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OFF TO THE DREAM ISLE.

BY GENESEE RICHARDSON.

Rest in your cradle,
Dreamily sway,
Twilight is silver,
Hushing the day,
Dear little barefoot,
Drooping your eyes,
Rest till the dawn light
Creeps in the skies.

Quivering leaflets
Softer voice take,
Stars step like fairies,
Still the blue lake,
Birds only listen,
Hid in the trees,
Lest they may startle
Babykin's ease.

Bonniest love-bird
All the land wide
Nestled for night in
Pale eventide;
Cheek warmly tinted,
Like a rose,
Long, curving lashes
Lulled to a close.

Drowsily crooning
Forward and fro,
Off to the dream isle
Babe and I go,
Drowsily crooning,
Forward and fro,
Off to the dream isle
Babe and I go.



MRS. KAVANAUGH, a frail little woman of forty-five, with a few hundred dollars sewed in her dress, and the fire of hope in her bright gray eyes, had come into the strip two years after its opening. Of course she got the worst of it, for the choice land was already taken, and the self-satisfied settlers who watched her old gray horse and clattering buggy meander across their fields, smiled half-pityingly at the tardy boomer.

When at last she set up her little tent and staked out her horse on a bare and rocky quarter section, where even the short grass looked stunted, the women pitied her and some of the neighboring men came over to ask her if there was anything they could lend her. But she only thanked them, as she guessed she "would get along all right," so that the women who passed by her tent every day began to say that she was "stuck up," and the farmers who knew that she was on an almost barren claim, only grinned and muttered: "She won't last mor'n one season."

But she fooled them. A tiny shack was built by a half-breed who hauled the lumber from the railway station in her buggy. He built a frail little fence around a few acres of her ground, and left her at home on the desolate hill she had chosen. Then every morning when the sun swung up from the yellow floor of the dry prairie that stretched from her door to the horizon, she was out in her little garden digging, planting, cultivating the small space from which she hoped at least to wring a living. In the afternoon she would hitch up her aged nag and, dressed in her best widow's weeds, set off for the postoffice five miles away. She brought home a few chickens, and in the lengthening evening hours sat knitting at her low back door, watching the sun drop down into the pathless, treeless west.

When spring had come and gone and Mrs. Kavanaugh's little garden showed all the squalor of its pinched cabbages and sickly vines the passing neighbors pitied her. If they had known her simple story perhaps they might have helped her develop her poor land, but she confided in none, and came at last to be known as a headstrong, cranky old woman, who would be better off "back East" with her people. Rain or shine, spring, summer, autumn and winter, she drove to town, tied her horse at the postoffice and asked for a letter. The overworked clerk came to know her at last, and with an effort at kindly deception, for there had never come a letter for her, would shuffle over the package of K's and S's softly: "Nothing to-day, Mrs. Kavanaugh." Then she would drop the old crepe veil that was growing rusty, draw a letter from her pocket, and drop it into the box. That was for her son, her runaway boy, and it was always addressed: "Mr. Tom Kavanaugh, Twenty-seventh Infantry, Manila, Philippine Islands." Every day she sent him a letter and every day she looked for an answer. But none came, and the nervous old woman went gravely back in her rickety buggy to the lonely shanty upon the deso-

late hill to watch the sun set and to hope and pray.

Her boy Tom had run away from home before his drunken father had died. He had written her just one line: "Gone to the Philippines with the Twenty-seventh Infantry." He had been gone a year when his father died. She had written to him often, but, knowing what a thoughtless boy he was, first attributed his silence to forgetfulness and neglect. When she told him of his father's death, she felt sure



of some answer, and though none came she continued to write gentle, loving, warning letters to the absent scapegrace. He had been a youth of some spirit, and she knew that his father's dishonor in their home had driven him into the army, with all her mother's condoning love, she could not understand why he did not at least send her a word. She hated the town which had been the scene of her own and her boy's disgrace and separation, and when the "new country" was opened and the stories of its glowing future reached her she sold her out all her belongings and set forth to find a home that should be her boy's home, too.

After two years of this eventless life Mrs. Kavanaugh came to be recognized as one of the characters of the town. Most people thought her harmless insane. The sand storms and the careening winds, the burning suns and winter snows, had turned her withered cheeks to parchment. Her old crepe veil was brown now; her ill-made black alpaca dress, threadbare and discolored, hung loosely about her shrunken body. When the third winter came she sold her horse and buggy for \$30, but bought only shoes that she

might trudge to town and stamps and paper that she might send her daily letter to the boy. Silent, bowed, tearless, but with a quenchless light of hope in her mother eyes, each day she stood in line at the window and asked softly for the letter that never came. The postmaster, who had half-guessed her story, tried to win her confidence. He wanted to help her some way, but she evaded all his questions.

And then at last there came a day when she did not call at the postoffice. It was quite an event, for the postmaster and his clerk had come to regard her visit as the one inevitable and poignant occurrence of each day's business. So that night, suspecting the worst, he drove in his buggy to her lonely home. She was in bed, quite ill, it seemed, but gently grateful for his visit.

"I did my best," she told him, "but my money is all gone. I killed my last chicken last Sunday, and now, God help me, I must sell my home, his home," and she looked around the wretched, candle-lighted room with dim, wet eyes.

"It will be best for you, Mrs. Kavanaugh," quoth the postmaster, kindly; "you're too—that is, you're no longer young or strong enough to live like this. Have you no relatives? no children?"

"Oh, yes sir," she answered, proudly looking up. "I have a son, sir; a fine boy; but he's away in the army, and it's on his account I don't want to give it up."

But he persuaded her to ride to town with him, and assured her that there would be no trouble about selling her place.

"It's not worth much, I know," she said, as they drove toward town, "but, much as I want to keep it, I'd rather sell it than take charity."

He assured her that she might "board" at his home until he had sold

"Mammy, don't you know me?" "Rogers," she murmured, feeling his face with tremulous hope and fear, "Rogers? If it's you, Tom, why are you Rogers?"

"I wasn't of age, mammy, when I enlisted. I was afraid daddy would stop me, so I took Rogers."

And as he held her close to his breast and felt the hot tears drip on his hand he did not ask for his father, for on the wall he saw the weather-beaten widow's cap and the dusty veil of mourning.—John H. Raftery, in the Chicago-Record Herald.

Mount Etna's Height.

The height of Mount Etna, the famous volcano of Sicily, has long been fixed at 10,866 feet. Its height has recently been more accurately measured by trigonometrical processes, and the exact elevation is found to be 10,755 feet. The difference is not important, but the more exact determination will, of course, be given on the maps hereafter published.

The main crater has a width of 1728 feet and a depth of 826 feet.

Mount Etna has periods of almost complete quiescence. Six years had elapsed after the eruption of 1892, when in the autumn of 1898 blue flames began to emerge from the mouth of the largest crater, and a great deal of vapor was emitted from the lesser orifices. It was then announced that Etna seemed to be preparing for an effusion of lava, probably on the south or southwest slopes. The expected eruption, however, did not begin till the morning of July 19, 1899, when great volumes of smoke and lava began to issue from the main crater, but after several days the activity gradually subsided, and Etna soon resumed its peaceful aspect and has since seemed to be in a slumberous condition.

The Poison of the Lily.

A German botanist has discovered that the pretty flower known as the lily of the valley contains a poison of the most deadly kind. Not only the flower itself but also the stem as well contains an appreciable quantity of prussic acid. While injecting a concoction of lily of the valley into the ear of a guinea pig he noticed the animal succumbed immediately, with all the symptoms of poisoning by hydrocyanic acid, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. Chemical analysis of the little plant has disclosed, however, the presence of this poisonous constituent, to which—strange to say—scientists attribute precisely the penetrating perfume of the lily of the valley. The attention of the German botanist has been drawn by the fact that one of his gardeners has felt himself seized with dizziness and vomiting after having inadvertently raised a bunch of lilies of the valley to his mouth, the lips of which were cracked.

As Viewed by the Departing Prisoner.

The Rev. Samuel S. Searing, chaplain of the House of Correction, South Boston, frequently has amusing experiences with the prisoners who come under his care. He is required by law to have an interview with every man whose time has expired and who is about to leave the house. It is the chaplain's duty to give the departing prisoner good advice and to exhort him to be a decent and honorable man in the future.

In the course of one of these interviews the chaplain said: "Now, my friend, I hope you'll never have to come back to a place like this."

The prisoner looked at him thoughtfully and then asked: "I say, chaplain, you draw a salary here, don't you?" When Mr. Searing replied in the affirmative, the prisoner remarked: "Well, say, if me and the other fellows didn't keep coming back you'd be out of a job."—Boston Herald.

Didn't Disturb Anybody.

The rude boys of the neighborhood, having learned that there had been a wedding in the lone brick house near the edge of town that evening, had been giving the happy couple a serenade with tin horns, cowbells and other musical instruments for four or five hours, when an upper window was raised and a nightcapped head was thrust forth.

"Don't stop if you're having a good time, boys," said a voice pertaining to the nightcapped head. "You ain't disturbin' nobody. The young folks that was married here this evenin' are deaf and dumb."

Then the window was lowered again, and deep silence immediately began to reign.—Chicago Tribune.

ALPHABETICAL PETE.

Alphabetical Pete was an N V S fellow— If U should wear saffron, he'd hanker for yellow; N D D was swagger, yet only too true, it is said, N E bill E could B T would do it.

As E Z as mud, when his clothing was C D He'd I R A cab, tho' decidedly needy, And drive to the tailor's (or L C might walk it) R A himself swell, and the tailor would chalk it.

Alphabetical Pete was C Qr with a lady, an' They sighed M T things in love's pastures R K D N.

Until she discovered his bankrupt condition And said: "You meander and C K position!"

Ah! sad was the N D refused to do labor, And punctured himself on an O D S sabre: A way of S K P could not have found noater— That's all I S A to relate about Peter! —Baltimore News.



"Mrs. Talkington's husband ought to be a good listener." "He is. He can listen to nearly two hundred words a minute."—The Smart Set.

When a widow says the men are all alike she indulges in a mental reservation in favor of her former husband.—Boston Transcript.

"Do you think they'll marry?" "Circumstances point in that direction. Her people object, and he's as poor as a church mouse."—Detroit Free Press.

Oh, what a pleasant world 'twould be— How smoothly we'd slip through it, If all the fools who "meant no harm" Could manage not to do it. —New York Times.

Joakley—"Budds, the florist, has a big inquisitive plant on exhibition." Coakley—"What's an inquisitive plant?" Joakley—"Rubber!"—Philadelphia Press.

"Eating pie, old man? Why, I thought it never agreed with you." "It doesn't. But I don't care; it's my turn to take care of the baby to-night, anyway."—Town Topics.

He—"You are worth your weight in gold, dear." She—"Oh, that's old; give me something new." "What shall it be?" "Say I'm worth my weight in beef."—Yonkers Statesman.

She (proudly)—"Oh, Henry, I got the prize at our women's club!" He—"Good!" She—"Yes, I blackballed more members during the past year than any other member."—Ohio State Journal.

Knott—"I am having an awfully hard time. It's all I can do to keep the wolf from the door." Scott—"Why don't you let him in and train him to keep your creditors out?"—Tit-Bits.

Teacher—"Now, Ethel, who wrote the 'Elegy in the Country Churchyard?'" Ethel—"Please, ma'am, it was Willie Smif. I seen him goin' in the churchyard at recess, ma'am."—Chicago News.

Stevn Father—"What an unearthly hour that young fellow stops till every night, Dora. What does your mother say about it?" Daughter—"She says men haven't altered a bit since she was young, pa."—Glasgow Times.

"Beauty's only skin-deep, so they say; Ah, well, that's plenty deep enough for me; They'll never get me to give myself away While the surface still is beautiful to see." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Tommy (tearfully)—"If yer don't gimme back them marbles yer nabbed I'll tell my big brother." Patsy—"Tell him! He hasn't do nothin'!" Tommy—"He hasn't? Why?" Patsy—"He walks out with my sister. See?"—Tit-Bits.

"I feel a presentiment," said the shad, as he passed up the river, "that something terrible is going to happen to me." "Ah!" replied the sturgeon; "a vague presentiment, eh?" "Vague nothing. Why, I feel it in my bones." —Philadelphia Press.

World's Largest Match Factory.

The largest match factory is in Austria, and each year it uses 23,000 pounds of phosphorus, turns out 2,500,000,000 matches, and for the boxes 100,000 feet of wood.

A Persian Custom.

In Persia the man who laughs is considered effeminate, but free license is given to feminine merriment.

The biggest castings ever ordered is a steamship strut to weight 134,000 pounds, to be made at Chester, Pa.