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## A PREDICTION VERIFIED

By George Bratley.

**S**TROLLING along Sixth avenue, near Twenty-eighth street, New York City, on a hall door beside a large store window, I read the sign of "Madame Zemora, Astrologist." To test this wonderful woman's skill I resolved to spend a dollar and interview her.

In response to my ring a tidy maid, with bright blue eyes and white apron, opened the door, escorted me up one flight of stairs, and requested me to take a seat in the anteroom. Mme. Zemora would be at liberty in a few minutes. A typewriter was at work in the next room, and I judged it to be the madame who was dictating to the operator. Straining my ears—this may have been wrong of me, but I am naturally inquisitive where the opposite sex are concerned—I was able to follow the speaker fairly well.

It was evidently a letter to a lady patron, and dealt with the future. Madame gave it out in measured tones: "I see wealth for you. Jupiter is conspicuous at your birth. In your letter you mention that you are in comfortable circumstances, but your best days will come after twenty-five, when money will come to you through the death of a rich relative. You will marry next year after a short and romantic courtship. Your partner will be tall, dark complexioned, with hazel eyes, dark brown hair and mustache. About your own age. Fond of sport, travel and literature. He will be a stranger; you will probably meet him for the first time next June. The meeting will come about in a strange manner, through a mishap on his part, or some uncommon event. He will not be so rich as yourself, but the agreement will be good, and he—"

Here the servant came into the room, and I had to busy myself with a magazine.

In a short time Mme. Zemora was at liberty, and apologized for having kept me waiting so long. She had been engaged on some important work for a rich patron, and did not wish to miss the mail.

As I walked into the room I passed behind the amanuensis, who had just taken an addressed envelope from the machine. With a glance I read, "Miss L. Preston, The Poptars, Irvington, N. Y."

Madame was a smart little lady, with a business air about her, and she soon came to the point.

"Is there anything special you wish to learn, sir?" she asked, after obtaining the date of my birth and consulting some books.

"Well, to speak the truth, I came without any definite object in view. I really don't know what to ask. What do your patrons generally wish to know?"

Madame smiled and said: "All kinds of things. The lady whose letter kept you waiting, was very eager to know about marriage, as no one had come forward to— But, just excuse me a moment," and turning to her amanuensis, she asked:

"Did you inclose that photograph, Miss Thompson?"

"Do you refer to the last letter, madame?"

"Yes, Miss Preston's—a cabinet photo."

"No, I've not seen it."

Madame turned to her writing table and searched among the papers. "Where can it have got to? I placed it here."

"Pardon me," I remarked, and stooping down I took from the floor a photograph. "Is this the truant?"

"Thanks," exclaimed madame; "it must have fallen from my table," and she handed it to Miss Thompson.

When I espied the photo it was lying picture side up; the face was that of a pretty girl, with laughing eyes and a mouth like Cupid's bow, a face very attractive and not easily forgotten.

I spent considerable time with madame. She dived into my past, touched the present and lifted the veil of the future.

As to the truth of her science I cannot speak, for when I found myself in the fresh air, all I could remember was the pretty face of the photograph.

Rich and pretty, with no lover. The partner had to be tall, dark, none too well off financially, and fond of sport.

What a lucky fate the stars held out to some one! Suddenly, I stood still, clapped my hand on my knee, and exclaimed in something more than a whisper, "What, ho!" A nursemaid wheeling a child in a baby carriage pulled up; she evidently thought I was the child's godfather, and had just recognized it. The exclamation had been wrung from me by a thought, not an ordinary, everyday thought, but something deep and worthy of a diplomatist. Of course. Of course it concerned the photograph.

Why, I answered Mme. Zemora's description of Miss Preston's prospective matrimonial partner to a nicety. Tall and dark, I was fond of sport; really that was the reason why I was not well off. The last racing day at the Long Island Jockey Club had seen me a loser to the tune of some hundreds, but speculate I must, it was born in me.

Why not back myself to win Miss Preston? She had money and a pretty face. I was considered handsome, and if she looked for a partner such as Mme. Zemora had pictured for her, then I stood a fair chance. Taking a coin from my pocket I tossed it up. Heads I got her, tails I don't. It fell head, so that decided it. I had to go.

When June came I, like a knight of old, mounted my steed and rode forth in search of adventure.

The steed was a cycle in my case, and the adventure was the attempt to win the fair Miss Preston. I was prepared to risk bruises and even broken limbs for her.

My plan was to have a mishap near her dwelling at Irvington. Make the worst of it and, if possible, secure an introduction to her through this. After that I should leave it to luck, Mme. Zemora's prediction and my appearance to do the rest.

In due time, mounted on my wheel, I reached Irvington, secured rooms, gossiped with the landlord, and managed to gain all the information I required as to the residence of Miss Preston.

The following day I rode in that direction, and discovered that "The Poptars" stood about a quarter of a mile out of the village, at the foot of a rather steep hill. Luck certainly favored me; it was just the place for a spill, especially if attempted. As I passed the gates I saw a female on the lawn playing with a terrier. The dog, seeing a stranger, barked. This caused the lady to glance my way.

Sure enough it was the original of the photograph. Fair hair, slim figure and as pretty as, or more so, than the camera had pictured.

The next day I determined to win or die. Riding through the village I arrived at the top of the hill which would take me past "The Poptars." Dismounting, I loosened the screws connected with the brake, putting it out of order. Then, mounting, I started down the hill.

The machine seemed endowed with life as it bounded forward. As the speed grew greater my courage grew less. Of course I could have used my foot as a brake, but a mishap had to happen somehow, and as well this way as any other.

"Paint heart ne'er won fair lady"—and like a knight riding full speed down the course to charge his rival—so down the hill I flew. The gate posts of "The Poptars" seemed to rush toward me. I set my teeth and prepared to break as few limbs as possible. Steering the machine so as to catch the gate post I took my hands from the handle-bar to break the fall. Smash!—and as the machine rebounded, I fell in a heap in the gateway. My arm pained me, and I felt dazed as I lay and groaned.

The terrier had evidently witnessed my unfortunate affair, and came barking to the gates. Presently, I heard steps coming near, then a voice:

"Robert, Robert! come here quick, some one has had an accident!"

I groaned to let them know I was alive. The gate opened, and through my half-closed eyes I saw Miss Preston and a man servant. Then a sweet voice said:

"Poor fellow! he's unconscious. Undo his collar, Robert, while I get some restorative."

Robert obeyed, and Miss Preston

brought the stimulant, pouring some through my clinched teeth.

I felt ashamed of the part I was playing, but considering the risks run, I would go through with it.

"We must get him into the house, Robert. Can we manage it, or had you better fetch Sam?"

Robert thought it would be too much for his young missus, so, to save further trouble, I gave a big sigh and slowly opened my eyes.

"Where am I?" I gasped.

"You've had a nasty fall; but let us help you into the house," said Miss Preston in a persuasive voice.

"Thanks," I muttered, slowly assuming a sitting position. Then, as I attempted to lift my left arm, I gave a cry of pain—it was a genuine cry this time—my arm was useless.

Miss Preston's voice trembled as she asked: "Does your arm hurt? Is it broken?"

"Yes, I think it is," I exclaimed, as with Robert's help I got to my feet. It seemed to be the only serious damage sustained, and I reviled myself for being such a fool.

Perhaps nothing would come of it after all, but so far my scheme had worked just as I should have desired, barring the broken arm.

"Go for Dr. Burner at once, Robert." Then, with a blush, she said, "Will you let me help you across to the house?"

Taking my sound arm, she assisted me across the lawn, and into a large room. Then she placed a comfortable chair for me near a low table, where I could rest the broken limb.

"I'm afraid I'm putting you to a lot of trouble," I remarked.

"Oh, don't think that; I'm pleased I was at home and able to give some help. How did it happen?"

"I was relying upon the brake to come safely down the hill, but unfortunately it failed me, and before I knew what had happened, I collided with your gate post," I explained, looking down, not daring to meet her clear, blue eyes.

Robert soon returned with Dr. Burner, and after sundry groans on my part, the arm was set.

"You come off very lucky," said the doctor; "a smaller thing than that has smashed many a man's neck."

"Yes, doctor, but you know the old saying, 'Fools for luck.'"

He did not guess how true it was in my case.

"Well, well! with a little care and patience you will soon have the use of your arm again. Are you staying in Irvington?"

"Yes, at the hotel. I was going to put a few days in round here, but as time's my own for a few weeks I might as well stay longer and nurse this limb."

He promised to call at the hotel the following day and departed.

An elderly lady entered the room with Miss Preston, who had evidently explained the accident to her.

I handed them my card. She was a Mrs. Townsend, aunt to Miss Preston. They walked to the gate with me when I left.

"Your machine shall be sent to your hotel, Mr. Seaton; I'm afraid it will require a specialist," remarked Miss Preston, with a laugh.

"Let us know how your arm progresses. If you find time hangs heavily, our small library is open to you, and at your service," remarked Mrs. Townsend.

I thanked them both, saying I was fond of reading.

As I walked slowly to the village my conscience again spote me, but I stifled it, and determined to go through with my adventure.

A week passed, my arm was progressing favorably, and I had duly reported to the ladies at "The Poptars," besides making good use of their library. It was really wonderful how quickly I managed to read a book through, and how often they had to be changed. Mrs. Townsend had asked me to take afternoon tea with them on two occasions, and a close friendship, if nothing more, had sprung up between Miss Preston and myself. It was certainly more on my side.

One afternoon I strolled to "The Poptars" to return a book. It was "Guy Mannering," wherein astrology is introduced. Miss Preston was in the library, and I thanked her for the book, asking her if she had read it.

"Yes! It is a favorite of mine. What do you think of it?"

Seeing my opportunity to bring the conversation round to astrology, I answered:

"Very interesting to believers in the occult, but, of course, no one puts faith in astrology nowadays."

Miss Preston colored slightly, saying: "Well, I'm an exception then, for I believe there's a great deal in it."

"May I ask if you have known any predictions to be verified?" I asked.

"Yes! I've known some to work out very near, indeed."

"Very near only!" I said, with a laugh.

"But they may work out quite true yet," and Miss Preston blushed a deep red.

"I wish some one had forewarned me of my spill," I remarked.

She looked at me sharply, saying:

"It was predicted; I knew something would happen—but how foolish of me!" and she stopped abruptly.

"No, no! Please, go on," I cried. "Tell me how it could have been predicted? Who knew that I was coming to Irvington?"

"I don't mean that your name was mentioned, only your description and a mishap."

"But who was the prophet?" I inquired.

There was a silence as she toyed with a book on the table.

"Won't you excuse my curiosity, seeing I'm the individual concerned?" I asked.

"You will have to be satisfied with a fragment of the truth," she said, smiling, "and promise to be a good boy and ask no more questions."

I promised to be good, so she proceeded.

"Some weeks ago I had my horoscope investigated, and must say the result was correct as far as character, health and things of the past were concerned; also some other events have worked out since, as foretold then. Now, for the month of June, of this year, the astrologist said I should strangely come into contact with a dark gentleman, probably through a mishap. So you see it is quite true. You are dark and a mishap brought about the meeting."

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed. "But how did it finish?"

"What about your promise?" she asked.

"Oh, I forgot, but surely there was something more," I remarked.

With a mischievous twinkle in her eyes she glanced at me, saying, "What more could there be—it was just an event likely to occur in June?"

A reckless feeling came over me like the one experienced when charging the gate post. I would know the truth. Did she love me or not?

"Perhaps I can guess how it finished," I said, as leaning forward, I caught hold of her hand. She made no attempt to take it away. So I continued:

"Did the acquaintance ripen, as ours has done? Did he learn to love you, as I have done? Did it result in marriage? Say yes, Lily; you know I love you. Will you let the prediction prove true, and promise to be my wife?"

Laying her head on my shoulder, in a low voice, she said "Yes." Smiling and looking into my eyes, she asked sweetly:

"Arthur, you believe in the stars now, don't you?"

Bending down, I kissed her lips, and replied: "Yes, pet, when I look into your eyes, I do, and my ruling star will always be your own dear self."—New York Weekly.

### A Merry-Go-Round.

The Osage River, in Missouri, is a very crooked stream. A farmer who lived on its banks, and who had a small flatboat, loaded the boat with produce one day and floated it down to the market town, six miles away. He exchanged the produce for goods at one of the stores, and loaded the goods on the flatboat.

"How are you going to get your stuff home?" asked the merchant. "Get a steamboat to tow you back?"

"Not at all," said the farmer. "I'm going to float it back."

"How is that? I don't understand."

"I guess you don't know much about this river. It doubles itself just below here and runs back to within less than a quarter of a mile of my house. I've got a landing on both banks, and a team of horses that can drag the boat over from one landing to the other. Understand now?"

### An Anti-Cough Judge.

Mr. Justice Darling, of England, does not like coughing in his court. He says it must stop. "If people cannot prevent it," he said, "they must leave the court, and I will recommend them to a consumption hospital." People now sit with purple cheeks and bulging eyes, and occasionally have fits, but they do not cough.

### UNUSUAL VOCATIONS.

Some of the Queer Industries and Trades Carried on in New York.

The mystery of "how the other half lives" means, in part, the question how it gets its living. The most out-of-the-way occupations are found in the largest cities. Placards and signboards, which are quoted in the New York Mail and Express, show some of the queer industries and trades carried on in New York.

In East Thirty-fourth street a sign in the window of a house informs the public that "Birds are boarded here by the day, week or month." A little further downtown a sign in a basement window announces, "Dogs' ears and tails cut in the latest fashion." A sign in the same locality reads, "I educate cross cats and dogs to be gentle and well behaved."

"Young ladies are invited to come in and learn the name and calling of their future husbands," on West Twenty-third street, near Eighth avenue. "Round-shouldered people made straight," is announced on East Nineteenth street; and near Nineteenth street, on Fourth avenue, "Perfect grace is taught in twelve lessons," and "satisfaction guaranteed." On the Bowery, near Houston street, "Ladies deficient in wardrobe are fashionably dressed on easy monthly instalments."

"Sore eyes in poodles effectually cured here," is a message displayed on East Broadway. In Catherine street, "Babies are hired or exchanged"—for the use of professional beggars, of course. In Hester street, "Black eyes are artfully painted over," and "False noses as good as new and warranted to fit," are advertised near Chatham Square, conveying the impression that assault is not an uncommon crime in some quarters.

On Chatham street the wayfarer is told, "Dine here, and you will never dine anywhere else"—a somewhat ambiguous statement—and on Mulberry street an undertaker makes a bid for business with a sign in his window which reads, "Why walk about in misery when I can bury you for \$18?"

### Tabby's Logic.

Do animals reason? In the current number of the Animals' Friend there is a story told which seems to show that, in quest of its prey, a cat can display all the intelligent watchfulness of a deerstalker or a poacher. The animal in question belongs to the manageress of a railway station refreshment buffets. One day recently Midget noticed a mouse which had contrived to find its way into a cupboard among a lot of wine glasses. Evidently the cat saw that to capture the mouse in that retreat would be a somewhat difficult task, so, jumping on to the top of the cupboard, from a plate there he gently precipitated a piece of cheese on to the floor and waited. For over an hour Midget's eyes were glued on the decoying morsel, and not in vain. At last the mouse could resist the temptation no longer, and made a rush for the cheese, when the problem which the cat had seemingly propounded to himself found a solution.

### An Elephant's Toothache.

I have in my possession an elephant's tooth, partially decayed. The animal belonged to my father, who was in the East Indian civil service at Moradabad, and as the tooth caused the animal so much pain that it interfered with its eating, my father, with the assistance of the mahout's son sitting on the elephant's head and telling him to be quiet, extracted the tooth by means of hammer, iron bar and rope. The grateful animal liked to have his gums dressed with tow and gin for days after the operation. As this happened before 1842 no anaesthetic could have been used.—London Field.

### The Deepest Ocean Depths.

The deepest sounding ever made by any vessel was by the United States ship Nero while on the Honolulu-Manila cable survey, with apparatus borrowed from the Albatross. When near Guam the Nero got 5269 fathoms, or 31,614 feet, only sixty-six feet less than six miles. If Mount Everest, the highest mountain on earth, were set down in this hole, it would have above its summit a depth of 2612 feet, or nearly half a mile of water.

### Results of Advertising.

The Rev. E. E. Whittaker, of Ashtabula, Ohio, says that his first week of advertising in the newspapers, according to modern business methods, doubled the numbers of his congregation. Since then he has advertised constantly and has achieved what he was unable to do by any other means—filled his church entirely.