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A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

When a look ahead shows you nothing but the thickest sort of gloom,
When you're worried to the centre of your soul,
When your plans have all miscarried and proved castles in the air
And you've nothing in your pockets but a hole,
Then's the time to reason thuswise: "What's the use to make a row?
Who can tell a bit of difference in a hundred years from now?"

When the pathway stretching endwise tow'rd life's slowly setting sun
Shows the lions with their chains all hid from view,
When it seems there's "nothing doing" in the providential line
And when everything (except the sky) looks blue,
Then is not the time to falter or turn backward from the plow;
Will it make a bit of difference in a hundred years from now?

Yet there's one thing will make difference ten long decades further on;
It's the way you bear your troubles day by day;
If you keep your top-lip stiffened and a smile upon your face
As you stride toward the lions in the way,
Then the worried world will carry fewer wrinkles on its brow,
Aid 'twill really make some difference in a hundred years from now.
—S. W. Gillilan, in Los Angeles Herald.

A SUI SCA

By A. St.

EDMUND DOLBY, we home from the city th evening by an earlier tra than usual, and Mrs. Dol was out. "Do you kn where Mrs. Dolby is, Martha?" called to the girl in the kitchen. "The mistress went out, sir, abo ten minutes ago, and said she'd back in half an hour."

Edmund returned to the sitting roo and lay back in the low armchair the fire in gloomy meditation. He h been uneasy in his mind all day, for the night before he and Letty had quarreled, and it was because this had been fretting him and he was wistful of making his peace with her that he had contrived to get home so much earlier than usual. And now she was out.

The fact that this chanced to be his birthday gave a keener edge to his sufferings, and made her absence, when he came yearning for reconciliation, so much the more inexcusable. He sat, hunched in the armchair, brooding until he began to see a sinister significance in her not being there to welcome him; it became as clear to him again as if it had been last night that he had been justified in the complaints he had made, and that her indignation had been assumed simply to blind him.

The facts in connection with that quarrel were, chiefly, these: Edmund's one particular friend in Watford was Alfred Hilbert and Letty's one particular was Nelly Hilbert, his wife. Once a week the Dolbys went round the corner and spent an evening with the Hilberts, and once a week the Hilberts came round the corner and spent an evening with the Dolbys. Moreover, they frequently dropped in on each other informally; the wives occasionally shopped together, the husbands took Sunday strolls together, and their friendliness would have been absolutely ideal but for one jarring circumstance.

There had been a time when Alfred Hilbert was desperately in love with Letty. Twice she had rejected him, when Edmund made her acquaintance and they fell in love with each other at sight.

Alfred resigned himself to the inevitable so completely that, a few months later, being a breezy young man whose heart was too well seasoned to break easily, he transferred his affections to Nelly, who was already Letty's dearest friend and had remained so ever since. Edmund knew all about this from the beginning. Alfred treated it as a jest. After they were all married he would speak of his past infatuation openly at their weekly meetings, and laugh about it, never seeming to realize that nobody enjoyed the joke but himself.

He was that sort of a man. Instead of growing inured to his facetious descriptions of his extinct passion, Edmund more and more resented them, even rebuking Letty now and then, as if she were to blame for having been passively responsible for Alfred's fascination.

Last night, after the Hilberts were gone, he had rebuked her with unreasonable irritation, for he was of a naturally jealous temperament, and had gradually persuaded himself that Alfred was much too attentive to his wife, and that Letty's manner toward him was unnecessarily gracious. He told her so in no measured terms, mag-

As soon as the boats reach the shore their contents are removed by the boatmen and deposited in sheds or "kottus," erected for the purpose along the during the night and ordinarily sold beach, where they are well guarded during the night and ordinarily sold at so much per thousand to the highest bidder on the following day. The value depends to a great extent on the average yield of a sample of five thousand lifted in the early part of the season.

The process of removing the pearls from the oysters is tedious and offensive, for the contents of the mollusks must be allowed to decay before the

PUZZLE.

Edmund was so ashamed that his jealousy could so outrageously be-foul him. He yearned to be with her—thinking of tender things he would say to her; he would even ask her to forgive him; and only to imagine how she would lean her head upon his breast and cry brought tears to his eyes.

He had pictured it all vividly; he had hastened home to fulfill his happy imaginings—and she was out.

"If she had sent me a telegram asking me to come home it would have been nothing astonishing," he muttered, bitterly, "but, instead of that, she isn't even waiting for me when I do come—"

There was a piece of crumpled paper lying in the fender. He had noticed it idly, directly he sat down, and now, suddenly, seeing there was writing on it, he picked it up, straightened it out, and read it:

"Have got the tickets. Be at my office not later than 7, and we will go. Till death and after, Alfred."

He sat stunned, rereading it mechanically, as if it meant nothing to him. Gradually the words seemed to burn into his brain. Here, then, was full and dreadful confirmation of his worst suspicions. He had not been mistaken last night in thinking there was some secret understanding between them. Here was their secret flashed bewilderingly before him.

He started to his feet and snatched his watch from his pocket. A quarter past 6. There was a bare possibility that he might even yet be in time to intercept them, and he must make the most of that.

As he passed the Hilberts' door a vaguely forlorn hope tempted him aside, and he knocked till the servant opened it.

"Is Mr. Hilbert here?" he demanded. "No, sir."

"Where is Mrs. Hilbert?" "In the drawing room, sir."

"I want to speak to her. Don't trouble. I will go to her." He stepped inside and closed the door, and Nelly was scared by the pallor and the tense expression of his face.

"Why—I! What's wrong, Edmund?" she ejaculated.

He told her, panting and stammering incoherently.

"Nonsense!" she interrupted. "There must be some mistake!"

"There is no mistake!" he cried. "I have his letter to her."

"Where is it?" "He says—he was fumbling hastily in his pockets—he says he has looked their passage and she is to meet him at his office by 7. . . . Oh, I can't find it—must have left it at home! But it doesn't matter—I've told you what it says. What am I to do?"

"Oh, dear!" faltered Nelly. "I knew—I—I told Alfred last night that he was far too attentive to Letty—but oh! I never dreamt!"

"The ruffian!" he raged, wildly. "If

I can only lay hands on him—! But I can't stop. I want to catch the next train to Euston. It's a fast train and may get me to his office just in time."

"Oh, please wait—let me come with you!"

They reached the station not a moment too soon. The train stopped nowhere until it arrived at Euston. As it drew up at the platform Edmund sprang out and assisted Nelly to alight.

"Here! What's up? Where are you two off to?"

They started round and were face to face with Alfred Hilbert.

"Where is my wife?" gasped Edmund, seizing his arm.

"Don't talk like a fool! Tell me what's happened."

"You know well enough!"

"I tell you I don't; I want to know! And I want to know, too, what are you two tearing off together like this for?"

Either he was a hardened and accomplished hypocrite or he really did find it hard to realize exactly what he was charged with, and eventually he was as baffled as themselves.

"All I can say is," he reiterated, "that note was not from me."

"But it's in your writing," Edmund insisted.

"Can't help that. I've never written to Letty in my life—not since you've known her. Ned, anyhow. Where's the letter?"

"I thought I had it with me"—Edmund began to search through his pockets again—"I must have left it. No, here it is."

He pulled it out, and the other two read it over his shoulder.

"Yes, that's mine, right enough," Alfred admitted. Then, all of a sudden he broke into a roar of laughter. "It is mine—"

"It's no laughing matter!"

"Why, mustn't a man write to his own wife, then? It's the note I sent to Nell, here, the day before yesterday."

"It can't be! How can it be?" protested Edmund. "I found it at my house—in the fireplace."

"All right! You ask Nelly."

Nelly glanced at it again eagerly.

"So it is!" she cried, laughing hysterically. "We were going to the theatre, and weren't sure whether we could get seats, and Alfred was to try and book them on his way to the city and let me know, and that's his note."

"And you both thought I!"

"Well, but," Edmund interrupted, relieved and mortified at the turn affairs had taken, "how is it that it was in my house?"

"Why, I called to see Letty this morning, and she had a headache," explained Nelly, "so I slipped back home to fetch her some tablets, and this is the paper I wrapped them in—it happened to be in my pocket. I gave Letty the tablets and threw the paper in the fender. If I had thought of it while you were telling me—and yet how could I?"

"And you bolted in pursuit of Letty and me?" chuckled Alfred. "I called at the paper shop on my way home, and I reckon you two went by whilst I was inside. When I reached home I found the girl half off her head. All she knew was that Ned, here, had been shouting, and you had run away with him, and she had heard one of you say you must catch the next train to Euston. I didn't know what to make of it, so I came after you, and just managed to scramble into the last carriage as the train started. . . . I say, talk about running away with another fellow's wife, though!"—he guffawed again—"I think it's me that ought to do the shooting!"

But Edmund was in no mood to make light of his humiliation, and by degrees the others sympathetically subdued themselves to his humor.

Back again at Watford, they shook hands and parted, and when Edmund returned home there was Letty waiting for him.

She met him in the hall, and, before he could decide how to greet her she clasped her arms round his neck. A tender mist shone in her eyes, and everything was coming about as ideally as he had pictured it to himself in his remorseful dreams during the day.

"I did so want you to come home, dear!" she whispered.

"I—I was delayed," he murmured, awkwardly.

"Martha says you came in and ran out again almost immediately."

"Yes. . . . You were not here."

"I had gone out to get this for you, Ned." "This" was a gold pencil with his initials engraved on it. She drew it from her pocket and offered it to him, shyly. "It was not ready last

night. . . . And I was so—so un-kind this morning! I never even wished you!"

He took most of the wishes in kisses. "And I was afraid, when you came home and went out again without seeing me, that you"—her voice faltered penitently—"that you were still angry with me."

"No; it wasn't that, sweetheart. It wasn't that at all."

"I was so afraid that, perhaps"—

"No, it was nothing but a But, I say, Letty, I'm hungry!" he said, scheming for time to think how to make the least of it all. "Let us sit down, and I'll tell you the whole story over dinner."—The Sketch.

HOW ROYALTY TRAVELS.

Magnificent Cars Provided and Extraordinary Precautions Taken For Safety.

In Great Britain every prominent railway has its royal train, and the king has the right to travel anywhere, free of cost. The train most generally used by the late Queen Victoria is composed of six carriages, the initial trip, which Her Majesty made in it, being from Windsor to London, in 1897, the occasion of the Jubilee.

When King Edward travels it is with great magnificence, and such precaution is exercised that accident seems impossible. Special timetables are supplied to all who are connected in any way with the workings of the royal train, stating the moment at which it will pass or stop at each station, while fifteen minutes ahead of it is sent a pilot engine to make sure that everything is in perfect order. Nothing can pass level crossings after this engine has run through, and waiting engines must not emit smoke, blow off steam, nor whistle while the royal train is passing. Dangerous places are strictly guarded, and none but officials and servants on duty are permitted near the railway on any pretense whatever.

The King's car is most beautiful, being finished in satinwood with panels of sycamore, the saloon compartment, in the centre, having a domed roof, decorated with lions and crowns, the colors green and gold. All metal fittings are silver plated, and the carpets in the royal compartment and vestibule are padded with a layer of cork. For upholstery is used a French white silk rep; the curtains are of green silk, while the carpet is heavy chenille, especially manufactured for the Queen's saloon.

When the czar of all the Russias takes an outing it is in regal magnificence. The train is a palace, surpassing even the train de luxe owned by the German Emperor. The hangings in the different rooms are of silk and satin, in shades of dainty blue and delicate rose, while the dining-room is upholstered in chamois leather. This train also contains special accommodations for the little daughters of the Czar, consisting of a playroom and nursery.—Four-Track News.

Food and Feeding.

Sir Henry Thompson, in his excellent work on "Food and Feeding," has put one aspect of the case as well as it can be put. "Many a man," he writes, "might indeed safely pursue a sedentary career, taking only a small amount of exercise, and yet maintain an excellent standard of health, if only he were careful that the 'intake' in the form of diet correspond with the expenditure which his occupations, mental and physical, demand. Let him by all means enjoy his annual pastime and profit by it, to rest his mind and augment his natural forces, but not for the mere purpose of neutralizing the evil effects of habitual dietetic wrong-doing."—Century Magazine.

Off Nights For the Gas Trust.

"Like the theatres, we have our bad nights," said a gas company director. "Saturday night is the best for the gas companies, because all the chief stores keep open late and consume more gas than during the other six nights. Notice it and you will observe that gas on Saturday night is hardly as good as on other nights. This is because the companies are taxed to their utmost. The force is not as great in individual burners on that night."

"Our bad nights are holidays and Sundays, when shops, manufactories, saloons and other patrons are closed down."

Canadian Women Workers.

Wages of women workers in Canada have increased in recent years from twenty-five to fifty per cent. more than men's.

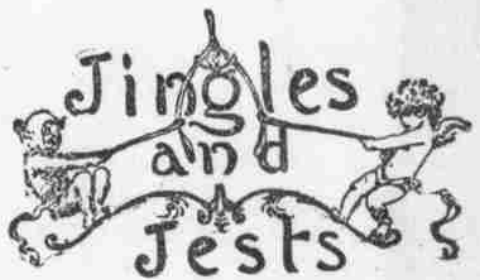
THE FAMILY HORSE.

He's such a nice and gentle horse—
No cut-up—tell you that!
This summer I'm determined he
Shall wear a quaker hat.
I only wish he didn't have
Enlargement of the feet,
When gentle Dobbin's in the shafts,
The family on the seat.

A yard a minute he can go,
Or faster, if he'd try!
It's great to see the fields of wheat
And fences whirling by!
I'll back a turtle any day
To beat him in a heat,
When gentle Dobbin's in the shafts,
The family on the seat.

O'er country roads we journey when
The sun begins to drop,
I say "Git up!" to make him go,
And "Whoa!" to make him stop;
And there are twinkles in th' eyes
Of everyone we meet,
When gentle Dobbin's in the shafts,
The family on the seat.

The hair upon his legs is long
And dangles with the breeze,
The stiffness of his upper lip
Has settled in his knees.
It's certainly a lovely sight
When we go down the street,
With gentle Dobbin in the shafts,
The family on the seat.
—Indianapolis Sun.



Mayme—"Why didn't you accept the engagement ring from George?"
Edythe—"Why, he wouldn't give any trading stamps with it!"—Chicago Daily News.

Young Lawyer—"Then the litigation is only in a preliminary stage?"
Old Lawyer—"That's all. The case hasn't been before the courts more than two years."—Puck.

"Johnnie, what do you lean by killing all those chickens?" "Paw said they was money in chickens, an' I want a ball an' a bat an' a mitt."—Houston Post.

"Do you think that matrimony will add to the duration of human life?" "Yes. I don't see how most of the divorce lawyers would live without it."—Cleveland Pain Dealer.

The book of nature I would read
And get a lesson from each tree.
I always wait, however, till
Kind autumn turns the leaves for me.
—Judge.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "a man sits on de do' step an' thinks he's smaht enough to run de gov'ment, when he ain' got judgment enough to keep de cow out'n de garden."—Washington Star.

"How did that prima donna come to lose her voice?" "Well," answered the impresario, "some people say she sang too much, but my personal opinion is that she lost it arguing about salary."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Mildmay—"Say what you will against Mr. Wyckham, you can't deny that he thinks the world of his wife." Mrs. Stinger—"And so you think that is to be charged to his credit? Guess you don't know Mrs. Wyckham."

"What makes Brown so haughty these days?" "Why, his secret benevolent association has elected him to an office that has a title seven feet longer than any title there is in Smith's secret society."—Chicago Evening Post.

Wills of millionaires remind us,
We can make our deaths exciting;
And, departing, leave behind us,
All our wives' relations fighting.
—Life.

"When the airships reach that stage of perfection that they will be generally used," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "a neighbor will only have to leave his scuttle open when he wants you to drop in."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Sauer (to his wife) "How horrid of you to be always looking as sour as a crabapple! Just look at Mrs. X—over yonder; the very picture of cheerfulness." Mrs. Sauer—"You seem to forget, my dear; Mrs. X—is a widow."—New Yorker.

Meteorological Tipping Bucket.

A tipping bucket attachment has been added to the rain gauge of the Weather Bureau on top of the Custom House at St. Louis. It accurately tells the amount of precipitation. The rain is drained into a double bucket, so poised that it tips on receiving a certain amount of water. Every movement of this kind is registered by an electrical connection.