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MAN'S AMBITION AND WOMAN'S.

He strives to win the long, hard race—
To let his name be known—
He longs to stand in some fair place,
Exalted and alone;
He strives for riches or for fame,
And for the winning waits to claim
The honor as his own.

Within her gentle bosom she
Conceals a daily prayer
For riches and renown that he
And she may jointly share;
She plans and tries as best she may
To take and hold the height, some day,
With him beside her there.
—S. E. Kiser.

A PERFECT DISAPPEARANCE.

By TALBOT SMITH.

THE long and sensational trial was over, and, in spite of the earnest, whole-hearted attempts of the prisoner's counsel, had terminated in the only possible verdict. All was over for Winthrop Lyle. The Judge, in a queer, quavering whisper, had drawn on the fatal headgear of doom in a manner to suit his peculiar taste, and spoken these words which even the most callous cannot hear unmoved, and for the next twenty-four days the doomed man was walking the sorrow-stricken path of the Valley of the Shadow. From that awe-inspiring moment Winthrop Lyle was no longer wholly human. A metamorphosis had changed the convict into a being whose soul was already knocking at the Eternal Gate.

The condemned man heard the verdict unmoved, save for a tremulous movement of the lips, which the most self-contained can never wholly hide, and pressed down those footworn steps so many unfortunates have trod to the cell apportioned him. Here, by special permission of the Judge, he had an interview with his brother without the restrictions of a watching warder.

"I expected nothing better," said the prisoner, "and nothing remains for me now but preparation for the end so close at hand." This was said in a loud voice in order that the warden standing outside the door, which was just ajar, should hear and form a mistaken conclusion.

When Eustace Lyle left the prison he carried with him, and concealed in an inner pocket, a letter which Winthrop had written when the case seemed hopeless, and had managed to slip unseen into his hand. Not until he was at home again and behind a locked door did he venture to read it. It ran thus:

Before the day of execution comes I shall be far away from this place—or dead. I want you to do one thing and promise another. Leave \$10,000 with our lawyer Roome, to be given to any one who asks for it, be he beggar, tramp or gentleman. And promise me that if I escape no one of my family shall make the slightest effort to find me or follow me.

Ordinary means of escape are out of the question. I shall be shepherd night and day by two armed warders, who are relieved at intervals of four hours. I know, and you will yourself see, prison doors are to be opened only from the outside, and were I to succeed in overpowering the guards and opening the door, some twelve other doors and gates would have to be negotiated ere I breathed the outside air.

I have calculated the periods of duty and relief of the six men told off for "condemned cell duty," as it is called, and find two warders, Cox and Foster, both young men, will be my guard from 10 to 11 a. m. on Sunday next, when I shall be at exercise in the prison yard. You must get at these men, not ostensibly, but by ordinary courtesy. They use The King's Crown, and, as I know from experience while here, appreciate a good cigar. Spin a yarn of bonded cigars to be purchased on Saturday, or the day after to-morrow, and you wish to share the delicacies with them. You need make no secret of our relationship. Give them a dozen or so each on Sunday morning as they enter the outside gates. Their hours of duty are from 8 to 12. I shall smoke after breakfast, as I am permitted, and as all will be safe in the condemned corridor, will persuade them to join me. They will, for the odor of my undoctored cheroot will be an insurmountable lever.

The drug any does not take action

for sixty to ninety minutes, according to the dose. This will bring us to the hour of exercise. So far so good. Now, listen. The foreman of the works has a sick wife and a screaming brood. Approach him, offer him a handsome set-off to pay and pension on condition that when at work to-morrow the brickwork of the wall they are repairing may be loosened; this will be insufficient alone, but the ladder always used in working hours must be inadvertently left behind when leaving for the night. You can guess the rest. The foreman gets the sack for "gross neglect of duty," and falls back smiling on my comfortable check, and I, well, I—never mind. When the news of my flight reaches you, look upon me as dead and buried in Newton Churchyard. In fact, it won't help you to do otherwise.

Winthrop was in good spirits at the close of his brother's visit, and kept himself in the same mood for the next few days, in spite of the trying scenes of farewell with his friends and relatives.

The Lyle family, wealthy and powerful, was bent on preventing by any means the disgrace of the scaffold. It was a great triumph for justice when influence, intrigue and the skill of the lawyers came to naught in court and elsewhere. Even public opinion, won to sympathy by the brilliant struggle which Lyle made for his life, by his talent, his spirit, his beauty of face and manner, his steady and solemn declarations of innocence, was resisted and overcome by the officers of justice.

The care taken to prevent a prisoner under sentence of death from escape or suicide is very thorough, but it reminds one of the care taken by railway companies to prevent accidents. No matter how perfect the system, it depends on men for success, and engine drivers will drink, signalmen fall asleep, telegraph clerks miss the right word and guards fail to swing a warning lantern.

Everything worked successfully. Wealth and the rank of the convict achieved wonders, and an escape which read more like a romance of Dumas than a chronicle of Newgate occupied public attention for the usual nine days. Every one remembers the stir created by Lyle's disappearance. The officials, mad with rage and shame, really exhausted the means at their command to find the criminal. Finally the case was put into the able hands of Detective Lord, one of the smartest and most vigilant men in the secret service.

His efforts came to naught within a year. Lord held on for six months longer, studying with infinite patience clues, actual and theoretic, that promised something. Lyle had vanished into thin air. Had he dissolved into elementary gases at the prison gates, he could not have left less trace of his path into the world. Not one clew ever led to any result, not even to a decent theory of his escape. Lord continued the pursuit out of pure fascination for a mystery which overtaxed his powers and took the edge off his natural shrewdness.

After resigning his post, and joining an orchestra as first violin—for faith in his abilities finally deserted him—this fascination accompanied him, and proved a great bore to his friends from the endless speculations it led him to indulge.

On his mantelpiece he kept a photograph of Winthrop Lyle, and the slim, hard figure, the pale, thin high-bred face, the severe expression and dark eyes had a prominent place in his

sleeping and waking dreams. In the end no one took any interest in his cherished mystery, save the boy who played the 'cello in the orchestra.

It was always a great relief to Lord to turn from constant brooding on the tints of Lyle's picture to the society of the young musician; for Josef Ganz was a soft boned, easy young German, slow in speech and movement, given to song and laughter, fond of his wife and 'cello and baby; fonder of the Lyle problem than Lord himself.

When the boarding-house in which he lived, the day dreams and the world grew wearisome, the detective went over to his friend's house and spent a Sunday evening with Ganz. He had a cosy home, and its owners, its pictures, its very furniture, spoke of ease and comfort.

Josef was fair skinned, fat and jolly, and loved to sit with his baby or his 'cello at his right hand. His wife and child were plump and rosy, and even the gray professor father, with his habits of study and solemn expression, had a fat and contented air about him.

Not having been long in the country, they spoke English with a gentle accent. German pictures hung on the wall, and German colors were everywhere. Frau Ganz could not abide English cooking, and at her table were ever dressed the seasoned dishes of the Fatherland. When they sang songs or indulged in old memories, the little village near Munich was the theme. The one promise to baby to induce him to be good was a visit to Munich when he had come to be a man. Among these simple people Lord might talk his hobby to death and be listened to with reverence.

"It's so nice to hear a clever detective speak by the hour of a great murderer and villain," Frau Ganz said to her neighbors. The old professor did not pay much attention, while his son Josef was a tireless listener, and had many speculations on the plan of escape used by Lyle.

"I have a theory," began Josef slowly.

"What, another?" The detective laughed and the professor glanced irritably at his son.

"A new one," said Josef, placidly. "Some time, when I have fitted the joints, I will tell you how that Lyle escaped. He was no ordinary man, and when he disappeared, it was forever. It is an art to disappear well, and he must have been skilled in the art. I know its rules, and the principles on which these rules are based. It is curious and interesting, this art."

Lord felt curious about this matter, knowing that Ganz would make a clear, forcible statement of his theories. For he had studied logic and rhetoric at Innsbruck, and could put a case in which he was interested very strongly.

"There is such an art," Josef began, and your man Lyle was skilled in it. It would be a treat to hear him discourse on it."

"Wouldn't it, now," said Lord, with scorn. "Especially if, while listening, one had the reward of capturing him in his inside pocket. But that will never be."

"Probably not," said Josef, "unless he gets tired of hiding. You know, I always took an interest in the poor fellow. I seem to know him as well as you, so often have you described his words and ways. He was a thorough Englishman by birth, training, appearance, cleverness. Old family, high spirit and all that; Cambridge graduate, well dressed good figure, athletic; brown hair, green eyes, pale, severe face; quick in movement, speech and thought. Then he was inventive, fond of mathematics, also of pleasure, but cared nothing for music or wine or books. And he learned enough of drugs to poison his wife too cleverly."

"How could he have been so hard and cruel?" said Frau Ganz, with a sigh.

"I don't believe he did it," said Josef, softly. "His lawyers, the great public, his relatives, and many good people believed him innocent. Lord says the case got an awful sifting, and the more they sifted the less certain some were of his guilt, while others were more certain."

"But the art, the art!" cried the impatient detective.

"Ah, yes, the art, to be sure. Well, first, have I described Lyle accurately? I might say he was just the opposite to myself in most things."

"Two young men," answered Lord, "couldn't be and look, less alike."

Josef smiled.

"I arrived in this country about the

time he escaped from jail. I could read English then, and, I remember, the newspapers were full of him. But until I met you the case did not interest me. Let me show you what the principle forces a man to do, when it is successfully carried out. You think it means running away to Brazil or Persia, in a wig and blue spectacles, as they do in a play. No. The man who disappears according to this principle, must escape, not only from his pursuers, but from his friends, and, above all, from himself. He must change his country, never meet old friends again, get a new language, a new trade, a new place in society, a new set of parents and relatives, a new past, a new habit of body, a new appearance. He must think, speak, walk, sleep, eat and drink differently from in past days; he must change the color of his hair, skin, eyes; in fact, he must become another man as really as if he had changed natures with a particular person."

"Der gondry is safe," said the professor, with a huge laugh, "and so is der profession of detective. Who could bragtise dose rules; und if dey could, what use would be detectives?" "It makes fine talk," said Lord. "All very well if such things could be done. As they can't, your theory isn't worth a straw. It's impossible."—New York Tribune.

Mother Elephant and Her Baby.

A remarkably intelligent elephant, working a few years ago on a new bridge in Ceylon, had a young one to whom she was devoted. It died, and she became inconsolable.

Formerly the gentlest of creatures, she grew irritable and even dangerous. One morning she broke the chain which confined her and escaped into the forest.

One night, about ten days after her escape, the officer who had been in charge of her went out to lie in wait for bears at a pond in a jungle at some distance.

As he and his native attendant were returning, early in the morning, the native silently nudged him, and they saw in the dim, gray light an elephant with her calf making their way toward the camp. They both sprang behind trees, and when the elephants had passed the native insisted that the older one was their old friend, the inconsolable mother.

When they reached the camp they found that the trunk had returned, and had gone from one person to another, touching each with her trunk, as if exhibiting her adopted child, which she had evidently begged, borrowed or stolen in her absence.

Her good temper and usual docility returned at once, and her owner blessed the good fortune which had enabled her to procure a baby elephant.

No Finger Bowls.

One of the many strange unwritten laws which must be observed when royalty is being entertained is that which forbids the use of finger bowls at dinner for any of the guests except the royal ones. This custom dates from the early days of the Georges, when the nobles were divided in their allegiance between the reigning house of Hanover and the exiled Stuarts. To many of these nobles allegiance to the Stuarts was a religion and often the outward acts of allegiance to the reigning sovereign were perverted into treasonable acts of homage to the exiles. No dinner was complete without its toast to "the King" in those days, to evade which was an act of treason punishable even with death and loss of titles and estates. The Jacobites, however, discovered a way to avoid this penalty without sacrificing their loyalty. Holding the wine-glass over the finger bowl, they drained the glass to "the King," with a mental reservation "over the water." This simple ruse was soon discovered and the use of finger bowls was forbidden.—Buffalo Courier.

Corn Raised by One Missouri Farmer.

One Missouri farmer, David Rankin, of Tarkio, grows more corn on his farm than is raised in the States of Nevada, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Arizona, Washington, Utah, Oregon and Rhode Island combined.

What is more to the point, Mr. Rankin sells none of his corn. He feeds all of it to his own cattle, and almost every year has to buy a good deal besides from his neighbors.—Kansas City Journal.

Nevada has a mile of railroad for each five citizens, but only 87-100 of a mile for each 100 miles of area.

HE TOLD HER SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL.

He told her she was beautiful,
She frowning bade him go;
She knew he sought her fortune, for
Her glass had told her so;
Still, still he called her beautiful—
She knew her face was plain,
For twenty times a day, alas!
The truth was told her by the glass
That had no prize to gain.

He told her she was beautiful,
"Nay, do not jest," she cried;
He told her she was beautiful,
And knew she knew he lied;
Still, still he called her beautiful
She answered; "Cease, I pray;
Your words are false, as is your heart;
It is not love suggests the part
You basely seek to play!"

He told her she was beautiful,
And, chiding him, she fled;
He told her she was beautiful—
She stopped and turned her head;
Still, still he called her beautiful,
And rushed to where she stayed,
And, prating still about her charms,
He folded her within his arms,
And rapture filled the maid.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

FLASHES OF FURY.

"Do you sympathize with Russia or Japan?" "I sympathize with the taxpayers in both countries."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

And then, again, it will not take
Such great gobs of gray tissue
If, after all, we only make
Some platitudes the issue.
—Chicago News.

Brown—"Is Smith the boss over at his house?" Jones—"Mrs. Smith says he isn't, but I notice he picks out all the new wall paper."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Percival—"The stage is a paradox, don't you know?" Edythe—"How so?" Percival—"Why—er—it is stationary—yet it has wings and flies."—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Lady Maud—"Do you think it's unlucky to be married on Friday, Sir John?" Sir John (confirmed bachelor)—"Certainly. But why make an exception?"—Punch.

"Did anyone call me up while I was out?" asked the butcher. "No," replied the boy, "but a customer whose meat for dinner hadn't arrived called you down."—Houston Post.

"Which are you betting on, the Caucasian or the Mongolian?" "Neither. I think Pittsburg's going to win in spite of the bad start the team's got."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Do you know the nature of an oath, my little man?" asked the judge. "I ought to," replied the boy. "I was caddy at your golf club for two seasons."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Cow—"Gee! I'm thirsty. I wish I belonged to a Wall Street syndicate." The Rooster—"Why do you wish that?" The Cow—"Cause they never forget to water their stock."—Puck.

Contentment does not spring from wealth,
We're told, and that may be;
And yet we know it doesn't flow
From grinding poverty.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Paw (finishing up a story)—"And so I washed my hands of the whole business." Little Willie (interestedly)—"Did somebody send you from the table to do it, paw?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Employment Agent—"What was the matter with your last place?" Domestic—"The missus was too perticular." "In what way?" "She wouldn't let me lock th' baby in th' foldin' bed w'en I had company."—New York Weekly.

The Judge—"Prisoner at the bar, what have you to say for yourself?" The Prisoner—"I only hope, Judge, that you will return good for evil." The Judge—"Oh, don't have any doubt in that direction; you'll get a good sentence all right."

The passenger who had been holding himself up by a strap sat down in a seat that had just been vacated. "There is plenty of room, ma'am," he said to the pudgy little matron sitting next. "Don't move." "We don't have to," she said with a cheerful smile. "We own the house we live in."—Chicago Tribune.

A Mixed Metaphor.

The following, as a pulpit mixed metaphor, beats any that you quote, writes a correspondent to the Westminster Gazette. It was heard in a York church some years ago, and I can guarantee its genuineness: "An open door is presented to you, my brethren; if you will but embrace it it will afford you an abundant harvest."

Chairs with footrests were used in Rome A. D. 150.