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THE ROAD.

This common road, with hedges high
Confined on either hand,
Will surely enter by and by
Some large, luxuriant land.

The many wayfarers on foot,
Have tolled from stage to stage,
And others roll along the route
With easy equipage.

All seek, methinks, that wide domain
Whereon my thoughts are set.
Press onward! Leave the dusty plain!
Hasten! 'Tis farther yet!

And in the end shall great repose
Descend upon my soul,
When, at the eager journey's close,
I reach the sudden goal.

Content, enlargement, fragrance, ease,
Joy in the evening's cool,
The subtle silence in the trees,
The gleam upon the pool—

Dreamer! In vain thou hastenest;
That glorious land resign;
Take by the road thy joy, thy rest;
The road, the road is thine.
—J. B. C., in the Pilot.

THE 7.45 EXPRESS

By FRANCIS CHURCHILL WILLIAMS.

TWO men were sitting in the smoking room of a London club. One, a tall, athletic looking fellow, with black hair and clean-cut features, was slowly blowing rings of smoke in the air as he lay back in the big armchair.

The other man, slight and clean shaven, with a singularly mobile face and twinkling gray eyes, was looking over a daily paper. Between them was a small table, furnished with a couple of stands of club soda and a decanter, which gave signs of having been well used.

"Gerald," said the small man all at once, dropping the paper into his lap, "what do you think of train robbers?"

The tall man looked up in lazy surprise. "Topsy Russel," he drawled, "now, what in the name of all that's wonderful ever put such a question as that into your head?"

"The paper," explained the other; "and seriously I ask you, what do you think of train robbers?"

"And just as seriously I reply," returned the tall man, "that I think the fellows who strip you of your watch and valuables and depart with your Gladstone or portmanteau are clumsy rogues at the best. And the people they rob—well, they're a shade less admirable; for in every case I have heard of they appear to have acted like cowards or fools, and a rogue's always preferable to either of these, to my mind. And now that you have my candid and doubtless, authoritative, opinion on train robbers, please finish that soda and try one of these cigars; they are worth trying, if I say it myself."

"Only one more question," said Russel, as he took the proffered weed. "You laugh at the way railway travelers get in these little affairs. Now, how would you act? Suppose a fellow were suddenly to put a pistol to your cheek and insinuate a desire for your watch! No one is near. You are alone in the carriage. What would you do?"

"I'd knock the pistol out of his hand, while pretending to comply with his demand, and throw him out the window after it."

Caruthers said this quietly and determinedly, and Russel knew him too well to suspect braggadocio, so he only laughed lightly at his companion's emphatic reply and proceeded to envelop himself in clouds of smoke.

"Well," said the tall man, looking at his watch and starting up, "I must be going. The express starts at 7.45 and I've to stop at a couple of places before making the station." And he rang for his bag and overcoat.

"Now, Gerald Caruthers," said his companion as Gerald was being helped into his coat, "remember what you have told me. If I hear of any attempt at train robbery on the 7.45 express I will not write to you, but shall at once have the track examined and the body of the robber discovered and interred. I suppose you will be willing to do that much for your victim, won't you?"

"Oh, certainly," laughed Caruthers, and the next moment he had wrung Russel's hand and had gone.

At the station he secured a first-class ticket and then set about to find an empty compartment if possible.

As luck would have it the second coach he looked into was unoccupied, and he quickly stored his portmanteau away, and settling himself luxuriously in the corner, uttered a silent prayer that no one would come in to interrupt, with the usual traveler's companions and platitudes, the nap he had in prospect.

He looked at his watch; only one

minute remaining till train time, and already he heard the doors being banged to as the guard went his rounds.

And then—then, just as he was putting his watch back into his pocket with a breath of relief, the door of the compartment was suddenly jerked open and, framed in the narrow opening, appeared the figure of a man of slight stature, with gray beard and bent shoulders.

He peeped cautiously into the coach, and his eyes traveled quickly and with apparent indifference over the big frame of Caruthers. Then he stepped in, and, with a slight nod to Caruthers, dropped a small handbag on the cushioned seat, pulled his soft wool hat over his eyes, sank down in one corner of the compartment and thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets.

Caruthers witnessed these movements with some satisfaction, and, after a glance or two at his companion, and an instant's look outside at the yellow lights which were flying by as the express gathered speed he spread out his legs, pulled his coat up about his ears and proceeded to make himself comfortable for the 120-mile ride before him.

Five minutes later he was sound asleep and making that fact unmistakable by the most tremendous snores.

But if Caruthers snored loudly his brain was fully as active as were his lungs, and, for a time he passed through a series of adventures in dreamland which were anything but unpleasant.

Then, suddenly, he was transported from a delightful fantasy into what seemed to him to be an immense haberdasher's shop, where he found himself unceremoniously set down before a little old man, who insisted upon fitting around his neck a most prodigiously high and stiff collar.

Now if there was anything against which Caruthers was for all time and most vehemently opposed it was high collars, and therefore he struggled hard to push away his tormentor and remove the objectionable neck piece. But all to no purpose.

To his surprise, he found his arms weighted down as if with lead. His persecutor coolly continued to fit on the collar, and finally, having done this to his satisfaction, pushed over his head until the top edge of the collar cut into his neck and was choking him.

Caruthers used every endeavor to raise his arms, but in vain. Great drops of sweat seemed to drain down his face as he tugged at his invisible bonds, and all the time he felt the little old man passing his hands, which were plump and smooth, over his body, thrusting them now into his pockets, now inside his vest and again pulling at his fingers.

All at once, however, even the desire for resistance left the dreamer, his sensations became dull and he fell again into unbroken sleep.

His next sensation was when his eyes began to feel the light and he slowly became aware of a dull, dead feeling in his arms, a fullness of the head and a dry contraction of the throat. After a while he was sensible of the motion of his resting place, and at last his eyes took in enough of what was about him to show him that this was no haberdasher's shop, but the inside of a railway carriage traveling at high speed, that there was no high collar about his neck, and that no little old man stood opposite him.

But it was some time, nevertheless, before his brain became clear enough to appreciate that all he seemed to

have gone through with lately was only a dream, and that he now was in the 7.45 express from London, and probably—how many hours on his journey?

He slipped his fingers into his waistcoat pocket for his watch. Then, with an exclamation of surprise, he raised himself quickly to his feet and somewhat weakly stood there feeling for the handsome hunting case which he could find nowhere.

It took him but a minute to realize this, and also that the gold cuff buttons he had worn, and his diamond scarf pin were gone, and that a curious stone studded ring had disappeared from the little finger of his left hand.

They all had gone; but where? A sudden recollection of the old bent man who had entered the compartment just before their departure and been his silent and apparently indifferent traveling companion, made him peer closely into the corner in which that figure had been curled when he last saw him. But the corner was empty now.

As Caruthers' glance moved quickly over the opposite seat, however, one object caught his eye. He picked it up. It was a handkerchief, innocent of any markings, but smelling very strongly, as he instantly became aware, of chloroform.

The pungent odor told Caruthers all he needed. It was a complete confirmation of the theory which had flashed upon him at first. He had been robbed and in all likelihood by the little old man who had been his companion.

Caruthers pressed his face against the window. He was familiar with the country through which the train was passing, and he soon saw where he was. The express was fifty miles out of the metropolis, and by schedule must have made a stop at R—, about ten miles back. It was there, he decided, that the thief had got out.

As soon as the guard had opened the door of his carriage at the next station, half an hour later, Caruthers jumped down, and, dashing into the telegraph office, quickly dispatched a statement of the facts to the chief of police at R—. His message offered a generous reward for the apprehension of the rascal and the recovery of the articles of which he had been robbed, with the least possible publicity.

Two hours later, arrived at his destination, he left the train, took a hansom to police headquarters and notified them that a dispatch addressed in his name might be received from R—. If such a dispatch did come, it was to be sent to B— Hotel, he ordered. Then he was driven to the hotel, and, having engaged a room, turned in and quickly fell asleep.

It was 7 o'clock in the morning when he was awakened by a knock on the door of his room and a telegram was handed him. It was from the police at R—, and ran as follows:

"Have got thief and recovered all articles. Thief disguised. Young man. Think he is old hand at business. Communicate at once."

Caruthers sent the servant double quick for a morning paper, and having satisfied himself that the news of the robbery and of the capture of the thief had at least not gained circulation outside of R—, he dressed himself leisurely.

Then he ate a comfortable breakfast, lit a cigar with the utmost satisfaction and strolled down to police headquarters.

To his surprise he found another dispatch from R— awaiting him there. He read:

"Come and get me out of this. I was the old man who traveled with you and stole your things. I wanted to see you throw me out of the window. I acknowledge the corn. Come quickly. This confounded place is damp, and they won't believe my story."

"TOPPY."

In amazement, which rapidly gave way to laughter he could not restrain, Caruthers read the message a second time, and then he telegraphed to the chief of police at R—:

"Hold thief. Dangerous man. Pay no attention to his story. Be with you to-morrow."

G. CARUTHERS."

It was a woebegone and irate specimen which Caruthers saw when the "dangerous man" was led forth from a cell at the police station at R— next day.

But Caruthers smothered his laughter at the sight, smoothed Russel's wrath as far as possible by apologies, and, having paid the costs and fines which the police demanded that some one should pay, after his explanations, walked out of the station with his friend.

To this day, however, Topsy Russel has serious doubts as to Caruthers' statement that he "believed Russel's telegram a forgery," and he awaits a chance to turn the tables on the man he "robbed."—New York News.

Sentence Sermons.

Empty hours make aching hearts. No man can be happy all to himself. A great intent makes for noble intent.

There is no known way of insulating sin.

A prayer can be long without being tall.

A clean heart is the secret of a clean head.

The painfully pious are never powerfully so.

It takes more than liftiness to make a saint.

Malice is sharper at the hilt than in the blade.

Worship is more in looking up than in bowing down.

He makes little out of life who is always on the make.

Depreciating others will not help the world to appreciate you.

The service of another is a sovereign cure for our sorrow.

When a man catches up with his own ideals he has begun to die.

A man's soundness does not depend on the amount of sound he makes.

The milk of human kindness does not seem to keep well in blue bottles.

The man who is willing to go to heaven alone may find he is going the other way.

When opportunity is measuring your head she will not take in the bump of self-esteem.

There is no comfort in a crown on the top of the head when there is a frown on the front of the face.

It is a good deal better to live in a glass house and take your chance on stones than to have no windows at all.—Chicago Tribune.

A Surprise Bag.

The ladies in our church pack a barrel every year for some home missionary family. One thing to go in each barrel is what is called a "surprise bag." One of the ladies volunteers to furnish the bag, which is a work or shopping bag of generous size. It is sometimes made of silk or cloth, but this year it was a very dainty cretonne work bag. On the day when the barrel is packed, the bag is passed around to the ladies present for contributions. These are various, consisting largely of notions such as thread, silk, pins, needles, tape, hooks and eyes, buttons and so forth, with an occasional handkerchief, necktie, or any small article. Even a coin might be dropped in, and one offering this year was a little pot of clubhouse cheese. The supply of several quarts of sewing materials would gladden any housewife's heart and be a stock on which to draw for many months. Such a bag must be especially welcome to the minister's wife in a little Western town, far from the city, perhaps, and with poor shopping privileges.—Good Housekeeping.

Self-Propelled Cars.

In England the self-propelled railway car is coming into extensive use, especially for branch lines where the traffic is so small as not to warrant the operation of steam locomotives or the application of electricity. Recently one of the largest electrical manufacturing firms in America has ordered in England an oil engine for this purpose, which will be used with a dynamo to generate current for ordinary car motors. The advantage of such an installation is that there is no loss of fuel when the car is not in motion, and that the motor can be put into operation at an instant's notice.

The machinery is placed in a small compartment at the end of the car, and requires but little attention. Such cars, driven by various forms of motors, have been found of especial value in England to bring passengers to main electric and steam lines, and it would seem as if there was an equal field of usefulness for them in the United States.—Harper's Weekly.

The Boston Way.

Florence—"I never was so annoyed! The man had no business in the yard, anyway, and when I went to the window to see what he was doing he had the impudence to exclaim, 'Massage!'"

Gertrude—"For goodness sake, what could he have meant by that?"

Florence—"Well, of course, he said 'rubber,' but 'massage' is more elegant, don't you think?"—Boston Transcript.

HE STOPPED THE PAPER.

I've stopped my paper, yes I have;
I didn't like to do it,
But the editor he got too smart,
And I allow he'll rue it.

I am a man as pays his debts,
And I won't be insulted,
So when an editor gets smart,
I want to be consulted.

I took his paper 'leven years,
An' helped him all I could, sir,
An' when it comes to dunnin' me,
I didn't think he would, sir.

But that he did, and you kin bet
It made me hot as thunder,
Says I, I'll stop that sheet, I will,
If the cussed thing goes under.

I hunted up the measly whelp,
An' for his cunnin' caper
I paid him 'leven years an' quit!
Yes, sir, I've stopped his paper.
—Manson (Kan.) Democrat.



"Some dogs display wonderful intelligence." "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrock. "I have one that howls every time my daughter plays the piano."—Washington Star.

Young Masher (to rival)—"I say, old chap, I hear you're an excellent runner. Is that true?" Rival (eagerly)—"Rather!" Young Masher—"Well, then, run home!"—Punch.

Remarked the trout—"I never fall a prey to fell designs; I don't get caught, for I was taught to read between the lines."

"Bullion's country estate is costing him dearly. He keeps twenty servants and forty horses on it." But he might have gone in deeper—he might have tried to raise crops on it.—Judge.

Lady of the House—"Lorena, you break more china and glass than any cook we ever had." Lorena—"I can't help it, ma'am; it's these big sleeves drags 'em off the tables."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"I notice that these new autumn cloaks are said to reveal the figure." Mrs. Wiggleton had one on to-day. "Did it reveal the figure?" "Yes. She had left the price tag on the collar."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Gilroy—"Parsons is a liberal sort of fellow. He offered me a cigar just now." Butman—"You didn't take it?" Gilroy—"No." Butman—"Then how do you know whether it was liberality, or merely malice?"—Boston Transcript.

Although not pretty now, I know, With this thought I'm consoled: When I have reached three score and ten I'll then be pretty old.

Farmer Jason—"So you want a job, eh? What can yer do?" Frolicsome Frisbie—"Nothin'." Farmer Jason—"Well, I can't give you a job of that kind, but it seems to me you might get a job somewhere as a war correspondent."

The Rabbit—"I had a narrow escape from being killed by an amateur sportsman to-day." The Grouse—"Was he such a good shot?" The Rabbit—"No; but when the gun kicked it knocked him over and he almost sat on me."

Miss Withers—"You are blushing, Cora! What was that clumsy partner of yours saying?" Miss Knisely—"Oh, nothing; only that before he met me life seemed a desert to him." Miss Withers—"That is no reason why he should waltz like a dromedary, is it?"—Town and Country.

Lady Visitor—"Your little girl seems to be very much taken with me, Mrs. Stepswell." Mrs. Stepswell—"Yes; and she doesn't often take to strangers. You think Mrs. Kippur is real nice, don't you, Agnes?" Agnes—"You said she was a cat, mamma, but she doesn't look a bit like one."—Boston Transcript.

"Their's mighty few people," said Farmer Cornstossel, "that knows what to do with a farm after they get one." "I have noticed that," answered the girl with frizzes. "They always insist on filling the whole place up with corn and oats and things, when they might have such lovely tennis courts and golf links."—Washington Star.

What We Grew.

We grew 540,000,000 bushels of wheat this year, and it brought a dollar a bushel.

We grew 2,400,000,000 bushels of corn, and it is worth \$1,200,000,000.

We will harvest 11,000,000 bales of cotton, and it is worth \$550,000,000.

We grew the largest oat crop in five years, and the largest hay crop on record.

But the egg crop any year is worth more money than any other crop.