

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, JANUARY 16, 1903.

NO. 44.



AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

By James Russell Lowell.

The name of this poem is German, and means the same as the French "Au revoir" (ill I see you again), a parting phrase devoid of the solemnity of the English word "farewell," and not quite equivalent to the once, and sometimes even now, solemn "good-bye." It is pronounced approximately "Ouf vee-der-sain."

The little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilies down the lane;
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said—"Auf wiedersehen!"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair;
I linger in delicious pain;
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
Thinks she—"Auf wiedersehen!"

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
She said—"Auf wiedersehen!"

'Tis thirteen years; once more I press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilies, and—ah, yes,
I hear—"Auf wiedersehen!"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
The English words had seemed too faint,
But these—they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
She said—"Auf wiedersehen!"

IN THE TRACK OF THE TOW.

By Albert W. Tolman.

I AM what many people would call a "crank" about the salt water. Among the pleasantest hours of my life are those I pass alone in my little rowboat on Long Island Sound. Nothing gives me greater delight than to paddle out a mile or so from shore, and there lie on my oars dreaming, marking the play of sun and wind on the water, and watching the vessels and steamers glide by.

In July and August, 1898, I passed a few weeks in a Connecticut shore town not many miles east of New Haven. To this city my skiff had been sent down by steamer from New York, and I had rowed her from New Haven harbor to the mooring in a cove near my boarding place. The joy of that afternoon in the free air and sunlight can be appreciated only by a man who, like myself, had been poring over ledger columns in a back office for eight hours a day for ten months. A crescent of big blisters adorned each of my palms at the end of the trip, but my nerves were tranquil and I slept like a log that night.

The next day, the thermometer registered between ninety and 100 degrees, and up to 1 o'clock in the afternoon it was too warm to do anything but drowse in a hammock under the apple trees behind the house. I got an early supper, and just before sunset pulled out into the sound. Soon I was beyond the tree-tops set up to mark the boundaries of the oyster beds.

The water was untroubled. East and west down either shore to the horizon moved a long, broken procession of tugs and steamers, staining the cloudless sky with their black smoke. The few sailing craft in sight were motionless, their sails hanging idly in the still air.

Farther and farther out I paddled, the soft dip of the oars sounding pleasantly in my ears. The sun dropped below the horizon; the red of the west darkened and disappeared, and it was night, with myriads of stars reflected on the glossy blackness of the sound. Lamps began to sparkle along the shore, while masthead lanterns and red and green running lights told the position of moving steamers whose hulls had become invisible in the gloom.

I stopped rowing and established myself comfortably on my back in the bottom of the boat, pillowing my head on the bow. The cool darkness, the salty fragrance of the ocean air, the gentle motion of my skiff, and the distant sound of bells and whistles from passing steamers and the land all induced a peaceful drowsiness, which soon lapsed gradually and imperceptibly into a dreamless sleep.

I must have been unconscious for two or three hours when the rocking of the boat awoke me. Cramped and stiff from my slumber in the night air on the un cushioned boards, I started up to find myself enveloped by a thick mist, which covered the sound like a blanket. It was not very deep, for the stars shone faintly through it, but all other objects were cut off from my view. There was no wind, but an ocean swell, rolling in from the east, was stirring up quite a sea.

Although without a watch, I knew that it must be well on toward midnight. It dawned on me that I had

been and still was in a very dangerous position, not because I expected any trouble in finding the land, but because I was in the track of tugs and steamers. I shivered at the thought of the peril to which I had been exposed while asleep. Beneath that shroud of mist my skiff was invisible to a lookout, and might have been crushed like an egg shell by some steamer's prow without a soul on board being the wiser for it.

Shipping my oars, I listened to the whistles speaking to one another through the fog. The general course of all the vessels was east and west. If, without endangering myself, I could approach a tow of barges near enough to see which way they were heading, I could then determine the quarters of the compass; for if the boats were loaded I knew that they would be going east; if light, then west, on their way back to New York.

Oo-oo-oo! Oo-oo-oo! The increasing loudness of a whistle to my left told that a tug was swiftly approaching. Lying on my oars, I waited, prepared to row forward quickly or back water, as might be necessary. Nearer and nearer came the tooting, and I could hear the rush of water beneath the unseen prow, and the puff, puff of steam. Suddenly, twenty feet away, appeared a black stem, nosing rapidly through the fog. It was a little too close for comfort. As the tug swept by I caught a glimpse of a tow-ropes dragging over the stern, and judged from her size that she probably had two coal-laden barges behind her. I could hear the voices of the men on board growing fainter in the distance.

Another black phantom passed; it was the first barge, loaded low in the water; after her at an interval came another. As they were loaded I knew that they were heading east, and that the shore therefore lay in front of me. I settled myself on the thwart and braced my feet for the row in.

So interested had I been in my calculations that I had barely noticed a confusion of whistles that occurred shortly after the passage of the tow. Hence I was altogether unprepared, after my third stroke, to hear another boat approaching through the fog from the opposite direction. I backed water vigorously, just in time to escape being run down by a tug that was making the water fly as she dashed westward.

I caught the splash of a rope, and waited. Soon came the huge bulk of an empty barge, rising high above the water. It passed so near that I backed another stroke to be out of the way of the one which I felt sure was following it. Soon I heard another tow-ropes whipping the surface, and a second barge the size of the first swept by. I listened for several seconds, but hearing no further sound, I bent to my oars again, feeling sure that there were no more barges.

I had gone perhaps thirty feet when something struck the bottom of my skiff. A large cable rose squarely beneath the boat, snapping it into the air. As my boat dropped back it fell stern first and capsized, throwing me out. When I went under I lost my grip of the oars, and on coming to the surface again I moved my hands

frantically about in the hope of finding them.

Two or three inches above the water my fingers encountered something round and wet, and closed about it like a vise. It was the cable which had capsized me. A third barge had been towing after the other two, and its hawser had proved the cause of the disaster.

Higher and higher it rose, lifting me above water until I was only waist deep. The waves rippled against my body as I was dragged along. I caught a last glimpse of my oars and water-logged boat drifting away in the fog. Then they were swallowed up and I was left clinging to the sodden rope. I did not dare let go of it to attempt to regain my skiff. Indeed, so confused was I that the idea did not enter my head until the chance was gone.

The hawser began to sink again. Lower and lower it fell until I was submerged to the neck. Deeper it went, and deeper still. I had no choice but to let go, unless I wished to be dragged under. I released my hold and was left struggling in the waves, paddling to keep afloat.

Should I abandon the cable and strike out for shore? I was not a strong swimmer, and the land was a mile or two distant. To start for it in that fog would be suicide, as I should soon lose all sense of direction and circle aimlessly about until I sank. My only salvation was to keep near the rope, so that I might grasp it when it rose. Once let me lose that, and I should drown or be run down by some passing boat.

Up came the hawser again with a snap, catching me violently across the chest. Regaining my hold with difficulty, I was lifted up, up, until only my legs dragged in the water. Then down I sank again, till the rope passed below my reach in a line of phosphorescent bubbles. This could not last forever. If, after the cable had sunk, the barges should make a turn and pull it from beneath me, so that I could not regain my hold when it rose, my position would be serious indeed. Every time I let go those twisted strands my life hung in the balance.

I saw that the only thing for me to do was to make my way at once to one of the barges before my strength became exhausted. The boat behind was of course the easier to reach, for she approached me a little every time I let go the rope.

Splash to the right! Splash to the left! The hawser was rising again. Once more it lifted me into the air. Before it sank I had worked myself some feet toward the barge. After it was gone I paddled in the same direction. Again and again I did this.

An easterly wind was rising and the water was growing rougher. The fog still clung to the surface. Far up and down the sound the whistles blew continually, some faint and distant, others louder and nearer. My fingers were numb from clutching the coarse strands.

At last I knew that I was drawing near the barge. The cable no longer sank beneath my reach. I could hear the rush of water before the prow. And now the rope was above the surface altogether. High in the air above me a blunt stem loomed through the mist. It was the barge at last, with the cable rising at a sharp angle and disappearing over its bow.

Wearied by my efforts I felt that I could never climb that steep slope without help. I shouted, but my voice could not be heard above the rushing foam. Despairing at last of attracting the attention of anyone on board, I saw that my only chance was to ascend the hawser. I was fairly strong in the arms, and had it not been for my previous struggles the feat would have been an easy one. In my present state, it seemed a tremendous task; but I had no choice in the matter. My life hung on my power to lift myself hand over hand. If I let go, the barge would ride over me like a marine car of Juggernaut, drowning me at once. I began the ascent.

The rope tightened, lifting me so that my toes barely touched the water. Again it grew loose, and I was submerged to the waist. I was now fairly in the spume in front of the boat. Inch by inch I drew nearer. Once more the hawser tightened, and I hung suspended over the surge boiling before the prow. It slackened, and I was thrown against the stem.

This continual motion was my worst trouble. Had the rope been perfectly still I could have climbed much more easily; but it was a dead lift, and every inch cost me unbridled agony. Over and over again I gave up all hope of being saved. Then I would resolutely

put out of my mind the thought of the entire distance, and focus my whole attention on the handhold immediately before me. When by a heart-breaking effort I had gained that, I fixed my aim on the next, and so on. Thus little by little I progressed, crawling upward with snail-like slowness.

At last I was almost up to the "chocks" through which the hawser ran; but my strength was utterly exhausted, and I knew that I could never clamber on board. With one supreme effort I raised myself so that my head came for an instant above the bulwarks, and looked into the eyes of a deck-hand who was not more than three feet away.

The consternation and terror on the man's face would have been ludicrous under any other circumstances. For a moment we remained staring at each other. I was too weak to speak, and he was too frightened. Then I began to slip back, still clinging desperately to the hawser.

The end of a boathook reached cautiously out over the bow and moved down toward me. It caught the back of my shirt and I did not mind that it pierced through and drew blood. Indeed, I did not know it, for at that instant my fingers relaxed their hold, and I lost consciousness. I afterward learned that my preserver would have been unable to get me on board but for the opportune assistance of another bargeman.

I spent the greater part of the next day in a bunk on board the barge at a coal dock in Hoboken. But the following morning found me little the worse for my adventure, and I went back to Connecticut that forenoon for the remainder of my vacation.—Youth's Companion.

Insurance Against Surgical Operations.

In England people of moderate means are beginning to insure themselves against surgical operations. The plan is that subscribers who pay an annual fee shall be entitled either to free admittance to a hospital or nursing at home and a free operation or to a fixed sum paid down to defray the cost of an operation if one becomes necessary. In England, as here, the cost of surgical repairs to the human body has become oppressively great to persons who just manage to pay their way. People who are obviously poor get a great deal of excellent surgical and medical treatment in hospitals and elsewhere for nothing, but for the next class above them a serious illness—especially if it involves an operation—is almost ruinous. It would seem as if the time was near when societies for insurance against specialists might be profitably organized in the larger American cities. The specialist has come to be a very important—indeed, an indispensable—institution, especially to families in which there are children. The office of the family doctor has now become simplified to the task of coming in and telling the patient which specialist to go to. It is not that specialists charge too much, for their honorable services are above price. It is that landlord, butcher, baker, grocer, milkman, coalman, dentist, and trained nurse do not leave you money enough to pay them appropriately. To subscribe a considerable sum annually and have all the repairs and desirable improvements made in one's family without further disbursement would be a comparatively simple way out of a troublesome predicament.—Harper's Weekly.

Novel Method of Killing Hawks.

A farmer who lives in Northern Louisiana has grown weary of peppering gray hawks with blue whistler buckshot. It takes too much time. He sat down and thought long, and finally evolved a method that gave credit to Yankee ingenuity. Everyone knows that hawks perch only on dead trees. This Louisiana farmer made a strong pole some 50 feet in length by nailing some scantling together. To one end of the pole he tied a scythe blade, with its razor edge turned down. He set the pole up about 500 feet from his barnyard. An hour had hardly passed when a black hawk alighted on the scythe, grasped it with its talons, but released its hold with a suddenness that gave ample proof of an injury sustained. The bird glanced down and attacked the scythe viciously. It was cut again and again, but never relented, maddened probably by its own blood, as most hawks are. After a short struggle the bird fell to the ground, with its head split open. This Louisiana farmer has killed many hawks in the same manner.

A VISITING GIRAFFE.

There was once a gawky, great giant giraffe, Who was such a goose he made every one laugh. He went to New York on a flying machine, Which turned the menagerie envious green.

He called on the zebras and monkeys and deer, He saw the rhinoceri, lions and steer; He visited leopards, the tiger and lynx, He lunched with the wild cat—then called ac' a minx;

He dined with the elephant, supped with the puma, Which put him into a delightful good humor. He was well entertained by the camel and jaguar, And frequently laughed as he said "What a wag you are."

He paid such attention to little Miss Antelope, She had softly to whisper, "Indeed, sir, I can't clope!" He next went to see the old gray hippopotamus, But came out in a hurry, exclaiming, "Oh, what a muss!"

He "dropped in" on the porcupine counting her bills, And when he went out he stole six of her quills. When he finally left in his flying machine, No happier animals ever were seen.

They said if he would hold his head up so high, They expected he'd lose it some day in the sky. They found him stiff-necked and uncommonly proud, And they hoped he'd stay at home and not mix with their crowd. —New York Mail and Express.



Jaggles—"Has your wife's doctor much influence over her?" Waggles—"I should say so! He cured her of an imaginary disease."—Judge.

"This," explained the superintendent of the hospital for infants, "is the colic ward." "Ah," mused the visitor. "Cramped quarters, eh?"—Judge.

The right to freely Air their views Some claim. It's really "Wind" they use. —Philadelphia Press.

"Who is that aristocratic person over there?" "That! Why, that's the lucky fellow who invented the wormless chestnut."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I wonder how Venice de Milo came to lose her arms?" "Broke 'em off, probably, trying to button her shirt waist up the back."—Philadelphia Press.

Mother—"Willie, I hope you never do anything so wicked as to tie tin cans to dogs' tails." Willie—"No'm, I never do nothin' but hold the dog."—Detroit Free Press.

Youngblood—"My rich uncle promised to do the right thing by me in his will." Criticus—"That's too bad. He really ought to leave you something."—Chicago News.

"Let me show you our great 'North American' electric fan." "You ought to call it 'South American.'" "Why so?" "It makes so many revolutions."—Chicago News.

Bashful Lover—"I leave here to-morrow. How long shall you remain, Miss Ethel?" Up-to-date Girl—"Remain Miss Ethel? I leave that to you."—Town and Country.

First Small Boy—"Did you throw any old shoes after your sister when she got married?" Second Small Boy—"Not much! I threw all my mother's slippers."—Philadelphia Record.

The meanest words That mortals know Are simply these, "I told you so." —Philadelphia Record.

The Pink Spook—"What made you act so outrageously yesterday?" The Black Ghost—"It wasn't my fault. They ran out of gasoline and tried feeding me with alcohol."—Brooklyn Life.

"Say, old man, can't you take dinner with me to-night? I have a couple of millionaires on hand." "My dear boy, I would rather take a basket of food down to the Sub-Treasury and eat it alone."—Life.

The Home of the Banana.

Nature seems to have made Jamaica the home of the banana, but it remained for American enterprise to turn the fruit to gold. It is estimated that 9,000,000 bunches of bananas were shipped from this island last year. At an average of thirty-five cents a bunch, this would yield \$3,150,000. It is also stated that about \$1,850,000 is paid out annually in wages by fruit companies. This would bring a total of \$5,000,000 to the island in one year as a direct result of the fruit trade.