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THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

BY LADY DUFFERIN.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.

The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day's as bright as then;
The lark's a loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again.

But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your warm breath on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
The village church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.

But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
Where I've laid you, darling, down to sleep
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh, they love the better
The few our Father sends.

And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.

They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times less fair.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BULLION-BOX

By H. J. HERVEY, Late of the Indian Government Telegraph Service, Saharunpore, N.W.P., India.

[This story was related to the author by Mr. Hops Kavanagh, the District Superintendent of Police at Saharunpore. It describes how a native banker resorted to deception in order to safeguard a case of bullion which he was sending by rail to a customer, and how by a clever trick the contents of the box were stolen en route, the unhappy banker being precluded from prosecuting the thieves, although they were discovered, through the possibility of being involved in severe penalties himself.]

THE firm of Bhugwandass, Jeykissen, Singh & Co., bankers and merchants, of Kangri, was one of the wealthiest concerns in Upper India. With a far-reaching connection all over the peninsula—and even farther—old Bhugwandass, the principal, was wont to boast that his signature stood equally good in London as in Lahore, and that he could give you a hoondee (order) which would be honored with the same promptitude in Chicago as in Calcutta.

Among the employees of the firm was a certain Thotaram, the son of a former client. Falling at the entrance examination for the subordinate Civil Service he had been taken on by Bhugwandass as an English writer. At the time referred to in this story Thotaram had been some ten years in the firm's employ, and for a mere copyist he had risen, through undoubted merit and perseverance, to the comparatively responsible post of confidential clerk to the managing partner.

Now, while we must suppose that Thotaram had during his career been subject to temptations, the equal inference is that he had hitherto succeeded in withstanding all assaults on his moral rectitude. Anyhow, up to the period I am writing of the man's record was clean, and he was looked on by all, from Bhugwandass downward, as the exemplification of unimpeachable integrity. He had worked himself into the good graces of his patron; he was ever willing, hard-working and ready to please. Often, when others had cleared out at the recognized closing time, Thotaram would be found somewhere about, prepared to do anything that might be wanted—from igniting Bhugwandass's hookah and placing it before him to drawing up a promissory note, unlocking the strong room, and counting out 1000 rupees or so for some belated borrower.

One day the bank had occasion to send a consignment of bar silver to a correspondent named Pusa, a gold and silver smith residing near the small town of Nagina, distant about three hours' journey by rail. The bullion, valued at 4000 rupees, after being duly weighed by Thotaram, was packed and nailed down by him in a stout deal box—all under Bhugwandass's immediate supervision—and the case was then deposited on the floor close to the principal's desk. At noon, when most of the employees left the building for the usual lunch hour, Bhugwandass signed to Thotaram to remain. When the office had emptied the old man called the clerk to him and said, in the vernacular: "Did you hear of that case about a box of sovereigns being broken into during transit by rail between Agra and Bombay?"

"Yes, sir," replied Thotaram, in the same tongue, "I read an account of it in the Amrita."

"Well," continued the principal, sinking his voice to a whisper, "we must avoid running any such risk! I have got a good idea. Take some black paint and address that case of bar silver to Pusa, Soonar, Soonari Bazaar, Nagina."

The clerk did as he was ordered. "Now, above the address, write 'Old Nails' in large letters, fill in the consignment note in the same manner, and go yourself to book the box at the railway-station. See that the weight talks with ours, and do not talk to the railway people about the case. Take it carelessly in a bullock cart with you, and go quite alone, so as to cause no suspicion as to the valuable nature of its contents."

Thotaram carried out these instructions to the letter. On his return to the kothi (bank) he sought out Bhugwandass and handed him the consignment note. He ended up by asking for a week's leave, to proceed to his native place near Bareilly. After transacting his errand at the goods shed he had strayed, he said, on to the passenger platform, and among the travelers in a train that happened to arrive he met a fellow-townsmen, who had informed him of his uncle's serious illness; it was for the purpose of visiting this relative that he now craved the indulgence.

The request was granted and, after profusely thanking his patron, the confidential clerk withdrew. Instead, however, of proceeding to his village, Thotaram, disguising himself as an infantry havildar or sergeant on the lookout for recruits, took the next train to Nagina. He was well aware that the case of "old nails" would not arrive for another four days by goods train, so he had time to mature his plans. He first set to work to ingratiate himself with the handful of native employees at the small station, which was easily done. He knew there were no military in those parts, and, being a well-set-up fellow, he was able not only to pass himself off successfully as a recruiting sergeant, but received permission, as such, to put up on the premises till the people poured in to the local fair, which he gave out he was going to attend. In a nonchalant manner, and not too hurriedly, he sauntered off to the little mal godam, or goods shed, where he found the single clerk, a Bengali named Hiralal Seal, doing nothing in particular. Exerting all his inherent affability Thotaram speedily established a good understanding with the babu (clerk), and by closing time he had pretty well assured himself that the latter would prove only too ready to fall in with his views. Seal, for his sins, had been shunted to this great distance from Lower Bengal; he was an idle, dissolute fellow, but had so far been able to escape the consequences of his bad conduct through the influence of senior relatives holding respectable positions in the head office of the railway.

That evening the two met by appointment, and Thotaram, intuitively divining the shortest road to the babu's heart, treated him to a regular jaunt, after the native idea. Thotaram paid for everything throughout, much to the Bengali's admiration and envy.

He bemoaned his state of chronic impunctuality and his wretched salary of twenty-five rupees a month.

This was precisely the state of mind Thotaram desired his comrade to be in. Seated with the babu on the station-yard fence, preparatory to parting for the night, little by little the schemer unfolded his plan. He found Seal not only pliant, but eager to participate, and before they separated the two young scoundrels had agreed to help themselves to the contents of a certain case marked "Old Nails" the moment it should turn up at the Nagina goods shed.

In due course the precious case arrived and was unloaded at the goods shed. Thotaram, by now a privileged loiterer—especially in that part of the station premises presided over by Seal—took occasion to examine the box. He felt satisfied it was intact; in exactly the same state as when booked by him at Kangri. That evening Seal casually mentioned to the chokidars (watchmen) and porters that as he had some returns to get through he should not leave the shed till late. He ordered the lamp-man to prepare a lamp and place it in his partitioned office; had all the doors and exits except one secured, and told all the underlings to go home, but to return punctually at 9, and that he would be responsible for things in the meanwhile. Native-like, and nothing loth, the whole posse cleared out, and hardly had the last man disappeared when Thotaram, stealing up to and tapping gently at the unbarred door, was admitted by his confederate. The two had prepared everything beforehand—cold chisels, hammer, pincers and what was more important than all, a plentiful supply of old nails, which had been collected and smuggled in during the interval of waiting.

After thoroughly searching every dark corner of the shed, and even walking twice round its exterior to assure themselves that no one watched them through possible cracks and fissures in the woodwork, they put the case on the platform scales, carefully noted the weight, compared it with that entered in the invoice, and then gingerly opened the box. This done, they took out the silver bars, and then, emptying the case of the cleats used to hold the precious metal immobile, they replaced the box on the weighing machine and crammed in old nails till the original weight had been arrived at. After this they carefully re-nailed the lid, using the same holes, and the first act in the robbery had been accomplished! They then descended to the permanent-way which ran through the shed. Here they dug a hole, kindled a fire, set an iron pot thereon, and melted two of the four bars at a time. This was a very necessary operation, as the ingots bore the impress of the consigners. This work finished, the two conspirators obliterated all traces of the fire, threw the melting-pot into the well, and each concealing on his person his portion of the "swag" they calmly awaited the return of the chokidars and porters.

On the forenoon of the next day Pusa came for his case. Everything was in order; the consignee produced the railway receipt, it was compared with the invoice, the weight of the box was verified, the book signed, delivery taken and the old silversmith set out on his return journey to his village, carrying the box with him in a bullock-cart. In the meanwhile a few days' leave being due to Hiralal Seal that youth applied for and obtained it. He had decided on spending it in a holiday at Kangri, the delights of which town Thotaram had already impressed him with. Here, too, Thotaram said they would find no difficulty in converting their plunder into current coin of the realm.

The two therefore returned to Kangri with a hardihood and effrontery almost inconceivable, and the confidential clerk resumed his duties. But on the very night of their arrival Thotaram was seen in the company of a young Bengali babu, a stranger to Kangri, at a native theatre, occupying front-row seats. Further, when Ja-hoora, a famous dancer and heroine of the piece, at the conclusion of the performance applied to the audience for largess, it was noticed that Thotaram and his Bengali companion each gave her a handful of rupees. These curious facts reached the ears of Bhugwandass the next morning, and that afternoon, while the banker was in the middle of admonishing his protegee on the evils attending extravagance there ensued a commotion in the outer court, and amid a storm of lamentations Pusa was introduced. He and a servant carried between them nothing less than the case.

"Behold, Maharaj!" cried Pusa, addressing the banker, as he tore open the lid and disclosed the interior—chock full of rusty nails. "Behold what you sent me in return for my remittance of 4000 rupees!"

For a short while consternation prevailed, but Bhugwandass's suspicions did not take long in assuming shape. He pieced the whole thing together in a few seconds. Thotaram's knowledge of the contents, his own overweening confidence in the fellow, especially with reference to the false declaration and false superscription, Thotaram's departure on leave, fitting in so well with a new friend, and last, not least, the happenings of the night before at the native theatre—all tended to confirm the old banker's opinion that one at least of the culprits stood before him. Ordering Thotaram not to stir from his presence, Bhugwandass instructed one of his clerks to find Thotaram's companion, and, under a pretended message from that youth himself, to inveigle the stranger to the bank. The emissary succeeded in finding his man, and in half an hour's time returned with the Bengali.

Addressing the precious pair the banker accused them point blank of concealing and perpetrating the robbery, and asked them if they had aught to say in extenuation of their offence before he called in the police. Thotaram was speechless, but Seal was not so easily disposed of.

"What," asked he, "did the railway consignment note declare the contents to be? The invoice, the receipt handed in by the consignee, and the superscription on the box itself all notified the same thing—'old nails,' weighing so much, and 'old nails' of the specified weight were duly delivered to Pusa, the consignee. Why, then, do you accuse us of stealing your bar silver? Who beyond yourself is there to say that the contents were bar silver? Even granted such to be the case, who saw us take it out? Who saw us even as much as tamper with the box? Where are the signs of any such tampering?"

"All the circumstances point toward you and Thotaram being the robbers," rejoined Bhugwandass, somewhat irresolutely.

"Assuming that we are," retorted Seal, insolently, "supposing you have us apprehended, and the affair goes before the magistrate, how will you explain your false declaration of the contents of the case? You have rendered yourself liable to a prosecution under the Railway Act for misrepresenting the contents of your box. Come!" he shouted, seeing the effect that his words had on the unhappy banker, "take us before the magistrate. You shall tell your story, I will tell mine! He will ask for all the documents I have mentioned, and when he peruses them, who will be convicted—me of robbery, without a scrap of evidence to support it, or you of false declaration—to prove which these documents will speak, let alone the words on the box?"

As he finished speaking he gazed at the banker triumphantly, but the latter only knitted his brows in woe-begone perplexity.

He realized only too well that Bhugwandass, Jeykissen, Singh & Co. were powerless to move hand or foot. The scoundrelly Seal had them, as it were, "on toast." All they could do they did, and Thotaram was dismissed from their employ, but Seal got off scot-free. That was all that happened to the perpetrators of an impudent and barefaced robbery as had ever been known to have been committed on an Indian railway. But Bhugwandass, Jeykissen, Singh & Co. no longer send bullion under the guise of "old nails."—The Wide World Magazine.

Cuvier's Collection Doomed.

The splendid cabinet of comparative anatomy in Paris begun by Cuvier, the distinguished naturalist, in 1796, and the completion of which occupied twenty-one years, is to be demolished by the authorities of the Jardin des Plantes. Among the numerous valuable specimens gathered and classified by Cuvier are the embalmed remains of the huge rhinoceros brought to his Versailles menagerie by Louis XIV, and which the gay monarch used to visit each week attended by his Court. The carcass thus honored by the King and his sycophants was saved with difficulty by Cuvier in 1793 from the incensed revolutionists, who desired to burn it because it had been one of their "tyrants' amusements."

It's all very well to kiss and make up, but women can generally make up without kissing.

SPEAKING OF SOUP.

How It Was Served in a Primitive German Hostelry.

"Speaking of soup," said a prominent musician who has traveled over a good part of the earth, reminds me of an experience I had some years ago while in one of the provinces of Germany. I had stopped over in a small town for a day or two, and was at the best hotel in the place. This is not saying a great deal, for the patronage did not justify anything like gorgeousness in the matter of service or in the kind and character of the food furnished the guests. The proprietor, at any rate, was doing the best that he could, and no doubt, I would have got along all right but for the peculiar method they employed in serving soup. I have never seen the method employed in any other place, and to be candid about it, I have not been on the lookout for the unique way of serving the first number on the menu. The first intimation I had of the curious practice was when a big, heavy Hollander, with a husky voice, who had rushed up behind me, asked 'Soup?' 'Yes,' I replied, and before I knew what had happened he had squirted the soup into my plate. I was surprised and shocked and not a little puzzled at first, because I did not know how the waiter had managed to squirt the soup into my plate so quickly. I had expected him to bring my soup in the usual way, in a plate. But he shot the soup over my shoulder before the echo of the 'ja' had left my lips. I watched him make the round of the table. He had the soup in a receptacle of some sort, that looked like a cross between a bagpipe and something else, and it worked with a suction-rod arrangement. If a guest wanted soup he would press the rod and the liquid would squirt out into the plate. It was interesting enough, but, to save my life, I couldn't eat the soup, and in fact, I couldn't eat anything else in the place. I suppose it was all right, but I simply couldn't stand for it, and when I left the place I was nearly starved."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Stars by Daylight.

"Are the stars visible to ordinary sight in the daytime?" asks E. Walter Maunder in Knowledge. "There is a widespread tradition that they are; that if an observer places himself at the bottom of any deep shaft—as of a mine, a well or a factory chimney—which may shut off scattered light and reduce the area of sky illumination acting on the retina he will be able to discern the brighter stars without difficulty. Of course, every one knows that Venus from time to time may be seen even at high noon, but then Venus at her brightest is many times over brighter than Sirius. Then, again, the assistance of a telescope enables the brighter stars to be discerned at mid-day, but the telescope not only directs the eye and greatly limits the area from which the sky light reaches the observer, but it enormously increases the brightness of the star relative to that sky illumination. The naked eye observation of true stars in full sun light stands in quite a different category. Humboldt, who was much interested in the question, repeatedly tried the experiment in mines, both in Siberia and in America, and not only failed himself ever to detect a star, but never came across any one who had succeeded. Much more recently an American astronomer set up a tube for the express purpose of seeing the Pleiades by daylight, also with no effect."

Recollections of Youth.

Standing on the stern of an outgoing Staten Island ferryboat at South Ferry the other day was a gray haired old man who appeared to be greatly interested in the proceedings.

"This is interesting," he said, as he turned to me, for he evidently wanted to talk to some one. "This primitive method of fastening and loosening a ferryboat carries me back to the days of my childhood. It is the same winding of noisy cog wheels, and the same straining and pulling of heavy gang-planks by four men hardly equal to the task."

"Back in 1866, when I lived in Camden and went to school in Philadelphia, I used to see that same sort of a proceeding, and wondered then if there wasn't a better, quicker, easier and more quiet method of fastening a ferryboat in its slip. It appears that there is not, for after forty-seven years I see exactly the same method used in all its primitive simplicity. Strange, isn't it?"—New York Herald.