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### NEVER MIND THE OLD TIMES.

Never mind the old times-They were bright and sweet: Sunny skies above you-Violets at your feet;

the mornin'!

Never mind the old times; They were great, I know; Old friends that loved us-Friends that we loved so!

the mornin'!

But the new times wear a smilin' face
That's mighty good to meet.
An' you'd better find the light that makes

Where sweeter roses grow,
An' you'd better find the light that makes -Atlanta Constitution.

\*\*\* RACE FOR LIFE RUTH RANSOM. 

ride, Bertha," said Annette Maynard to her young \*\* \*\* Maynard to her yours 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 vell 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

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

"But they will not molest us. Seim can outravel anything on the bor-

"That may be. Still, I have no desire to put your option to the proof. ladies," laughed Bertha.

"Oh, bother the Mexicans!" impatiently exclaimed Annette. "I have fived all my life on the plains, and witsessed 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 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 folling under the china trees at the gate, "saddle Selim and Hector, and bring them around right BW33-

e Deed, Miss Annette, Sellm nin'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 finild, and Sellar, if he has spirit, is

not vicious." Stienced 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.

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

"Ob, nonsense!" interrupted his mistress. "We are going to ride just where we please, and no doubt the natural Eve within us will lead us exactv la the direction where we ought noto 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

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

mag, was a very ordinary animal beside | laugh from the Mexicans, who did not | saddle. the glossy conted, intelligent eged allemy to stay is progress.

\*\*\*\*ECTOR and Seim are tired | charger; but Hector was the hero of of the stable. Let's have a many berder 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 of in the direction of the Brazos

"Dar am 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 boun' 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 palmette.

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 Mexicans, you know, are not noted pricked up his ears, and seemed shy for their honesty, or their civility to 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

holdly confornted 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 salntation 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 slielter in the tangled mezquite.

Bertha glanced anxiously at the dark foliage within which he had disappeaded, 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 be 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 Sellm 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

"Good heavens, Annette, we are surrounded!"

It was true. A dozen Mexicans stood between Ametty and Bertha, completely cutting off Annettels retreat to Brownsville:

Aunette Instantly comprehended the perif of her positions used the motive along at a swaying, uncertain pace, unwhich induced the low browed rescals lable to regain the advantage he had: to make her their victim instead of

"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 charice for

Hector, a stout iron gray cavatry for Brownsville, followed by a jeering felt herself almosat fainting in the slopes of an ancient volcano in

Annette shook the rein, and, with aroused within her heart renewed hope, a free head, Selim flew down the narrow road.

The Mexicans, as she well knew, had their tough little ponies concealed near by, and were soon in hot pursuit of the flying girl.

Her heart grew faint within her when she saw the deadly lariat coiled, ready for instant use, at each saddle bow, knowing, as she did, the dexterity of the murderous hands that used it with such fatal effect.

"The wretches mean to steal you, Selim," she whispered, as if the animal could understand her words; "but they shall not, for you shall die under my weight before I'll see you become a prisoner to such cruel cap-

Just as she ceased speaking, Selim gave a tremendous bound to one side. At the same moment a sharp, whizzing sound was heard close to her ear, and something that felt like the lash of a whip grazed her cheek.

A Spanish curse immediately thereafter, mingled with the clattering of hoof beats, telling the dauntless girl that through the timely shying of her

horse the lasso had missed its mark. The noble creature recovered its feet in an instant, and came to the road as straight as an arrow, and at a speed that sent the chaparral whirling by,

a mass of indistiguishable foliage. "Do your best, Sellm!", she urged. 'It's death behind; the river and safe-

ty before." But Selim was doing his best. Every muscle that like a network veined his dripping neck and breast stood out like whipcords, attesting the desperate effort he was making to distance his bloodthirsty pursuers, yet the fleet hoofs did not falter. On they sped until they struck the prairie.

Five miles of grassy level broke suddenly into view, and the gallant horse bounded at headlong speed on the open

But there a new danger menaced the brave girl. Her pursuers separated to the right and left, with the evident intention of surrounding their helpless victim and making her an easy prey before she could reach the

Still cool and self-possessed, Anto ease as much as possible the laboring lungs and foaming flank of her now panting steed. She felt him straining at every nerve, and with hand and voice she strove to cheer

The heat, which was killing the finer animal, had little effect on the horses of the foe. They could not match the thoroughbred in speed, for he had kept the advance so far as to defy the dread lariat, but the hardy, long haired ponles of the Mexicans were natives of the soil, and did not greatly mind the sultry atmosphere, or the suffocating

blinding, before them. Roweled on by their flerce riders, they kept steadily in pursuit, apparently not much the worse for their long race, while poor Selim's wide open mouth was dropping foam at every step, and his smoking sides quivering painfully under Annette's slight

weight. An abrupt turn in the road, near at hand, would bring them in sight of the Half Way House. Five minutes more and they would be safe. But alas! where she had hoped to find safety stood three dark, savage looking men, whose object in being there it was not at all hard to guess. Yet they would scarcely dare to murder her so near the American forces encamped opposite the Half Way House.

The thought gave her new courage, and, when the foremost of the three villains would have seized her bridle, she struck him a blinding blow across the eyes with her riding whip.

Half maddened by his terrible run, Selim reared viciously and struck another of his would-be captors to the ground, leaped over the prostrate body, and was off again like the wind, But his sudden onward dash was of short duration; in vain Annette urged the noble animal to one more effort. It was useless. Selim was staggering lost in the encounter with the three Mexicaus, who, anticipating the chances of Annette's escape, had been stationed in the turn of the road to intercept her further flight in that direc-

Sick and dizzy with the heat, fatigue In a second the gray was dashing and fear of her frantic ride, Annette

A furlous yell from the Mexicans ing basalt in eclumina forms

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 chapar-

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. dust, looking little like the magnificent charger that so daintily pranced from under the china trees in the cool

of the dewy merning. 45 "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 Ar thur 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 satisfastion 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 nette caught up her heavy riding skirt | by a young trooper, who scowled darkly when he caught their curningly 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 clouds of dust which arose, gray and 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 fo 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, henest man; exactly that and nothing more. He is not brilliant. A plain, homely man, he is a rational representative of the French middleclass. 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 middleclass 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, here by the old, red-tiled farm-house near Marsanne, mey 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 Everbody's Magazine.

The action of the weather has entirely washed away the ash-built in this way they serve to curtail, for a Wyoming, leaving only the core shows

### 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 telegrappic news. It isn't printed daily, with an "extra" every hour, And the editor's not bragging of his in-

fluence 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 J.ggers 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 debuting club will give a sociable next week, At which our fellow-townsonsu, Abner Brotherton, will speak."

his glossy coat gray with sweat and There are never learned essays on the questions of the day, But it says that "folks are looking for aother 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 in-

vited 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.



"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 Ne'er 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. Lingerloug-"What makes your little dog howl 30?" Miss Vince Garr-"He always howls like that when he thinks it is time to shut up the house for the night."-Chicago

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. Snappe "I'll bet it isn't a circumstance to the passion your daughter's music arouses in my bushand."--Philadelphia Ledger.

"Now, m/ child," said the cannibal mether to her youngest hopeful, "I want you to be on your good behavior and not make a pig of yourself." "What 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 Le wants. Those pears are hard as brickbats.

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 temove the chill from the house; time at least, the generally excessive heat of the furnace and steam-heater. They are also excellent in sickness.