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## NIGHT AND DAY.

The innocent, sweet day is dead,  
Dark night has slain her in her bed.  
O, Moors are as fierce to kill as to wed!  
—Put out the light, said he.

A sweeter light than ever rayed  
From star of heaven or eye of maid  
Has vanished in the unknown shade  
—She's dead, she's dead, said he.

Now, on a wild, sad after-mood  
The tawny night sits still to brood  
Upon the dawn-time when he wooed  
—I would she lived, said he.

Star-memories of happier times,  
Of loving deeds and lovers' rhymes,  
Throng forth on silvery pantomimes  
—Come back, O Day! said he.  
—Sidney Lanier.

## MARRIAGE OF WONG WA FOY

### THE TRUE STORY OF A STOLEN BRIDE.

By J. H. EMERY.

"How are you?" (How are you?), said I, as Wong Wa Foy was announced.

"Ho a?" answered Wong, clapping his own slender hands by way of salutation, but not removing the closely fitting skull cap that hid his nicely braided queue, for Wong was too well versed in Oriental etiquette to ever lift his hat.

"I bling Lichee, a few," continued Wong, sinking slowly into a chair. "Miss Ellery like Lichee?" producing a box of selected nuts from the long, wide sleeve of his stiffly quilted gown. "Since I've learned to eat them, yes," I answered, accepting the gift, and breaking the thin shell from a pulpy, raisin-line nut.

"Now, Wong, before we begin to study, tell me all about that button you wear, and what the Chinese papers say of the press troubles in Shanghai."

"No, savey—"

"I told you not to say 'savey.' You must say understand."

"Miss Ellery understand button? China boys wear reform button. Bime by, China allee same as United States."

"Yes, I understand that; but what of your frisky Queen? No wonder her head is turned, with almost 400,000,000 people bending to her will. If you only were a Servian, or even a Russian, or Turk, China would have been out of trouble long ago, and the young Emperor have had a chance to uplift the empire. Talk of the down-trodden women of China, our 'new women' can't hold a candle to the Dowager Queen."

"No good too much talk. Some time Queen die. Everybody die. The President die, one time?" came the non-committal reply, while a cynical, half-humorous gleam shot from under the unfringed lids of his almond eyes.

A long pause followed this unexpected answer. Plainly, my Celestial was in no humor to discuss "Chinese reform." I waited; still he did not speak.

"Wong, what is it? You've got something to tell me."

The red blood dyed his yellow skin to a swarthy bronze as he answered, with the embarrassment of a man unaccustomed to the society of women: "Some time Chinaman want to malley, allee same Melican man. Miss Ellery savey?"

"Wong?" I cried, with feminine delight, scenting an Oriental romance. "But—how can you marry? Not a white girl, surely? Yet you don't know any China woman. There are no Chinese girls here." Then, more gravely, "Wong, have you bought a Chinese girl—paid six or eight hundred dollars for her?"

"No!" thundered Wong, with more than Oriental fervor. "Me no buy Chinese girl; me lovey she; she lovey me; all life! She no lovey me, she go—o, me no want; me no buy wife—no—o," with an expressive gesture of his long, slender hands, as if pushing something abhorrent far from him.

"Now, see here, Wong, you have no 'go between' to take the 'little shoe' and make a match. Chinese men don't know Chinese women. If you have not bought your wife, where did you find her?"

"He velly good girl. Come to San Francisco, learn plenty much Clist. He P'lisbytelian mission girl. Some time he go Sunday-school; some time joss house; allee same."

"That may be all right, Wong, but where did you find her?" I persisted. "Some time Chinese women go to joss house on China New Year. Miss Ellery savey 'Kwun Yam (Goddess of Mercy)? Savey 'Tien How (Queen of Heaven)? Chinese womeans like 'Tien How, velly much—altee same Clist's mamma. Chinese womeans thow ging bouy, thow bamboo splints. Ging

bouy, fall, him top side up, priest say. 'Velly good fortune; plenty much little boy, bime by; heap good man, plenty much money. Min yo own bisness, Miss Ellery, savey?'"

"Yes, Wong; you mean you saw her in the temple ladies' day, in San Francisco, having her fortune told. What next?"

"Bime by she come see my bluther's wife, in Butte. She have no papa, no mamma. I no papa, no mamma. I malley allee same Melican man. One week, two week, bime by I bling him—savey?"

"I suppose it's all right," said I, somewhat mystified. "See here, though, when she comes you must not take her to your store; you must bring her right to me, and I will arrange for the wedding."

"Allee lite, I bling him. She velly young, Miss Ellery, make him heap good girl."

"All the boys of our Chinese class, Mar Henry, and Mar On, can I tell them?" I asked.

"Too much talker no good," answered Wong, as he backed out of the door.

The more I thought over the matter, the more was I puzzled. Was she someone's "friend?" I knew that word, so strong and beautiful to us, bore an entirely different meaning to the Chinese mind. Tens of thousands of Chinese women are born simply to be "friends." Few of those brought to America occupy a higher position. With no hand in the shaping of their destiny, they usually accept the inevitable without question. "It is our ancient custom, it is our Chinese way."

Two weeks later Wong brought his heathen sweetheart and placed her in my care. She was bright and attractive, spoke and read English fairly well, and seemed perfectly at home in her new surroundings. She listened with deference to all I had to say, but absolutely refused to be married in Chinese costume. Her plum-colored tunic and wide-flowing trousers must be exchanged for American clothes; only her jade stone earrings and silver-tipped bamboo bracelets were retained, together with the jeweled darts that held back her purple-black hair.

Close questioning convinced me that this was a true love match—no bargain and sale, as I had feared, such as is common on the Pacific Coast. All they asked was American protection and freedom from molestation.

With painstaking care, matrimonial responsibilities, moral and legal, were explained, and a minister engaged, who helped Wong secure his license. The ceremony was set for half-past two, and the young couple departed to secure suitable garments.

With amused impatience the clergyman and a few invited guests waited till 5 p. m. for the chief actors. At last they appeared, in full conventional dress, gray kid gloves and fashionable hats, the poor little bride struggling painfully with her unaccustomed skirts.

Without further preliminary, these two members of an alien race were made one. "What God has joined together let no man put asunder."

Then came an unexpected hitch. In the marriage certificate "Na Loy" was the name given the bride by the clerk of the court. To this she objected, saying, "My name not so, my Sunday-school teacher say right name A-n-a," and Anna only would she sign.

Vainly the newly married pair searched for a respectable boarding place among the whites. No one would take the Chinese pair. Lodgings were secured, however, in the American part of the town, and they settled down to housekeeping.

At this juncture I was suddenly called East. Before leaving I took Wong and his wife to church, and bespoke the kindly interest of the Ladies'

Missionary Society in their behalf. I also impressed upon them that the minister would befriend them in case of need. Then, secure in the thought that these two heathen at the door would be well cared for by workers in the "hidden field," I took my departure.

Six weeks later I returned to find that the Chinese bride had been claimed by a Chinese Free Mason of Butte, as his friend and chattel, valued at \$800, and spirited away, while her husband had seemingly been swept from the face of the earth, as not the faintest trace of his whereabouts could be found.

Chinatown, though racked to the centre, blindly smiled at the inquisitive reporters, and refused all explanations. My own anxious inquiries among my Chinese friends were met with polite evasions or abject apologies. "We allee solly Wong make Miss Ellery so much trouble. He steal him wife." To my indignant protests that Na Loy was lawfully married and should be protected by the courts, they answered: "Wong know better than go to court. Wong go to law, no win, allee lite, he pay cost. You help Wong win, then Chinese paper say, 'One thousand dollars for some one stick a knife in Wong.' You not know what Chinese paper say. No one kill for one thousand, paper say, 'Two thousand, three thousand.' Some night Wong die. No one know, Flee Mason pay, Six Company pay. Wong Flee Mason. Na Loy b'long to Flee Mason. Wong steal him wife; tell much big lie. Velly bad."

Somewhere in Butte—Montana, a sweet-faced wife, worse than widowed, drags out her hopeless days in degradation and shame, while her marriage certificate is filed away by the clerk of the court.

Sufficiently enlightened to understand that America was the home of the free, where no slavery could exist, these simple-minded children had sought under protection of our laws to evade Chinese customs. Na Loy, the chattel, had run away from bondage, believing that in this Christian land she would be permitted to lead a clean, virtuous life as the wife of Wong Wa Foy.

What could I do? What could any one do single handed with the sword of Damocles hanging by a hair over their heads?

"No doubt Wong was killed," said the minister, to which the editor added, "It's hot stuff for a story. Write it up. Have it illustrated in colors."—New York Evening Post.

### Humors of Woman Suffrage.

The Melbourne Argus has undertaken to help out voters whose names are not properly placed upon the register for the election in December. Every man and woman is entitled to vote. Registration is made easy by the policeman calling at the door and getting the names, which he promptly spells wrong, and they do not get on the list.

One man complains to the Argus that there are four voters in his family, his wife, himself, their son and daughter. After giving all the names to the policeman, only the wife's name got on the list. Women do not give their ages, as they would under New York law. A sample registry entry would read: "Mary Jones, Corio, Housework Moorabool, Geelong." "Corio," "Moorabool" and "Geelong" are not breakfast foods, but geographical names, the first the voting district, the second the street, the third the suburb.

"Household duties" is the common entry for the married women who register; "domestic service" of the maids. —Kansas City Star.

### Jokes at Sea.

There is no occasion which presents such terrible advantage to the practical joker as that of a sea voyage, and there is none on which his jokes become more unbearable. The following incident embodies one of his most ambitious efforts: When we were in the middle of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the nearest coast was 200 miles away, a Yankee quietly remarked: "Waal, I guess we are quite close to land now. It ain't more'n three-quarters of a mile away, nohow." Personally we took no interest in facts of this nature, and were content to sit and believe, but many excited travelers dashed out of the smoking room to have a look at the long hoped for continent. They presently came back in the worst of tempers, saying that the charts and all other authorities declared the land to be at least 200 miles away and that certainly there was none in sight. "Waal, I didn't say the shore," returned the champion joker. "I guess there's land right under us, not three-quarters of a mile away."

### FOUR-FOOTED OFFENDERS.

#### The Smuggler Dogs of Gib and Their Cruel Training.

The difference in the price of tobacco, matches, groceries and so on in Gibraltar and the Spanish territory immediately adjoining it is accountable for the continual activity of the contrabandists in these parts. Their poverty is evident from their way of living. The average country man's dwelling is a weatherbeaten, straw-built, one-room hut, in a vegetable-producing inclosure, encircled with alioes as a hedge. At the doorway the half starved donkeys feed from a manger, while a few pigs and goats are out on the hills, shepherded by a small boy. Outside, basking in the sun, there are always dogs. Those big, ill-bred "lurchers," whose numerous carcasses, in various states of decomposition, are scattered along the shore at high tide, shot in the night by the excisemen, as they swim ashore from some rowboat out in the bay, or as they cross the sands on their way to some neighboring cottage, each one with a load of contraband, bound up in a waterproof, strapped to its back. The education of these dogs involves a lot of cruelty. In the day they are taken out to sea, thrown in with a mimic load on their backs, and on arrival at the shore, unless prompted by instinct to make a beeline for their home, are hounded along thither with sticks, stones, and the discharge of blank ammunition. All this instills into them a wholesome dread of meeting or passing anybody while on these trips.

Carabinieri patrols constantly discover on the neutral ground by the Rock buried treasure, in the shape of tobacco and spirits, which has been landed at night and hidden, with a view to its being smuggled by day in dribbles into Spain. The men at the Custom House have their work cut out to prevent such things, for at daybreak and sunset six days a week 5000 work people go into and return from the Rock, working all day at the new docks. One sees them behind the bushes, in the public gardens, and openly on the roadside, stuffing their specially prepared stockings and their other clothing with sugar, salt, tobacco and such like. —London Graphic.

### The Sailors' Pets.

At a review before the King at Malta, the pet donkey of the Bacchante, we are told, marched in front of the men. A donkey is rather a bulky sort of pet, but probably no more troublesome than the pet deer of the Terrible. The Centurion once had a monkey that used to eat with a spoon from a plate, and drink from a glass, with a dinner napkin tucked under his chin the while. The Caesar had a pet goose some time back. Cats and dogs, of course, are common on board ship. The French warship Marceau had a bantam cock named Boulanger as pet, which crowed whenever the guns fired. The German Prinz Wilhelm had a gray stork, and the United States Chicago had a pig. Doves, pigeons, blackbirds and peacocks are popular with Italian seamen, and the unfortunate Almirante Oquendo of Spain had a pair of cassowaries as pets. —St. James' Gazette.

### Right Sort of Journalism.

Publicity of the truth is necessary. Journalism's duty extends to the publication of the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Society's welfare is subserved by nothing less. Publicity is for the protection of the public; it is a preventive against abuses; it is remedial and curative; it is the great white light of purification and health in society and the body politic, just as the sun's rays are purifying and health-giving to physical life. But further than the laying bare of the facts journalism's duty does not go. It does not go to the lengths of requiring a newspaper to serve up a calamity with sauce and salacity at the expense of already breaking hearts. It does not go to the lengths of requiring that victims be spit and tortured and held up writing before the gaze of the prurient. —St. Louis Republic.

### Nothing Doing.

In his "Story of the Cowboy" Emerson Hough gives the following quarterly report of a foreman to an Eastern ranch owner: "Deer Sur, we have brand 800 coves this roundup we have made sum hay potatoes is a fare crop. That Irishman yu lef in charge at the other camp got so fresh an' we had to kill him. Nothing much has happened since yu lef. Yurs truly, Jim."

There are 2,242 foreign students in the technical schools of Germany.

### THE CHAMPK-1 FOOL.

There's fools of many kinds, there's fools That think they know it all; There's fools that jaw at others when They stub their toes and fall; There's fools that think that when they're hurt All other fools should howl; There's fools who think the sun's got lost Each time the weather's foul— But there's one kind of fool that's worse Than all the rest—excuse Me from the fool who boasts what he Would do if he could only be In some one else's shoes.

There's fools who go and drown themselves When girls say no—they's pose They couldn't learn to love again— They're small loss—goodness knows! There's fools who think what they believe Is all that's true; there's some Who think when their digestion's bad The old world's end has come; We'll have to bear with such as these, I guess, but please excuse Me from the fool who tells how he Would rise if he could only be In some one else's shoes. —Chicago Record-Herald.



The man is "easy-going" 'Ho "goes it hard" because His going is assisted By gravitation laws. —Philadelphia Press.

Smith—"That fellow Brown certainly has a wonderful memory." Jones—"Is that so?" Smith—"Yes, Why, he always remembers to leave his umbrella at home so as not to forget and leave it somewhere else."—Chicago News.

Mamma—"Oh, see, Willie, your little brother can stand all alone. Aren't you glad?" Willie (aged six)—"Sure! Now I can get him to hold an apple on his head while I shoot it off with my bow and arrow, can't I?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

"What do you think is the trouble with the flying machine?" "Inventors aren't sufficiently practical," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "They insist on trying to float their machines in the air instead of the stock market."—Washington Star.

"Was the tour of the great musical artist a success?" "Not from the advertising point of view." "How's that?" "Neither the artist nor any of his company figured in the courts while they were here."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

"You are a professional assassin," said the prisoner defiantly. "Ha!" exclaimed the Turkish captor; "your diplomacy has saved you for the present. If you had called me an amateur your end should have been speedy."—Washington Star.

Harris—"Walters has been looking pretty sad since his daughter got married, hasn't he?" Correll—"Yes; you see, he had no sooner got his daughter off his hands than he found he would have to put her husband on his feet."—Town and Country.

A gray-headed, elderly colonel. With a face that was truly a-tonel. Remarked with a sigh, "My face doesn't lie. But my feeling are really quite volenel." —Pennsylvania P. ch Bowl.

"It was Pope, I believe," she ventured, "who said, 'Worth makes the man.'" "Was it?" he replied. "Then Pope must be one of those chaps who don't read the newspapers. If he did he'd know Worth was a ladies' tailor." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Miss Kidder—"They've only been married six months, but whenever her husband goes away on a business trip she's delighted and prepares to have a good time." Mr. Meanley—"Aha! Do you know I suspected something like that. I always said—" Miss Kidder—"Yes. You see, he takes her with him."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed the reporter, looking over his report of the wedding in the paper. "I'll bet that bridegroom will be sore." "What's the matter?" asked the Snake Editor. "He owns an old family homestead out in the suburbs somewhere, I believe, and he told me to say 'the young couple will reside at the Old Manse.' The paper's got it 'Old Man's.'"—Philadelphia Record.

### Up-to-Date Germans.

There is an interesting conflict in Germany between black-letter characters and the Roman alphabet. It is costly to keep two distinct kinds of type, hence the inferiority of German typography. The strain of reading "Gothic" print also contributes to the myopia prevalent in Germany. Yet though Roman is manifestly gaining ground, a spirit of so-called patriotism, long fostered by Bismarck, maintains the archaic form.