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V. L. I.

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NO. 1

OFF TO THE FISHING GROUND.

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY.

There's a piping wind from a sunrise shore
Blowing over a silver sea,
There's a joyous voice in the lapsing tide
That calls enticingly.
The mist of dawn has taken flight
To the dim horizon's bound,
And with wide sails set and eager hearts
We're off to the fishing ground.

No, comrades mine, how that brave wind
Sings
Like a great sea-harp afar!
We whistle its wild notes back to it
As we cross the harbor bar.
Behind us there are homes we love
And hearts that are fond and true,
And before us beckons a strong young
day
On leagues of glorious blue.

Comrades, a song as the fleet goes out,
A song of the Orient sea!
We are the heirs of its tingling strife,
Its courage and liberty.
Sing as the white sails cream and fill
And the foam in our wake is long,
Sing till the headlands black and grim
Echo us back our song!

Oh, 'tis a glad and heartsome thing
To wake ere the night be done
And steer the course that our fathers
steered
In the path of the rising sun.
The wind and walkin and wave are ours
Wherever our bourne is found,
And we envy no landsman his dream and
sleep
When we're off to the fishing ground!
—Youth's Companion.

COUSIN KATE.

I HAD just arrived in England after ten years' service abroad, and was now speeding by train to my old home in Kent, a day, too, before I was expected, in order to spy out the land and take my cousin Kate unawares, and the reason for this was to be found in a letter I had that day received from my father. I took it out of my pocket and read it again for the twentieth time. There was no mistaking its import, and that was disquieting enough.

"My dear Jack," it said, "I have refrained till now to broach a subject upon which I have set my heart. Since your mother's death I have led a jolly life, and it is now my wish that you should cut the service, take to yourself a wife and settle down here as my nearest neighbor on as fine an estate as there is in the whole County of Kent. I will come to the point at once. Your cousin, Kate Fielding, upon her attaining her majority last month came into the entire Selcombe property and £15,000 a year. Now, I do not know what your predilections may be in the matter, or, indeed, whether you are still heart whole or not. But Kate is a dear, good, sensible, level-headed girl—a wild sort of a creature once, as you may remember, but sedate enough now—and if you could bring yourself to liking her—and persuade her, if persuasion be necessary, to like you, and make a match of it, I should be the happiest of men, feeling it to be an adequate recompense for your long absence, and a guarantee that I should never lose sight of you again for long. I am sending this letter to your agents so as to give you twenty-four hours of reflection before your arrival here on Thursday.—Yours affectionately, John Hamilton."

"Just so," I said, thrusting the letter once more into my pocket. "The dear old governor is in dead earnest, but he is the worst matchmaker outside of petticoats in the three kingdoms. What! marry that harum-scarum, tree-climbing, bareback riding tomboy, Kate Fielding! Not if I know it. I don't want to offend the old boy, but he must be a bit reasonable in this matter. We must argue it out together. Why, if I remember aright, she had red hair and a squint, and no girl can ever recover from red hair and a squint. Sedate enough now, is she? She must have changed, indeed. Why, I remember her once fighting a boy twice her size for ill treating a three-year-old little maid. God! that was fine. I did like that. Why, hello! What is this? Here already?"

I jumped out upon the platform. The old station master touched his cap. "Artly glad to see you back again, Capt'n. Are you expecting the carriage down?"

"No, Briggs. Glad to see you looking younger than ever. Send up my dressing case to the butler, and let the rest of the luggage follow to-morrow."

"Right, sir. Then you don't wish a fly?"

"No; I shall take a short cut afoot across the meadows."

And with that I strolled down the familiar village street until I came to the hedgerows, and, mounting a stile, caught a glimpse of the old home. Beyond some two miles of intervening meadows lay a broad belt of woodland, and above it a square church tower, with gables and clustered chimney-tops, russet colored in the slant rays of the setting sun. It wanted an hour and a half to dinner time, as I ascertained by my watch, and leaping from the stile I proceeded down the footway between the high hedgerows, leisurely

swinging my umbrella and thinking always of that little hoyden Kate and of what the immediate future had in store for me in that direction.

Suddenly I became conscious of an alarming change in the weather. The tops of the hedgerows bent all a-slant, and the larger twigs beat the air like whips. A great pall of darkness spread overhead, threaded now and then by lines of fire, and at last a loud smack right overhead brought my reflections to a full stop.

"By Jove!" said I, "I am caught in a thunderstorm and a mile yet to go."

Quickening my pace and rounding a sharp turn in the pathway I perceived barely twenty paces in advance of me an adorable little figure, with skirts fluttering in the wind and fussy hair all blown awry, who was struggling wildly with a red parasol that refused to be closed. Just in front of her was a stile; the rain now began to come down in great splashes, a flurry of wind caught her as she was nearly over the stile, and the red parasol went careering away in midair like a parachute.

This was an opportunity not to be lost, and before she was aware of my presence I had leaped over the stile and was handing her down on the other side, with my umbrella unfurled and ready.

"Pardon me," I said, in my very best manner. "As you appear to be going my way will you permit me to offer you the hospitality of my camp?"

She turned up the loveliest face in all the wide world, with the rosiest cheeks and the prettiest of dimples coming and going in them, and her white teeth showed deliciously as she laughed and said—

"Circumstances would compel me in any case, and I thank you very much," and without further ado she put her head under the umbrella in very near proximity to my own. I never knew such rain as followed outside of the tropics. It came down in unbroken liquid splines as thick as your finger, and an umbrella, even of the widest capacity, was a very small providence indeed under such circumstances. Happily, however, before we had time to exchange a dozen further words a sharp bend in the path brought us to an outbuilding, the door of which stood invitingly open. At that moment the sky opened wide with flame and belched with thunder, and with a common impulse we sought the opportune shelter. There was then an awkward pause and a sense of embarrassment in which we had an equal share. At last I said:

"Are you living in this neighborhood?"

"For the present, yes," she answered. "Perhaps, then, we shall be neighbors. My people live at the Grange."

"You, then, are Captain Hamilton?"

I was somewhat surprised at this, but gave no sign of it, only as I removed my hat. "At your service."

"I know your father, and have often heard him speak of you. I don't think he expects you to-day, however."

Again I wondered, but hoping to obtain information, and, feeling, somehow, that I had an honest girl to deal with, I at once blurted out the truth.

"Can I trust you?" I said, quickly adding, "Indeed, I know I can."

She laughed the merriest of all possible laughs—I have never known such a merry laugh as that girl had.

"Yes," she answered, "I think I may be trusted. But why the question?"

"It is this. I have a cousin living down here—her name is Kate Fielding."

"I know her very well."

"That simplifies matters. I have not seen her for ten years, and I thought I would run down to-day and have a peep at her unawares."

"You have a motive in doing so, of course?"

"Well, yes, but I must not carry my confidences too far."

"Don't; I have not invited them."

"Quite so. Well, I always detested this cousin of mine."

"Indeed! And why? I like her very much myself, although, speaking candidly, she has certain faults."

"There you are," I answered, triumphantly; "the chief of which is ugliness."

"She certainly is no beauty."

"Beauty! I can see her now—a red-headed, squint-eyed, madcap creature, climbing trees and fighting boys."

"Fighting boys! How shocking!"

"Yes. I saw her once lick a boy as big as two of her; he had been mauling his little baby sister. But I liked her for that, and took her up in my arms and kissed her."

"Did she like it?"

"I think not, for she simply smacked my face and said, 'How dare you, sir! That's what the little spiteful did. I suppose her hair is as red as ever?'"

"Red! No; it is mouse color."

"Mouse color! That's odd; I never knew red hair to go mouse color."

"Oh! It does sometimes."

"What about the squint?"

"Her spectacles hide that."

"Spectacles! You don't mean to tell me that—"

"I do, but, poor thing, that is no fault of hers."

"Certainly not, but hang it all! a cousin in spectacles. Who—?"

"Who what?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. She has come into a lot of money, hasn't she?"

"Heaps of it. Some girls seem to have all the luck."

"Pooh!" said I, looking her over admiringly, "what is money without—"

"What?"

"Beauty," I answered, as bold as brass; "beauty such as—"

She made a sudden bolt for the door. "The rain is over," she said. "Look, there is the sun again. I must hurry away home or I shall be late."

And then, to the very gates of the Grange, there was nothing but common-place exchanged between us. Not another word would she utter about my cousin Kate. At the gates we parted, and I watched her until she disappeared at a sharp bend in the road, and with a sigh I said, "No cousin Kate now for me. Poor old governor—we shall have a bad quarter of an hour over this." Then I sneaked round to the back of the house and furtively interviewed Simpson, our old butler, and soon after was dressing for dinner. On my way down I once more encountered Simpson.

"Is Miss Fielding in the drawing room, Simpson?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, and Mr. Dobbins, the curate. He dines here to-night, too, sir."

I thanked him, and girding up my loins for whatever might befall, entered the drawing room, where my worst fears were at once realized. She was sitting alone at a little table turning over the leaves of a book. Mouse colored hair, spectacles, a straight up and down figure clad in black with a triangle of Honiton lace down the front, and sedateness enough in all conscience. Nothing was lacking in the picture my imagination had painted. I can just remember introducing myself to her, and being introduced by her in turn to Mr. Dobbins. All the rest is a disordered dream—my father making a great ado over my premature coming; my taking this dreadful cousin Kate of mine into dinner at the very moment the loveliest of apparitions appeared upon the threshold, and, with a glance of withering scorn at me, placidly taking Mr. Dobbins' arm and being led by him to her seat at the table. And to drive me further mad was this awful cousin of mine with the mouse colored hair nodding gravely to mine, but never saying a word herself beyond an occasional "yes" or "no" or "oh! indeed!" while the radiant being opposite was beaming upon a delighted curate and driving me to the very depths of despair. I held my peace. I remember, with the governor when the ladies had retired, thinking to have it out with him afterward, and it was with a sense of relief when I entered the drawing room to find my cousin Kate at the piano rolling forth a lugubrious ditty. All this I recall dimly, but remembrance clears as I see that radiant vision suddenly advance and sent itself by my side.

"Ah!" I said, "at last."

"Captain Hamilton," came the as-

foundling reply. "I am afraid you are an imposter. You told me you came down here to—well—to be, at least, polite to your cousin Kate."

"Hang it all," I said, somewhat testily, "I am afraid I have done my best to be polite, but it has nearly killed me all the same."

"I don't believe, indeed, I know that you have not said one pleasant word to her this evening."

"Well," I replied, pointing toward the piano, "there she is. Ask her."

"Ask her! Why should I ask her? I am not speaking of her, but of your cousin Kate."

My breath began to come quick and fast as I again pointed to the piano.

"Pray," I asked, "who, then, is that blessed woman?"

"Why, the curate's wife, Mrs. Dobbins, of course. Who else?"

Then a glorious light suddenly dawned upon me.

"Oh! you little wretch," I said, "it is you, then, who climbed trees and thrashed a boy and smacked a rude man's face for kissing her without permission?"

"Alas! good sir, I must admit the soft impeachment," and the peal of merry laughter that burst from her lips at that moment, even drowning Mrs. Dobbins' lugubrious ditty. I shall never forget to my dying day.

Some little time afterward my father had his dearest wish. I did not think it worth my while, after all, to argue the point out with him.—Boston Cultivator.

Wire Fences as Conductors.

The number of cattle killed each year by lightning has become considerably larger since wire fences have come into use in the West. The use of wire fences has become extensive, and there is practically little land now that is not fenced in. Many cattle are killed in open fields surrounded by fences, where there is not a tree or anything else to attract the lightning. Most of them are found near the fences, and it is said that the farmers' insurance companies are considering a raise in their rates on this account. The remedy has been suggested of running wires into the ground every few yards, and where this has been tried it seems to have proved quite successful.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Full and Empty Cotton Sheds.

"As I came down the Southern today," said T. J. Howard, "I saw many places along the line where cotton was piled up under roofs. That's a pretty good indication, if my observation is worth anything. I have been traveling the South for a number of years, and a long time ago I learned that cotton on hand meant a planter without debt. Whenever I see a cotton shed or gin house empty I take it for granted that the farmer is behind, and that he has been forced to sell in order to pay his obligations. But when I see the cotton piled up as I saw it to-day and yesterday, I take it for granted that the planter is at home, and that he owes mighty little, if anything."—Atlanta Constitution.

WAGNER WAS TOO STRENUOUS.

Threatened to Ruin the Only Piano in Faraway Nome.

One of the characters in Nome, Alaska, was Dick Dawson, who had a saloon, dance hall and gambling hell combined, and had brought his outfit, including an automatic piano, down from Dawson City over an almost impassable route.

One day when things were rather quiet in the place, Oscar, the chief and only musician on the staff, got to work with the automatic piano and pumped at the pedals in ambitious style.

He had ground out a lot of old-fashioned home and mother songs, when suddenly, without the least warning, he struck into the "Ride of the Valkyries."

When the crashing opening chords first sounded, Dawson, who was standing at the end of the bar, started and looked around, to see what was the matter. Then the music took on a lighter tone, and as a delightful thrilling run sounded out in the treble he settled back to enjoy it.

A rain came a dash and thump, bump, thump, as the bass chords got a work again. Dawson started over toward the piano on the run.

"Don't bother yourself, Dick," said a bystander. "That's all right, that music. That's Wagner."

"Who the —'s Wagner?" was the answer. "I'll kill that Oscar for letting him spoil the piano!"—New York Sun.

SCIENCE NOTES.

With the progress of irrigation throughout the land of the Nile the demand for modern steel windmills is steadily increasing. It is reported that a firm in Alexandria recently placed an order for 22 modern windmills with a German firm.

On immersing in cold distilled water a rod of one of the four non-crystalline tin-aluminum alloys, Sn5Al, Sn3Al, Sn2Al, and SnAl3, the surface of which has been worked with the file, an abundant evolution of detonating gas takes place for two or three minutes at the field surface of the alloy.

On passing a current of hydrogen through a silica tube heated until soft by an oxyhydrogen flame, a deposit of silica, either alone or mixed with silicon, is formed in the tube, the silica being reduced by the hydrogen forming silicon hydride and water vapor, which react together in the reverse direction at a slightly lower temperature.

Lead-aluminum alloys are described by H. Pecheux in Comptes Rendue. Molten mixtures of aluminum and lead, containing less than 90 percent of the former metal, separate, on cooling, into three layers, the lower one consisting of lead, the middle one of an alloy containing 90 to 97 percent of aluminum, while the upper one is aluminum. Of the alloys obtained in this way, those containing respectively 83, 95, and 98 percent of aluminum have the densities 2.745, 2.674, and 2.600, and have nearly the same color as aluminum; they are malleable and are readily cut with the chisel, showing a silvery surface, but are not so hard as aluminum and are easily bent.

Not long ago a French explorer in travelling through Slam, observed a species of small gray ants which were new to him. These ants were much engaged in travelling; they lived in damp places and went in troops. To his surprise, he noticed among them from time to time an ant which was much larger than the others and moved at a much swifter pace, and each of these larger ants, Mr. Meissen saw, always carried one of the gray ants on its back. This discovery led him to watch their movements closely. He soon saw that while the main body of gray ants was always on foot, they were accompanied by at least one of their own sort mounted on one of these larger ants. He mounted and detached himself now and then from the line, rode rapidly to the rear, and seemed to be the commander of the expedition.

A Light That Will Never Go Out.

A thirty-six candle-power light which will never go out has been discovered by an inventor in London. While experimenting with photographic chemicals some years ago Magrady's attention was attracted by a glow in a small globe, caused by a chemical compound. Magrady enlarged the globe and perfected the light by placing it in an airtight glass. He says there is no reason why the light will not remain brilliant forever, if the glass is not broken. A company has been formed to manufacture the light.

Otherwise.

Praise keeps a woman young and a man—dead broke.

You never realize what a small salary you get until the plumber sends in his bill.

When a man is too old to be made a fool of by a pretty woman he's certainly in the centenarian class.

A woman's glory is in her hair—unless you catch her with it done up in curl papers.—Chicago News.

A large deposit of copper has been discovered in the State of Santa Catharina, Brazil. Work on exploitation will soon begin. The concession is in the hands of a German syndicate.

Cows Paid Good Dividends.

L. F. Page of Monroe, N. H., has completed his account with two cows for one year, as follows: Amount received from McIndoo's creamery \$26.48, received for milk sold \$28.04, making \$54.52. In addition to this amount Mr. Page has used in his family one quart of milk every day for the year. The feed for these cows has been strictly hay and grass.