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THE SCALLOP IN THE SKY.

When dark had settled on my world and all was hushed and still
(Except some distant dog that bayed, the raucous whip-poor-will,
The flapping poultry seeking place upon the roosting pole,
A cricket shrilling through the murk from some sequestered hole;
When all but these were silent, making silence deeper seem;
When chores were done and coal-oil lamps set all the house agleam,
I used to steal away from all and gaze with hungry eye
Upon one bright horizon spot, a scallop in the sky.

'Twas where the lights that lit the town a few short miles away
Flared up against the edge of night and turned its gloom to gray;
And I, ambitions, filled with hope as vague as love or life,
Gazed, dreaming, at that glimmer with its hint of glorious strife;
It told me wondrous tales of wealth, but most it spoke of fame—
That peace-destroying thing that sets the boyish heart aflame;
It sang sweet songs of conquest, told me many a sweet half-lie—
That gateway to my wonder-world, my scallop in the sky.

The time I dared not hope for came; I stand without that gate
Which tempted me to wander forth and grapple with my fate;
I've seen the great, big wonder-world to which ambition led—
I've found love, wealth and conquest, but the glamour all has fled.
Though life be sweet, the roseate hue my boyish fancy gave
Has vanished, and the boon that most we weary worldlings crave
Is that blest time of boyhood when each wide, hope-dazzled eye
Saw but the sweet that lay beyond the scallop in the sky.

—S. W. Gillilan, in Leslie's Weekly.

Le MEDAILLE De SAUVETAGE.

By ALFRED GOTHARD MARTIN.

HE was a stocky, nervous little chap, with merry gray eyes, which had the beginning of "crow's feet" in each corner from laughter. He had a smooth, aristocratic face with a bit too much jaw, which, however, to some would add a charm as indicating grit and tenacity. He was a nonchalant fellow, who just escaped being fresh by a narrow margin. I formed the opinion that the verdancy had been knocked out of him by bitter experience, for while he was bright and breezy to a degree, he never seemed to overreach.

I met him in the smoking room of the Umbria with a number of his college mates on the morning of the "Glorious Fourth," as he was trying a bit of red, white and blue ribbon through his buttonhole in honor of the day, and from then till the end of our voyage I had many pleasant chats with Harry Beaton. The boys called him Shorty, not because of his size. I learned, but because he had played short stop on his college team.

We chatted the morning through, I telling some yarns about navy experiences, and how I had happened to be appointed attache at Paris, and Beaton of how he missed Annapolis because of his "rotten" mathematics, thereby compelling him to enter a university. I am convinced that in this case the navy was a loser, for he surely had the timber of which sea fighters are made.

We parted company in Liverpool after agreeing to meet in Paris, and while the jolly party of light-hearted, strapping fellows took train direct for London, I crossed to Birkenhead and was soon speeding off to the Shakespeare country, where I intended to put in a week before reporting at my post in Paris.

I had been in the French capital about ten days, and was beginning to acquire the Frenchman's easy deliberation, when one fine afternoon, while loitering about the Rue de Rivoli, I stopped at the inspection of the Boulevard de Sebastopol to watch the workmen digging the trench for the Metropolitan, the new underground road, which follows the Rue de Rivoli its entire length. I was comparing their methods and workmen with our own, when a cheery voice hailed me from the other side of the trench.

"Hello, lieutenant, are you looking for work?"

And there was Beaton, balancing himself on a shoring beam and making his way slowly, at the imminent peril of breaking his neck and to the accompaniment of a choice line of French oaths from the foreman, not a word of which he understood or minded in the least.

"Well," I said, "I am happy to see a familiar face. How are you and all the bully boys; and when did you arrive?" I fired away, still clinging to his fist, for he it known that Lieutenant Crosby, U. S. N., had been rather homesick among his new surroundings.

Shorty began in his breezy way and soon brought his story from our parting in Liverpool up to his arrival in Paris two days before.

"And the funniest thing about the gay metropolis," he rattled on, "is the

uniform courtesy we meet with everywhere. They all seem particularly anxious to please me, although my tips are no larger than those of the other chaps. I have concluded that this is what commands so much respect," tapping his buttonhole, where he still kept the small strip of red, white and blue ribbon. "You see, since our little argument with Spain, some of these foreigners have been convinced that we are not all savages running about in a breech clout and a pair of earrings, and are inclined to cultivate our friendship. I even caught a pretty chambermaid making eyes at the ribbon, mind you, the ribbon"—and so he babbled on, not noticing a dapper man with a fierce mustache, who had been edging toward us, until the dapper one touched him on the shoulder.

"Pardon! Ze Prefect would interview monsieur at ze prefecture. Will monsieur accompany me?"

"The deuce he would!" cried Beaton, "And who are you my friend?"

The Frenchman, drawing back his coat, pointed to a small gold star.

"Ze messengaire from ze Prefect, monsieur."

Seeing that the man was a detective, I inquired in French why my friend was wanted. He answered with a shrug of the shoulders and an outspreading of the palms that that was the business of the Prefect—his duty was to have monsieur accompany him.

"Well, Beaton," I said, "there is nothing to do but to comply with a polite request in a polite manner. Evidently there is a mistake, or else that swearing foreman has complained of your doing a tightrope stunt across the ditch. I'll go along and see you through."

So we started along the Boulevard du Palais, across the Pont St. Michel, and were soon at the prefecture, which occupies the old municipal barracks, and were ushered immediately into the presence of the Prefect, a smooth-faced, wily man with gray, hawk-like eyes that seemed to read one's mind at a glance. I could see that Beaton, thought not one whit abashed, felt those eyes.

"Good-day, Monsieur Beaton. Monsieur wonders that I should wish to see him," said the Prefect.

"Yes, chief, you have the best of me," returned Beaton, coolly.

"I wish to inquire whether monsieur has the right to wear this?" indicating Beaton's strip of red, white and blue.

"Of course I have a right to wear that ribbon," bustled Beaton. "I'm an American, and that's my flag."

"Oui, monsieur is an American, but this is not an American flag. Where are the stars?"

"Oh, the stars! Well, you see this is just the colors you know, just the plain red, white and blue."

"Oui, monsieur; just the red, white and blue, the tri-color of France, and worn in this way Le Medaille de Sauvetege, awarded by the Government only to those who have rescued human lives. Monsieur is guilty of a misdemeanor and it is my painful duty to place monsieur under arrest."

Matters beginning to look bad for Beaton, I interposed and in French explained that my friend had just ar-

rived in Paris, that he was innocent of intentional wrong, that I was connected with the American Embassy and would stand surety, and finally that I would have the private Secretary of the American Ambassador vouch for Mr. Beaton's innocence.

This latter seemed to have effect, for the officer who made the arrest was instructed to call up the Embassy. I went to the telephone and explained the situation to Ross, the Secretary, requesting him if necessary to place the facts before the Ambassador, enlisting his influence to release my friend from his annoying position.

The Prefect had lost some of his savoir faire before I had finished and after a most courteous exchange of diplomatic soft soap with Ross over the telephone, the Prefect agreed to parole Beaton.

Shorty was very loath to untie his ribbon, but I convinced him that there was nothing disloyal in furling the colors, because, as the Prefect had explained, it was not the American flag he was wearing. But we were well on the way to his hotel before he had finished roasting the French police for being a pack of polite idiotic asses.

We had turned into the Rue de Rivoli, and were nearing the Rue du Pont Neuf, where there was a clear space extending between the excavation where I had been standing when greeted by Beaton and another opening several blocks farther on, when the ground under our feet was shaken as by an earthquake, and looking in the direction of the Louvre we saw a solid stream of water shoot into the air and then, settling into a great muddy stream, come plunging toward us, increasing in speed as it tore down a slight incline.

Vehicles and pedestrians went dashing and scrambling out of the way of the oncoming flood, and to the rush of the water was added the excited shouts of the frightened people. Quick as thought Beaton grabbed me by the arm, crying:

"The men in the trench! How do you say 'Danger! Save yourselves!' 'Sauves vous!' said I, and he was off like a flash, running like a deer toward the opening at the Boulevard de Sebastopol, while I trailed on in his wake.

Reaching the trench, which was deep at this point, he yelled like an Indian:

"Sauves vous! Sauves vous!" waving his hat and in such earnestness in his manner that by the time I reached the hole the workmen were scrambling out and running for places of safety. Beaton was not a second too soon, for before the last man got out the yellow flood was upon us, and it plunged into the trench a perfect cataract. It took all our strength as we gripped a nearby lamp-post to keep from being swept into the excavation.

After the first rush the water, which had been waist deep, began to subside, carried off into the immense and perfect system of sewers of which Paris is justly proud; but it was days before the trench was entirely clear. The jabbering French workmen had returned and were pouring out their gratitude to the modest little Beaton with tears in their eyes, while several wildly excited fellows insisted on kissing their rescuer, and it was all we could do to keep them off. We were a pretty pair in our wet and muddy garments.

By this time the police had arrived, headed by our friend the detective, who approached Beaton in a most humble manner, and lifting his cap, said:

"I have ze honor to request monsieur to come with me to ze Prefecture."

"What! again?" said Beaton. "Now look here, Mr. Sleuth, I didn't do this and am not responsible, and I simply can't go—look at my condition!"

But we did go—this time in a cab, the Jehu swearing that his carriage would be ruined by our wet and muddy apparel.

We were met at the entrance by the Chief in person and conducted into his private apartments.

"Ah, monsieur, I welcome you. Monsieur must allow me to send for his clean garments and permit me to show him the bath. The correspondents would like to interview my friend Monsieur Beaton. Would monsieur permit?"

Monsieur did not wish to be interviewed, but the Prefect insisted that the newspapers had certain rights that monsieur should respect, and as a favor to himself would monsieur be so kind as to mention his friend the Prefect.

Well, we had the interview, I doing the talking in French, and Beaton looking miserably uncomfortable.

We learned that the blasting of a rock had broken a large water main, which accounted for the geyser, and that but for the quick wit and nimble legs of my friend a number of workmen would undoubtedly have been drowned. Of course the papers gave a glowing account of Monsieur Beaton's brave deed, with a history of his life and a caricature of a photograph, with the surprising statement that monsieur was a descendant of an old Huguenot family, the original name being Beton.

The next morning when I called at Beaton's hotel to learn whether his experience had caused any serious results, I found him in a wild state of excitement over an official note from His Excellency, the President of France, requesting his presence at the Palais de l'Elysee.

"Well, I remarked, 'for one small American you certainly are in demand, with three polite requests in twenty-four hours.'

"Of course, lieutenant, I ought to go, but what a fuss they make here over nothing. You must go, too, or I don't budge a step, for you were in this thing as deeply as I."

When we left the Palais after our interview with the President, Shorty Beaton wore a little tri-color ribbon on the lapel of his coat and had no fear of a summons to wait upon the Prefect of Police.—Waverly Magazine.

When the Prince Imperial Died.

A strange story is being told in imperial circles in Paris regarding the death of the late Prince Imperial. On the 1st of June, 1879, a lady who was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the Napoleonic regime gave a grand fete in honor of her birthday, and at the same time of the Prince Imperial, who had gone out to the Cape. After dinner there was a display of fireworks in the park, the principal set pieces being the Napoleonic emblems surmounted by imperial crowns. The fireworks went off with the greatest success until it came to the lighting of the imperial crowns, when, to the general horror, not one of them would take light in spite of every effort.

All of them remained unlighted while all the other designs went off perfectly. The failure was looked upon as an evil omen, and with reason, for two days later came the news of the death of the prince in Zululand. A calculation of the time was then made according to the difference of longitude, and it was discovered that at the very moment when the imperial crowns refused to light the prince fell dead under the spears of the Zulus.

There would, perhaps, have been less skepticism about this remarkable coincidence if the story had been published immediately after the event, and had not been kept secret for nearly a quarter of a century.—Vanity Fair.

The Greek Executioner.

In Greece the death penalty is said to be often pronounced, but the difficulty of obtaining executioners was for a long time almost insuperable, says a letter from Athens in a London newspaper. It was at last surmounted by giving to a murderer the choice of his own death or acceptance of the office of permanent executioner. The man lives alone in an old tower built by Venetians on an islet outside the port of Nauplia, where necessaries are taken to him every morning by the boatman, who is careful to exchange no word with him. Twice a year a steamship calls for him and his instruments of death, and he leaves upon a tour of executions.

Jewish Coats of Arms.

Some very curious facts about Jewish heraldry are given in the new volume of the Jewish Encyclopedia. As Jews have no recognized position in the feudal system they did not, of course, use arms. As a matter of fact, the first accorded Jewish coat of arms was granted by the Emperor of Germany, in 1622. Few people know that the triple-turreted castle of Castile adopted by Lord Beaconsfield was borrowed from the seal of the family Halevi of Toledo. Some Jews, among them the Sassoons and the Montefiores, use Hebrew mottoes.—London Tatler.

England's First Iron Bridge.

A portion of the first iron bridge built in England, which spans the Severn at Ironbridge (Salop), has given way. The parting of the girders caused a report like a thunderclap. The bridge was erected in 1779, and, according to the act of Parliament under which it was built, the sovereign has to pay toll before he can cross.

A Bit of Fantomime.

"When Max O'Rell came to Montreal some years ago," said a man from that city to a Detroit Journal contributor, "we fixed up a little joke on him. We had noticed how gracefully he could unite a caustic criticism with a compliment, a faculty that enabled him to say the sharpest things without offending the people he was criticising. We were going to put the faculty to a test.

"We had him lunch with us, and there were at the table beside himself an Englishman, a Scotchman, an Irishman and a French-Canadian. When we got our guest of his guard we demanded an honest opinion of the different races we represented. As the opinion had to be given in the presence of all four, the situation for him was a rather delicate one. But it never seemed to trouble him, and he gave his opinion without a moment's hesitation.

"The Scotchman," he said, and he clenched his right hand tightly and pretended to try and force it open with his left. 'The Englishman—' and he went through the same performance, opening the hand at the end after an apparent struggle. 'The Irishman—' and he held out his hand wide open, with the palm upwards. 'The Frenchman—' and he made a motion with both hands as if he were emptying them on the table.

"There was not a word of explanation, but we all understood thoroughly, and had a hearty laugh. Max O'Rell had maintained his reputation."

The Food Fish of Florida.

The mullet is the food fish of Florida. The natives live on mullet; the big fish all eat mullet, mullet are shipped to Cuba and the North; they are pickled and they are dried; they are taken by dozens in hand nets, and by tens of thousands in seines; if one proposes to catch other fish, he first catches mullet for bait; if he wishes to shoot bear or coons, he first baits them with mullet; if he is going for Spanish mackerel or blue fish he catches a few mullet for lunch while he is fishing. The self-respecting tarpon turns up his nose at the hook that is not baited with mullet. Until recent years the shallow waters of the west coast were alive with mullet. Countless thousands could be seen with their back fins out of water, as they apparently fed upon the salt grass. Hundreds were in the air at once as they indulged in their perfunctory series of three jumps. A skiff drawn across a small creek to bar the passage of a school of mullet was filled to the gunwales with fish that failed to clear it as the school leaped over it. It used to be impossible to tell a "fish story" about mullet.—Country Life in America.

About Birds' Nests.

In the selection of a nesting site the bird's first consideration is safety for her eggs and young. To secure this, many birds, like the field sparrow, red winged blackbird, blue winged warbler, bobolink and meadow lark, hide their nests; others, like some of the eagles and hawks, nest in tall trees and other inaccessible places, where their homes are safe without being hidden. Many sea birds seek safety by laying their eggs on desolate islands in the ocean. There is no end to the variety of nest architecture. Some birds, like the whippoorwill, make no nest, but lay their eggs on the bare ground. The woodcock uses a few leaves or a little grass on the ground in a wood or swamp, but the true perching birds, whose young are hatched in a helpless condition, use firmly made nests, where their little ones will be safe until they are old enough to fly. The cow bird makes no nest herself, but lays her eggs in the well made nests of other birds. The cliff swallows nest near together, and form little villages, while most birds of prey are solitary.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Latest Conceit in Autos.

To the considerable number of odd-looking automobile wagons and trucks now in use in the city there has been added one that is an exact duplicate, except for size, of the ordinary day coach used on railways. This car has a brass lantern for a headlight and two red signal lanterns in the rear. It is used by the company that furnishes and distributes time tables to the various railway offices around town, and bears the name of the company in gold letters on either side of the car above the row of windows. Inside it is fitted up with rows of racks and the "crew" consists of two men in uniform.—New York Press.

The average man says it's hard to lose his friends; the "good thing" says it's impossible.