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BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

If you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message,
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it to-day.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make your loved one happy
Before it is too late.

We live but in the present,
The future is unknown;
To-morrow is a mystery,
To-day is all our own.
The chance that fortune leads to us
May vanish while we wait,
So spend your life's rich pleasure
Before it is too late.

The tender word unspoken,
The letters never sent,
The long forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent,
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait,
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

—New World.

Ingenious Detection of a Rogue.

By Lawrence Leslie.

ONE of the cleverest feats in the detection, pursuit, and capture of criminals that has been developed for years, was performed by one of the New York detective police force some years since.

About that time the officers of the City Bank of New York discovered that they had been swindled out of \$75,000 by means of a forged check for that amount, purporting to have been drawn by Commodore Vanderbilt. Nearly a month passed before the fraud was discovered, and in the meantime several other checks for large amounts, drawn by the same party, had been honored; so it was almost impossible for any of the employees to remember with satisfactory distinctness any of the circumstances connected with the payment of the fraudulent document. However, it was placed in the hands of a shrewd detective, and he went to work to find a clew, and trace out the mystery.

The officer's first suspicion was that some of the clerks of the banks had been in collusion with the forger, and doubtless shared the profits of his crime. After two weeks' scrutiny of the character, habits and associations of the various clerks, that theory was abandoned, and it only remained for him to gather from them, if possible, some clew, however slight, of the bold operation. His first inquiry was if any one, not in the habit of presenting checks, had been seen doing so within the past month. Only two of the clerks had any memory on the subject, and theirs was of the most shadowy and unsatisfactory character. One remembered seeing a stout, elderly man drive a strikingly beautiful black horse and fine carriage up to the bank, enter the office, and transact some business, he knew not what, and depart, since which he had not seen him.

The other clerk, after a thorough examination and numerous questions put to assist or quicken his memory, at last concluded that he did recollect a strange man, who entered the bank one day about the time the forged check was presented, and had a check cashed for a large amount. A peculiarity in the man's necktie attracted his attention, and he looked him full in the face and retained a vivid recollection of every feature. He was an amateur artist, and especially expert in pen drawing. Taking a sheet of paper and an old pen which was lying upon the desk, he quickly produced a portrait, which he declared to be an accurate likeness of the man he suspected.

The officer did not look upon these clews, if such they might be called, as promising much hope of success. He first exhibited the drawing to the clerk who had seen the suspected rogue drive up with the fine black horse, and he confidently identified it.

Here at last was some encouragement. The first attempt was to trace the horse and carriage, and discover who owned or who had hired such a rig. The effort was unsuccessful; the officer, however, was convinced that the man, whoever he might be, was an admirer of fast and stylish horses, and he therefore commenced a search among the establishments devoted to the stabling and sale of such animals, hoping that he would find some one who could identify the party. After going to nearly all such establishments, exhibiting the portrait, he came upon a man who recognized in the drawing one William Livingston, whom he had known a year or two, but who had disappeared within the past month, after paying up some old debts and buying

one or two fancy horses. Further inquiry brought out the fact that Livingston was in very straitened circumstances but a few months previously, and how he could honestly obtain the means to pay his old debts and gratify his love for horseflesh was not so clear and gave fresh encouragement to the persevering detective. To follow Livingston was necessary, but how could he be traced? He had disappeared, and no one knew when or whither. What, then, was to be done? Should the trail be abandoned and the case given up as one of the mysteries that baffled solution?

Never, said the indefatigable officer, and he went to work with desperate energy to unravel the tangled skein.

He finally reached the following conclusions: The perpetrator of the forgery was Livingston; he was a good deal of a horse fancier, and would doubtless spend a considerable portion of his dishonest gains in the purchase of fine stock; and, further, that the stock would be purchased in New York, as that market promised a better selection, and the criminal considered himself entirely safe from detection.

The first step, therefore, was to learn if any one had recently made any extensive purchases of such stock, and if so, to run them down and see who they were.

For weeks the search was without reward, but at last the case brightened. A man was found of whom several horses had been purchased by a man much resembling Livingston, but here giving the name of Peck. The horses were shipped to Buffalo, whither "Mr. Peck" stated that he was going.

Here was the long-sought clew, and the officer lost no time in visiting Buffalo, to learn further Mr. Peck's present abode. Another disappointment met him here. The freight books showed that the horses had been received two or three months previously, and taken away, but nothing further was known concerning them or Mr. Peck.

Nothing daunted, however, the inquiry was pursued, and finally the horses were traced to a stable, but were now owned by a Mr. Welch. Several other animals were purchased, and the whole then shipped to Chicago. From the description the officer was convinced that Livingston, Peck and Welch were one and the same person, and the pursuit began to wax interesting.

Arriving at Chicago, he found that the horses had been taken away, but the most careful inquiry revealed nothing more. As they had not been re-shipped, the officer concluded that they had been driven into the country. There were some breeding mares among the stock, and he concluded that the party, whoever he was, designed to open a stock farm. Finding all other efforts to trace the horses vain, he attempted to learn if any farm suitable for such a purpose had been purchased recently, and if so, by whom.

At one of the real estate agencies he found that a man from the East, named William Livingston, had been looking for such a place, and had finally purchased, but where was not known, certainly not in Cook County, as an examination of the records proved; but the officer reasoned that it could not be far from Chicago, as the stock was apparently driven instead of being shipped.

If, reasoned the officer, Livingston, who was without doubt the criminal, had purchased a farm of this character, he must buy a large quantity of

tools, harness, saddles, wagons and like goods for its use. A careful search among dealers in these articles revealed the fact that a liberal quantity of such goods had recently been bought by a Mr. William Livingston and sent to Du Page County, about forty miles from Chicago, where he had bought four small farms and consolidated them into one handsome stock farm. Believing detection impossible after the lapse of so long a time, he had boldly taken his own name, and, though almost within the clutch of the officer of justice, was yet entirely unconscious of his danger.

The game was found; now for its capture. Taking four or five police officers from Chicago, all in citizens' clothes, the party went out to the farm, and inquired for William Livingston. The "elderly, short, stout gentleman," who had figured so conspicuously in the officer's search, appeared, and the correctness of the pen and ink sketch impressed the officer as remarkable.

The party represented themselves as from Chicago, who, having heard of his fine farm, had come down to see for themselves, and perhaps purchase some of his choice stock.

They were cordially received, hospitably entertained, shown over the place, and finally dined and wined in the spacious mansion. On rising from the table the New York officer remarked:

"Well, Mr. Livingston, do you like this place and this quiet life as well as life in New York?"

The man was startled, looked sharply at the officer, and answered:

"What do you mean? I was never in New York in all my life."

"Well, then," retorted the officer, "you will have an excellent opportunity to go there. William Livingston, I arrest you."

Livingston turned as pale as a ghost and gasped out:

"What for?"

"For the forgery of a check on the City Bank of New York, for \$75,000," replied the officer, drawing a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and advancing toward him.

"Stop, sir!" exclaimed the culprit. "Stop, sir! This is an outrage," and he glanced around the room for some weapon with which he could defend himself. He was quickly surrounded, however, and the irons fastened upon him.

For a time he raged furiously, making fearful threats against his captors; but the storm soon spent itself, and he was able to talk over the matter calmly. He represented that a relative, who had recently died, had left him a considerable sum of money, with which he had purchased the farm and stock.

On searching him, however, a roll of bills amounting to \$10,000 was found in an inner pocket, many of them being entirely new, and on the City Bank—some of the very notes which had been paid out on the fraudulent check some months before. After this discovery he was more quiet, and willingly accompanied his captors to New York.

The cash found on his person, the farm and stock were taken possession of by the victimized bank, and managed so judiciously that more than \$65,000 was realized, leaving the bank a sufferer for less than \$10,000.

Livingston was soon after brought to trial, convicted and escaped with a sentence of four years and a half. At the expiration of his sentence, a few years ago, he again went West, and when last heard from was running a small stock farm in Iowa.

The case in all its phases ranks among the most curious and interesting in criminal annals. The slight clew so perseveringly followed, the little incidents which pointed so unerringly toward the culprit, and the sagacity with which all these little hints were followed to the end, places the detective art among the most notable and useful of the sciences.—New York Weekly.

Angling For Muskalouge.

Opposite Brockville, in the St. Lawrence, a party of Montreal anglers had the good fortune to kill two muskalouge, both exceeding thirty pounds in weight, a few days ago. Of course much larger ones are occasionally taken in the St. Lawrence, and I have before me a letter telling of a muskalouge taken in Lake Bemidji, Minn., a few weeks ago, which is said to have measured four feet seven inches in length, and to have tipped the scales at fifty-four pounds. But two in one day weighing over thirty pounds each is a catch not to be despised.—Forest and Stream.

THE PRINTING TELEGRAPH

Telautograph Blossoms Forth as a Reality in Berlin.

The printing telegraph, or telautograph, which was so enthusiastically advocated several years ago as an adjunct of office equipment, for the transmission of written orders, and other business requiring a record, has blossomed forth in Berlin as a reality. The German Postoffice Department, which controls the telephone and telegraph facilities as well, is said to have contracted with a concern known as the Ferndrucker Company, giving the latter the use of its wires for the conduct of such a business. An outfit is rented from this company at a given rate per annum, which gives the subscriber the privilege of communicating at all times, through the medium of a central exchange, with any other subscriber on the system. A connection is first secured through the central office, and then by simply operating a typewriter keyboard the message is transmitted and printed on the receiver at the distant end of the line, a record being made on the sending instrument which serves as a duplicate copy. It is expected that a general introduction of the system will greatly facilitate the delivery of telegraph messages, as these can be transmitted at once to the recipients over the Ferndrucker apparatus. In a great many cases where it is found impossible to raise the party desired by phone the writing system can be employed to advantage, as, no matter whether anyone is there at the moment to receive it or not, a permanent record is made, which is available when the person desired comes in. The annual subscription for the service is given by Consul Guenther, of Frankfurt, at \$119.—Philadelphia Record.

Tree Planting by Railroad Companies.

The renewed interest manifested by railway managements in tree culture for producing railway ties, beginning some two or three years ago, seems to be bearing fruit. We have previously published the details of work which has been undertaken by a number of roads, including, among others, the Illinois Central, the Boston and Maine, the Michigan Central, the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Big Four, the Rio Grande Western and the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg. The Boston and Maine Railroad is growing chestnut trees, the Pennsylvania yellow locust and the other roads named have planted catalpa trees. All of these roads had groves of trees growing last year. At that time the Pennsylvania Railroad had planted a grove of 43,000 locust trees at Conewago, Pa. It is the intention to plant 200,000 trees during the coming year. The plan for the following years is to plant about 300,000 trees annually.—Railway and Engineering Review.

Cod Losing Their Livers.

It is said that when a man finds he has a liver he has instant cause for unhappiness. But the Norwegian cod fish are losing their livers, and there is likely to be unhappiness in the world unless they take some means of finding the organ. The scarcity of cod liver oil, a great tonic for persons with weak lungs, is owing not to the fact that fewer cod fish are caught, but that the fish have little or no livers any more. This is thought to be caused by lack of sufficient nourishment, as the tiny sea creatures on which the cod feed are disappearing from the Norwegian waters. The livers of the fish when caught are found to be shriveled badly and in some cases totally lacking. Where formerly it took only about 15,000 cod to make a barrel of cod liver oil, it now requires at least 40,000.

The Japanese Minister.

Viscount Hayashi, the new Japanese Minister to London, is a man of broad culture and fine ability. He has translated into his own language many foreign works on political, economical and religious subjects, and all have had wide circulation. He speaks English with just a trace of accent. Viscount Hayashi belongs to one of the feudal families, which, before the revolution of 1868, were the military and governing classes, but he himself was born with liberal, progressive views, and is in complete sympathy with the democratic opinions now to the fore in Japan.

There were 121 small earthquakes in Austria in 1902. In the preceding year the number was 157.

STRIPPED HIM OF CLOTHES.

Lightning Played a Queer Prank With a Colorado Victim.

A blinding flash, a loud and sudden crack of thunder, a sensation as of someone striking you in the face and then darkness and unconsciousness! That is how it feels to be struck by lightning. It is the way Art Bruer, a conductor for the Manitou and Pike's Peak road, who had his clothing torn from his body by lightning last week, describes the sensation.

Although Bruer's clothing was torn to shreds, his conductor cap removed from his head, the fleece lining of his underwear set on fire and a blue streak burned across his chest from shoulder to shoulder, he recovered consciousness a few minutes later and was able to bring his train from the summit of Pike's Peak to the cog road station at Manitou.

The incident was one of the most peculiar freaks of lightning on record. It has been known to perform strange antics, but never before has it stripped a man completely of his outer clothing, tossed his hat into the air, left an indelible stamp on his body, rendered him unconscious for a few minutes and then left him almost unhurt, with no burns except a long thin line of blue on his chest and set fire to the fleece lining of the underwear without burning or scorching any other article of his wearing apparel.

Bruer believes he was born lucky. In the present instance this was better than to have been born rich. The chances of a man's life being spared in such a case are so small as to be almost infinitesimal. At the time he was struck by the lightning he was standing on the steps of the coach, holding the brass railing with both hands, preparing to start on its journey down the peak. The passengers were all aboard and everything was in readiness for the downward start.

Suddenly there was a blinding flash and a deafening crash of thunder. A blue streak of forked lightning shot across the peak on its way from one cloud to another. En route it encountered the form of Bruer and his body formed the circuit which shot the bolt into the top of Pike's Peak. After the passengers had recovered from their momentary fright they saw the insensible form of Bruer lying on the ground.

They hastened to him to pick him up, as they supposed, dead, when, to their astonishment he sat upright and looked bewildering about him. To inquiries he replied that he was not hurt, "only stunned," but one man discovered that his fleece lined underwear was burning. The fire was extinguished and the Navajo blanket borrowed. The clothing which had been torn by the electricity was picked up and brought to Manitou.—Colorado Springs Gazette.

A Badge of Statehood.

There were two women standing side by side at a stall in the Terminal Market yesterday awaiting their turn to be served. Each carried a big willow basket on her arm, and as the proprietor finished with one customer one of the women lifted the cover from her basket and said:

"Two quarts of those white onions, please."

The man looked at her somewhat stupidly for a moment and then said: "Oh, you mean a quarter peck."

The woman assented and the other woman with the basket looked at her curiously for a moment and then asked: "You're from New York or the Eastern States, aren't you?"

"Yes, from New York State," said the other woman.

"I knew it. They always figure by quarts in those States until they get up to a full peck, and here in New Jersey and Ohio I know it is all 'quarter peck' or 'half peck'."

"Isn't it funny," said the other woman. "But were you ever South or in the Washington markets?"

"No," said the other. "I never have been."

"Well," said the New York State woman, "that's the most curious of all. Everything goes by small measure and large measure. It has such a delightfully indefinite sound, like a prize package or a lottery in which you may draw something big or nothing at all."—Philadelphia Press.