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KEEP SWEET.

Don't be foolish, and get sour when things don't just come your way;
Don't be a pampered baby and declare, "Now, I won't play!"
Just go grinning on and bear it;
Have you heartache? Millions share it;
If you earn a crown, you'll wear it—
Keep sweet.

Don't go handing out your troubles to your busy fellow-men;
If you whine around they'll try to keep from meeting you again;
Don't declare the world's "agin" you,
Don't let pessimism win you,
Prove there's lots of good stuff in you—
Keep sweet.

If your dearest hopes seem blighted and despair looms into view,
Set your jaw and whisper grimly, "Though they're false, yet I'll be true."
Never let your heart grow bitter;
With your ear to Hope's transmitter,
Hear Love's songbirds bravely twitter—
Keep sweet.

Bless your heart, this world's a good one and will always help a man,
Hate, misanthropy and malice have no place in Nature's plan.
Help your brother there who's sighing,
Keep his flag of courage flying;
Help him try—'twill keep you trying—
Keep sweet.

—Baltimore American.

JOE'S "QUICK CHANGE."

YES, it's over six months ago, but there's something still comes in my throat when I'm asked about our Kitty. We knew her, and we knew the chap that put down his life to save the man she loved; and it wants forgetting. Pretty, was she? Well, you must think of a girl that stepped as proud as a queen, with a laugh like some peal o' bells just starting; with real black hair, all in them little clinging nigger-curls that never want brushing; hands and face brown as berries; and them velvety eyes that look at you without seeing—soft as pansies one moment and flashing fire the next. That was Kitty. D'you wonder why every one was calling poor Joe Arkell a mad mug from the very beginning?

I was standing at this very spot, with a crowd o' pals. As if it was this moment, I can see her come floating round that corner there, with her head high, and her Sunday dress done up carefully in a newspaper. Not a minute later, while we were staring at one apparition, we saw another. Round the same corner, stealthy like, his crutch going flippety-klop, panted this Joe Arkell. And she seemed to guess, and flashed round, and pointed.

"Thought so!" she says. "It won't do. You can cut back, and keep there!"

And he looked at her, his mouth twitching up queer and his shaking hand out, till we all burst out laughing. And that girl, she swung round, with clenched fists, and gave us a look. Just one look; but it stopped the laugh and set the place talking.

Inside twenty-four hours the other girls were that mad jealous and mystified they could have torn her curls out; but there was just that funny little "stand back!" about her that seemed to say she was somehow cut out for a different destiny. She had a thrilling way of turning round slow and just looking at you—you know without telling if you've seen a duchess. And she'd come to live at Clerkenwell because the houses down her way were doomed at last. So far, well and good! But when we saw Joe Arkell's face we knew there was some tragedy coming along with Kitty.

Ever been down them back turnings King's Cross way? Then very likely you've passed Joe—wedged between a wheelbarrow and a 'tater-stall, and his stock was about a dozen linnetts in cages. Some said he was consumptive, some said he was only in love, and some said it was the linnetts singing in his room all night that disturbed his sleep and kept him so unnatural white. Any way, that was the chap, with one ankle twisted and a face all askew, that went dreaming he was going to win Kitty, in the face of all the likely men in London. Roar? Yes, we did then. We don't now.

He'd given up smoking and drinking, and was saving every ha'penny quietly. Just because she'd looked at him a few times, or spoken softly out of pity for him, there he was down on his knees, kissing the pavement she walked. See? We knew it afterwards; the chap was all heart, like a cabbage—his body hadn't grown properly. Now listen!

She'd heard him cough, it seems, and told him to see a doctor man at once.

"Oh, yes! Leave London!" the doctor says. "Leave it and go and live at Bournemouth, sharp!"

Any one but Joe would have asked

for their money back at once, but he took it right to heart and went and told her. And she says—perhaps thinking, and perhaps not; you know what women are—

"I knew it. You'd be a sight healthier and a sight happier. Only you'd need some one to look after you!"

"Don't say that, if you're not meaning it," Joe whispers, all of a sudden. Just like him!

"I never meant anything more," she told him, and walked away quick.

Only that; but up went the curtain, and that chap was talking away to himself and basking in fairyland. A little country cottage, with the sea in front and the vegetables at the back; something twining round the porch—and Kitty. Nothing else!

They say he wrote those very words in a letter, and told her how much he'd saved, and put the letter through the post. And one day he found the letter in bits on his barrow; but he couldn't seem to believe. And when he heard she was coming to Clerkenwell to live he sat there for days without saying a word to any one, only just staring at something no one else could see. What d'you think? Spite of all the chaffing he sold up for a mere song, followed her here, and started living on stray coppers he could earn by hobbling errands. And nothing in the world would shake his hopes.

Now, it's always been a mystery to us what was down deep in that girl's mind. Was she plying cut-and-mouse with the chap like some women do, or did she like him somehow and feel mad with herself for allowing it? I ask, because now and again you'd see her peering round corners at him with a sort of mist in her eyes; and if once she got some nipper to give him two-pence for a dummy errand, she did it a dozen times—and she only sold moss-roses for a living herself. If you ask me, that girl was born for a real lady, gliding in and out palms and fountains. It showed in her very step—shone in her pansy eyes! We've seen her go mad-wild when a band played, and dance and sing like an actress born to it—and then burst suddenly into sobs that no one could make out. She couldn't understand her own self! And to think of him watching her day after day, holding his breath to throw a few violets through her window and make a sort of romance of it—there, it was nigh heart-breaking.

One night—one night—as we heard, it had been raining hard, and Joe stood coughing to himself under the eaves. And she happened past, and the sound seemed to go right to her heart. She showed it by turning on him as fierce as anything.

"Stop that row!" she says. Wonderful how it stopped the cough, too! "You do it purposely for me to hear. You've had your chance and threw it away!"

"Yes, Kitty, I know," he says, very quiet. "It was, you sent the mission man round; don't think I've forgotten. I could have a free ticket for the seaside home, with tons of grub and blankets, for the worst winter month. Go? No; not if he gave me the home itself," he whispers, looking her in the eyes for once. "Mayn't be so much longer! When you've found a man that loves you and wants you more, then I'll give in. Till then let me go on hoping, and you sha'n't hear the cough more'n I can help."

Queer words, when you come to think what happened. We didn't guess

for weeks; we only heard whispers and rumors. But all of a sudden, down flashed the news like lightning. Her face had done it—that look in her eyes—at last. And there it was, chalked all over the place, for poor Joe Arkell to see.

She'd been standing one day, stroking out the rose-leaves with her little brown fingers, and a toff's cab curled round a corner and all but ran her down. She jumped away startled, and I suppose he saw something in the wide eyes that he'd been dreaming of all his life. Any way, he sprang out and bought a rose—bought the bunch, and offered three times the price. And next thing—yes, next thing we heard that his jewel ring had bought Kitty. She'd flashed up like a star and left us all behind; she was his wife, by special license. It almost stunned us for the moment. But there it was; we'd lost our duchess—and poor Joe Arkell had lost what he'd have put down his crippled body for twice over. He proved it.

Yes, very likely you've seen in the papers a picture of the villa down at Hampstead, smothered in some foreign creeper, and with a golden railing all round it; maybe you read just what happened. And if you couldn't understand it all, it's only because you never saw Kitty Lovell, or the chap who loved her to that length.

She was there, queen of it all—villa, servants and grounds. I fancy I see her sweeping through the mirrored rooms and along them balconies, glancing back to see if her velvet train was coming along with the correct twist, and them steel stars shining in her nigger-curls. Music, dancing, Chinese lanterns, and all the rest of it—for maybe a month! And then I see her again, when the house is quiet, break down terrible and clench her fists as she drops the smile like a mask, and watches that black cloud creeping up hand over hand in the distance. Aye, and I can see something else; that picture of Joe Arkell, who'd found it all out, too, and was haunting the house, watching for the cloud to burst.

You've guessed? She'd given her whole life and love to a man who was playing a double part—a man who couldn't know one minute from another when a hand was going to nip his shoulder from behind. Money? Yes, heaps of money and friends, when you can forge flash bank-notes and do other funny little things in a locked room! And one day, as we heard afterwards, she found the key of the room, and found the key to his double life. But it was too late; she was his wife. He only laughed when, loving him so, she went down on her knees to say she'd give up all the money to keep him straight. He might make a fresh start, if nothing happened, he said—with the new year!

And the last day of December had come round—as near as that! There was to be a big party next day; the rooms were waiting to blaze up with lights, silver plate, and women's eyes; the bells were ready to ring. And she couldn't bear the last few hours of suspense. She'd step out, always watching and listening, down to the gate and out into the quiet roadway, whispering to her husband only to give up his ways before it was too late. And of a sudden she saw Joe there, as he stood under them big trees. It's certain he never meant to tell her what he knew, perhaps hadn't even meant to speak; but he couldn't help himself.

"Kitty!" he whispers. "One word! For all the money you're not so happy you'd come back? Only say it—just once."

And she half put out her hand, and then shivered and ran back as if he'd been a ghost or a detective. And there Joe stands in a sweat, his brain hard at work on her account; and then, as if something pulled him, he crept up along that side path. As he stood listening there he heard the man laugh and Kitty choking back sobs in a way that no third person would like to hear. Did she know? he asks himself. Was it his place to warn 'em both that the police were drawing the net closer and closer round her prince? "Very well," the man was saying. "If I'm such a villain, if I'm breaking your heart, I'll let you go." Just like that.

He lit a ruby lamp, threw down his silk hat and fur-lined overcoat, and went out, humming a tune. Joe found himself staring through two glass doors, half open, and her standing there like some statue, the pansy eyes looking out at—at what only a woman sees at such a moment in her life. And before he knew it, his blood surg-

ing up mad, he limps in and snatches her cold fingers, and fair chokes it out.

"It's because I loved you and can't bear it! Take his word; leave him while there's time! For your sake—not mine—leave the life this night, and I'll never be asking you to look at me again!"

Did she understand? Who's to know? If she'd meant to answer him, she could not. That other door suddenly went back and the man stood there.

"Oh, indeed!" he says. "Is that it? Is that why your heart's breaking?—is this the old flame I've seen sneaking round the house night after night? Wants you back, does he?"

One rush, his eyes fair blazing. Joe hadn't moved a muscle, but Kitty—seems she sprang between them just in time, all her old hot blood taking life again.

"Touch him!" she breathes. "Only lay a finger on him—on the man who'd die to help me and can't help himself! Only dare!"

And then— You can figure it out yourself. He'd swung her away and his hand was at Joe's throat. And all of a sudden there was a banging and a sort of stifled scream, and a servant came flying down the passage.

"The police! They want master—they've got a warrant—they're bursting the door-chain! They're in!"

That was it. In one flash it all seemed to happen. Quick as lightning the man they wanted had banged the glass doors together, locked them, and turned round to sell his life at top price. There was a pistol swinging up in his hand. And Kitty—she'd given one cry and had both her arms round his neck in an agony. Things had changed with a rush. At such a moment all her heart had swung back to the man she'd promised to love and cherish. She was a woman.

"Never!" she sobs. "If they take you they take my life!"

For the clock-beat it was all or nothing. Then, as them quick steps sounded, and there wasn't a pin for his life, something happened. They saw Joe throw down his crutch, steady himself with a sharp breath, and snatch up the silk topper and fur coat. In a trice they were all on him; in another he'd snatched away that pistol.

"Her life! She said that," he whispers. "For her sake, go."

Bash! went the lamp. In one spring he got to the door and was out—rushed into their very arms, fighting like mad with four of them. What really happened, no one seems to know. Whistles blew, women screamed, doors banged; and then, when Joe's own shout was heard, and he went under doubled up, they flashed their lanterns round the room, and only saw Kitty standing there, with eyes that saw nothing and lips that couldn't move. The man they believed they'd captured was clear away in the confusion, flying for dear life. And at what price? When they lifts up their prize they lifts a dead weight, with that faint smile dying out of his eyes, and the little blob o' red on his lips. He put out a twitching hand to her. "Silence!" it meant. He couldn't speak—didn't want to. Words were nothing; that silence was everything for five minutes more.

And he got them. They found out their mistake—just when the hospital doctor man had stripped away the fur coat and was listening for some word to explain. It came, just as them bells started pealing, just as the world was holding out hands to the new year. And the words were carried to 'em, just as his lips had whispered 'em—

"I'm paid. I loved her! Ask her—ask her if she'll believe it now!"—Tit-Bits.

Wolsley and the Correspondent.

Lord Wolsley has always exhibited a keen dislike of war correspondents. On one occasion a well-known press-man and a personal friend of the general joined the headquarters and reported himself at the commander-in-chief's tent to have his papers vised and get permission to go forward to the fighting line. Greeting him with a hearty shake of the hand, Wolsley looked through the documents, and then said, with a twinkle in his eye: "You want these vised. Well, I suppose I must; but if I had my way I would send you to the rear and have you shot." And with this genial threat he wished his friend godspeed.—London Onlooker.

In the cotton zone 25,000,000 acres are devoted to that staple, the yield being 10,827,000 bales of 500 pounds each, worth in cash \$425,000,000.



At Baku, on the north side of the Caspian Sea, an electric power station has been erected for supplying power to 2000 oil wells in that locality.

"Color photography," said one of America's foremost chemists recently, "is impossible until we find some other sensitive salt than that of silver or platinum." How to blend the colors in one is the secret, and "there's millions in it."

To determine if acute insanity is caused by a toxin in the blood a German physician has been experimenting upon himself. He injected at intervals serum, blood, and cerebrospinal fluid from a patient suffering from acute dementia with hallucinations, without the least effect.

A new surface-contact system of electric traction as applied to railways was put on trial recently in America on a mile of experimental line on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Report states that a speed of eighty-five miles an hour was attained, and that in other respects the results were successful.

WAR RECORD OF A DOG

Belonged to General Botha and Followed Irish Swings Through Boer War.

Unusual interest centred in a case heard in the Dublin police court recently, in which the leading figure was a bulldog that formerly belonged to General Philip Botha, and went through a good portion of the South African war. Ernest Warmingham, canteen manager for the contractors, was summoned for cruelty to the animal, which has been stationed for some time past with the Royal Irish Rifles at Richmond Barracks.

The bulldog, which now belongs to Color Sergeant Edwards, Royal Irish Rifles, was accommodated with a seat in the witness box, from which point he seemed to take a languid interest in the proceedings. He was dressed in a coat with green facings, and wore several South African medals with clasps. The animal's record is an eventful one. During the Boer War he was captured by the Second Royal Irish Rifles, Mounted Infantry, from Commandant Philip Botha's farm in the Doornberg, in September, 1900. From that time until the end of the war he trekked with the Rifles' mounted force from Griqualand in the west to Basutoland in the east, and he still bears the scar of a wound received in action. Later he was with General French's column in Cape Colony. For his service the bulldog now wears the Queen's South African medal with three clasps, and the King's South African medal with two clasps. Mr. Drury remarked, when the case was called, that this was the most distinguished dog in the country, as he had medals.—London Daily Telegraph.

Told of the Duke of Devonshire.

In illustration of the lavishness with which Chatsworth House is endowed with art treasures, and of the distraught element which is supposed to be a feature of the Duke of Devonshire's mind, an amusing story went the round of the French press at the time of the last Paris exhibition. The duke, it was said, was strolling through the loan section of the English exhibits with a friend, and stopped to look with admiration at a porphyry table of matchless beauty. He examined it long with the eye of a connoisseur, and at last exclaimed: "I wonder who is the owner of such a beautiful specimen of workmanship. I almost feel inclined to envy him." His companion, who had consulted the catalogue, handed it to him with a smile. It contained the information that the table came from Chatsworth House, and was lent by the Duke of Devonshire.—London Chronicle.

Motormen Who Wear Veils.

Many of the motormen on the surface cars are wearing veils as a protection against the cold. The veils are the same as those worn by women, and probably most of them belong to the wives of the motormen.

Although they are thin, they afford a great deal of protection from the sharp winds and the snow and hail. The veils may look out of place on men, but these men are not wearing them for beauty's sake.