

ROANOKE BEACON.



W. Fletcher Ausbon, Editor and Manager.

FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH.

\$1.00 a year in advance.

VOL. VI.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1894.

NO. 19.

SONG OR SIGH.

When bright skies seem far away,
Smile, and think December's May!
When the snow falls day and night,
Weave it into roses white!
Never mind how dark the sky,
If you sing you'll never sigh!

Old world, as she rolls along,
Still makes music—sings a song!
Every bird on every tree
Makes some sort of melody!
Can't you sing, or can't you toy?
If you sing you'll never sigh!

Every wayide has a rose,
Every storm a rainbow shows;
When you see the sun decline,
Give the stars a chance to shine!
See the sun—the stars on high—
Sing your song and never sigh!

—Frank L. Stanton.

A Matrimonial Venture.



It was the old, old story. But as a matter of introductory fact, this tale throughout is of a character very commonplace. Mr. Jacob Witham wanted a wife.

In seeking, however, for a partner with whom to share his name, liberty and other hereditaments, he resorted to the not unprecedented but somewhat unconventional method of publishing his craving in the newspapers of San Francisco. Moreover, the advertisement was not hidden away in that wearisome labyrinth of type popularly termed the "want ads," but in bold face occupied at least ten squares of display. It read:

"I want a wife. I am a thirty-five-year-old, a thoroughbred and square. I own 4000 cattle, 600 horses, have \$20,000 sunk, and, barring blizzards, northerners and other visitations of a glorious climate, shall never fight the cinch strap for hunger. That's all. Where is the woman? She must be under twenty-five and show up a registered pedigree. JACOB WITHAM, Quemadura Flat, California."

But Mr. Witham's aspiration, proclaimed beyond all misinterpretation, was destined to be considered by an individual manifestly unsuited to its requirements. In a cozy parlor within the aristocratic limits of San Francisco it had caught the eye of one Frederick Weldon, and to that gentleman's handsome features it brought a smile of amusement. Possibly he was contrasting the advertiser's position with his own—he was being entertained by a young girl of admirable wifely adaptations. And yet such was not the exact trend of his thoughts. Miss Dorothy Halsted was a very pretty girl and, withal, charming. Moreover she was, at that moment, seated beside him on a low sofa, and her dainty head seemed as if created by nature to rest confidently on some strong, male shoulder. But San Francisco was graced with many of her kind. They were all attractive; he loved the sex.

But in Mr. Witham's announcement, which he had carelessly lifted from a table at his elbow, Fred discerned an opportunity for possible diversion, and he extended it to his companion.

"Let's apply," was his suggestion. Miss Halsted smiled.

"I am only nineteen," she returned. "I can wait a year or two longer before resorting to any such desperate means."

Fred was on his knees (metaphorically) at once.

"Dolly! Miss Dolly!" he ejaculated, reproachfully.

But his assumption of tender deprecation elicited only a light, rippling laugh. It is to be feared that the young girl deemed all such courteous platitudes her just tribute. Nor need it be stated with what equally specious phrases she diverted the conversational bark into other channels; suffice to say that she exhibited the skill of an adept.

Meantime, however, Fred retained the newspaper, and after a brief interval he again asked:

"Why not answer it? I'll write the letter and you copy it. Then we'll enclose the photo. of an actress—if you can find one consistent with his ideas of a 'registered pedigree'—and await results."

Again Miss Halsted laughed, but it was only a musical murmur, manifesting little appreciation; she even appeared somewhat bored by his persistence. Nevertheless she rose and pro-

duced the materials requisite for correspondence.

"But what name will I sign?" she asked, when at last it had been copied.

"You might use a composite," was the reply. "Yes, that's it; make it Dorothy Weldon."

The young girl colored and lowered her eyes. But she accepted the suggestion, and over such pseudonym was the letter sent.

As an epistolary precursor of future hymenial joys it was a masterpiece—or, so, at least, Fred averred. It was to be presumed that the unknown Mr. Witham was a cattle baron—i. e., a cowboy on whom fortune had smiled—therefore, all stilted elegance of phraseology was avoided. Moreover, the gentleman appeared to desire a wife considerably his junior and for that reason a certain maidenly coyness and naivete were necessary. But Fred was equal to the task. "Miss" Weldon was ashamed, almost afraid, to address Mr. Witham. She was alone, however, and with no one to advise; was what people vulgarly termed a "shop" girl. She had also been told that gentlemen in his walk of life retained much of that chivalric element of disposition long since extinct in large cities. Wherefore she trusted—and believed—that he would accord her communication that confidence befitting her own sincerity.

Fred contemplated this last bit of flattery with a smile of complacency.

"He'll not swear at his cattle for a week after that," he observed. Then he consigned the letter to his pocket.

Quemadura Flat was isolated from railroads, and ten days elapsed before an answer was received. A brief note from Miss Halsted—addressed, by the way, to "Miss" Dorothy Weldon—acquainted Fred of its arrival, and within the snug precincts of her dwelling he found that young lady considerably amused. Mr. Witham's reply was certainly in keeping with the advertisement by which it had been preceded.

"My Dear Miss Weldon," it began. "Thanks for your letter. Thanks, too, for your picture. I also thank God that I have been permitted to receive them. Perhaps that sounds like a stampede of fervency, but I'm more accustomed to stampedes than to writing letters. Therefore, when I tell you that I like your points you can back my words."

And thus launched upon the sea of correspondence—involved in four pages of very "unfashionable" paper—he continued. He reiterated all he had previously published, and added considerably unimportant details, of which reference to certain bankers in Los Angeles comprised no small part. Nor was Fred's allusion to cowboy chivalry without its effect, for in conclusion he went on:

"As to your own right to your brand, no further remarks are necessary. I have seen your face (on paper), and I have heard you talk—I know the yelping of a sneaking coyote, and I never yet failed to recognize the jeweled hide of a rattlesnake. That's all."

With this, however, Miss Halsted appeared less agreeably diverted.

"There's a rough, Quixotic credence about it that approaches pathos," was her amusing comment.

Fred laughed.

"He does put it rather neatly," he vouchsafed, "but he's only a cowboy, Dolly; and, besides, this is only his first; who knows what a mind of levity tenderness he may yet develop?"

The young girl shook her head.

"You, perhaps; not me," she returned. "I shall write no more."

"But, Dolly, think of the—"

"I know—the fun," Miss Halsted interposed. "But it's not 'fun' for aim, and I refuse to continue."

Nevertheless another letter was written, and in Dolly's delicate chirography, nor did Fred's subsequent expression of satisfaction arise wholly from the epistle itself, rather from the young girl's subservience to his wishes.

As before, a lapse of ten days brought the reply. So, also, did each such succeeding interval for several months thereafter. And they certainly yielded no small fund of entertainment. The writer, albeit he invariably answered by return mail, was by no means of a low-worn disposition; he strayed into anecdote, to humor, and with results in

a crude way, infinitely amusing. Fred, too, it has since been asserted, soon viewed the correspondence from another standpoint; and, indeed, it did permit him to visit Dolly with a frequency prohibited by conventionality.

But it must be confessed that Mr. Witham speedily began to chafe under the restraint of confining words to a mailbox. Each letter contained its appeal that he be permitted to visit the city. Nor were his plaints without a certain element of the pathetic. His ranch was sixty miles from civilization and refinement; that sixty miles he now traversed to receive—only a letter.

"And he's scarcely to be blamed, Dolly," Fred once observed. "Think of what his longing would be had he seen your own features, instead of Mlle. Clio's!" Then he contemplated the girl's fair face with a smile, and turning away, hummed a bar of something about a "letter that never came."

Meantime, however, there arrived a day when the newspapers again had occasion to publish Jake Witham's name. It was only a brief notice, telegraphic, and recounting the destruction by fire of Quemadura Flat, the settlement wherein that gentleman received his man. He had been present at the time—presumably awaiting the customary letter—and had generously donated \$500 to those rendered homeless.

As the item met Fred's eye a change came over his face, and, clipping it from the paper, he conveyed it to Miss Halsted.

"I'm rather sorry, after all, Dolly, that we selected such a man for a fool," he said, with a seriousness, to him, unusual. "He certainly appears to have a heart, and a big one."

Dolly smiled, albeit somewhat satirically.

"It's the dollar, not the sentiment, with you, Fred," she astutely returned.

Fred made no reply. Possibly his respect for gold was a characteristic ad, nitting no denial.

But the young girl was again perusing the report, and in the last line she encountered four words previously unnoticed—"Mr. Witham badly injured."

Her face was slightly paler as she looked up.

"He's given more than his dollars, Fred," she said, in a low tone.

Fred looked grave. At the same time there was depicted in his expression a vague sense of relief.

"Well, that lets us out," he returned. "To tell you the truth, Dolly, I was beginning to wonder how we could extricate ourselves gracefully."

But Fred erred, and that gravely, in believing he was to escape thus easily from the correspondence which he had begun. Three days later he was again summoned into Miss Halsted's presence, and that young lady met him with a look of blank dismay. She had received another letter from Mr. Witham, and of a character vastly dissimilar to those of earlier date. Moreover, a small package accompanied the letter. Within reposed a ring whose glistening stone was worthy to grace even Dolly's taper fingers, and the sender was following the ring.

"Here!" the young girl ejaculated, almost tearfully. "He's coming here!"

Fred knitted his brow; manifestly he was disconcerted, and he took the letter from her hand. But there was no loophole for misconception. The writer was no longer an appealing swain, suing for favor; he had met with an accident—had narrowly escaped death, and by it was warned that delay frequently detailed disaster. At the closing statement, however, Fred exhibited some slight relief. Mr. Witham did not intend "roving a wife" as he would a steer—unnannounced. He would await Miss Weldon's pleasure at the Palace Hotel.

"And we'll have to meet him there," Fred declared, in a tone of desperation.

"Well!" the young girl exclaimed. "I'm not Miss Weldon."

"Well, I will, then," Fred returned. "But what will I tell him—that you're sick, dead, or have left the city?"

Miss Halsted shook her head.

"That would only mean procrastination, with an explanation still to be made," she said, dubiously. "No; if you are going to meet him—if you

dare to meet him—tell him the truth."

Fred winced. It had not previously occurred to him that an encounter with Mr. Witham might entail bodily discomfort.

"Do—do you suppose he'll fight?" he queried, half absently.

"I hope so; you deserve it," was the young girl's reply. Then she paused and her eyes sparkled mischievously as she noted her companion's dejection. "No; I don't mean that, Fred," she added; "I would not like you to get hurt. But you must see him."

"And I will, Dolly," was Fred's earnest rejoinder, his love for her sex fast tending toward centralization. "For you'd interview that gentleman who buys his shoes at the farrier's."

But words are not actions. The following day was nearly at an end when Fred entered the Palace Hotel and glanced over the register. Inwardly he was praying that the name of Witham should not appear upon its pages; that its owner might be reposing beneath a wrecked train, shot by express robbers, intoxicated by the wayside—anything. But there it was, and at sight of it he repaired to the barroom.

That courage, however, which is attributed to Holland appeared to have lost its potency, and he soon returned to the office. His hand trembled as he drew a card from his pocket; but it had to be done, and he tendered it to the clerk.

"Mr. Witham," he said, tersely.

Five minutes later a speaking tube wheezed, and he watched the clerk. But the suspense was of brief duration. Yes; Mr. Witham was in and would be pleased to see Mr. Weldon at once.

Fred drew a long breath, then straightened up and walked toward the elevator. Hitherto he had never entered one of those elevators at the Palace without speculating on their safety, but now he wished it would fall. He even contemplated, mentally, his own bruised and tangled remains, and the consequent press notices. But it reached the third floor without mishap.

The bellboy, too, seemed as if bent upon hastening the calamitous work for he at once conducted him to the door of Mr. Witham's room and tapped loudly on the panel.

"Come!" was the cheery response that floated through the transom, and Fred shuddered. Then he pulled himself together and turned the knob.

But on the threshold he paused. Mr. Witham—the "cowboy"—was seated within, and of exterior he was not at all formidable. His features, albeit bearded, were boyish, pleasant and rather handsome, and his attire was that affected by a man of the world. But it was not with him that Fred was now concerned—Dorothy Halsted was seated on his knee.

Fred was like a man dazed by some sudden revelation; he seemed, almost, to stagger. But the "cowboy" smiled. Then lifting Dolly he deposited her in his own seat and advanced with extended hand.

"My wife, Mr. Weldon," he observed lightly. "We have had her father's blessing; I trust we have yours."

Fred stared; he was yet like one in the dark, and he scarcely noticed the hand which clasped his own.

But he was speedily enlightened, and by Miss Halsted—or, rather, the former Miss Halsted—herself.

"Yes, Fred," she said with a wealth of smiles and blushes, "we must confess to a little deception. My own photo and not Mlle. Clio's was enclosed in your first letter, and after the second my—my husband always wrote two letters, one for us and one for me. And really, Fred, I think his appreciation of the situation influenced me—just a bit—in what has happened."

Fred bowed—very coldly; he was himself again.

"It all goes to show," he afterward averred, "that women can't be trusted, even in matters of jocular entertainment."—New York Press.

Some One Had Blundered.

"What's the price of these goods?"

"Eighty cents a yard, madam."

"Why, that's quite reasonable!"

"Oh—er—I must have made a mistake!"—Puck.

UNCLE SAM'S CASH.

FACTS OF INTEREST ABOUT UNITED STATES MONEY

Counting Coins at the Treasury—A Vault on Wheels—Guarding Bank Note Seals—Packing and Sealing the Bills.

FOREIGN copper coins frequently turn up at the United States Treasury here, many of them being in circulation, says Rene Bache in a Washington letter.

Some of them have a current value in countries abroad of very much less than a cent. Being of the same size as cents, or nearly, they will pass fairly well on this side of the water. Not long ago a man was arrested and sent to the penitentiary for importing Austrian pennings into the United States. He procured them by the bushel. The Government suffers some loss by the abrasion of gold coins rubbing together in bags. A century ago a method frequently adopted by "clippers" was to shake gold pieces in bags for the profit of the wear. Modern swindlers have greatly improved on that process by using an electric battery to remove a thin coating from the coins. Of course, the great majority of the coins counted pass muster, being good and not too much worn for circulation.

They are put up in paper envelopes and in cloth bags; also in rouleaux of paper. The rouleaux are called "cartridges." The little sheets of paper out of which they are made are cut and printed at the Bureau of Engraving. An employe in the counting division of the Treasury devotes all of her time to rolling them, using a round stick for the purpose. They are of various sizes, according as they are intended to contain dimes, quarters, halves, dollars or nickels. Each cartridge is marked on the outside with the amount and denomination of the contents; as, for example, "Five dollars, dimes; Treasury, U. S."

The filled rouleaux and paper envelopes are weighed finally, to make sure that the contents are correct. The same thing is done with the bags of coins. All of these bags are made in Cincinnati by a big dry goods firm that has a contract with the Government. They cost from eight-tenths of a cent to eight and three-tenths cents. The smallest ones, for pennies and nickels, are of ordinary cotton cloth; the biggest, which hold \$1000 in silver each, are of a good quality of duck. The Treasury, in sending out the money to banks and other applicants, gives these bags away. They cost Uncle Sam \$6500 per annum. Bags containing \$50 or more are sewn up, tied and tagged, a wax seal being put on over the string. Each bag bears the initials of the counter and a note of its avoirdupois weight.

In the same room where the coins are counted at the Treasury the seals are put on all of the paper money of the United States. The notes and certificates come from the Bureau of Engraving complete except the seal. All of the paper cash is conveyed from the Bureau of Engraving to the Treasury in a steel clad wagon, that is like a vault on wheels. At present the Treasury is receiving from the Bureau of Engraving forty packages of paper money each day. Each package consists of 1000 sheets, with four notes on each sheet. Thus, a package of ten-dollar notes represents \$40,000, or a similar package of one thousand dollar notes would hold \$1,000,000. The note for \$1000 is the biggest denomination now printed. The Government has issued notes for \$10,000 each, but they are only regarded as curiosities now. On arrival, the contents of the packages are counted. Then the money goes to the press room, where there are six small presses, which are employed for the sole purpose of putting the seals on the certificates and notes. The engraved steel seals are put away every night in a safe.

It would be regarded as little short of a calamity if an impression from one of these seals got away. The utmost care is taken to prevent any accident of this kind. Every day a great many sheets of blank paper are put through the presses to make sure that the prints of the seals are perfect in respect to clearness and color. Every impression is registered by an automatic contrivance attached to each

press, and must be accounted for at night. The seals on the finished notes count for so many, the impressions on blank sheets for so many more, and the total must correspond exactly with the reading of the register. At the end of the day all of the blank sheets bearing impressions are burned by the chief of the division, James A. Temple. For the printing of these seals the finest carmine ink is used. It is made from cochineal insects. Thus it may be said that bugs have something to do with the production of Uncle Sam's paper money. In old times the completed sheets of notes were trimmed and separated by hand with shears. It was for this purpose that women were first employed by General Spinner. Now the sheets are put through a machine which has small revolving wheels carrying knives. As they come out on the other side, the employe who receives them gathers them four-by-four and places them in a pile. The notes as they come from the Bureau of Engraving are numbered in sequence, and it is required that they shall be kept in that order when put up in packages.

As soon as she has received 100 notes from the machine, the operator puts an elastic band around them. The bundle is then passed to another employe, who counts the notes, making sure that the amount is right and that the numbers are in sequence. When she has accumulated forty bundles of 100 notes each, she delivers them to a man in the corner of the room, who occupies a wire cage. He wraps up the forty bundles, making one package of them, which he seals with the Treasury seal in red wax. Then he puts on a label indicating the amount represented, with the denomination and number of the notes. The initials of the counter and of the sealer, with the date, are affixed. Finally, the package goes to the reserve vault. Technically speaking, it is not real money, though finished, and will not become such until it is taken up in the cash amount of the Treasury.

The sealer, John T. Barnes, is one of the most trusted men in the employ of the Government. He sealed the first package of paper money that was printed by the United States. If he wished to, he could get away with millions undetected. There is nothing to prevent him from substituting a "dummy" for a little bundle of notes containing \$100,000, and he might repeat this operation a good many times before he was found out. The bundles abstracted he might easily put in his pocket. Most of the packages which he seals up are not opened for many months. But the United States Treasury, like other banking concerns, accepts the theory that it is necessary to trust somebody.

The trimmings produced incidentally to the cutting apart of the notes are portions of the distinctive fiber paper used by the Government for its paper money. These scraps are shaken out at the end of the day to make sure that nothing valuable is among them, and then they are packed carefully in boxes to be sent to the Bureau of Engraving and there reduced to pulp by boiling. Congress has put a penalty of fifteen years' imprisonment and \$5000 fine on the offense of possessing, unlawfully, the smallest scrap of this paper.

Washington's Pavements.

"Washington to-day," says a correspondent, "has more asphalt pavements than any city in the country, with the exception of Buffalo. Of the 164 miles of improved streets in Washington seventy-one are paved with asphalt, making 1,773,057 square yards. For the streets on which heavy hauling is done cobblestone is generally used. Of this pavement fourteen and a half miles have been laid. The heavy grades have been principally paved with granite blocks, of which twenty-eight and one-half miles have been laid. In the northeast section of the city the asphalt block has been found to answer the purpose very satisfactorily, and over thirteen miles have been put down within recent years. There are still twenty-five miles of streets laid with coal tar and eleven and a half of macadam."—Detroit Free Press.

Electric heating in this country is said to be nearing the stage at which a large proportion of the community will be able to avail themselves of its benefits.