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## THE PATHS OF DEATH.

There are two folds upon the hill,  
And one is lone and very still—  
Only the rustle of a leaf  
Gives happy sound of life and stir,  
And warbles bubbling bright and brief,  
Where the bird skims with fearless whirr,  
Or a bee rilling on his way  
The honey from a wild rose spray.  
Sometimes a soft and summer shower  
Drops gentle music hour by hour,  
Or a long breath of wandering air  
Makes melancholy murmur there,  
And all is calm and full of peace  
There where the dead have sweet surcease.  
—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Scribner's Magazine.

Within that other place of graves  
The wild rains fall, the wild wind raves—  
In every dusky alley met  
Sad ghosts, who beat an aching breast  
With anguished longing and regret,  
Remember that they once were blest,  
The heart gone out of them, the soul  
Fled onward to some unknown goal.  
For them no glad and further year,  
Ashes the rose, and beauty sere,  
Without a wish except to fill  
Their eyes with dust—the dead who still  
With ruined hope and joyless mirth  
Go to and fro upon the earth!



THE superintendent of the Kildee Insane Asylum was, ex-officio, a great personage in the little town. The simple, nose-keeping inhabitants dignified him in their minds with the great men of the Nation, for the institution over which he presided was the biggest thing they knew about, and the official residence of the superintendent was looked upon as the type and paragon of all domestic excellence.

The new superintendent, however, had not been content to move majestically in the beaten path of his predecessors. The degree of awesome aloofness which enwrapped him surpassed

to return to their roosts, and the vagrom peddlers who occasionally invaded his inhospitable yard were set upon by a murderous bulldog which held the unenvied honor of being Triggton's only companion, counselor and friend. A year of this kind of "neighborliness" made Superintendent Triggton the most hated and at the same time the most feared person in Kildee.

The Widow Denny was the first who dared to oppose him. One of her pigs had got away and never returned, and about the same time Triggton's porcine family of ten yearlings was augmented by the presence of a plump boar, which, from a distance, looked suspiciously like the Denny derelict. The widow demanded her beast, and Triggton laughed at her. Then she filed suit and gave the community a shock of delight by bringing her son, a young Chicago lawyer, to help her fight the superintendent. Everybody hoped and even expected that the smart young attorney from the city would bring the hateful Triggton to account, but when the case came to trial and the evidence was all in, even the tacit testimony of the squealing pig, the question remained one of veracity between the woman and the possessor of the pig. He swore that his sow had lit-



anything ever known in the town, but he had a knack of mingling with the affairs of the people without abating an iota of his dignity or laying himself open to the familiarity of his neighbors. He hadn't been in office six months before the asylum garden, worked by the inmates, began to yield extraordinary quantities of kitchen truck, flowers and fruit, which Superintendent Triggton, with pompous condescension permitted the public to buy at prices that added heavily to his already large income. Then it became known among certain struggling tradesmen that Triggton had a certain sum of

ready money which he was "willing" to loan to reputable citizens on "terms which could be privately arranged." Within a year he "owned" enough mortgages to make him master of the destinies of a dozen less fortunate Kildeeans. He bought lots in town and acres adjoining the village and guarded his holdings with a jealous tyranny that was quite new to the easy going, friendly people.

Boys caught playing "I spy" in his orchard were cuffed off the premises. Stray pigs, cows or horses foraging along the roadways were promptly impounded by Triggton and the owners mulcted for their "keep." Frolicking dogs which had ventured upon the Triggton estate had been found mysteriously defunct, lying at their owners' gates. Pulletts foraging abroad in the vicinity of his house had failed



tered eleven pigs, and the widow swore that the beast in evidence was her property. She mentioned the split ear, the marks, even the kinks in its tail, recounting these signs of identification before the debated beast appeared and pointing out the accuracy of her statements when the squealer was introduced. In this quandary, Judge Tufts, who was mortally afraid of the superintendent, fell back on the old sophism, "possession is nine-tenths of the law," and awarded the pig to the triumphant rascal.

The Kildeeans were sorely disappointed, though they dared not show it, and Superintendent Triggton swaggered out of the courtroom with a sneer at Lawyer Denny that stung him all the deeper when he saw the tears in his old mother's eyes. The widow and her son were having a

rather sad farewell supper that evening when Hank Lee, who was a sort of town weigher, came in with the startling announcement:

"They's a mover gone and camped in Triggton's orchard! Puled down a panel o' the fence and tuk his team an' wagon right in an' squatted on the clover kerplunk! He's put up a tent and his hosses is eatin' away at their best lick! Geewhillikens, won't the ole grizzly holler!"

"Let's go see what happens, Hank," said Denny.

"I'll go ye. We kin hide behind the manure pile." And off they went in spite of Mrs. Denny's cautious warning to "keep out o' Triggton's road."

From their lurking place they could see the mover sitting beside his camp fire, shuffling a sizzling skillet over the blaze. He was whistling merrily, oblivious of the burly man standing bolt upright at the fence staring at the intruder in livid astonishment. Denny and Lee nudged each other and chuckled as they saw Triggton dart under the top rail, rush up to the nonchalant trespasser and bellow: "Get off this lot, d'ye hear!" The mover calmly laid down his frying pan, stopped whistling and smiled into the purple face of the enraged Triggton.

"Why, good evenin'," he laughed. "Glad to know you, Triggton! I heard

uproar that put an end to the judge's speech. He jumped off the stake-wagon, elbowed his way through the crowd, and catching sight of the woe-begone superintendent, asked: "What does this mean?"

"That's your escaped lunatic, Judge," explained the mover, while the crowd roared in irrepressible delight, "that's him, Triggton. I ketched him single-handed down in the orchard, he jumped me—"

"Whose orchard?" asked the excited Tufts, fumbling to release the crest-fallen superintendent.

"Why, Denny's. Mr. Denny told me I could camp in that orchard—"

"But this gentleman, what in God's name did you do to him?"

"Why, he's the 'scaped lunatic, Triggton. Mr. Denny told me about him, said he was bug-house about ownin' the whole world, 'scaped from the 'sylum, and that if I ketched him an' turned him over to Judge Tufts I'd git the reward. He fetched me a wallop, an' I jest fetched him a couple aside o' the head, and yonder he is!"

The disgruntled captor of the Kildee tyrant looked around for Hank Lee for corroboration, but that worthy was then running as fast as his legs could take him to the Widow Denny's cottage.

"Where's your son, Mrs. Denny?"



about you. Always been wantin' to meet up with the feller what owns the whole world!"

"Get out of my orchard, you blamed fool!" roared the superintendent, clinching his fist and trembling with the rage that seized him.

"Whoa, Triggton," quoth the mover, stepping back as the smile faded from his brown face; "don't get sassy, or I'll have to use force. Come now, you'd better come along with me up t' the 'sylum. I been told to fetch you in. I know you own the whole world, got it fenced in an' all that, but 'f you'll come along with me I think mebbe we kin give you a mortgage on the moon, too. Come."

For answer the infuriated Triggton leaped at the throat of the stranger. Too quick for his assailant, however, the vagabond had grabbed the iron skillet and with one quick swing brought it smash upon the head of Triggton. The man behind the manure pile saw him waver, stagger and fall. The mover bent over him for an instant, said, "Don't git up, Triggton," and as the prostrate man jumped up again struck him full in the eye with his clinched fist. "Guess that'll hold ye fur awhile," said the stranger, going into his tent. They watched him come out with a rope and tie the fallen tyrant hand and foot. Then, by a great effort, he loaded his victim into the wagon, and Denny and Lee, unwilling to remain longer, made off through the twilight, laughing with delight. They stopped at the widow's house long enough to see the mover come galloping up the road, his wagon rattling behind and Triggton sitting helplessly in the rear, his yells and imprecations drowned by the clatter of the jolting vehicle.

Denny ran into the house, much to the wonderment of Hank, but the mover drew reins at the gate and cried:

"Hi, there, come show me the way to Judge Tufts's house. I got the 'scaped lunatic here. Captured him single-handed down yonder in the orchard. Don't be skeard o' him. I got him tied as tight as a yearlin' bull."

Hank, not trusting himself to look at the prisoner, jumped up on the seat and away they dashed for Judge Tufts' house. That grave if not learned personage happened at that moment to be presiding over a political mass meeting in the square of Kildee, surrounded by a glare of oil torches, and in the act of introducing the "speaker of the evening." The thundering arrival of the wagon with Hank and the mover on the seat and the raving, disheveled, dirty captive in the rear, created an

he panted, as he bolted into the kitchen.

"He's gone on that 8 o'clock train for Chicago," she said, quietly.

"Do you know what he's done?"

"Yes, Hank. I know. It was the least he could do, don't you think?"—John H. Rafferty, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

### THE LARGEST WATCH

Built Like the Most Delicate Pocket Time-piece at Cost of Thousands of Dollars.

There has just been finished at the American Waltham watch factory a mammoth watch, the largest in the world. To build this gigantic time-piece cost several thousand dollars and several weeks' time. Special machinery and tools were required for its construction. The watch is a model of the new model sixteen-size maximum, three-quarter plate watch, enlarged ten times, perfect in every detail, and as highly finished as the finest watch.

The diameter of the pillar plate is seventeen inches, and the movement is two and one-half inches thick. The balance wheel is six and one-half inches in diameter, and the breguet spring, which controls its action, is eight feet long, .08 of a centimetre thick and .25 of a centimetre wide. When running the balance makes a vibration in .7 of a second. The pallet stones are of sapphire and exquisitely polished. The actuating, or mainspring, is twenty-three feet long, .17 of a centimetre thick, and 2.9 centimetres wide.

The mammoth model is as completely jeweled as a watch of the finest grade. The plate jewels, which are as large as the smallest movement made, or about the size of a nickel five-cent piece, are fine rubies, about ten lines in diameter, but bushed with sapphires. The polish of the wheels, pinions and other steel work is perfect, and the damaskeening on the plates is most beautiful. The pendant and winding crown are of fine bronze, brilliantly polished. Every portion is made on the exact scale of the watch it represents. No dial has been made for this movement, as it is designed to show not only the action of the train, but the stem-winding and stem-setting mechanism as well.

The movement stands on a bronze pedestal and from its base to the tip of the winding crown is twenty-six inches.—Boston Evening Transcript.

### The Country-Don.

Now are the days when the country-born long for a glimpse of the old farm. Just once more to sit under the orchard trees knee deep in clover, to hear the hum of bees and smell the fragrant breeze blowing from the west. To wander about along the meadow paths, to hunt for that minty nook near the milldam, where we angled for fish in the shallow, murmuring brook that ran from the spring. Or to lie in the shadow of a haycock and look up at the mountains of white clouds sailing and sailing on their mysterious way through the deep blue sky. One day like this lifts the soul to purer air, and a broader view more than a dozen days of spiritual striving in the noisy town. Life on the hilltop seems so simple. It is there we understand why the saints of old built themselves high towers, why the hermits retired to the wilderness. To them religion means saving themselves. In our day religion means not only saving ourselves, but our brothers as well.—Chicago Post

### Charity Begging a Business.

Two of the most energetic and successful young men of Philadelphia follow the odd business of petitioning money for charities.

You, for instance, are interested in an orphan asylum that has a deficit this year of \$8000. You go to the young men and tell them you want money.

"Leave us," they make answer, "all your literature—your catalogues, reports, announcements—everything you have ever published."

And they master that literature and then they visit the asylum and inspect it thoroughly. By this means they acquaint themselves with the character of the institution in question, learning whether or not the benevolent rich would be likely to help it if its case were laid before them. According to that likelihood they set their price, saying they will "beg" for the place if they are given ten, twenty or thirty per cent. of all the money they elicit.

They make, it is estimated, \$3500 a year apiece.—Philadelphia Record.