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## THE BACHELOR TEA.

A bachelor man and a bachelor maid  
Sat sipping a cup of tea.  
Said the bachelor man: "Elizabeth, dear,  
It certainly seems to me  
That never a cup of nectar rare,  
Or wine from the vaults of kings,  
Was equal to this fairy cup you brew,  
While the bright little kettle sings."  
"It rests me well, and it soothes my  
soul,  
And it comforts me through and through.  
'Tis a magical cup, and I'm fair spell-  
bound  
As I sit and sip it with you.  
Shall we sip it together thro' all the years  
The future is bringing our way?  
We could meet right bravely its hopes and  
fears.  
So pray do not answer nay."

The bachelor maid, with a sigh content,  
Stirred the nectar about in her cup,  
And thoughtfully paused to ponder a bit  
Before looking merrily up,  
And saying: "Why, where will you go, my  
dear,  
For a nice little haven of rest?  
For if we are married, don't you see,  
You never can be my guest."  
So these bachelors twain sat quietly down  
And talked the matter o'er,  
While the kettle sang, and the fragrant  
herb  
Its part in the council bore,  
And the story ends, as stories should,  
In wedding bells and laughter.  
Of course they married—you knew they  
would  
And lived happy ever after.  
—Woman's Life.

## Smith and His Counterpart.

By CLARA AUGUSTA.

**D**ID it ever occur to you what  
strange things might hap-  
pen to you if you looked  
just like somebody else,  
and were liable to be taken  
by this other mortal's  
friends for their friend, and to receive  
treatment accordingly?

A little awkward sometimes, though  
there are pleasant features about it,  
as an experience of mine last fall leads  
me to believe. Having nothing better  
to do, suppose I give it to you.

"Smith, my boy," said old Harland  
to me, one day—Harland was my em-  
ployer, and I was head clerk in his  
great importing house—"how would  
you like to go West, to Chicago, St.  
Paul and Omaha, as our agent? Im-  
portant business relations in these  
localities will oblige some employe of  
the house to go, and Hendricks' J&S  
down with the rheumatism, and I had  
as lief be shot as sleep in any bed but  
my own. What do you say?"

I was delighted, and told the old fel-  
low so at once. I had been in New  
York five years, without taking any  
other holiday than the law prescribes,  
Fourth of July, Christmas, etc., and  
the prospect of a journey made me as  
happy as the prospective first pair of  
trousers makes a four-year-old boy.

In a few days it was all settled. I  
packed my satchel, received my in-  
structions, and said goodby to my land-  
lady, who, as I always paid my bills  
promptly, shed a tear or two on the  
corner of her apron in honor of my  
exodus.

Everything went on swimmingly.  
The day was lovely, the car a new one,  
nobody in it was scented with musk,  
the conductor was a model, and there  
was such a pretty young lady a seat or  
two ahead of me, with a ravishing hat  
and feather, neatly arranged hair, and  
eyes as bright as diamonds.

And she had such a coquettish way  
of cutting the pages of her book, and  
presenting her railroad ticket to the  
conductor, and asking him in a sweetly  
imploping voice "if we were almost  
there," that she quite took my fancy,  
and I resolved that if one of those  
inevitable smashes took place such as  
we are regaled with in first class novels,  
I would throw all personal consid-  
erations aside and "go for her."

We had nearly reached Rochester,  
when two strangers entered the car.  
They acted like men who were hunting  
for something. They took seats just  
before me and turned around back to  
back, and read their newspapers and  
looked at me over the tops of them.  
Now, men generally do not look over  
the tops of their newspapers at any-  
body but handsome women, and their  
persistence made me nervous. I  
changed my seat, but did not get out of  
range.

I went to the smoking car, and my  
shadows suddenly developed a taste  
for smoking. I returned to the car I  
had left, and they followed me, and as  
I was about to take my seat, one of  
them laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Mr. Smith," said he, "you are my  
prisoner."  
I exhibited a specimen of the "clear  
grit" which President Roosevelt speaks  
of, and knocked him down.

Then the other one, and half a dozen  
of the passengers, pounced upon me,  
and I was handcuffed, and done for  
generally.

Then everybody flocked around me

to remark on what a desperate-looking  
criminal I was.

"Might have known by his face that  
he was a rascal!" said a short gentle-  
man, with a bald head. "Got a regular  
hangdog expression. Was it murder,  
sir?" to the constable.

"No, it was embezzlement," said that  
gentleman.

"Got his employer's money, eh?"

"Exactly! One of the most daring  
cases we've had on our hands for a  
long time. But we've worked it up  
successfully, and now we've got him."

"Shocking!" said an elderly woman  
in a pink bonnet. "Thank Heaven I  
never was tied to a man. They're al-  
ways turning out bad!"

"A sad thing," said a sleek-looking  
individual.

"Will it be State prison?" asked a  
solemn-faced old lady, with a bundle  
of papers under her arm. "Because, if  
it is, young man, I will give thee a  
tract to Ford, and profit by."

And she handed me a leaf of paper  
with the somewhat startling title, "The  
Road to Hell!"

I remarked that I had no wish to  
learn anything in regard to that route,  
and that brought up a clerical gentle-  
man in a white choker, who inquired:

"Young friend, hast thou a mother?"

"I hast!" said I. "Hkewise a grand-  
mother, two aunts, sixteen cousins, and  
a father-in-law!"

"Beware," said he, "of sitting in the  
seat of the scornful!"

He was just going to read me his last  
sermon on total depravity, when we ar-  
rived at Rochester, and I was taken  
to the lockup.

I did not like my quarters. It was  
impossible for any decent white man  
to like them. Dirty and ill-smelling,  
and I would have been glad to change  
the bed for any clean pine plank.

It seemed that I was charged with  
appropriating the funds of one Mr.  
Junius B. Streeter, of Syracuse, who  
was represented as my confiding em-  
ployer, but I had never heard of him  
before, and certainly had not the pleas-  
ure of being possessed of any of his  
funds.

I tried to impress this fact upon my  
captors, but they only laughed, and as-  
sured me that Mr. Pelham and Mr.  
Ball, the detectives who had seized me,  
had a very accurate description of the  
rascally clerk, from Mr. Streeter him-  
self, and my appearance tallied with it  
perfectly.

I was to have my examination next  
morning, and then, if I could prove  
that I was anybody but John Smith,  
I was at liberty to do so.

Just as I had finished my breakfast  
next morning, the keeper came in to  
say that a young lady wished to see  
me.

A young lady! I was horrified, for  
I had neither combs, brushes, or clean  
collars. I smoothed down my refrac-  
tory locks with my fingers, flirled the  
dirty towel across my face, rubbed  
my boots with my handkerchief, and  
my toilet being thus completed, was  
ready to receive my visitor.

Shades of Hebe and Venus! The  
morning star itself was no comparison  
to her! Blue dress, blue ribbons, blue  
eyes, blond tresses, and a voice sweeter  
than a fifty-dollar music box!

She rushed toward me, flung her  
arms around my neck, put her soft  
cheek against mine, hunted under my

mustache for my lips, and planted  
there such a regiment of kisses as to  
take my breath away. I was quite  
willing to have her take it away, and  
did not care a picayune if she kept up  
this sort of thing till Christmas.

"Dearest cousin John!" cried she; "it  
is such a shame for you to be here!  
But it is just like those blundering of-  
ficers! They fancy themselves won-  
derful in the detective business! They'd  
arrest their own grandmother if they  
had one, darling!"

"Yes," said I, seeing that she paused  
for breath, "I have no doubt of it!"

"I read about your arrest in the  
paper last night. It gave your name as  
J. Smith, but J. stands for John, and  
I knew it was you! I told papa so,  
but he said 'Pshaw!' But I always  
have my way, and so I came down to  
see you, without even stopping to  
dress. Dear me! I expect I am just  
horrid in this old wrapper!"

"Horrid!" said I. "Why, I thought  
four dress was divine!"  
She laughed, and kissed me again.  
I hoped she would keep on doing so.  
It seemed to me the nicest thing she  
could do.

"Papa is coming down in an hour  
or two to bail you out, for, of course,  
you are innocent, and old Streeter is  
mistaken about your taking his dirty  
money?"

"Of course he is," said I.

"And you'll come up with papa to  
dinner, dear John?"

"Yes, darling."

"Then, goodby," said she; "I must go  
home and order your favorite roast  
duck, with oyster sauce!" and she  
kissed me again, and vanished.

Of course I knew that I was playing  
the part of a contemptible hypocrite,  
but I could not resist the temptation  
of keeping still and letting destiny  
work for me, especially when such a  
lovely girl represented destiny.

Papa came down, as she had told me  
he would, and how he managed it I  
do not know, but the thing was settled  
in the course of a couple of hours, and  
I was riding with him in a handsome  
carriage, drawn by a pair of high-stepp-  
ing bays, going to dinner.

Alice—that was what her father called  
her—received us cordially. She was  
"dressed" now, and I suppose all these  
flounces and puffs would not admit of  
her kissing me, since she did not do it.  
My heart sank. I wished myself back  
in prison, if pretty Alice were so much  
more affectionate in prison than out  
of it.

But Alice had me sit near her at the  
table, and she sweetened my coffee,  
and dished out my roast duck with  
oyster sauce. And I adored her, and  
was very near telling her so.

We had just got to pudding when a  
servant opened the door, and ushering  
in a gentleman, announced:

"Mr. John Smith?"

I turned, and confronted the visitor.  
It was like looking in a glass. He was  
my exact counterpart in every particu-  
lar. Our own mothers could not have  
told us apart.

Consternation was on his face—I  
reckon it was also on mine. Alice was  
white with horror. Papa stood rub-  
bing his glasses and trying to convince  
himself that the trouble was in his  
eyes.

"Jupiter!" said the newcomer; "who  
are you?"

"John Smith, sir," said I. "Who are  
you?"

"John Smith, sir," said he; and then  
he saw how ludicrous it all was, and  
burst out laughing.

"What have I done?" cried Alice.

"Oh, what have I done?"

"Don't cry, cousin," said John Smith,  
the nephew; "I'll have an explanation  
at once." Then he turned fiercely to  
me and demanded one. I told him I  
should be very happy to accommodate  
him, and I did so.

Papa Gordon—that was his name—  
laughed heartily. But Alice crept out  
of the room, and I was sure her eyes  
were running over with tears, and I  
felt like a malefactor—yes, indeed! like  
a pair of them.

But John Smith, the nephew, gave us  
very good news after all. Mr. Streeter,  
who was the said John's employer,  
had been mistaken in his suspicions re-  
garding his clerk, and it had been  
clearly established that Streeter's own  
son was the guilty one.

So, altogether, we had a nice time  
congratulating ourselves—John and I—  
and Mr. Gordon rubbed his glasses,  
and seemed highly delighted over the  
episode.

It was a long time before Alice came  
back to the room where we were sit-  
ting, and then I managed to draw her  
aside for a moment to ask her pardon  
for not having undeceived her at once.

"Really," said I, "it was all so de-

lightful that I could not speak the  
words which would drive you away  
from me."

And what more I said would not in-  
terest anybody.

I went about my business the next  
day, but on my return I called at the  
Gordon mansion, and two months ago  
I prevailed on Alice Gordon to accept  
the name of Smith; and I own the  
sweetest wife in the world to the fact  
of having a counterpart.—New York  
Weekly.

## HORSES' HORSE SENSE.

Equine Facial Expression That Suits the  
Occupation.

"The man who does not think that  
horses have good, hard sense simply  
does not study them," remarked a  
well-known liveryman to a Washing-  
ton Post man. "I believe they are the  
most peculiar as well as the best-na-  
tured of all animals.

"Now, look at those two horses  
hooked to that hearse. That is as  
good a team as one would desire, yet  
look at the animals. They look like  
they are tired of life; notice how their  
heads droop, and look at the sad ex-  
pression in their eyes. They know as  
well as you and I that their work is  
gruesome and sorrowful, and it makes  
them disconsolate. Their downheart-  
edness is shown in their very walk—  
walking like they were going to a  
funeral, as the saying is. Yet I can  
look that same pair to a stylish victo-  
ria and you can almost see them  
sneer at dray horses and drawers of  
common vehicles. Hitch them to a  
handsome rig and they realize at once  
that they are members of the four  
hundred, and it is not necessary to  
use check reins to keep their heads  
up. Yet some people say horses can-  
not think. I have horses right here in  
my stables with sense enough to do  
almost anything and they can show  
more evidences of sound sense than  
some of the men who drive them."

## The "Hold-Over" and Business.

Never but once did I go to my task  
with a bear. That morning my com-  
putations were so riotous and I was  
so set on distributing my checks into  
the wrong pigeonholes, that I went to  
the cashier about 11 o'clock to ask per-  
mission to go home. He looked at me  
keenly, and said, not unkindly:

"Last night is responsible for this  
morning. Let me tell you right here  
that you can't do that sort of thing  
and make a banker of yourself, no  
matter what your name is. No; keep  
at your work to-day, make your er-  
rors, face the consequences of them,  
even if you are fined for them. I  
guess your mortification will be the  
best cure for you."

What a wise man he was. I never  
presented myself in that condition  
again. It was paying too much.—  
From "The Autobiography of a Bank  
Cashier," in Everybody's Magazine.

## A Scientist's Proposal.

When Lord Kelvin was on his  
schooner yacht Lalla Rookh, in West  
Indian waters, he got up a system of  
simplifying the method of signals at  
sea. He asked Miss Crum, whom he  
greatly admired, and who was the  
daughter of his host, if she understood  
his code. She said she did. "If I sent  
you a signal from my yacht," he asked,  
"do you think you could read it and  
could answer?"

"Well, I would try," she responded.  
The signal was sent, and she did suc-  
ceed in making it out and transmitting  
the reply. The question was, "Will  
you marry me?" and the answer was,  
"Yes."—Golden Penny.

## Civilian Generals.

In the long line of men who have  
been and who will be at the head of  
the army until the retirement of Wood,  
in 1924, none since Schofield has been  
or will be West Point men. Neither  
Miles, Young, Corbin, Chaffee, Mac-  
Arthur nor Wood is a graduate of the  
famous Military Academy. All except  
Wood came over from the Civil War.

## A Freak of Nature.

One of the strange freaks of nature  
is that the horse, when it becomes old  
and blind, has the normal condition of  
its coat changed. It is then smooth  
in the winter and rough in the sum-  
mer. An explanation of this would  
be highly interesting.—New York  
Press.

The amount of gold in the United  
States Treasury exceeds that in the  
banks of Russia, Germany, Belgium  
and the Netherlands combined.

The typewriter is more largely used  
in Mexico than in France.

## THE LAY OF THE CITY PAVEMENT

They took a little gravel,  
And they took a little tar,  
With various ingredients  
Imported from afar.  
They hammered it and rolled it,  
And when they went away  
They said they had a pavement  
That would last for many a day.

But they came with picks and smote it  
To lay a water main;  
And then they called the workmen  
To put it back again.  
To run a railway cable  
They took it up some more;  
And then they put it back again  
Just where it was before.

They took it up for conduits  
To run the telephone,  
And then they put it back again  
As hard as any stone.  
They took it up for wires  
To feed the electric light,  
And then they put it back again,  
Which was no more than right.

Oh, the pavement's full of furrows;  
There are patches everywhere;  
You'd like to ride upon it,  
But it's seldom that you dare.  
It's a very handsome pavement,  
A credit to the town;  
They're always diggin' of it up  
Or puttin' of it down.  
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.



Old Gentleman—Waiter, this meat  
is like leather!" "Yes, sir. Saddle of  
mutton, sir!"—Punch.

Edith—"I believe he only married  
her for her money." Edith—"Well, he  
has certainly earned it."—St. Paul Pio-  
neer Press.

Gladys Beautifull—"Oh, mamma ob-  
jects to kissing!" Jack Swift—"Well,  
I am not kissing your mamma, am  
I?"—Town Topics.

Henry—"Horace is too confiding."  
Harvey—"I think so; he tries to catch  
his trains by the clock out at his coun-  
try hotel."—Detroit Free Press.

And have you ever noticed,  
With a feeling of surprise,  
You really cannot recollect  
The color of her eyes?

Editor—"This stuff isn't poetry! It's  
the worst rot I ever saw!" Poet—"Oh,  
come now! I tried to sell it to a popu-  
lar song house and they wouldn't take  
it!"—Puck.

Mr. Borem—"I can't imagine why  
she was out when I called." Miss  
Pert—"Why, didn't you just tell me  
she knew you were coming?"—Phila-  
delphia Ledger.

Elsie—"You know, Dorothy, Bobby  
is our first cousin." Dorothy (on whom  
Bobby has made an unfavorable im-  
pression)—"Is he? Well, I hope he's  
our last, that's all!"—Punch.

"I wish," she sighed, "that I could  
see myself as others see me." "Gra-  
acious," replied her fond friend, "why  
aren't you satisfied to let well enough  
alone?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"What in the world are you doing  
with a phonograph, Harker? Thought  
you hated them?" "I do; but we use  
this one to keep our neighbors away  
when we don't feel like entertaining."

There are plans that are wrong, there are  
hopes fairly set  
That flutter aloft and then die;  
Ambitions are crushed into wrecks of re-  
gret;  
They are flying machines that won't fly.  
—Washington Star.

"What's the difference between a  
bachelor girl and an old maid?" "Well,  
a bachelor girl thinks she could get  
married if she wanted to, and an old  
maid knows she couldn't."—Scottish-  
American.

Witherby—"I made the mistake of  
my life this morning. I told my wife  
I didn't like her new gown." Plank-  
ington—"What, was she angry?"  
Witherby—"Oh, no, it wasn't that; but  
she wants another."—New Yorker.

"At what age do you consider wom-  
en most charming?" asked the inquisi-  
tive of more or less uncertain years.  
"The age of the woman who asks the  
question," answered the man, who was  
a diplomat from Diplomatville.—Chi-  
cago News.

## Remarkable Apple Cluster.

Arista Webber of Auburn, Me., has  
in his office a branch of an apple tree,  
two feet or a little more in length, on  
which grow, by actual count, 99 ap-  
ples, which snuggle so closely together  
that there is not room for even one  
more. These apples are natural fruit,  
not very large, of a soft pinkish color,  
and are covered with a bloom, so that  
at a short distance they resemble  
peaches.