

# The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XV.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JANUARY 27, 1905.

NO. 45.

## NEVER MIND THE OLD TIMES.

I.  
Never mind the old times—  
They were bright and sweet;  
Sunny skies above you—  
Violets at your feet;  
But the new times wear a smiling face  
That's mighty good to meet.  
An' you'd better find the light that makes  
the mornin'!

II.  
Never mind the old times;  
They were great, I know;  
Old friends that loved us—  
Friends that we loved so!  
But the new times sing the song of hope,  
Where sweeter roses grow,  
An' you'd better find the light that makes  
the mornin'!

—Atlanta Constitution.

## A RACE FOR LIFE

By RUTH RANSOM.

Hector and Selim are tired of the stable. Let's have a ride, Bertha," said Annette Maynard to her young friend, Bertha Hilton, as they stood together on the porch of a plain brick house in Brownsville, Tex.

Bertha was the motherless daughter, and Annette the orphaned sister, of two as brave border officers as ever drew a sword. Both girls had grown up on the frontier, and were familiar with the crack of a rifle and the fierce yell of the Indian.

Bertha looked off toward the chaparral, but made no reply, and Annette continued:

"It is a fine morning. Suppose we take a gallop to the battlefield of Resaca? We can be back in half an hour."

"Yes, but father said it was not safe for us to venture out alone. You know the road is dangerous even for armed men," rejoined more prudent Bertha.

"But they will not molest us. Selim can outrun anything on the border."

"That may be. Still, I have no desire to put your option to the proof, Mexicans, you know, are not noted for their honesty, or their civility to ladies," laughed Bertha.

"Oh, bother the Mexicans!" impatiently exclaimed Annette. "I have lived all my life on the plains, and witnessed many a hand-to-hand encounter with savages, and it's come to a pitiful pass, indeed, if we are to permit the fear of meeting a few Mexicans to interfere with our pleasure. Colonel Hilton and brother Ned are at Ringgold Barracks, and won't be back for a week. They surely can't expect us to be housed up all that time. Why, I should die of want of exercise," emphatically declared Annette.

Both girls were excellent riders and as fearless as they were quick witted and handsome. Full of health and spirits, and at home in camp and field, they rode with the regiment to whatever post of duty it might be assigned, with never a murmur at the numerous perils and hardships which continually beset the nomadic life of a soldier.

"Jim," said Annette, to a diminutive youth, who was loitering under the china trees at the gate, "saddle Selim and Hector, and bring them around right away."

"Deed, Miss Annette, Selim ain't bin out of de stable for mo' an' two days, an' he'll be too frisky fo' you to hol', suah!" cautioned Jim.

"Never mind his frisking. I'm not afraid, and Selim, if he has spirit, is not vicious."

Silenced on the one point, Jim ventured to utter a word in warning in regard to the danger of riding alone any great distance from the town.

"Please, Miss Annette, you will not go on the Brazos road, 'cause it's mighty skeery dar—'deed it is. Dat w' hoss of Major Maynard is watched, and dem Mex—"

"Oh, nonsense!" interrupted his mistress. "We are going to ride just where we please, and no doubt the natural eye within us will lead us exactly in the direction where we ought not to go, and all through your unwise warning. You get the horses ready, and we will take care of ourselves."

Jim obeyed and soon brought around the horses. Selim was the pet, courser of Annette's brother—a high stepping, beautiful Morgan brown, and widely known as the best bit of blood on the frontier.

The young ladies, in tasteful riding habits, came down the steps, laughing merrily as the birds were singing in the trees overhead.

Hector, a stout iron gray cavalry nag, was a very ordinary animal beside the glossy coated, intelligent and

charged; but Hector was the hero of many border fights, and bore his scars royally.

Bertha loved him for the danger he had passed, and used to say that she always felt perfectly safe with sedate, steady going old Hector.

The girls, notwithstanding Jim's muttered remonstrances and rueful face, gaily mounted and leisurely cantered off in the direction of the Brazos road.

"Dar an no use warning wimmin folks," philosophized Jim—"no use at all, for dey am sartin to go jus' wat you tell 'em not to. I ought to tol' 'em to go on de Brazos pike, den dey is bound to take de odder way."

The road wound through a dense labyrinth of chaparral, or mezquite, as it is called in native parlance, thickly interspersed with the thorny pined cactus and fan leafed palmetto.

They had but just crossed the narrow way, where two faint bridle paths diverged on either hand, leading into what seemed an impenetrable thicket of mezquite, when Selim showed unmistakable signs of disliking to go on.

Bertha, too, noticed that old Hector pricked up his ears, and seemed shy of advancing. She was about to remark as much, when, with a furious snort, Selim bounded to one side, and there, in the middle of the path, directly before them, stood a swarthy Mexican, armed to the teeth, and as cruel and crafty looking as any Indian.

They were nearly three miles from town, on a lonely little traveled road, where all sorts of crimes had been committed, where brave men had died by the assassin's hand and thieves prowled at pleasure, unrestrained by either law or conscience, but they wisely gave no evidence of alarm, and boldly confronted the bowing intruder.

"Good morning, senora," he said, with his snaky eyes downcast, in assumed humility, lifting as he spoke, his dilapidated sombrero.

Miss Maynard acknowledged his salutation by a slight nod, and slowly rode on, as outwardly calm and unconcerned as if the ill-looking Mexican were no more to be feared than the most harmless hare that ever found shelter in the tangled mezquite.

Bertha glanced anxiously at the dark foliage within which he had disappeared, and said, in a low tone:

"Let's go back, Annette. Did you notice the peculiar expression of his little beady, black eyes? He intends us no good, I feel sure of it, and certainly he envies you the possession of Selim."

"Perhaps we had better return, although I hate to show the white feather within three miles of my brother's regiment," reluctantly assented the major's sister, bringing her horse to a standstill.

Hector turned willingly about, but Selim was nervous, and did not obey so readily. While his young rider was coaxing him into submission she was startled by a quick, alarmed cry from Bertha:

"Good heavens, Annette, we are surrounded!"

It was true. A dozen Mexicans stood between Annette and Bertha, completely cutting off Annette's retreat to Brownsville.

Annette instantly comprehended the peril of her position, and the motive which induced the low browed rascals to make her their victim instead of Bertha.

"Ride back to town!" she cried. "Ride back as fast as ever you can! It's Selim they want. I'll make a run for the open prairie; it is my only chance for life."

In a second the gray was dashing for Brownsville, followed by a jeering laugh from the Mexicans, who did not attempt to stay its progress.

A furious yell from the Mexicans

aroused within her heart renewed hope. She answered the savage yell with a joyous shout, for directly ahead came a company of United States troops.

She was a soldier's daughter, and when she caught a glimpse of the starry banner waving bright through a cloud of dust, she could not suppress a glad, wild cheer of triumph.

Not a Mexican was in sight. Every one had disappeared in the tall grass, or, hidden by the short curve, were hastening back to cover in the chaparral.

Checking her horse, Annette sprang to the ground, and was quickly surrounded by the amazed and wondering troops.

"Why, Miss Maynard," ejaculated the captain in command, "what is the matter?"

"I have had a desperate ride. Captain Arthur; a dozen Mexicans pursued me nearly all the way from town. They have but just left me, and must still be somewhere in the vicinity."

"Let's after them, boys!" cried the captain, not waiting to hear more, and soon a score of well armed horsemen were galloping in all directions after the fleeing Mexicans.

Selim stood drooping by the roadside, his glossy coat gray with sweat and dust, looking little like the magnificent charger that so daintily pruned froth under the china trees in the cool of the dewy morning.

"Oh, do not let poor Selim die," pleaded Annette, gently, pressing her hand over his foaming breast. "Pray, do something to save him! See how dull his eyes are, and he breathes so strangely," she said to the non-commissioned officer whom Captain Arthur had left as a protector.

Selim turned at the sound of her voice and feebly neighed a response.

"Keep him going," replied the old soldier. "I call his eye very good. He is warm and blown, but not suffering to any amount."

In less than an hour Annette had the satisfaction of seeing Captain Arthur return with five of the Mexican wretches in custody.

Sitting in grim resignation on their jaded horses, they glanced vindictively at the fair girl, and then at poor Selim as he languidly paced along, led by a young trooper, who scowled darkly when he caught their cunningly treacherous eyes fixed maliciously upon him, and muttered some very threatening words in most emphatic English for their benefit.

The company, with its new acquisition of prisoners and the major's brave sister, again resumed their march to Brownsville. They had gone but a little way when their number was agreeably augmented by the arrival of the party whom Bertha had sent out to rescue her friend.

Among them was Jim, who shook his head doubtfully, and said it would be a wonder if Selim ever recovered from stiffness; but whether the horse did or not, he hoped it would be a lesson to Miss Annette not to be so self willed in future; "for Mexicans has done got no manners, and jus' as leaf murder wimmin folks as men folks."

Annette thought so, too, and for once did not venture to question Jim's homely wisdom.—Saturday Night.

**A Homely President.**

The chief executive of France is a good, honest man; exactly that and nothing more. He is not brilliant. A plain, homely man, he is a rational representative of the French middle-class. In Benjamin Harrison we had his equivalent in the United States. There is no inherent greatness in him, but he is wise, patient, firm and kindly. He has a large measure of tact, which in a chief of state is, perhaps, the most desirable of all qualities. His political record is clean, though it shows adroitness rather than any compelling force of initiative. His private life has been pure and pleasant. He has all the virtues of the middle-class Frenchman—those middle-class, homely virtues which are the same the world over.

When he goes his way from the Elysee there will be little said of him but good. He, in the shade of the poplars, by the old, red-tiled, farm-house near Marsanne, may smoke his pipe with full content, assured that the work that came to his hand he did as well as a man of his quality could do it.—Vance Thompson, in Everybody's Magazine.

The action of the weather has entirely washed away the ash-built slopes of an ancient volcano, in Wyoming, leaving only the core showing beneath in columnar forms.

## THE LITTLE COUNTRY PAPER

It's no sixteen-page edition that expresses big men's views, And it's not filled up with pictures, nor with telegraphic news, It isn't printed daily, with an "extra" every hour, And the editor's not bragging of his influence and power. It may have faults and errors, but all these I will forgive, For it's printed in the country, 'way back where I used to live.

It is only issued weekly, and it's not made up for style, But when it arrives I gladly put the daily by for awhile, I don't read in its pages what the wise and great men say, But I see that "Silas Jagers brought some wood to town to-day," And that "Grandma Parks is better," or that "Old Bill Jones is dead," And it tells just what the parson in his Sunday sermon said.

I see again the faces of the friends I used to know In the dim and distant fancies of the happy Long Ago; And I read up in one corner that the fall winds howl and blow, And that "Uncle Nathan Smith predicts an early fall of snow," Or that "our debating club will give a sociable next week, At which our fellow-townsmen, Ainer Brochertson, will speak."

There are never learned essays on the questions of the day, But it says that "folks are looking for another rise in hay," I can see no glaring headlines of the last election fight, But it says that "Tom Shaw marries Ella Edgerton to-night," And my thoughts somehow grow fonder when the old folks' names I see, Telling that "Reverend Tompkins was invited there to tea."

It may be crude and homely—that same little country sheet, And the make-up of its pages may be rather obsolete, It is damp when I unfold it, and the print is sometimes blurred; Yet it's always more than welcome, and I read its every word, And no reading to a city man a greater joy can give, Than the little country weekly, printed "where he used to live," —Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

## FLASHES OF FURY

"Russia must have a big sinking fund." "Why?" "I see she's been buying three or four new warships."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Though poems may her fancy strike, The chap who toils and writes them, No one moves a girl's affections like The fellow who recites them. —Washington Star.

Denham—"It's a good thing for some people that this country never restricted immigration." Benham—"Why?" Denham—"They'd have been rather short of ancestors."—Town Topics.

Mr. Lingerlong—"What makes your little dog howl so?" Miss Vince Garr—"He always howls like that when he thinks it is time to shut up the house for the night."—Chicago Tribune.

How kind it is of all the stars To stay awake at night And watch us when we go to sleep, And see that all is right! This is their work—it's all they've got To do—the stars so bright! —M. J. H., in Little Folks.

"My daughter has developed a perfect passion for music," said the woman next door. "Yes?" replied Mrs. Snapple. "I'll bet it isn't a circumstance to the passion your daughter's music arouses in my husband."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Now, m' child," said the cannibal mother to her youngest hopeful, "I want you to be on your good behavior and not make a pig of yourself." "Want for?" demanded the young savage. "Because we're going to have that new minister for dinner."—Philadelphia Press.

Servant—"Mrs. Grace, there's a boy up in the pear tree, eating pears at a great rate." Mrs. Grace—"Do you know who the boy is?" Servant—"It's the Carter boy who lives next door." Mrs. Grace—"Oh, well, in that case, let the dear little fellow eat all he wants. Those pears are hard as bricks."—

**Fireplaces Everywhere.**

As to fireplaces in general, it is best to have them in all available rooms, including chambers, says a writer in Country Life in America. They are the best of ventilators, and, in the late spring and early fall, serve admirably to remove the chill from the house; in this way they serve to curtail, for a time at least, the generally excessive heat of the furnace and steam-heater. They are also excellent in sickness.