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THE BUILDERS.

We quarrel of land and line,
We bicker of work and wage;
We trouble our souls with a doleful
sign,
Forgetting our heritage—
Forgetting the tireless hands;
Forgetting the restless feet
That fared, undaunted, through unknown
lands
Till the path was made complete.

The fathers—the men who dreamed,
And, dreaming, were strong to dare,
To struggle ahead to the goal that gleamed,
A prize that was rich and fair.
The fathers—the men who thought
Of all that the future held,
And, hearts uplifted, essayed and wrought
All the work their dreams compelled.

We pluck from the vines they set,
We walk in the ways they made;
We harvest their fields; and their forests
yet
Are giving us rest and shade.
The fathers—the men of old
Who builded a place for us,
A country magnificent; brave and bold
In their faith all glorious.

We quarrel and dread and doubt,
Forgetting we only hold
The comfort within and the peace without
By grace of the men of old;
Forgetting the toil and stress,
Forgetting the bygone age
When cities were planned in their comeli-
ness
For a future heritage.

—Chicago Tribune.

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

A Secret Service Story.

By CHARLES D. LESLIE.

It has come to our knowledge," wrote a certain high official of the French Intelligence Department in Paris, to M. Louis Prongé, of the Secret Service in London, "that the English Government has just purchased the design of a new light field gun, identical with the 'Bracket' which you are aware, has been adopted by our Artillery Department. We fear the inventor has deceived us. Verify our information and procure, if possible, a copy of the design. This is of special importance, for the gun may even be an improvement on the one we have bought. Spare no expense; the matter is of the utmost importance."

This command of his paymasters occupied his mind as he breakfasted. He wrinkled his brow over it. It was a highly delicate and difficult matter, but not, he decided, impossible. There were two points in his favor. None of his English friends suspected for a moment that he was in the pay of the French Secret Service; and among his numerous friends he reckoned Cecil Fellowes, son and secretary of General Fellowes, the head of the ordnance office. The designs of the gun would be carefully studied by the general before a final decision by the English Government, and copies of the plans would very likely be now at the general's house. By the end of his third after breakfast cigarette Prongé had decided on his method of action and dispatched a telegram to one of his subordinates to come to him at once. Within an hour M. Villepart was announced.

"A matter of importance," my dear colleague," said Prongé waving a hand toward a vacant chair and the cigarette box. "Listen to me attentively." "You know the house of General Fellowes in the Cromwell Road? Good. It is the custom of the general. I believe, to work in his study every evening after dinner. It will be your business to see that he is not at home tonight at 10 o'clock. Get him out of the way by means of a forged telegram or similar means. Watch the house yourself; you will see me arrive a little before ten, five minutes later drive up in a hansom, knock and demand with much agitation to see Mr. Cecil Fellowes immediately. Convince to wait in the hall and have him come to you. Keep him there engaged in conversation as long as possible."

Monsieur Prongé lunched at home, and later he dressed with care and went out. He turned home to dress and dined at his club, which had a high culinary reputation. Afterward he was the centre of a lively group in the smoking-room, and at 9.30 arose to depart.

"Ah, my friend," he cried to a good-looking young Englishman, Harold Rising by name, much his height and build, whom he met on the stairs. "I owe you a thousand thanks. The tailor you recommended is admirable. My clothes, see; the best suit I ever had. And the overcoat like yours I ordered fits superbly."

"Glad you like him, Prongé. Where are you off?" "To fetch Cecil Fellowes and drag him from his work to the Countess of Arrowby's ball. Adieu!"

In spite of the protests of the general's butler, Monsieur Prongé, learning his friend was alone in the study, gayly insisted on penetrating there.

"Cecil, my good friend, I have come to take you to the Countess of Arrowby's ball. Positively, I will take no

denial. I have a secret to impart in your ear; a certain young lady will be there at 11 o'clock. The news from the highest authority—herself."

Young Fellowes had no intention of going to the dance, but the interruption of the Frenchman for a few minutes was not unwelcome; he listened with amusement as Prongé's pleadings grew more urgent. In the midst of the visitor's eloquence a servant entered and addressed Cecil.

"If you please, sir, there's a foreign gentleman in a very excited state in the hall. He says he must see you immediately on important business."

"Well, show him into a sitting-room and I'll come."

"He won't leave the hall, sir; says his cab is waiting."

"What a remarkable reason for staying there," observed Cecil, rising with a laugh. "Excuse me a minute, Prongé," and he left the room.

In the second that he was alone the Frenchman sprang swiftly to the general's writing desk. It had a sliding front, and the owner having left it open all the pigeon holes and the documents therein were free to inspection. Bundle after bundle of neatly docketed papers did the spy rapidly examine. Nearly all were concerned with artillery, but minutes passed and still the plans he sought eluded discovery. Prongé panted with excitement as bundle after bundle was scanned and replaced. At last he snatched out a small packet tied with red tape. "Plans, etc., of New Belgian Field Gun," he read breathlessly. Success! At that instant the door opened and Cecil returned. Prongé had only just time to slip the packet into his overcoat pocket, but not enough to spring away from the table.

"Such a madman, Prongé, a countryman of yours, too. Said he was on the staff of the Cri de Paris and seeking the whereabouts of Prince Victor of Orleans. Had been informed the prince was seen in my company today, begged to know his address, wouldn't accept my denials that I didn't even know the prince. He positively raved; I couldn't get rid of him."

"Ah, it is for him of importance," answered the Frenchman hastily. "The prince, you know, for some weeks has been missing; no one knows where he is, and all the French journalists are seeking clues. This man followed a wrong one. Now, again I implore you to accompany me—just a brief visit."

To his infinite disgust Cecil answered: "Well, you have persuaded me; let us go then."

Prongé expressed his delight and swore under his breath, but his annoyance at having to leave the house with Cecil instead of alone changed to alarm as he quickly discerned his companion suspected him of espionage. His acuteness was not at fault. Cecil was no fool, and before he had been five seconds back in his study something very near the truth had occurred to him. By what strange concatenation of events was it that the Frenchman had been left alone for fully five minutes in his father's study with the desk open and war secrets almost exposed to view? Even were his suspicions wrong his friend had been guilty of vulgar prying; he had left him standing over the fire and returned to find him standing close to his father's writing desk. On the spur of the moment Cecil determined not to let Monsieur Prongé out of his sight until he had decided how to act.

The two men drove to the dance,

Prongé exerting himself to the utmost to banish suspicion from Cecil's heart. Before they alighted the spy had decided on his plan of campaign. He dared not remove the precious paper from his overcoat pocket while Cecil was with him; he would yield coat and hat to the attendant in the cloakroom and enter the ballroom, then give his friend the slip, hurry down, retrieve them, and make his escape. When the loss was known some suspicion must rest on him; he would perhaps have to leave London, but the French Government would amply reward him for his success in so promptly and completely fulfilling their desires.

He felt, therefore, assured of ultimate triumph and safe from immediate detection as he stood on the pavement paying the cabman, when a hand gripped his arm and a voice in his ear whispered, "You thief!"

Though his nerves were good Prongé was powerless to repress a start. He turned to find Harold Rising facing him with a smile on his face, but the spy's sang froid had momentarily deserted him.

"What do you mean?" he stammered, quite out of countenance.

"There! Your face betrays you," shouted Rising. "I appeal to Fellowes."

"But you speak riddles. What is the joke?" Prongé strove desperately to guess what Rising was talking of.

"You bolted from the club with my cigar case," explained his tormentor. "Your cigar case? I have not got it."

"Haven't you? Feel in your right hand pocket."

Prongé obeyed mechanically. There was a cigar case in his overcoat pocket. However did it get there? Then all at once the truth flashed upon him. He was wearing Rising's overcoat; the club waiter had helped him on with his coat and made a mistake. And Rising was wearing his. The two coats were of similar cut and material, made by the same tailor, and owing to the resemblance in build and height of the two men the difference of fit had been so trifling he had never noticed the servant's error.

"It is your coat I am wearing," he gasped.

"Exactly," laughed Rising, "and I'm wearing yours." He whipped it off as he spoke. "They are as like as two peas, and the stupid fellow at the club mixed them up. Now we'll exchange if you please."

Exchange! and the stolen designs for the gun worth a small fortune to him lying in a pocket of the coat he was himself wearing. Was there ever so luckless a mischance! Prongé stood hopelessly trapped. In the full glare of the street lamps with Cecil Fellowes (his suspicions confirmed by Prongé's obvious embarrassment) watching him with jealous eyes, the simple action of withdrawing the plans ere he divested himself of the overcoat meant his instant detection and arrest.

"Come, exchange is no robbery," quoted Rising. "I'm sold, man; off with my coat."

There was absolutely no help for it: Prongé obeyed, and Rising, receiving it, first politely helped the Frenchman into his own overcoat. Then he donned the one Prongé had doffed, and the substitution was complete.

"Has Monsieur Prongé any property of his own in the coat he was wearing?" asked Cecil dryly at this juncture.

Prongé hesitated a moment, then saw from his former friend's manner that the game was up. He turned and fled.

"Why, what's come over the fellow?" cried Rising in innocent astonishment. "Hullo, there is something of his in this pocket. Look here, 'Plans, etc., of new field gun.'"

The French Government is now using the services of Monsieur Prongé in another European capital. He is a violent anglophobe, with a special prejudice against English tailors.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Climate of Panama.

Tracey Robinson, one time United States Vice-Consul at Colon, called at the State Department to see Secretary Hay, and sent in a card, the first yet received there, bearing the words, "Republic of Panama." He told the Secretary that he wanted to enter a defense of the climate of the Isthmus, where he had lived for forty years and enjoyed perfect health, a statement borne out by his appearance.—Washington Star.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are possessors of nineteen pianos, every one of which was a wedding present.

Disposition of Horses.

Horses differ as greatly in disposition as do human beings. Some horses will enter into a race with vim and courage and ambition to be first at the wire. They do not need to be encouraged or even spoken to. They will try to beat another horse and show almost human pride in doing so. Some horses will make as great a fight in trailing a field of horses as when they are ahead. Others while in the lead are full of ambition and make a desperate effort to maintain their position, but let another horse pass them and they lose heart, become discouraged and do not seem to have within several seconds of their usual natural speed. Sometimes a driver asks more of a horse than he can perform, and that moment his influence over him weakens. The asking too much is oppression, and the horse knows it and shows it by his discouragement. Impossibility is asked of the horse and all honest endeavor is gone. How often has this been witnessed with horses too heavily loaded. A team of horses may be ever so true, but if they are once or twice loaded beyond their capacity their discouragement will be noticed in their half-hearted efforts. A team will sometimes make two or three desperate efforts to move a load, and being unable will not try again, despite all the efforts of the driver.

Balzac's Plan Didn't Work.

When Miss Marie Manning, author of Judith of the Plains, was a girl at boarding-school, she and her "chum" determined to devote their lives to the pursuit of literature. They decided to follow the plan of Balzac—namely to eat a substantial dinner in the evening and retire at once to sleep until midnight. Upon the stroke of that hour they would rise and devote the rest of the night to labor, thus securing the most quiet hours for work. The plan worked admirably so far as eating the dinner was concerned. They then retired. An hour passed. Then a voice broke the silence. "Are you asleep?" "No," was the reply, "can't." Another hour passed. "Are you asleep?" said the voice again, softly. "No, can't close my eyes," came the gloomy reply. At midnight, however, they arose, and prepared for the night's labor. But they had scarcely arranged their writing materials and clad themselves appropriately than they immediately became much too sleepy to work. "Are you awake?" said the voice again. "Yes, but I can hardly keep my eyes open." "Let's go to bed." "Very well," and two discouraged litterateurs retired to the slumbers of the young and healthy. Thus Balzac's plan failed.—Harper's Weekly.

Had Forgotten Something.

Porter Smith tells this one on Colonel Beverly Dorsey, of Hutchison, who is greatly troubled with absentmindedness. On his way home from Paris, after arranging for the delivery of 1000 turkeys to Brent Brothers, the thought came to Bev. that he had forgotten something. He took out his notebook, went over every item, checked it off and saw that he had made all the purchases that he had intended. As he drove on he could not put aside the feeling that there was something missing. He took out his notebook and checked off every item again, but still found no mistake. He did this several times, but could not dismiss the idea that he must have forgotten something. When he arrived home and drove up to the house his son came out to meet him, and with a look of surprise asked: "Why, where is maw?"—Paris (Ky.) Gazette.

A Money-Loving Rat.

A rat has recently caused considerable consternation in a French family. A gentleman, on leaving his office in Paris, locked up in his cupboard, for temporary safety, a canvas bag containing about fifty gold coins. Next morning, when he went to fetch the money to put in the bank, the cupboard was a bare as that of Mother Hubbard. The police were called in and set to watch certain suspected persons, but in the meanwhile some one noticed a small hole in the cupboard, suggesting a four-legged thief. So small parcels of meat were locked up in the cupboard for two nights. These also disappeared, some of the wood-work was taken up, and the remnants of the meal showed the way to the rat hole four feet away, where the remains of a canvas bag and the missing coins were duly discovered.—Golden Penny.

The pension issue last year was the largest in ten years; the issue for the first quarter of the present year exceeds the same period last year by twenty-five per cent.

CATS AND DOGS IN NEW YORK.

An Estimate of Their Numbers, Based on Defoe's Figures.

"Few of us, I suppose," said Prof. von Joggleby, "have any adequate notion of the actual number of cats and dogs that would be found in New York if a census of them could be taken."

"We all know, in a general way, that there are lots of dogs here and a good many cats; but few of us, I suppose, have any adequate conception of their actual numbers. Perhaps we could get some light on this subject by the aid of certain statistics contained in Defoe's history of the plague in London."

"It being deemed that dogs and cats were dangerous to the community at that time, on account of their natural habit of running about from house to house and from street to street, whereby they would spread the infection, it was decreed that all dogs and cats should be killed and officers were appointed for their execution."

"It is incredible, if their account is to be depended upon," says Defoe, "what a prodigious number of these creatures were destroyed. I think they talked of 40,000 dogs and five times as many cats, few houses being without a cat, some having several, sometimes five or six in a house."

"There are some persons, I know, who, while conceding to Defoe full credit for the power of his imagination, are inclined to doubt his accuracy as a historian. But my own observations of the conditions in New York at the present time prompt me to accept his dog and cat statistics as to London at the time of the plague as true; and so accepting them, what do we find?"

"The population of London at the time of the great plague, 1665, was about 500,000, while the population of New York at the present day is about 4,000,000. Accepting Defoe's figures of 40,000 dogs and 200,000 cats to a population of 500,000 as a working basis, we should get a ratio of 80,000 dogs to the million inhabitants and 400,000 cats."

"Now, multiply these figures by four, the number of millions of people now finding a home in New York, and we find that there are here existing at the present day 320,000 dogs and 1,600,000 cats, and these figures I believe to be well within the facts."

"I know, for instance, that from my study window, which commands a view of a range of backyards, I see in every yard one dog at least, and in some two, while the cats that walk the fence-tops are innumerable, and is it not fair to assume that the same conditions exist everywhere?"

"And do we not meet dogs and cats wherever we may go, whenever we walk the streets? In the absence of an exact census I think we might say that there are in New York at the present day 500,000 dogs and 2,000,000 cats, and be not far from the truth."—New York Sun.

Medieval Marconi.

Several old writers mention mysterious methods of aerial communication, and Strada, an Italian antiquary who wrote during the 16th century, describes an invention having an extraordinary resemblance to Sig. Marconi's present-day wonder.

Strada says that two friends about to be separated each procured a needle magnetized at the same odestone and affixed them to swing on dials marked with the letters of the alphabet.

They agreed that, at certain specified periods after they parted, each should retire into a private apartment with this apparatus; and thereafter, by directing the needle to the letters necessary to spell out their meaning, the pair were able to convey their thoughts in an instant to one another across the continent, as Strada puts it, "over cities or mountains, seas or deserts."

This, at the last, is an astonishing forecast, and may be a fact, for to expound such a scheme at that period was to chance being burnt as a sorcerer—a risk Strada would be unlikely to run for mere fiction.—Stray Stories.

Faithful Dog.

A beggar who recently died in a Paris hospital possessed a dog which was greatly attached to him. During the man's stay in the hospital the animal never moved away from the door. When the beggar died the dog followed his body to the cemetery, where it remained lying on the grave for several days.