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PROGRESS.

That we all are here through struggle, through the fruits our fathers won, Makes us brothers strong and worthy in the course still to be run— Who shall say the end is useless, or the mighty labor done?

Systems still are blown to atoms and the earth will meet its doom, In the eye of all the heavens man is ever in his tomb, But we see the smallest blossom still out-bursting into bloom.

Just alone that man is noble, just alone that he have worth, Just alone that he shall ripen what was seed in him at birth, Is a more imperial problem than the end of all the earth.

Human progress still points peaceward and still further from the brute— Let the end be hidden from me, let eternity be mute, I will struggle on and upward as the flower from the root.
—J. Oppenheim, in Youth's Companion.

A DOUBLE GAME.

TELL you," said the man doggedly, "that I can produce a self-steering torpedo which answers to every one of your specifications. Any other fleet lies at your mercy with it."

"And you ask?" questioned the minister.

"Only the means to complete my invention and £200,000 down when it has justified my specifications."

"And if we refuse?" queried Lord Pennyfeather.

The man rose abruptly and took up his hat.

"The French government would not be so foolish," he said curtly.

There was silence for some moments. Tall, angular, thin to emaciation, Patrick O'Hara was chiefly remarkable for his piercing black eyes, which glowed like living coals in his pale, haggard face.

"Your answer is—?" he asked, with a movement of impatience.

"If there is anything in it, 'Yes,'" replied Lord Pennyfeather. "It's a lot of money, though."

The young man sprang into a hansom cab, gave a hurried direction, and flung himself back among the cushions impatiently. For he had pledged himself to report to his chief on the authenticity of a rumor that had reached the information bureau of the Admiralty within a week, and of the week only two hours remained.

The horse was weary, dog-tired. Rain fell in torrents, and gusts of wind drove it through the open window.

"What a climate!" he muttered resentfully. "Phew!"

Five minutes later the horse stumbled on the slippery wood pavement, and fell headlong.

Dick St. Aubyn was flung on to the road, where he lay for a moment stunned.

The accident had occurred in a narrow street, where the houses showed "lodgings" stamped in every detail of their sordid structures. A door opened and a flood of light illuminated the street.

The cab driver was cursing and grumbling in his efforts to raise his horse.

"My God!" cried a girl's voice. "The man is dead! Father, father, how terrible!"

In a moment the slight, black-robed figure was kneeling beside Dick, scanning his pale face.

Dick's eyes opened and looked straight into her own; then closed again.

It was half an hour later before he regained consciousness. He lay in a poorly furnished room, on a hard horse-hair sofa, a delicate-looking girl leaning over him, and a tall, dark man standing behind her.

"Where am I?" he asked, putting his hand to his head.

"With friends," said the man kindly enough. "Stay quiet, until you feel better."

But a flood of memory rushed over Dick's mind. He struggled to his feet, grasping the sofa for support.

"I can't!" he muttered. "I have to keep an appointment."

The room swam before his eyes, but he was obdurate. A cab must be called at once, his business was urgent, imperative. So the man, without further demur, left the room to obey his wishes. The girl stood silently watching him.

Dick turned toward her. "I must thank you," he said, "for your kindness." Then he stopped. It was the most wonderful face he had ever seen; the most beautiful, he told himself, the most bewildering.

The girl inclined her head slightly. The door opened abruptly and the man stood on the threshold.

"Your cab is here," he said.

Long after Dick St. Aubyn's cab wheels had ceased to echo through the silent street, the man stood on the wet pavement.

"Twenty-five Barkley street," he muttered. "What on earth is he doing there? And who is he?" for 25 Barkley street was the private residence of the first lord of the Admiralty.

The butler flung open the door and announced Mr. St. Aubyn.

Lord Pennyfeather rose with a smile.

"Just within your time, St. Aubyn," he said.

Dick, covered with mud, dishevelled and pale, staggered into the room.

"A cab accident!" he ejaculated, as he sank into a chair. "Delay unavoidable. I have learned on the best authority that France has discovered a genius who promises her a new self-steering torpedo within two months. The naval experts across the channel evidently pin their faith on it. This may or may not account for the uncompromising attitude the Dual Alliance has adopted."

There was a silence, a heavy pause. "Self-steering torpedo," said the minister, after a long silence. "It's a curious coincidence. This very day I had an interview with an inventor, or a crank, who promised— Did you hear?" he added sharply, "whether the torpedo was steered by a new application of a submarine electric current?"

"Dick shook his head. 'I could learn nothing definite beyond the fact,' he answered.

"Look here, St. Aubyn," continued his chief, briskly, "you have done admirably. You must now discover the details of the new French torpedo."

St. Aubyn had been in Paris for ten days; he was absolutely nonplussed, in most unusual position for that acute intelligence officer to find himself in. Dressed as a beggar, he remained outside the French admiralty office no longer with keen eyes every man, woman, or child who entered. St. Aubyn was acquainted with half the men who passed through the doors, but, in spite of this, he learned nothing.

One man passed in whose face Dick knew, but could not put a name to. He puzzled long, but could find no place for it in his memory. The Government confidential clerk knew no more, if as much, as he did himself. He returned disconsolately to England at the end of ten days, and reported his lack of success at 25 Barkley street.

"I don't like it," said Lord Pennyfeather, in glancing over his report.

"It looks too much as if they had wind of a patent we are experimenting with ourselves. That invention I told you of—"

"May I interview your protégé?" asked Dick. "He probably knows the names of the men working on the same lines."

Ten minutes later Dick Aubyn was bowling along in a hansom cab, accompanied by the minister's confidential secretary. In five minutes he was standing in a large workshop, crowded with models of torpedoes, in which half a dozen men were working laboriously. Cyril Hardacre, the secretary, took him into a smaller room beyond. A man writing at a desk lifted his head quickly, and rose to greet them.

Dick uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Why, you are the man who was so kind to me the other night!" he cried.

He held out his hand and the other placed his long, nervous fingers for a moment in his grasp. "I should much like to call and thank your daughter for her hospitality, if you will allow me," he added.

Dick found it impossible to fix his mind on explosives and infernal machines.

He shook himself angrily. What a time to be engrossed in lover's dreams, when his business was urgent and his reputation at stake. He strode along the streets resolutely, fixing his attention on the matter of torpedoes, but do what he would the pale face and deep-set eyes of Eileen's father remained before him. Suddenly he passed, his brows knit, his face clouded. "Zounds!" he muttered. "What was Patrick O'Hara doing in the French admiralty offices last week? What a fool I was not to recognize his face before!"

"You aren't in earnest, St. Aubyn?" asked Lord Pennyfeather, looking at his visitor open-eyed.

"I wish to God I was wrong, sir," said poor Dick. "O'Hara is a swindler; he is selling his torpedo model to the French Government on the same terms as he is selling it to the English. The identical torpedo is being built in their workshops as in ours, and Patrick O'Hara works at it for a fortnight there, and then for a fortnight here. He intends to get £200,000 out of each Government, and then disappear."

Half an hour later Patrick O'Hara was confronting the first lord of the Admiralty and Dick St. Aubyn.

"O'Hara," said the former, quietly, "your treachery is discovered. The French model—"

The man turned livid. He gazed round him like some hunted animal seeking for a means of escape.

"The room is watched," said the minister, quietly; "policemen are under the windows and at the doors. You are a prisoner. Great heavens! St. Aubyn, quick!"

With a gasping, choking rattle in his throat, Patrick O'Hara flung up his arms and fell heavily forward.

"Heart disease," said Lord Pennyfeather, softly. "Has he any relatives?"

"A daughter," said Dick. His lips were dry. The words choked him.

"You had better go and break the news to her, St. Aubyn," said his chief. "You told me you knew her, I think."

Eileen gave Dick a letter, addressed by her father to the English Government, which set all doubts as to her knowledge of his guilt at rest.

Patrick O'Hara had conceived the criminal plot of duping two Governments in order to enrich the girl he felt he might soon be called upon to leave penniless. He asked only that she might be kept in ignorance of her father's guilt if death claimed him and his duplicity were discovered.

And Dick swore to himself on the day that Eileen O'Hara became Eileen St. Aubyn that his wishes should be respected.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

King Edward Taken Aback.

There are times when the most faithful of men are taken aback by some unexpected retort. Such an experience befell King Edward of England in connection with the visit of the South African contingent of colonial troops to London at the termination of the Boer war. One of the Cape scouts was an unmistakable mulatto, with a magnificent record for gallantry, however. The King was reviewing the men, walking down their extended line, and occasionally speaking to one of them. Opposite the colored man he stopped.

"And who are you, my man?" he asked.

"I'm a nigger, your majesty."

The "most tactful ruler in Europe" was nonplussed by the unlooked-for reply. But he managed to say:

"Good! Then remain so, my brave fellow." With this he passed on.—Success.

Automobiles and Potatoes.

Rapid progress is being made with the preliminary plans for the production of alcohol on a large scale in Ireland for motor purposes, to which the Department of Agriculture in Ireland is now turning its attention. Early next year it is hoped the making of alcohol from potatoes on a large scale will be in full swing in Ireland. With one exception all the petroleum consumed in that country is a foreign product and the supply is limited. Alcohol, on the other hand, is much cheaper, can be produced in unlimited quantity from the potato and will drive a car just as fast, if the mechanism be slightly modified. It is probable that an "international alcohol competition" will be held in Ireland next year, each car to use alcohol of its own country's manufacture.—Chicago News.

WINDY WEATHER TALES.

The Place to See It Blow Real Hard Is Up in the North Sea.

The man who lived in Canada opened the store door and a gust of wind almost blew out the lamps.

"Shet it, quick!" yelled the storekeeper, making a grab for the wrapping paper.

The man paused with the door half open and surveyed the crowd in disgusted surprise. Then he carefully shut the door and took a seat as far from the crack in the wall as possible.

"Sho, it's windy," said the town marshal. "Don't reckon them boats will try ter git out to-day."

The man eyed him pityingly. "Call this windy? Shucks! Why, up in Canada folks would say this was so nigh a dead calm that it warn't no use ter try ter go sailin'."

Member one time—nothin' out of the common up thar, but you fellows might think it some-thin'—I was a-helpin' ter build a house, and 'long in the evenin' the wind commenced ter git up pretty strong. By an' by it got so strong that us that was workin' on the side of the house that the wind was a'blowin' against couldn't draw back our hammers against it ter hit the nails, an' it kept gittin' harder. Then I thought of a way: I would just hold a nail where I wanted it driv', an' that blamed wind was a'blowin' so hard that in less 'n a minute that nail would be driv' plum up. Got my side of the house finished 'fore them on the sheltered side was half done."

"Huh!" said the retired whaler, "don't call that sich a hard wind. The place to see the wind blow hard is up in the North Sea. I recalls a little incident that took place when I was second on the Mary Jane bark, when we was a'winterin' up 'mongst the ice packs. An' bears? Them flocs was jest natchally swarmin' with polar bears. We had muzzle-loadin' guns in them days, an' every blasted grain of our powder had got wet in a squall, so we jest had to set an' watch them fine fat bears walk up an' look at us sorter contemptuous an' then walk off."

"Wa-al, I didn't like that, so one day, when thar was a little more of a breeze than usual, I fill up a pocket with bullets an' go for a walk."

"In a little while I sees a bear right straight down the wind from me, so I takes out a bullet an' holds it up between my finger an' thumb an' then lets go. That bear dropped dead with a hole plum through him; an' I went on huntin' till all my bullets was gone. We killed more'n a thousand bears that winter."

"Come back, an' shet that door!" shouted the storekeeper after the man who had lived in Canada.—Judge.

A Conquering Fawn.

A sambar fawn I possessed in India of the age of four to six months made a practice of chasing all dogs that came into the compound and did so with every appearance of considering it the greatest possible fun. The dogs, on the other hand, fled with their tails between their legs. This fawn evidently imagined itself to be the guardian and protector of the establishment. I have a vivid picture in my recollection of the gentle little beast transformed into a perfect fury, its coat bristling on end to make it look twice its usual size; head and tail defiantly erect, stamping sharply on the threshold with its dainty forefeet, demonstrations intended to frighten away two pariah dogs who cringed before it on the veranda, yet showed a great desire to intrude into the house. The dogs finally sneaked off, depressed and defeated, and the conquering fawn swaggered back into the room to be praised by me either for once disdaining to chase its foes or deterred therefrom by its strong dislike to the noon-day sun.—London Spectator.

A Pleasing Army Incident.

One of those little incidents which make army life in Europe so pleasant is reported from Irkutsk. A Russian army officer stationed there asked a Jew for a match to light a cigarette. The latter thought the tone used by the officer was insolent and refused to give him one. The officer then offered him money for a match, but without success. Then the officer pulled his revolver and shot the Jew, mortally wounding him. In the general scrimmage which followed the officer mortally wounded another civilian.

The German Empire is divided into 145 Chamber of Commerce districts. Each Chamber of Commerce has control of its own finances and is compelled by law to appoint an able and experienced man as Secretary.

MINCE PIE.

I love to sit and think a while
And smile—
I love to sit and think a while,
While the waiter up to the aisle
Between the rows of tables neat,
Brings me the jumbled gob of sweet
Mince pie!
Oh, my!

I love to grab the sprinkler in
My fin—
I love to grab the sprinkler in
My shaking hand and then begin
To gently lift the pie's hot edge,
And pulverize in rapture wedge
In my
Mince pie!

And then I love to take my ease
And freeze—
And then I love to take my ease
And freeze to it, and rub my knees
With fother hand in sweet content—
All raptures of the joy's bliss
In me!
Oh, gee!

I love to taste the toothsome dish
And wis—
That I might taste the toothsome dish
Till elephants all turn to fish
I maidens never long to wed!
No other bliss may serve instead
Of my
Mince pie!

And then, when everything is done,
And none—
And then, when everything is done,
And none is left where I'd begun,
I love to feel my proud soul soar
As eagerly I order more
Mince pie—
Oh, fie!

—Baltimore News.



"You acted terribly distraught this afternoon. Are you in love?" "I don't know; it all depends on Bradstreet's; papa is looking him up."—Houston Post.

Cholly—"D-did I hit anything, guide?" Guide—"No; you fired too quick. If you'd only waited ten seconds my head would have been right in range."—Judge.

Though perhaps created second, lovely woman need not smart; Like the postscript to the letter, she's the most important part.
—New York Sun.

Briggs—"There are a number of strangers in town just now." Griggs—"How do you know?" "Well, to-day I noticed in the cars that quite a number of ladies were offered seats."—Life.

First Tourist (in Switzerland)—"Our landlord must know English pretty well." Second Tourist—"I haven't heard him speak it yet." First Tourist—"No; but he understood your German."—Judge.

The Husband—"I'll make out the deposit in your name, and all you have to do is take it to the bank." The Wife—"But suppose I want to draw out some day, how will they know which is my money?"—Brooklyn Life.

Butler—"I know that butcher acts rather queerly at times, but the doctors say he is in full control of his mental faculties." Baker—"Yes, but that cannot call for much of an effort, you know."—Boston Transcript.

A garden is this world of ours, Where fate has scattered many seeds; And some may pluck the bonnie flowers, And some must stoop to pull the weeds.
—Washington Star.

Mr. Klumsay (waltzing)—"My, how slippery this floor is! It's hard to keep on your feet." Miss Sharpe—"Oh, you're really trying to keep on my feet then, are you? I thought it was merely accidental."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Newrich had been describing her visit to Turkey. Friend—"Then, of course, you saw the Dardanelles?" Mrs. Newrich—"Why, no, we didn't. They called, but we were out."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"Telegraphing without wires is no new thing," remarked the gray-haired passenger. "Isn't, ea?" queried the drummer. "Not by a jugful," continued the old man. "Why, sir, when I published a country newspaper forty years ago I got nearly all my telegraph news that way."—Chicago Daily News.

The Bones of St. Nicholas.

The cities of Bari and Venice, in Italy, have long disputed as to which possessed the authentic bones of St. Nicholas. The question seems now to have been settled in favor of Bari, for a Russian general, Bagdonovitch, evidently acting for his Government, has offered Bari 1,000,000 roubles for them, about \$325,000. Before the Czar ascended the throne he visited the relics and Queen Helena adored the orthodox church, and joined the church of Rome in the Bari Cathedral, where they are deposited. It is not likely that Bari will accept the offer.