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FATE.

Mrs. Susan Mary Spalding.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed;
And these, o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act,
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That, one day, out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face.
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And died unsatisfied—and this is Fate!

A HERITAGE REGAINED.

A Story of a Birthright and a Marriage.

SIR JOSEPH JUDSON, of Arnley Hall, sat in his library, absorbed and strangely moved by some grim thought. The time was long ago, and night—exactly 11 by the clock in the corner, which had just finished chiming.

"Fifteen years to-night," he muttered. "Fifteen years of torture, terrible dreams, dreadful whisperings from the past. I wonder what became of Hocklin."

As if in answer to the words a panel behind him slid back, and a man stepped out of the cavity thus revealed. He was short and thin. A broken nose told of conflict and a heavy fist.

He carefully closed the opening from which he had emerged, and crept toward the drooping figure by the table; then touched him on the shoulder. Wheeling sharply around the baronet sprang to his feet, ghastly and quivering.

"Horror!" he exclaimed. "You—Hocklin—alive!"

"I am afraid so," returned the other. "What do you want?"

"You, or money," said Hocklin, grinning.

"Not a penny—not a cent shall you have, unless to choke yourself with!"

Hocklin folded his arms, stared straight before him, grinned broader and more sardonically, but said never a word.

He sank limply into his seat, nerveless and overwrought, covering his face with both hands, and shivering as at sight of a spectre.

"Now, listen, my noble braggart! Five, ten, fifteen years since, there lived a rich old man and his granddaughter. She was an only child, and an orphan—weak and delicate, yet strong enough to come between her cousin and the fine estate of Arnley. This cousin did not desire either of them to live. Why should he? The grandfather had already one foot in the grave, and a little management would soon help the other there without exciting suspicion. It did; and he was buried. That alone is worth a noose; or, to keep it from a tender neck, £500. But there is more.

"Heart-broken and distracted at her loss, the girl, a maid of ten, pined and faded rapidly, which was the very thing she was wanted to do. Then the doctors interfered. Fresh air, new scenes, constant travel, might save her, they said; and had to be obeyed. So a kindly, harmless gentleman was found to take her abroad, and lose her, down a hole, in the sea, over a cliff, anywhere so she did not return. Accordingly they went away together, with a blessing and fond wishes. Presently the benevolent gentleman came back in mourning, with a funeral card, and to report a painless end. The cousin wept joyfully, planted a row of daisies, entered upon the property, now his, and enjoyed it to the full. Which, I venture to think, is worth at least another £500, without expenses."

"By all the fiends, no! It is a monstrous lie, devised to ruin me. Where are your proofs? Produce them if you can. The old man died naturally in his bed, and the girl—the girl—"

"Ay, what about the girl?" insinuated Hocklin, as Sir Joseph paused and hesitated. "Supposing the story I have just told to be false, how is it you recognized dear Mr. Hocklin, the blame-

less, simple gentleman, who was blind with both eyes open, and too great a fool to know murder when he saw it? And why did the worthy physician require to be drunk with wine and the prospect of a big fee before he would give a certificate for a natural death? Believe me, I am most anxious to learn."

"Does any one know where you are, or what is the object of your visit?"

"Not a soul besides ourselves," responded the other coolly.

"And no one saw you enter?" His fingers were twitching excitedly near a pocket.

"I guarded well against that," came the prompt reply.

"Then," thundered the baronet, whipping out a pistol, and levelling it point-blank, "neither shall any one see you depart alive!"

There was a flash, a deafening report, a cry of rage and pain, and a crash of something falling. But it was only the weapon. As the trigger was pulled, a terrific blow sent it spinning among the cinders of the hearth, where it raised a small cloud of dust.

"You unhappy fool!" said Hocklin calmly, betraying no symptom of anger or impatience; "had that bullet taken effect my death would have been your doom. Before setting out, I took the precaution of putting in writing certain details of your history. These I sealed and gave to a friend. If I fail to claim them by a certain time, they will be delivered to the police, with what result you may imagine. Therefore, as your life depends on mine, let there be no more nonsense. And now for the money."

"You can't have it!" snapped Sir Joseph.

"Indeed!" exclaimed his companion blandly. "Why?"

"Because there is no such sum in the house."

"Precisely what I expected. I came prepared for that. I have two little papers here"—producing them—"which you will be good enough to sign."

The worthy baronet glared at him, and clenched his fists; then advanced a step, a dangerous antagonist. But there he paused. The threat of the police awed him.

"What are they?" he asked, sullenly.

"One of them contains an interesting confession of the facts I mentioned to you; the other their value—an I. O. U. for £1200, payable in a week."

"You infamous scoundrel!" bellowed Sir Joseph. "I refuse to be drawn into your net! Do you think me so mad as to barter my life away in that manner? I defy you to bring evidence! Defy you to do your worst!"

"Think again!" advised Hocklin quietly. "Half an hour hence my messenger will be speeding on his errand. After that, who knows what may happen or how soon? See, here is a pen, there the document. Now, your name, please!"

The baronet's eye seemed bursting from his head. He clung wildly to a fleeting hope.

"The I. O. U. will not be valid," he said, hoarsely, "unless witnessed by an independent person."

"I have attended to that," answered Hocklin, smiling. "It is made out in my friend's name; I will be the independent witness. But I would sug-

gest haste. Only five-and-twenty minutes remain, and then—"

The words acted like a magic goad. In a trice the sheets bore his trembling signature. Then Hocklin added his.

"This day week," he said, flushed with success, "I will await you at the bend of the stream. Let the amount be in gold. If you disappoint me, or attempt any tricks, I promise you the worst surprise you have ever had. Remember my warning. Until then, farewell."

II.

About eight days later a cab drove swiftly along a narrow street on the outskirts of the town. Then drew up abruptly before a detached house, meagre and unpretentious. The door of the vehicle burst open, and out jumped the figure of a man, excited and active. Darting through the gate, up the path, and so to the door, he brayed it lustily with his umbrella.

"Does Miss Hocklin live here? Yes? Thank Heaven! Where is she? In her room? Which is it? This? Ada, Ada! Ah, get her, get her!" and, casting aside hat, gloves and umbrella, he turned the knob and plunged into the room. The next moment he had a very startled young lady in his arms, smothering her with kisses.

"Stop!" he echoed gaily, pausing only to speak, "not until you tell me why you went away so hurriedly, without even a line to disclose where you had gone."

"It was because father said we must leave France immediately, and I had no time to write."

"But you have had since."

"Perhaps I preferred not to," although the glow in her eyes showed plainly what rogue Cupid had done for both. "But how did you find out our address?"

"Heaven knows," replied Edward, fervently, "except that the whole world is too small to hide you in. I searched and roamed Paris, through and through, but vainly. Nor could anyone enlighten me at the stations, from the last of which I was turning hopelessly away when a porter, saluting, asked me the gentleman short, with a broken nose, and the lady dark, slim and beautiful. 'The most beautiful on earth,' said I, giving him a sovereign. Well, then, such a couple had taken train, bound for Hampshire, as he saw by the labels on their baggage, but to which part he was not able to say. Neither was I. Yet a slighter clue would have been sufficient, and to spare; and here I am, after endless trouble—"

"Now you are here, however, what do you propose?"

"Propose?" he repeated, seriously. "Ada, there is only one proposal that has any significance for me. I have begged and prayed you to make me happy; again I beseech you, humbly, imploringly, to whisper the word I so crave to hear. It is a very small one, and easy to say, yet how long always in coming! Ada—darling—have pity!"

"Oh, I have, I have!" she exclaimed, with a bitter sob, and escaping from his embrace; "but think of the veil of mystery surrounding my birth. You know that the name I bear is not my own, that the man I call father has no right to the title. He has ever been gentle and tender with me, it is true, and often stented himself to satisfy my desires; but he is inflexible as to who I really am. Sometimes I seem to recall a different life in my childhood; yet after a certain period my memory is a blank, and I can never remember where or how I was situated before Mr. Hocklin claimed me as his daughter."

"I care not a rap what you may be, loving you as I do!" cried Edward, stoutly. "A lady you are, and always will be. The name matters nothing. Mine can soon alter that if you will but consent, and then let who dare breathe a syllable against my wife!"

"No," she said sadly, shaking her head, "it cannot be; for I myself should know and grieve, and a sorrowing bride is worse than no bride. I can say no more. You had better go."

"By all that's precious, not a yard!" declared Edward emphatically. "But where is Mr. Hocklin, Ada?"

"He is here!" announced that gentleman, who had been listening on the mat a considerable while, and who now quietly faced them. "Am I wanted?"

"Indeed you are, sir," replied Edward, striding forward threateningly. "I demand to be told the identity of this lady, at once, and fully. Should you decline—"

"Ada," interrupted Hocklin, with some emotion and completely ignoring

Edward, "I have intentionally overheard much of what has just passed between you two—not from any motive of distrust, or mere curiosity, but for your own benefit. My poor child, little did I dream that you imagined yourself to be without a name. But that such is happily not the case, these documents, which can be examined presently, will clearly demonstrate. They establish beyond question or doubt your birthright. Also how I became acquainted with you, and that, instead of carrying out the gruesome orders given to me, I adopted you as my daughter, because I had learned to love you deeply, though not, perhaps, in the way Mr. Edward Farrell does—a very excellent young fellow, by-the-by, but with a touchy temper and an uncivil tongue.

"The paper in the blue envelope is the statement of a charming baronet, acknowledging and confessing his manifold sins and wickedness. The little affair it refers to he did all by himself before I came on the scene, as you will perceive. What he does not refer to, however, is that he made an important appointment with me, which expired yesterday, and which, for some unaccountable reason, he failed to keep. At the time I guaranteed him a bad surprise if he was not there, and, as he is a firm believer in ghosts, I somehow fancy he will be delighted to meet you, Ada. For which purpose, I therefore suggest that the three of us pay him a visit, which he ought to enjoy immensely!"

But Sir Joseph Judson did not receive them. When they arrived at Arnley Hall, it was in a state of great commotion. Alarmed domestics were asking eager questions of each other. Lights flashed from various windows, then vanished and reappeared somewhere else. Rooms were overhauled, the grounds explored and lakes dredged. But the baronet had gone, as if swallowed up by space, and a person answering to his description was afterward discovered in New York with his brains lying beside him and an empty pistol in his hands to show why.

Yet the journey was not altogether fruitless. As Ada looked wonderingly about her, she became unusually disturbed. The sight of the hall assisted to send a flood of hazy reminiscence surging into her mind. Everything seemed strangely familiar. Ada Arnley—Ada Arnley—the words danced mistily before her eyes. What did they mean? Ah, she knew—her memory was restored—Ada Arnley was her true name.

And when, in the summer, the church bells rang out a merry peal in honor of her wedding, the best and coolest man was a short, thin individual with a broken nose.—New York News.

It Failed in Practice.

In one of our great public schools a master, known to successive generations of his pupils for fifty years as "Old Biggus," delighted in surprising the boys with strange sayings and sayings. On one occasion, desirous of practically illustrating a question in the arithmetic lesson, he said to a boy:

"I am a tripe merchant and this platform is my shop. Will you come here and buy a pound of tripe? Now begin."

"Please, I want a pound of tripe," said the boy, sauntering up.

"Where's your money?" demanded Old Biggus, hoping to put the boy out of countenance.

"Where's your tripe?" was the ready retort; but it gained for its unfortunate author four hours' detention on the next holiday.—Tit-Bits.

The Great Prime Minister.

Pitt was induced by Sir John Sinclair to constitute a Board of Agriculture toward the end of the eighteenth century, and make him the President. Having enjoyed his office for a few years, Sinclair began to desire promotion in the social scale. "Dear Mr. Pitt," he wrote to the Prime Minister, "don't you think the President of the Board of Agriculture should be a peer?"

"Dear Sir John Sinclair," replied Pitt, "I entirely agree with you. I have therefore appointed Lord Somerville to succeed you as President of the Board of Agriculture."

Sir John Sinclair went about wringing his hands and exclaiming: "Dear me, dear me—it was such a willful misunderstanding!"—Fortnightly Review.

Among the birds shot recently near Colchester, England, was a stormy petrel.

WATER LOST IN IRRIGATION.

Ditches Will Be Improved to Insure Full Use of the Streams.

The third annual report of the irrigation investigations made by the Department of Agriculture, recently published, says that averages of measurements embracing nearly all of the arid States show that during the last three years enough water was turned into the heads of ditches during the irrigation season to cover the land irrigated to a depth of 4.45 feet, or, stated in another way, 4.45 acre feet of water were taken from streams for every acre of land irrigated.

A large part of this water supply was lost in transit through seepage, the leakage being especially great where canals run through sandy or gravelly soil. Measurements at the heads of laterals showed an average loss in the main canal of eleven per cent. Measurements made at the margin of fields on six large canal systems showed that only forty-two per cent. of the water turned in at the headgates was delivered to farmers.

This large loss through seepage is one of the significant features of these measurements and shows that better construction of distributing works is one of the directions in which great improvement is possible.

Another table in the report shows the value of the crops grown for each acre foot of water used. They vary from \$1.32 an acre foot to \$1.22 an acre foot, water bringing the least return when used on alfalfa and the largest return when used in irrigating nursery stock. It also was shown that crops requiring irrigation in the last half of the irrigation season have a far greater value than those which require irrigation during the first half, the average value per acre of crops which have to be irrigated in the last half of the season being \$49.39 an acre, while crops which require irrigation only in the first half of the season have an average value of only \$17.83 an acre. These late crops, however, have to be watered when streams are low and water scarce. As a rule, this water supply can be had only through storage and the cost of reservoirs has to be charged against the extra value of the crops.

"Experience shows, however," the report says, "that the storage of water pays farmers and will increase largely the productive value of irrigated lands."

Pecans Grafted on Hickory.

The Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier calls attention to the fact that in Chester County in its State they are grafting pecans on hickory sprouts. Such grafts grow at the rate of five feet a year, while seedlings grow very slowly. It is believed such grafts will begin to bear in four years, while seedling pecans will consume twice that time in getting to productiveness. Nor is this all. Seedling pecans are subject to attacks of "borers," while it is assumed that hickory stock would be proof against such attacks. Alabama is full of hickory sprouts, and if these sprouts can be turned into pecan trees, a new source of income will soon become available. Two old pecan trees in Virginia are considered worth \$1000 apiece, simply because they each yield annually the income of that sum.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

His Awful Curiosity.

A woman with her little son, a child of four years of age, inquired of a man standing in one of our railway stations: "Can you tell me what time the next train leaves for Scranton?" "At 11-20 m-m-inutes p-p-past f-f-four." About five minutes later she again put the same question to the same man, and he repeated the same answer in the same stammering way. When she approached him for the third time with the same query he said to her: "W-why do y-y-you a-a-ask me s-s-so m-m-many t-t-times? I-I a-a-al-ready t-t-told you t-t-twice." "I know you did," replied the woman, "but my little boy likes to see you work your mouth."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Get Pay For Your Work.

According to a Waco (Texas) paper, the great mistake of most publishers, especially in the smaller towns, is in serving important interests without remuneration. A paper's space is its stock in trade, and all who occupy should pay for the privilege. "No dead heads in this enterprise" should be conspicuously posted in every newspaper establishment.

People Who Are Resigned.

There are very few people who learn resignation until they have tried everything else and failed.—New York Press.