

# The Roanoke Beacon.

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

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## THE RICHEST MAN.

The wealthiest man of all I know  
Does not possess much gold,  
Nor does he own a large estate,  
Nor jewelry untold.

No great invention has he made,  
Nor glory gained, nor fame  
By deeds heroic, and he wears  
No handle to his name.

Nor yet enjoys that precious gift,  
The very best of health,  
For that may disappear with years—  
Eternal is his wealth.

No thief can steal his valued prize,  
It lies within the man;  
A great discovery he has made,  
The greatest mortal can.

He sees two sides to everything,  
But casts the dark away,  
And looks upon the brighter side  
That shines as clear as day.

For all through life the bright exists,  
If only we will see.  
Is not his wealth who finds this out,  
The greatest that can be?  
—Edna Boyden, in the New York Sun.

## AN INGENUOUS BETRAYAL.

A GENTLEMAN called to see you this afternoon, Mr. Norton," said my housekeeper on my arrival home from the office on evening. "I gave him your city address, but he said he preferred to see you here, and would call again at 8 o'clock this evening. When I told him you never transacted business here he replied that you would make his case an exception."

I awaited the arrival of my visitor with a certain amount of curiosity. I knew he must have obtained my private address from one of four persons, and that none of the four would have given it to him unless his business proved of the utmost importance.

On the stroke of 8 Mrs. Batty announced his arrival, and a moment afterward ushered him into my presence. I looked at him curiously. He was a keen-eyed, elderly man, with gray hair and mustache, and a forehead deeply scored with lines of care.

"I am Baron Kaluto, the special representative in England of the Barama Government. From the papers you will have gathered that there have been, and still are, in progress important negotiations between your country and my own."

"Yes," I interjected. "It was not our intention to publish the terms of those negotiations, but they had been betrayed, and no other course remained open to us."

He paused for a moment; then, as I remained silent, continued:

"You boast of the freedom of your press, Mr. Norton, and rightly so. Taken as a whole, your editors are men of high purpose and lofty idealism who appreciate the responsibility of their position, and use their power for the good of the nation. But there are exceptions, and the editor of the Early Bugle is one of them. In order to increase the circulation of his paper he would turn every public servant into a Judas, and— But pardon me, Mr. Norton, I did not come here to lecture on the evils of a free press."

He spoke in a tone of great bitterness and his eyes flashed ominously.

"You will understand why I feel so deeply on the subject when I tell you that the terms of information concerning the negotiations which have lately appeared in the Early Bugle have been secured by its editor from some treacherous official."

"We have tried in vain to discover the traitor. So, acting upon the advice of a friend, I determined to take you into my confidence and ask you to undertake the inquiry."

I assured him that I should be pleased to do so, and he went on:

"There have been leakages in several departments lately, and your authorities think the traitor is on their side. I am positive that he is not."

"Why?"

"Because the information is not taken from official documents, but is a clever summary of conversations between myself and your representative. And the leakage never occurs when I have visited your Foreign Office, but invariably follows the visit of your representative to our Legation."

"You have taken a great load off my mind by consenting to undertake the inquiry, for, from what I know of you, I am certain if the mystery is to be solved you are the man to do it."

I bowed my acknowledgment of the compliment. Then we discussed the matter in all its bearings, and arranged that I should go and stay at the Legation during my inquiry.

The day following I entered the Legation as his honored guest. I was soon on excellent terms with everybody connected with the establishment. I

wandered about the house tamolested, poked into odd corners, talked with the servants, and, in fact, with every one, but never did I come upon a clue which promised to lead to the solution of the mystery.

A week passed and I was no nearer the solution than on the first day of my entrance. Nothing suspicious had happened, and yet an important conversation had been betrayed.

In less than an hour a summary of the conversation appeared in a special edition of the Early Bugle.

Baron Kaluto had not left the Legation. The Foreign Office representative had been shadowed to his office. He had not spoken to any one on his way there. No third person had been present at the interview, and yet the summary was so concise and accurate that it must have been communicated by some one who had listened to the conversation. No other explanation was possible. I was puzzled.

The following afternoon a representative of the Foreign Office called at the Legation and was closeted with Baron Kaluto. An hour later the name of the traitor and the method by which he communicated with the editor were known to me. But how he gained his knowledge I could not tell.

The statement which appeared in the Early Bugle was made the basis of a question in Parliament, and in his reply the Under Secretary stated that it was pure fiction. The members of the Legation smiled knowingly when they read his answer. They thought that, in the interests of his country, he had trifled with the truth.

They were mistaken; he had spoken the truth. The representative who called at the Legation came, not from the Foreign Office, but from my office. He was one of my men, so cleverly made up that they were deceived by his remarkable likeness to the person he represented.

The attache upon whom my suspicions had fallen, though not likely to make much headway in the diplomatic service, was a really clever electrician, and the Legation was filled with useful and ingenious devices of his invention. In diplomacy he was a mere waster; as an electrical engineer he might have won both fame and fortune.

He had fitted one of the spare rooms at the top of the house as a workshop, and spent most of his spare time in it, working in a desultory fashion upon the many incomplete inventions with which it was stored. During the interviews he had been in his room, and, if my suspicions were well founded, it was there I must seek the answer to the question—How?

There was a workbench at one end of the room. Under the bench was a cupboard, sufficiently large to admit of my crouching and hiding myself in it. I entered the cupboard and made myself as comfortable as possible. Through a crevice in the door I commanded a view of the whole room.

Just before 3 o'clock the attache entered the workshop, and, after closing the door, threw a thick curtain across it. Then he seated himself in an easy chair and switched on the light of a single arc lamp, without a globe, placed on an insulated table, and connected with an electric generator.

From my hiding place I gazed at the brilliant light of the lamp, wondering what connection there could be between it and the mystery I was trying to solve.

Suddenly the Baron's voice broke in upon the silence. The sound was so clear and so distinct that I was almost startled into an exclamation of surprise.

For a moment I was puzzled as to

where it came from. Then I located it. The lamp was talking!

On the ground floor of the house the Baron was engaged in conversation with the supposed representative of the Foreign Office, and by some strange phenomenon the burning lamp was transmitting the sound with such purity and distinctness that every word was as audible as if we had been present at the interview.

For half an hour the conversation followed the lines agreed upon between the Baron and my representative; then there was a pause, followed by a light, gossipy conversation.

The attache had listened intently to the conversation so long as it dealt with the matters under concern. As soon as that part of it ended he began to arrange his summary. For some time he wrote and re-wrote. Then he read aloud what he had written. It satisfied him.

A moment afterward he switched off the light and left the room.

As soon as the sound of his footsteps died away I crawled out of my hiding place and strolled into the attache's room. He was busy arranging a bouquet of choice blooms for a smart society lady of his acquaintance.

"The ladies make great demands upon our time and attention," he said with a smile.

Without speaking I stood and watched him. The message was not, as I had suspected, concealed among the flowers; it was woven into the bouquet, and was easily readable by means of the Morse code, colors taking the place of dot and dash.

His arrangement of the flowers was strikingly beautiful, and as he attached his card to the completed bouquet and instructed one of the servants where to take it, I did not wonder that the simplicity of his method had enabled him to escape suspicion.

The bouquet never reached its destination, and no message appeared in the Early Bugle that evening. Confronted with the evidence of his guilt the attache made a clean breast of everything.

He had fallen a victim to the charms of a smart society lady, and in order to prove his love for her had consented to supply her with information, and a bouquet of flowers had been the means of communication.

For months past he had openly sent her a daily gift of flowers, so that the continuance of the habit occasioned neither surprise nor suspicion. Upon receipt of the flowers she telephoned the coded message to the editor of the Early Bugle, who had no knowledge as to the source of her information.

Then he explained that part of the mystery which still puzzled me. The lamp in the workshop was connected with a wire with a microphone in the Baron's room. But he could not account for the strange phenomenon which caused it—while burning—to speak. He had stumbled upon the invention by accident, and, under stress of his passion, had kept his discovery secret and put it to base uses. It was the old story of "the woman tempted me."—New York News.

## Earth's Disturbances.

Mother earth has evidently started in this year to break all records during historic times of gigantic destructive disturbances.

For the first half of the year we have to charge her unusual restlessness with 48,900 lives through volcanic eruptions and earthquakes. Her tornadoes have hurled 465 human beings out of existence, and cyclones have added 240 more to the list, while other storms in great numbers, but of less dignity in name, have placed 720 to the direct account of violent winds. Floods have swept 345 persons from life, tidal waves have drowned 110 and waterspouts have destroyed 15.

To all of this we must add 283 lives charged to the destructive force of avalanches and snow slides, and we have a total of 51,078; an astounding mortality from these fierce agencies of destruction in one-half of a year.

## Something to Cry Over.

When a woman can't find anything else to worry about, she can sit down and have a good cry because if she were to die that minute she wouldn't have any suitable clothes to be buried in.—New York Press.

Deuteronomy is from two Greek words meaning second and law. The fifth book of Moses is so called from its being mainly a repetition of laws previously enumerated.

No fewer than 587 languages are spoken in Europe.

## THE COACHMAN'S PASSING.

The Old Timers Disappeared From the Earth When Railroads Came.

One often wonders what became of the old coachman when railways drove the last of the mails off the road and those who had known few pleasures that were not associated with the movements of lively teams and the hum of rolling wheels or genial intercourse with the traveling world could enjoy those things no more. There must be deep pathos in the unwritten romance of that period. With few exceptions, the drivers of stage coaches had no aptitude or inclination for other work, though they were masters of their own. Many a time in boyhood I have heard amateur whips pay admiring tribute to the professionals of an older generation who, for all their dissolute habits and uncouthness, were workmen to the core with hands as gentle as a woman's. Bob Pointer, who taught many Oxford under-graduates how to handle an awkward team, was one of the hard drinkers, but nobody ever saw him in "difficulties" to which his skill was not equal. His wise maxims are still remembered and worth remembering: "Never let your horses know you are driving them, or, like women, they may get restive. Don't pull and haul and stick your elbows akimbo; keep your hands as though you were playing the piano; let every horse be at work and don't get flurried; handle their mouths lightly; do all this, and you might even drive four young ladies without ever ruffling their feathers or their tempers."—From the "Old Road Coach," by Henry H. S. Pearce, in *Outing*.

## Sea Voyages.

The advantages of life at sea are the entire rest and the absolute necessity of almost living in the open air that is forced upon the patients. There is besides the absence of dust, the equality of temperature, the inhalation of the saline particles that find their way into the air, together with the electrical stimulation of the ozone so plentiful at sea. Besides the moist atmosphere the ocean has that distinctly sedative effect that occurs in a moist climate with a high barometer. An added benefit is the tonic effect of a complete change from ordinary life on land. Island life possesses the sedative tonic influences of the ocean without the ennu of a long sailing voyage. These sailing voyages for therapeutic purposes should now be reserved only for dipsomaniacs and errant sons.—Philadelphia Record.

## The Medal of Honor.

The much coveted medal of honor bestowed on officers and enlisted men of the army for exceptional acts of personal heroism, is a five-pointed star of bronze, tipped with trefoil, each point containing a crown of laurel and oak. In the center, within a circle of thirty-four stars, America personified as Minerva, stands with her left hand resting on the fasces, while with her right, in which she holds a shield emblazoned with the American arms, she repulses discord, represented by two snakes in each hand. The whole is suspended by a trophy of two crossed cannons, balls and a sword surmounted by the American eagle.—Washington Star.

## No Cause For Alarm.

Rev. Brown, a man of less than medium stature, possessed a high, squeaky voice.

Not long ago he was invited to exchange pulpits with a minister in a neighboring city. The church in which he was to preach was much more imposing than the home chapel.

Arriving early he peered from behind the pulpit and watched what he considered an immense congregation with trepidation.

As the last notes of the organ voluntarily died away his little head popped up from behind the desk, and without a word of warning he piped out, "It is I, be not afraid."—Lippincott.

## Powder Making Abandoned.

The manufacture of black powder by the Government of India has just been abandoned by the closing of the works at Ishapore, after having been in operation for more than 100 years. The site of the factory, it is said, is to be occupied by a rifle factory, the first of its kind in India.

## Economical Ore Methods.

In the copper regions of the Great Lakes ore containing one and a half per cent. is worked without dross.

## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.



THE supreme are of living may be summed up in giving.

This world's sole hope of salvation lies in the salvation of the soul.

Those who expect great things from God will do great things for Him.

He will not win respect who refuses reverence.

Life is a man's opportunity for the realization of his ideals.

When ambition is the child of envy it will be the mother of sorrows.

Self-surrender is the secret of soul-satisfaction.

The lights of the world are not illuminated by the fires of controversy.

He who has friends only to use them will have them only to lose them.

Goods can never constitute the chief good.

The good in a man may be known by the good he sees in men.

There can be religion without ritual as we have light without lamps.

Life's pleasures are but spring freshets, God's joy a perennial spring.

The pleasures of a true saint cannot be augmented by the pains of sinners.

A good fellow is not always a good friend.

Inspiration is God's answer to our aspiration.

It is the bullet that kills and not the report.

He is a traitor to man who is not true to God.

Money creates more wants than it satisfies.

God's succor comes swifter than sin's sting.

## LABOR WORLD.

Germany has 995,000 trade unionists.

Warren, R. I., carpenters have organized.

Toronto (Can.) lithographers will form a union.

Plans are on foot to build a labor temple at Topeka, Kan.

Fleetwood, England, carpenters have struck against piecework.

Marine engineers on the Great Lakes have adopted last year's scale of wages for next year.

There are 225,443 masters and men employed in the merchant marine of Great Britain.

In the past twenty years in only one-fifth of the coal strikes have the men secured their demands.

Messengers of the American Express Company have received a voluntary increase in salary of ten per cent.

Female factory employes at Flint, Mich., average ninety-one cents a day, and one-half are employed by the piece.

Glass bevelers at New York City have struck to enforce demand for a nine-hour day and a new scale of wages.

Day laborers are in great demand at St. Louis, Mo., and wages have advanced ten per cent. in the past two months.

A movement has been inaugurated among the Northumberland, England, miners for a general strike as a protest against the coal tax.

Every member of the Cigarmakers' Union at Jacksonville, Fla., contributes twenty-five cents a week toward advertising their union label.

In Great Britain there are 1,905,000 trade unionists, and but 1,600,000 in the United States and Canada for about twice the population.

There have been nearly 700 strikes in Great Britain during the past twelve months, sixty-eight per cent. of which have been settled in favor of the men.

Every man his own automobile maker, is the motto of a St. Louis engineer, who has just complete a five-horse power machine with a speed of eighteen miles an hour, entirely the work of his own hands. The labor of construction took six months, because the engineer was employed in the daytime, and could only work on his machine during the evenings. It is six feet four inches long, and weighs 1,300 pounds. The actual cost of the material was \$250. Since he has been running the machine about town the engineer has experienced not a single break-down. The pattern of the machine is different in detail from all others, and yet the general style is similar, and due regard to slightness was given during the period of construction.