is assured of her freedom, it may be interesting to inquire into the resources of the country, and ask what may be her prospects for prosperity when she is no onger restrained and overtaxed by the greedy government of Spain. The area of Cuba is about 42,000 square miles. Its greatest length is 760 miles, and its breadth ranges from 20 to 135 miles. Perhaps there is no space of earth the equal in size to Cuba that can begin to compare with her in the production of those things that are useful to man. Antonio y Morales, a noted authority, has prepared a table showing the variety and quantities of the staples that can be raised on a tract of thirty-three acres in Cuba. A farm of that size in one year produces thousands of pounds of sugar, coffee, tobacco, cacao (chocolate), cotton, indigo, rice, sage, bananas and yucca. The choicest lands in California-noted for the variety and quantity of their products-cannot approach the soil of Cuba in this respect. With its mild climate, its exuberant vegetation, and the eagerness of the earth to respond to the slightest efforts in the way of culture, Cuba offers an ideal home for the man in love with the agricultural life.

The commerce of Cuba, even under the blighting rule of the Spaniard, has been great. In 1893, before the curse of war fell on the island, Cuba exported 718,204 tons of sugar, and produced 815,894 tons. Its exports of molasses to the United States alone in that year were 7654 hogsheads. Of rum the exports were 9308 pipes. In 1893 the Cuban exports of leaf tobacco were 227,865 bales. Of manufactured cigars 147,365,000 were exported, and of cigarettes 39.581,493 packages. These are only the main exports. They show what may be done with the exhaustless soil and climate of the island, when its people were in a condition of virtual slavery, at a time when chattel slavery had been abolished only seven years. It is an axiom of economic stience that free labor is indefinitely more productive than slave labor, and the industrial growth of ington, Madison, and other great men | the United States is an example of the expansion of industry when enterprise is unhampered by the curse of slavery, and by foreign political interference. Cuba's chief industries were growing in spite of the drain upon her before the present war began, for in 1894 her total production of sugar was 1,054,214 tons, an increase of 238,320 tons over

the preceding year. The natural resources of Cuba are infinite, one may say, in variety. Of her area only 10 per cent, is under cultivation, 7 percent, is not reclaimed, and 4 per cent. is under forests. Great tracts of the island are practically unexplored. She had in 1894 a population of a little more than 1,500,000. Of these nearly one-third have been starved to death during the present war. Cuba could support in plenty a population of 10,000,000. Her forests are stocked with the finest wood in the world-wood, several species of which are as hard as iron, turning the edge of the axe, and remaining imperishable under water. There are found woods invaluable for the dye industry, ebony, cedar, fustic, lancewood, mahogany, rosewood, jocuma, acana and many others. There are fifty varieties of palm. Her fruits are valuable and little cultivated. The climate is admirably suited for the olive; and the orange, the lemon, the pineapple and the banana are indigenous.

The mineral resources of the island are great, yet the mineral industries are in their infancy. Almost all the metals are found in Cuba. There are gold, silver, mercury, copper, lead, and all the forms of asphaltum; autimony, magnesia. copperas, gypsum, red lead, ochre, salt, arsenic, talc and many others. Copper is abundant in all the metamorphic rocks of Cuba. It is true that coal is yet undiscovered, but under a free republic capital would flow into the island, and there is no doubt that true coal would soon be found to replace the bitumen that is now used, and which is found in springs and mines in great quantities.

Cuba is rich in marble, awaiting the capital of the speculator. Great deposits of this rock are found, and in the Isle of Pines there is marble of a quality as fine as the best of that material used by the sculptor. Beautifully colored marble and jasper are common. On the coasts are immense deposits of rock salt, and there are also unlimited quantities of the purest white sand, capable of being converted into fine earthenware. Even the illustrious Humboldt was amazed at the richness and variety of the mineral wealth of Cuba. How much of this wealth has been utilized may be gathered from the fact that at the end of 1891 the total number of mining titles issued in Santiago district was 296; Of these 133 were iron, 85 manganese, and 53 copper.

and rich, and the possibilities are un- natives.

limited. Cuba, with her grand natural pastures, was just beginning to raise fine Durham and Devonshire stock when the ten-year war desolated the country, and put a stop to the industry. The millions of acres of free land in Cuba are ready for the agriculturist, the cattle, sheep and hog raiser, the cotton and fruit grower, the miner and the reducing plant, and even for the silk grower and manufacturer. The mulberry tree grows to perfection in the island. Silkworms, according to Dr. Auber, are more prolific and productive in Cuba, than in any other country on the face of the globe. Here is a land prepared to yield up utilities that will add immeasurably to the happiness of the world; waiting to lossom into a garden, and to swarm with population; to develop almost every art of peace; to be converted into an industrial microcosm in the macrocosm of the world at large. Cuba is waiting the hour when the capitalist, assured of peace and uninterrupted growth, may safely enter and reap the harvest which nature has prepared for man in the misruled, throttled and neglected Pearl of the Antilles, -Chicago Times-Herald.

He walked into the anothecary shop with an hesitating step, and glanced nervously at the rows of bottles with a scared look in his pale blue eyes. After fidgeting about uncertainly for some time, he at last caught the eye of the clerk, and beckoning mysteriously, led the way to a secluded corner by the cigar case, where the clerk was surprised by finding a trembling forefinger hooked tenaciously into one of his buttonholes and an eager face thrust suddenly almost against his. "What's the matter" asked the

"I s'pose you can lay your hand right on the morphine bottle, can't you?" said the stranger, in an anxious whisper.

"Yes, sir. Certainly," replied the astonished salesman. "An' I reckon if you was pushed

you could find the strychnine in s minute or two?" "Of course." "Mebbe the arsenic hasn't got lost

or mislaid clear beyond findin', if you inst had to has it?" "Assuredly not."

"An" the sugar of lead bottle couldn't get away from you if it

'No, indeed," "An' chasin' up the vitriol to its lair would be just play for you?"

"My dear sir, of course I am familiar with all the drugs here." "But s'posin' some of the other fellers had been changin' them around,

just as a joke, you know?" "What do you mean?" "Suppose the bottles had got

mixed? "Impossible. Besides, everything is plainly labeled." "An' there ain't no chance of your

palmin' off prussic acid for peppermint?" "Not the slightest." "Well, I've-half-a-notion-to-

risk-it. Yes, you may give me two ounces of peppermint, young man." -Harper's Round Table.

Cause and Cure of Insomnia. Writing of "Insomnia" in the Woman's Home Companion, Ella Morris Kretschmar calls attention to a prevalent cause of sleeplessness, "Unless our sleep be very profound

we still carry on a sort of self-consciousness. We lie down, and we muscularly hold ourselves in any position assumed. We do not abandon our head to the pillow, our limbs to the bed. We hold them there. We must unhinge, as it were, so that head or any member would drop limp if the rest of the body were lifted. Imagine them heavy and dropping down, down, and you will soon acquire the trick, finding, as a reward, that in the grateful release from muscular tension the mind relaxes as well."

## Just Why We Grow Old.

The reason you grow old, good sir, and more especially good madame, is because your body becomes mineralized, so to speak. The bones grow hard; the muscles lose their elasticity, and the blood vessels have their living animal matter largely replaced by dead mineral matter.

People who busy themselves trying to light upon a fountain of perpetual vouth take note of this theory and decide that their spring must be one of distilled water, with no mineral particles in it.

## Flies Killed by Wasps.

An entomologist says he has known a common garden wasp to kill 1000 flies in a day. If we have ever said anything in derogation of the wasp and his heated terminal facilities, we trust that it will be considered as never having been spoken. Anybody or anything that will kill 1000 flies in a single day is worthy of all praise, and the wasp will henceforth be persona grata among the bald headed fratern-

The only soap which the Hindoos of the orthodox type employ is made en-As a pasteral country Cuba was tirely of vegetable products. But more productive a century ago than soap is little used in India, being she is now, but her pastures are broad almost an unknown luxury with the

#### SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS

A German scientist has discovered a new electric fluid with remarkable properties, which he calls electroid.

A study of the toxicity of alcohols by Picaud shows that the poisonous effects increase with the molecular

A bar of lead cooled to about 300 degrees below zero, according to an experiment of M. Pietet, gives out when struck a pure musical tone.

Not less than thirteen comets of short period are due to return to perihelion within the next two years, but several of them will be likely to escape observation.

The Societe des Laboratoires Bourbouze of Paris offers scientific courses to workingmen, free of charge, on Sunday, from nine to eleven o'clock, Physics and chemistry will be taught in the laboratories, the courses being adjusted to the practical needs of the students.

By a decree of the Czar, the metric system of weights and measures has been adopted for use throughout the Russian empire, and a commission has also been organized to consider the reform of the Russian calendar so as to harmonize with that prevailing in the other civilized countries.

A safe narcotic has been sought in the hospitals for insane women in the city of Mexico. A simple product from the seeds of the white zapote has proven more satisfying than anything previously tried, as it produces a tranquil sleep, while deaths from cerebral congestion have ceased since its use

was begun. It has been suggested that as ice at only 12 degrees below freezing has a specific insulation of over 1000 megohms, it might be possible to have hollow conductors which could be placed in a trench filled with water and used to carry brine for purposes of ice-making and refrigeration. The frozen water would act as the insulator, and calculations have been made showing that the arrangement is feasible on a commercial scale.

A new mechanical movement, the idea of Mr. E. M. Bowden of Isondon, consists of a stout inner wire surrounded by a close coil of another wire, the inner wire projecting beyoud the others at each end and having the projecting ends passed through holes too small for the passage of the coil. On pulling the inner wire out of the coil at one end it is drawn 'in at the other. Power may be thus transmitted around corners or between points not fixed, the flexible conductor of motion hanging loosely and even tied in a knot. The mechanism was designed at first to operate a bicycle brake.

## A Fair Rebel.

"There is one thing I want distinctly understood," said the only daughter of the household as she cornered her parents and looked as though she were issuing a proclamation of war. "I want no more interference in my affairs so far as the young men who come here are concerned. I'm old enough to exercise my own judgment and form my own opinions. You two act very much to me as though you thought some young man was trying to marry the whole family, and that it devolves upon you to make a satisfactory selection. You have succeeded in running off two or three for whom I had a special liking, and now I call a halt. You broke my last engagement by sitting at the table and telling Charley that I baked the hot biscuit that I never saw till they were served. One dose of them ruined his digestion and I don't blame him for not risking his life with such sup-

posed danger as a constant menace.' Then she fled in tears and the pair went to upbraiding each other in a manner that tended to revive the old conundrum as to whether marriage is failure. - Detroit Free Press.

## Military Cats Out of a Job.

The military provision cats which have hitherto been maintained by the German government at its provision stores and magazines for the destruction of mice, at an animal cost per cat of 18 marks, are . be dismissed from the service. It has been found by experiment that more mice and rate can be killed by the Leaffler bacillus system of inoculating mice at a much smaller cost. By the Loeffler system which has been effectually tried both on a large and small scale in agriculture and in various public departments) solely by infecting some food placed for mice and rats with a culture of a certain bacillus, harmless to everything but these rodents, the latter, soon after eating of it, die, and before doing so spread the infection among the other mice.

#### Transferring Pictures to Wood. The wood must be perfectly smooth

and then varnished with copal and mastic varnish. When getting dry enough to allow its adhesiveness to be decidedly felt on being touched with the finger, lay the print face downwards on the sticky varnish and rab down flat. When perfectly dry, which will probably be, the next day, remove the paper by wetting with cold water, and then gently peeling it off. The paper will probably come off in rolls and the printer's ink will remain.