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## DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS.

BY WILL T. HALE.

Nay, don't forget the old folks, boys—they've not forgotten you; Though years have passed since you were home, the old hearts still are true; And not an evening passes by they haven't the desire To see your faces once again and hear your footsteps nigher.

You're young and buoyant, and for you hope beckons with her hands, And life spreads out a waveless sea that laps but tropic strands; The world is all before your face, but, let your memories turn To where fond hearts still cherish you and loving bosoms yearn.

No matter what your duties are nor what your place in life, There's never been a time they'd not assume your load of strife; And shrunken shoulders, trembling hands, and forms racked by disease, Would bravely dare the grave to bring to you the pearl of peace.

So don't forget the old folks, boys—they've not forgotten you; Though years have passed since you were home, the old hearts still are true; And write them now and then to bring the light into their eyes, And make the world glow once again and bluer gleam the skies.

## A True Story of a False Arrest.

A Plot That Thickened Until It Bolled Over With Unexpected and Disastrous Results.

**B**ILLY HARTLEY was one of those irritating young men whose stock in trade consists of an important manner and a positive voice. Billy Hartley was a private detective and business was bad with him. He had gradually nursed himself into a state of mind where he believed that the world did not appreciate him. When a man so believes, the plot invariably begins to thicken into an ominously fatal sort of stew.

One day as Billy sat in his room at the "Grupelli" apartment house, he peeled the following little sweet potato of thought and threw it into the simmering saucepan of his ambitious thought:

"I must bring my detective ability before the public in a way which will make a marked impression," said he. He chopped up a logical turnip or two, and thoughtfully stirred them in.

"The public does not bring me its private cases and so I cannot prove my worth," he continued. "I must therefore fix up a case myself. Now there are a lot of robberies going on in this neighborhood, and the police seem helpless. Why can't I whirl in and catch these thieves?"

Billy Hartley commended with himself until he began to hate his own company.

"By the Great Guns of War! I have it!" he finally exclaimed. He wrote the following note:

"Dear Sir—If your representative will be at the corner of Broadway and Eighth street to-night at 12 o'clock I will hand him \$100 as agreed. He must have this letter to identify him, and the signal will be a sneeze."

Billy Hartley sealed this note, addressed it to himself, and placed it on a conspicuous part of his bureau. On the envelope he added the words: "Valuable. In haste."

Billy Hartley tiptoed to the window and cautiously peered out. "Oh, if the burglars would only call here and find that letter," he murmured imploringly.

Billy Hartley tiptoed to the door and listened intently. "They'd go for the \$100 and then we'd nab them sure," he continued, in a sibilant whisper. "Why, it would make me famous."

Billy Hartley picked up his hat and opened the door. He shook an ominous finger with a warning gesture for absolute silence and disappeared.

"The world's a stage. Up in one of the boxes sat Dame Fortune intelligently following Hartley's little side play.

"Now I'll just help this worthy young man," remarked the Dame to herself, and she settled cozily down to see this thing through.

The world's a stage. The actors are ready. The prompter is at hand. The strange instruments in the orchestra are shivering out their tremblest music and a thrilling detective mystery rapidly begins to unfold itself.

It was night. The stars shone bright. Jimmy Short and Gus Simmons, attired in irreproachable evening dress, wended their devious way up West Forty-sixth street. They had an utter disregard of the flight of the crow. Their faces were bathed in an effulgent happiness. Their gestures were of the heroic size. They had all the enviable appearances of having dined to the tune of accompaniment of corks that pop and tinkling glass.

Occasionally Jimmy was stricken with a convulsion of apoplectic merriment. "Isn't it easy?" he whispered to his companion at these times.

"It's almost too easy," replied Gus, wagging his head in a reflective manner.

The Bacchanalian procession of two stopped in front of the "Grupelli." They ascended the steps. One of them lurched inside. The other sat down on the door step and softly wept as he unlaced his shoes. A sophisticated policeman smiled indulgently as he passed.

But now behold a curious thing! The method and manner of the reveller who had lurched inside suddenly changed. His jag fell from him even as a mantle. He rapidly entered all the darkened rooms that were unlocked and rapidly came out again. In a short time he reappeared at the street door and resumed his correct imitation of a man on a bat. He locked arms with his watching companion on the steps and, striking up the chaste measure of a merry roundelay, they continued their winding way to Sixth avenue, where they disappeared.

In the Great Comedy of Life if is the accepted fact that one man in his time plays many parts, but it may be remarked that things do not become really interesting until some of the players begin acting two different parts at one and the same time.

When Billy Hartley returned to the "Grupelli" that evening he found the place ringing with violent and stinging exclamations. It seemed as if nearly every room in the place had been robbed. Orotund oaths pulsated in and out like a passionate shuttle in some highly speeded rhetorical loom. Curious curses perforated the peaceful night and died away in an awed and shuddering stillness.

Up and down the halls flitted the burgled ones, comparing notes and lamenting their losses in stentorian accents. The human imagination is never so healthy as during the discussion of a robbery. Missing neckties became full dress suits with money in the pockets, and piffered scarfpins were glorified into solid gold repeaters presented to their inconsolable owners for saving human lives.

Billy Hartley entered his room with the tense feeling of a gambler who has staked everything on one card. He noted with a hot glow of satisfaction that the letter was missing from his bureau. He called in his neighbors and explained the case to them.

"The burglar will be there," concluded Hartley importantly. "He'll be there after that \$100. And when he sneezes we'll nab him."

"But how'll we prove it?" asked a doubting Thomas.

"He'll have my letter with him, of course," replied Hartley. "I can swear I left it on my bureau."

The doubting Thomas shook Hartley by the hand.

"Great head," he murmured admiringly. "Lucky thing that the burglar happened to take your letter."

"That was pure detective ability," responded Hartley importantly. "No such thing as luck in matters like these."

Up above, Dame Fortune suddenly cast a spiteful look at this cheeky young man who was so early denying the existence of his benefactor.

"No such thing as luck, eh?" she

muttered, pursing up her lips. "We'll just see about that. We'll just see!"

It may be stated at this point that when Femininity purse up her lips and says, "We'll just see," it generally means that some poor image of a man will soon be heavily leaning up against bars many where and vainly attempting to drown his bitter sorrows in a tempestuous sea of beer.

And in the meantime where were Jimmy Short and Gus Simmons? They were sitting at a little round table and looking earnestly at each other.

"Isn't it easy?" inquired Jimmy.

"It's too easy," ruminated Gus. "Why is it that a cop never arrests a drunk in a dress suit? And if I'd been caught in the Grupelli to-night they'd have thought I was full and got in the wrong room by mistake. It's too easy!" he repeated solemnly. He again looked earnestly at his companion as he piled a miscellaneous assortment of jewelry on the table. Their earnest looks simultaneously disappeared and they winked at each other with much humorous unction.

"And here's a letter I picked up in one of the rooms," continued Gus. "It's marked 'Valuable' and hasn't been opened yet," he commented as he proceeded to read the letter to his attentive partner.

"He must have this letter to identify him and the signal will be a sneeze," concluded Gus.

"The signal will be a sneeze," he repeated.

"Easy!" murmured Jimmy ecstatically. "Oh, easy!"

"And Hartley never saw this note," added Gus.

"Easy!" repeated Jimmy. "Oh, easy! Why, anybody can sneeze. It's child's play. One of us will just go there with this letter and sneeze and get \$100. Isn't it easy, eh? Makes you wish you had a cold."

"It's too blamed easy," objected the other more solemnly than ever; "it's too easy to be natural. Let's think it over."

A tall, thin, red-headed man brought in a couple of bottles and placed them on a table.

"Hello, Sandy," remarked Gus. "Where've you been lately?"

"Been over to Jersey for a week," answered Sandy; "just got back five minutes ago."

Jimmy and Gus again looked at each other earnestly. They nodded.

"Sandy," remarked Gus portentously, "sit down, my boy, we want to have a little talk with you."

At this point it may be stated that while it is a well accepted sociological theory that talk is cheap there are a number of well authenticated cases on record where it has cost a man surprisingly dear.

The hour was midnight. The place was Broadway and Eighth street. The clock in Grace Church clanged out the midnight hour. The last reverberation had reluctantly died away when a tall, red-headed man walked up to the corner and sneezed. Instantly a strange thing happened. A posse of revengeful citizens pounced out from neighboring doorways and seized this tall, sneezing, red-headed man.

"We've got you!" they cried.

take a good look at them pants!" he howled with sudden feeling as he hastily took advantage of a convenient chair.

That is how it cost the tenants of the Grupelli \$300 to square themselves with Sandy Pierson the other night.

And that also is why Billy Hartley is going into the real estate and insurance business as soon as he can find a suitable opening for an ambitious young man.—New York Evening Sun.

### Fashions in Horses

As in nearly everything else, fashions in horses are frequently changing, and it is interesting to note how these have varied. Years ago nothing was considered more stylish, in tandem for instance, than a smart dapple-gray leader and a good, upstanding chestnut in the shafts. Then came the period of rigid uniformity when the animals had all to be carefully matched—it made no matter what was the color. This has lasted pretty well until the present day, with varying limitations. At one time well-groomed, satin-coated blacks were the rage, at another chestnuts were essential. Just now "liver-colored" chestnuts and browns are declared to have Dame Fashion's smile, and there is also considerable request for the good, hard, serviceable blue roan, nowadays somewhat scarce. In this as in other matters, however, the good lady's favor is fickle. A prominent fancier decides for a certain color, and drives in a smart "turnout." He promptly has the battery of imitation. A demand is created and the fashion set. Just as in clothes, so in selection for the stable. What was yesterday's "correct thing" may be to-morrow's "bad form;" but for the riding man the highest recommendation of a mount will always be quality rather than shade.—London Daily Telegraph.

### The Atomic Theory Exploded.

"Atoms" as indivisible and unalterable particles disappear from our philosophy. In their stead we have "electrons," of which the streams from radium are partly composed, and which are nothing more nor less than minute electrified masses. If we accept the atom at all, we must consider it as composed of a whole stellar system of "electrons," all in orbital motion. Chemistry bids fair to become the astronomy of the infinitesimal. Just how much smaller than an atom an "electron" is, Sir William Crookes has shown in a striking example: The sun's diameter is about 930,000 miles, and that of the smallest planetoid about fifteen miles. If an atom of hydrogen be magnified to the size of the sun, an "electron" will be about two-thirds the diameter of the planetoid. The nineteenth century saw the birth of the atom. We now see its destruction. Perhaps at some future day we may conclude with Crookes that the universe is composed of a swarm of rushing "electrons."—Woman's Home Companion.

### Charles Lamb's Only Proposal.

Charles Lamb proposed to a woman just once in his life. The letter containing his proposal, and a portion of it in facsimile, is printed for the first time in Harper's Magazine, in an article by John Hollingshead, whose collection of literary treasures contains the original letter. The lady to whom his addresses were made was Miss Frances Maria Kelly, "a versatile and sympathetic actress and singer." Miss Kelly was said not to have been a beauty; but Lord Byron had said of her that she was the only woman in the whole Kemble company at Drury Lane Theatre who was worth talking to. It is no wonder, then, that Lamb succumbed to her sympathetic attraction. But she replied gracefully to the negative to his proposal, and her letter, too, is included in Mr. Hollingshead's article.

### Publishing the News.

People should understand that a newspaper is printed for the sole purpose of carrying the news of the day, says an exchange. It is a poor stick of a reporter or editor who will listen to personal grievances and permit himself to be influenced by personal friendship or family matters. The newspaper man who does not recognize news and who is influenced by any degree of sentiment to suppress what is news has no business to be engaged in the business.

Italy has 95,701 acres of orange and lemon groves containing 16,730,907 trees.

### HUNTING CHAMOIS.

A Sport Which Takes Place in the Clouds.

This is how a writer in *Outing* describes a chamois hunt:

The ascent up the excessively steep slope, with the crushed snow breaking under one's steps, was hard work, and the fresh signs of game as I reached the higher elevations and a whistle or two out of the dense fog, emitted by chamois at no great distance, made it all the more tantalizing that one's range of vision was so extremely limited. The top of the ridge, some 3,000 feet over the valley, consisted of a black, rocky, needle like pinnacle, too steep for snow to lie, and on scrambling hand over hand to the top, I found to my surprise that it just topped the sea of white mist.

We soon had glissaded a thousand feet down to about the place where I had heard the chamois whistle on my way up. We were talking quite loudly, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, I found myself in the middle of a band of chamois some thirty or forty in number. As I had been sliding down at a great pace I actually passed a beast or two within reach of my Bergstocke, and one kind, in its frantic haste to join its mother, nearly ran me down. Throwing myself backward into the snow and wrenching off the covering of bolt and muzzle, the chamois, whose surprise seemed to be even greater than ours, actually gave me time to get in a quick shot at what looked like a buck before they vanished in the dense mist.

"You have hit him right enough," exclaimed the keeper; but I was not so very certain about it, for it was a case of pulling the trigger before the rifle was well up to my shoulder. When we reached the spot where the animal had been overtaken by my soft nosed Mannlicher bullet, a few spurts of blood put a rosier hue on the outlook. As the snow was scored up by countless tracks and the trail of blood soon stopped, we separated in order to more quickly find the wounded beast. I had not gone far before I found my quarry—it was a barren doe, unfortunately—lying dead, with my bullet through her shoulders.

### EVER HEAR OF URALITE?

Wonderful Material Invented by Man With Wonderful Name.

Have you ever heard of uralite? Probably not, for it is a new invention. It is the invention of a Russian artillery officer and chemist named Imshenetzky, and its claim to distinction lies in the fact that it is absolutely fireproof.

Uralite is composed of asbestos fiber, with a proper proportion of silicate, bicarbonate of soda and chalk, and it is supplied in various finishes and colors according to the purpose for which it is intended.

In a soft form a sheet of uralite is like an asbestos board; when hard, it resembles finely sawn stone, and has a metallic ring. Besides being a non-conductor of heat and electricity, it is practically waterproof, and may be made entirely so by paint.

Moreover, it can be cut by the usual carpenters' or woodworkers' tools; it can be veneered to form paneling for walls or partitions; it can be painted, grained, polished and glued together like wood; it does not split when a nail is driven through it; it is not affected when exposed to moisture or great changes of temperature, and it can be given any desired color, either during the process of manufacture or afterward.—Stray Stories.

### More Men Than Women.

Europe has a population of 334 millions, with 2-3 millions more women than men; Asia has 815 millions, with a surplus of 16 millions of men; Africa, with a population of 27 millions, has about 1,000,000 more men than women; in America, which has a population of 102 millions, there are also about 1,000,000 more men than women; the excess of men in Australia, with a total population of 4,000,000, is about 500,000.

Europe is the only continent with a numerical preponderance of women. But even in Europe there are many countries where the men outnumber the women. That is, the case in Italy, Greece, Roumania, Bulgaria, Serbia, Bosnia and Herzegovina.