

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, DECEMBER 30, 1904.

NO. 41

UNCHANGEABLE.

Oh, the world is growing older, but the heart of love is young;
All the wooing songs we whisper are the songs of ages sung;
And the softly murmured story in the maiden's ear to-day
Is of Paris' love for Helen, told in just another way;
Cupid's eyes are bright with laughter and the shafts of merriment
Fly as straight and true as ever; for the barbed arrow sent
Through the heart of lad or lassie, driven high or driven low,
Is the same that cupid tipped with love a thousand years ago.

Oh, the moonlight's spell is changeless and the soft skies overhead
Lead love's footsteps in the pathway where the steps of ages led;
In the eyes of maidens lifted to the pleading eyes of men
Flash the shyly timid glances that have leaped and died again
When the earth was in its cradle, while the love-impassioned tongue
Tells to love the blissful story that was told when time was young;
For the shyly whispered answer, told in trembling tones and low,
Is the speech that tinkled golden on the harp of long ago.

And the bowl remains unbroken though the sped years sap the wine;
Though the grapes of love be gathered, springtime thrills the budding vine;
And the path by lovers trodden in the ecstasy of song
Is the path the ages followed, through a leafy way and long;
Soft the skies breathe benediction and the muses of the air
Swell and tell a bridal chorus as the truth is plighted there;
'Tis the song through untold ages by the chorused angels sung,
For the world is growing older, but the heart of love is young.

—J. W. Foley.

OVER THE WIRES

By S. Annie Frost.

FIRST. I must tell you who I am, and how I came to be in the Baysville Bank in the "wee, sma' hours" one dreary December night, some three years ago.

My name, then, is Olive Hudson, and I was seventeen years old that same December night, and so very small that Mrs. Knight's Dollie, who was not twelve, was half a head taller than myself.

We were rich folks once, but father died and left us very poor. Mother struggled along in a weary hand-to-hand fight with poverty till I was sixteen, and died. She had rented two rooms of Mrs. Knight, a widow also, with two stalwart sons, an aged father and two daughters. After mother died, I was adopted by the Knights, and although I was earning a support as music teacher in the Baysville Academy, I was like one of the family when I was in my good landlady's home.

They were all in good positions, although by no means an aristocratic family. John, the eldest son, was in New York in a wholesale sugar house; Tom was the right watchman of the Baysville Bank Building, and grandpa—we all called him grandpa—was telegraph operator of the town, while Mary was a milliner, and Dolly still at school.

Baysville Bank Building was a large granite structure, containing the post-office and bank on the first floor, the telegraph office and a number of private law offices on the second floor, and other private offices on the third floor. In the basement were post-office rooms for sorting the mail, and also the large bank vaults.

I knew the building well, for I was fond of telegraphing and spent half my leisure time perched up beside grandpa in his office, sending and receiving messages, while he slept peacefully or read the newspapers.

And that was the beginning of my amusement at Dryden, the next station. The operator at Dryden was a wit, and flashed nonsense to our office when business was dull. It fell flat when grandpa was in the office, but if I were there, I sent back jest for jest, and sometimes an hour slipped by like a minute as we talked over the wires of every topic under the sun. He called himself Lion, and I, for nonsense, signed myself Elephant, laughing while I did so at the reflection of my tiny figure in the office mirror.

Beyond Dryden, and only five miles from Baysville, was C—, a large commercial town, the nearest railway station, and where an office was always kept open for the accommodation of travelers.

As I have said, Tom Knight was the night watchman of Baysville Bank Building and a lonely time he had of it. The last mail came in by stage at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the postoffice was vacated at 6. The bank closed at 3, and by 6 every office was deserted for the night.

At 7 Tom was on duty, and grandpa, who was restless at night, was in the habit of taking down some coffee and luncheon, as the building was only a stone's throw from our house.

On the December night I have already mentioned, it had stormed heavily all day, and I had taken a new class at the Academy, coming home later in the day than usual, and excited by my increase of salary.

Everybody else had gone to bed, and

I was lingering over the kitchen fire with Mrs. Knight, dreading the plunge into my cold room, where I had allowed the fire to go out.

The clock struck 12, and Mrs. Knight, lifting her face from over the fire, said: "Do call grandpa, Olive; he's asleep on the sofa in the sitting room. I'll have Tom's basket ready by the time grandpa has his hat and coat on. I hate to call him, for he was complaining of rheumatism to-day, and the ground is very wet, although the storm is over."

"Let him sleep," I said; "I'll run over with the basket. It is not a step."

"But it is so dark. Are you not afraid?"

"Not a bit. I'll slip on my waterproof and rubbers, and draw the head of the cloak over my head."

"Well, if you will. Though I am afraid Tom will scold at my letting you go."

"I'll put the basket on the table and run, and he will never know who left it."

"Go into the rear basement door. He leaves that open for grandpa."

"I know."

I grasped the handle of the basket, hurried across the space between the building and the house, and stole softly in at the basement door, in pursuance of my plan to drop the basket and run.

In my rubber shoes my steps were noiseless, and I had scarcely passed the threshold when I stood rooted to the floor in terrified amazement. Somebody was talking.

I crept forward and listened. There were men in the bank vault, and a light shone under the door.

While I listened some one said: "There's a confounded draught here. Did you shut the door, Smith?"

"Yes, but the wind may have blown it open."

I had just time to dart under the staircase and crouch down, when the door of the vault opened and a man came out.

He crossed the entry, drew the two heavy, noisy bolts, fastening the door by which I had entered, and returned without closing the vault door.

I could look in by the dim light to see two men working at the safe locks by the stream of light thrown from a dark lantern.

There was the outline of a man bound and gagged upon the floor, but I could only conjecture it was Tom, for I could not see distinctly.

There I was nicely caged, for it would be impossible for me to draw those heavy bolts without attracting notice. And the bank was being robbed, that was evident. How could I prevent it? I could not get out, I could not reach Tom. Suddenly I remembered the telegraph office on the second floor. If I could summon help from C—, it was only five miles, and there was a long job for the burglars before they could open the safe.

Could I creep around the staircase? If one of those busy men turned his head I was lost. I softly crept out on all fours, slowly, watchfully, and gained the stairs. Up I darted, blessing my India rubber shoes, till I gained the door of the telegraph office. All dark there, and I dared not strike a match.

I listened, and then, leaving the door open, groped my way to the well-known desk, and gave the signal at C—. I could hear my own heart-

throbs as I waited for the answer. It came! Still working in the dark. I sent this message:

"Burglars in the Baysville Bank vault! Watchman bound and gagged! Can you send help?"

Again the agony and suspense of listening, but at last the sound reached me:

"Will send help immediately!" I crept to the head of the staircase, afraid the clear ring of the instrument had been heard in the vault; but no one came upstairs. The window of the telegraph office faced the street, so I returned, bolted myself in safely, and sat down to watch.

The town clock gave one resonant stroke, breaking the deep silence, and no signs of life were visible on the long stretch of road leading to C—. I was numb with cold, wishing heartily that I had not left Tom's basket under the staircase, thinking regretfully of my own cosy bed, when I heard afar off the sound of horses' feet.

No sister Anne, in Blue Beard's tower, was ever more watchful than I was then.

Would the burglars take the alarm? The building made a corner of two streets, and I saw eight mounted men dash up the road, separate, and while four dismounted in front, four went to the rear.

The burglars were unprepared for this flank movement, for while the police in front were thundering at the main entrance, the robbers rushed to the rear basement door, right into the arms of the police stationed there.

I could hear the hubbub, pistol shots fired, the shuffle of feet, cries, oaths, and general confusion, and I slipped down stairs, out of the now deserted main entrance and home.

Everybody was abed, and I went to my own room, had a good crying spell, and comforted my half-frozen body in double blankets, where I soon fell asleep.

All this was on Friday night and I had no teaching to do until Monday, so I slept late; but on coming down, found all the family prepared to make a heroine of me.

"I never knew until mother told me this morning," said Tom, "that it wasn't grandpa who sent the telegram to C—. By Jove, Olive, you're spunky. If you are little, I gave up when four of them pounced upon me from one of the upper rooms. They must have got in through the day and hid there."

I tried to make the Knights promise not to tell my adventure, but could not. Before night all Baysville knew how Olive Hudson caught the burglars. I was in the office with grandpa, when over the wires came this message:

"What does Olive Hudson look like? Everybody in Dryden is talking about her great exploit."

I flashed back:

"What do you suppose such a woman would look like? She's nearly six feet, broad-shouldered and loud-voiced, a perfect Elephant."

"Was it really yourself, Elephant?"

"Dear Lion, it really was!"

"Do you know, I want to see you. I am going to New York to-day, but I'll be back next spring."

If he came to Baysville, he did not see me. I ran away in a fit of shyness.

In March a wonderful thing happened. My mother's brother, who had been seventeen years, nearly all my lifetime, in Cuba, came to New York, found me out and took me into a life of ease and luxury, making me his pet in his splendid house. He was a bachelor, over fifty years of age, and with large wealth.

He introduced me to old friends of his own, and my circle of acquaintances widened every day. I was entirely happy.

One day Uncle George brought home to dine a stranger, whom he introduced as:

"The son of an old friend, Clive, Mr. Roberts."

I made myself agreeable, as in duty bound, to Mr. Roberts, a man of thirty or thereabouts, with a face that was downright ugly, but pleasant from the expression of frank good humor and intelligence upon it. We talked of everything, and I was surprised at the congeniality of taste that we soon discovered. In an animated discussion of heroines, Mr. Roberts, turning to Uncle George, said:

"You were kindly inquiring this morning about my fortune since father died, but I did not tell you one little episode. Before I was fortunate enough to obtain my present lucrative situation, I was for a time telegraph operator in a small place called Dry-

den, and there I heard of a real heroine of whom the world will probably never hear."

I knew what was coming, but I kept my face perfectly composed to listen. When the story was finished, giving Uncle George a sly pinch to keep him quiet, I said:

"What kind of a looking person was the wonderful heroine?"

"I never saw her; for although Baysville was the next village to Dryden, I never went there. But she was described to me as tall, strong and masculine."

"In short, my dear Lion," I said gravely, "she was a perfect Elephant."

Such a stare as greeted me I am certain never came upon Leo Roberts' face before or since that hour. His eyes dilated until I thought they would pop out of his dear, ugly face, and his mouth opened in utter amazement. Finally he gasped:

"Pardon me, I—was it really you?"

"Uncle George," I said, "will you please introduce me properly to Mr. Roberts? I believe he thinks your niece must share your name."

With a flourish Uncle George arose, and gravely introduced:

"Mr. Leo Roberts, Miss Olive Hudson—Miss Hudson, Mr. Roberts."

After that we could not certainly be strangers. Mr. Roberts came "many a time and oft" to dine with Uncle George.

And one day there was a wedding, where the bride was very small, buried in lace and orange blossoms, and the bridegroom was ugly and good natured; but it was a true love match, a fit ending for the flirtation commenced at Dryden and Baysville, over the wires. —Waverley Magazine.

Raising Submarine Boats.

A method of raising submarine torpedo boats by acetylene is being experimented upon by the German naval authorities. Large tanks are built in the boat, with a sea connection; when these are filled with water the boat will sink, and to raise her again these must be emptied, which process, done in the ordinary way, requires powerful pumps and complicated mechanism. It is evident that multiplication of machinery is particularly objectionable in a submarine craft, and the German method avoids all necessity for pumps. When it is desired to raise the boat, a charge of calcium carbide of the right size is placed in an acetylene generator, which is connected to the water tanks, an immense volume of gas is formed, and on opening a cock this rushes into the water tank, forcing out the water through the sea connection, and the boat rises.

By a slight change, this method could be used for the raising of sunken vessels. Tanks filled with water could be sunk in the ship's hold, and when the number was sufficient to float her when empty the water could be driven out by acetylene and the ship would rise. A charge of carbide might be introduced into each tank and form the gas there, or a separate generator connected to the tanks might be used.

What He Was Up To.

"Do you know of the only Irishman who ever committed suicide?" asked W. B. Pollard, of Jersey City, who was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last night.

"You know it is said that Irishmen never commit suicide, and when the argument was advanced in a crowd of that nationality he was so unstrung that he decided to show his opponents that Irishmen do sometimes commit a rash act. He accordingly disappeared, and the man who employed him started a search. When he got to the barn he looked up toward the rafters and saw his man hanging with a rope around his waist."

"What are you up to, Pat?" he asked.

"O'm hanging meself, begobs," the Irishman replied.

"Why don't you put it around your neck?"

"Faith, Oi did, but Oi couldn't braytie," was the unsmiling reply of the man from the Emerald Isle. —Louisville Courier-Journal.

Reason of Preference For Bull Fighting.

Once in a while one of the Sunday exhorters on the Common starts the crowd with his hits. A well-known old spellbinder was comparing the vices and amusements of various countries and the relation between the two. In particular he described bull fighting in Spain and pugilism in this country.

"An' I don't know but what bull fighting is the better," he roared, "God Almighty made the bulls for beef, but when you kill a pugilist, what use is he to anybody?" —Boston Record.

JUBILEE TIME IN GEORGIA.

It's the jubilee time in Georgia now—the crops are done laid by—
An' you hear the songs of falltime everywhere;
There's the "Bob White" of the partridge in the sedge fields all around;
An' the drovin' of the bees is in the air;
The folks is all a-flutter an' a-fixin' up their best
An' makin' for the arbor made of bushes an' of trees,
An' the baskets of provisions a regiment would feed,
An' there's happiness an' laughter in the breeze.

It's the jubilee time in Georgia—not a care in all the world,
There ain't a worry that we'd call our own;
The crops are all a-makin' an' the harvest ain't far off,
An' it's as easy for to laugh as 'tis to groan.
The potatoes are a-waitin' for the silver frost to fall,
An' the corn is hardenin' faster every day,
An' the killin' time's a-comin' an' the hogs are gittin' fat,
An' the harvest time in Georgia's on the way!

It's the jubilee time in Georgia—an' the trees 'll all soon turn
An' their yellow leaves 'll scatter on the ground,
An' possum an' potatoes 'll be floatin' through our dreams
An' there 'll be a dozen smiles for every frown,
An' way off in the distance you can hear the fiddler's call
An' the sou'n' of trippin' feet upon the floor,
An' the country's just as happy as a cooin' babe in arms,
'Cause the jubilee time in Georgia's here once more!

—Atlanta Constitution.



"Tourism says it only takes a cent to run his auto a mile." "I always wondered what the scent was for." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mabel—"Mamma says our consciences should tell us when we are naughty." Kattie—"Yeth, but I don't listen to gossip!" —Harper's Bazar.

Hope on, hope ever, once was thought
To stimulate life's bustle;
But now, to such a pace we're wrought,
'Tis hustle—over hustle.
—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

The Hare—"Your reputation for slowness gives you a great advantage at election time." The Tortoise—"In what way?" The Hare—"They can't accuse you of being a repeater."

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower," said the young woman who boasts. "Yes," answered Mrs. Packinham of Chicago; "I understand that travel was very cheap on that boat." —Washington Star.

Giffle—"Did you ever actually know of a man making a mountain out of a molehill?" Spinks—"Well, the proprietor of the hotel I stopped at last summer came very near doing it in his prospectus." —Puck.

"Isn't that orator always saying something he will be sorry for?" "It's worse than that," answered the politician. "He is always satisfied with what he says. His political friends are sorry." —Washington Star.

His feelings he tried to disguise—
The girl, though, began to surmise,
That something like wooing
Was certainly doing,
Because of his looks and deep sighs.
—Cleveland Leader.

"But," said the Rev. Dr. Broadley, "you must remember the Bible tells us to love our neighbors." "It's quite impossible," replied Mrs. Upperten. "I simply hate mine." "Well—er—then, hate them in moderation." —Philadelphia Press.

Little Rodney—"Papa, what is the difference between climate and weather?" Mr. Wayout (of Dismal-hurton-the-Link)—"Climate, my son, is what a locality has when you are buying a home there, and weather is what it has afterwards." —Puck.

"I certainly did enjoy your sermon," said the hard case, who seldom attended church. "Indeed?" replied the Rev. Mr. Tawker, "and which part did you enjoy the most?" "I guess it was the part where I dreamed I had a million dollars." —Philadelphia Ledger.

A Queer Creature.

The South American amphispenna is a queer creature, and to fix its species has been a stumbling block to many naturalists. To look at it any one would take the creature for a large earthworm. It has no ears, as other lizards have. No eyes are apparent, and it progresses with equal ease forward or backward in its subterranean burrows.