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BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.
Beautiful eyes are those that show
Like crystal panes where heart fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.
Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like the song of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence guards.
Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.
Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down lowliest ways, if God's will so.
Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.
Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

PRULIETTE KELLY.

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

HE Kelly farmhouse (where lived Hiram Kelly and Pruliette, his sister) was a roughly clapboarded, unpainted building. Back of its main house was a summer kitchen, and back of that a large woodshed, open on the side next the yard. The wooden steps had rotted away from the front door and from the one leading into the kitchen, and now these two estranged doors gave the place an almost abandoned look. Evidently the door from the shed into the summer or back kitchen was the only one in use. The house seemed to stand in the midst of a pasture; there was no fence about it and the grass was cropped short, as if by sheep.

On the hard earth under the open shed was a table, and sitting by this table a woman. She had no lamp, and as she sat there in the gathering shadows (which had come early into the great, bare shed, as if finding it a congenial place), it was difficult at first to see it clearly. She was a thin, old woman, with sharp features—her eyes being perhaps the sharpest of all. Her dress was a limp gown of blue calico. On the table was a plate of what looked like cold boiled potatoes and a cup of salt. She gave us a curt nod and then went on cutting off pieces of potato and sprinkling them with salt.

"Can you let me have a little cream?" Miss Larned asked.

"Well, I ain't agoin' to stop eatin' to git it fer ye—that's certain."

We sat down on the board platform around the pump and waited.

I had come the day before to the Larned's camp on the New York shore of Lake Ontario. Their tents were pitched on the end of a long point that stretches out into the water. This evening Miss Larned had been sent after cream to the Kelly farmhouse, which was near by on the shore, and I had gone with her.

We sat for some time on the pump platform waiting for Pruliette Kelly to finish her meal. She was not quite alone. There were no cats or dogs about, but a bluish-gray hen—which also seemed to have a sharp, discontented expression—stood by her chair, and from time to time she fed it bits of potato. When the old woman was done eating she got the pail of cream for us, and we left. She had hardly spoken.

A short distance from the farmhouse we met an elderly man. He was tall and bent, and walked slowly, as if his companions were sober, familiar thoughts.

"Good evenin' Miss," he said. "Hev' you be'n to the house?"

"We have just come from there. We got some cream of your sister." Then I was introduced to Mr. Hiram Kelly.

There was a pile of cedar fence rails at the side of the path. He sat down on them, with a farmer's usual desire to rest his legs whenever possible. It was a pleasant July evening, and, as we were in no hurry, we also sat down on the rails.

"So you've ben tuk to see Pruliette?" he said, speaking to me. "I s'pose you thought her queer—folks mostly does. Wa'al, she is queer; but she's smart, an' she's got her good points, too. Pruliette has had trials,

an' the wust of all was that she was born with a sharp tongue. I've heard father tell she got it natural from mother's mother. She allers hed it, even when she an' I was little. When she grew up, the young fellers was mostly scart of her. At last Jim Lane come along; he was a widower with a little gal, Mandy, 'bout six years old. Jim made up to Pruliette, an' she seemed to kinder soften. She didn't talk sharp to him nor to the little gal, an' she was gentler with us all. 'Twas all fixed, an' they was goin' to be married; but some of the neighbors told Jim (he was a stranger in these parts) what a name she hed fur bein' a scold. It scart him out.

"P'rhaps he thought she'd abuse little Mandy. But she wouldn't hev' it. She was real fond of that gal, an' she'd allers hev' treated her well; fur changin' her likes and dislikes ain't none of Pruliette's failin's. Wa'al, Jim Lane kinder sneaked off, sayin' he was goin' out West to git a home ready fur her. I guess he was scart to break it right off, after what he'd heard tell of Pruliette's tongue. She looked fur him to come back, an' got ready fur the weddin'. I suspicioned how 'twould be, an' so did father, who was livin' then; but we didn't like sayin' nothin' to her. She kep' on waitin' an' waitin', till she saw herself he wouldn't come; an' then all the bitter come back, an' she got sharper than ever. She never speaks of him, but sometimes she says somethin' 'bout little Mandy."

He paused, but only for a moment; probably he did not have many opportunities of talking.

"I think she's allers hed a secret idee of runnin' acrost Jim an' findin' he didn't mean to leave her. Ten or twelve years ago a neighbor, George Harker, got some back pension money an' went out West to locate. He was goin' to come back an' get his wife; but he never did, an' she 'most went crazy. One of our older sisters, Sarah, hed married out in Kansas, an' she'd be'n writin' Pruliette to come out an' visit her. Along in the summer, after hayin', Pruliette s'pried me by sayin' she was goin'. I heard she told Jane Harker she'd bring her husband back to her. Off she went; an' she kep' her word to Jane Harker. She found George, reckless, an' dead broke, out in a minin' camp in Colorado (he'd lost the money in some way an' wa'n't comin' home); an' she brought him back an' handed him over to Jane same's if he'd been a stray cow."

"But, Pruliette," says I when she got home, "why didn't ye stay an' hev' a visit with Sarah?"

"I did visit with Sarah," says Pruliette; "I got to her house one afternoon, an' that evenin' she told me all she hed to tell, an' I told her all I hed to tell. So, there bein' no need of stayin', I lef' the next mornin' and went on West to find that sneakin' George Harker."

"As Pruliette gets older an' more silent her tongue keeps just as sharp; it's like a razor, gettin' sharper, less you use it. We hardly speaks, an' hev'n't eat together fur years. I s'pose she'll allers live with me," an' Hiram sighed unconsciously; "fur by father's will she has a right to a home an' a livin' on the old place, an' kin pasture six head of cattle on it, an' keep hens. It's bad fur a woman, not havin' a real home of her own. She's got dreadful sol'tary. She won't even hev' no cat nor dog—nothin' but that old blue hen that she's got used to, an' likes to hev' round. It's a cur'us hen, follers her 'bout an' never seems to want to set. She takes comfort with it. I s'pose women folks has got to hev' somethin' to fuss over."

It was growing late; so we got up and bade Hiram good-night. He, too, rose and moved slowly off toward the house, as if in no great hurry to reach it.

"Poor Hiram!" said Miss Larned; "his sister must be a trial to him. I suppose he'd like to marry and live as other men do. Of course, no woman will marry him, knowin' that Pruliette has got to live with them, and he's fast gettin' to be an old man. But did you notice her eyes?—almost an amber color. I'm sure she must have been a very pretty girl."

A few days later Mrs. Loring and her little daughter, six years old, Olive Loring, came to the camp. One evening Olive walked with me to the

Kelly farmhouse. She was a gentle little thing, somewhat shy with new acquaintances.

Miss Kelly was busy in the woodshed and back kitchen. "Takes all my time cookin' fur the hayin' help," she grumbled, with unusual garrulity. "Men folks want to be eatin', eatin', eatin'!" She stared hard at Olive, and finally went into the pantry and brought out a little cake that looked very dry and old. "Here's somethin' fur ye, little gal," she said, thrusting it into the child's hand.

Olive drew back, receiving the gift with a hardly audible murmur of thanks. On the way home she was silent, and I saw she had been frightened by the grim-looking old woman.

The Larneds got their eggs and butter and milk from the Kelly farm, and had been in the habit of sending for them. Several times in the course of the next week Miss Kelly brought these supplies to the camp herself. She spoke little on these occasions, but her manner was less surly than it had been. Each time she brought some tripe for Olive Loring, but Olive continued to be afraid of her.

One Saturday morning we men all started off to spend the day fishing near some islands to the west of us. Rufe, the man-of-all-work, was left in charge of the camp. As the morning was hot and sultry, none of the ladies went with us, preferring to stay on the cool, breezy point.

Early in the afternoon Mrs. Larned wished to send Rufe on an errand to a farm house standing on the end of a point that stretched out into the lake parallel with ours; a deep bay about half a mile wide separated the two points. Olive asked to go with Rufe, and no objection was made, she being accustomed to go about with him. Two boats had been left at the camp; one was a large, heavy skiff, the other a little canoe which was used for paddling about in on-quiet evenings.

Rufe took the big skiff and rowed away with Olive sitting in the stern. A hot, thick haze hung over the water, and from the camp they could hardly make out the boat as it neared the point opposite.

Suddenly all the vapor that had filled the air seemed to gather into a black cloud; and soon this cloud glowed with streaks of flame, and smitted hoarse growls.

"It will be a thunderstorm," exclaimed Mrs. Loring. "I wish Olive was here with me; she's so afraid of thunder."

It happened that Pruliette Kelly had come to the camp with a pail of butter. They invited her to stay till the storm was over.

Now a blast of hot wind swept over the lake and caught the haze up with it, carrying it off to the angry black cloud, which had swollen till it filled nearly the whole sky. As the haze vanished objects near the opposite point could be more clearly distinguished.

"See," cried Mrs. Loring, "isn't that the boat pulling out from shore? Oh, why doesn't Rufe stay at the farm house! How can he be so foolish!"

Pruliette drew Mrs. Larned back. "The little gal is alone in that there boat," she said, in a solemn whisper. "Rufe must a-left her in it when he went up to the house; an' that sudden wind druv it off the shore. The Randall boat must be away from home; fur I kin see Rufe runnin' up an' down the bank, an' it 'twas there he'd foller her. The wind is drivin' the boat right toward us."

The rain began to fall in torrents, churning the already vexed water till it seemed to boil. It was one of those violent thunderstorms to which Lake Ontario is subject during the hot season. It grew dark, and the boat was hidden. When the rain stopped a cold hurricane rushed by, and the panic-stricken water fled before it in swift, headlong waves. Now the boat was visible again, tossing about, seeming to share the agony of the water.

The women could see Olive clinging to a seat, in constant danger of being thrown out; the blast carried her shrill screams to their ears. "See, the boat may be driven against the point!" cried one of them. But as it came they saw the wind would take it by, outside the point.

An open shed had been built for the boats on the western side of the point,

where, as was now the case, the water was protected from the gales that came up from the south and east. Pruliette Kelly ran to this boathouse, and, nothing else being there, launched the canoe. She paddled it through the calmer water out to the edge of the angry sea that swept around the point. It was evident that the canoe could not live for more than a moment in such a sea. An instant later the skiff—Olive standing in it, screaming and stretching out her hands to her mother on the shore—came scudding by the point. Pruliette gave a stroke with the paddle that made the canoe shoot forward; she grasped the skiff and, with a vigorous push, sent it in toward the calmer water. This push reacted on the canoe, which slipped out still further among the waves. The old woman struggled bravely, trying to balance the frail craft and drive it toward the shore. She had only gained a few yards when a billow broke over the canoe, filled it and sank it.

Two of the younger women waded into the shallow water, dragged the skiff to land and restored the child to her mother. They saw something that the waves rolled toward the shore. They seized it and carried it from the water. Life was not quite crushed out from the poor old body, and after working over her for some time she began to show signs of returning consciousness.

Hiram was found, and he and one of the hired men carried his sister back to her home. When the doctor came he said it was doubtful if she survived the shock; she had never been a strong woman.

Toward evening Hiram and the doctor and Mrs. Larned and little Olive's mother were in Pruliette Kelly's room, where she lay motionless on the bed. Of a sudden she roused, glanced around nervously, and laid a thin, withered hand on her brother's arm.

"Hiram, I'm agoin' to let that old blue hen hatch some chickens. I feel I ain't used her right; fur she has wanted to set—lots o' times. But I allers stopped her quick; you know she was my only company, an' I didn't want her off a-settin' an' a-bringin' up chickens. I s'pose she's jest longed fur them chicks." Then, a moment before the end, she spoke again: "Dia Mandy got ashore all safe? Poor little Mandy; poor—poor thing."—New York Independent.

Secret Signs of the Pullman Porters.

"Pullman car porters form one great secret society whose ritual differs only in a slight degree on separate systems," said Philip Welch, a traveling man, at Willard's this morning. "You know the professional tramps leave hieroglyphic information for those of their guild who come after them on fences and gate posts along the roads they travel. Pullman porters instruct each other about the traveling public in much the same way. The means taken by the porters are simple but unerring. The favorite place in which they put their ciphers so full of meaning is on the inside edge of a traveler's boot heels. Every patron of a Pullman must, of course, place his footgear for a time at the mercy of the porter, and if such a traveler is wise in his generation and will examine the heels of his shoes he will find a nick here and another there, which, if he can secure the translation of them, will tell him what the porter thinks of him. A nick in one part of the heel will mean that their wearer is a generous, open-hearted man, and the porter who gets a pair of heels marked in such a way will fairly overwhelm their owner with attention. A nick at another place will denote a crabbed, close and bad tempered owner, and future porters who get gaiters bearing that information will steer clear of their wearer. A 'spotter'—one of those individuals who are employed by the Pullman Company as spies on the conductors and porters—is known by a certain nick in his heel, and you can bet the employes mind their p's and q's when such a heel is found in the porter's mighty aggregation of boots and shoes. The American railway porter is a pretty cute individual, I tell you, and when you see one of them particularly attentive to some one passenger, you can make a bet that his heels bear the proper eschatologic marks."—Washington Star.

"BLIND" LETTERS.

HOW THE DIFFERENT NATIONS EXCHANGE THEM.

Our Postal Employees Better at Deciphering Bad Addresses Than Those Abroad—An Adept at "Blind Reading."

DURING the last fiscal year, ended June 30th, 1894, 590,662 letters from foreign lands drifted into the Dead Letter Office at Washington. The individuals addressed being not discovered, nearly all of these missives had to be sent back to the countries whence they came. Yet the United States Postoffice is vastly more clever in finding people than are the authorities abroad. Only a few days ago a letter dispatched from New York with the superscription, "Levi P. Morton, Paris, France," was returned, marked "Inconnu"—i. e., "Unknown." Nevertheless, the ex-Vice-President was in the French capital at the time at one of the great hotels.

The foreign authorities seem to be stupid about such things. Letters from the United States addressed to Walter Besant or to Algernon Swinburne, "England," are sent back, marked "Insufficient address." One might suppose that English people would know about their own famous literary men. It used to be the same way with Charles Reade and Robert Browning. An American child's letter to "Santa Claus, Hartz Mountains, Germany," was returned with "Unknown," "Not found" and "Insufficient address" stamped all over it by seventeen postmasters.

At Christmas time every year children write letters to Santa Claus and mail them, usually unstamped. If a foreign address is given the missive is dispatched in the mails, the rules of the International Postal Union not requiring prepayment. Eventually it finds its way back to the Foreign Division of the Postoffice Department here. If it contains a petition from some poor child for a small gift the employes of the office will occasionally play Santa Claus, making up a purse to buy the article requested.

Comparatively few of the foreign letters which reach the Dead Letter Office here can be delivered to the person addressed, because it is not allowable to open them. If one of them is opened when received, it is sealed with a special stamp, which looks something like an ordinary postage stamp, bearing the words: "Postoffice Department; officially sealed." The first stamp of this kind that was issued had the words "post obitum" on it, meaning "after death." A specimen is worth to-day \$10. The sealing stamps are hard to get and are in demand by collectors.

The letters from abroad which have failed of delivery on account of badly written addresses are handled by experts who exhibit wonderful skill in deciphering them. Miss Clara Richter, in charge of the foreign division, is a famous hand at such work. The spelling on some of the envelopes is amazing. For example, "Susanmeri" is intended for Sault Ste. Marie. This is a comparatively easy one. "Schinescham, Toulocontas" is Chinese Camp, Toulous County. "Grym Pantewnia" is meant for Green Point ave.

Memory is an important element in

"blind reading," as this work is called. Miss Richter got hold of a letter the other day with a peculiar name and nothing else on it except "America." She remembered that twenty years or more ago a person of that name had been found at Grand Rapids, Mich. The letter was forwarded to that point and reached the intended recipient. On one occasion the local postoffice of Washington did not know how to deliver a letter addressed to "Tesevero General de Nacion." It was advertised as for "General Tesevero." Miss Richter perceived at once that it was for the Treasurer of the United States. It was registered and contained a considerable amount of money.

All undeliverable foreign letters are done up in bags or rather parcels and sent back once a week to the principal European countries and to Canada. These "returns," as they are called, comprise all mail matter received at the Dead Letter Office here

during the previous week. But to the other nations in the Postal Union the dead stuff is returned only once a month. The United States Government exchanges unclaimed matter with eighty-seven countries and colonies. Nearly 1,000,000 foreign pieces of mail come to our Dead Letter Office annually. A great many of these are printed publications, most of which are thrown away and not returned.

All printed matter received at the Dead Letter Office from Canada, Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, South American countries and Australasia is destroyed in accordance with special agreement. Most of this stuff consists of newspapers and trade circulars. The countries mentioned do the same with similar matter that reaches them from the United States, but France, Italy, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Belgium want every bit of their printed matter back, and it is returned to them. During the last fiscal year 59,335 parcels and printed publications and circulars were returned.

In the same way we get our dear matter back from foreign countries—weekly from some, monthly from others. The "returns" sent to us amounted last year to 241,779 pieces—only a little more than one-third as many as we forwarded to Governments abroad.—Philadelphia Times.

A New Giraffe.

The new giraffe, the skin of which has been carefully secured and brought to England, is distinguished by a complete and whole body coloring of rich, bright chestnut, scarcely separable by very fine, almost invisible, lines of creamy white of hexagonal and hexagonal shape. In the South African species, as indeed in the giraffe found in the Sudan regions of North Africa, which is indistinguishable from its South African cousin, the markings are widely and clearly defined; and a comparison at once shows how completely the new Smaliland variety differs from any form hitherto found.

At a short distance the new giraffe must appear as entirely of one color. Every hunter of giraffes in South Africa is well aware how, even at considerable distances, the striking mottlings of the camelopard are visible to the eye. In other characteristics, such as shape and confirmation, the new giraffe seems to differ little from the old; but the extraordinary difference in marking and distribution of coloring are at all events sufficient to warrant the establishment by zoologists of a new variety—perhaps even a new species.

Major Wood and his party seem to have sighted at least seven different specimens of this new giraffe; but, until further skins and a complete skeleton are brought home, the authorities of the Zoological Society and the Natural History Museum will probably wait before assigning an exact title to this interesting form.

Giraffes have long been imported from Northeast Africa—chiefly from the Sudan region—and skins have been brought home by hunters from South Africa and the interior. The mottled hides of these creatures are well known. It is strange, indeed, to have waited so far into the nineteenth century before discovering this new and singularly marked variety.—Saturday Review.

Peculiarities of Meerschaum.

"A great many people are under the impression that the substance of which a meerschaum is made is washed up by the sea," says C. E. Carter, of Terre Haute. "I suppose they got that idea from the word, which signifies sea froth, but really the name originated from the fact that the clay, when dry, will float on the surface of the water, and then appears like white, foamy bubbles. This clay is taken from beds in the solid earth.

"In its primitive state it is white and soft, and you can cut it like cheese. It is found chiefly in Turkey and Hungary. When the bowls of these pipes are new they look very much like ivory, but in using they gradually change into a mellow brown color, on account of the oil of the tobacco being absorbed by them in the process of burning."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

It is said that an electric railway, 300 miles long, is to be built, connecting Boise City and Lewiston, Idaho.