

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XIII.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1902.

NO. 5.

TWO KINDS OF DOLLARS.

There's a difference in dollars, for some are so pure
And wholesome and big and delightful;
While others which men in their hurry procure
Are little and tarnished and frightful.
The good kind bring riches that stand for success
With honest, intelligent striving;
The others bring only that sense of distress
That comes of unmanly conniving.

'Tis the sorriest error to measure our gold
By the number of dollars; 'tis better
To think of their quality; find if they hold
A genuine joy for their getter.
For a coin that is good when we win it aright,
With conscience and heart in our dealing,
Is only a counterfeit, pleasureless quite
To him who obtains it by stealing.
—Nixon Waterman, in the National Magazine.

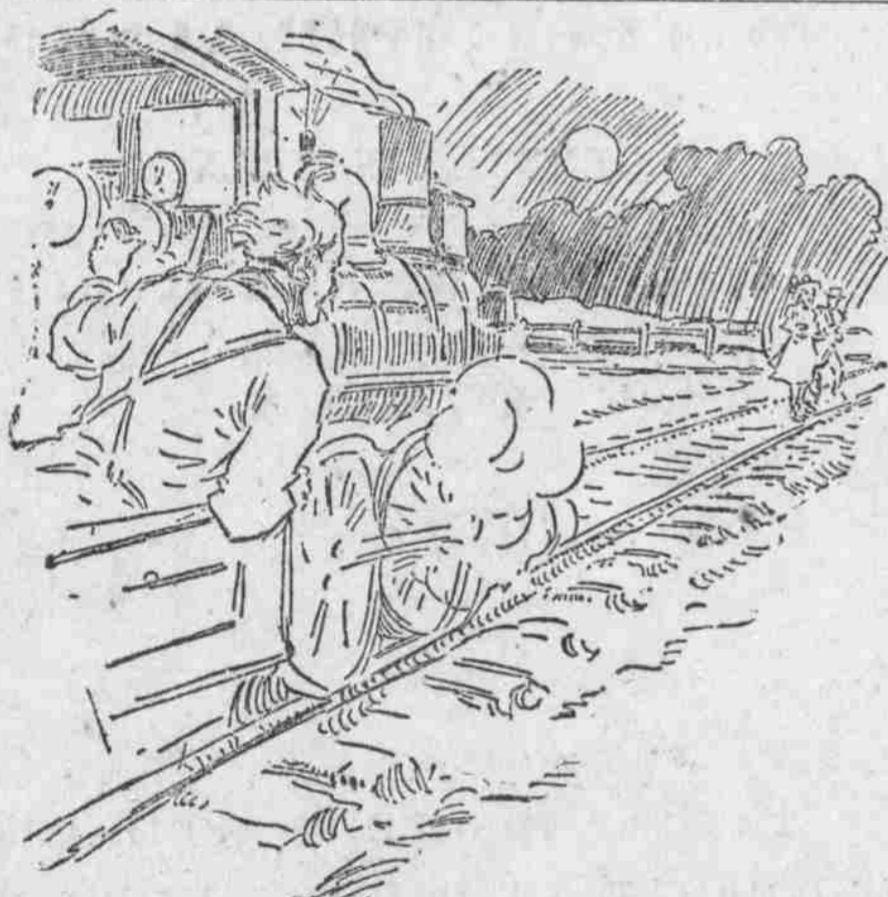


"SOME people do not believe the stories they hear of ghosts," said the doctor, as he leaned back in his chair on the opposite side of the table from the lawyer and his wife, whose guest he happened to be for dinner. The lawyer leaned back, too, but the lawyer's wife could not because the telephone was up against the wall behind her seat. "But they do believe them down in the country where I came from," continued the doctor, while the lawyer's wife crumbled up a cracker and let the pieces fall in her finger bowl. "For instance, a story was current when I was about fourteen years old that was realistic enough and had proof enough to have been so even if it was not.

"The Pennsylvania Railroad—known then as the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago—was building, and the right of way cut through a sandhill less than a quarter of a mile from our front gate. In building the line there were several places to be graded, and no better material could be found than the gravel in this hill. Next to the

little chance of making a mistake. The sidetrack made its way farther and farther into the hill. The crew of this gravel train consisted of Irish shovellers, a Yankee conductor and Scotch engineer. One by one the trees of the orchard fell as the gravel was dug from beneath, and loaded upon the flat cars by the red-shirted gang, who talked and joked and idled away their time like a flock of geese.

"One day the crew came upon the box buried in the orchard. A shout went up from the Irishmen, for they had found the skeletons of the children. Down on the siding stood the long train of flat cars, with the engine smoking away at the end. Robert Watson, familiarly known as Bob, was fanning himself in the window of the cab. Conductor Thompson was somewhere along the shady side of the box car, which did duty as the caboose. On the hill there was a big commotion, and the sand and gravel came down faster than it had ever done before, following the heels of the shovellers. These Irishmen ranged themselves by the side of the train, panting and jab-



ENGINEER WATSON THREW ON THE AIR BRAKES.

wagon road, which wound away through the sands of the hill, stood the red house and barn of Graham Davis. Some time before this a scourge of small pox had visited the community. Two of the Davis children had died almost on the same day. Anyway, they were buried in the same coffin and in the same grave. The graveyard was in the orchard, as a great many graveyards of the early settlers were.

"As the railroad company pushed in its siding against the hill Graham Davis found himself short of room, so in the course of time he sold that corner of his farm to the company, and moved from his house and barn, forgetting all about what he had in the orchard. The neighbors remembered, and it was not long before weird stories of slamming doors and greswome noises were told about the country side. Some people went so far as to declare they had seen the two children, hand in hand, going through the orchard to the school, as they had often been seen in life to do. This happened only at midnight when the moon was high and the air clear, so there was

being! A way few could understand. Bob Watson stuck his head far out from the cab window and inquired the cause of the trouble. Conductor Thompson went leaping up the hill like a kangaroo until he got to a box half covered with sand beneath a tree in the orchard. Then Thompson went back faster than he had gone up, and sat down on a tie. No color was in his face, and his hands trembled. Surrounding him crowded the Irishmen, who made so much noise no one heard the lightning express as it went thundering by. Nor would the men go back to work, as long as the box was on the hill. Engineer Bob Watson called the conductor to him and learned the situation.

"I'll take the things out of taere," as he slipped down the iron steps to the sand. Up the hill he went till he came to the box, when he caught hold of the protruding end and he gave it a twist that sent both box and the engineer rolling and tumbling with the bones rattling down the hill. Conductor Thompson sent a delegation to the new home of Graham Davis to tell

him where the bodies of the children were, and to request him to carry them away.

"Then the men went back to work. When evening came a large Irishman walked up to the cab of the engine to where Engineer Bob was lighting his pipe.

"You've got the hant, Bob Watson, and if you take my advice, being a man who's uninterested, you'll get out of this job and won't pull no train on this division of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Road."

"Engineer Bob Watson laughed, got the signal from the switchman and blew two blasts from the whistle for off brakes and started toward town with the water boy trailing along behind in an attempt to catch the improvised caboose.

"The incident on the hill was forgotten, almost, perhaps entirely by all except the Irishmen, who seldom lost a thing of this kind from their memories. Time wrought many changes. Bob Watson was advanced until he was given charge of a night express between Chicago and the East. Conductor Thompson controlled the destinies of the passengers on this same train. One night they were coming into Chicago, with the moon shining full and the face of the country almost as clear as at noonday. Off to the left was the schoolhouse, and to the right, coming down the road over the crossing, were two children, a boy and a girl, with a tin dinner bucket swinging between them. Evidently they did not see the express, and reached the centre of the track at the same instant the engine struck the crossing. Engineer Watson threw on the air brakes, blew the whistle, and the whole train shuddered to a standstill. Watson grabbed a flare and sprang past the wide-eyed fireman out into the night. From the coaches the white lights of the brakemen dropped down, and the blue lantern of the conductor waited until the yellow flare of the conductor came up to it. Then the conductor and the engineer went back, looking under every car the full length of the train, and to the crossing; even on the crossing there was nothing, no sign of an accident, neither to the right nor to the left.

"So the train went on.

"A month later the moon shone again. Again Robert Watson's train came to the crossing. Again he saw the two children, the boy and the girl, coming down the road to the right with their dinner bucket between them. Again they stepped on the crossing as the train reached it, and again that flying motor was brought to a stand. The engineer's flare mingled with the light of the brakemen, and the conductor carried his blue lantern back to the crossing. There the men faced each other.

"Look here, Bob Watson, said Conductor Thompson, 'do you remember what place this is? Do you remember the orchard that once stood on the hill over there behind the schoolhouse? Do you remember what the Irish shoveller said to you? I'll tell you you've hit the hant.'

"Together the men walked back to their posts.

"Once more a month rolled around and the moon shone on the little schoolhouse and on the crooked trees of the orchard held in existence by the school land. Engineer Watson saw the children coming down the road long before the train reached the crossing. He signaled to his fireman for more steam and opened the valve wider as the engine swung up on the crossing. There was a jar as the wheels passed over—"

At that instant the telephone bell rang as it had never rung before. The lawyer's wife screamed, sprang up from her chair and sunk back in it, and yet the bell rung. Together the lawyer and the doctor carried her to her room and the lawyer hurried away to the drug store on the corner.

"Doctor, I wish you would finish that ghost story," said the lawyer's wife the next day as she was sitting up from her siege of hysterics and the telephone man had come around and straightened the wires. "What did the engineer hit?"

"Now, the train did hit something that night, but when the crew went back to look all they could find was Davis' spotted cow, which had been making her way to the old home. The moonlight made her look odd, and, after all, there may have been a bit of superstitious blood in the engineer. At any rate, he resigned his run when he got into Chicago that night. I saw him a bit ago pulling a freight on the

New York Central. But the 'hant' had left him."—Harry A. Armstrong, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Tramps' Directions.

Take the one single incident of direction of rendezvous, memoranda, etc., on water tanks and in stations. I have looked for such with very small success, considering the bulk of the legends about them, though I have found them. And although very striking cases of selection among houses for begging purposes have come to my notice, I have never yet found a perfectly authentic instance of designating mark. When, therefore, the residence of my friend, A. L., was visited regularly, and that of his next door neighbor, P. B., a lawyer, neglected, and that of his opposite neighbor, Sheriff A. M., shunned, I am confident it is all due to oral communication. And it shows what was possible in the days before the telegraph and newspaper that when my friend Judge S.'s patience finally broke down, and from the defender of tramps in court and their feeder at home, he told one of them to let it be known from Hartford to Boston that he "would arrest the next one who came to his door," inside of forty-eight hours the plague had ceased!—The Independent.

The "Hegira" of 1837.

It is almost certain that a record number of Americans will cross the Atlantic for the coronation, and it is very probable that record time may be accomplished. But such events will not attract so much public attention as the records established in the spring preceding the coronation of Queen Victoria. The Great Western steam packet caused immense astonishment by making a maiden trip from Bristol to New York in fifteen days. On May 7, 1838, she started from New York on her return voyage with passengers desirous of being present in London for the coronation. Quite 100,000 persons assembled to witness her departure, with bands of music, and a variety of steamboats attended her to Sandy Hook. She carried sixty-eight cabin passengers, the greatest number that had ever crossed in one ship, at thirty-five guineas each. Her arrival at Bristol on May 22 settled the doubt warmly discussed by the British Association, two years previously, as to the possibility of steamship communication between England and America.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

What Makes a Book Sell.

Some half-dozen of the New York booksellers have been interviewed by the New York Sun on this subject. Some of the answers are characteristic. One bookseller said:

"It is odd, but I find that the color of the cover has a good deal to do with a decision in favor of a book. I mean as far as the decision can be affected by a strong first impression. Red is the most catchy color, if it is the right shade, and then a nice shade of green. The gilt and the corner designs show up on either red or green. Let a red or green be standing erect among a group of other colors, and most people will pick out the bright, strong color first."

Then the title makes a big difference with the undecided buyers, and pictures help some.

Story of a Stick.

The reformers who hold up the German army as a pattern to be admired will perhaps allow that even its excellent discipline has some drawbacks. Among the many regulations of the military code is one which forbids anybody to present himself before a recruiting officer with a cane in his hand. Some days ago a reservist so far forgot himself as to enter the office of a recruiting sergeant-major accompanied by his walking-stick. For this heinous offense the unfortunate reservist was promptly court-martialed and sentenced to ten weeks' imprisonment for insubordination.—To-Day.

His Majesty's Inconvenience.

The King observed the other day that one of the inconveniences of being a monarch was that he could no longer use his clubs. But numbers of his male friends are asked to come to Marlborough house, and more than once, when some very intimate associate of olden times is writing his name at the lodge, the liveried servant will say: "I am desired by His Majesty to telephone when you come in. Will you wait until I see whether it is his pleasure to see you?" In this way the King keeps in the closest touch with social movements.—Liverpool Post.

MUSIC IN THE PANTRY.

There is music in the pantry,
The boys have just come in,
And mother's pies are suffering—
Was ever such a din?

There is music in the pantry,
The old tin boiler squeaks,
The doughnuts go 'way down below,
The cupboard groans and creaks.

There is music in the pantry,
For Ned and Tom and Sam,
Are jostling one another
While stealing mother's jam.

There is music in the pantry,
And mother's heard the noise—
Good gracious what a racket!
Ah, listen to those boys!

There is music in the pantry,
'Tis sounding to the skies;
Mother's used the rawhide—
But she hasn't saved the pies!
—J. G. Mills.



"Is your wife musical, Flipper?"
"No. She harps too much on one string."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Tragedian—"My parents tried hard to keep me from becoming an actor." The Villain—"I congratulate them on their success."—Tit-Bits.

First Politician—"They want to introduce voting machines down in my ward." Second Politician—"We've had them walking around in our ward for years."—Baltimore American.

Briggs—"I donated my brain to my college, and just got an acknowledgment from the President." Griggs—"Was he pleased?" Briggs—"He wrote that every little helps."—Harper's Bazar.

Maud—"How funny that Englishman's clothes look." Jack—"Well, yes, but you know at one time Englishmen wore only dresses." Maud—"When was that?" Jack—"When they were infants."—Harlem Life.

Hixon—"Young Pellets tells me that he makes a specialty of doctoring cats." Dixon—"Well, his patients are fortunate." Hixon—"How's that?" Dixon—"They each have nine lives."—Chicago Daily News.

"They tell me that Jim Muggins is one of the directors in a big city corporation now," said the grocer. "Yes, I see him las' time I was down to town," said Mr. Meddergrass. "He directs the envelopes for the firm."—Baltimore American.

Towne—"You seem to have a little cash." Browne—"Yes; railroad accident." Towne—"You don't mean to say you got damages?" Browne—"I mean to say a railroad I took stock in years ago has finally paid a dividend."—Philadelphia Press.

Gerald—"I have often thought that I ought to have studied for the ministry." Geraldine—"You wouldn't have been a success." Gerald—"Why not?" Geraldine—"You couldn't make the necessary number of pastoral calls; you'd stay too long at one place."—Brooklyn Life.

"There" said Mrs. Cumrox, "I guess we have at last eclipsed the Van Flams as entertainers. We are going to have it put in the papers that our recent entertainment cost \$40,000." "But the Van Flams claim that theirs cost \$50,000." "Yes. But an affidavit will go with our figures."—Washington Star.

Disregarding Quarantine.

When Queen Wilhelmina was a child, she was not allowed ordinarily to share dinner with the older members of the royal household, but on special occasions was permitted to make her appearance at dessert, and place herself beside some particular favorite.

One day, says the Chicago Record-Herald, she sat by a courtly old General. Presently she exclaimed:

"I wonder you're not afraid to sit next to me?"

Everybody in the room turned at the sound of the child's treble.

"On the contrary, I am pleased and honored to sit next to my future Queen. Why should I be afraid?"

Assuming a woe-begone expression, the little Queen replied: "Because all my dolls have the measles."

Enough timber is destroyed by fire in the United States every year to supply all the pulp mills, though these can turn out 2,500,000 tons of paper a year.

Fifty-one of the United States Senators and 230 of the Representatives in Congress are lawyers.