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## HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS.

By MRS. FELECIA DOROTHEA HEMANS (BROWNE).

The poem printed below was suggested to the authoress after reading the lines, "Thanks be to God for the mountains," from Howitt's "Book of the Seasons." The poem is sometimes entitled "The Hymn of the Mountain Christians," as the Vaudois inhabit the Swiss canton of Vaud. They are of the Protestant faith, of the sect known as the Waldenses, whose barbarous treatment by an army of Louis XIV. of France in 1655 inspired Milton's immortal sonnet, "Avenge, O Lord, Thy Slaughtered Saints."

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!  
Thou hast made Thy children mighty  
By the touch of the mountain sod,  
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge,  
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon  
Whose lights must never die;  
We are guardians of an altar  
Midst the silence of the sky;  
The rocks yield founts of courage,  
Struck forth as by Thy rod;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark resounding caverns,  
Where Thy still, small voice is heard;  
For the strong pines of the forests,  
That by Thy breath are stirred;  
For the storms on whose free pinions  
Thy spirit walks abroad;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

The royal eagle darteth  
On his quarry from the heights,  
And the stag that knows no master  
Seeks there his wild delights;  
But we, for Thy communion,  
Have sought the mountain sod;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

The banner of the chieftain,  
Far, far below us waves;  
The war horse of the spearman  
Cannot reach our lofty caves;  
The dark clouds wrap the threshold  
Of freedom's last abode;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the shadow of Thy presence,  
Round our camp of rock outspread;  
For the stern defiles of battle,  
Bearing record of our deed;  
For the snows and for the torrents,  
For the free hearts' burial sod;  
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,  
Our God, our fathers' God!

## Mr. Tibbets' Meteors.

MR. TIBBETS was seated in his easy chair reading the evening paper and enjoying his after-dinner cigar. His dinner had been a good one; it had agreed with him, and he felt cozy, comfortable and disputatious. Mr. Tibbets is one of those men who feel most belligerent when we should expect them to feel most otherwise.

Mrs. Tibbets sat at the dining table, "doing over" a hat according to directions contained in the "Hints for Housekeepers' Column."

Mr. Tibbets occasionally glanced at her over the top of his paper and over the top of his glasses, seeking material for a controversy.

At length he wriggled impatiently, and, removing his cigar from his lips, remarked:

"Bet you a dollar you don't know how a steam engine works."

"Place the perforations on the bias of the eighteenth flap—yes, dear, did you speak?" inquired Mrs. Tibbets absently, looking up from a tissue paper pattern and removing a few dozen pins from her mouth.

"Oh, no, dear," returned Mr. Tibbets in tones of oily yet sarcastic sweetness. "I wasn't speaking, I was merely talking in my sleep. But I should like to remark, Mrs. T., that a woman's mind is content to dwell on small things. Here you sit fussing over an old spring bonnet and a lot of foolery, when you might be improving yourself, adding to your knowledge, lots of ways. Have you any idea what makes a trolley car go?"

"Now, dearest, what do you want to read to me?—the forty-fourth perforation I always did just dote on those dear scientific things when you explained them. They always seemed so clear."

"It's nothing," replied Mr. Tibbets, somewhat mollified, "only I see the paper speaks of a magnificent shower of meteors, the grand bi-centennial display of the stars from the constellation Unicorn, which is positively to occur to-morrow morning at 3 o'clock. It will be a most remarkable exhibition of celestial phenomena, visible only once in two hundred years, and I tell you what, Mrs. T., we ought to thank our fortune that we were born in the nick of time to witness this thing. Just suppose we had lived a hundred years ago; we never would have had a chance. And think of the bulge we've got on those to be born a hundred years hence!"

Mr. Tibbets paused. "I should love to see those beautiful stars, William," observed Mrs. Tibbets meekly. "As you say, we women do neglect our opportunities. Can we see them from the house? I should hate to go out of doors at that awful hour."

"My dear, there is a scuttle in the roof. Leading from a platform up to said scuttle is a ladder. It will not be necessary to go out of doors."

"But how shall we wake up that time of night?" inquired Mrs. Tibbets ear-

nestly. "I'm sure I could never keep awake until 3 o'clock."

"My dear, did you ever hear of such a thing as persistent mentality? Are you aware that the mind never sleeps? We will wake up because we will put our minds on it; we will, as it were, set our minds to go off at three o'clock," declared Mr. Tibbets authoritatively.

Mrs. Tibbets looked admiringly but doubtful.

When they had retired for the night Mr. Tibbets became aware, after he had put out the light and turned over with a sigh of solid comfort, of an unusual noise proceeding from near the head of the bed. He shivered, for it sounded like the noise made by certain insects, prophetic of a death in the house.

"Kitty, my dear, do you hear that curious noise?" he asked.

"Yes," admitted Mrs. Tibbets, in muffled tones.

"What can it be? It sounds as if it was under the bed—in the bed—in the pillow—in my ear."

"It is the alarm clock."

"Alarm clock? What for?"

"Why, I was afraid you might be sleepy and forget to wake up, so I set the alarm clock. It is a real big one, with a nice loud gong, almost sure to wake you up. I got it for a dollar eighty-nine, and it's warranted to last a year."

"H'm," commented Mr. Tibbets, "and where is the delightful bargain concealed?"

"In the bureau drawer. I thought we could hear it go off at three without hearing it tick. It's wrapped up in a stocking."

"If it goes off much louder than it ticks, we'll wake up, all right," observed Mr. Tibbets sarcastically. "I hope you don't expect me to go to sleep with that infernal machine playing ping-pong on my ear drum all night, do you?"

And Mr. Tibbets crawled wearily out of bed and made deliberately for the bureau. But he had neglected to allow leeway for the steamer trunk that lay in his path. There was a sound as of a shin-bone coming into quick contact with some resisting substance having a sharp edge. Mr. Tibbets set suddenly down on the trunk, seized his foot by the heel, and hugged it to his bosom.

For a space there was no sound heard save a seething of the breath as it was sucked in between the teeth, closely followed by a long moan in a descending scale. Afterward, in explaining the matter to his wife, Mr. Tibbets accounted for his temporary silence on the ground that so many strong words came to his mind in a hurry that his sense of selection was temporarily paralyzed. But it soon returned, and Mrs. Tibbets, who was experienced, confessed that she had never before heard such a variety and profusion of powerful language. It was ornate and original, and greatly augmented Mrs. Tibbets' opinion of her husband's resources when reduced to extremities.

When Mr. Tibbets was able to walk

he made his way cautiously to the bureau and proceeded to open and rummage each drawer but the right one. He finally secured the clock, however, and deposited it in the corner of the hall furthest from the door.

Once in the night Mrs. Tibbets missed him. She looked about in alarm. Had he gone alone to see the meteors? She got up hastily and crept into the hall. A white-robed figure was emerging stealthily from the attic stairway.

"William, you've been without me."

"I suppose I didn't need you to carry it."

"Carry what?"

"The clock. What do you think I am prowling around at this hour for if not to get that confounded thing out of hearing? Do you imagine I am out here practicing a cake-walk?"

Mrs. Tibbets said nothing, but retired. In a short time both were asleep.

Then there came a sound of an alarm, hideous and clanging, disturbing the hallowed quiet of the night. Mrs. Tibbets seized her husband by the arm.

"There it is!" she cried.

"There's what?"

"The clock. It just went off. Didn't you hear it?"

"No—did it? Come along quick, woman, or we'll be late." Thrusting their feet into their respective slippers, the pair proceeded hastily toward the attic stairs.

"Ma, oh, ma!"

The voice came from the chamber of William, Junior.

"Say, ma, that wasn't the alarm clock. It was only an automobile. I think it was Jimmy Bloodgood's Pink Devil."

Mrs. Tibbets crept quickly back to bed, and was shortly feigning slumber. Mr. Tibbets followed, but whether it was on account of his sleepy condition or his indignation, he again neglected to make the necessary calculations for the steamer trunk. There was another collision with that obstruction, and he resumed a sudden seat thereon.

"O—O—Oh!" he moaned, as soon as he had breath to spare; "it's the same one."

"The same what, dearest?" inquired Mrs. Tibbets in some alarm.

"Oh—the same—shin."

Mrs. Tibbets said no more, for she knew it was best just then not to disturb her husband in his travail.

When Mrs. Tibbets next awoke it was due to a violent shaking of the shoulders.

"Hark!" whispered her husband.

"There's burglars."

They looked at each other in alarm and listened. Sure enough, there were footsteps coming down the attic stairs. But it was apparently a very careless burglar, for there seemed to be no attempt at stealth.

"Do hurry, William, and see what it is," urged Mrs. Tibbets in excitement.

Mr. Tibbets thought of pistols, sudden death, and of the steamer trunk; but he was valiant. He jumped out of bed and rushed into the hall just as the door at the foot of the attic stairs burst open, owing to a violent impetus being imparted thereto by the cook, who appeared suddenly with her arms full of garments, her best bonnet on, and her purse in her teeth.

"Where's the fire?" she gasped.

"Where is it? Have we time to get out? The saints preserve us."

"What fire? Where's the fire?"

"Sure an' didn't yez hear th' alarm?"

"Where? What alarm? The woman's mad."

But then a light suddenly dawned upon him, and he said, in a somewhat apologetic tone:

"Oh, Bridget, that wasn't a fire alarm. It was only our alarm clock, you know. I set it for 3 o'clock, and forgot you were sleeping in that room." And here Mr. Tibbets, suddenly realizing that his costume was hardly adapted for a lady's reception, plunged back into the privacy of his own apartment.

"Th' alarm clock, is it? You forgot, is it? And a mighty fine time of night it is to be settin' an alarm clock," shouted Bridget, through the closed door. "Till hev yez understand yez'll be playin' no jokes wid me. An alarm clock! Sure, an' it's as loud as a fire bell. It's to-morrow I'll be after lavin', an' I'll not go to bed in the place again. An alarm clock! A-a-ah!"

And this was the passing of Bridget.

"Aren't you going to get up, William?" inquired Mrs. Tibbets as her husband returned to bed and buried his head in the clothes. "You know I set the clock on purpose, and it seems too bad to ruin it all, now we happen

to be awake at the right time at last."

Mr. Tibbets sat up, scratched his head, and, remarking that a woman never was satisfied until she had a man miserable, proceeded to get into his dressing gown.

"I suppose we ought to take Willie with us," echoed Mr. Tibbets, sweetly. "Shan't we invite the cook, too, and make it a family party? She happened to wake up at the right time, too, you know."

"You had better bring a candle, too," said Mrs. Tibbets, ignoring his thrust.

"Certainly, by all means, a candle. But why a candle? Let's have an electric light. Let's get a searchlight. You can see the stars so much better, you know."

Mrs. Tibbets said nothing, but followed her husband up the stairs, dragging William, Junior, by the hand.

Mr. Tibbets explored his way cautiously up the ladder leading from the platform under the scuttle.

"I don't see where that confounded hook is gone to," he exclaimed testily. "A man never can lay his hand on anything in this house when ne—"

"What's the matter, William? Did you hurt yourself?" inquired Mrs. Tibbets, as her husband's words were ended in a sudden sharp crack, followed by a growl, indicating that that gentleman had found the hook by means of the crown of his head.

"Hadin't you better put out the candle if you want to see the stars?" he hinted, as Mrs. Tibbets cautiously poked her head up through the scuttle and held the candle aloft as if hunting for something on the top shelf of a dark closet.

"Where are the meteors?" she asked, in a tone of some disappointment. "I don't see anything but stars, and they don't seem to be moving, I'm sure."

"Woman, you wouldn't know a meteor if you saw one. Just have a little patience, will you? In a minute I'll show you more meteors than you—"

But here Mr. Tibbets' remarks were cut short, for he had suddenly vanished. There was a sound of revelry, as of ten pins being howled over by one large ball, and of that ball striking the floor from an indefinite distance.

"Oh, William, dear William," cried Mrs. Tibbets hysterically, "did you hurt your poor head? Oh, dear, are you killed?"

And in her excitement Mrs. Tibbets loosened her grasp on the hand of William, Junior. There was a shriek, a scrambling sound of a body in sudden descent, terminated by a sudden thud, which in turn was followed by a hollow groan. William, Junior, had alighted upon the very pit and marrow of his father.

When Mrs. Tibbets reached the foot of the ladder she was just in time to observe her husband slowly and painfully gather himself together, as for a final effort.

"Woman," he said, as he attempted to straighten out a lump on the back of his head, "don't you ever try to drag me into any tomfoolery like this again, do you hear? You just stick to your sewing, and don't you go meddling with things you don't understand."

"But the meteors, dear; aren't you going to—"

But Mr. Tibbets had disappeared into his bedroom and slammed the door.

And the rest of that night Mrs. Tibbets slept with William, Junior.—New York Times.

### LIQUID FUEL.

#### Recent Discovery an Argument For Decreasing Use of Coal.

The recent discovery of new oil fields so extensive that there is good reason to believe that the oil wells will not soon be exhausted and that there is an assured supply to meet the demands of the future; the construction of pipe lines which very materially reduce the cost of transportation, and the high price of coal which has prevailed in many manufacturing districts, have combined to give a new argument for the burning of crude oil for power purposes.

But in the Western and Southwestern States, where steam coal has always been both scarce and poor in quality, and where the question of transportation from the new fields in Texas and California has been less of an obstacle to the installation of oil burning equipments than has been the case on the Atlantic coast, the interest is even greater and the use of oil has become far more extensive. In California oil is rapidly driving coal out of the field for power purposes throughout the State. The same is true in Texas, and of much of the territory lying in between. This general use of oil has affected not only the power and lighting and manufacturing plants in these regions, but also the railroads and marine transportation as well. With the relative economy at present prices, between the oil and coal varying from one-eighth to one-half or perhaps less, according to the cost of transportation from the wells to the different points where the oil is consumed, this unusual development is not surprising, and the use of liquid fuel for power purposes is still rapidly growing.

One railroad operating in California is now burning oil on more than 180 of its locomotives. Another of the great transcontinental systems is already using oil on about 500 of its locomotives—which is thirty per cent. of the total number operated by the system—and is equipping others as rapidly as possible. In addition to the use on locomotives it is using oil on its steamers in San Francisco Bay, and on its river steamers with very good results.—A. L. Williston, in Engineering Magazine.

#### The Two Thieves.

##### A FABLE.

A man who had stolen a half million dollars once went to a lawyer for advice.

"Where is the swag?" asked the lawyer.

"Alas," said the thief, "I undertook to corner the onion market and it proved too strong for me. The dough is gone. I have just \$1.83 in my garments. I squandered the money as fast as I stole it, though my wife may have saved a couple of simonions."

"You are crazy, or else a fool," said the lawyer. "Or may be a lunatic. Perhaps all three. You certainly are not sane. But you have no money to hire experts, so you had better plead guilty and beg for mercy. You will get off with a sentence of perhaps eighteen years in prison. Next time have sense enough to save what you steal."

The next day another thief visited the lawyer. "I have grabbed off \$800,000," he remarked cheerfully.

"Where is it?" asked the attorney.

"Buried," said the thief. "Buried deep. But not so deep that it can be dug up."

"How much of it?"

"All, and more, too. I invested it so well that it has grown. Not a cent has been wasted. I lived on my salary, and no one suspected I was becoming wealthy."

"You are a genius," said the lawyer. "You certainly have the keenest intellect I ever encountered. Let me shake your hand. We will hire experts, prove that you are crazy, that you always were non-compos, that every one knew it, and in a few months you will be out of legal troubles."

Moral: It sometimes takes money to prove a palpable fact.—New York Sun.

#### A Big Teapot.

It is the biggest teapot on record. It will hold at least four gallons, and that is more of a teapot than many of the young women who preside at afternoon teas would care to handle. It is a beautiful Japanese affair of Imari ware, with a big reed handle, and it would be worth an admission fee to gaze at it at a charity tea. It is in one of the shops, and the only one of the size they have ever seen.—New York Times.

#### Brussels has a church clock wound by atmospheric expansion induced by the heat of the sun.

### An Old-Time Footman.

The epithet of "footman" is of honorable origin. First, the real footman was a soldier. He then became a runner in attendance upon a person of rank, and afterward a servant who ran before his master's carriage for the purpose of rendering assistance on bad roads or in crossing streams. He was a mark of the consequence of the traveler. His dress was a light black cap, a jockey coat and white linen trousers. He always carried a pole six or seven feet long. The real footman of to-day is a male servant who attends the door, the carriage and the table.—New York Press.

#### Anglomaniya in Paris.

Parisians are in the throes of Anglomaniya. Polo, foot-ball, rowing, all these English sports, are the fashion. The tea shops, dotted all over Paris are filled with French ladies of all ages, drinking tea at 5 o'clock. Romney and Hoppner are alluded to with careless ease in Parisian newspaper articles. The shops are full of English colored prints, and little boys are dressed as diminutive Highlanders.—London Ladies' Field.

There are now 51,538 divorced people in the United States, of whom over two-thirds are women.