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IN THE EVENING HUSH.

What witchery dwells in the evening gleam
When the fire burns low and the shadows
Like fitting ghosts where the dim light
falls
In flickering shapes on the dusky walls?
What spirits come when the heart goes
back,
And moves again o'er the darkened track—
That walk with me through the long ago
In the evening hush when the lights are
low?

What shadows over the dim room creep
To silent mourn or to pause and weep
And place a wreath on some crumpled
tomb
Half lost in the dust of the ancient gloom?
Forgotten shapes that in silence come
When the ears are dulled and the lips are
dumb,
And only the dream tides ebb and flow
In the evening hush when the lights are
low.

Ghostly spectres out of the vanished past
Come specter forth; and all flying fast,
The mystic ones from the future greet
And cast white hands as the winding
sheet
Unrolls, quick flooding the haunted room
With the scent of a long dead rose's bloom;
And memory's visions come and go
In the evening hush when the lights are
low.

Ah! Always thus in the eerie time
Twixt night and day, I can hear the chime
From the clock of fate, on either hand
From the curtained past and the unknown
land
I have dreamed about but have never seen;
And I hark to both as I sit between,
While the white ones mingling come and go
In the evening hush when the lights are
low?

There are ghosts of dreams that I dreamed
when young;
When hope her shimmering bright scarf
flung
All jeweled, streaming adown the sky.
And love's bright chariots thundered by.
Bright dreams they were; but the brightest
now
Are they of the palest and care-lined brow
When the ghosts of the old days come and
go
In the evening hush when the lights are
low?

The firelight dies and the night is here;
The flickering shadows disappear
To roam again in the far-off land
And beckon me with a spectral hand.
Ah, well! not long till I, too, shall be
A silent one of the company,
And haunt the gloom and the firelight's
glow
In the evening hush when the lights are
low.
—Lowell O. Reese, in the San Francisco
Bulletin.

THE AURORA DIAMONDS

Being the True Story of Cuban Anita
and the East Indian Prince.

ALL the American residents of
Havana were interested in
the masquerade ball which
was given by the American
officials to the distinguished Cuban of-
ficials at the close of hostilities and at
which function diplomats of every
country were entertained, when all
hostile feeling were to be laid aside,
and peace and harmony were to pre-
vail. On this account the ball was ex-
pected to establish an era of prosperity
as well as one of returning luxury and
splendor.

A number of Americans in high of-
ficial positions had rented palaces in
Havana from their impoverished own-
ers, and they did not hesitate to con-
descend for that one occasion the price-
less jewels and laces on which they
had advanced money to necessitous
Cubans. Costly raiment, such as princes
alone possess, attracted and enslaved
the eye. The barbaric opulence of
dress was the feature of the evening;
diamonds were not worn, a mask being
the only safeguard of the face, the
gorgeous character costumes prevent-
ing identity. Every one present was in
costume, excepting one, and he was the
most superbly and elaborately robed of
any there.

The exception was a Hindu prince,
wearing the cloth of gold which only
those of the royal caste may wear, a
chaplet of great pink Oriental pearls at
his neck, a jeweled sash about his
waist, a turban, the crest a cluster of
Oriental jewels, covering his head. The
Hindu's breast was covered with decor-
ative orders also blazing with gems.

He accompanied an impersonation of
the goddess Aurora, a woman sumptu-
ously robed in transparent laces and
white satin overlaid with pearl em-
broidery. A pale tissue of white
floated over the costume like a mist,
and this was accentuated by rose-red
diamonds of fabulous size and beauty,
the jewels forming into a stone for
her slender waist and a diara for her
hair. As she turned in the undulations
of a mystic, dreamy waltz Aurora at-
tracted admiring and ecstatic attention
from all the male dancers, but the
Hindu prince was her constant escort.
The jewels she wore flashed in constel-
lations of light and sent out prismatic
rays that seemed alive of their own
volition.

"Who is she? Who is she?" was
asked with intense curiosity. At last
a masker in the character of Mephisto-
pheles answered:

"Who should she be in tow of the
Oriental but old Lynde's daughter, the
beautiful Anita, who has some foreign
blood, although born in the neighbor-
hood of Sixth avenue, New York. Her
father had some money, but hasn't
much now, and if the girl would save
him from bankruptcy she must marry
her Hindu right soon."

"Bankruptcy, when he can give his
daughter a dowry of diamonds fit for
the Queen of Sheba? I thought it was
she," and the counterpart of King Solo-
mon sighed regretfully.

"The diamonds are new to the fair
Anita," said another of the company,
this time a woman, dressed as Martha

Washington. "I presume they are a
betrothal gift from her lover, the
Hindu. Yet I am told she has refused
him twice. His devotion to-night is not
discouraged, however."

"Perhaps the diamonds are treasure
trove of some Cuban lord who has
attandoned them. Saw you ever finer
gems or any to compare, indeed?"
"Their brilliancy is unnatural—they
hurt the eyes. Can you estimate their
worth?"

"By my faith, no. Mine uncle would
advance several fortunes on them.
Hush! They are coming this way. I
feel dazzled."

"There are representatives of every
nation on earth here to-night. It is a
bit weird. I believe that Hindu is
mumbling his prayers. Did you hear a
strange oracular chant as they
passed?"

What they had heard as Aurora and
her Hindu prince swept by was appar-
ently said for the purpose of sustaining
interest in the character impersonated.
It was intoned monotonously, and was
heard but indistinctly through the
crash of music and the clatter of con-
versation. But a few caught the
words. They had a sound of forebod-
ing.

"Death! Death! Forgive, O God of
the Universe! Death to the innocent.
Death! Parameshwar! Forgive the
sin of a Christian."

Aurora's red lips quivered as the fateful
words reached her, but she was not
sure she had heard aright. It must be
her conscience that afflicted her.

"Did you speak, Prince Sanyaka?"
she asked in a low voice.

"No, Light of the World, I spake not.
What has disturbed my Pearl of the
Occident?"

Anita Lynde was playing a desperate
game to save her old father from the
disgrace of a failure in the great finan-
cial scheme of which he was the pro-
moter. It was not the prospect of po-
verty that appalled her for herself, but
for her loved ones. It was not true
that she had rejected the Hindu prince
—he had not asked her hand in mar-
riage, and she feared that her lack of
fortune would remain a barrier be-
tween them. And she was perpetrating
a crime for his benefit that should have
sent him back to India had he known
it to grovel at the feet of his gods.

Not that she believed it a crime. She
was but following the example of a
lady of high degree who had done the
same thing. Now her one fear was
that her prince might gain an inkling
of the truth, when her pretty conceit
would in his eyes become a deadly
sin.

At the height of the revel the beau-
tiful Aurora vanished as suddenly as if
she had been translated. Her Hindu
prince did not accompany her, but at
the moment of her sudden departure
he stood in the centre of the ballroom
waving his jeweled hands in semi-
circles in the air, and after a revolu-
tion or two like a whirling dervish he
laughed, declaring that he was for-
saken by his goddess and joined with
the rest in the further festivities of the
night.

Aurora's diamonds and the peculiar
actions of the Hindu furnished food
for much speculative gossip after the
ball. The rumor went forth that the
young American girl had been followed
on that occasion by armed detectives,
who were present to guard her dia-
monds, that they really were a be-
trothal present from the Hindu and
were worth a king's ransom. But they
were all wrong. The diamonds were
her own, and her scheme had worked
so well that confidence in her father
was restored and she had piloted his
plans to success. And Anita was be-
trothed to the Hindu the week succeed-
ing the ball.

The annual American ball which has
just been held in Havana was graced
by the presence of the Princess San-
yaka, more lovely that when as Aurora
she appeared there the preceding year.
Gems of great value and diamonds like
drops of light decorated brow and
bosom, but they had not the subtle
radiance of those of a year ago. The
princess was dressed in the evening
clothes of an American gentleman and
looked especially bright and happy.
Before coming to the ball they had
each made some admissions.

"Light of my Life," Sanyaka had
asked, "why not wear the diamonds
that made thee a queen at the last
ball?"

The heart of the princess throbbled
violently. "I cannot, my prince. They
—they—I no longer possess them."

"I would see thy costume, my Anita.
Send the maid for it, my heart's de-
light."

The beautiful head of the Princess
Sanyaka drooped. "My sin has found
me out," she said, but she sent for the
dress. When the maid unfolded it
from the tissue paper in which it was
wrapped in careful layers there was
visible only a mildew of tiny black
spots, which covered the whole rose
and white fabric.

"These were my diamonds," she said,
in a low, broken voice, and then she
took her prince's hand in hers and led
him out on the balcony. The perfect
Cuban night was aglow with millions
of tiny lights corrugating the atmos-
phere like hosts of electric sparks.

"We caught them in nets—my maid
and I—thousands and thousands of
them—the pretty glow-worms that die
in a night, and we tied them in little
bags of rose gauze, and, struggling to
be free, they emitted that wonderful
light, and every flash of my diamonds
cost a life—and I know the Hindu doc-
trine that souls might be in transmi-
gration there—and, oh, my dear lord,
what shall my punishment be?"

"This, O my beloved," and he kissed
her with the tenderness of renewed
love, "know, O my princess, that I
helped thee do that brief cruelty. My
race has many secrets, and I have
solved them for my own knowledge.
It was I, Light of my Eyes, who ex-
aggerated the feeble brilliancy of the
glow-worm into that rare glory of dia-
monds. I who made the curious see
what did not exist, and it was I who
held them spellbound, that you might
leave unseen."

"But my Lord of Rajput, how gained
you this strange power?"

"Ask me not, O Splendor of the
Earth. I practice it no more, since in
renouncing my people and my faith I
lose the power."

"But is it not accounted a sin in
your country, my lord, to destroy life
—even the life of an insect?"

"Joy of my Soul, I am no longer in
India, and I believe no more in its tra-
ditions, beloved one, since I have
known thee."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Robespierre's Clock.

Robespierre's clock, which stood in
the room occupied by him in the house
of the carpenter Duplay, is now in the
possession of Mile. Geniat, an artist
of the Francoise. The clock, aside
from its historical value, is most inter-
esting on account of its curious works.
The face is of copper and has only one
hand. At the Chicago exhibition this
clock was an object of much interest.
It is to be placed in the Carnavalet
Museum, by the side of the great clock
of the Tuilleries, which struck so many
historical hours from the time of the
Directory until the burning of the Tuil-
eries on the evening of May 24, 1871.

A Hercules Found.

At Boscoreale, a small village near
Pompeii, excavators have discovered a
magnificent bronze statue of Hercu-
les reposing, seated on a rock, with
his club on his shoulder. The work is
in a good state of preservation, and is
similar in style to the famous Farnese
Hercules in the Vatican in Rome.

A TEXAS DESPERADO.

Career of Ben Thompson, Who Killed
Twenty-six Men.

"When Ben Thompson was killed
in San Antonio, in 1883, the last of the
desperadoes of Texas 'crossed the big
divide,'" said Mr. W. B. Brush, former
postmaster and a leading citizen of
Austin, at the New Willard.

"I knew Ben Thompson intimately.
He was, when free from the influence
of liquor, as modest and courteous a
gentleman as one would wish to meet.
Drink did not exactly make a demon
of him, but it made him very aggres-
sive, and woe to the man who crossed
him at such a time. He was as brave
a man as ever lived, and never took
an unfair advantage.

"His skill with a pistol was some-
thing marvelous. He could operate a
pair of revolvers simultaneously, and
his aim was unerring. He made
one of the best Chiefs of Police that
Austin ever had, and during his admin-
istration the town was a model for or-
derly behavior. If he went out to
make an arrest, the toughest cowboy
had no thought of resistance.

"Ben was born in England, but came
to Texas when a child, and grew up
during rather a stormy and lawless
period. He was always attired in the
height of fashion, and some of the best
men of the town were his warm per-
sonal friends. One day a gentleman
in a bantering way asked him how
many men he had killed.

"Ben paused as if stopping to count
up his victims and then replied: 'Well,
as near as I can remember, I've killed
twenty-six people.' For a moment no-
body said a word, and then Ben broke
the silence by exclaiming, 'but that
doesn't include Mexicans.'—Washing-
ton Post.

Selling Cemetery Lots.

"It is no wonder that I dress in black,
for my business is the selling of ceme-
tery lots. Is there anything in the
world more solemn?"

The speaker, a fat man, fingering his
black tie, resumed:
"I don't believe I'd ever make a sale
if I wore gay, joyous colors. For most
of my patrons are people who have
suddenly lost a near relative—couples
that have lost their first child mainly—
and their grief is profound as they
conduct this ghastly business of buy-
ing graveyard ground, and it is my
place to jar on them as little as possi-
ble. Hence I wear black and look
grave.

"My work is sad, but it is saddest of
all when old couples—old, childless
couples—come to me to buy lots. A
couple are getting on in years. One
will soon be gone. It is necessary to
select with care, consulting one another
wistfully. They consider the view.
It is best, they think, to be on an emi-
nence. They consider the subject of
shade. The fertility of the soil, also,
is an important question, for they think
that they will like flowers to grow on
their graves.

"I admit," said the agent, "that I
make a good deal of money. People,
you know, are in no mood for driving
bargains when they come to buy their
graves, and I take advantage of that
fact. But my work is so sad that it
has to be very lucrative to keep me at
it."—Philadelphia Record.

Things That Went Wrong.

Mrs. Mahala Jenks, an estimable
married woman, residing in Neosho
County, Kas., awoke from an after
dinner nap one day with a loud shriek.
She had dreamed that something ter-
rible had just happened, or was about
to happen to her father, a farmer in
Illinois.

So strong was the impression upon
her that she looked at the clock and
noted the hour, firmly convinced that
her dream was a reality.

Two days afterward Mrs. Jenks re-
ceived a letter from her father, writ-
ten on the day when she had her
dream, conveying the news that every-
body in the family was well, and he
hoped these few lines would find her
enjoying the same great blessing.

Substitution.

I want to marry the unappreciative
man who lives across the avenue and
who never looks in my direction, but,
being a woman, I must accept the ap-
preciative man from anywhere who
finds his way up our stoop.—New York
News.

Movable scenery was first used in
Italy in the year 1508. It was the in-
vention of an Italian architect named
Peruzzi.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.



THE God-depend-
ent are the most in-
dependent.

A Christian man
is Christ's best
monument.

The serpent of
sin never hisses un-
til it is struck.

The Savior's love
for the world is the
cure for sinful love
of the world.

The wolves al-
ways applaud when the shepherd
whips the sheep.

A man's thinking powers will be in
inverse ratio to his drinking powers.

When a man lives in God's presence
he will not need to boast of it.

They who will not be their brother's
keepers are willing to be their execu-
tors.

The delight of heaven may be fash-
ioned out of the disappointments of
earth.

It is easier to be eloquent over the
faults of others than to be penitent
over our own.

The human fly is apt to mistake ad-
hesion to, for possession of the fly-
paper of mammon.

The warmth of the winter's revival
does not depend on the fridity of the
summer church.

One difference between the true
preacher and the talking machine is
that the latter can be purchased.

It is safer to trust your eyes than
your ears when a man argues religion
while his wife carries in the water.

While there are freights of duty no
vessel needs ballast of care.

Fashion may hide the scars but it
cannot heal the disease of sin.

When a preacher tries to be pope he
is more dangerous than the priest.

The men who skim the milk of hu-
man kindness curdle the cream with
their hands.

The devil is willing that you should
be called the driver so long as he holds
the reins.

ALLIGATOR AND SNAKE SKINS.

Extinction of the Animals Threatened
by the Demand for Their Hides.

A new fashion in a modern city may
mean the decimation or even extinc-
tion of an entire species of the lower
animals. The craze for alligator skins
during the past twelve years came
very nearly making that hideous rep-
tile as dead as the dodo. When a
large animal brought two dollars in
the open market every lazy dandy
down South who lived within ten
miles of a pool or bayou was out after
"gator" from dawn to dusky eve. They
killed so many that the market was
flooded after a time and then the
price began to fall. It has gone down
steadily, and the latest advices from
the Louisiana bayous and the Florida
swamps give fifty cents for the raw
hide of a saurian of more than ten feet
in length and only twenty-five for a
chicken "gator." This hardly pays for
their killing, and the supply is running
down in consequence. The alligator
has now a chance for his life, and
in many districts is increasing in num-
bers perceptibly.

On the other hand, the snake family
is experiencing great hardship. A
dealer in fine snake skins said: "There
is a steady demand for the more beau-
tiful kinds which we are never quite
able to fill. Some varieties are so
popular that they bring ridiculously
high prices. The coral snake of South
America, which, by the way, is not,
as currently believed, a red creature,
but a beautifully mottled scarlet, black,
rose-pink, and brown one, has gone
up from ten cents to a dollar for the
raw skin in Brazil, and it is almost
impossible to get it in this city. The
few that are caught go to Paris and
St. Petersburg, and now and then some
are shipped to the Far East, where
they enjoy even a larger popularity
than in the Occident.

"The most beautiful snake skin in
America is the marsh diamond-back
rattler of Central and Southern Flor-
ida. It is the king of American ophidia.
Its colors are almost metallic in their
lustre, and they are arranged so as to
form about as brilliant a harmony as
can be found. The skin tans easily,
and when thoroughly prepared will
last almost as well as a third-class
leather."—New York Post.

If you want to force your heirs into
bankruptcy and clear old scores, make
your will open to content.—Baltimore
News.