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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.

DID 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.