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EARLY RISING.

By JOHN GODFREY Saxe.

God bless the man who first invented sleep!
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself, nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent right!

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep,
(I really can't avoid the iteration);
But bless the man, with curses loud and deep,
What of the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Observes some solemn, sentimental owl;
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any be at all!

The time for honest folks to be abed
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery; or else—he drinks!

Thompson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
It was a glorious thing to "rise" in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
At 10 o'clock a. m.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
Awake to duty, and awake to truth—
But when, 'twixt a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
And those we passed in childhood or asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And, free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm, so easily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only "dream" of sin!

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise,
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by honeyed phrase
Of vagrant wren by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right!"—it's not at all surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!

AT FLOOD-TIDE.

NORWOOD had tramped over San Francisco, unsuccessfully seeking employment from sunrise to sunset. He had been out of the hospital only a few days, and when he paused before an evil-looking eating house on the waterfront, he felt too spent and disheartened to enter. Exactly twenty cents stood between him and starvation. He jingled it mechanically and watched a dissipated looking cat making its toilet in an angle of the wall. The heaviest fog of the season hung low over the bay and fell incessantly in small rain and mist. At last a drunken man, roaring out the refrain of a popular eon song, as he staggered heavily by, roused Norwood, and he entered the restaurant and gave a ten-cent order. In spite of apprenticeship at the County Hospital, his weakened stomach revolted at the quality of the food; but the warmth revived him a little, and he lingered until he drew the notice of the surly proprietor.

"See here, young fellow," said that worthy, roughly, "you'd better move on. This ain't any Salvation Army barracks. We don't give lodgin' with a ten-cent show-down."

Norwood wondered bitterly if there were lower depths he had not sounded, as he paid his score and struck out aimlessly through the fog. When the great ferry building loomed up in front of him he was shivering again and he entered the Sausalito waiting room. A sign conspicuously posted assured him that loafers would not be tolerated, so he invested his remaining capital in a ticket, and, fortified by this badge of respectability, assumed a position near a heater.

The foghorn still clamored, although the mist had cleared a little. Norwood reflected that about the middle of the bay, when the wet decks were empty, he could slip over the side and out of existence as easily as though he had never felt that life had a great deal to offer him. In the meantime he still craved warmth, and he followed the crowd into the cabin and found a corner near the door.

A moment later two women, one elderly, the other young, good looking and with an air of quiet distinction, seated themselves opposite. From time to time snatches of their conversation reached the young man. The elder was nervous at the prospect of crossing in the fog—the younger tried to reassure her.

When the boat started, the girl moved to look out of the window, and her purse, that after the careless fashion of women, she held in her lap, slid to the floor. As Norwood restored it she looked at him keenly, evidently struck by the contrast between his manner and his unkempt and haggard appearance. He wondered dully what she would do if she could realize that her well-filled purse held the price of a human life. A momentary impulse to tell her so and throw himself on her generosity struggled through his mind. Something in the level glance of the brown eyes told him it would not be in vain. But when pride pushes itself into the place of the intellect, it is apt to degenerate into obstinacy, so Norwood held his peace. Having made a mess of his life, he would abide by the consequences.

During his last night on earth a condemned man may mercifully lose consciousness. Norwood must have dozed for a moment. He was awakened by a shock that threw him violently forward on his knees, and seemed to lift the boat out of the water. Flinging out his hands to save himself, he clutched a soft leathern object, and still grasping it, lurched to his feet as a white-faced deckhand ran through the cabin crying, "There's been a collision! The boat's sinking!"

Instantly the wildest panic prevailed. The veneer of civilization, more or less thin, cracked; cowardice, brutality and weakness appeared. Struggling men blocked the entrances; they gashed hands on the windows; they even piled up against the partitions like trapped and savage animals. Shrieking women and children ran from side to side of the cabin. An immense negro, jammed half in, half out, a shattered window, contributed the element of grotesqueness, as he gesticulated frantically, filling the air with alternate prayers and curses.

With death at hand, Norwood ceased to desire it. Springing toward an exit, he remembered the two women and returned. The girl, who was trying to raise the elderly woman to her feet, looked at him appealingly. "My mother's heart is weak," she said hurriedly. "The shock has brought on an attack—I can't move her."

"Just a moment," cried Norwood. "Don't stir from here, and I'll see what can be done."

When he gained the slippery deck he found order coming out of chaos,

through the nerve of the officers and the calmness of some of the passengers. Boats were lowered, but only to pick up a few progressive spirits who in the first panic had seized life preservers and thrown themselves into the water. Lines had been cast from one steamer to the other, lashing them together; and men, working like madmen—or heroes—were quickly passing the women and children to safety over the rail.

Norwood ran back. As the girl turned her white face mutely toward him he felt a glow of admiration for her self-control.

"All right," he said encouragingly. "There's no danger. Are you strong enough to help me lift her?"

She nodded, and together they raised the almost unconscious woman. She was no light weight, and Norwood was still weak, but they succeeded in half leading, half carrying her on deck. The doomed steamer was rapidly settling, and the water was running into the cabin when they left it. Norwood shouted to the deckhands who were beginning to cast off the lines, and a dozen brawny arms lifted the women to the opposite deck.

The men followed, and almost immediately the boat they had left plunged, bow first, and with a rush through the blackness, disappeared.

As the girl had been drawn over the rail after her mother, there was a cry of "Why, Dorothy! Dorothy Moore!" Instantly the two were the centre of an excited and solicitous group, and Norwood went below.

He was among the first to land when the boat entered the slip, but he lingered on the outskirts of the throng until the face he looked for appeared. Although occupied with her mother, the girl's eyes more than once roved eagerly over the crowd, and with a quickened beating of his heart, Norwood felt instinctively that she searched for him. The idea cheered him—he felt less friendless; yet he kept out of sight until they entered a carriage and were driven away.

The events of the past few hours had added no brilliancy to Norwood's prospects; nevertheless, as he turned toward Market street, he no longer felt life to be an unprofitable episode disturbing the blessed calm of non-existence. He exulted in the mere fact that his will controlled his movements—that he was not a thing for the sport of the waves; and, squaring his shoulders to the wind, he thrust his hands deeply into his shabby pockets. With an astonished stare he drew them out again. Dangling to one finger by a glittering chain was a little purse of gray suede—the kind women affect. For a moment he looked at it in bewilderment—the memory stung him. He had twice picked it up, once to restore it to its rightful owner—the second time to pocket it himself. In the excitement he had forgotten it. Opened, it revealed the unaccustomed glitter of gold and silver, and at the sight Norwood realized how famished he was. He transferred some of the silver to a breast pocket, replaced the purse and boarded an up-town car.

Some hours later, warmed, fed and comforted, he sat down in a decent room and made an inventory. The purse contained \$49 in gold, some silver and attached to a bit of ribbon, a little silver Filipino coin. A card inscribed with Miss Moore's name in full and a number on California street offered every facility for the return of treasure trove.

That night the young man was too worn out for reflection, but over his breakfast the next morning he resolved to break a commandment—and the gold—clothe himself decently, make a fresh start in life, and in time liquidate his indebtedness to Miss Dorothy Moore.

Perhaps his lane had neared a turn, for a few days afterward he secured a small clerkship in a wholesale house; but so very small was the clerkship that several months had elapsed before the purse assumed its former comfortable proportions.

In the meantime, with security against the necessities of the hour, youth reasserted itself, and quickened with the never satisfied longing after the happiness it claims as its birthright. An illusory picture—born of a dream and shaped by fancy—in which Dorothy Moore was the central figure, occupied much of his thoughts. He assured himself that some reason was due her for the detention of her property for so long a period, and wasted considerable time and stationery in attempting to give one. Without any conscious wish to stir her imagination or awaken her interest, his few unsigned words of thanks and explana-

tion yet revealed more of his darkest hour than he was aware. In them were sufficient food for curiosity and sympathy—sworn enemies to forgetfulness. Of his reason for retaining the little Filipino coin he gave no hint.

A week later a chance paragraph in a newspaper informed him that Dorothy and her mother had gone to New York, and might shortly sail for Europe.

In the three years that followed, Norwood's success pointed the words of the poet:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

In the various turnings of his lane he made many acquaintances and a few friends, who occasionally drew him, unwillingly enough, out of the routine of business into the social pleasures of his age and kind. So it chanced that one evening, watching his opportunity to say good night to his hostess and escape from a crowded dance, he looked across the shoulders of the throng and intercepted the level glance of a pair of brown eyes. Norwood promptly changed his farewell to a petition, and five minutes later he was saying to the owner of the eyes: "Let me take you out of this crush. There is a corner near that window where air is a possibility."

"I know your name well, Mr. Norwood," said Dorothy Moore. "Cousin Jack has so often mentioned you in his letters."

"Jack and I were old college friends," he replied, "but I had lived here two years before I ran across him again." "What puzzles me," the girl went on, "is that your face is familiar, too. It struck me when I first saw you a few moments ago—and yet I know we have never met before."

"Once," he said, "three years ago." "Why, I—is it possible? I didn't know—"

"That at our first meeting I was tempted to beg from you—and later on did worse—applied your property to my own needs—or, to be plain, stole from you?" questioned Norwood.

She made a movement of astonishment, and her fan slid from her lap. As the young man bent to restore it, something in his attitude or gesture brought recollection in a flood. Dorothy paled, then flushed crimson.

"It can't be true," she began, then stopped, watching with fascinated eyes while he took from his breast pocket a case, and held out his hand. On the palm lay a little silver Filipino coin.

"And you are really that poor boy?" she cried, impulsively. "No wonder your face haunted me. Oh, why did you never let us know—when we owed you so much?"

Norwood's eyes roved from her eager face to the bit of silver. "I should like to return it to you," he said, irrelevantly. "It has been a veritable mascot, yet at times a source of sharp misery." "Why do you say that? It sounds dreadfully like a riddle, and I was never good at guessing them," said the girl, holding out her hand for the coin.

As her soft fingers touched Norwood's palm his own closed over them, and he replied, "Because it might have been the gift of a—"

"Friend?" she supplemented demurely, as he hesitated.

He tightened his clasp. "It could be the gift of a—lover," he insisted.

"Oh, hush!" murmured Dorothy, rising. "Some one is looking." Then she added, "But come and see us to-morrow—and don't forget to bring the coin."—Ledger Monthly.

"Lunnon" Likes It "ot."

It may be that the quality of imagination was lacking in the Boston and Salem merchants who attempted, in 1842, to introduce American ice into London. One of them tried to attain this end by demonstrating the merits of American iced drinks. He hired a hall—as the story goes—and trained a number of men to mix the cool beverages of his native land. The members of the Fishmongers' Association—presumably as fond of turtle as aldermen themselves—were the guests. The waiters made an imposing entry—but alas! the first sound that met the ear of the American "promoter," expecting a chorus of approval, was that of an English voice calling for hot water, and saying, "I prefer it, all in all." The American completes the story: "I made a dead rush for the door, next day settled my bills in London, took train for Liverpool and the steamer for Boston, and counted up a clear loss of \$1200."—Atlantic Monthly.

An observant man may forget a lot that he hears if he only remembers all he sees.

"LIKE THIRTY CENTS."

How a Current Slang Phrase Started on Its Travels.

The origin of slang has always been a puzzle to philologists, but once in a while a current phrase can be traced to its source. The colloquialism "To feel like thirty cents" is apparently nonsensical, but it is certainly the most forceful expression of the day for denoting anything small, mean and contemptible in one's one sight. Its origin is thus explained by a Philadelphia lawyer, who sometimes practices in New York:

"There is a vagrant law in New York under which a person having no visible means of support may be placed in durance. It has also been decided in that State that a person having so small a sum as thirty cents in his possession has 'visible means of support.' Now, there is no law in New York except the vagrant law under which pool sellers and gamblers of that sort may be held. Shortly after the decision just mentioned was formulated two gamblers were captured in a raid and taken to the Tenderloin station house. They sent for a lawyer, who came and had a talk with them. 'It will never do to make any show of money here,' he said. 'Give me your rolls.' They handed their wads over to him, and he gave each of them a quarter and a nickel, with instructions to produce the coins when he asked them to do so in court.

"When their cases were called the lawyer got them off on the plea that they were not vagrants, each having the legal amount of funds in his possession. Just as the decision was rendered in favor of his clients, a messenger entered the court room and required the lawyer's presence at the Supreme Court. He left without seeing his clients, and they wended their way to the nearest saloon.

"How do you feel?" said one. "I feel like thirty cents," said the other, and probably will until I get my roll back, or what's left of it."

"And that's how that phrase was started on its travels."—New York Mail and Express.

Whittles Fiddles.

Mercer County has a number of fine whittlers. Some turn their skill to cutting up numberless pine or cedar sticks in front of the court house on spring and summer days, while others employ their talent to better advantage. But the king of them all is a sixteen-year-old boy at McAfee. With an old knife that looks as though it would scarcely cut tobacco or hot butter Walker Parsons turns out violins as perfect in all details as ever a noted maker put on the market. He takes the wood directly from a sugar tree and with no other tools than his knife he has made six fiddles in the past three months. The last one he made complete—box, bow and all—in four and one-half days for Dr. Powell Lapsley. The instrument is perfect in shape and of fine tone.—Harrodsburg Herald.

Lord Alvanley's Advice.

A great deal of varied advice has been given to the subalterns in the guards as to what they might have done when their senior comrades subjected them to indignities. From fists to teeth, from canes to pistols, have ranged the weapons with which they are told they should wage war upon "ragging." In the midst of so many bellicose enjoinings, one recalls with something like gratitude the quiet counsel given by Lord Alvanley (the present Earl Russell's father) to a young friend who came to him for advice, saying, "Somebody has threatened to kick me—what am I to do if he comes into the room?" "Sit down," said Lord Alvanley curtly.—London Chronicle.

A Rat Story.

A particularly good rat story is told in a Belgian paper.

A gardener had planted 250 tulip bulbs; the following day, when about to complete the number, the man noticed that the bulbs had disappeared mysteriously. He was told that perhaps rats had been at work, and looked for their hole.

This he found, and dug down into the earth until a subterranean chamber was disclosed, where the whole of the 250 bulbs were hidden, packed neatly in rows one above the other.

There was a bundle of hay and dead leaves, also, showing that the rats had made most elaborate preparations for the winter season.—London Express.

Steps are being taken to wind up "Big Ben," the great clock in the British House of Parliament, by electrical power instead of by hand.