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## THE MOUNTAIN AND THE VALLEY.

I.

Have you ever heard, my laddies, of that wondrous mountain-peak on which we all would like to live, which even children seek? It has reared its lofty summit ever since the world began. You will know it when I name it—'tis the Mountain of the Can't. It lies beyond the valley where so many people dwell (The Valley of the Can't, it's called. We all know that place well!) And the pathway is so rugged leading up the mountain side That few there are who reach the top to dwell there satisfied.

II.

One may start out some fine morning when the sun is shining bright, Saying, "Pooh! That path is easy. I will reach the top by night." But by noon the storm-clouds gather, and a mist obscures the way. And he stumbles over boulders and falls in dismay. He is weary and discouraged; he begins to puff and pant; So he turns his footsteps backward toward the Valley of the Can't. Here he meets again the neighbors whom he thought to leave behind; And henceforth dwells among them, with the lame and halt and blind.

Now, my laddie, where will you dwell when you grow to be a man— In the Valley of the Can't or on the Mountain of the Can't?

But sometimes a man more venturesome and plucky than the rest Will climb through rocks and bramble till he stands upon the crest. Here he pauses, filled with wonder as he gazes far and wide At the beauty of the buildings, at the wealth on every side. For behold! the grandest castles raise their turrets to the sky; Noblest bridges span the waters that go swiftly tumbling by. Sweetest flowers fill the gardens of each stately palace home; And Happiness and Honor dwell beneath each gilded dome.

III.

Here dwell artists, poets, statesmen—men of letters and renown, Who by honest toil and patience have achieved a victor's crown. Here they live and learn and study, and in daily knowledge grow. While their brethren in the valley pay them homage from below; Pay them homage—yet forgetting that should they, too, persevere, They might some day reach the summit with them men whom they revere. Forgetting that each lesson learned, each slight accomplishment, Brings them on just one step farther up the mountain's steep ascent.

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—Gertrude Morton, in St. Nicholas.

## BILLY'S SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION.

By WILLIAM H. HAMBY.

"I strikes me," began Billy Bonck, judiciously squinting his left eye, "that it is about time that herd of shinin' lights from Sarvis Point was learnin' how to behave in public."

This sentiment was received with emphatic approval. Several even volunteered to shed their blood if necessary, to help teach that much needed lesson.

"Don't get too violent, now, boys; they may come out wonderful when they learn some. If about twenty of you will line in and foller directions, we'll help make men of 'em."

When Billy proposed a plan there were always plenty of volunteers to carry it out.

The "shinin' lights" referred to were six young men from Sarvis Point who had been making life burdensome for Buckeye Ridge for three months. It had begun when these young men created a disturbance at a school exhibition and were arrested and fined \$20 apiece and costs. After that they originated a more lawful plan for creating disturbance.

It had worked very satisfactorily. When there was a public meeting they simply waited until it was well started and then one, with his spurs dangling, would slowly walk in and take a seat. In a few minutes another would come in and then another and another until all six were seated. When the meeting was half over, one went out. A few minutes would elapse and then another and another, until the six were out and the meeting spoiled.

Their special delight was to disturb the Methodist preacher, for the Justice of the Peace belonged to that church. The minister was a meek, sweet-spirited little man who suffered long and never upbraided; but it always spoiled his sermon when they came, and they did not often miss.

When Billy explained his plan for a school of instruction on public behavior, some of the timid ones advised against it.

"Let's have them arrested for disturbing the peace," suggested one. "Ain't any law again' a man comin' in and goin' out when he pleases," snapped a friend of the Billy idea.

"Maybe," suggested a weak-eyed class leader, "they will get some good out of the meeting. We should not keep the vilest sinner from the house of the Lord."

"Well, now, I ain't overly strong on religion," said Billy, "but it strikes me the circuit rider at Buckeye Bridge has a right to do his talking without any interference from Sarvis Point. I ain't objectin' to these sinners goin' to the house of the Lord. It's on them leavin' it too soon. Educate 'em. A little information on manners won't keep out the grace, and maybe it will act quicker."

Billy prevailed, as he always did, and the school of instruction was set for the following Sunday evening.

It was a beautiful night and the little church was crowded. Buckeye Bridge

thought a great deal of its church, and when "preachin' day" was fine, saint and sinner flocked together in crowds. The songs and prayers were over, the preacher read his text and began to outline his sermon. The audience was strictly attentive. A heavy step sounded in the vestibule, the familiar clink, clink of a loose spur, and a tall young man stalked down the aisle and took a seat near the front.

The minister was slightly annoyed, for, of course, no one could listen while his attention was being spurred away from the subject. There was the sound of heavy feet, stamp, stamp, stamp, and the clink, clink, clink of a spur. Another robust citizen of Sarvis Point came down the aisle and took a seat near the front.

Once more the preacher rallied. With a supreme effort he got the attention of the congregation. The sound of feet again, again the clink, clinkety clink of spurs. By the time the third was finally seated the minister was so distracted he gave out a hymn and sat down to try to collect his thoughts. No one came in during the singing, but as soon as the minister renewed his attack on the text, another Pointer came dangling his spurred feet down the aisle; a little later another, and finally the sixth.

Fifteen minutes of the time had been wasted. The minister hurried himself nervously at the subject and began to grow eloquent with earnestness. Just as he reached the height of his theme, the tall young man near the front shuffled his feet, rose slowly, picked up his hat and coat, crowded by those in the end of the seat and started leisurely down the aisle, his spurs clinkety clink. As he neared the door two men rose and quietly stepped in front of him. One of them—it was Billy—said in an undertone:

"Supposin' we go back to our seats and hear the rest of the sermon." There was a craning of necks, the preacher paused, and a tingle of excitement touched the crowd. The other five Pointers sprang up and hurried down the aisle menacingly. Their faces indicated a determination to demolish the obstruction at the door on quick time.

Four men on each side rose up quietly and closed in, a solid line across the door. Four rose up on each side of the aisle, and four came down the aisle after the Pointers. The audience, after it caught its breath, was ready to break into a panic.

"Parson," said Billy in a reassuring tone, "you'll excuse me for sayin' a word. All you people just keep your seats, perfectly quiet, there ain't goin' to be a bit of trouble. Now, parson, give out a hymn, and all of you sing good and loud."

"I'll be hanged if there won't be trouble mighty quick if you don't clear that door," said the leader of the Pointers, starting forward.

Billy stepped squarely in front of him.

"Don't get excited now, boys," he

said, mildly. "You ain't goin' out that door and it'll be better not to make a fuss, and I wouldn't use any cuss words—there's women and children here."

The audience had caught its cue and was singing with nervous loudness. The Pointers drew close together. They looked ugly. Their hands were at their hip pockets; several revolvers were half drawn. At a nod from Billy the twelve men drew around in a close circle. They were picked men, cool-headed, but obstinate enough to fight to the death to enforce their order.

"Boys," said Billy, still speaking in an even tone, "go back and sit down in the front seat and stay till you are told to leave. It'll be better to listen to the preacher now than to have him preachin' over you to-morrow when you can't hear."

The rowdies glanced around the circle and knew these men were not bluffing, nor were they to be bluffed. They parleyed a minute among themselves.

"We don't have to go back," said the leader.

"Maybe not," said Billy; "then I'm afraid we'll have to carry you."

The circle drew a little closer, alert, ready. The rowdies turned about sullenly and walked back to the front seat. Four citizens sat down in the ends of the seat beside them, eight in the seat behind.

The services proceeded with the best of order.

When the congregation arose to be dismissed, Billy leaned forward and said:

"Just stay where you are, boys, till all the crowd's gone."

Directly all were gone but the Pointers and their guards. There was a few minutes' pause.

"Jimmy," said Billy to one of the younger men, "give us a little poetry. It has a powerful reinin' influence."

Jimmy went to the front and recited "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," and at calls for more gave the "Sailor Boy" and "Blings on the Rhine."

The Pointers stirred in their seats and one of them swore under his breath.

"Quiet," commanded one of the guards.

"Now, Dick," said Billy, "read us a chapter on Etiket."

Dick produced a nine hundred page compendium of universal knowledge and read twenty pages on how to dress, how to care for the hair and nails, how to dance, how to carry on conversation and how to act in public. He read slowly and it was 11.10 when he finished. The whisky was dying out in the Pointers and they began to feel sleepy and mean.

"Say," said the leader, in an attempt to be friendly, "ain't that about enough?"

"Dick," said Billy, "I see he ain't caught the points in the last chapter. Read it again."

There was no further interruption.

"Tom," said Billy, "these fellers missed the lesson to-night. They need a little Scripture, seein' it is Sunday. Supposin' you read us a Chronicle or two." It was quarter past midnight when he finished.

The Pointers were weary, fearfully weary. They were sleepy, too, and fifteen miles from their beds. They looked around appealingly, but there was no encouragement.

"Now," said Billy, "these young men need a little history knowledge. Alf, you may read the Declaration of Independence." It was finished at 1.30.

The bench was very hard. One of the weary Pointers twisted in his seat. Another dozed, but a terrific jab in the ribs from the elbow of one of the guards brought him back with a grunt. "Give us the Constitution," called Billy.

It was half-past 2 when the last section was read.

"That'll do, Alf," said Billy. "We'll save Washington's Farewell speech till the boys come agin. Guess we might adjourn."

To date, the Sarvis Point "shinin' lights" are in the dark as to the contents of Washington's Farewell Address.—The Criterion.

The final spike in the railroad from Canton to Samshul was driven the other day. But before it had been down twenty-four hours it was stolen by the Chinese.

A city firm received no fewer than 998 applications in response to an advertisement for a clerk. The salary offered was thirty shillings (\$7.50) a week.—London Daily News.

## His Little Dose of Spice.

No one noticed how it began, but the elderly little man was disputing with the six-footer for a position at the "L" car door.

"There's plenty of room over there," said the giant. "You needn't be crowdin' me."

"I won't budge an inch," came the retort.

"I'll show you if you won't," said the other angrily. "I'll teach you a thing or two."

And at every word he elbowed him violently away. The little man was like a feather before him and he realized it. He allowed himself to be hustled along without offering the slightest resistance. Only a crimson glow flooded his gray-bearded cheeks.

A third man sprang angrily in front of the enraged bully and growled into his face:

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir; yes, heartily ashamed of yourself, a big, heavy man like you!"

The man addressed looked sheepishly down and said nothing. But the little elderly man calmly remarked to his ally:

"Don't pay any attention to it, sir; we need a little variety in life."—New York Press.

## Scrambled.

A salesman in a Department store who possesses considerable wit entered a restaurant in the central section of the city the other day, and, finding the waiter to have been a recent arrival at the place, told him he wanted two fried eggs.

"I want one egg fried on one side, and the other egg fried on the other side, and I want them quick," the salesman added.

"Would you kindly write that on a piece of paper?" said the waiter.

"I haven't got time. Be quick, I tell you."

"One fried egg fried on both sides and the other fried egg on the other side," muttered the waiter as he was leaving the table.

In a few minutes the salesman heard much commotion in the kitchen. There were loud words and they were punctuated with sounds which seemed like blows.

Presently the waiter appeared very much excited, and, rushing up to the salesman, exclaimed:

"Say, I had a terrible fight wid the cook about those eggs and you'll have to take them scrambled."—Philadelphia Press.

## Looking Up.

Not many years ago there lived in a small town in Vermont a worthy Deacon Barker, who had managed to put by a tidy sum, the proceeds of the business done at his notion store.

Now, Deacon Barker thought pretty well of himself, and as he progressed towards the realization of his ideal, which was to become the richest man in the town, it was observed by the majority of his neighbors that his self-esteem increased in direct ratio to his wealth. So that in time the worthy Barker actually deemed himself the most important personage in the vicinity—almost, in fact, its patron saint.

One day a man from a place near by was visiting the deacon. Said he: "Deacon, it certainly seems that your townsmen hold you in high esteem."

The deacon smiled complacently. "I guess that's right," replied he. "The people hereabouts do kinder look up to me, friend. And I—well, I look up to God!"—Harper's Weekly.

## They Are Everywhere.

"While I am not what you would call a widely traveled man," observed the deacon, "I have noted that every town has its liar, its sponger, its smart Alec, its blatherskite, its richest man, a few pretty girls, its weather prophet, its neighborhood feud, a considerable number of lunatics, its woman who tattles, its justice of the peace, its man who knows it all, its boy who carries on in church, its meddlesome old women, its widower who is too gay for his age, its girl who goes to the postoffice every time the mail comes in, its legion of bright men who know how the editor should run his paper, its woman who thinks she could cut a dash in society if she were only East, and its man who laughs at his own jokes."—New York Press.

During last year sixty-six of the municipal bodies in the British Isles which supply electricity showed a deficit totaling £76,201.

In Lapland the crime which is punished most severely, next to murder, is the marrying of a girl against the express wish of her parents.

## SCIENCE NOTES.

A German physicist, Herr Liebenow, puts forth the theory that there is radium enough in the crust of the globe to account for all the earth's internal heat.

What is claimed to be the longest overland wireless message ever sent was dispatched a few days ago from Kansas City to Cleveland, a distance of 725 miles.

Ocean liners do not commonly bother with casting "oil on troubled waters" in order to calm the waves. But the captain of the Hamburg-American liner Pretoria testifies that on his recent trip to New York city the scheme of letting oil trickle slowly down the bows of the vessel kept the waves from breaking and greatly decreased the effects of the storm. It took only six gallons of oil a day.

Robert Chambers of Scotland is the inventor of an unsinkable life-saving raft for passenger ships. It is built of wood and is 20 feet long, 6 feet broad and 22 inches deep, being divided into 32 air-tight compartments. It will carry 40 to 50 passengers, and life lines round the edge will support as many as can hang on. The raft has been severely tested, and approved by the British authorities.

The completion last May of the determination of the difference of longitude between San Francisco and Manila, by means of the new Pacific cables, finishes the "longitude girdle" of the earth. In other words, the whole globe has now been circled with electric time signals, by means of which the exact longitudes of important points round its entire circumference are known. The accuracy of the work is so great that the distance between the observatory in Greenwich, England, and in the dome of the cathedral in Manila, measuring across the Atlantic ocean, the American continent and the Pacific ocean, is known within a possible error of about 60 feet.

Museums of language will be of great importance to the future historian. The idea was suggested in Vienna six years ago, but has only recently taken shape, although it has already resulted in a collection of four hundred phonograph records on durable metal. The purpose is to record the languages of Europe, and eventually of the world, the music of the different countries and speeches of notable personages. The collection now embraces the Slavic, Servian, Modern Greek, Portuguese and Brazilian languages, with songs and dialects of natives of India and of Arabians and Bedouins. An expedition under Dr. Poehch has penetrated New Guinea to reproduce the speech of the Papuans.

## Russian Ministers' Salaries.

The salary attached to the post of minister of the interior in Russia is the same as that received by all the other Russian ministers—namely 18,000 roubles a year—a rouble being 44 cents—but a further sum of 200,000 roubles is annually put at the disposal of the minister of the interior, of which he is not called on to render any account. This is in addition to the ordinary secret service money, the amount of which is practically unlimited. Another minister who receives an addition to his salary is the minister of finance, who is paid a percentage, sometimes amounting to 50,000 roubles a year, on all unpaid taxes and debts to the Crown which he may succeed in recovering during his term of office. It is noteworthy that even if a minister should hold his portfolio only for a few months his salary is paid to him for life.—Waverley Magazine.

All the five planetary satellites discovered since 1846 have been found by Americans. They include Hyperion, the seventh satellite of Saturn; Dione and Phoebus, the little moons of Mars and Phoebe, the ninth moon of Saturn.

## DATE BISCUITS.

Make a milk sponge and set to rise. Add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and two of molasses, three cups of sliced dates and enough entire wheat flour to make a rather stiff dough. Set to rise again, then turn into pans and bake for three-quarters of an hour. Set the biscuits aside for twelve hours after they are baked before cutting.