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THE DREAMER'S CRY.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And sponging and building again;
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of the life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by;
From the sleepless thought's endeavor
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing true in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skillful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds!
Oh, the daughter's heart grow wilful,
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, not from the street's rude bustle,
From the trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.



RECONCILED BY ELIZA.

A Jolly Good Story From
London "Answers."

THE local train, which had been speeding out of town at the rate of twelve miles an hour, came suddenly to a standstill with a violent jolt at a level crossing in a country lane, and Reynolds, shaken out of his reverie, opened the window, quite prepared for an accident.

But as the view from the window revealed only an impassive stretch of green he settled back to consider a more important question.

She was a friend and neighbor of the Potters. There was a fair chance that she might be seen at their house, since an invitation to see her at her own home had not been forthcoming.

That ten minutes' tiff at the seaside at Easter where they had met had not in the least detracted from her charm, though it had entirely demolished his welcome, and he would do much to be near her for a week—for that he could endure the Potters.

A moment later the little guard came up to him.

"I beg pardon, mister," he said, lowering his voice to a whisper, "but you have a bag there which looks as if it might have a musical instrument in it."

"Why, yes," the young fellow answered in astonishment. "My banjo."

"A banjo. That's lucky. What tunes can you play? Can you play 'Rule, Britannia?'"

"Great Scott! Why, yes, I think so. But what in the name of patience—"

"Then you are the man we want. This way, sir, please, and as quick as you can, if you don't mind. We can't move the train an inch till she hears 'Rule, Britannia.'"

"But what—"

"It's the only thing that will start her up. We tried everything else. Pushing, pulling, everything. She sticks on the rails like a limpet on a rock. I wouldn't bother you, but we're five minutes late already. You'll be doing everybody a good kindness if you'll come along and grind one good lively 'Rule, Britannia.'"

Reynolds caught up his banjo case and hurried after the official, wondering, as he went, which of them had gone insane, and whether the attack would prove to be a permanent softening of the brain or merely a temporary aberration.

A number of passengers had left the train. They were gathering en masse around the portion of the level crossing which intersected the lane.

"Now, then, here comes Orpheus and his lady!" cried a voice in the crowd.

For a moment the young man stared about him with ever increasing fears for his own mental condition. Little by little a light broke in upon his brain.

A few yards only of line lay between the engine and the level cross track. At the crossing stood the obstruction in full view. It was a small, antiquated pony phaeton, drawn by—or, rather, attached to—a rotund white mare.

The animal was neither standing in the usual and approved attitude of her kind, nor prostrate, as will sometimes happen by accident. She was sitting upon her glossy haunches, a calm, almost blasé, expression in her brown-green eyes.

The carriage was occupied by two women. One of them, a stout, elderly, maiden-aunt-looking person was engaged in making voluble explanations to a delighted crowd. The other, a girl in white, who leaned back among the cushions and laughed, in evident enjoyment of the situation.

At the sight of the girl Reynolds drew back, with a little cry of astonishment, under his breath. Then he ran forward, lifting his hat.

"Why, Miss Perry! I'm tremendously sorry to find you—ahem—delayed in this way. What is the trouble? Can I be of any assistance?"

The pleasure which exuded from the young man's face was not reflected in that of the girl's.

"How do you do, Mr. Reynolds!" she said. "I'd no idea you were in this part of the country. No, so far as I am concerned you can be of no assistance, I think. If the train people want to try any experiments, of course, they are welcome to do it for the sake of getting the train in motion. Aunt Milly," she added, turning to her companion, "you have heard me speak of Mr. Reynolds? My aunt, Miss Blithe—Mr. Reynolds."

Miss Milly grasped his hand with a warmth which was in striking contrast to the chilly demeanor of her niece.

"So glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Reynolds, though I must say the circumstances are not those I would generally like to meet people under. Such an embarrassing position! I wouldn't have had it happen for the world. I never thought of Eliza behaving this way on a railway, or I should have been afraid to drive her. You see, Eliza has not sat down for years now, and we thought she'd quite forgotten it. She is an old circus horse as you may imagine, though I'd no idea of that when I bought her. It isn't Eliza's fault, really. She thinks she's doing perfectly right, you know. They taught her to sit down at the circus, and not get up till she heard the 'Rule, Britannia!' and she never will get up until she hears it!"

"Lady," cried the guard, eibowing up, "we are ten minutes late now."

"Ten minutes late? How sorry I am. It is most unfortunate that Eliza should relapse just now, when she has not sat down in years. It's just like her, remembering about sitting down this morning when I am on my way to the station to take the train to London to see my old friend Amelia Lewes, intending to let my niece drive the phaeton home. But now I shall be afraid to let Barbara return alone, and Amelia leaves London for Liverpool at one, and I would give the world to see her, as I may never see her again for years."

"I am only going around the curve to the station," Reynolds suggested. "I am en route for the Potters. It would give me great pleasure to see your niece safely home."

"There is no need in the world of anyone accompanying me," said the young lady with great decision. "Eliza would not hurt a fly. I really prefer driving alone."

"That is like you, Barbara. You are always so brave," cried Miss Milly.

"But remember, love, that I am older and more nervous and since Mr. Reynolds so kindly offers I accept for you, Barbara, and I insist on your availing yourself of his kindness."

"You are perfectly right, Miss Blithe. It would not be safe, to say the least, for Miss Perry to attempt to return home alone, and far from inconveniencing me, it would be a great pleasure," urged the young man.

He seated himself upon a fallen tree trunk and slipped the cover from his banjo, keeping his eyes fixed upon a portion of the landscape where it was impossible for them to encounter the eyes of Miss Milly's niece.

A moment later a particularly vivacious "Rule, Britannia," entered the somnolent country atmosphere. Something in the exultant strains of the melody caused Miss Barbara to gather her pretty brows.

Eliza, however, was unfeignedly pleased. At the first notes her ears twitched, assuming an upright attitude suggestive of earnest attention. At "Britons, never, never," she turned her head and regarded the player with what appeared to be unqualified approval. Slowly gathering her forces together, she rose in a dignified manner at the first chorus, and drew the phaeton from the track.

The spectators cheered. The guard shouted a warning, a general scramble for seats ensued, and Miss Milly had just time enough to ensconce the new protector in the phaeton, while she took the vacant place in the train.

When the last carriage had rounded the curve and become lost to view with Miss Milly's handkerchief fluttering like a white moth from one of the rear windows, Miss Perry gathered up the reins.

"Do you mean," she said, addressing the empty air directly in front of the phaeton, "that you will continue to force yourself upon me the entire distance home?"

"I promised Miss Blithe to take you home in safety, and, of course, I mean to fulfill my promise."

"But my aunt is gone now with a perfectly easy mind. A child of two could drive Eliza, and I really prefer going alone."

"I couldn't reconcile it with my conscience. You might meet with some accident, and then how could I face Miss Blithe? One never knows what will happen—especially in driving circus horses."

"If you are determined to be so horrid, the best thing I can do is to get home as soon as possible," remarked the young lady.

For some moments they drove on in silence. When the voice came again from the left-hand of the phaeton it had undergone a change. It was positively humble.

"Please don't be so hard on me," it pleaded. "The temptation was really too much—a whole ride with you when I'd been trying for weeks to see you and couldn't."

As the whip hand side had nothing apparently to add, the left hand resumed.

"You don't know how sorry I was about that affair at the seaside, and how I suffered after I cooled down. I admit it was all my fault, and I wrote to you begging you to forgive me. But you sent the letter back unopened. Isn't there anything I can do to win back your good opinion? I'd do anything you say, no matter what."

"You might get out of the carriage and allow me to go on alone. I should really appreciate that," said the whip hand with instant readiness.

Whatever the left hand intended to say in reply was left unsaid, for at this point the phaeton stopped suddenly. Eliza was sitting down again.

Reynolds fell back upon the seat and howled. The situation soon proved too much for his companion also. They laughed together until Eliza cocked her ears in astonishment.

"Good old Eliza!" cried the young man when he had partially recovered. "She knows a thing or two. She won't budge a step until I play 'Rule, Britannia,' and I will never play a note of it until you invite me to accompany you the rest of the way."

"You won't take a mean advantage like that, surely?"

"Won't I, though?"

"But this is most unfair."

"All is fair in war and—"

"Please play," she interrupted, quickly.

"Not a note. Are you going to invite me?"

"I am not. I shall start Eliza without you."

The attempt to set Eliza in motion by alternate kindness and discipline was a failure.

At the end of fifteen minutes Miss Barbara returned to the seat, exhausted.

"I suppose I must accede to your demands," she said, "or I shall be here permanently."

"Do you invite me of your own free will to accompany you home?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Cordially?"

"You never said it must be cordial."

"It must certainly be cordial."

"Well, cordially, then."

"I am entirely at your service," he answered, opening the banjo case.

Five minutes afterward a rotund white mare jogged easily along a

charming country lane drawing a phaeton which contained a man who laughed and a girl who protested, albeit not wrathfully, that something or other was a mean advantage and detestably unfair.

Dressing on the Increase.

It is said that people are spending less, that the cry of economy is rising shrill and high. I have not observed it with regard to ladies' dresses, says Lady Violet Greville in the London Graphic. Never were they so expensive, so elaborate and so fragile as they have been this summer. Quantity, too, is on the increase; where our mothers had five we have ten dresses. Life altogether is so much more expensive in every way. We amuse ourselves all the year round, and every amusement, except the simple country tastes, which are unfashionable, is costly. Meals, even if less long, are more refined and dearer, the service of a house is much more elaborate. Knick-knacks lie about in great profusion, electricity, abundance of flowers, perfumes, cosmetics and bath apparatuses are the necessities of every woman of fashion. If a return to mere simplicity and wiser economy is on the increase, it will be a boon to all, for great luxury does not make for happiness, it only increases our needs and renders life more difficult, creating bigger impediments to simple enjoyment.

Gives Life For Boy.

Willie Melson and Wolfe Scott were drowned at Warren's Wharf, Laurel, Del., and three other children would have met a like fate had it not been for the intelligence of a shepherd dog. Henry, Willie and Nettie Melson and Joe and Wolfe Scott, cousins, overturned a boat in which they were playing. Their ages ranged from six to twelve years, and none could swim. They clung to the boat for several minutes, when the current cast them adrift. The dog, which was attracted by their cries, plunged into the stream. Catching the girl's dress in his mouth he held her head above water and swam ashore with her. Rushing back into the water, he caught the younger Scott child in a like manner and was with in a few feet of the shore when he sank from exhaustion, taking the child down with him. In the meantime Willie Melson had drowned. Two fishermen, who had been drawn to the scene by the loud howling of the dog, rescued the two older boys. When the bodies were recovered, the dog had the Scott boy's clothing in his mouth.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not One Agreed.

Dr. X., of Capitol Hill, has—rare thing for a Washington physician—an Irish driver. The doctor's horse is kept at a livery stable, and when its owner and the driver arrived there on a Sunday morning not long ago the doctor discovered that his watch had run down hours before. He asked the time of one of the men lounging about the stable. The man produced a noisy tin turnip and announced the hour as 9. The livery stable keeper's watch made it 8.57. Somebody else's had it 9.10. "Come on, Jim," said the doctor to the driver. "It's no use. No two of these watches agree."

"No two of them!" said Jim. "Faith, never a wan of them agrees."—Washington Post.

A Good Barometer.

The seagull makes a splendid living barometer, according to the Lahore Tribune. If a convoy of seagulls flies seaward early in the morning, sailors and fishermen know the day will be fine and the wind fair, but if the birds keep inland—though there be no haze hanging out toward the sea to denote unpleasant weather—interested folk know that the elements will be unfavorable.

Paper Kettles.

In the Japanese army every soldier carries with him a kettle made of ordinary thin Japanese paper. It is filled with water and then water is poured over it. It is hung over the fire and in ten minutes the water is boiling. The kettle can be used eight or ten times, and the cost of it is about two cents.

Wireless on the Eiffel.

The Eiffel Tower is to be equipped for wireless telegraphy, making much the loftiest structure from which messages can be sent. It will probably produce extremely interesting results. The French Government is active in this use of the great tower for scientific purposes.

HIS WAY.

I would not like to say that he has never told the truth to me.

If not by actual intent, He has, at least, by accident.

He's vivid of imagination And somewhat loose in allegation.

His statements are sometimes fallacious And thus fall short of the veracious.

I would quite willingly believe He has no purpose to deceive;

And yet it is unfortunate That he will so exaggerate.

A thousand pities he will tarnish The truth with such a coat of varnish.

And make one feel a sort of bias In favor of old Ananias.

Still we, of course, who know his fault, Can always use a grain of salt.

And ninety-nine per cent. subtract From anything he states as fact.

You understand, of course, that I Don't mean to say the man would lie.

—Chicago News.



Alice—"Herbert says he is a self-made man." Kitty—"How he must suffer from remorse."—Harper's Bazar.

She—"Shall we go to church in the auto, dear?" He—"By all means. It's bound to break down before we get there."—Life.

"Were you out at the races every day, Sputter?" "N-o, the day it rained I stayed at home and wasn't out a cent."—Detroit Free Press.

The men who study law, they say Take contracts, wills and torts. The medicals content themselves With measles, mumps and warts.

—Yale Record.
"His wife is an ardent temperance worker, isn't she?" "Yes; she won't travel in the West because she heard that the climate is stimulating."—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Rabbit—"Oh! I'm so glad you're home again. I've missed you dreadfully." Mr. Rabbit—"Thank you, my dear. I'm happy to say that the amateur hunter I met did the same thing."—Puck.

Wife—"But doesn't it cost an awful lot of money to send me to the seashore for three months every summer?" Husband—"Oh, yes, of course. Money is certainly a great blessing."—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Backlotz—"So your servant girl has left you again?" Mrs. Subbubs—"Yes." Mrs. Backlotz—"What was the matter?" Mrs. Subbubs—"She didn't like the way I did her work."—Philadelphia Press.

A lady who loved in Duluth, Was thought to be wild and uncouth; She lapsed, so they say, But explained it this way: "I guess that my tonguehjt juht worked luth."

—Cleveland Leader.

The Typewriter—"You told me you were going to raise my salary last week, sir." The Boss—"I know; and I did raise it. But I expect to have a very hard time to raise it this week."—Chicago Journal.

"And do you expect to follow in the footsteps of your father when you grow up?" asked the good man. "Naw," replied Tommy, "me fader is de legless wonder in de museum."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Father (cutting the whip smartly through the air)—"See, Tommy, how I make the horse go faster without striking him at all." Tommy—"Papa, why don't you spank us children that way?"—Glasgow Evening Times.

"So you don't want a vindication?" "No," answered Senator Sorghum. "When you go after a vindication the chances are that you simply prolong a controversy that merely reminds people that you are under suspicion."—Washington Star.

Automobile Boats.

Fishermen on the Lake of Neuchatel are using automobile boats. They are driven by a benzine motor and lighted by electricity. They are flatbottomed, glide noiselessly over the water, do not frighten the fish and are a great success.

The United States produced 9000 pounds of tea last year, the farms being in North Carolina and Texas.