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THE WAY OF JOY

Looking on the falling flowers,
Shabby white and rusty red,
Done with suns and winds and showers;
"That's the way of joy," he said,
But she laughed and touched his hand:
"Dear, you do not understand."

"See!" he cried, and took a rose,
Ruinous, but hoping on.
"Just a breath, and so—it goes!
There's a joy of our life gone!"
Yet she laughed and touched his hand:
"Dear, you do not understand."

Half impatient with his love,
Half inclined to draw her nigh,
Once again he sought to prove
By a bloom that joy must die.
But she laughed and stayed his hand:
"Dear, you do not understand."

And she caught the rose from him
Ere the petals fell apart,
Gazed on it with eyes grown dim,
Took it safely to her heart,
Sighed, then laughed and caught his hand;
"Dear, now won't you understand?"
—J. J. Bell.

A CLEVER SCOUNDREL.

By HARRY MAYO PECK.

DAN MOYNIHAN was a clever scoundrel. Everybody admitted it, from the old Cherry street neighbors, who remembered—and not with pleasure—his boyish depredations, to genial Frank Walker, who, after four years' faithful service at police duty, had been promoted by the decease of old Ned Tyler to the captaincy of Station 4.

Captain Walker was young, in fact, only thirty, and perhaps that was the reason he took it so hard.

It was tough, though, that two mornings after his appointment, he should wake to find that the biggest burglary in ten years' history of the Police Department had been committed the night before. And the worst of it was, it had occurred in his own district, and in a section patrolled by one of his best officers. For on the cashier's desk of the Forbes National Bank, on that bright October morning, when the office boy opened the great doors, lay a brand new kit of burglars' tools and a bit of pasteboard. And the pasteboard was not soiled, either, as might have been expected. It was of the conventional size, and on it, in the daintiest of engravings, was the following:

"Mr. Daniel Perry Moynihan."
And beneath it, in clear, clean chirography:
"To the new captain of Station 4, with compliments."

It was a challenge.
Captain Walker recognized the fact, and so did his brother officers, who were older than he, but who had not got the office.

Alone in his room, with only his pipe and Dick, the police dog—who seemed to have taken a great fancy to him—for company, the new chief thought over the matter. He thought a long time, and at last had an idea.

Any way he gave orders to the sergeant that when Officer Lynch, on whose beat was the Forbes National Bank, came, he wished to see him.

It was 11 o'clock, and to the members of the Recreation Club, down in Thatcher street, the "edge of the evening" was just on. Mr. Daniel Perry Moynihan, well educated, clever and rascally, was President of the club. It was a sumptuously furnished retreat. The members, from the character of their "occupation," received high wages, and could afford to be lavish. And Moynihan would have only the best. Several well executed etchings adorned the walls, a few paintings, and here and there, at random and in odd corners, as if somewhat ashamed of themselves, pictures representing sporting men and events.

"Ah, Dan, but you're a changeable boy," said one of the members.

"How's that?"

"Thursday night a burglar's sneaks and dark lantern, and to-night evening dress and diamonds."

"Well, you fellows ought not to kick; you get your share, you know," Moynihan answered, laughingly.

"That's right," and a cheery "good night" followed the chief as he left the room.

Moynihan, after a somewhat circuitous route, reached the street.

Cautiously he looked out. The coast was clear, and he stepped down into a dark alley.

As he reached the pavement he almost fell over a man seated on the curb with a forlorn looking bulldog beside him.

He was shabbily dressed, and the genes seemed very apparent.

"Hello, tramp!"

"Well, what if I am; there's no use rubbing it into a man."
"What's the matter?"
"Nothing I know of."

"Just as I thought; a dirty tramp and a dirtier bulldog," he said to himself.

"Are you hungry?"
"Yes."

The metamorphosed burglar was silent for a moment. "Guess I'll risk it," he muttered below his breath.

"Sa—, I mean, pard! You come with me and I'll find you something to eat."

In five minutes the dress suit, the dirty tramp and the sorry bulldog were in the parlor of the Recreation Club.

There was an ominous silence for a moment when they entered, but Moynihan remarked: "It's all right, boys, an old friend of mine in straitened circumstances."

And the seedy tramp nodded emphatically, and doffed his disreputable old hat. The sad eyed bulldog curled up on a rug before the fire.

"Come with me," said the chief, and the pair passed through a doorway into a cozy dining-room. The eating room was unoccupied save for a waiter, and they took seats at one of the little tables.

"In a few minutes, John," said Moynihan; "come when I ring."

A moment later they were alone in the room.

Then the chief leaned back in his chair, looked at the tramp, and quietly said: "Got my card, Walker, I see."

The tramp gave a visible start.

"It's no use, Walker; I knew you the minute I fell over you on the curbstone. I've had so much to do with your profession, that when the danger infection is around I'm always one of the first to catch it. Had it rubbed into me by friction to-night," he added.

Neither said anything for several minutes. Then Walker stretched out a hand from a dirty sleeve, which was grasped by the chief. "You're clever."

"Thanks," said the chief.

"Well, what are you going to do, now that you have me?" queried Walker.

"Get you a good dinner, as I promised you, convince you that a new police chief is not the mental equal of a rogue as long in the business as myself, and then if you choose to give me your word as a gentleman that you will never mention this place or occurrence, or interfere in the least with my future plans, let you go."

"And as near as my inferior order of intelligence can make it out, I get a dinner, a reduction to the ranks, and a chance to perjure myself as soon as I get out of here."

"You hypothesis is absolutely correct. You are arguing on two certainties and one chance; the last of which you will not take, as you are a man of honor."

"But suppose I refuse to comply with your request?"

"Then the newspapers will print scarce reads and the public will have the pleasure—pardon me—the opportunity of seeing how the mighty press rewards faithful servants after death."

"A bit cold blooded, isn't it?"

"Yes, a trifle; but with a man in my position liberty and life are about on a par, and it wouldn't do to get caught, you know. But here comes the oysters; we can continue this later."

At this minute Dick, having missed his master, poked his head in at the door, and, walking over to the table, threw himself down with a sigh.

"Nice dog, that," said the chief.

"Yes, he's a good one," was the reply.

Dick got up, stretched himself and followed them; after sniffing about the furniture he strolled out of an open door into the kitchen.

"Inquisitive!" queried Moynihan.

"Hungry, I guess," replied the guest.
"Walker, let me say you did remarkably well in tracing me here. What made you think of this locality as a probable stamping ground?"

"If you examine the city records for a year or two you will find that during that time District 8 has been absolutely free from burglarious disturbances of that high toned character which has come to be your distinguishing mark."

"Thanks! I will make a note of it. The sin of omission is a grave one."

"Yes, it is a leading one."

Then for a few minutes there was silence. Tobacco had wrought its magic spell, and each was absorbed in his own thoughts.

Then Moynihan roused himself, tossed the cigar stump into the smouldering fire and turned to the new captain. "Well, Walker, having reversed the order of the conventional sequence by having our pleasure first, it's now time for business. What do you propose to do in the matter?"

"I haven't decided yet."

"How long do you intend to take before doing it?" sneered Moynihan.

"Let Dick in before he scratches the paint all off that door, and I will see if some satisfactory conclusion cannot be reached."

The chief hastily rose and walked over to the entrance door, to the other side of which, by the scratching, Dick had somehow apparently wandered.

He opened it and then staggered back into the room.

Dick marched in. Close behind him came Officer Lynch, with four stalwart policemen.

Then Walker slowly rose from his chair. "As I said, Moynihan, I thought some conclusion might be reached when Dick was admitted."

He drew out his card case, abstracted a card, and having scribbled on it "with compliments," handed it to the chief. Then he turned to his men: "Officer Lynch, arrest that man!"

There was no resistance.

After the handcuffs were on the ex-chief turned to Walker and said: "Cap, there's just one question I want to ask you."

"Go ahead."

"How long has that dog been in the business?"

"Nine years."

"Thanks."

And the police dog locked up from the rug before the fire with an I've-been-there-before expression but he said nothing.—New York News.

No Hermit He.

"Talking about philosophy," said a noted author, who would never in the world forgive me if I mentioned his name, "reminds me of a man I used to know out in Louisville. He raised hogs for a living, not because the hog, per se, is a thing of beauty, but because he had an idea that by nurturing hogs in a certain way he could make them pay better than any other crop."

"The idea was still in his mind when the hogs were ripe. He drove them to Louisville, but the price offered him did not seem adequate. He felt sure that over in Indiana—Indiana is a very cultured State—hogs of an exceptional kind would be more keenly appreciated. He drove the hogs to Indianapolis. The price there, also, was inadequate, so he footed it to Chicago with his crop. Some time late in the fall he returned to Louisville, still driving his hogs before him, and there he sold them for considerably less than the price he had refused in the beginning. Somebody expressed sympathy for him.

"Well," he replied, "I've lost the whole summer and I'm out a good deal on the cost on them critters, but I've had the society of my hogs."—Washington Post.

Soporific Senate.

One afternoon during a tedious debate on the Panama Canal Senator Penrose and a colleague repaired to the Senate lunch room. When the other Senator had given the order he asked Mr. Penrose whether he would care for coffee.

"Coffee!" exclaimed the Pennsylvania Senator, indignantly. "Why, if I took coffee I shouldn't be able to get a wink of sleep all through the weary afternoon."

Irish Needlework in Demand.

Ireland is having its inning this year, for all the French dressmakers are using what is called "broderie anglaise," or Irish needlework. Whole gowns are made of it, sleeves and bodices trimmed with it, and it will appear in all the freshest and most springlike dresses.—London Graphic.

THE WOLF IN FACT.

He is More Dreaded of Humanity Than is Any Other Animal.

What are the two most widely known animals in the world—those of which some sort of mental picture is most easily to be produced in the minds of the greatest portion of the world's population?

We should say, perhaps, the lion and the wolf. Of these the latter is most generally accepted in the history of the world as the inspiration for human terror. The wolf is more dreaded of humanity than any other animal.

No doubt we of to-day inherit that dread from ancestors who had occasion to fear the long-fanged quadruped, for there are few portions of the world to-day where the wolf is really dangerous to mankind. Dangerous to man's pocket, to his herds and flocks, he is still to-day in many portions of the country.

A ranch in Montana or New Mexico may pay hundreds of dollars a year for gray wolf scalps. Such a scalp is cheap at \$12 to \$15 to the rancher, for the gray robber would certainly have destroyed many times that value in calves or colts from the range, says Field and Stream.

Yet, in spite of all the warfare made upon them, and all the prices put upon their heads, these dreaded, mysterious, ghostlike, terror-inspiring creatures still hold their own.

Outcast for ages, hated, persecuted, they still endure, each for himself, and without a friend on earth, even among his own kind. Last year the State of Minnesota paid over \$6000 a month in the best of the wolf season.

On one day of the month of last March the Auditor of the State paid \$6158.50 in wolf bounties. The total for the few months preceding was \$36,548.50. On this basis the current year will foot up nearly as much as the two years preceding, which appears to indicate that brother wolf is holding his own, even as a matter of commerce. In many parts of the Western cattle range the gray wolves are increasing rather than decreasing.

Looking Through the 'Phone.

In a wholesale store on Filbert street, Philadelphia, there is a salesman who firmly believes that it is possible to see through the telephone, and under the circumstances he is hardly to be blamed. The telephone in the store in question is located on the first floor near a big plate glass window which looks out on Filbert street. The salesman heard the bell tinging the other day, and taking the receiver off the hook, found that a friend had casually called him up to inquire about an appointment. When the conversation lagged the friend said:

"By the way, Tom, have you a seecograph on your 'phone?"

"No," replied Tom. "What the dickens is the seecograph?"

"Well," responded his friend, "it's a late discovery, and we just had it put in the other day. I'm not talking over the office 'phone now, but I see it's on this 'phone."

"What is it?" inquired Tom.

"Just a little appliance by which you see the fellow you're talking to, that's all. Suppose you try it. Hold something up in front of the 'phone and see if I can tell you what it is."

Tom held up a letter which he took from his pocket and the voice at the other end of the 'phone immediately told him what it was. A wallet and a handkerchief were next in order, and in each case Tom was told correctly what they were. Finally Tom went to the back of the room, and, getting a broom, held it up before the 'phone.

"Maybe you can tell me what this is?" he shouted.

"Certainly I can," replied the voice. "It's a broom. Great invention, isn't it? Good-by." And Tom has never discovered that his friend was talking over a 'phone in the second story front room of a building directly across Filbert street, and that he was in plain view of the man at the other end of the 'phone the entire time.—Philadelphia Press.

The Great Wheat Belt.

Kansas now stands at the head of the wheat raising States, with Minnesota, California, Washington, Nebraska, Texas and Iowa next in order. Even as recently as ten or twelve years ago it was the States east of the Mississippi that grew the most wheat; now it is the States west of it. Oklahoma raises more wheat than Illinois, and South Dakota two and a half times as much as Ohio. Strange to say, Minnesota is the only one of the big wheat States that has four mills.

CROSS DECEPTION.

This is an age of dire deceit;
In sorrow I declare it;
Some shattered dream each day we meet,
Until we scarce can bear it.

A hair upon the butter lay;
Nay, reader, do not quarrel
And vow the topic brings dismay.
It is to point a moral.

Observe how subterfuge and guile,
Where'er we turn, o'ertake us,
Until we wear the cynic's smile
And hope and trust forsake us!

For this is why the theme is fraught
With solemn dissertation.
The strand was from a wig, well wrought
The butter, imitation.
—Washington Star.



Mrs. Waggles—"Do you think it right to take a baby to church?" Waggles—"Certainly not. It would keep everybody awake."—Judge.

Wigg—"There is nothing so contradictory as a woman." Wagg—"Oh, I don't know. How about this war news?"—Chicago Journal.

Reggy—"And you really believe he tells the truth?" Peggy—"Oh, no doubt about it. He's taken it up as a fad."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Sparrow—"Aren't you going to build a nest?" Mrs. Redbreast—"We can't. The housemiths' union called Robin out on strike."—Puck.

"You're a broker, are you not, Mr. Stocks?" "Yes. I'm broker now than I was last month, but next month I'll be broker."—Princeton Tiger.

Her Father—"You expect me to support Julia indefinitely." Her Husband—"Well, I hope you may stand from under very gradually, sir."—Puck.

The man behind the gun and desk
We praise with ringing chimes;
In face, we cheer them all except
The man behind the times.
—New York Sun.

He—"I have half a mind, do you know—" She (soothingly)—"Well, even that is doing right well, I think, don't you?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"There is a pitcher on exhibition at the St. Louis Fair that is 2000 years old." "That family must have had a jewel of a hired girl!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Bre'er Williams, kin you perounce de names er dem Russian ginruls?" "No, suh! I got false teeth on de bottom on only two on top!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Johnny—"Pa, what is a diplomat?" Pa—"Well, son, it's a man who can stretch his hands across the sea without putting his foot in it, too."—Sioux Falls Press.

Sampon—"How do you know that young man is married?" Simpson—"He has five cigars in his pocket, and not one of them is broken."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Saint—"Remember, my man, that you never heard of anyone on this earth dying but once." The Sinner—"How about the original Uncle Tom?"—Chicago News.

Why is it that the tom-cat
Makes discord when he sings?
Because the horrid old tom-cat
Is filled with fiddle-strings.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Don't you think" asked the romantic damsel, "that the coming of spring is like the budding of love?" "Sure," said the coarse man. "Sure. Isn't there always a hard frost about two weeks after spring opens?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

She (at the restaurant)—"I notice you always make the waiter add up the items." He—"Yes; he may add them wrong, you know, and I may make ten or fifteen cents." She—"But he might make a mistake the other way." He—"In that case I should point it out to him and omit the tip as a punishment."—Boston Transcript.

Romance of a Crown Prince.

The accounts of the German Crown Prince's indiscretions must be received with a grain of salt, says the Westminster Gazette. It is a fact, however, that the Prince has been the hero of a love affair altogether a la "Old Heidelberg." When at Bonn University he had an acute penchant for a chemist's daughter living in the town. All was well, however; and ended well.