The Roanoke Beacon.

$1.00 a Year, in Advance. "FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH." Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XII. PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1902. NO. 50.

LET'S.

Let's play that you and I are young again—
Young, with the wisdom of our older years.
We know the sunshine glows beyond the rain,
Love's smile of knowledge beams beyond our tears;
Come, put away old sorrows and regrets—
Let's play life back, beloved—oh, just let's!

Let's walk a little while amid the flowers,
And listen to the shining, sensate things;
Let's bring within these niggard, fleeting hours,
The glory of our lost and vibrant springs
Let's put away the grief of life that frets
Its daily living; let's be happy—let's!

Let's just hold hands and look toward the sun.
See, not a cloud effaces heaven's blue,
No cloud to cross us now, or lie upon
The gentle peace that shines for me and you
Look toward the light—ah, see, its glory gets
A rainbow hue; we will be happy—let's!

Let's hold each other dear, and dearer still,
It may not matter here the least at all,
But somewhere, somehow, if we only will,
The grace of loving shall upon us fall,
A perfect love that rises high and sets
The world to music; let us dream—just let's!

—Annulet Andrews, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE YOUNG SUBALTERN'S RIDE

WHEN the terrible Sepoy war broke out in India, which our fathers and mothers remember so well, Sir Henry Barnard, who commanded the English forces at Meerut, desired to send a message to General Anson at Delhi. The distance was forty miles, through a country alive with the rebels, and it was believed to be all a man's life was worth to undertake the journey.

However, there were applicants enough for the undertaking, and it only remained for Sir Henry to select his messenger. Surveying the young officers with a keen eye, he picked out a slight, slender fellow, who had a firm mouth and an eye like a falcon's and who wore the chevrons of a lieutenant. Calling him to his side, the commandant asked:

"Do you think you can convey a missive to General Anson and carry it through safely?"

"I can try, sir," replied the young lieutenant, with an air that meant that he should do it or die in the attempt.

"It is very important that General Anson should have this by early morning. Have you a good horse?"

"As good as there is in the army."

"Then be ready to start in half an hour, for there is a long ride before you."

Five minutes before the half-hour had expired the young subaltern stood in the presence of his commanding officer, ready to start on his dangerous mission.

"The lives of thousands may depend on your success," said the commander. "Be vigilant and be swift."

The young officer saluted, mounted his horse and galloped away, while the gallant old Briton wiped a tear from his sunburned cheeks as he thought of the brave messenger who had ridden, as he feared, to his death.

It was indeed a dangerous undertaking, and the young lieutenant knew it, but he was prepared to meet the danger. All that summer night he rode on through the darkness, lighted only by the stars, avoiding as far as possible the traveled highway, for there the danger lay in encountering bodies of Sepoys that might be on the watch. On and on he rode through the jungle paths lined with banyans, mangoes and cocoanuts, by water courses that glimmered dark and silent under the stars, past fields of maze and cotton. Villages and hamlets he avoided, for he could afford to take no risks.

Two-thirds of the distance had been passed, and he was nearing Delhi. Once he had halted to let his foaming steel drink at a stream and he heard far off the roar of a leopard and the howls of jackals, but human beings he had not seen or heard, and he hoped to reach the British lines about Delhi without interference.

But suddenly as his horse dashed 'round a sharp turn of the road he saw galloping toward him half a dozen horsemen. He had no time to turn about, for they were within thirty yards of him, and by the early dawn light he could distinguish the familiar uniform of silvery gray faced with scarlet and the white sun helmets denoting that they were Sepoy sowars, or native cavalry. There was but one thing to do, and that was to keep right on; he could not retreat.

Drawing his sword and revolver, the brave young officer dug his rowels into the sides of his horse and plunged forward. One of the Sepoys fell by a bullet from his revolver, and another

"THE LIEUTENANT DISCHARGED HIS REVOLVER."

swarthy-visaged native was cleft half to the middle by a stroke of his heavy saber, and he broke through them and was away like the wind, without a scratch, only that a bullet from a carbine had barely grazed his scalp, causing a tiny ripple of blood to run slowly down his face.

The cry of "Halt! Shoot the Feringhee!" from his pursuers and the beat of hoofs behind him, and he knew that they were in pursuit and meant to run him down.

It was momentarily growing lighter, the eastern sky was all aflame and the sun would soon be up. All the greater would be his danger by daylight, for he might run unadvisedly into other parties of the enemy, and besides he could not so easily elude the pursuers already on his track. He did not dare to look back, but he could hear the pounding of the hoof strokes of his pursuers, and he expected any moment to feel the sting of a bullet from their carbines. For an hour this exciting chase kept on, and then something happened.

While passing a low line of bushes that lay in his path the Englishman saw a slender figure in white raise suddenly like a ghost, and raised his rifle. There was a swift, sharp report, and as it rung out his horse stumbled to its knees, pitching him over its head. He alighted somewhat stunned, but still unhurt, and seeing at a glance that his horse was wholly disabled, he bent low and ran swiftly toward the thicket of bushes.

He gained their shelter and then plunged forward still deeper into their recesses, for he could hear his pursuers close behind him. He had no thought but to escape his enemies by some means and get to Delhi to deliver his message, and he meant to do it. He came to a sudden stop as he saw an open glade in front and beyond at the farther side a small ruined Hindu temple.

Hope now lent speed to the fugitive; here was a place of refuge, or at least a place where he could sell his life dearly if brought to bay. He had fairly time to scramble up the steps and drop down behind a couple of fallen columns, when the maddened Sepoys were upon him. There were a dozen of them now, and their threats were frightful to hear.

They stood in wholesome fear, however, of the young officer's revolver, and halted at a respectful distance.

"You had better surrender, Feringhee," cried one, who seemed to be their leader.

For answer the lieutenant discharged his revolver, taking the best aim possible, and had the satisfaction of seeing the Sepoy bit the dust. A furious howl arose from his companions, and the next moment they made a rush.

Three, four, five shots rang out, and two of the Sepoys fell, but the rest kept on, tumbling up the stairway, and over the broken columns, only to find that their expected prey had escaped them.

In the midst of the smoke he had rushed in through the temple and out at the rear, and before they fairly realized the situation the gallant youth had seized one of their own houses which stood tethered to a tree, and was galloping away. While they were struggling to unfasten their horses and remount there was the sound of a bugle close at hand, and a squad of English cavalry cantered by, thus rendering all pursuit useless.

The subaltern met with no further adventure, and as he gained the open country he saw far off the sun's rays flashing on the minarets of the Jami Musjid. A little later he placed his message in the hands of General Anson within the English lines. He had accomplished his mission, and two months afterward, when the rebellion was over, he was rewarded for his bold venture, by receiving a captain's commission.

That was forty-three years ago, and the brave young subaltern who made that long night ride to Delhi is now the grizzled veteran Lord Roberts, Baron of Kandahar and Waterford, the "Bobs" of the English soldiery, and present Commander-in-Chief of the British army.—Fred Myron Colby, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Street-Corner Astronomers.

The street-corner astronomers who appear every clear night with their three or four inch telescopes mounted on tripods and show the heavenly bodies at ten cents a glimpse are many of them men of not a little scientific education. One, at least, shows documents and letters which prove him to have been trained in one of the great observatories of Europe. Even the least qualified of them must be able to find and follow the movements of stars and planets at all times. Saturn, Mars, the great nebulae, the moon and the other "sights" commonly shown are easy to find, but if Neptune or some other body invisible to the naked eye is wanted the astronomer exacts an extra fee, takes out his tables, sits down on the curb or leans against a building and figures it out. It is with great pride that he adjusts the tube to bring the dark outermost planet into view.

Each of these men (some one has jokingly compared them in this regard to the stoic philosophers of Greece) has a circle of interested patrons, who come around every day or two; to them he gives little lectures and explanatory talks. Not infrequently their interest is so far awakened that they buy small telescopes of their own, which cost less than $100, and set them up on the level housetops of the city. Then they come back to the street corner just to compare notes and observations with the empirical teacher.—New York Post.

A Famous Sea Fight.

"The famous sea fight between the Enterprise and the Boxer in 1812," says the Kennebec (Me.) Journal, "took place off Monhegan, half a hundred miles from Portland, but the event is closely associated with that city, as the Enterprise sailed from its harbor in search of the British brig, which it captured after a brief and bloody battle. Moreover, side by side in the Eastern Cemetery,

"'In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died.'

lie both Captain William Burrows, of the Enterprise, who fell in the hour of victory, and Captain Samuel Blyth, of the Boxer, who was also killed in the battle. Both were young men, one twenty-eight and the other twenty-nine years old. Beside his commander lies Midshipman Kerwin Waters, of the Enterprise, aged eighteen. These graves are much visited. The inscriptions are getting worn, and the British vice-consul, Keating, is taking steps to have all three stones renewed and put in good condition. Portland citizens are heartily supporting his efforts."

A Seventh Child of a Seventh Child.

Superstition connected with the seventh child of a seventh child is commemorated by a tombstone in a village churchyard near Bridgewater, Somerset. The inscription runs: "Sacred to the memory of Doctress Anne Pounsberry, who departed this life December 11, 1813, aged seventy-three years. Stand still and consider the wondrous works of God." "Doctress" was not merely an epithet, but a baptismal name, for she was a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, and was, therefore, credited with powers of healing. She practiced in herbs and charms. For king's evil this was her prescription: "Take the legs of a toad. Bake and grind them to powder with pestle and mortar. Place the powder in a bag round the neck of the sufferer."—London Chronicle.

Vaccination Buttons.

"Here, y'are! Get your vaccination buttons! Everybody wants one! What's the use o' bein' bumped into when you can get a vaccination button for a dime—ten cents!" Thus cried a fakir on Chestnut street. He was doing a land office business, too. Men and women alike crowded around him in their eagerness to secure his wares, and the buttons went like hot cakes. The design was striking enough to attract attention. Against a black background was a red cross, around which were the words: "I have been vaccinated. Have you?" The buttons are made to pin on the coat sleeve.—Philadelphia Record.

The only exercise some people get is when they run up bills. And even then they don't exert themselves much about it.

THE EXALTED IDEAL.

When you go home at night and in review
Call up the things that you have had to do,
Can you, in truth, with hand upon your heart,
Declare you've done the gentlemanly part?

Have you not criticised in accents loud
The car conductor, toiling through the crowd?
Have you not made some small boy play the part
Of impudence, to hide the inner smart?

Have you not made the chains of thralldom clank
For the receiving teller at the bank,
Because at 3 you made him hustle, when
You might as easily have called at 10?

Have you not failed with former warmth to greet
Some old-time friend, discouraged and unneat?
Have you not left with some unlucky elf
The penalty for what you did yourself?

If you, before unto repose you go,
Unto these various things can answer no,
You may sweet slumber, all unbroken take
And look for well-earned wings when you awake.

IN A FACETIOUS VEIN

"Pop, what is a driving rain?" "Why, a driving rain, my boy, I suppose, is a rain that drives you indoors."—Yonkers Statesman.

They say that talk is cheap,
'Tis false, as most quotations
For talk has cost a heap
Of men their reputations.
—Philadelphia Record.

Bowlby—"This ostrich reminds me very much of a boarding-house chicken-fricassee." Dolber—"How so?" Bowlby—"Because it's all legs and neck."—Judge.

Tigg—"Bigg's automobile was hopelessly wrecked this morning." Migg—"That so? Hit a locomotive?" Tigg—"No. Ran into a football team."—Baltimore American.

"Wouldn't it be dreadful?" "Wouldn't what?" "Wouldn't it be dreadful if the shooting stars got to shooting one another by mistake?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Todmix—"Did you ever cross the ocean?" Hojax—"Yes; once." Tomdix—"What were your feelings?" Hojax—"Oh, same as usual. I wanted the earth."—Chicago News.

Impecunious Lover—"Be mine, Amanda, and you will be treated like an angel." Wealthy Maiden—"Yes, I suppose so. Nothing to eat, and less to wear. No, thank you."—Tit-Bits.

He vowed her beauty, like a star,
Had fired the breast of him.
He made this statement to her pa
Who fired the rest of him.
—Philadelphia Press.

"So the trip Sunday is to be by bicycle? But the doctor has positively forbidden me to ride the wheel. What shall I do?" "Nothing simpler! Consult some other physician!"—Lustige Welt.

"But you must admit that the Boers are holding their own?" ventured the American boarder. "They are doing worse than that," sighed the British Boarder. "They are also holding ours."—Chicago News.

"Will you get wings when you go to heaven?" asked little Elsie of her father, who is baldheaded. "Yes, dear," he replied. "And will they put feathers on your head, too, papa?" she persisted.—Ohio State Journal.

"You know, dear," she said, "when we were married, you said that my possession made you the richest man in the world?" "Yes, darling, and so it did." "Well—a—then, do you think you could spare me a quarter?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

France the Land of the Dog.

Along with the statement that the population of France has been falling off in recent years comes another paragraph which says that, according to recent dog census of Europe, France has more dogs in proportion to its inhabitants than any other country on the continent, the number being 2,864,000. This is an average of about one and one-half dogs to every ten inhabitants, whereas in Germany, for instance, the proportion is about one and one-fourth dog to every ten persons. In being thus long on dogs and short on human beings France seems to be singularly unfortunate. It will give a chance for her enemies to say she is going to the dogs and be telling the truth about it, too.—Leslie's Weekly.