

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XV.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 20, 1905.

No. 44

THE CONSERVATIVE

At twenty, as you proudly stood
And read your thesis, brotherhood,
If I remember right, you saw
The fatuous faults of social law.

At twenty-five you braved the storm
And dug the trenches of reform,
Stung by some gadfly in your breast
Which would not let your spirit rest.

At thirty-five you made a pause
To sum the columns of the cause;
You noted, with unwilling eye,
The heedless world had passed you by.

—Edmund Vance Cooke, in Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

At forty you had always known
Man owes a duty to his own.
Man's life is as man's life is made;
The game is fair, if fairly played.

At fifty, after years of stress
You bore the banner of success.
All men have virtues, all have sins,
And God is with the man who wins.

At sixty, from your captured sighs
You fly the flag of vested rights,
Bounded by bonds collectable,
And hopelessly respectable!

the singular affair, began to be talked of in the neighborhood.

The only result of this second visitation was to fix the idea firmly in the minds of Mr. Clark and those who heard it, that it was really old Brindle's bell.

The next day Mr. Clark called on Widow Garrett.

"I came," he began, with assumed confidence, "to buy your cow-bell. I suppose you'd as lief sell it, as you have no use for it now?"

"I should be glad to do so," assured the widow, "but they did not think it worth keeping, and so buried it with the cow."

"I'd pay you a good price for it," he continued watching her keenly.

"I'm sorry I have not got it," she replied. "I'd be glad enough to sell it if I could."

The man turned a shade paler. "I—I can't always tell my cow-bells when I'm hunting my cows, they're so like the others, and that was so different."

"I'm sorry," repeated the widow. "Oh, well, it don't matter," continued Mr. Clark. "Now I come to think of it, the bell was cracked and wasn't worth much. You'll be buying a new one, I presume?"

The widow shook her head. "It would be a great help to me," she said, "but I could not raise the money to buy one."

That night the farmer decided not to go out to the field, but he discovered, as did his neighbors, that the bell rang just the same, whether he went out or not.

Big boys began to whistle when they had to pass the field after sundown, and little boys would not pass it at all after dark.

The next night the farmer lay awake and listened; he did not get up until the sound of the bell came through the field, and went up and down, up and down along his garden fence.

Then he left his bed, dressed himself and followed it into the field. A number of the neighbors stood in the road and shouted out to him.

"Why don't you set the dog on it?" called one.

Mr. Clark did not keep a dog, but a neighbor brought one, and it was sent into the field.

It went in fast enough, but it did not come back. Later the owner found that it had sneaked out on the opposite side of the field and gone home.

The neighbors were standing outside the fence, and Mr. Clark inside, just in the edge of the wheat. With one accord they seemed to have left him to search out the mystery alone, only helping by advice.

"Why don't you go into the field before it comes," asked one, "and watch?"

This he decided to do. Near the centre of the field stood a huge stump. The tree had been cut down years before, and used for rails, but one cut of the log—a mere shell now—lay near the stump, and beside this Mr. Clark seated himself, in the early twilight, and waited.

For some reason best known to himself, perhaps, he had chosen to seat himself facing the railway and with his back to the farmhouse. His eyes were on a level with the top of the wheat; he could hardly fail to see anything that might come within the fence, either before or on either side of him.

All was still; and at last he decided to go back to the house. But, as he arose from his cramped position and turned, with his back to the field, he found he had worked himself into the condition of a frightened boy, who dares not look back for fear he will see something, and dares not quicken his steps for fear that he will run.

But, almost at the moment that he turned, the sound of the bell broke out sharp, distinct, and aggressively near, behind him.

But when he turned at the fence there was nothing in sight; even the wheat was still, except where he had just passed through it.

The next day Mr. Clark took one of his best young cows to the widow.

"It will be winter soon," he said; "and I've got more than I have stable room for. It will oblige me if you'll take care of her for the milk and butter you'll get, and I'll bring a load or two of hay to begin on."

The bell rang no more after that, and it was more than a nine days' wonder and talk; but, as has been intimated before, sensations were scarce in that primitive neighborhood.

Years afterwards, some one found a rusty cow-bell with a broken tongue

in the hollow log, and it revived the story of the haunted wheat field.

"No," said Tommy Garrett—a man grown when they mentioned it to him; "I did not intend to scare Mr. Clark the first time. I'd got the bell, and was coming through the field, playing that I was Brindle, when he came out. That made me think of getting him out again. It was easy to take the tongue in my hand when he'd get too close, and it was fun! I'd have rung it again, only I broke the clapper that night I chased him. No, my mother didn't know; she'd have belted me good if she had!"—Golden Days.

A New Type of Microscope.

A new type of high-power microscope invented by Mr. J. W. Gordon was recently exhibited in London. Says The Scientific American Supplement: "It is well-known fact that when high magnification is attempted by a series of lenses arranged in conventional manner, the emergent beam of light which enters the eye of the observer is so small that vision is deficient, owing to the fact that the pupil of the eye is not entirely filled with light. It is consequently apparent that in order to obtain satisfactory results in excessive magnification the emergent ray should be expanded in such a way as to fill the pupil of the eye. This result is achieved in this microscope of Mr. J. W. Gordon. It comprises an ordinary microscope with an eccentrically rotating glass screen with a finely grained surface placed in the view-field. This is viewed through a second microscope which has an object-glass of half an inch, by means of which a further magnification of 100 diameters is rendered possible. The transmitted emergent beam is expanded by the ground-glass screen so that it fills the second microscope, and there are no imperfections whatever in the magnifications. The inventor demonstrated this by magnifying a diatom to 10,000 diameters, and its structure was perfectly clear and defined right to the edges. A comprehensive idea of the extent of this excessive magnification may be gathered from the fact that if the eye of an ordinary house-fly were magnified on the same scale it would cover an area of 312 feet. The idea of the ground-grained screen being made to revolve is to prevent the grain thereon becoming visible and thereby interfering with the magnifying of the subject under observation, while as it is not in contact with either of the microscopes there is a complete absence of vibration."

Green Lamps Talk to Car Men.

The street car lines of New York have their lantern signals the same as steam railways. Different barns—they are still called barns, although horseless—have different signals with red and green lanterns. On an Eighth avenue car the other night two green lanterns were swinging from the rear. A passenger asked why.

"Them's the go home lamps," explained the conductor. "On our down trip the transfer men along the run see the green lights. Then they know that their relief will appear within a certain time, differing according to the length of the run, and that they can go home. Men who hand out transfers on the corners cannot think of going home until they see them green signals in the rear. A green signal ahead notifies them to stay on until further orders."—New York Press.

Where Women Vote.

In four States—Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho—women possess the right to vote on equal terms with men at all elections. Either full or partial suffrage for women exists in twenty-six States. In eighteen States women possess school suffrage. In Kansas they have municipal and school suffrage. Montana and Iowa permit them to vote on the issuance of municipal bonds. In 1898 Louisiana granted them the privilege of voting upon questions relating to public expenditures. With this exception, the Southern States have been slow in advancing the woman-suffrage cause. The women of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho vote for Presidential electors.—Kansas City Journal.

How Japs Test Arrows.

In Japan archers test their arrows by balancing them on the nails of the second and third fingers of the left hand and rapidly twirling them by the feathered end with the fingers of the right. If the arrows make a whirling sound it is crooked and must be straightened.

IN A PRINTING OFFICE.

Through dingy labyrinths that lead
When Dragon presses clank and roar,
And "Devils" moil that men may read,
She trips along the trembling floor.

A gleam of joy, a golden ray
In Giant Labor's grim domain—
The Princess of the olden lay
Whom naught could harm and naught
could stain.

So dainty every hazel hair
Is bent to form her shining crown!
No fleck nor spot is anywhere
To mar the trim and dainty gown.

The grimy pressmen laugh and nod;
Her laugh resounds across the aisle.
The stonemen turn from type and quad
To catch the sunbeam of her smile.

And he—the youth whose dark eyes dance
And sparkle at the sight of her?—
Oho! She meets his eager glance,
And roses flush where lilies were.

Romance? Who knows? The Fowler takes
In wood-ron's ways his gentle spoil.
All blessings on the lass who wakes
The tender thought that heightens toil!
—Arthur Guiterman, in the New York Times.



"Are you up on music?" "No, down on it. A man in our flat is learning to play a cornet."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I was knocked senseless when a small boy." "Well, doesn't the doctor think you'll ever get over it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

And now in dreams the urchin sees
In country and in town,
A vision which doth highly please—
A schoolhouse burning down.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Fuddy—"Benson claims that he once rode a thunderbolt bareback." Duddy—"Not bad for Benson, but my friend Titcum rides a motor cycle every Sunday."

His autograph's not worth a cent,
'Tis treasured not, you know,
Though I've a promissory note
He signed some years ago.
—Fort Worth Record.

Dolly—"Nell says that her engagement ring cost \$250." Polly—"Perhaps she meant that she spent as much as that entertaining the young man before she got it."—Somerville Journal.

Miss Verjuice—"I saw Jane Staples last evening. She was with a man, and I'll bet anything he was a married man." Miss Creamleigh—"He is; he's Jane's husband. I supposed you knew she was married."

"What kind of sail are you going to use on your yacht next year?" asked the enthusiast. "Sheriff's, I guess," replied the owner, who had just looked over the steward's accounts.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"If there's anything I hate it's a conceited person, and that Bloyley is certainly the limit." "What makes you think him conceited?" "He told some one he knew as much as I know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"You'll take a couple of tickets, of course. We're getting up a raffle for a poor cripple in our neighborhood." "None for me, thank you. I wouldn't know what to do with a poor cripple if I had him."—Philadelphia Press.

"I certainly was gratified at Mr. Crittick's comment," said D'Auber. "What did he say?" asked Knox. "Why, you heard him. He said I was unquestionably a deft colorist." "I understood him to say 'daft.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Brown (staying at a farm house for his summer holidays)—"I like your eggs, Mrs. Cheriton, but fish in the country often has such a strong flavor." Farmer's Wife—"Yes, sir. But in London what you lose on the fish you gain in the eggs."—Punch.

Dunstanburg Castle.

Dunstanburg castle is about to be offered for sale by auction. It was first a British stronghold, then a Roman fortress, and at a much later period was garrisoned for Queen Margaret, after the battle of Hexham, when it was besieged and taken after an assailable lasting three days. The legend of "Sir Guy, the Seeker," told in a ballad by M. G. Lewis, is connected with the castle. "Dunstan diamonds" are crystals found in the neighborhood. A deep chasm in the rock of the east of the castle is known as the Rumble Churn.

The Mysterious Cow-Bell.

By BETH DAY.

IN the summer of 1866 the few families living at Clark's Crossing, in Western Wisconsin, were thrown into great excitement by the ringing of a cow-bell. Perhaps it had been an ordinary cow-bell, or had been heard in any other field, it would not have caused even a ripple of excitement among the stolid farmers; but that that particular bell should ring in that one field and in no other, just at that particular time, and that no one should ever catch sight of the mysterious ringer, was enough to cause excitement, even in a place where sensations were more common than they were in that little backwoods settlement.

Clark's Crossing had been named after the wealthy owner of the largest farm in the township. It is doubtful if this name would have been chosen if the man who had first applied it to the cluster of houses that stood near the spot where the railway crossed the main road had supposed that the neighbors would adopt the name, for Mr. Clark was not popular among them. They distrusted and disliked him.

He was an ignorant man, but no one could say he was positively dishonest. He was too acute to be caught in any of the petty meannesses of which they felt sure he had been guilty; therefore, they could only watch him closely in all their dealings, and probably believed him guilty of many things he never thought of doing.

Feeling thus toward him, it was not strange that when Widow Garrett's cow was run over on the track just below the crossing, where the railway ran through a portion of Mr. Clark's farm, that there should be a number ready to say that he had let down the fence and driven the animal on to the track; else, how did she get there? Not from the road; the cattle guards prevented that, and the railway itself was well fenced.

The cow was known to have broken into the wheat-field in the afternoon. She wore a heavy, cracked, peculiar-sounding bell that was well known to all. Two of the neighbors had afterward said that, returning home late from the village, three miles away, they had heard the cow there again.

Later still, when the express train went by, several had been aroused from sleep by its short, sharp danger whistle; but the train had gone on, and afterward the cow had been found by the section men beside the track, dead. They notified Mrs. Garret, and, to save her any trouble or expense, buried the carcass where it was found.

Tommy Garrett, freckled, undersized, big-eyed Tommy—Mrs. Garrett's dull, commonplace, fourteen-year-old and only son—went over and watched them, and Mrs. Garrett grieved, for the cow had been a help to her, and she could not afford to replace it.

"Did they take the bell off Brindle?" she asked Tommy that evening, as he sat staring solidly into the fire.

"So," he replied, "thought it wasn't worth it. It's buried, but not deep, though."

"Well, we can't get it, even if it isn't deep," answered his mother. "But I'm sorry it wasn't taken off. The bell and strap would have been worth something at the junkshop in town, even if no one here wanted them. Fifty cents, maybe."

Tommy's dull face brightened somewhat, and his wiry figure straightened for a moment.

The old bell worth fifty cents a pity he had not known it! This was the way the matter stood on the second night after the cow

had been buried. Mr. Clark heard a cow-bell in his wheat-field. He dressed hastily, grumbling meanwhile about people who allowed their stock to run in the road—although he was one of them—lit his lantern and hastened out to the field.

All the way from the house to the wheat-field fence he could hear the short "clink, clink" made by the bell of an animal feeding.

"Get out, you brute!" he shouted, as he set his lantern on a fence-post and began to climb stiffly into the field.

It was a still night. Every sound could be heard distinctly. There was a sharp "clank" of the bell, as if the animal had passed, startled by his voice, and raised its head suddenly to listen, and presently the steady, half-muffled "clink, clink, clink," began again.

Mr. Clark went out a few yards into the wheat, and, holding his lantern as high as he could, peered into the semi-darkness.

"Clink, clink, clink," sounded the bell—only a few yards away, it seemed to him, but he could see nothing.

"Get out, you trespassing beast!" he shouted again, stamping angrily. The bell rattled as if the cow had shaken her head, and then all was still.

The field lay beside the main road. One of the section men, who had been to the village and was late in returning, called to his neighbor:

"What's up, Clark?"

"Somebody's cattle in my wheat again," replied the farmer. "Can you see anything?"

The man stooped until his eyes were on a level with the top of the wheat and looked across the field. In the silence the "clink, clink" of the bell was distinctly audible.

"No," he answered; "I can't see anything. But I can hear her. There's only one, I think."

"Sounds like that cow of Widow Garrett's," observed the farmer.

"Well, it isn't her," rejoined the man—"nor her bell, neither, for we buried them both. But it does sound like it."

"It does that," answered the farmer, "and there wasn't another bell like it in the township. Well, I must get the old critter out, or she'll have half the wheat trampled down."

He shuffled away, following the "clink, clink" of the bell, that seemed to come from just beyond the circle of light cast by the lantern he was holding.

Presently he stopped, for the sound of the bell had ceased.

Mr. Clark listened for a moment. Then he kicked some of the hard earth loose, gathered a handful, and flung it in the direction in which he had heard the bell.

"Why, you old fool!" he shouted, "there was no other sound; nor did he hear the bell again that night, although he searched for some time; neither did he find any cattle in the field. He examined the fence, but could find no place where an animal could have broken in."

The more he thought about it the more mystified he became. He feared that the bell-ringing would be repeated, nor were his fears in vain. It began somewhat earlier than on the previous evening, and armed with his lantern a stout stick which he had provided, Mr. Clark sallied out at the first "clink, clink" of the bell, and for nearly an hour followed it about, as he had done on the previous night, and to as little purpose.

Two of the nearest neighbors threw up their windows and listened when they saw the lantern in the field, and