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THE BABY.

Like a may glint of light piercing through the dusky gloom Comes her little laughing face through the shadows of my room. And my pen forgets its way as it hears her patt'ring tread, While her prattling treble tones chase the throughts from out my head. She is queen and I her slave—one who loves her and obeys; For she rules her world of home with imperious baby ways.

In she dances, calls me "Dear!" turns the pages of my books; Throws herself upon my knee, takes my pen with laughing looks.

Makes disorder reign supreme, turns my papers upside down; Draws me cabalistic signs, safe from fear of any frown. Crumbles all my verses up, pleased to hear the crackling sound; Makes them into balls and then-flings them all upon the ground.

Suddenly she flits away, leaving me alone again, With a warmth about my heart and a brighter, clearer brain. And although the thoughts return that her coming drove away, The remembrance of her laugh lingers with me through the day.

And as chances, as I write, I may take a crumpled sheet;
On the which, God knoweth why! I read my fancies twice as sweet.

—Victor Hugo.

HOPELESS ANNETTA

By PAOLA HONVANI.

- Ib di-

MENDER OF THE PERSON OF THE PE

k should we bind ourselves," Giulia, who promised to give it said Annetta Lanza, "since Luigi when he returned to Leghorn. you leave here to-morrow with the owner of the ship, who may trade from port turn to Leghorn?"

"Because I adore you, Annetta," relover.'

cause you stayed away too long?' asked the girl.

"If you say you will let me become your husband when this voyage is over, I will trust you," he answered.

"I promise you, Luigi," she said. "Mind that you are as careful of this engagement as I shall be."

Annetta was not the only girl in Leghorn whom Luigi might have ad- prayers had not been answered were dressed in a similar strain, with the advised to seek the intercession of the like result. The handsome young Madonna, whose seven-veiled portrait, sailor, with his piercing black eyes, styled Santa Maria sotto gil organi beaquiline nose and delicately drawn cause it was originally placed on a mouth, whose smile displayed two rows pillar under the organ when it was of perfect teeth, was the idol of the hung in Pisa Cathedral, was an object one gave Annetta an evil loo as-they of her long absent lover, and told hersaw her affectionate parting from Luigi self that all would be well if she knelt the next day.

which Annetta needed to be much enting rid of one cargo to take in another, and shaping his course according to the information that he might glean as to probable markets, the skip- at fever heat, and there was hardly per knew no better than his crew when a member of the little band who did his voyage would be ended, and his not believe that the Madonna would little vessel would anchor once more in Leghorn.

Annetta would not be able to write to her lover while he was away, for the ship's course would depend upon circumstances which could be learned only when they arose. But she had made up her mind and was determined to abide by the consequences. So Aunetta gave her farewell kisses to Luigi and saw the Santa Teresa sail away with him, trusting that in time God would bring him back to her. She checked the tears which welled up to her eyes and went home to the little cottage rented by the old woman who had adopted her, for Annetta was an orphan, without a relative in all Italy.

Her life was a simple and easy one while her protectress lived, for the old lady had a small annuity, and in Italy a little money is enough to provide for two women. When it should please Heaven to take her second mother from her she would go back to Volterra, which was her native place, and work at the modeling of the alabaster that is found in the caverns, which had have continued to think me dead; that been her occupation before old Marta is, if you did not cease to remember had come across her and had brought | me.' her to Leghorn.

But Annetta was not the girl to anticipate trouble, so she thought nothing of how long old Marta would live: besides, just then she had her mind full of Luigi and his indefinite return | ployed at some alabaster works at Volfrom his uncertain cruising. Grief, terra, had died, and some one who had however, if it need not be forestalled known her spoke of her death while by anticipation, cannot be postponed lie lounged about Leghorn, waiting lage "foot-shaking," unless the expediby indifference.

Six months after Luigi had sailed thence. Annetta found herself without a friend at Leghorn, and compelled to return to Volterra, to earn her living. The little that Marta had left behind her only sufficed for her funeral and for the cost of Annetta's journey to Volterra.

"Giulia," she said to one of her girl acquaintances, "I am leaving Leghorn to-morrow, and I have no means of telling Luigi Filippo where he will find me when he comes back."

his voyage?" asked Ciulia.

Volterra to get my living with the aig- where his father had lived. baster at modeling."

O what purpose, Luigi. Then Annetta handed her letter to Giulia, who promised to give it to

Annetta had been back in Volterra two years, working at her old art, waltto port for years without trying to re- ing for Luigi to come to her and claim the performance of her promise. She waited and worked, but Luigi did not plied the young sailor, "and I could not appear. Her earnings were not large, sleep if I thought there was a chance but she had aptitude for her work, of your accepting another man as a and the dealer who exported the alabaster productions which were the "And suppose I promised to be your staple of Volterra, gave her constant wife and married some one else, be- employment. Thus, with her Italian thrift and simple life, she was able to help her lover when he should set up and repeated it later in the day, bringhousekeeping.

Time passed, but it did not bring Luigi to her.

One Sunday the priest of the little church that she attended announced a pilgrimage to Pisa. All those whose peasant girls of Leghorn, and many a of great reverence. Annetta thought before the Madonna's portrait in Plsa But it was not an engagement for Cathedral and prayed for the return of Luigi; so, with her hoarded lire in her vied. Trading from port to port, get- pocket, she betook herself, in company with two score other pilgrims, to the city of the leaning tower.

In such expeditions faith is generally answer the prayers made to her.

It seemd as if she had shown her first favors to Annetta, for as she, with fervid thoughts, passed out through the cathedral doors, she came almost into the arms of Lauri Filippo. At least into one of the arms of the handsome young sailor; the other gave support to Annetta's former acquaintance, Giulia.

"Annetta!" he exclaimed, "they told me that you were dead."

"Who told you so?" she asked, have been working in Volterra for three years, and no one there could have told you that I had died."

Ginlia's cheeks betraved more than her treachery; the glance which she gave Luigi suggested the motive of it. Like most Italians of the lower classes. Annetta's nature was both passionate and deceptive, and it was when her anger was most strongly stirred that her duplicity enabled her to con-

trol and conceal it. "And if chance had not brought you-you and Glulla to Pisa-you might

She made no reference to the letter

he had left with Giulia. But the latter had not been so false as Annetta supposed. A woman, also named Annetta, who had been emfor the steamer that should bear him

So, when Lulgi returned from his long voyage, people told him that Annetta was dead-he was already making love to Giulia, and the latter woman, that it might not revive a love which was also dead, and check the

just then expressing for herself. Luigi had saved some money during his prolonged voyage, so when he found of pained suspicion. But it is glorious "Ah, then Luigi is to marry you after himself loving Giulia as he had formerly loved Annetta, he resolved to give up "I have promised him," replied An- the sea and expend his little hoard netta. "Give him this letter; it will upon a farm, cultivating the land as tell him that good Donna Marta is in his father had taught him when he was Heaven, and that I have gone back to a lad. Thus he had come to Pisa,

Annetta learned where Luigi and his publicas.

wife were lodging, and then she bade them good-morning, and turned back into the cathedral to kneel once more before the picture of the Madouna with its seven veils. But this time her prayer was not for love, but for hate.

"Grant me," she implored, "grant me a vengeance for my wrongs. Let me punish this false woman who tells my lover that I am dead, and who keeps back the letter that I had written to him."

A month had passed, and Annetta had had no answer to her last prayers. Luici had taken a little farm, and would have possession in the autumn, after the vintage, and doubtless he and his young wife would be as happy as Annetta was wretched.

But early in August an epidemic raged in Tuscany, and Pisa had its share of the fever that attacked old and young, rich and poor, with grim equality. Not only was the disease virulent and deadly, but the want of nurses augmented the number of fatal cases. The doctors and priests alike appealed for help, and Annetta, whose little hoard was wasting during her life of idleness, volunteered to nurse the sick. "With such a good work," she thought, "I am bound to have my prayer granted to me." She had no fear of catching the fever,

for life was too bitter for her to give death any terrors. So she went from one patient to another, leaving them when they became convalescent, or when, alas! they died.

One morning, when she went for her orders, she received directions to go to Giulia Filippo, who was down with the fever. Luigi had been previously taken to the hospital, which was too full to receive his wife.

"Are my prayers to be answered?" thought Annetta. "Am I to see the death of the woman who has betrayed my life's happiness?" She nursed her patient conscientious.

ly, but every hour she was hoping to see signs of her dissolution. At last the crisis came and passed.

put away a lira or so every week, to The doctor paid his morning's visit, ing with him a bottle of medicine. "All depends upon the patient's sleep-

ing," he explained. "If she does not quiet down by 8 o'clock, give her a quarter of this opiate, and, if necessary, repeat the dose six hours afterward. Be careful not to give her more than the quantity I have named, or the effect will be fatal."

Then he went away and Annetta was alone with the sick woman.

"Then I have nursed her through her thought. "The woman who has withheld my letter to my lover that she might herself supplant me in his heart."

She turned her back upon the sick woman, for she knew that her eyes would betray her anger.

Then she deliberately poured into a wineglass half the contents of the bottle which the doctor had given to her. "Annetta," said the patient, "If I should die, will you forgive me for my unfaithfulness to you? Indeed, they said that you had died, and as Luigi seemed to have ceased to care for you, I destroyed your letter, that it should not revive his love."

"Ah, well, sleep, my dear, and all will be right," said Annetta, soothingly.

Giulia hardly needed her nurse's instruction, for nature was bringing the rest that was to accomplish her recovery.

Annetta looked at her patient as she sank to slumber. "She has acted as most girls would have done, perhaps as I should have acted in her place," she thought. "Luigi had forgotten me, and accepted willingly anyone's word that told him the welcome news that I was dead. It is such a good solution of a trouble, to kill the object of a passion already expired. Giulia will live; why should I not die? Santa Maria

pity me; pray for me." Then she swallowed the opiate which she had poured out for her patient, and sank upon the couch on which she was to pass from life to death. When the doctor made his early call the next morning. Annetta had gene to her long

"We have lost a good nurse," he said; "it is fortunate that she lived long enough to preserve her patient." -New York Weekly.

Coon Hunt in the Ozurk Mountains, Possum and coon hunts are of nightly occurrence in this corner of the Ozarks, and all goes merrily as a viltion chances to collide with an odorous circumstance, the other name of which is skunk, in which case there is hurrying to and fro (principally fro) and no Alphonse-Gaston foolishness as to who shall be first. The hunt, in this burned the letter of the supposed dead contingency, is usually followed by a few days' retirement for undisturbed meditation on the part of the chief passion which the young sailor was participants, who, when they reappear in their accustomed haunts, are met with covert sniffs and sidelong glances sport, and probably Newt Boles can five you as many of the fine points in the cast as it would be possible to get without engaging in a personally conducted expedition, of which he is every ready-suspiciously ready-to take the leader thip. - Taney County (Mo.) Re-



For the Younger Children ..

AS TO RED CORAL.

Where do your coral necklaces come from, girls? Those pretty red beads came from the sea, which, perhaps, you know. Perhaps you do not know that the little architects who so beautifully fashioned the coral or polyps, and for so many years their work was thought to be a wonderful plant growing in the bottom of the sea.

The Greeks, who had pretty names for everything, called mecoral branches the daughters of the sea, but it remained for a French student named Pysonnel to find out that coral was not a plant at all, but the work of countless living creatures-the polyps. They are found in many places, but the best-known reefs are those of the Mediterranean Sea, says the Washington Star. Divers go down and fetch up the coral for trade. At Leghorn, in Italy, there are great factories and workshops, where the coral is cut and polished, and afterwards made into toys and ornaments,

What gives the coral its red color? The polyps conceal the red coloring matter which, mixed with the chalk of the cells, gives the brilliant color. The reddest are known as blood-foam

CHIN-CHINNING.

Great-grandfather Hinkley, called by Johnny G. G. for short, to distinguish him from Johnny's father and grandfather, never tired of telling the little boy about the chin-chin dinner he had given him in China.

"The beginning of it began early in the morning," he told him one day, "when the big man, Paunkiqua, came to see me, bringing written invitations for me and my friends which were carried by his servants to different houses with chin-chin compliments. In a few moments he and I called upon these friends of mine, to say we depended upon their coming, and then we were all rowed across the river to Paunkiqua's home, where we walked about his garden, the ladies of his tamily peeping at us from behind screened doors."

"Isn't there a boy in the story?" asked Johnny.

"Why, you can't have a story withillness to restore her to Luigi," she time his name was Ned. Well, he got do this. Then ask some one to lend in behind the screen, for he was such a pretty boy the ladies wanted to see him, and, when he came back, Paunkiqua asked him: "Hab you seen my wives, my five piece daughters? Hab they make chin-chin and shake hands long you?"

> "I saw three old ladies and five daughters, and the old ladies shook hands," said Ned. Then how Paunkiqua laughed. "Ayah, Misser Ned. dat old mudder lady, my old wife, she more as forty year, and my five piece daughter, they my young wives. Ha. ha"- But he could not finish his sentence because he laughed so much and because dinner was ready.

"Well," continued G. G., "we first chin-chinned with our glasses. Then we had soups and queer stewed messes in different sized bowls. But, when we tried to bait our soup, Chinese fashion, the spoons got caught in the loose sleeves of our jackets, and Mr. Paunkiqua had to let us take them off and give us English plates and spoons, so we could eat comfortably. For three hours we had twenty separate courses -birds'-nests soups, cocks' combs, vegetables, pickles, but not a joint of solid meat nor even a whole bird. Between each course the table was cleared, and fresh flowers, pastry, cakes, fruits and sweetmeats brought in. We talked about our voyages. and Paunkiqua, who did not understand about a compass, asked, "How can we keep ship true and no see land?' So we told him. Then we did ing to the under surface of each card. some more chin-chinning, and went home; and pretty soon the Chinaman and his friends came to see us, and we danced a cotillon, a Scotch reel, and a fisher's hornpipe for them. Don't you think that was enough for one day?" "G. G.," asked Johnny, "what is

chin-chinning?" "Why, it is being extra polite, making a great many bows, and saying how much you like people."

"Now tell us about the queen," exclaimed Johnny's sister Lucy. like that story best."

"Oh that was on my way home. answered G. G., "when our vessel stopped at Trieste in Austria, and Queen Murat, the sister of Napoleon Bonaparte, sent me an invitation to go to the opera in her palace. So I went early, and was shown into the garden; and the queen said she was glad to see me, because she had two sons and a brother in America. After the opera we had a supper, and the queen gave me some bonbons and caudy, and asked me to dance with her. though she said she was a grandma So I told her I was a grandpa. Then we stood up for the waltz, and everybody made way for us because she was banded besides, so what did I do but New York Evening Mail.

just turn her majesty round the wrong way. Still we kept on somehow, and went twice round the room, the people thinking I was a very queer American. Only the queen was very nice, so I did not mind, and told her I hoped, if she came to this country, she would come in a French packet, for that was the best kind of boat in those days. But she answered so sadly that she was not allowed to go into France, that I wished I had not been so stupid as to forget that, of course, she could not go there, for the Bourbon family had turned out the Bonaparte family."

"But you danced with a real queen. wish I could dance with the President," sighed Lucy.

"I guess you will some day," replied G. G. And then she jumped down from his knee, where she had been sitting, and waltzed out of the room.-Kate Gannett Wells, in Christian Register.

TRICKS WITH COINS.

On the edge of one face of a coin make a very small notch, so that a little point of metal projects. The notch must be very minute, so as to be imperceptible to the eye.

Now spin the coin, and if, as it begins to settle down, the notched face is downward, it will fall rather suddenly, instead of gradually, as it wil! if the other face is downward. Therewill be, therefore, a difference in the sound made by the coin as it spins and falls, and a little practice will enable you to tell which side is downward by that sound.

The success of all tricks, you know, depends on their secrecy, and it must not be known, therefore, that you have notched the coin. When you have learned to recognize the difference in sound in the fall of the coin, you are ready for your trick, which is to tell blindfolded which face is upward when the coin has been spun. Of course, you must remember which face has been notched; if the head, then, if the coin fall suddenly, the tall is upward,

To rub one coin into two is another trick that may be easily performed. With a little wax attach a penny to the under part of a table, near the the edge of the table, rub it swiftly started it yet?" along the edge with the ball of your thumb. This will bring your fingers underneath the table, and at any time you wish you can take the penny from under the table, and add it to the other one.

Another neat little trick is done with the help of a goblet of water. Fill the goblet to the brim, and ask the company to guess how many coins you can drop into the water without making it run over the edge of the goblet. Not one of them, perhaps, will guess enough, and you will be surprised. yourself, at the number, if you drop them in very carefully, in a vertical position.

Still another pretty trick is to make a coin appear under either of two cards, according to the desire of your audience. Prepare beforehand two coins, each slightly waxed on one side. Now ask some one for a similar coin, and without letting anybody see the waxed ones, exchange one of them for the borrowed one, and place it on the table, waxed side up.

Take two cards at random from a pack, and hold them in your hand with the other waxed coin so that it will stick to the under card. Now lay that card carefully on the table near the other coin. Place the second card over the first waxed coin so that every one sees you press it down slightly, and you will have a waxed coin stick-

You can now make the coin appear under either card that your audience names by bending the card slightly upward in lifting it, for then the coin



PERFORMING GORLET TRICK.

will not stick. Otherwise it will, and your audience will think it is one coin a queen. But I did not know much that you make pass from under one about waltzing, and then I am left- card to the other, at your pleasure,-



SATISFACTION. To get just what we ask for May sometimes make us sore, And we may kick ourselves because We didn't ask for more.

DUPLICATES.

She-"Did your sister get any duplicate wedding presents?" He-"Yes; she married a widower with two boys."-Chicago Journal.

WOMAN'S WAY. "Why don't Grace marry George?" "She thinks he's hardly good enough

for her." "Then why not let him go?" "Well, she thinks he's a little too

good for any other girl." A MINOR DETAIL.

"Yes, it was a delightful wedding. All the Astorbilts and Vanderfellers and Rockergoulds were there." "And who were the contracting parties?"

"Really, do you know, I quite forgot to inquire."

KNEW WOMAN NATURE.

"Jim," said the department store manager, "you know that lot of openwork ladies' stockings left over from last summer?" "Yes, sir."

"Mark 'em up fifty per cent, and label 'em 'Common Sense Winter Fo-

THE JOY OF SADNESS. "A woman's tears are sure to find sympathy," said the kind-hearted man.

"Yes," answered the cold-blooded one. "And yet when you see a woman crying you can't be sure whether she has trouble or has been enjoying herself at a matinee."-Washington Star.

IN 2095.

When approached by the 200th questioner, the new arrival in Hades showed his irritation.

"Don't ask me again," cried he, "if out a boy," assured G. G., "and this edge; of course no one should see you they've finished that Panama canal," "I won't," was the prompt reply. you a penny, and having laid it near "All I wish to know is this; Have they

THE DIFFERENCE.



"But why do you permit your daughter to sue me for breach of promise when you were so bitterly opposed to. our engagement because I wasn't good enough for her and would disgrace your family?" "Ab, that was sentiment. This is

business,"-Ally Sloper. NOT ON THE INSIDE,

"So Jimmy's left dat life insurance company, hey?" "Yes; when de reform movement started in dey chopped his salary from t'ree a week to one-fifty."

"An' he wouldn't stand fer it?"

"In course not. He said he didn't git none of de loot.' AGGRAVATING FELLOW. "How it is possible for you to find

fault with him?" "Why not?" "Why, he appears to be a man who is absolutely without faults of any

"Huh! that's his greatest fault."-Philadelphia Press.

FIRST PLACE HANDY. "Why are you ringing that bell?" asked the neighbor of the pedler.

"I want to sell the gentleman a

patent trousers hanger," replied the man with the satchel. "No use. His wife is away and he hangs his trousers on the gas jet or the first place handy.7-Chicago

News. THUS WAGS THE WORLD. "There goes an example of a man getting down and out through no fault

"What's the sad tale?"

"He was a bank cashler. His fool friends got to calling him 'Honest John.' The name stuck, and after that nobody would give him a Job."-Philadelphia Buuletin,