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

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NO. 3

#### " ONE PRAYER.

Let me work and be glad, O Lord, and I ask no more;

With will to turn where the sunbeams burn
At the sill of my workshop door,

And peace of the task well cone;

Youth of the spring and its blossoming,
And the light of the moon and sun.

e biestite .

Aforetime I prayed my prayer For the glory and gain of earth, But now grown wise and with opened eyes

I have seen what the prayer was worth.

That never may pail or end,
And fast in my hold no lesser gold
Than the honest hand of a friend

Give me my work to do.

Pleasure of little things Than the honest hand of a friend.

Let me forget in time Folly of dreams that I had: Give me my share of a world most fair-Let me work and be glad. - Theodosia Garrison, in the Independent.

# A STORY-BOOK MOTHER By MARGARET BLOUNT.

T was the twentieth day of June. The strawberry man, season was at its height, and Mabel Moore, the only child of "Farmer Moore," had been out all the afternoon in her their wish. You are sure that you father's great ox pasture, gathering want yours to come to pass, I supberries for a shortcake and for pre-

cakes. It was a full hour later than mother toiling in the kitchen. the usual tea time at the farm, for the farmer Bad driven into Concord Lady Mabel." with some produce for the market, and The wand touched her shoulders, was not expected back fill dusk.

ing along the higheoad toward the ing a magnificent park that extended village! She rushed to the open window and called after him: "Abner! reach. Ab-ner?" but Abner either did not hear, or did not choose to hear, and went

his way. "That provoking boy!" said Mrs. Moore, as she came back; into the kitchen with a flushed face. "I'm sure her home?" he heard me. I told him that Black Dick would not drive in the cows tonight, and that he must see to them before he went away. Now he has this lesson in history, or I must report gone, and your father will be tired to

death when he gets back from the She looked wistfully at Mabel, who was braiding her bright brown hair

with rosebuds at the open window.

Mabel felt that look. She knew what it meant. But she dat not choose to move or speak; \*.

"Don't you think you can go for them this once, daughter, and save your poor father the trouble?" said Mrs.

Moore, in a hesitating tone. -Mabel's pretty face clouded over. "Oh, dear! Yes-I suppose so!" she

said, with a groan. She took her sunbonnet and went out with slow, unwilling feet. Her mother looked after her and sighed.

"I wish she was more contented. I wish I could make her life more as she wants it to be," said the gentle soul, as she went on with her preparation, and rolled out a special pile of "doil cakes" for her girl.

Mabel went sulkily down the green lane unconscious of the loving wish. She crossed the foot bridge and entered the pasture, and sat down by a

spring that ran merrily out of the hillside through a hollow log into a wooden trough. " She drank of the cool, of the water.

"I'm pretty enough to be a girl in a story book," said the vain little thing. arranging her rosebuds. "I wish I mother, an earl and a countess," she cramped up limbs and heart. went on, leaning against the mossy bank and shutting her eyes upon the meat, with vegetables, and a plain actual red wooden farmhouse, with its clustering barns and sheds, that stood b; the roadside in the hollow below. "Let me see, I should be Lady Mabel Mabel. But she was hungry, and to ther. Lady Mahel Moore. On, dear! I wish there were fairies now, and one old girl nothing came amiss. of them would come here and touch me with her wand, and make it all true."

As she mused over the delights of such a life, she heard a gruff voice saying on the other side of the spring:

She opened her eyes. A little, sharp-looking woman in green, with a wand of peeled rush,

"Ob?" cried Mabel.

"Why not?" growled the wee wo-

"Can you make me Lady Mabel?" "Why not? This is an auspicious year, and any one who wishes by my crownest Farm, near Concord, spring at this sunset hour can have pose?"

"Oh, please," cried Mebel, without In the pleasant kitchen Mrs. Moore even a parting glance at the red farmwas lighting the fire to bake the short- house-one last thought of the good

"Have your wish, then! , Appear,

'In an instant everything was Just as Mrs. Moore had filled the changed. She found herself in an teakettle her quick last the teakettle her quick last like the changed. She found herself in an sight of the hired boy leisurely stroll- house. The windows were open, show-

Mabel recognized the house and the woodland view. She had owned a picture of that lordly palace when she was plain Mabel Moore. Was itcould it be possible that it was now

"Lady Mabel," said a demure voice, beg that you will not lean on your elbows in that manner. Pray attend to you as idle in the extreme."

It was the stiff English governess who spoke, and the room was a schoolroom, plainly furnished. "Lady Mabel" glanced down at her own dress. Only a plain muslin, with a high white pinafore, thread stockings, and high kid boots! She had expected to wear silks and satins at least, if not cloth of

Oh, that wearisome governess! Twomortal hours went on, and Lady Mabel was questioned about history, geography and grammar, till she felt as if she were becoming insane.

At last a great clock struck somewhere. School hours were over for that day.

"Hurrah!" cried Mabel, seizing her gypsy hat by its blue ribbons.

"Lady Mabel, pray do not be so boisterous!" said the prim voice. "And your gloves! You cannot be going out without gloves!"

The stiff kid gloves were drawn on, the hat was properly tied under her chin, and at last the half-stifled pris-

oner was in the open air. But here she fell perpetually into disgrace. Miss Simpson scarcely knew her charge, "So boisterous! So unsweet water, and bathed her face and ladylike," were the cautions forever Lady Mabel for the world," said Mabel looked at herself in the still surface on her lips. Lady Mabel must not run too fast to get heated. Lady Mabel must not think of tossing off her hat, Lady Mabel must not drink cold it, and they never will know till they water. Lady Mabel must go in and read the reason on this printed page .was one. I wish I had a story book dress for dinner long before she had home and a story book father and had sufficient exercise to satisfy her

The dinner was one plain joint of fruit tart.

"I've eaten better things than this in the red farmhouse," thought Lady the healthy appetite of a tweive-year-

Here again Miss Simpson reproved

"A second help, Lady Mabel! And a second belp to the tart! I hardly know what my lady would say. However, for this once; but pray, Lady Mabel, do not eat so hurricaly. I scarcely recognize you to-day."

. Mabel saw the tray carried out with stood balancing herself on the edge regretful eyes. She was still hungry, of the watering trough. or she thought she was, which was "Are you a quite as hard to bear.

"Now, at least, I can have a good peaks 180 miles apart

play all by myself," she thought when they went out on the lawn.

But no. Lever and always that disagreeable governers at her heels.

As the evening drew on, she was to run upstairs to be dressed. Here, for the first time, her soul rejoiced in a beautiful evening frock, with openwork stockings and French slippers, a wide blue sash, and a tiny string of pearls around her neck, clasped by a golden locket.

Downstairs she went for the dessert. Ushered into the dining-room by a tall servant in full livery, she stopped short at sight of a brilliant company in full dress gathered around a splendidly decorated table.

"You may come to me, my daughter." said a tall, handsome man at the foot of the table. She went to him.

She stood beside his knee and he fed her with dainties from his plate. His hand lingered once on her brown curls as if he loved her, but only once,

A beautiful woman sat at the head of the table glittering with diamonds. Her large, dark eyes rested coolly on little Mabel, for she was the second wife of the earl, and the child recalled the image of a dead rival whom she hated, even in her grave. Mabel shrank from the indifferent gaze, and dared not call the proud lady mother when they were alone.

The ladies arose from table with a silken rustle.

The gentlemen stood up in their places, and one held the door open, bowing low as they passed by. He smiled at little Mabel. It was the first kind smile she had received in that grand house.

Up to the magnificent room she timidly followed the ladies. She crept into a corner and turned over the leaves of a volume of engravings, feeling herself sadly homesick and out of place all the while. "Oh, dear!" she sighed, "it is really

dreadful! I do wish I could be Mabel Moorejagain!", -"Why hot?" said a gruff voice.

Mabel opened her eyes. The little woman in green was nowhere to be seen, but the cows stood in a grave circle around her, wondering what could make the usually active

little girl so still. From the chimney farmhouse in the hollow a column of smoke poured merrily upward, and she saw her father's wagon driving away from the kitchen door to the barn.

"Thank goodness, Miss Simpson, is not here!" she said, executing a jump that would have filled that staid lady's heart with horror.

"Then Mabel drove her cows quietly down the lane, and into the barryard, where her father caught her up in his arms and kissed her heartily.

"I've brought you such a doll, Mabel." he said. "Dressed like a lady of Colonial days, you know."

Just then Mrs. Moore appeared at the open kitchen door.

"The shortcakes are done to a turn, father, and I want Mabel to have her's now," she said. "Can't you come, too, and do your milking afterward?"

"To be sure I can. My little girl's supper shan't be spoiled if I can prevent it," said, the farmer.

So they sat down happily to tea, with the fresh breeze blowing through the open doors and windows, the round hina cake dish piled high with such shortcakes as few city people ever have the luck to see or to taste, and the lady of Colonial days looking on, amiably, from beneath her powdered hair next to Mabel's seat.

"Oh; dear! I'm so glad you are not an earl and a countess, and I wouldn't be

when supper was over. They laughed heartly at the speech. But they did not know why she made New York Weekly.

A Problem For the Holland Traveler. In passing through the narrow, crooked little streets of Leenwarden I chanced upon a sign that held my attention and compelled thought. It read "L, v. d, Zwaan, Morgen Wekker." This is faultless Dutch for Morning Waker, and it signifies that L. v. d. Zwaan will, for a paltry sum, leave his bed in the frosty hours of early morning and, putting sweet sleep behind him, arouse his slumbrous clients. Truly, a worthy calling! Yet, tell me, you who are versed in occult things, who or what in this somnolent land wakes the morgen wekker?-Edward Penfield in Scribner's.

The United States Signal Service made the world's record by flashing sun-ray messages between mountain APPENDICITIS INSURANCE.

English Company Issues Policies Against the One Disease.

Insurance against appendicitis has been undertaken by the Royal Exchange Assurance Company of England, which will issue policies at the rate of \$1.25 a year for every \$500. The holder is guaranteed all the medical, surgical and nursing expenses up to the amount insured. In commenting upon this impolitic policy Lancet wonders how the applicant can answer the question "Have you or any of your family ever suffered from appendicitis or from any of the symptoms pertaining to it?" What is meant by "family," and is a pain in the belly a symptom of this disease only? Moreover, has the patient the requisite medical knowledge either of himself or his family to give a discriminating answer? The insurance company's leaflet says that during 1900, 15,000 operations were performed in the United Kingdom for appendicitis. Were there so many in the whole world? The company estimates that about one in 400 per annum will be attacked by the disease. But would the rate be the same in the United States with its appendiceal beliefs as in conservative England? And then how about all the other ailments

and accidents which may happen to one? There are a thousand ways in which one may be sick or die; should the prudent man not secure a policy for each one of them? This would in time result in a distinct form of monomania, a morbophobia which might be called insurance disease. Could the companies devise a policy for these afflicted ones?-American Medicine,

#### Poor Jollyboy.

"Marie," said Mr. Jollyboy, very solemply thinking to take a rise out of the wife of his bosom, "I neard of a dreadful operation which was undergone by a girl. She seemed in danger of losing her sight, and the clever onhthalmic surgeon who operated on

114 "Yes!" breathlessly interposed Mrs. Jollyboy; "found what?"

"That the poor girl had a young man in her eye!" rejoined hubby, with a chuckle.

of five minutes, at the end of which time Mrs. Jollyboy said quietly:

"Well, of course, it would all depend on what kind of young man it was, as there are many men she would have been able to see through!" and with a serene smile, Mrs. J. resumed her knitting, leaving the enemy completely routed.

## A Memory of His Youth,

Two Rockland men were negotiating to swap horses the other day when suddenly the younger man paused, scratched his head as if to recall something and said, quizzically: "Didn't I go to your place once when I was a boy to buy a horse, and didn't you try to induce me to buy one whose knees were so badly sprung that each foreleg almost made a right angle?"

"Believe you did," replied the other. "Yes, I now recall it distinctly," said the younger man. "You told me that the knee springing was caused by feeding the horse from too high a manger, didn't you, and that if I took the horse home and fed him from the floor that the knees would spring

"B'lieve I did." answered the other. "Then I guess I won't swap horses with you."-Lewiston Journal.

## Hidden Water Supply.

The investigation of a neglected spring or rivulet may bring to light a valuable supply of water for gardening or domestic purposes. A surprising quantity is often obtainable by instaling a ram at some seemingly insignificant, source. A ram is cheap, because the first expense is the last, there being no cost of maintenance, and it is satisfactory, because the ram requires no attention. Once started, it takes entire care of itself.-Country Life in America.

## Energy From Black Smoke.

A Belgian inventor has devised means for extracting the energy from black smoke and turning it to practical use. In certain factories where his apparatus has been introduced the smoke arising from bituminous coal is driven by fans into a porous receptacle, over which flows a spray of petroleum, and the smoke is thus ignited. It is stated that the combustion gives out a considerable amount of heat, which is made use of economically:-Philadelphia Record.

No less than 5000 Porto Ricans have migrated to Yucatau within a year.

THE PLOTTERS OF SIBERIA.

# Even in Exile the Russian Revolution-

ist Is a Conspirator. Siberia is not exempt from the spirit of insubordination so strongly manifested throughout Russia. The exiles, as well as the general population, are striving to organize registance against the authorities. The number of escapes and attempted escapes is increasing. Helping hands are extended on all sides. In England and other countries money is collected and sent to Siberia so as to facilitate the escape of political prisoners.

The jailers themselves and the troops or police are sometimes purposely careless in the execution of their duties. That some persons in authority sympathize with the revolutionists is further demonstrated by the fact that a recent circular, though headed "absolutely secret," has nevertheless fallen into revolutionist hands. It is entitled: "Instructions given to the Governor of the province by his Excellency the Governor-General of the town of Inkutsk, Count Koutayssoff, in 1903." This document is worded as follows, and it gives a picture of what this high officia' himself thinks of the present situation:

"According to the reports concerning the surveillance of the political exiles who have reached the place of their exile and who are there submitted to public control, I remark that their frequent escapes and the unauthorized journeys they make, going even beyond Siberia, are due to the lack of proper watchfulness. The authorities content themselves with sending official reports. According to the information supplied, taking as a basis the reports of the Department of Police of Aug. 1 and Sept. 14 last, which are numbered 7,201 and 8,205, it is easy to see that the exiles have direct relations with the revolutionary league. They take an active part in the criminal work done in Siberia by the league committees. The object, therefore, for which these persons were exiled has not been attained.

"The lack of proper watchfulness/ Silence reigned supreme for the space is more particularly evident in the districts of Minusinsk and Atchinsk, which are within the government. At Enisseisk not only do the exiles often escape or travel to other places without being authorized to do so, but it has been clearly shown that the exiles Kracikoff, Dr. Heycine, Pokrovsky, Arkhanguelsky and others entertained direct relations with labor groups.

"In order to put an end to the criminal action of the political exiles, I recommend all the police agents in the country who are under my authority to watch continually the private life of the exiles. For this purpose a police must be organized for the surveillance of all places to which exiles are sent. This police must draw up a daily report on each exile according to the accompanying formula. These individuals who by their manner of living give rise to the suspicion that they are acting for criminal groups should be subjected without warning to examination. The commissioner of police of the district should give orders for these examinations, indicating at the same time their motive. The examinations should be made frequently.

"It is absolutely necessary to read the entire correspondence of the political exiles. Individuals who are suspected of bad political intentions must not be allowed to live in the same houses as the exiles, but should be sent away from the exiles' quarters."-London Times.

#### Macedonian Woman Patriot. Katarina Arnautova, a Macedonian

woman, has participated in a great deal of fighting during the insurrection against Turkey. A correspondent describes her as about 26 years of age, of middle height, well set up and strong-looking, with blue eyes and brown hair, which she wears long, but done up under her black fur cap. She wore also a gray tunic of a military cut and metal buttons, a leather belt, gray trousers and leggings of a dull, violet-colored wool. A whistle for giving signals was attached to her watch chain and in her pocket she had some poison wrapped up in paper in case she should fall in to the hands of the Turks. She said she had been in six important engagements and others of less importance, was a good shot and knew of five Turks that had fallen before her rifle.