

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1898.

FUN IN THE COUNTRY.

Good folks, that's fun in livin' in the coun-try, all around,

When the frost is in the furrow an' the green The treeln' of the possum an' the rabbit's foot for luck l is turnin' brown. When the days are cool an' crispy, an' the nights have brighter stars, An' you hear the tinkle of the bells acrost An' you find hem when you want to, an' you

the pastur' bars.

are full of haze An' you

That's lots of fun in livin' when the woods That's the time that gits me ! fer the world is e full of haze good to see hear the fiddle singin' whar the When the fiddle is a-singin' an' my sweetcabin fires blaze ! heart smiles on me ! When the gals are candy-pullin', an' they've An' if it is a quadrille-I'm not takin' any

An' you're dancin' when you want to, an' But I'll bet you that the purtiest gal is goin' you're sparkin' when you please! to have a dance !

-Atlanta Constitution. Within an Ace of Murder.

BY STACKPOLE E. ODELL.

<u>ସେ ଅନୁମାନ ଅନ୍ୟୁନ୍ତି କରୁ ହୋଛି ଅନ୍ୟୁନ୍ତି ଅନ୍ୟୁନ୍ତି ଅନ୍ୟୁନ୍ତି</u> ଅନ୍ୟୁନ୍ତି ଅନ୍ୟ

Milly Broughton was the only to say something, but his tongue daughter of a Welsh collier, who lived seemed as if it were tied. He became in a small village in Giamorganshire so pale that Milly was frightened. She and worked in one of the many neigh- placed a chair near him and pressed boring coal pits. him into it. He grasped the arms of

Milly was peculiarly proud of her it and trembled all over. Again and ancestors, and she delighted in relat- again he tried to speak, then he gesing their deeds of courage and even ticulated feebly with his hands. heroism. For many generations her family name figured on the death roll of the pits--the roll of honor detailing those who had died in the performance of their duty as colliers, procuring coal turned Morgan was gone. for the comfort and enrichment of their country.

The girl was known by young and old in the colliery district as "Our been the dream of his life. His love Milly" and "Our Lassie," and she for her was an insanity. He felt that was looked upon almost as the prop- he could not live without some hope erty of the various pits, while the of obtaining her. He would not for a special pit where her father and three moment allow that she was not to be of her brothers worked was known his; to have done so would have meant more as "Milly's Pit" than by the suicide. name of its proprietor.

Milly was a striking looking girl, from the pit, in consequence of which much taller than any other members he lost his preferment. During that of her family, and, though rather time he went from place to place, batbelight, she was neat and well proportling with the great love that was tioned. burning within him. But it increased;

That she had many suitors was not to be wondered at, but only two out of them all received any encouragement from her. One was the local drink. preacher, who often preached in the little chapel at which Milly and her people attended; the other was the young man who played the harmonium at the chapel and who was looked upon as a musical genius in the district. Like most musicians he was of a very jovial nature, and naturally he was a great favorite both in the village and in the pit in which he worked.

was renewed. Both of these young fellows One day, a few hours after the pits worked with Milly's father and brothers, and either would have been cou- had commenced work, Morgan came sidered a good match for her, but especially the musician. It was Milly's eighteenth birthday, and it happened to be a Monday-a day on which most colliers do not work. Milly had received numerous little presents from her various admirers, which she had strewn on the kitchen lot of stuff and found the seam, so he table, before which she sat contemplating them with a beaming face. The picture was a pretty one. The the place and work it himself. He kitchen of a steady, sober, industrious took me down this morning to see it. miner is not a place to be despised. This particular one had an air of tidiness and comfort, with a certain amount has lost a little blood and is resting. of refinement a little above the ordi- He thought if you would bring down nary. Through an open door could a bandage or two we might set him be seen a cozy little room, on the floor | right between us. You see, he does of which was a bright carpet and in a not want anyone to know of his discorner a piano. Milly gave music lessons to many of the colliers' children. to anyone of it." So she was independent and able to contribute toward the general income.

shoot 'em when you please!

He was a good fellow, but Milly

To be the husband of this girl had

For a whole month he kept away

it mastered him. Milly's image was

constantly before him, and for a time

his disappointment drove him to

At last he decid d to struggle no

longer against his love; so he went

back to work by the side of his success-

ful rival, who was still his friend and

against whom he could bear no ani-

He saw Milly as of old. She

thought he had conquered his feelings

toward her, so their former friendship

loved another.

mosity.

some of the fallen coal and extricate Morgan. And then for five dreary days they

remained prisoners in the darkness. David's lamp did not remain alight for long, not even long enough for them to explore their surroundings. It would be impossible to describe their sufferings, more especially those of Morgan. He was frantic at times, and it was all that David equil do to prevent him from dashing out his brains against the jagged rocks of coal

At last the time came when Morgan was so faint that he could hardly move. David's strength, meanwhile, had kept up wonderfully, and he did all he could, to cheer Morgan. The latter, who used to pray and preach so much, had now not one prayer to offer, David could not comprehend this.

"Why don't you pray, Morgan?" he asked. "I can't," came faintly from Mor-

gan's dying lips. "Is there anything on your mind?"

"There is-Milly. "Milly? Poor Milly! I am afraid

we shall never see her again," sobbed David, breaking down for the first time. He was holding Morgan's hand. He

"Stay there!" she cried, "I will bring someone." The nearest house was locked. The felt a great shudder pass through his girl had to go farther. When she refriend's body.

"Stoop," said Morgan, "stoop as near as you can. I cannot die without telling you."

In spasmodic tones, with long pauses, constantly interrupted with exclamations of horror from David, Morgan told how he had inveigled Milly into the old pit and had imprisoned her so that she could not possibly escape and left her only food enough for one day. It was a terrible story to hear in that dark vault, without a gleam of light or a clear hope of escape. David seemed to forget that he had been for five days without food. A great surg-

ing tide of indignation rolled like lava through his veins as he thought of Milly, his own darling Milly, to whom he was so soon to be married.

The story was hardly finished when, with a shout as savage as that of a wild beast deprived of its mate, he sprang up and seized the dving man. He lifted him in his arms with the intention of dashing him down again. It was a moment of uncontrollable passion, roused by the thought of Milly's lingering death. David held Morgan for a few seconds and prepared to fling him against the sharp suddenly gleam of light appeared

in a far corner. Milly herself entered the cave. David became powerless and dropped Morgan at his feet.

ODD USE FOR WOOD PULP It did not take him long to remove

MODERN WAY OF CONVERTING THE TREE INTO NOVEL ARTICLES.

It Is Wonderfal How Extensively Paper Is Taking the Place of Other Substances in Various Mechanical Trades -Enameled Paper Bricks a Success.

"It is wonderful how extensively paper is taking the place of such substances as wood, brick and iron in various mechanical trades," said a large New York dealer in all sorts of novelties made out of paper. "For instance, boards of all sizes and shapes are now manufactured out of wood pulp very faithfully to resemble the grain and texture of every kind of wood. The material costs about one half the price of the genuine article, and it is used by carpenters, cabinet makers, picture frame makers and boat builders for paneling, wainscoting and decorative work generally wher lightness and durability are re-quir. Two excellent qualities that the paper boards possess are that they are not subject to warping and dry rot. There are no bad knots to mar the appearance of the surface, and as the material is smooth and does not require planing, and can be easily cut with a fine saw, there seems every reason to believe that it will in time be used even more than it is.

"Telegraph and telephone poles, flagstaffs and spars for small sailing vessels are the latest development in the line of manufacture from paper. They are made of pulp in which a small amount of borax, tailow and other ingredients are mixed. These are cast in a mould in the form of a hollow rod of the desired diameter and length. The poles and spars are claimed to be lighter and stronger than wood. They do not crack or split, and it is said that when they are varnished or painted the weather does not affect them. Besides passessing these advantages, the paper-made article can be made fireproof by saturating it in a strong solution of alum water. When thoroughly dry the paper poles and spars thus treated will resist the action of flames.

"The manufacture of enameled paper bricks, which commenced in 1896, has now become a definite industry, as the material has been used for building purposes all over the United States with very satisfactory results.

frequently visiting them in their quar-"The production of these bricks on ters, and giving more than their symthe hollow principle is a marked feapathy at one of those crises which octure in their form, the object being cur so frequently in the married practically the same as that sought in block, and generally lean ultimately the making of hollow forged steel to the object of their solicitude applyshafting. Not only is a defective cening for extra accommodation, owing

MRS. TOMMY ATKINS.

there is a vacancy in the establish-

ment, but no soldier is allowed to en-

ter the blessed state unless he has

seven years' service, \$25 in the sav-

ings bank, and two good conduct

badges. I have heard it said that

there is such a thing as borrowing the

\$25 till the necessary permission has

been obtained, but there is no getting

over the other two conditions. The

married quarters seem comfortable

enough; what strikes us most is the

enormous number of babies and quite

young children who swarm round the

door of every quarter, occasional yells

leading to the hasty arrival of a flushed

and heated-looking matron to restore

order in a summary fashion. The al-

lowance of space does not strike one

as particularly liberal, soldiers with

small families being given only one

room with the minutest possible

scullery, the fathers of larger families

rejoicing in an extra room. Sergeants,

as a rule, have two rooms, but other-

wise have no pull over their comrades

of lower rank. The wives of the

private soldiers add largely to the

scanty pay of their husbands by doing

washing for the men of their hus-

band's company, and twice blessed is

the woman whose good man belongs

to a company having few married sol-

diers. In this case she will be able

to get more to do than her less fortu-

nate sisters. Some of the women who

have a reputation as washer-women

earn plenty of money by washing for

the officers of the regiment. The sol-

dier's wife seems to drift naturally

into being a washer-woman. A little

conversation with the ladies is a lib-

eral education in esprit de corps; each

woman thoroughly identifies herself

with the regiment to which her hus-

band belongs; and even in these days

of short service it is not difficult to

find women whose fathers and grand-

fathers have soldiered in bygone days

under the tattered colors now hang-

ing in the sacred precints of the offi-

cers' mess. The ladies of the regi-

ment, as a rule, take great interest in

the welfare of their humbler sisters,

Only a Limited Number of British Privates Permitted to Marry.

The bull-ring's barbarous court, For we shall smash the hideous pile The question of permission to marry And crush the hideous sport; And there shall we a diamond lay is a burning one in the barrack-room. And bleachers build withal, Only a limited number of men are al-And Cuba's nimble nine will play lowed to marry, the strength of the The nobie game of ball. roll varying with the establishment of The dying bull shall bleed no more the corps; sergeants are given permission to marry as a matter of course, if

To slake their odious thirst, But death their bosoms will deplore When Duffy dies at first; And grief funereal will incline And bow their doleful heads When old Havana's Baseball Nine Are buried by the Reds.

THE BULL-RING AT HAVANA.

No more shall reck in Cuba's isle

No more shall slaughter's gory hand Unsluice the crimson flood, Save when the righteous cranks demand A treacherous umpire's blood: Nor shall their wild resentment cry, Their fierce displeasure howl, Save when Molony muffs a fly, Or Mullins muffs a foul.

The sanguinary mob no more The plaudit's din shall raise, But Coogan's run that ties the score, The terraced cranks will praise; And Murphy's throw, and Reilly's bunt, And Dooley's triple whack, And McNamara's sliding stunt Will make the welkin crack !

No more shall carnage rupture yield, Nor butchery enthrall, When on the reconstructed field The umpire cries, "Play ball!" But hearts will thrill, and radiant eyes Will glow like festal lamps, When o'er the hills the pennant flies, And Cuba's nine are champs ! -John Ludiow, in Puck.

HUMOROUS.

"Georgie, don't you see that Jane is taking your candy?" "I don't care. It's the kind that always makes her sick.'

The Maid-What makes you think she hasn't any children? The Matron -She was telling me how to raise mine.

Why is a horse the most curious feeder in the world? Because he eats best when he has not a bit in his mouth.

"I can't understand Claudia?" 'Why not?" "She always is so much more intimate with desirable people than they are with her."

Barnes Tormer-The true art of acting is to make an audience forget you are an actor. Watts-You seem to do that easily enough.

"The doctor," said the young mother, "says baby ought to have one cow's milk for his daily drink. Now, really, isn't that entirely too much?"

"But how can you have the heart to deprive the poor heathen of their land?" "They would never learn the dignity of labor if we didn't."

In the old cemetery at Cambridge, Mass., there is growing a pear tree which was planted by the Stone family when they came over from England 263 years ago.

It was a warm summer's evening, and Milly was sitting at the door of her little home; the rays of the setting ing to a dark archway from which the sun lit up her pretty face as she sat there thinking of David.

A man was coming toward the cottage-it was the miner-preacher. Milly did not see him, owing to the Then he told Milly that David was not sun which dazzled her eyes. However, she had been seen by the young man in the distance, and he was ap- that he could not live without her and proaching her. He was dressed in that he might make her promise to his Sunday clothes, and though, per- marry him. He tried persuasion and haps, he was in manner somewhat serions and overstately, yet in figure ing her that he would call each day and looks he was such a man as a girl might like. He had every appearance of physical strength combined with a certain amount of rugged intelligence. Milly received him with signs of

pleasure. She showed him the various had received them.

"I, too, have a present for you, Milly," the young man said presently, as he took out of his pocket a little morocco case and out of it a ring. He took Milly's hand and placed the ring upon her engagement finger.

'You and I have loved each other a long time now, Milly," he continued. "I should have asked you to allow me to do this before, but it was only this morning I heard that I was to be made an overseer. So now we shall be able to keep house."

He did not wait for a reply, but continued in more passionate language to express his feelings. Milly tried to stop him more than once, but he paid tianity; this made his remorse all the no attention to her.

"Morgan, "she said at last, "you are a good fellow, and I like you and am he already felt the torments of reglad to hear you have got the rise at morse. Again and again he shrieked, the pit. I hope we shall always be his mind overcome with horror. friends; but I cannot marry you-David is to be my husband-that was settled last night between him aud my father."

Mor an could not reply. He tried lamp alight."

to Milly looking very pale. "Do not be frightened," he said,

"but David has met with an accident -a slight accident. He has been exploring a used-up pit where he thought there was a seam of coal that could be got at. He has uncovered a expects to get a good sum of money for his find, if he does not try to rent While stripping some of the surplus a lump of coal fell across his leg. He covery just vet, so you must not hint

Milly went with Morgan immediately. He led her to the pit, which was in a very out of the way place.

"David is in there," he said, pointcoal had been excavated.

Milly entered. Morgan immediately followed and closed a door behind him-a door rudely made, but strong. hurt at all and that he had brought her to this place in order to tell her threats in vain and at last left her, tellwith food and for her reply.

He went back to his work in the pit at once, making excuses for his ab-When Milly would be missed sence. suspicion must not fall upon him.

He had hardly commenced to ply articles on the table, expatiating on his pick when a tremendous explosion the kindness of those from whom she took place. All the outlets from the mine were completely blocked.

Morgan found himself in the dark, lying prostrate on his back, with a quantity of coal upon him. His face and head alone were free. He cried for help in vain. For many hours he lay there, unable to move.

Each hour seemed as though it were a day. His mind was terribly perturbed. He did not care much about dying or about the pain he was suffering. His thoughts were chieffy occupied with the poor girl he had imprisoned. What would she do for food? He pictured her dying of starvation. His mind had been well inculcated with the principles of Chrisgreater. As he lay helpless with, for all he knew, tons of coal on top of him,

At last a voice answered his eries. It was the voice of David.

"Is that you, Morgan?" he said. "I was stunned." Wait till I get my

Milly had not been long in her prison when she escaped. She had heard of the explosion and since then, by day and by night, for many hours at a time, she had traveled through all the old mines searching for a passage to the exploded one. She was just in time to save her lover from the crime of murder, Morgan, however, did not live many hours longer.

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal.

Professor Ihlseng of the State college, Pennsylvania, gives an interesting explanation of the difference between anthracite and bituminous coal, so far as the gases are concerned, his opinion being based on the supposition of all coal beds having been originally formed on a horizontal or flat bed. The anthracite beds, he assumes, were placed under enormous pressure, or side pressure, by the contraction of the earth's crust during the cooling stage, thus forming the coal basins as now seen at the foot of the mountains; such an enormous pressure resulted in forcing the explosive and other gases out of the anthracite beds to the seams and crevices of the veins and to the fissures, seams and pores of the rock strata. This compression has been so great that gases in the anthracite region are sometimes found with the mighty pressure of 17,000 pounds to the square inch. On the other hand, the bituminous beds have not been subjected to such a disturbance and pressure, and the coal, therefore, retains the gases which it contained originally. White damp, Professor Iblseng shows, is produced by imperfect combustion, while black damp is produced by perfect combustion and destroys life by being devoid of sustaining elements,-New York Sun.

Best Dressed Man in Peking.

Jung Lu, the new viceroy of Chih-Li, is one of the most popular generals in the imperial army. He has always been a dandy in dress, and has the reputation of being the best dressed man in Peking, while the gilded youth among the Manchu nobility always copy his dress and swear by "Jung Lu's style." His horses and mules also have ever been the finest in Peking, not even excepting the emperor's s'nd, and he loves to several picked horses sent as tribute to the emperor from Kuldja and Mongolia, but which no one could ride owing to their untamed and restive spirit, being especially presented to Jung Lu by the emperor's command. This is the man who now holds the responsible post of guardian of the and Tien-Tsiu Times.

tre removed, but it is possible to put in a mandrel into the hollow, and, by applying pressure, the walls are operated upon from both inside and outside. When a solid body is heated the temperature of the interior always varies from that of the outer portions at first often resulting in the expansion of one or the other that causes the defects. It is for these reasons that the plan of forming the bricks upon the hollow principle and plugging them afterward is of advantage. Sawdust is found to be a good filler for this purpose. It is first fireproofed, as is also the paper pulpused in the bricks, and then it is mixed with cement and pressed into the hol-

low of the bricks and smoothed and

enameled over. "Although paper horseshoes are a recent invention, having been only manufactured in this country within the past two years, their use has already quite large with the owners of fine horses, especially in cities where asphalt pavements abound. On such roads in wet weather a horse fitted with paper shoes is less liable to slip than when provided with iron ones, and, besides being light and comfortable for an animal to wear, they are said to be more durable than iron shoes and are more easily and snugly fitted to the hoof.

"The paper horseshoe is made in practically the same way that a paper car wheel is formed. The paper is impregnated with oil or turpentine to waterproof, after which it is glued together in layers. The glue or paste is a mixture of Venetian turpentine, linseed oil powdered chalk and lacquer, and it does not become brittle when drying. The moist mass of paper and glue is subjected to a strong pressure in a hydraulic press, the holes through which the nails are driven in fastening the shoe to the horse's hoof being punched while the paper is still moist. The blacksmith fastens them on with nails in the usual manner. These shoes cost from \$1.50 to \$2 per set.

A Curious Boiler.

The boiler of a cleverly-constructed small working engine, is a quarterpound coffee tin; the wheels, quarter and half-pound tin lids; the chimney, an umbrella top; the steam pipe, an mount the most fiery and restive cat. India rubber tube; and other parts the when riding out. This has led to consist of a knitting needle, a bicycle spoke, a piece of brass lamp, some gas piping, a cartridge end and the screw stopper of an oil tin.

There is an alarming increase of blindness in Rus ia. The statistics gives the total number of blind in the white czar's empire as 192,000, i. e., dragon throne at Tien-Tsin, -Peking one out of every 500 inhabitants is know a tender steak when they gits | blind.

to an unauthorized addition to the strength of the battalion.-From "Social Life in the British Army," by a British Officer in Harper's Magazine.

Complexion of Spanish Women.

You find in many parts of Spain blue-eved and fair-haired women, and we have in Mexico specimens of these hereditary daughters of the invading Goths, who have brought down to our times, in their eyes, the memory of blue summer seas beneath shorelands icebound in the long winters. And the fair hair is common, too, and somehow one never gets over the feeling, in listening to the soft Spanish coming from the lips of a blue eyed and light-haired woman, that she has, perhaps, learned it as a foreiguer in her early youth. But no; she is as much a Spaniard as the women whose eyes reveal the descent from the Moor or the Carthaginian, or as she who has the strong profile of the Roman conquerers

A fair woman is called in Spanish "una guera," pronounced "oonah gwayrah," or else "una rubia," Both terms are common. Among a race where the dark skin prevails, to be fair is a mark of beauty, and one often hears people speaking of some lady in terms of praise as "la guera." To call a baby "fair" is to capture the heart of the mother. A fair complexioned man is "un gaero," "oon gwayroh."-Correspondence in New York Sun.

A Pinne's Hard Journey,

Ex-Governor Alexander R. Shepherd is a twelve-millionaice, resident of Batopilas, Mexico, and several years ago he went to a wonderful lot of trouble to procure a piano for the musical education of his family.

Batopilas is a mining town in the innermost recusses of the Sierra Madre mountains, and principal mines are owned and opera ed by Mr. Shephaad. The piano was shipped from New York to Chihuahua in boxes, where the different pieces were placed on the backs of burros and carried to Batopilas, over the rough monntains, a distance of 250 miles. The house from whom the piano was purchased sent an expert along to set up the instrument again when Batopilas was reached. It is said that this pinno cost Governor Shepherd over \$2000 before it was finally installed in his house.

Force of Habit,

"Butcher, do many people complain of your tough meat?"

"No'm; after my customers has bin a-eatin' my meat a while they don't it."-Detroit Free Press.

Madame Theosophia-Tell me, have you never seen a Vision? Never welcomed some strange Spirit from the Unseen World. Mrs. Sinclair-Never. But then I entertain so little.

Back Seat-Where did you get your earrings, and when did you have your ears pierced? Front Seat (scornfully) -Talk tandem, please. They were punctured about a month ago.

First Criminal-So Bill, the cracksman, is in the toils at last, Second Criminal-Yes, he escaped arrest so many times that he finally got foolhardy and rode his bicycle without a bell.

"Now that you have lost your job as surgeon in the regiment, what do you expect to do?" "Oh, I'm all right. I've opened up a little office just around the corner from a footballplaying college."

Once upon a time a man rose politely and offered his seat in a street car to a woman. "Oh, thank you," cried the woman at once. This fable teaches among other things that unconventionality is infectious, so to speak.

"I guess," said Rubberneck Bill, in his most rasping tones, when the waiter handed him a napkin, "I guess got manners enough not to wipe my hands on your durn tablecloth, without you handin' me that thing."

"I am astonished," said the scoffer, "to hear you compare our glorious country to a small boy getting his face washed." "Me?" said the oratorical patriot. "How? When?" "When you said it was impossible for the nation to stand still."

He-There is something I have wanted to say to you for a long, long time. She (demurely)-Well-don't -don't you think this is as good a time as - as any to say it? He-That mole on the left side of your nose-I know a surgeon who can remove such things without a bit of danger. They adjourned sine die that evening.

The Unseen Cavity.

A story comes from Tampa, Fla., of a fellow who was plowing with two mules in an orange grove there, when suddenly one of the mules sunk into the earth and disappeared from sight. tearing loose from the harness. The driver and the other mule were badly frightened, and ran away from the place. He had to be dug out with spades. The sink into which the mule had fallen is about twelve feet in diameter, and the bottom is fully fifteen feet below the surface. There was no indication of the cavity on the surface prior to the accident.