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## OUT IN THE FIELDS.

The little cares that fretted me,  
I lost them yesterday  
Among the fields above the sea,  
Among the winds at play;  
Among the lowing of the herds,  
The rustling of the trees,  
Among the singing of the birds,  
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen—  
I cast them all away  
Among the clover-scented grass,  
Among the new-mown hay;  
Among the husking of the corn  
Where drowsy poppies nod,  
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,  
Out in the fields with God.  
—E. B. Browning.

## THE HOLD-UP AT THE SOUTH STATION.

By MARIANA M. TALLEMAN.

W E made gas at the south station. Our whole big city was supplied by two plants, the south and west stations, ours at the south being the larger, and employing a force of 200 men.

I had much to learn when I entered the employment of the gas company as bookkeeper, and I enjoyed my discoveries immensely, among them the fact that water-gas was not made from water; that the huge round gas holders that were placed in the various city wards were not meters, neither were they filled to the windows and doors with a great bulk of loose, floating gas which might rush out at any moment; that a gas plant must have engineers, draftsmen, surveyors, masons and builders, besides the host of stokers, boiler tenders, pumpers and yardmen, and that far and ammonia and coke, as by-products, were turned out from the huge plant, as well as its legitimate products of coal and water-gas that kept our city warm and bright of winter nights.

The consulting and contracting engineer for the whole company was also local superintendent at these works, and a man so enthusiastic in his profession it has never since been my fortune to meet. He had a huge technical library of some 6000 volumes—everything that bore even remotely on gas making—and pamphlets and magazines from all over the civilized world. His only holidays were trips to attend conferences of gas men, and his social diversions were occasional evenings spent with his conferees. For all this he was the most genial and the most versatile man I ever knew.

Kate Lloyd and I had very good times at the south station. Kate was a later comer than I. She came in with Mr. Storer's need for a private secretary, when his mass of correspondence grew so bulky.

If I had been an ambitious and enterprising before Kate's coming as I grew afterward she would never have come, for when Mr. Storer one day remarked that he wished I knew shorthand, I only replied with genuine regret that I was very sorry I did not. And as it was five months between that remark and the stenographer's coming, I might have given my employer an agreeable surprise by making myself more valuable to him in the meantime.

However, that never entered my head in those days. "Be fit for more than the thing you are doing," I had not then made my motto.

Kate Lloyd was a new sort of girl to me. She was not willing to be idle two minutes. When she was not cataloging books or writing her letters or translating French documents she was practicing touch typewriting, or getting me to dictate to her in our leisure, for Mr. Storer was often away for days at a time, and we both had time on our hands.

There was no escaping the contagion of Kate's energy. It seems to have put something into me permanently that never was there before—or perhaps it only awoke something that had been asleep.

We worked steadfastly and did our work the best we knew how, and then we did other things. Kate told me what I had already discovered, that I was a little dunce not to learn shorthand, and she proceeded to teach me with energy and despatch. Then while I practiced she wanted to know if there was not anything I could teach her, but I could not think of a thing except instrumental music, and we felt that we really must draw the line at a piano at the south station.

One day Mr. Storer brought the carpenters up stairs and set them at some mysterious labor on the roof. We guessed at a flagstaff and a tower and a cupola, but Mr. Storer laughed and would not tell.

But finally, when the workmen had gone, leaving a rope which passed into our office through a hole in the ceiling, he bade me pull it. As I obeyed the

shriek of a siren whistle answered. I let go with a fainter echo of my own.

"Which was you?" laughed Mr. Storer. "It works all right, doesn't it? Now we won't have to fall back on the speaking tube, and get Michael to travel all over the works, hunting in a hurry for a man he can't find. Miss Nelson, you think up a dozen of the men we send for oftenest and write them down, and we'll see if we can't get some sounds that they can each answer to. Yes, and we must have a general call to the office for pay night."

And here it was that I really had a bright idea myself—quite worthy of Kate.

"O Mr. Storer," I said, eagerly, "let me call them by their initials in the Morse alphabet! The master mason, Mr. Arnold, I'll call A, and then the chief chemist you are always wanting, he can tell his own D from A. May I show you?"

"Go ahead," assented Mr. Storer, and I laid my hand to the rope and blew: — — — — — dash-dot-dash, dash-dot-dot," twice. It worked beautifully.

"He needn't know the alphabet, of course," I said, in explanation of my idea, "but at the same time he can tell D from A. So on with all the rest. Shall I make a list, and then Kate can typewrite it and hang it here, and I will put the telegraph letters opposite, so any one of us can pull the right one by referring to it."

Mr. Storer thought the idea excellent, and approved my list when it was completed, merely adding to it:

"Six dots—All hands double quick to engineers' office."

How useful our new whistle proved! The works were huge and shadowy and full of nooks and corners, and a search for a man was sometimes a matter of hours, but when the whistle spoke its voice echoed far and wide across the salt river, on the shore of which, desolate and alone, stood the long, smoke grimed buildings of the south station.

Kate was delighted at my telegraphic lore, and wished to learn it at once.

"You told me you didn't know anything to teach me," she said. "You might have been teaching me the Morse alphabet. Do it now."

"Why, what good will it do you, child? I learned telegraphy nine years ago, and then took up bookkeeping, and never put it to one cent's worth of practical use till this very day."

"And isn't that quite enough?" rejoined Kate. "I should be glad if I could do as much with anything I had learned. Why, you could call every single man in the works with a two-letter combination, couldn't you?"

"I suppose so," I said, absently. "See here, Kate, I believe I could teach you telegraphy down here, after all. I have a little instrument at home, and Mr. Dale could fix us up a battery if Mr. Storer is willing. He has everything in the laboratory. We'll ask him."

Mr. Storer, on application, proved perfectly willing. He knew almost everything himself, it seemed to me, and he appreciated the desire of other people to learn things. He superintended the construction of the battery with the liveliest interest, and then astonished me beyond measure by sitting down to the keyboard when it got into running order and clicking off nomenclature on the sander.

"Well, how is it? All right?"

And to our ejaculations he said, with a twinkle in his eyes as he hurried off to some construction work, "I was stranded down in Mexico once, and had to work my way home. I tried telegraphing."

"Did you ever see such a cosmopolitan?" asked Kate, as he hurried away. "Austria, Russia, China, California and now Mexico! The other day, in that consultation, you know, the New York man said, 'Where did you get that idea of the roof arch? That seems an excellent thing.' 'Oh, that's a little point I got in Hungary,' said Mr. Storer, in

an every-day voice, and went on talking. Shall I know half as much when I'm his age?"

"You will if your present thirst for knowledge holds good," I laughed. "Well, now, get your chair, and I'll teach you the alphabet by sound. Oh, what fun this is!"

We certainly did have good times at the south station.

One winter evening—it was pay night, and Mr. Storer had gone up town with the pay roll—we sat at work, Kate in the outer office, which was separated by a wrought iron lattice-work from the inner one, where I was busy straightening out the books for the last month.

The chemists were in the works, getting bottlefuls of nauseating gas stuffs for analysis; the draftsmen and assistant engineers had strayed afar, bound on various errands. We had the upper floor quite to ourselves.

It was a cold night and growing dark. Down below, at the office entrance, I could see, even through the dark, the white linen cuffs and hoods that gleamed against the sombre attire of two Catholic sisters. It was their custom to appear promptly at the works on pay nights, and to stand modestly and silently, with downcast eyes, at the gates, to receive offerings from the workmen as they passed out in line, opening their yellow pay envelopes.

It was cold and growing colder, but the sisters stood there patient, motionless. The paymaster was late. I thought, as I looked at the clock. Suddenly I became aware, through the monotonous click of Kate's typewriter, of a sort of repetition in the sound. My ear, trained to the spacings of the telegraph alphabet, spelled out over and over the word, "Ella! Ella!"—my own name.

I looked out with a smile, about to make some amused comment on Kate's discovery that the typewriter key made an excellent substitute for the key of a telegraph sander.

But something strained and unusual in her look and the pallor of her usually rosy face deterred me.

"Don't speak!" the key went on. "Look away!"

I did so, much wondering, and with my heart beginning to beat uncomfortably fast.

"A man has come up stairs and crawled into the laboratory," went on the improvised key, slowly spelling out the words. "He thinks I don't see him."

Like a flash the situation dawned upon me. The works stood on the dark, deserted outskirts of the city, and the paymaster, who drove down in a little light buggy, always brought a second man and a revolver with him, to guard against highwaymen. The works were generally well watched within. What adverse fate was it that had emptied the office building tonight?

What should I do? If there was one man already up stairs, of course there was another one somewhere—perhaps two or three others.

I rose, humming a careless song, putting into it, I am sure, a most artistic tremolo without the slightest effort.

"I think I'll finish my tabulating on the other machine!" I called out to Kate, and whipped the cover off a long carriage typewriter that stood by me. Inserting for form's sake a long sheet of paper, with trembling fingers I rapped out:

"I understand. Can you tell if another one comes up?"

"Yes; I see the stairway," answered Kate. "No one in sight."

"Is it too dark to see the road from your window? Could you scream out and warn the men as they come down the hill?"

"Can't see the hill," answered the chattering typewriter. "Don't dare move. Think he has me covered with revolver."

In spite of my fright I could but marvel at Kate's admirable composure. She sat tapping away at her machine, pausing now and then with a little puzzled frown, with a pretense of deciphering the notes in her book.

I thought fast. Could I write a note and toss it down to those two silent sisters below? It was too dark. They would take it for a mere waste scrap of paper, and I dared not call out.

"Another man," ticked the machine, monotonously. "He has stopped on the landing in dark corner. Not coming up."

"Shall I call from my window?" said the long carriage machine.

"No, no," answered the other. "Wait till we hear the wheels, at least."

"Don't you move, whatever you do,"

I said. "I'll try to call from the toilet room window. Some one may see me."

I rose, and still humming my careless song, walked across into the safe little inner room and flung the window up. Outside all was silence and darkness. If only a workman would stroll within that illuminating band of light that the lamp threw!

At that moment I heard the light rumble of wheels. A wild impulse seized me to fly back to the outer office, fling up the window and warn the unsuspecting paymaster. Then I caught sight of the whistle rope. In an instant I sprang to it—well out of sight of the crouching intruders—and blew for dear life, over and over, the six short blasts of the "hurry-up" call.

Crisp and clear it shrieked, in what Kate used to speak of afterward as "angel tones." "All hands double quick to the engineer's office!"

They poured in from every quarter. I heard the crunch of many feet upon the gravel. Never was a more welcome sound. Safe now from fear of detection, I re-entered the toilet room, closed the door behind me, flung up the window, and called out to the wondering crowd below:

"Two men are up here with pistols, waiting to waylay the paymaster!"

I heard the calls, the sudden shifting of pressure; I saw the throng pour in below; I knew they would not come up stairs unarmed, and I flew back to see what had befallen Kate.

But too bewildered to connect the alarming shriek of the whistle on the roof with the girl who still sat evoking meaningless words from her faithful machine, two men darted by her and jumped out of the laboratory windows to the yard below.

One fell heavily and was picked up unconscious. A revolver lay beside him. The other man never was captured, although the hue and cry was hot after him. It was found that he boarded a car at the nearest point, and after that all trace was lost.

Kate and I were regarded as great heroines, and Mr. Storer was never tired of joking us on our burglar alarms and pretending to poke fun at us. But we heard from many quarters that he felt very proud of his assistants.

We still cherish, each of us, a sheet of paper covered with typewritten characters that seem destitute of all sense, but we read between the lines and they mean a great deal to us.—Youth's Companion.

### Canada Finds Use For Dogfish.

Instead of offering a bounty for the destruction of dogfish, the Canadian Government has decided to establish three reduction plants to convert the fish into fertilizer and glue.

They will cost \$9000 each, and the Government itself will operate the plants, paying the fishermen a good prize for their fish offal and for all the dogfish they can bring in. It is claimed that the venture can be made to yield a satisfactory profit. It is calculated that the price paid for dogfish and the desire of the fishermen themselves to get rid of the nuisance will be incentives enough to them to keep the reduction works supplied with all the material they require.—Kennebec Journal.

### Rights of Husband and Wife.

Without inviting discussion of this thorny question, I may say, writes Labouche in London Truth, that my opinion is—supposing anybody wants it—that a husband's rights are what he can get. My view of a wife's rights is the same. Whether it is wise for either party to get all that he (or she) can is a question of expediency, to be decided according to circumstances and individual inclination. The governing principle of the situation is that when two people ride the same horse one must ride behind. The question, therefore, whenever a conflict arises, is whether the front seat is worth fighting about, and, if so, how long and how hard.

### Her Pertinent Query.

"Of course," she said, "I realize that you have every confidence in me, as you say, but I must admit that it would be a great satisfaction to me if you would tell me why—"

"Yes?" he said, anxiously, as she paused.

"If you would tell me," she repeated, "why it is that you deem it necessary to put your love letters through a copying press?"

Then he instantly recalled that she had once been a stenographer in a business house, and was "on to" his little precautionary measure, so to speak.—New York Press.

### AN HISTORIC WATCH.

Time Piece Made For King Charles Is Still Running.

There is in the possession of Wilfred Powell, who represents the British empire at this port, a timepiece that told off the hours for England's royal martyr.

After his victory over Charles II, Oliver Cromwell wrote exultantly to England's Parliament, telling how the enemy was beaten from hedge to hedge till he was finally driven into Worcester. There were 7000 prisoners among the spoils of that fight. The royal carriage in which the king had been carried was there, too, and in that handsome carriage was the royal carriage watch, which also fell into the hands of the victorious Cromwell.

This timepiece of royalty, which still ticks after a career of 262 years, was made in 1640 for King Charles I. by the royal watchmaker of that time.

King Charles I. was beheaded two years before his son Charles II. was defeated on and escaped from the field of Worcester.

It is of the oldest watchmaking pattern, being made entirely by hand, and costing in its day a good round sum of money. The case is of solid silver, ornamented in beautiful pierced filigree work, and there is an outer case of copper with a handsome leather cover, silver studded. The royal watch runs thirty-six hours with one winding. Only one hand is used in designating the time.

There is a silver bell enclosed within the silver case, on which the hours are struck. There is also an alarm attachment. The watch is four and one-half inches in diameter, and one and a half inches thick.

Cromwell kept it as a personal possession for years. But after the restoration it fell into the hands of Joseph Kipling, Esq., of Overstone House, North Hants, England, an ancestor of Rudyard Kipling. Joseph Kipling was also an ancestor of the present owner of the watch.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

### Wanted—A Remedy.

There is a fortune awaiting the man who invents a remedy for seasickness," said a physician.

"My brother is chief surgeon of an Atlantic liner, and he tells me that some people have offered him as much as \$500 to keep them well during their trans-Atlantic passage. A sea voyage, if one's health remains good, is the most delightful thing in the world, but if seasickness comes on it is a dreadful agony.

"A millionaire and his young wife crossed on my brother's ship during their honeymoon. They had a \$1200 suite on the upper promenade, and they were not out of sight of land before seasickness seized them.

"The bridegroom sent for my brother. 'I'll give you \$500,' he said, 'if you can cure my wife and me, and keep us cured till we reach Liverpool.'

"My brother, you may be assured, tried to earn that money, but it was of no use. In their \$1200 suite, on their honeymoon, in the delightful June weather, the unfortunate young couple lay in their berths from the beginning of the voyage till its end, and brother says it was pitiful to see how they suffered.

"That is a sample of what my brother is continually running up against. Hence, of course, he is anxious to find a preventive of seasickness. He tests every remedy that he hears of.

"My brother says that a sure cure for mal de mer would sell readily aboard every ship for \$25 a bottle."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### A Woman's Decision.

From Geneva it is reported that a sanguinary duel was fought in the woods near Belluzona between a journalist and a rich tradesman, both of whom belong to Venice. Sabres were the weapons used. Both men were excellent swordsmen and the encounter lasted ten minutes, when the journalist inflicted a horrible gash on his adversary's cheek, almost cutting away the lower part of his face. The quarrel was over a woman, who declared, after it was over, that she would have nothing to do with either of them, as the one was too disfigured by the wounds and the other was too bloodthirsty.

### Leap Years in Twentieth Century.

The greatest possible number of leap years will occur in the twentieth century, the year 1904 being the first one, and every fourth year following up to and including 2000. In the same century February will three times have five Sundays—in 1920, 1948, 1976.