

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, OCTOBER 17, 1902.

NO. 32.

LOVE'S BELIEF.

I believe if I were dead,
And you should kiss my eyelids where I lie,
Cold, dead and dumb to all the world
Contains,
The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
And, from its exile in the Isle of Death,
Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe if I were dead,
And you upon my lifeless heart should tread—
Not knowing what the poor eld chanced
to be—
It would sudden pulse beneath the touch
Of him it ever loved in life so much,
And thro' again, warm, tender, true to thee.

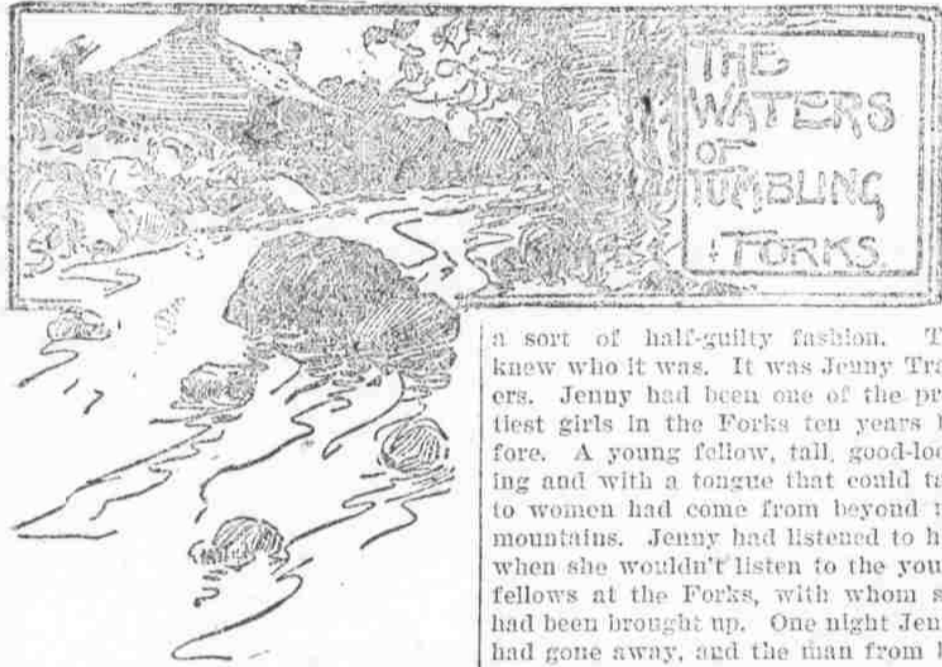
I believe if in my grave,
Hidden in woody depths by all the waves,
Your eyes should drop some warm tears
of regret,
From every salty seed of your deep grief,
Some fair, sweet blossom would leap into
To prove that death could not make my
love forget.

I believe if I should fade
Into the mystic realms where light is
made,
And you should long once more my face
to see,
I would come forth upon the hills of night
And gather stars like fagots, till thy
sight,
Led by the beacon blaze, fell full on me.

I believe my love for thee
(Strong as my life) so nobly placed to be,
It could as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead king from his heights sub-
lime,
His glory stricken from the throne of
time,
As thee unworth the worship thou hast
won.

I believe, love, pure and true,
Is to the soul a sweet, immortal dew
That gems life's petals in the hour of
dusk;
The writing angels, see and recognize
The rich crown jewel Love of Paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered
bush.

—By Mary Ashley Townsend.



a sort of half-guilty fashion. Tod knew who it was. It was Jenny Travers. Jenny had been one of the prettiest girls in the Forks ten years before. A young fellow, tall, good-looking and with a tongue that could talk to women had come from beyond the mountains. Jenny had listened to him when she wouldn't listen to the young fellows at the Forks, with whom she had been brought up. One night Jenny had gone away, and the man from beyond the mountain went at the same time. Two years later the girl came back. Her old father took her in. The

TOD JENKS of Tumbling Forks had got religion. The other citizens of the Forks couldn't account for it, but they said there wasn't any question about it, and that Tod had it good and hard, and was probably pious for keeps. Tod was the only religionist in the Forks. There were Methodists over at the Ford, and a colony of Baptists down at Deep Water, which latter thing, the neighbors said, was in keeping with the eternal fitness of things. Tod had got his religion from the Evangelists while he was on a visit to Ham's Station on the Black Stone.

Prior to Tod's conversion he had been about as tough as they make them, and, as his wickedness had struck deep, so had his piety. Tumbling Forks admired Tod's evident sincerity and allowed that he had a perfect right to make a fool of himself if he wanted to. That was Tumbling Forks' way of looking at the matter. Tod was a fiddler. He used to scrape out all kind of things, and in the past the inhabitants of the place shook their feet weekly to the strains from his bow. "Dan Tucker" and "Money Musk" were never heard now, and from Tod's cabin nightly, and daily, too, for that matter, came "Wandering Boy," "Sweet Hour of Prayer," "There Is a Fountain" and a lot more like them.

Tod used to sing, too, and his voice wasn't half bad. The Tumbling Forks people said Tod was the best singer in the section. They gathered round nightly now, but in a sort of a shamefaced way, and at a respectful distance, while he was lifting up his voice inside his cabin and peaking out "Hold the Fort" and "Sinners Turn, Why Will Ye Die?" with a heartfelt enthusiasm.

One day Tod was sitting in his doorway scraping his fiddle, while the Tennessee sun threw maple leaf shadows all about him. Tod was trying something new that morning. He had heard it in a little Episcopal mission that he had wandered into one day when the Christian church was closed. He had caught the tune only haltingly, but he more than knew the words, for he felt them. Somehow he thought they were better than any of the other things that he had learned. The red bird stopped whistling in the hedge as Tod struck the tune with his bow and began singing:

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distress'd?
'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming,
Be at rest.'"

Tod heard a movement beyond the hedge where the red bird had been whistling. He looked quickly, and through the interlacing twigs he saw a woman. She was hurrying away in

ny's lover, and that was the reason why she was so bitter now.

The next day Tod Jenks played his fiddle in the sunshine again. Tod went through the Episcopal hymn. He knew he had a listener. No movement until his voice and violin had rounded out the verse:

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.

Then a woman came half-sinking through the gate and advanced to the doorway.

"Is that true, Tod," she said, timidly.

"Sure it's true, Jenny," said Tod gently, "though it took me seventy years to find it out."

"I've heard you singing lots, Tod, and I like it. It seems as though I'd like to have a friend who'd receive me as the hymn has it. Sometimes I get most crazy. There ain't many friends livin' around Tumbling Forks. It's a good many years Tod, and I've lived with old dad. He's good and understands. I didn't have anything here; it was empty-like," and the woman put her hand on her heart, "but now since I've been hearing that hymn there's something in here. I don't know just what it is, but I don't feel as hard toward people as I did."

Tod's eyes glistened a little. He took a book and read softly for some little time.

"Must I do that to have Him receive me?" said Jenny. "Must I forgive all my enemies? Must I forgive Mame Garth?"

"Yes, even Mame Garth," answered Tod. "It's written as plain as day. 'Bless them as persecutes you.'"

The woman rose with a flaming color in her cheeks. "I can't do that," she said, and her eyes flashed and her hands were clinched. She went through the gateway with rapid steps, her head thrown back and her hands still



IN A SECOND HE FOUND THE BOY IN HIS ARMS.

Tumbling Forks folk found out that though she carried in her arms a baby boy, she was a deserted wife. Of the man from beyond the mountains none of them ever heard again.

The men didn't mean to be unkind. The women put them up to it. They didn't speak much to Jenny, and when she saw the disinclination she spoke to none. Of course, no woman spoke to her. That wasn't to be expected, but some were much worse than others. Jenny's child was now eight years old, and he went to the crossroads school and played with the other boys, that is, he played with all but one of them. Mary Garth's little boy was under orders not to speak to Billy Travers. He had been taught the value of a sneer by his mother, who, before she married Hed Garth and before Jenny had gone away with the man from beyond the mountain, had been Jenny's girlhood chum. Tumbling Forks people sometimes said under the breath that Mary had set some store by Jen-

clined. She walked towards the bridge that spanned Tumbling Forks. Beneath the structure the water was deep and smooth. Fifty yards below it became a roaring torrent. Half way between the bridge and the rapid a little peninsula jutted into the stream. A little boy was lying prone on the bridge and leaning over the water. He had a fish line in his hand. He was a tiny little fellow, and with a sudden feeling of repugnance Jenny Travers recognized the child as Harry Garth, Mary Garth's boy, and the one who had been taught by his mother that Billy Travers was a child to be shunned.

Jenny was twenty yards from the bridge when the child in sudden excitement leaned over the river, lost his balance and fell in. Down the stream the water was churning and boiling. There was a swift current under the bridge, though in the depth of the water it did not show in its full force. Jenny cried aloud. She hesitated one

instant and then with an indescribable something in her face, rushed forward and sprang into the water. She had been a good swimmer in her girlhood. She caught the boy and bore him up and then once again called aloud. She was answered by a shriek from the bridge. Mary Garth was standing there shrieking and impotently wringing her hands.

Jenny Travers burdened as she was strove to reach the little peninsula that ran into the Forks. She was weakening. She reached a point above it, but the current swept her out and beyond, the boy clinging to her and impeding the freedom of movement. A man rushed across the field, and out on to the peninsula and threw himself into the water. In a second he found the boy in his arms. He struggled to reach the woman also, but the current had caught her with its full force, and she was at the edge of the roaring torrent in whose water was death. The man struggled ashore with the boy. He turned and looked. For one instant he saw Jenny Travers' face above the water. Sluggish of perception though this Tumbling Forks man was, he saw that in Jenny's face there was set a look of peace. As the torrent claimed her there came from the doorway of Tod Jenks' home the roughly sweet voice of the Tumbling Forks convert: "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming, be at rest."—Edward B. Clark, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

The Bird Doctor.

"John," said the proprietor of the bird store, "there's a call at Mrs. Brown's, uptown."

John, a thin young man, took up a black leather bag and hurried out.

"He is a bird doctor," the proprietor explained, pointing after the lank, black figure. "He looks after the mouths and feet and plumage of canaries, parrots and other pets. He cleans their mouths with little brushes, picks and sponges. With sets of files and scissors and scrapers he cuts their nails and keeps their feet in trim. And you ought to see him give a bird a shampoo. He covers it so with lather that it resembles a ball of wool."

"John averages about two calls a day in the summer and about five in the winter. He keeps a physician's little day-book, and we send out bills to birds for professional services just as though they were human beings. That pleases the birds' owners and tends to create promptitude in the settlement of the accounts."—Philadelphia Record.

Will Receive His Reward.

The country press is more powerful than the metropolitan papers because there is more of it, says B. F. Lusk of the Jackson (Mo.) Herald. It reaches more homes and influences the old farmer, the bone and sinew of this great republic; therefore, its march is upward and onward. We have noticed that whenever a country paper has no influence, is not believed by its readers, is not honored by its contemporaries, that it has an editor of a low type. A newspaper, from the very nature of things, cannot wield any greater influence in the community than that influence which is warranted by the example, the integrity, the morals and the reputation of its editor. Let the country editor leave off all bickering and nagging, and jealousies of his competitor, and he will become a benefactor and a philanthropist, and in time will receive his just reward from the people.

Eccentric Dunkard Pastor.

There took place at Hancock, Md., recently, the funeral of Rev. Jacob Weller, an aged Dunkard preacher, who had been pastor of one of the village churches for more than forty years, during which time he never accepted a salary or other compensation, and never took up a collection.

He married more couples and baptized more people than any other Dunkard preacher. He was an orator of unusual gifts. It is said that he never wore a cravat.

Tobacco.

Last year the French Government made a profit of over £14,000,000 on its monopoly of the sale of tobacco, cigars, cigarettes and matches.

Swift.

Sound moves 1142 feet per second, light 192,000 miles a second, and electricity 288,000 miles a second.

When a woman says, "It's no use talking," she really doesn't mean it.

TYPHOID WIDELY SCATTERED

Valuable Information Given By the Board of Health.

(From Advance Sheets of the August Bulletin of the State Board of Health.)

Typhoid fever is present in seventy-five of the ninety counties reporting for July. It is therefore widely prevalent in our State. It is a communicable disease, spreading from one case to another, though generally in a roundabout fashion. Its extension can be prevented by the careful observance of certain simple rules. For the information of the people we give these rules, preceded by a statement of the reasons upon which they are based. If read and heeded by even a few more lives would be saved and much sickness would be prevented. Read them and tell about them.

The active agency in the causation of typhoid fever is a bacterium, the bacillus typhosus, which attacks and causes the ulceration of certain glands in the small intestine, developing therein by myriads. They are therefore to be found chiefly in the bowel discharges, although present also in the excretion of the kidneys and to some extent in the expectoration of a person sick with the disease. From one of these sources, nearly always the first named, the bacteria are transferred to the intestinal tract of a healthy person. The poison is always swallowed. The most common agencies of transfer are the drinking water, including milk infected from washing cans in polluted water, and the common house fly, although it may be conveyed directly to the nurse by her own soiled hands, and sometimes in dust. The most important rules therefore for the prevention of the extension of the disease may be briefly stated as follows:

1. Cover immediately upon their passage the body discharges—to prevent access of flies.
2. As soon as possible thoroughly disinfect the discharges by mixing in equal quantity with them one of the following: (a) freshly made milk of lime or "whitewash" (unslaked lime); (b) a five per cent. solution of carbolic acid; (c) a 1 to 1,000 solution of corrosive sublimate; (d) a 1 per cent. solution of formaldehyde. After standing a half-hour (covered all the time) the mixture should be buried (never thrown on the surface of the ground) at a distance from the well of not less than 150 feet.
3. Provide in the sick-room a wooden tub one-third full of either of the three last named solutions, and drop therein as soon as removed everything in the way of body or bed-clothing, handkerchiefs, towels, etc., that have come in contact with the patient, and keep them submerged until they can be boiled, washed and dried in the sun.
4. All remnants of food that may for any reason be carried into the sick-room must be burned.
5. The nurse should wash her hands and dip them into one of the solutions, preferably corrosive sublimate, after every "changing" of the patient. She should never draw water from the family well unless a pump is used. In case it should be absolutely necessary she should disinfect her hands as above before doing so.
6. The soiled linen of the patient should never be washed at or near the well or spring. The greatest care should be observed to prevent the drainage or seepage through the soil into the well or spring from accumulation of filth of all kinds. As soon as a case of typhoid fever appears in a family all drinking water should be boiled until a report on the same can be obtained from the State Biologist, the family physician making application to the Secretary of the Board of Health for permit and sterilized bottle.
7. As the germ is present in the intestine in the preliminary stages and for several weeks after convalescence is established and the patient practically well, extra care of surface privies should be observed. Every evacuation should be immediately and completely covered with lime or dry powdered earth.

Summary.—Prompt disinfection of all discharges from the body of the patient; protection of the same against flies; special care as to the drinking water; scrupulous cleanliness.

Russia Makes Demand.

Constantinople, By Cable.—Russia has refused to accept the declaration of the Porte to allow four unarmed Russian torpedo boats to pass through the Dardanelles under a commercial flag, and has sent a note to the Turkish authorities insisting that the boats be allowed to go through the Porte, it is said, will appeal to the powers in the matter.