

# The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XIII.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1902.

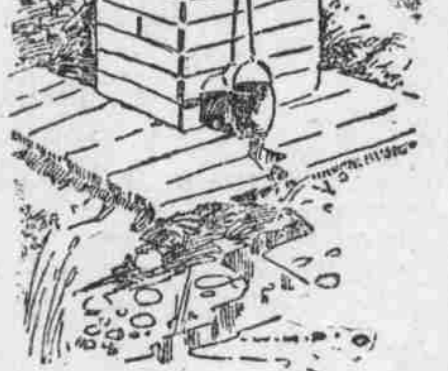
NO. 9.

## THE DWELLINGS OF PEACE.

Two dwellings, peace, are thine.  
One is the mountain-height,  
Uplifted in the loneliness of light  
Beyond the realm of shadows—fine,  
And far, and clear—where advent of the night  
Means only glorious nearness of the stars,  
And dawn, unhindered, breaks above the bars  
That long the lower world in twilight  
keep.  
Thou sleepest not, and hast no need of  
sleep,  
For all thy cares and fears have dropped

away;  
The night's fatigue, the fever-fret of day,  
Are far below thee; and earth's weary  
wars,  
In vain expense of passion, pass  
Before thy sight like visions in a glass,  
Or like the wrinkles of the storm that  
creep  
Across the sea and leave no trace  
Of trouble on that immemorial face—  
So brief appear the conflicts, and so slight  
The wounds men give, and the things for  
which they fight.  
—Henry Van Dyke, in Harper's Magazine.

## THE DISAPPEARANCE OF AUNT LOU.



OLD Miss Louise Bovet had been missing for two months when the case was put in the hands of the Pinkertons and McKnight of the Pittsburg office came up to Brevador, Ill., to begin what he meant should be a systematic search for her. He had his instructions from old Pierre Bovet, a rich farmer living near Altoona, the brother of the lost spinster, and he knew enough about the family to hope for their best help. Louis Bovet, of Brevador, younger brother of Louise, met the detective at the little station, and as they drove out together to the farmhouse which the old woman had left to be seen no more, Louis explained all that he knew of his sister's disappearance.

"Aunt Lou come up from Altoona last December to spend Christmas with us," he began. "You know she was allus visiting Pierre or me or my brother John, who lives near Omaha. We're all farmers. Well, she was took down with pleurisy in January, and Easter come round before she was fit for trav-

the day with Pete Hugginses' family and was for staying over Easter. Well, about 7 o'clock in the evening I seen Henry, that's my boy, coming along in the buggy driving the roan mare, and Aunt Lou sittin' aside of him. I was up in the attic room, but I come done to help Lou out of the buggy. When I got down they were gone, and I allowed that Lou was for buying her railroad ticket first before saying us good-by.

"But she never come back," resumed the outspoken farmer, with a sigh. "Henry showed up at Hugginses, near midnight. He'd been skylarking around town. I ast him where was Aunt Lou, and he says she got out of the buggy at Hugginses' gate and, spite of my explaining that I'd run down to meet her, and she wasn't there, he stuck to it, and no mistake she had got out at Hugginses' gate. Of course she might have done it, but I'll swan she never come near the house. She must have just walked away. Of course we thought she must have caught the train for Omaha, but along comes a letter about a week after, and John asking, 'Where's Aunt Lou?' We wrote down to Altoony asking brother Pierre if Lou was there. No, she never showed up there. That's all we know. We've ast everybody in Brevador and nobody seen her after she left the buggy."

"Did anybody see her leave the buggy?" asked McKnight.

"Only Henry. But a plenty seen her coming along in the buggy with Henry. See, it was just coming dusk when they

swallowed up, wiped off the face of the earth."

Louis Bovet introduced the detective to his wife and son as soon as they reached the farmhouse. At supper they regaled him with all they knew about Aunt Lou. She owned the half of the farm upon which they lived, but she exacted no rent. Louis owned the other half and was beginning to prosper. Aunt Lou had loaned him money, he couldn't remember how much—perhaps \$800—she would take no interest and never mentioned the loan, he said, the tears in his big brown eyes.

"Why should she?" rasped Mrs. Bovet, who was small and cross-eyed. "She has your notes, hasn't she?" Henry, the boy, said he was sixteen, "going on seventeen." He had a round, sullen face, tousled yellow hair and no trace of the frank gentleness of his father, but he was a dull witted cub, apparently, though he told McKnight all he seemed to know about Aunt Lou. After letting her down at Huggins' gate he had gone on to town, driving about for a while, and then putting his rig up at the livery stable.

McKnight spent a day at the farm without gaining any headway. Then he went to town and began to cultivate the marshal. He quizzed the livery stable keeper, and found that Henry Bovet had put up the roan mare about 10 o'clock. The boy had admitted "driving round for awhile," and McKnight began to suspect that something might depend upon where he drove. He inquired assiduously of the townsfolk, but nobody could remember whether or not they had seen Bovet's boy riding about Brevador on Easter Eve. He spent hours with the station agent trying to get some hint that might lead to a positive statement as to whether old Miss Bovet had waited for the Omaha train or whether she had boarded it, but the station agent stuck to his positive and reiterated statement that "Old Aunt Lou never come near the Ceepo that night. Certain sure she never bought no ticket to Omaha nor no place else."

McKnight was beginning to think that the mystery was too much for him. After all his investigation he could not fix even a shadow of suspicion on anybody but Henry, the boy. That guess was wholly unjustified, improbable and, he admitted, incredible. Besides, there was no sign of evidence upon which to build even a hypothetical case. He thought he saw signs of possible devilment in the face and manner of the ill-favored wife of Bovet, Henry's mother, but she had not been out of her husband's presence since the disappearance of the old maid, and therefore could not have made away with Aunt Lou, no matter what had been her evil wishes.

The town marshal, who tagged after McKnight in evident admiration of the "city" sleuth, was full of suspicions against Henry, the boy. He had caught him once with a wagon wrench, known to have been stolen from Jones' blacksmith shop. The rest of the plunder had been found buried under a pile of manure. McKnight considered this a trivial argument against the lad, and it increased his contempt for the marshal.

"And did you ever land the 'Jones robber?'" grinned McKnight one evening as he and the local officer sat in the back room of the town saloon.

"Nope," drawled the woolly marshal; "that's one of the town mysteries—the second. The murder of old man Kissner was the first. We never ketchted them fellers. The Jones robbery was the second, and now comes the Bovet case. One more and my rep will be gone for shore, and the baffled guardian of the law drank deeply.

"About the Kissner case?" suggested McKnight, pricking up his ears; "how about that?"

"An old miser, supposed," said the marshal, "lived over on the north edge; disappeared last fall, a year comin'; found him in a well, and his house, a old shack, ransacked, blood all over everything; found the weapon that killed old Kissner myself—a blacksmith's hammer."

"Was it one of Joneses?" the Detective was crowding the slow story-teller.

"By gins, I never thought o' that. Lessee. Nope. The Jones robbery come after'ards."

"And you found the body in a well?"

"Yep, Hee."

The Pittsburg detective was at Louis Bovet's farm early the next day. He had two strangers with him, and his coming seemed to surprise the farmer and displeas his wife and son.

"How many wells and cisterns have you in the place?" asked McKnight.

The farmer said he had only one well "left," that he had filled up the old one in the cow lot, and that the new one and the cistern was just alongside the house in the side yard.

McKnight set his men to work draining the cistern with a hand-pump they had brought out. He expected some objections from the wife, but she seemed so pleased to lead a helping hand that he quit the task and attacked the well. She bade Henry take turns and watched them with a furtive twinkle in her queer eye.

"Perhaps we'd better stop this," said McKnight, watching the woman, "and begin on the OLD well."

Her skinny hand flew to her mouth, her face flushed red as she almost shrieked:

"They ain't no old well, you idjit!" "Mirandy!" cautioned old Bovet, "what ails you? Don't sass him, he's only 'tending to his—"

A gunshot from the window interrupted him. He looked up in time to see Henry, the boy, peering along the barrels of an old shotgun. McKnight, peppered with bird shot, jumped for the house door, the woman tried to stop him, but he brushed her aside like a wasp, and leaped up the back stairs.

"He never done it," the mother was screaming, when Henry was dragged out, kicking and scratching his captor, "I done it myself—leave my baby go!" But the handcuffs were on her "baby" in a trice, and in ten minutes she was fast to the seat of the surrey which bore her and her son to Brevador.

The found Aunt Lou in the well with 100 pounds of smithy junk, old horse shoes and anvil scraps tied to her body. Poor old Bovet couldn't believe the boy had done it all alone, nor understand how his old sister was lured back to the farm after riding all the way to town to "say us good-by." The boy explained everything to save his mother, who persisted in claiming all guilt. He had shot his aunt as she sat beside him at a deserted place in the road to town, and had not only sat calmly beside the corpse all the way to Huggins' house, but had driven back in the dark to the old well into which he tossed it. At 10 o'clock he was back at the Brevador stable, and within a fortnight Farmer Bovet had innocently covered up all trace of the crime by filling the well which had long stood unguarded, a menace to his cattle.—John E. Raftery, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

### Costly Discipline.

A popular Cleveland doctor tells this story of a bright boy, his own, who had reached the mature age of nine after an early career marked by many wild and mischievous pranks.

His restless nature has made him somewhat of a torment to his teacher at times, and one afternoon not long ago she kept him after the others were dismissed and had a serious talk with him. Perhaps she was a little afraid that her admonitions were falling on stony ground. Anyway, she finally said:

"I certainly will have to ask your father to come and see me."

"Don't you do it," said the boy. The teacher thought she had made an impression.

"Yes," she repeated, "I must send for your father."

"You better not," said the boy.

"Why not?" inquired the teacher.

"'Cause he charges \$2 a visit," said the scamp.—Cleveland Leader.

### For Old Times' Sake.

Lord Kames, a once famous Scottish judge, on his way southward to Perth from the northern circuit, had to spend the night at Dunkeld. Next morning he made for the ferry across the Tay, but, missing the road, asked a passerby to show him the way.

"With all my heart," said the stranger. "I see your lordship does not know me. My name's John Gow. Don't you remember me? I had the honor to be tried before your lordship for sheep stealing."

"Now I recollect you, John," replied the judge. "And how is your wife? She, too, had the honor to appear before me for receiving the sheep, knowing them to have been stolen."

"Ah, we were very lucky to get off for want of evidence, but I am still in the butchering business."

"Then," quoth Lord Kames, as he came in sight of the ferry, "we may have the honor of meeting again."

### Kissing in Japan.

No kissing ever occurs in Japan except between husband and wife, not even between a mother and child.

## THE GIGGLING GIRL.

If you tell her she's modest or tell her she's vain,  
She'll giggle.  
She heeds not the fact that it gives you a pain.

That giggle.  
Though you may address her in serious key,  
Make speech that presents no occasion for glee,  
Or even for smiling, her answer will be  
A giggle.

She runs to the door when her Chawley boy rings  
And giggles.  
While helping him take off his cold winter things  
She giggles.

When seated for sparking within the bright rays  
Of dollar per gas or the grate's cherry blaze  
She answers the sugary things that he says  
With giggles.

In church if she catches a girly chum's eye,  
She giggles.  
There's no provocation, she doesn't know why,  
Just giggles.

She'll arch her eyebrows like back of the cat  
That stands off the dog in the rear of the flat  
And give her eyelashes a humorous tat  
And giggle.

If called to the Bier of a dead, silent friend,  
She'd giggle.  
If Gabriel's trump should bring time to an end,  
She'd giggle.

If up the great judgment bar she were led  
To list to her fate with the quick and the dead  
She'd think it was funny and shake her fool head  
And giggle.

—Denver Post.



Maude—"When you refused him my hand, papa, did he get down on his knees?" Pater—"No, I didn't notice just where he hit!"—Chicago News.

Fame is a bubble  
That's pricked while it's growing,  
And comes to the fellow  
Who does the most blowing.  
—Philadelphia Record.

Scrimp—"You don't seem to bother much about the future." Lightart—"No, that never worries me until it becomes the present."—Philadelphia Press.

Gertie—"My muvver says your muvver is a funny old thing." Tootsie—"H'm! Guess my muvver said that about your muvver first!"—Boston Transcript.

Vanbigger—"Who got the annual booby prize in the Automobile Club?" Vampelt—"Slowgo; he ran over only fourteen people during 1901."—Ohio State Journal.

"Yes," said Mrs. Sliptung. "It's true. Aunt Ann insisted that her remains should be cremated, and we're going to have it done, if we can find a creamery."—Chicago Tribune.

"Have you made any progress with your new novel?" asked his friend. "Oh, yes," said the hustling young author; "I've selected a name and a press agent."—Brooklyn Life.

"Thwin dooz th' nixt thrain lave?" asked O'Hoolihan of Lacey as they entered the railway station together. "Faith," replied Lacey, glancing at the clock, "it's left!"—Ohio State Journal.

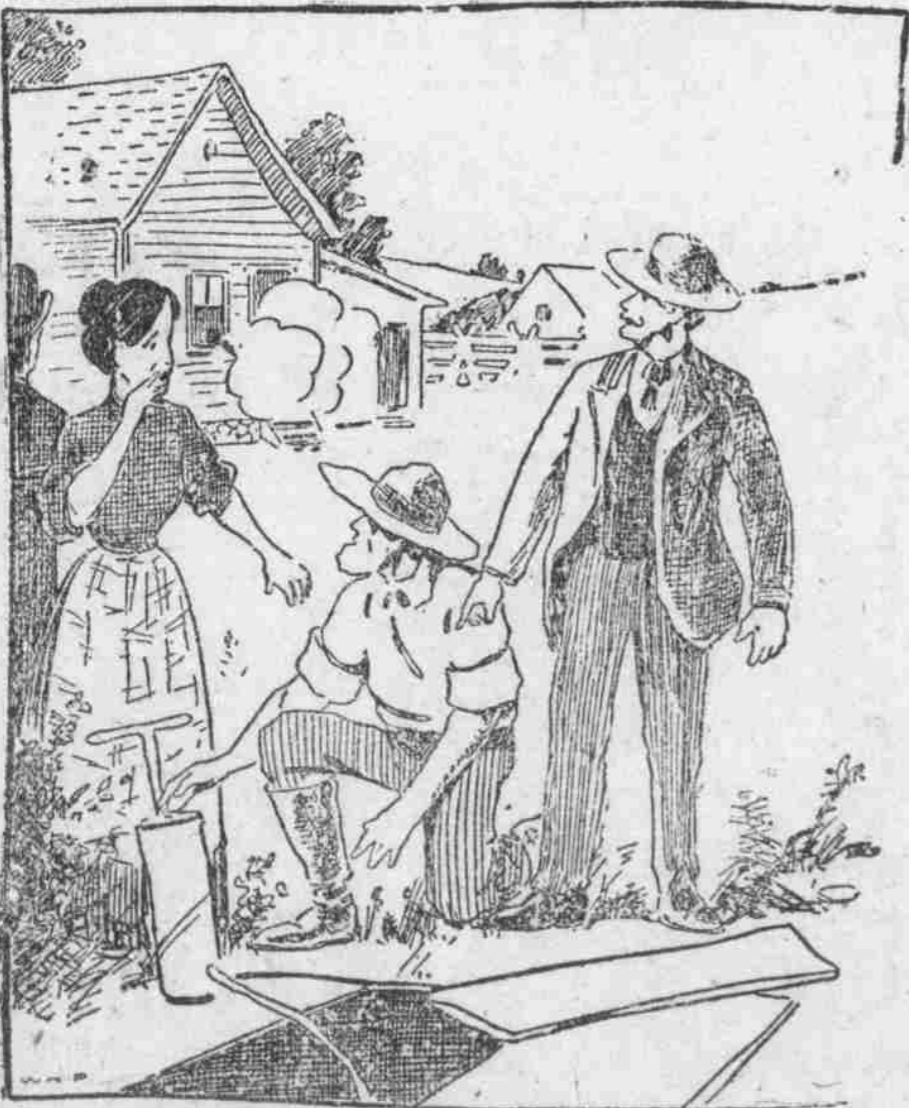
The jester said, "I shall rejoice, although my life's in folly spent, for some say foolish things by choice, and some through nature's accident."—Washington Star.

Jasper—"Mrs. Rocksbey seems to have married happily." Jumpuppe—"Yes, but that is because she is so clever. She has made her home so club-like that her husband never leaves it!"—Judge.

"The groundhog saw his shadow," remarked the Observant Eoarder. "I think he must have seen the thermometer, too," added the Cross-Eyed Boarder.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Little Elsie—"Mamma says you are a self-made man, Uncle George. Are you?" Uncle George—"Yes, my dear." Little Elsie—"You must have made yourself in the dark, didn't you?"—Chicago News.

"That boy," remarked old Cerberus, Cryly, after the youthful hope and pride had been led off to the spanking department, "has the bump of litigation very strongly developed; he is already vigorously engaged in contesting the parental will."—Tit-Bits.



A GUN SHOT FROM THE WINDOW INTERRUPTED HIM.

eling. Me and Mirandy, that's my wife, drove into Brevador Easter Sunday morning and left Henry, that my boy, to home with his Aunt Lou. They was to drive in town in the evening in time to say us goodby and catch the train for Omaha. We was spending

driv in town and everybody along the pike knows Henry and the roan mare. Most of 'em knows Lou and seen her setting along with Henry that evening coming to Brevador.

"But nobody has seen her since?"

"No. Seem as if she was clean