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THE ALBATROSS.

FROM "THE ANCIENT MARINER."

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

At length did cross an albatross—
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.
It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!
And a good south wind sprang up behind;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!
In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
While all the night, through fog-smoke
white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.
The sun now rose upon the right—
Of the sea came he,
Softly and in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.
And the good south wind still blew behind;
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo.
And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow!
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow!

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night!
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

Last Run of the Green Pea Desperado.

MY friend Buggles had gone so far as to put a name to his automobile, not the name of the maker, engraved on its various inward, nor yet the name of Buggles himself, dangling on a patent leather tag just above the steam. So you can see that he was pretty far gone, as automobilists go. I think he called it the Pea Green Desperado.

The reason I happened to mention Buggles and his machine at all was that he came round the other day and asked me to take a spin in it with him. It seemed to me as though the account of what followed might be interesting. I can't hope, of course, to stir any one up by a plain black and white story of the "spin" as I was stirred up, but if I can impart to this tale a hundredth part of what I felt I shall be well repaid.

Understand, in the first place, that I'm not an automobile man and not used to the machines any way, and that my heart is weak and I have a prejudice—foolish perhaps—against getting arrested.

But Buggles came around and asked me to come along with him, and, as you may have found yourself, there's a good deal in the idea of clattering about the drives in one of the things, whether you own it or not, with every one marking you down for having money. If you're careful not to make up too much like a professional chauffeur, you know, they're bound to think you're worth something—an automobile is vulgarly supposed to be a sign of here. They all cost pretty high, too. I know how much Buggles's cost, for one—he must have told me a dozen times.

Well, he came around and caught me just as I was feeling particularly perky and daring, any way. He had on a shiny automobile cap and an Isinglass eyeshade and fine large oily gloves, and he looked just like the pictures of chauffeurs in the comic papers, drawn as standing at the prisoners' dock in court, by preference.

"Come along with me, old hoss," said Buggles, "I'll take you rattling up the Drive in the Pea Green Desperado and we'll scare all the old ladies out of their wits from here to the Monument."

The long and the short of it was that I climbed into his machine, standing outside my house with a crowd around it, watching it gurgle and tremble, and all the neighbors hiding behind their lace curtains and wondering who my expensive friend was. I didn't see them—the neighbors—but I knew they were there. Because I've done it myself.

It was a pretty instrument—Bug-

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist:
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
down—
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea.

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck—nor breath nor motion:
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with
Upon the slimy sea!

Water, water everywhere,
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
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gles's automobile. As you might have guessed from its sobriquet, it was a fine bright green, except the waist of it—as you might say—where you sit and work it. That was red and oily. There were a number of shiny lanterns and things stuck over the front slope of it, and down on the prow was a shutter that steam came through. You can see that it was the bona fide article.

We got into it and Buggles grasped some levers firmly and I curled up my mustache and glanced up at Miss Guinness's window—in No. 27—and wondered if she was home. There was a terrific steamy clatter that nearly shook my shoes off, a cloud of smoke dashed into my eyes, and by the time I had assured myself that my head had not been snapped off we were in a strange street.

The rate of speed that Buggles was going at was positively sickening. I am willing to swear that when our big fat wheels hit a manhole the whole engine jumped a foot. We went around corners on one wheel, with women falling limply into policemen's arms on the curb, and the policemen shouting at us until their yells sank to a drone in the distance. We ran over a yellow dog and threw the animal into the air behind us in the most talented fashion. It landed on the top of a brougham—a rather stylish position for a yellow dog. I noticed these things then, but they didn't appeal to me as interesting. The most interesting thing just then was the preservation of my life. It was in Buggles's hand—I felt that—and Buggles was about as careless of it as though it was the life of a Rock-away oyster.

We dashed into the Park on a curve that shot a fan of gravel off of the near wheel and all over a belated May party, which immediately looked to me like a coterie of landslide victims being dug out. A mounted policeman put his horse at us, but he got in the trail of our gasoline gas, from the exhaust thing in the back, and his horse balked. An old lady, trying to cross the drive ahead, just escaped being rolled out by such a close margin that her silk boa was whisked into the near fork wheel and twisted about the spokes while she could have said knife. Try it on an electric fan with a handkerchief, from behind, and you get the same effect. Later on, Buggles said, he would get the boa out and put it up in his den with a lot of other relics that he was in the habit of prying out of the shutter on the automobile's prow after trips. Bits of little things he'd hit, you know. He admitted that he was a sentimental cuss, did Buggles.

We went up the West Drive like an

express making up time and with about as much noise. Around the corner I saw the Van Doutzers coming in a victoria. They are one of the families that I really like to bow to, and so, abolishing as much of my fear for my life as I could, I got ready to take off my hat, hoping, I must confess, that they'd take me for the owner of the Desperado, instead of Buggles. To carry out the idea I just rested my hand on the wheel thing that you steer by. I bowed, but I discovered, to my horror, that I was bowing to a park policeman—the Van Doutzers must have been whisked by about three blocks back by the time I got my hat off.

All at once there was a frightful rush of profanity from Buggles, and I noticed that we were ricocheting on a wonderful angle up an incline covered with tulip beds. I peered wildly behind me—the road was just disappearing in the distance between trees and the tracks of the automobile among the flowers looked like the first diggings for a canal. Suddenly we dived into a shady grove on the summit. There was a tremendous, shivering jar, and I shot head first into a prickly sort of bush. The Pea Green Desperado was trembling and gurgling, head on, against a tree trunk. As for Buggles, he had traveled some feet further than I had, and landed in a sort of rustic summer house through the window, on the laps of two persons already there. They were very angry, both of them, and vanished down the hill threatening to have the law on us.

I told Buggles that I didn't blame them, either—that I had been young myself. He got mad at that and said it was all because I'd put my bally hand on the steering gear and switched the machine off the road, and that he'd "like to have been killed" in consequence. He wanted to know why the deuce I should switch him up on this hill—did I like the scenery so much, and would I pay the fine?

What's the use of arguing with a fellow like Buggles when he's mad, anyway? I just kept quiet and got into the machine and sat still, while he climbed in and backed her up and turned her around and tried to start her. But she wouldn't start. He pulled all of the levers and things in sight, but she just stood still and shook. Then he got out and crawled in underneath among the works, to see what was the matter. I sat in the waist effect, that was all red and oily.

Presently I heard him say from the bowels of the machine, as it were: "Are you touchin' anything?" I said, "No." Buggles said: "There's a chunk of wood in the chain—I'm a-goin' to pull it out."

"Pull away," said I, and I heard him give a grunt. Gee whiz! The Desperado leaped like the arrow from the bow; I heard a wail of horror from Buggles, and the next thing I knew, he and the hill were gone, and I was ripping across the sheepfold like the front of a cavalry charge.

I don't remember rightly the rest of the trip I made through the Park in the Desperado; it's more of a bad dream than anything else. There were crowds that dashed up on walls, yelling, and mounted police that galloped after, yelling, and horses that sat down on carriage shafts or tried to climb up with the coachman on the box—the coachmen yelling, too. I pulled all the movable bits of brassware that I saw, but there was no stopping her. Then I grabbed the wheel and fiddled about trying to get the hang of how to steer; the blooming thing—plunging forward all the while, mind you, like a runaway engine. Finally, after a couple of wild runs onto walks and one complete circle, I got that straight, and started on, with a splintered park bench hanging over the prow, but happy, for at least I could put it to right and left. By this time it was dusk.

As the Desperado thundered around another curve, the lake unfolded away down below, on my left. Suddenly I got an idea. I twisted the wheels, put the machine's nose down the dusty slope and scrambled from my seat. Figuratively, I had washed my hands of all works. I slid over the back of the machine on my waistcoat, and dropped. My lapel caught on a hook. I was jerked in the air, sailed like a bird for twenty feet, broke loose suddenly, and struck the ground hard, but happily. Down below, in the growing twilight, I saw the Pea Green Desperado swaying toward the water at lightning speed. A splash, a muffled concussion—and a column of water shot into the air. Silence fell.

After dinner I got on my hand-painted smoking coat that Miss Guinness gave me last Christmas—I always put it on when I'm in a chastened mood—and smoked a pipe by the fire, waiting for Buggles. I knew he would come if he was alive.

The first thing he said when he arrived was: "Where's the Green Desperado?" He said it quite fearlessly, too, although I couldn't so much as hear that name without shuddering.

I told him, though. "In the lake!" he ejaculated, bounding out of his chair.

"And a good thing, too," I said, solemnly. "I looked forward to seeing you dead to-night, Buggles—dead—flattened! That devilish machine made my whole past come up in my mind, and, by gorry, it was up to the Desperado to finish."

"But my money!" cried Buggles pathetically. I always thought he was a paper sport. I should have imagined he had a pretty good run for his money that afternoon.

I said nothing, however. Inwardly, I confess, I was a little pleased.

Buggles had lost his automobile, and I couldn't see how he was any better than I was now.—New York Evening Sun.

A Sane View of Mad Anthony.

In Harper's, John R. Spears demonstrates that General Wayne, commonly known as "Mad Anthony," was in reality the sanest, coolest soldier in Washington's Army.

"They called the hero of Stony Point and the Maumee Rapids 'Mad Anthony Wayne,'" says Mr. Spears. "The title was originated by an Irish soldier who had been confined in the guardhouse at the order of the General, and it was taken up by the people because of the wild enthusiasm and determination with which Wayne led his men when the supreme moment of battle came. But observe that when the War of the Revolution impended he 'ransacked history' for accounts of battles that he might learn military tactics; and he gave his days to the training of his neighbors. At Stony Point he led his men in spite of his wound, but in preparing for the battle he appealed to the pride of his men by parading them 'clean shaved and with hair well powdered,' while the prelude plans included even the slaughter of the dogs, that no yelp should betray the approach of the assaulting host. When in Virginia he charged the hosts of Cornwallis with only 500 men to back him; when in Ohio, where the honor of the Nation and the integrity of its territory were committed to his care, he took a legion of 'boys and miscreants' gathered from the slums, and trained them until their skill with the musket equalled if it did not surpass that of the most noted backwoods Indian-fighters.

"Mad Anthony Wayne" as a leader in battle was unsurpassed; but it should also be remembered that his record as a drill-master is unequalled."

Gladstone's Legacy.

In a recent speech Andrew Carnegie paid a handsome tribute to the character and life work of Gladstone, of which the following is part:

"Mr. Gladstone's fame is beyond England, beyond the English-speaking race. It is world-wide. What he did for Italy, for Greece and the Balkans was evidence of a noble soul sympathizing with the oppressed and struggling peoples.

"By stepping forward boldly to arbitrate on the Alabama question he erected an effectual barrier to any future war between the two great branches of the English-speaking race, and made it humanly impossible that the earth should ever again be stained by the blood of English-speaking people killed by other English-speaking people in battle."

Fifty Years an Usher.

Stephen M. Griswold, of Brooklyn, has given fifty years of service as usher in Plymouth Church. Mr. Griswold is President of a bank, was recently elected President of the State Bankers' Association, and has served a term in the State Senate, but above all these honors he esteems his long connection with "Beecher's Church," as it is still called in Brooklyn. As usher he has escorted to seats in that famous church such men as Lincoln, Grant, Sumner, Phillips, Fremont, Garrison and other celebrated before, during and after the war times.

A kind thought is like a blossom: It always has the potential fruit of a good deed at its heart.

THE OPTIMIST.

Some people seem to think this world is full of base deceivers;
Of interested persons, who, with fraudulent intent,
Assume the mark of virtue and are callous unbelievers.
In piety and goodness that are plain and evident
My nature is confiding; I am really optimistic;
My faith in human nature has been long securely pinned.
Concerning it I feel that I can't be too eulogistic—
Still, it is just as well to keep your two eyes skinned.

My loving friends are dear to me—I know that they are loyal—
I wouldn't make a statement that would be considered rash.
I hold them staunch and trusty, and with natures fine and royal,
And I would even trust them—well, to some extent—with cash.
I like to have them round me—there's sufficient reason why, too—
At times they are quite useful, and it's rarely I have sinned
By doubting them. I'm sure they nearly all are safe to tie to.
Still, it is just as well to keep your two eyes skinned.

I have no sort of doubt about the teaching of the teachers.
The physics of physicians or the justice of law;
My confidence is boundless in the preaching of the preachers;
The truth of lovely woman's without the slightest flaw;
I do believe policemen have an honest sense of duty;
In short, our good old world is full of loveliness and beauty—
Still, it is just as well to keep your two eyes skinned.

—Chicago News.



"What profession do you follow?"
"I follow the medical profession; I'm an undertaker."—Town Topics.

"Father, what is an umpire?" "An umpire, my boy, is merely a human excuse for a row."—Chicago Post.

She—"My little brother will not bother us to-night." He—"That's good. When does the funeral take place?"—Chicago News.

Patience—"I would never squeeze my feet out of shape." Patrice—"Oh, yes, you would, if you were in my shoes."—Yonkers Statesman.

I began didactically. "The fool and his money—" "Are the salvation of the industrious," interrupted the Shrewd Promoter.—Puck.

To air our knowledge we're inclined,
And though our talk be gusty,
'Tis well to air it, for we find
That knowledge groweth rusty.

"She says she believes in evolution."
"On what grounds?" "Well, she married a dude, and he has turned into a real sensible husband."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Blind Bill (who had just received a copper)—"Thankee, sir; thankee. I noo as you wouldn't ferget the poor blind man d'rectly I see yer come 'round the corner."—Tit-Bits.

"Did you say that my face would stop a clock?" "Not exactly; I intimated that it would tempt Father Time himself to pause in admiration."—Washington Star.

Work at your task from year to year,
And when at last success is won,
Some smiling shaggy will appear
And tell you how it should be done.

"Now, Willie," said the careful mother, "I don't want you to associate with those Smith boys—they are so rough and rude." "Not 't me, ther' ain't. Why, I picked a fight an' licked 'em as soon as I struck de neighborhood."—Baltimore Herald.

"See here," remarked the guest to the new waiter, "there doesn't seem to be any soup on this menu card." "Oh, no, sir," replied the waiter, nervously. "I didn't spill it at this table—it was the one on the other side of the room."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"Your husband, I suppose, still keeps up his habit of taking two baths a day, as prescribed by that physical culture teacher?" "No; he got tired of it and hanted up a physical culture teacher who says bathing is weakening and injurious."—Chicago Tribune.

Tommy's Reasoning.

It was a cold, dark, rainy day and little Tommy wanted his mother to read to him. When it was discovered that the gas did not light the room sufficiently for his mother to see the type, Tommy's face brightened, and he said: "Oh, mamma, come up in the den. That room is only about half the size of this, and the gas ought to make it twice as light."—New York Times.