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"SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY."

Hear the steady, steady tramp
Of the myriads of feet,
As they patter on the dump
Stony pavement of the street,
Just a constant patter, patter,
And a never-ending clatter,
As the people who are going and the people
who are coming meet;
Rushing hither, rushing thither in the dust
and glare and heat,
Rushing here and rushing there,
Chasing phantoms in the air,
Are the worn and weary people who are
tramping in the street.

Hear the gentle pit-a-pat
Of the little maid of three;
Underneath the Leghorn hat,
Dimpled, rosy cheeks has she;
While a dozen little others,
Little sisters, little brothers,
Fresh as mosses over which are cooling
waters running free,
Pink and white and sweet as roses—sweet
as any bloom may be,
Running here and running there,
Chasing phantoms in the air,
Are the dozen little others and the little
maid of three.

Hear the steady step and slow,
And the humming of a song,
As the lovers come and go
In the tumult of the throng;
And a dozen little bubbles
Float upon their seas of troubles,
As the lovers with a method, their mean-
derings prolong,
As the lovers' steps are mingled with the
rapid steps and strong,
Still the lovers loiter there,
Building castles in the air,
As the lovers' steps are mingled with the
phantom chasing throng.

—Sousie G. Riddle, in Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.

Hear the rapid steps and strong,
Hear the steps of widest scope,
Which to earnest men belong;
Thrilled by fear and thrilled by hope;
In the maelstrom ever busy;
Whirling, swirling, growing dizzy,
Like the seaman in the whirlpool, clinging
to the knotted rope;
Jostling, jeering, fighting—fearing neither
sinner nor the Pope,
Fighting here and fighting there,
Chasing phantoms in the air;
Some are winning, others losing—losing
everything but hope.

Hear the step that falters by,
Hear the clanking of the cane;
Feeble steps and feeble eye,
Weary heart and weary brain;
But the all-propelling passion
In this throng and din of fashion
Keeps the weakened form a-grasping for
the things he cannot gain,
Keeps the weakened muscles rigid, while
his hopes are being slain,
And he totters here and there,
Chasing phantoms in the air,
And he chases fleeing phantoms—chasing
phantoms with his cane.

Hear the steps of old and young,
Hear the steps of grave and gay,
Firm and feeble steps among
Others in the passion play,
Here and there are bands a-playing,
Hither, thither, footsteps straying;
All is toil and all is tumult, disappointment
holds the sway;
Some are winning, some are losing—just so
runs the world away.
All are rushing here and there,
Chasing phantoms in the air;
And we say, and say it truly—"Just so
runs the world away."

—Sousie G. Riddle, in Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.

The Atonement.

By
Helen F.
Huntington.

THE hot, still day had darkened to a sultry, windless night when a young couple drew rein before the Half-way House. There was a sound of revelry within when Norris drew back the door and led the way through the long hall, obstructed by kegs and chairs, to the little back parlor where occasional lady travelers were served with such fare as the place afforded. The cloth on the table was dingy and creased; a fly-fan creaked rustily in its slow revolutions, and a fat pink moth beat against the chimney of the oil lamp and finally dropped into the flame with a sizzle of burning grease that took away the remnant of Elenor's waning appetite. She leaned back in her chair to listen to the music of piano and violin, which kept well ahead of the shuffling feet scraping to and fro in the dance hall.

"Sounds oddly familiar," she murmured.

"Eastern airs usually circle out here in the course of two or three years," Norris remarked, uncorking the fizzing soda.

"They sound wonderfully sweet 'way out here, even the dullest of them," the girl answered, with a hint of longing.

"Oh, come, Elenor, you're never getting homesick at this late hour!" Norris laughed. But something in his voice made her look searchingly at his studiously averted face.

"You have something to tell me, Norris," she said, suddenly leaning forward and touching his hand.

"Why, as a matter of fact, I have," he answered placidly. "But first drink your coffee. You look tired out."

"Something that will hurt me?" she persisted.

"Well, not personally, I hope. Drink your coffee, please, then I'll tell you."

She drained the bitter, lukewarm draught submissively, then pushed aside her plate, and folding both hands over the edge of the table, leaned toward him expectantly.

"Well," he began, "there was an accident here last night. A man got in a row with a Mexican puncher, who knifed him pretty badly. Seems that the wounded man is from the East. I found that he knew some people we know, among them Jack Grandis."

"Yes, go on. Something about Jack, isn't it?"

"Well, yes. He did speak of Jack's hard luck. Elenor, does that man still stand in my light?"

A curious change came over her face, a look which Norris, who thought he knew her every emotion, had never seen there before.

"Does he, Elenor?" he persisted, quietly, but doggedly.

"No, Norris, thank God, no," she answered in a voice that hurt him cruelly. "He is only the shadow of the man that once stood in your light."

"Yet you once loved him more than you care for me?"

"Yes—I loved him even more than I love you, and he slighted and wounded my love—" She paused and searched his eyes, which were very gentle and also very grave.

"Norris, you know a lot about life, but you'll never in the world believe what that awakening cost me!" There were tears in her voice, but her eyes were hard and bright as polished stone.

"But that is all past and done with now?"

"Forever. What have you to tell me about Jack?"

"He is here in this house, hurt. Strange to say, he recognized me at once last night. He asked for you, and that is why I brought you here; because it seemed heartless to deny a dying man."

For the space of ten long heart-beats she looked speechlessly into his eyes, her face paling and reddening in wavelike succession.

"He is not dying surely!" She whispered so low that it was impossible to hear her voice, but the thought was clearly written in her eyes.

"They are afraid so. In any other case I should not have brought you here. I think I had better prepare him for your presence while you wait here."

But she would not be left alone. They met the surgeon at the door of the sick-room. "He is still under the influence of morphia," he informed them briefly. "I'll leave his door ajar. When he wakes you can go in."

Norris stepped softly within the bare little lean-to where the yellow candle flame diffused a pallid glow on the face of the man who had once stood in his light. It was a very young face and singularly handsome in spite of its deathly pallor and its deep shadows of pain and weariness. Norris knew his rival's history intimately—his reckless good-fellowship, the intemperance and weaknesses which had made him unworthy of Elenor's love. Even then, in the presence of death, it hurt him to know that she had once loved him absolutely.

The sleeper felt the presence beside him, but he did not open his eyes until Norris had returned to Elenor, still leaving the door ajar, so that he heard her question and the man's answer.

"Will he live long?" asked Elenor.

"Not longer than to-night," Norris told her calmly yet not without honest regret.

"Norris, if he should die not knowing that I still cared enough to come to him at this hour it would hurt me as long as I live."

"Would it, Elenor?" Norris asked tonelessly. "Ah, the pity of it! You still care, even knowing him to be unworthy, knowing that he never cared enough to keep himself from uncleanness for your sake."

"Don't, Norris!" she implored, in a voice that brought a rush of tears to the wounded man's eyes.

For a few seconds there was no sound to be heard, then the silence was broken by a woman's sob and a man's contrite plea for forgiveness.

"It hurts me to know that you still care," said the low, pained voice of Norris.

"No, no, Norris, you mistake," she protested piteously. "I don't care in that way. But now that he is dying—I cannot forget all that he has been to me."

"I understand. You want him to know—to comfort his last hour. Elenor, if I were dying, one word of love from you would save me. It would bring me back from the dead!"

To Jack, listening hungrily, her love had never seemed so sweet. It seemed now that nothing in the world could recompense him for the loss of that love which he had so recklessly squandered with the blind prodigality of inconsequent youth. Yet honor was not dead within him. All the heroism prisoner under the dress of worldliness and self-indulgence rose up to strengthen his silent vow of atonement, the resolve to yield to that other man the love which was his by right of worth.

Presently Elenor heard a slight movement in the sickroom, and went quickly to the door. Norris followed her quietly and took his place beside her while she leaned over the bed to look at the pallid face which revived the memory of a love that needed but an awakening touch to set it free. Suddenly Elenor stooped and taking his face between her hands kissed his lips.

A great sweetness came into Jack's face, a peace and radiance unspeakable, which reflected itself in Elenor's tearless eyes. Norris squared his shoulders against the wall and looked down at them silently, unseeing, for it seemed to him that tangible things had suddenly slipped away from him, leaving him at the brink of nothingness, with those two looking down at him from the brink of some far-off haven of bliss. At last Jack's voice brought him back to life with a start of agonized recollection.

"I wanted so much to see you," he was saying, very slowly and earnestly. "We were such good friends in the old days, weren't we, Elenor? I want to ask a service of you, something that I would not trust to any one else. Will you write a letter for me before I die—to the woman I love?"

Elenor's head lifted, and her face grew whiter than before, but the look of tenderness did not fade from her eyes. "Yes, Jack," she answered bravely, with an unmovable tremor of her low voice.

"If I die, I want her to know what she has been to me. I was never quite sure about her until—lately. Tell her how it is with me. They say there is always hope to the very last, and if I live—"

"If you live!" Elenor repeated in a strange voice. "Jack, shall I ask her to come to you?"

"No. She is not free to come."

"Married?" Elenor whispered.

Jack nodded. "But I know that she once loved me. Tell her that if I live, the memory of her love will help me to become the man she once believed me to be and that it will keep me strong and pure as long as I live."

There was a long silence, then Elenor rose from the seat she had taken beside him, and at the same time the surgeon returned. He put his hand on Jack's wrist and smiled.

"Good!" he approved. "You're doing well. Picked up tremendously during the last half hour. Nothing much to worry about now but the loss of blood. I think, by the way, that these young people had better leave you for the present, because I want you to put in the next twenty-four hours in a straight sleep."

Elenor paused outside the door and turned to look at Norris. "He didn't give me her address," she murmured.

"Never mind about that," said he buoyantly. "Jack will live to write his own letter."

"Norris," she began in a voice that trembled slightly. "Everything has turned out so much better than we could have arranged it. I am glad for his sake that the other woman exists."

"And for mine," Norris put in impulsively.

Suddenly she smiled, this time without bitterness or pain, and put her hands on his shoulders. "Norris," she said, "you are the dearest fellow in the world."—New York Times.

Few men undervalue themselves, especially when they are suing for damages.

The sweetness of revenge is often only sugar-coated.

The Power of Hot Lava.

Streams of water are often obliterated by walls of lava 100 feet thick, and sometimes inland mountain lakes are almost immediately formed by blocking up the water in this way. Walls of hot lava have melted down rocks and small peaks that have stood in their way. They have also preserved almost intact ordinary articles and converted other things into totally different substances. When the lava stream overwhelmed the town of Terre del Greco in 1794 the glass panes of the windows in the houses were turned into transparent stony substances, while articles of brass, copper, silver and iron were completely rearranged in their structural formation and actually sublimed and refined of all base metals. Sometimes torrents of water and mud pour forth from the volcanoes instead of molten rock or lava, and articles in nature are preserved in these streams better than in the lava beds. The streams of mud lava are generally quicker in their movements than the heavier mass of molten rocks, and they work destruction of an appalling nature, but they cover the country with a substance which makes plant life thrive instead of turning the land into a barren, rocky waste. A torrent of mud lava poured forth from Vesuvius in 1622 and overwhelmed the villages of Ottajano and Massa, burying houses and inhabitants in its quick flood. On the surface of this stream of mud vegetation quickly sprang up and flourished and the site of the villages was soon a scene of rich vegetable life. Several of the volcanoes in Java pour down streams of mud lava at periodic intervals, and in the Andes there are several volcanoes which inundate the country with the same kind of material.—New York Times.

The Housefly Short Lived.

The housefly and blue bottle fly, the bane of the housekeeper, are short lived at best. The excitement of escaping extermination, and rearing their young rounds out an existence of twenty-four hours. Nature, in appreciation of their short career, has provided them with compound eyes, which see about on all sides, a marvelously acute scent and a facility of flight which is the aggravation of him who dozes at noonday and who tries to catch that one fly. When autumn comes the death knell of millions of flies has sounded. They make no preparation for winter. The majority die, and their insignificant bodies are blown away by the passing breeze. A few hardy survivors linger in cracks in the walls, creep under the door frames or in crevices in the woodwork. It is probable that eggs are laid, larvae hatched and other flies creep from the metamorphosed maggots during the winter. But some naturalists assert that the few lingering flies are the parents of the multitude that appear in the warm days of June. The eggs they lay are numberless.

Prophetic of Loss of America.

At the coronation of George III, the Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine (the last relic of English dominion in France) appeared for the last time. The largest jewel in the crown is said to have fallen out during the ceremony, which is believed to have foretold the loss of America. When the pious King was about to receive the holy communion he took off his crown, a custom which has been followed by later sovereigns, and now appears in the rubric.

Something New in Endless Chain.

The latest form of the endless chain is that devised by a contributor to the English newspapers who incloses with his articles a polite letter and two dozen stamps. If the article is found to be unsuitable he wishes the editor to use one of the stamps in forwarding it, with the letter and remaining stamps, to the next on a list of twenty-four other editors, who is requested to do the same, and so on until stamps and editors are equally exhausted.

Beginning and End.

A certain gilded youth, seriously smitten by the charm and grace of a demure-looking country damsel, ventured to remark: "How I wish you would give me that ring upon your finger. It exactly resembles my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," replied the fair one. "I think I will keep it, for it is also emblematic of my love for you—it has no beginning."

The manufacture of artificial rubies, which in appearance are as good as the natural stones, is now a fact.

FEARED CITY WAS DESTROYED.

Natural Alarm of New Yorkers Residing in Mexico.

From Mexico City there comes in a private letter this story of how the rumor became current there in April of the destruction of New York:

"On the afternoon of the 3d inst. there was a rumor here of a terrible earthquake and cyclone in New York. Everybody talked about it, and each one had a worse tale to tell; half New York was destroyed, with 1,000,000 people. Think of my anxiety! I was afraid to telegraph. At last I made up my mind to do so, but when I reached the cable office they showed me a telegram just received in reply to an inquiry, which read: 'Not a word of truth in it.' I was greatly relieved. It seems that two Spaniards who live here and who had been on a visit to Europe returned to New York that day. They are known among their friends here as 'Earthquake' and 'Cyclone,' and are besides great eaters. One of their friends in New York telegraphed to a friend here:

"'Earthquake and Cyclone arrived; have swallowed up half New York.'"

"This was the cause of the whole thing."

FICKLENESS OF AMERICANS.

Fads Less Furious and More Lasting With the English.

"It may sound trite and perhaps unpleasing for an Englishman to say that you Americans are peculiar in a good many respects, but I am compelled to express that conviction, all the same," said a Liverpool manufacturer who was in Washington a short time ago. "When I was in this country the last time, about eight years ago, the bicycle was an amazing craze over here. One could hardly get along the streets for the wheels. Women as well as men were riding the bicycle all over America, and the newspapers were filled with bicycle jokes. Washington, particularly, as I remember, was tremendously taken up with the bicycle, and there were scores of bicycle establishments all over the city. Now, on this visit, I find that the bicycle has all but disappeared from the United States, so far as riding for pleasure is concerned. Men are still using the wheel strictly for business purposes, but riding for pleasure has gone altogether out of date, and it is positively rare to see a woman on a wheel. And that's why I can't refrain from expressing the opinion that Americans are peculiar in their enthusiasms. They took the bicycle up, made a positive craze of it for a few years, and then dropped it like the proverbial hot potato. We didn't take the bicycle up so quickly in England as you did here, but the machine is still in great vogue all over England and the continent, and there are more riders taking up the roads all the time. The women cling to the pleasures of the wheel tenaciously on the other side, and, in general, the thing is not a fad over there, but a settled and permanent thing.

"It is the same with roller skating. I can remember years ago when roller skating was a prodigious fad over here. There were rinks in every city in the country, and young and old took a try at the thing. Then, all of a sudden, the craze disappeared, and the roller skating rinks were closed up almost as suddenly as most of them were opened. Now the roller skating business was never a distinct craze on the other side, but there have always been roller skating rinks going since the skates were invented, and plenty of them are still in existence in England and on the continent. There are tens of thousands of people over there who enjoy the exercise, and probably the roller skating rinks will go on indefinitely.

"It is for these reasons that I haven't much confidence in the continuation of the automobile fad in the States. I believe that the Americans will become tired of the horseless carriages after a while, just as they did of the bicycle. When the machines gradually become within the reach of the most moderate purses, I am afraid that the bubble will collapse. The Americans are unequalled for taking up new things and dropping them again. In all other respects wholly admirable, I can't help believing that the Americans are in many respects more mercurial than the French, and more prone to tire quickly of a fad than any other nation on earth."—Washington Post.