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## SUNSET SONG.

Is it a dream? The day is done,  
The long, warm, fragrant summer day;  
Afar beyond the hills, the sun  
In purple splendor sinks away;  
The firefly lights her floating spark,  
While here and there the first large stars  
Look out, impatient for the dark;  
The cows stand waiting by the bars;  
A group of children saunters by  
Toward home, with laugh and sportive  
word,  
One pausing, as she hears the high  
Soft prelude of an unseen bird—  
"Sweet—sweet—sweet—  
Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!"

Down from immeasurable heights  
The clear notes drop like crystal rain—  
The echo of all lost delights,  
All youth's high hopes, all hidden pain,  
All love's soft music, heard no more  
But dreamed of and remembered long—  
Ah, how can mortal bird outpour  
Such human heartbreak in a song?  
What can he know of lonely years,  
Of idols only raised to fall,  
Of broken faith and secret tears?  
And yet his song repeats them all—  
"Sweet—sweet—sweet—  
Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!"  
—Elizabeth Akers.

## THE CAKE-AND-PIE ANGEL.

BY CARROLL WATSON RANKIN.

**B**EFORE the congratulations following his triumphant graduation from the high school had grown cool Philip Conway was listening to a business offer from one of his father's old friends. "If you accept this position," the man was saying, "you are to go from place to place, all over the country, wherever any unusual gathering is in progress. You are to pitch your tent in the most prominent spot you can find, make tea with the apparatus we provide, and distribute sample cups and advertising matter to the crowd. In each town you will need to hire two neat young women by the day to serve tea and wash the dishes. You need do none of the actual labor yourself, but you are to keep things in running order—to be the business manager, in fact. Of course we pay all expenses. Will you do it?"

"I must do something," replied Philip. "If you think I'm equal to it—if you're willing to trust me—I'll be glad to try it."

"Professor Kendall says you have plenty of executive ability, and that you are trustworthy. Those are the principal requirements. It's a man's work, but I believe you are capable of doing it. Come to my office tomorrow morning if you decide to undertake it, and I'll give you detailed instructions."

The following morning Philip went home jubilant. Forty dollars a month and expenses seemed a princely sum to the boy. He thought almost scornfully of his classmate, Sam Peters, who was tremendously elated over the prospect of earning five dollars a week.

"Of course," said Philip, grandly, "it isn't the sort of thing a man wants to engage in for life, but it's a good thing while it lasts, and mother needs every dollar I can earn. I know Mr. Prescott is doing this solely because he and father were such friends, but I'll just show him that he didn't make any mistake."

With this noble resolve the lad started out upon his new and unusual enterprise, pitching his tent from week to week in strange and divers places. He visited towns that were undergoing the agonies of street fairs, firemen's tournaments, Fourth of July and other celebrations. He traveled in the wake of circuses and "Wild West" shows—wherever there was a crowd, there was Philip with his free samples of tea.

He mastered the intricacies of a complicated gasoline stove, solved the problem of serving the greatest number of persons in the shortest space of time, and learned to hire, with careful judgment, his two white-aproned assistants.

He discovered, too, that each town possessed at least one small boy who was willing, for the trifling reward of a dime and a few sample packages of tea, to fill his big copper boilers with water, and to keep the freakish gasoline stove from exploding or otherwise misbehaving.

Of course Philip made mistakes at first, but he profited by them. Mr. Prescott, the tea-man, had reason to feel that he had made a wise choice in selecting his friend's son as his advertising agent.

Wherever the lad went he made friends. He had a bright, attractive face, he carried his handsome head with a jaunty, self-respecting air, and he was all business. His small boy assistants spoke of him as "the proprietor" and addressed him as "sir." Moreover, his mother was a gentle-

woman; therefore, her boy's speech was refined and his manners were irreproachable. "A fine boy," was the verdict wherever he went.

The latter part of September found him in northern Michigan, where the Carp County Agricultural Fair was in progress. He obtained permission to pitch his tent between what the directors facetiously called "the jelly-and-jam building" and the horticultural department. By Monday noon his outfit was unpacked and everything was ready for business; but the crowd was not ready for tea.

The fair grounds were inconveniently far from town. Many of the exhibitors who had no horses and felt too poor to patronize the railroad, even at greatly reduced rates, carried their exhibits from town, over two miles of dusty road.

The distance from the entrance gate to the buildings was considerable; but it seemed never to occur to the lounging group of men and boys just within the gate to offer any assistance to tired old women, who fairly staggered under the weight of home-made pickles, potted plants and rolls of rag carpet.

His tent up, his samples unpacked and his helpers instructed, Philip found time heavy on his hands until he discovered a weary old Irishwoman bent almost double over a huge basket of carrots.

"Let me help you," said Philip, springing to her assistance.

This was only the first of many baskets that the energetic lad carried from the gate to the buildings that day. The people amused him by their quaint speeches, and it did not occur to him that he was doing anything unusual.

Toward noon he went to town for his luncheon. As he was entering the gate of the fair grounds on his return he noticed just ahead of him a portly woman with two baskets filled with plates.

"Let me carry those baskets," said Philip, touching his cap.

"It's easy to see you've been well brought up," said the woman, with a disdainful glance at the loungers that sprawled on the benches. "I guess you don't belong to this town."

"No," said Philip, "my home is in Pennsylvania."

"I'm the cake-and-pie woman," volunteered his companion, displaying a badge, upon which was printed, "Superintendent of Class G." "It beats all, the way folks bring their doughnuts and cake, and goodness knows what all else, without a sign of a plate to put 'em on. Every year I have to lug out a bushel or two of plates for other people's doughnuts. Come in when you're hungry and I'll let you sample some of mine. Thank you for carryin' the baskets. If I had a boy I'd like him to be just such a boy as you are—mine went to Cuba."

Philip knew without further words that the boy who had gone to Cuba had not returned.

During the week that followed Mrs. Bailey and the "tea-boy" exchanged many courtesies in the way of cookies and cups of tea, and the long, tiresome days were pleasanter for both in consequence.

The last day of the fair was the time set for an exciting series of horse races. The attendance on Friday afternoon exceeded all previous records, and the entire crowd was assembled upon or near the grand stand. Upon the platform used for the aerobatic performances Philip saw several men with their heads close together over certain small books. Philip had attended too many county fairs not to

recognize the men at once as professional betters, who were quietly making wagers on the various races. Their business is seldom conducted openly at the fairs, but surreptitious ways are not hard for them to find.

Philip considered himself very much of a man, and quite capable of taking care of himself under any circumstances. To be sure, he had no intention of betting, but he wanted to see what was going on. The men on the platform seemed to be having a lively time; but as Philip was climbing over the rail to join them, one of them stopped him.

"Run home to your mother, sonny," said the man, sneeringly. "Were you thinkin' of puttin' five cents on somebody's nag?"

Philip colored angrily, drew a roll of bills from his pocket, and retorted, "I guess I'm old enough to bet if I want to. I've seen more horse races this fall than you've ever seen altogether. I know something about horses, too. Here, just to show you that I'm no greenhorn, I'll put a fiver on Torchlight."

Philip's knowledge of the ins and outs of betting, however, was far more limited than he suspected; but the men winked at one another. They scented an easy victim.

Torchlight won the first heat, and a surprising number of crisp bills found their way into the lad's hands. Elated at sight of the money and spurred on by the jeers and commendations of the men, Philip threw caution to the winds, staked all he had won—and more—on the second heat, and lost.

In the meantime, Philip's stout friend, the motherly cake-and-pie woman, had chanced to see, from her place on the opposite grand stand, the group on the platform. Toward the end of the final heat, when every other neck was craned to see the horses sweep down the home-stretch, Mrs. Bailey sat with her shrewd eyes fixed upon Philip's face. She saw it grow white as the horses swept past; the judges' stand and under the wire.

"My land!" said she. "If I'd realized sooner what he was up to I'd have marched over there and rescued him! But maybe he ain't worth saving. Dear me! I don't know what this world's comin' to."

With empty pockets and hanging head Philip worked his way through the crowd and set off across the field toward the little white tent. Mrs. Bailey, surprised and disappointed, watched him until he disappeared from view. Then, with a long, regretful sigh, she gave him up.

"It's a pity—a pity!" she said. "But when a mere babe like that is steeped in vice it don't take him long to land in the penitentiary—and him the pleasantest boy I ever laid eyes on! I don't know when I've been so mistaken in anybody. Well, it's too bad—too bad!"

Mrs. Bailey decided that she would have nothing further to do with the erring Philip, but some hours later, when she had locked up her building for the night, some motherly impulse impelled her to look in upon her younger neighbor for a farewell word. It was the last day of the fair, and she knew that the tea-tent would be gone in the morning.

"After all, sayin' good-by ain't goin' to make a gambler of me," said she, philosophically, "and a kind word ain't goin' to do the lad any harm, if he is bad. When all's said and done, he's been the politest young chap—"

Mrs. Bailey opened the flap of the tent and stepped in. Philip was seated on a wooden box, with his head against the gasoline tank, his face buried in his hands. He had dismissed his assistants, and he sat alone, as Mrs. Bailey said afterward, "just swallowed up in grief and unwashed teacups."

"See here," said Mrs. Bailey, spreading a newspaper over an upturned boiler and seating herself beside Philip, "I want to know how long this here gamblin' business has been goin' on? You didn't strike me, somehow, 'as comin' of gamblin' stock."

There was no response, but something warm and wet splashed on the boy's knee. Mrs. Bailey noticed it with a sudden ray of hope.

"Cry away if you want to," said she, laying a kindly hand on Philip's shoulder. "I don't know as I think any less of you for it. Was this, by any chance, the first time you've done any bettin'?"

Philip nodded his head. "Sure pop, honor bright?" "Honor bright?" mumbled Philip, with a gulp. "The last, too." "Sure pop, the last?" "Yes." "Then you just sit up here and tell

me about it like a man. If you can just convince me that I haven't made a mistake in you, after all, you'll make me a happier old lady than I've been for some hours. I declare, it just made me sick to see you with those men."

Touched by her sympathy, Philip poured forth the whole story, adding that the money he had so foolishly risked and lost belonged to his employer, from whom he had received it only the previous day, that he had mailed most of his salary to his mother, who needed it to eke out a slender income, and that he was due in three days at a fair in another State, with no visible means of reaching his destination.

"But, O dear, Mrs. Bailey," he concluded, "the worst of it all is that I'm so horribly disappointed in myself! I did think I had more sense. I didn't dream that I could be such an idiot. I'm so ashamed I—"

"I don't know but that's the one redeeming feature," said Mrs. Bailey. "Seventy-five dollars! That's a heap of money—and nothin' to show for it! I don't pretend to know anything about horse racing, but they do say it's all fixed up beforehand whose horse is to win and whose ain't—that's one of the tricks of the trade. I guess you know by this time that bettin' ain't a safe pastime; but there—there, I ain't goin' to scold a mite. Now you just come right home with me, and get a good hot supper, for I don't believe you've had a bite; you can carry two baskets of plates back to the car for me, if you like. You can sleep in Sam's bed—I'd kind o' like to think there was a boy sleepin' in that bed once more,—and soon's the bank's open in the mornin' I'll see to it that you have enough to pay your way to wherever you want to go—and nobody a bit the wiser."

"Except me," said Philip, genuinely surprised and deeply touched. "But, Mrs. Bailey, you don't know one thing about me except what I've told you. How do you know I'm to be trusted?"

"I'm willin' to risk it," returned Mrs. Bailey, beaming over her spectacles. "I guess a woman that's bought seven cows in her lifetime, without bein' cheated once, ain't goin' very far astray in her judgment when it comes to folks—cows and folks havin' a good many traits in common. I ain't a mite afraid of you."

"You're just an angel! I don't know how to thank—"

"Just a cake-and-pie angel," said Mrs. Bailey, rising cautiously from the creaking boiler. "Come, shut up shop as quick as you can, my lad. It's most time for the last train."

Neither Philip nor Mrs. Bailey said a word about repaying the loan, but within a month the money began to return in instalments. Each check was accompanied by a letter that Mrs. Bailey considered far more precious than the money. She read and re-read those letters until the paper parted at the creases.

"The politest, the pleasantest and the most satisfiyin' boy!" said she.—Youth's Companion.

### Protecting Parisian Models.

There is some news over from Paris that is rather epoch-making, observes the Westminster Gazette. All the important Parisian houses—Paquin, Doucet, Collet, Douillet, Laferrere, Raudnitz, Redfern, Rouff, Zaer, etc.—have decided to club together to stop the horrible piracy that has been going on about their models. It is asserted that the Germans and Americans have been getting hold of all the newest Parisian ideas quite early in the season and bringing them out by means of cheap productions at very low prices, thus cheating these Parisian artists of an enormous amount of the profit which is their due, as with them alone must rest the credit of the original ideas that make a model of value.

This piracy has become a crying nuisance. Why should not the sartorial artist reserve the right of reproduction, just as an artist or an author or a dramatist would have? They have made up their minds that they are going to get proper protection for their works of art, and so from henceforth no models bought by Continental houses will be delivered before a certain date. Of course, these new regulations apply in no sense to their firms' private customers, only to the professional buyers.

### Love of Music Costs Life.

So devoted was a young Milan musician to practicing on the cello that the constant pressure of the instrument on his leg led to bone disease. The limb had to be amputated, and death resulted from the shock.

### SOME NEW DEVICES.

#### Novel Inventions That Make Life a Bit Easier For Us.

An umbrella is generally regarded as an awkward thing to carry at its best. Any one can think of a dozen reasons why it is in the way, and a confusion problem to deal with under ordinary circumstances. In a town called Gibsland, La., a man has invented an umbrella that is supported over the owner by a system of rods and which leaves both of his hands free to be used as occasion demands. It is hardly necessary to attempt an elaboration upon the merits of this device.

It will be gratifying to timid young women to learn that a boat has been invented which is said to be absolute proof against the fool man who insists on rocking the craft. This is done by the simple attachment of a piece of metal to the keel of the boat, which the inventor says does not in the least interfere with the progress of the boat through the water, but makes it impossible to interfere with its stability in the water. The device, which is the patent of William M. Young, of Troy, N. Y., consists of a piece of metal extending the length of the boat and fastened to the keel and extending at right angles with the keel for a short distance, and then curved upward to meet the framework of the boat at the waterline. Under ordinary circumstances this is not visible and does not alter the lines of the craft, and, being open at each end, does not impede its progress through the water, but any attempt being made to rock the boat is rendered exceedingly difficult because of the weight of water held in the space between the boat's side and the attachment.

It has been discovered that a modification of the telephone can be made use of for the purpose of improving the hearing of persons afflicted with deafness. While this scheme is not always beneficial, it has been found to afford great relief to a large number of persons afflicted with deafness. Of recent years inventors have devoted themselves to the construction of instruments of this character in the most convenient form and of such shape that they can be used without attracting unnecessary attention. There has been recently patented in this country, the work of an Australian inventor, an installation of this character which can be stowed away in an ordinary Derby hat, the only portion of the apparatus exposed to view being two ear tubes which depend from the sides of the hat and repose in the ears. The sound collecting bells are adroitly concealed in the sides of the hat crown.—Chicago Chronicle.

### Kissing the Blarney Stone.

Last year, while in the south of Ireland, I paid a visit to Blarney Castle, and while there had the queer experience of kissing the Blarney Stone, famous in song and story.

One of our party, having gone through the ordeal before, volunteered to kiss the stone first and show us how it is done. When it is understood that you are attempting to kiss a stone set in the outside wall, and you on the inside, one can guess that it is no easy task. It is best to take off your coat and watch and chain and empty your pockets. There is an opening, as it were, in the floor. You sit on the edge of this, catch hold of two bars in the wall and lower yourself backward down the opening till you are able to stretch out and reach the stone. As you do this the rest of the party hang on to your legs.

The precaution of taking off the watch and chain and removing money from your pockets is a very wise one, as you have to hang head downward to get at the stone.

### Why Russia Retires.

The revolutionary party has its hand upon the army, and therein lies the essence of success. There are soldiers in Manchuria at this moment who are pledged to make no Japanese widows. It is astonishing how badly the Russian naval gunner lays his gun. I have lately seen two letters, written by soldiers at the front, which go far to account for the total lack of success of the Russian arms. One speaks of men voluntarily surrendering to the Japanese so that they may not be called upon to fight for the Czar. The other tells a tale of sudden retreat on the part of a company of Russian soldiers at the moment when victory was in their grasp, and of the officer in command, unable to stop the stampede of his men, blowing out his brains.—Carl Joubert, in Nineteenth Century.