

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

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

Single Copy, 5 Cents.

VOL. XVI.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1905.

NO. 2

THE STAR IN THE WEST.

The world has lost its old content:
With gilded joys and nervous hands
The age leads on; her sharp commands
Ring over plains and table lands
Of this wide watered continent.

Who calls the poor in spirit blest?
The rich in spirit win their own.
Hark to the war's shrill bugles blown!
Look to the rippling banner thrown
And streaming in the west!

Who says the meek inherit here?
The earth is theirs whose hands are strong.
Work for the night comes, art is long.
Onward the keen, stern faces throng,
Quick-eyed, intent, sincere.

Our life has lost its ancient rest,
The pale blue flower of peace that grows
By the cottage wall and garden close.
Star in the east, ah, whither goes
This star that leads west?

—Arthur Colton, in the Atlantic.

TRIBULATIONS OF JACQUES.

By CLAUDE COUTURIER.

FROM THE FRENCH BY LAWRENCE B. FLETCHER.

AS Jacques put the horse to the cart his master said:
"Vatin will give you sixty francs for the calf, understand. Take care you don't lose it."

"No fear of that," replied Jacques confidently, as he tied the calf fast and started on his three leagues' journey from Etrécourt, for St. Quentin. Arrived at the city he went straight to the butcher Vatin, delivered the calf and received the stipulated sixty francs. As he drove away he noticed that the clock indicated a quarter to nine, and said to himself that he would easily get back to the farm by dinner time. He drove slowly along the street, peering into the shop windows. One which bore the sign, "Vinsse Soeurs, Modistes," attracted him so strongly that he drew up to the curb and halted to feast his eyes on the marvels displayed in the window. There were hats and bonnets of wonderful complexity and riotous colors, and ribbons of rich velvet and glittering satin.

What especially aroused his admiration was a big straw hat, patriotically adorned with blue-bottles, daisies and poppies and broad green ribbons. He dismounted and stood before the window, with his eyes and mouth wide open. Some day, he thought, he might be able to buy such a hat for Clementine. His mouth expanded into a broad smile as he conjured up the picture of her pretty face framed in this work of art, and thought how pleased she would be to receive such a gift from him. Clementine and he were employed on the same farm, and, if not yet declared lovers, were in a fair way of becoming such. His reverie was rudely interrupted by the pressure of a heavy hand on his shoulder. He turned and saw his old comrade, Zephyrin, and several other people, men and women, who had stopped and were laughing at his astonishment.

"I didn't know you with that thing on," said Jacques, pointing to the other's high hat. Then his eyes wandered over the company. The men wore high hats and frock coats or dress coats of various vintages; the women had on silk dresses and shawls embroidered with flowers.

One girl was dressed entirely in white and wore a wreath of orange blossoms and a voluminous veil.

"A wedding party?" said Jacques. "Yes, and I am the bridegroom," responded Zephyrin with a laugh. "Come with us. We are going to luncheon." Jacques declined, saying that he must be home by noon. Zephyrin insisted.

"But I can't go like this," said Jacques, pointing to his rough blouse and great shoes. Then the bridegroom became angry. But still Jacques shook his head. Then the bride, a plump and vivacious little woman, told her husband that he ought not to insist, as the gentleman evidently did not find the society to his liking. This decided Jacques and he accepted the invitation. The bridal procession resumed its march; Jacques following with his cart. On the way Zephyrin told his mother-in-law why he had insisted on Jacques joining them.

"The cart will be handy if any of us get tired." The bridegroom's happy idea was received with approval by all.

The stars were shining. It was midnight. No sound was heard in the deserted street except the noisy rattling of the cart over the stones. Jacques steered a devious course out of the city. He muttered incoherent words, the most frequent of which were: "The

calf!" Then he felt his leather purse and swore. Only 20 of the 60 francs remained. He was quite sure, for he had counted the money several times by the light of his lantern. It was an easy sum to count, for the purse contained just one 20-franc piece.

This is how it came about. After luncheon he had been for going home. A few hours later, what was that? He could explain it and the master was good-humored. But taking a whole day off was a very different matter. He must go home. His companions urged him to stay, the ladies employed their most seductive arts, and finally the bridegroom brought forward a very plausible argument. The party was going out to Estrees on the Etrécourt road. To accompany it to that point would not delay Jacques greatly and then he could go on his way. Jacques yielded. At Estrees they found a village festival in progress.

The wine had circulated freely at luncheon and on the way out, so that Jacques was in no humor to refuse to dance a quadrille. After the quadrille came a polka, which a lady of his party begged him to dance with her. Then he danced a waltz and more waltzes and more polkas. Dancing is thirsty work, and after each dance the thirst was allayed—partially. Jacques forgot all about going home and spent the whole day at Estrees. He also spent, very soon, what little money he had of his own, and then he began on his master's. The money went rapidly. At sunset the wedding party packed itself into the cart and returned to the city, laughing and singing. Jacques drew a long sigh as he passed the milliner's shop and saw the gorgeous bonnet again. Yielding to a sudden impulse, he stopped the horse, handed the reins to the bridegroom and rushed into the shop. When he came out he had a big paper parcel in his hands and twenty francs less in his purse. He stood his companion's rally with good humor, but at dinner, which was the next event on the programme, he drank recklessly to drown his remorse. When the party broke up his companions had to help him into the cart.

Hence, as has been said, he found himself driving homeward at midnight in a very cloudy frame of mind. As he drove on the weather became cloudy, too. The stars vanished, the wind blew and presently the rain fell in torrents. Jacques had become slightly sobered and thoroughly wretched. Every few minutes he started at what seemed the plaintive cry of the calf lying bound behind him as in the morning. He turned and saw only the flamboyant hat. Then he thought of his almost empty purse and trembled at his master's wrath. With unsteady hands he drew the purse from his pocket, took out the lonely gold piece and stared at it vacantly. The wheel struck a stone and the coin slipped from his fingers and fell into the gutter. He dismounted, thrust his arm in the mud and groped for the treasure in vain. A gust extinguished his lantern and left him in darkness. He became panic stricken. He foresaw disgrace, arrest, imprisonment. Even Clementine would turn from him. He had just crossed the bridge when he stopped. He would end it all. With a last vow to Clementine on his lips he rushed to the canal and leaped into its waters.

Clementine, knowing that Jacques ought to have been back by noon, had been worrying about him for the last twelve hours. What could have happened? The dread of accident alternated with another disquieting thought. There were plenty of pretty girls in the

city. Perhaps Jacques had been ensnared by one of them. He went to the market every Saturday. Very likely he had a sweetheart in St. Quentin. Then her jealousy would vanish and her anxious fears return.

At supper the farmer noticed that Jacques was absent. He went to the stable and found that the horse and cart were missing also. Coming back with a black scowl on his face he swore a round oath and cried:

"The scoundrel has bolted with the money." There was a profound silence. Everybody knew of the attachment between Jacques and Clementine. The poor girl cowered in a corner, hoping to escape notice, but the farmer spied her and sneered: "So your lover is a thief." These cruel words haunted her after she had crept to her garret over the stable. Jealous though she was, she could not believe them. Jacques was honest, she was sure, even if he were unfaithful. She tossed uneasily on her pallet until the clock struck eleven. Then she got up and dressed. She would go in search of Jacques. She would bring him back, alive or dead. Slipping away noiselessly to the road, she went in the direction of St. Quentin. Her pace soon slackened to a walk, but she plodded on, mile after mile, resolved to go all the way to the city if necessary. She kept on through the furious storm which soon burst upon her, straining her eyes to see the dreadful thing which she now regarded as a certainty, Jacques lying by the roadside, bound and gagged, bleeding, dead perhaps. But she saw nothing until her weary limbs had carried her to the bridge, where she came upon the empty cart, with the horse asleep between the shafts. Climbing into the cart, she peered and groped about until she found the woman's hat. Ah, her jealousy had not been unfounded then, and she had come this weary way only to make certain her lover's treason. The long hours she had passed in anguish he had spent in the society of his city sweetheart.

An indistinct sound, coming from under the bridge, startled her and intensified her jealous anger. They were under the arch, on the towpath—where Jacques had stolen his first kiss! She sprang from the cart and ran down the bank. As she did so a sharp, despairing cry for help came from a little clump of bushes by the water's edge. It was Jacques' voice! She ran to the spot and found him half buried in mud, water and tangled grass, battling for life. Clementine vaded out to him, and after much effort succeeded in disentangling him and bringing him ashore. They fell into each other's arms with exclamations of "Jacques!" "Clementine!"

She thought no more of the tell-tale bonnet, and he had forgotten his theft. But when the first flush of the joy of meeting, and of rescuing and being rescued, had passed, Clementine asked: "How did it happen? And the woman? Where is she?" Jacques did not answer. The only effect of her questions had been to recall him to reality, to his crime and coming disgrace. "And the hat?" Clementine persisted. "Whose is it?" Jacques stood stupidly wagging his head. At last he exclaimed:

"I have eaten the calf!" "What?" she asked, staring at him. "I have eaten the calf!" he repeated. "He has gone crazy!" thought Clementine. Taking his arm she helped him up the bank and into the cart, placed herself beside him and began to drive homeward. Jacques continued to mutter: "I have eaten the calf!" in a voice which grew weaker with each repetition. Soon his head drooped forward and he fell asleep. Clementine seized the opportunity to take up the fatal bonnet and examine it. She almost screamed with surprise and joy when she read on the wrapper: "Mademoiselle Clementine Sarron, Etrécourt."

Now she understood everything. Jacques had stolen, but for her. How could she refuse to pardon him, especially as he had so soon repented to the point of suicide? She drew from her pocket the little purse that contained all her savings, and, shaking the sleeper vigorously and laughing through her tears, cried:

"Jacques! Jacques! Wake up! The calf has come to life again!"—New York Globe.

Epitaph to a Horse.

Over the grave of a horse in a private garden, near Westminster Abbey, is a stone engraved with this quotation from the Psalms: "Thou, Lord, shalt save both man and beast."

SCIENCE NOTES.

Signor Melcotti, an Italian, has invented an instrument which he calls the telecryptograph, and which sends or records telegraph messages in print, which are sent over ordinary telephone wires.

The council of the Royal Society of Edinburgh at its recent meeting decided to award Sir James Dewar, F. R. S., the Gunning Victoria Jubilee prize for 1900-4 for his researches on the liquefaction of gases extending over the last quarter of a century, and on the chemical and physical properties of substances at low temperatures.

The London Times reports that an aerogram was transmitted from the station at Poldhu, Cornwall, to a station of the Italian government at Ancona, Italy, traveling over 1000 miles and almost entirely overland. In order to reach their destination the ether waves had to pass over nearly the whole of France and a considerable part of Italy, including some of the highest mountains of the Alps.

Father Ricardo, director of the meteorological observatory at Santa Clara college, near San Jose, Cal., has discovered three large spots on the sun, one of them larger than the earth and the other two of still greater magnitude. The larger of the spots is a slight distance below the sun's equator and the two smaller ones some degrees above it. One of the small spots appeared to grow in size, and the discoverer believes that they will still further increase.

The artillery forces at Fort Riley are experimenting with a new shell, fitted with what is known as the Semple tracer. This tracer is a small cylinder at the base of the shell, filled with a composition which is ignited by the discharge of the gun. In burning it traces the trajectory of the shell from the gun to the point of fall. It furnishes a quick means of determining range at night. Traveling at about two thousand feet a second, the shells have the appearance of comets. At $\frac{1}{10}$ point of the fall the tracer leaves the shell and shoots straight up into the air about one hundred feet, and then, turning all aglare, shoots to the ground like a shooting star over the spot where the shell strikes.

The wonderful target practice of the British navy, forty-nine percent hits (which has since been beaten two points by our Atlantic squadron in quarterly practice) is said to be largely creditable to a mechanical contrivance invented by Captain Scott of the British navy, called a "dotter," by which a small paper target drawn to a scale, is caused to move in front of a gun with a combined vertical and horizontal movement. While the target is in motion the gun pointer endeavors to train the gun so as to keep the cross wires of his telescope on the target. Whenever the cross wires are "on" an electric connection causes a pencil to make a dot on the target, the dot representing a real shot on a real target at one thousand yards. Thus the men are accustomed to train the guns under the disturbing conditions of a ship in a seaway.

Salt an Extra in India.

"In India," said the tourist, putting down the salt cruet, "in India your restaurateur would charge you sixpence for a serving of salt like this." "Isn't the salt thrown in? Don't you get it for nothing?"

"Not in India. You order your salt there the same as you would order a chop or a potato, and you are charged for it on the bill. It seems funny to see this charge, 'Salt, so much.'"

"Salt is costly in India on account of the enormous salt tax that the English government levies. In consequence the people are careful of the salt over there. They don't waste a grain of it."—Baltimore Herald.

According to the Church Missionary Gleaner, the Christians in Japan number 140,806.

Vermont's Record Black Bear.

Probably the largest black bear killed in Vermont in the past twenty years was the one shot by David Semor of Warren on Granby Mountain. The carcass weighed 423 pounds. Mr. Semor refused an offer of \$55 for the skin and there is talk of introducing a bill into the legislature authorizing the purchase of the hide with a view to mounting it as a permanent exhibit at the state house.

Undignified Way of Advertising.

There is a common and unpleasant practice on the part of certain small tradesmen of hiring newsdealers to insert business circulars between the leaves of the daily papers sold in their neighborhoods. They are thus enabled to reach possible customers without advertising in those papers and without use of the mails.

This may be shrewd business, in one sense, but it is undignified and underhand to sneak one's goods into a house under false pretenses. And it is an irritation to the reader to have to shake out half a dozen sheets, varying from the size of an ash barrel dodger to full pages, before he can get at the news for which he bought the paper.

If he is one of the greedy readers, whose appetite is satisfied with nothing less than half a dozen papers, his office or parlor floor is well littered with those intruding advertisements before he is through with his reading.

Buyers might do something to check this business if they would signify to the news vendors that they prefer newspapers to circulars, and require their papers "straight."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Opening of the Season.

A young man entered his employer's office with nervous steps and downcast mien. "I regret to inform you, sir," he faltered, "that a near relative of mine departed this life yesterday morning, and the kick-off—I mean the funeral, sir," he hastily added, stammering over the frightful mistake—"will take place this afternoon at 3 o'clock precisely. May I absent myself from the office for an hour or two, to pay my last respects to the dear departed?" "Certainly, Brown—certainly!" exclaimed the generous employer, in an unusually enthusiastic tone of voice. "And, by the way," he added, "there will be another regretful ceremony at the end of the week. Business is dead—at any rate, as far as you are concerned—and the kick-off—I beg your pardon, I also mean the funeral—will take place at the moment you have drawn your salary. There is no necessity for me to mention the name of the dear departed in this case, I believe," he finally said, as poor Brown sadly sneaked away.—Birmingham (England) Post.

Death of an Exile.

Miss Eliza Bayne died in the Lyon County, Kansas, poorhouse the other day. She came to America more than forty years ago from France. She was highly educated and intelligent. Her destination was Kansas City, where a half-brother had lived and died, and she was in quest of certain moneys which she had intrusted to the half-brother's care. During the fifteen years Miss Bayne lived in Emporia she kept about her person a silk French flag in which she desired to be buried and in which she was buried. After her death \$30 were found sewed in the seam of her dress. The poor old soul had been hoarding the money for years in order that she might not be buried as a pauper.—New York News.

Insulted Her Jack.

According to an English actress there was once a fishmonger in a provincial town who had a fit of stage mania, so he studied, and went to the Sheffield Theatre stage to play a Shakespearean drama. His mother, a rustic, much against her better judgment, went to that ungodly place—a playhouse. All went well till Polonius said: "Do you know me, my lord?"

"Excellent well," replied Hamlet. "You are a fishmonger."

That was enough for the mother. She arose and shouldered her way out, exclaiming loudly: "Let me get out! Let me get out! I know they'd insult our Jack!"—New York News.

Imprisoned Royalities.

France detains as prisoners of State in Algeria both the Emperor of Annam and the Queen of Madagascar, while in Martinique she keeps imprisoned the King of Dahomey. King Prempeh of Ashanti, along with his numerous wives, the queen mother and his children are prisoners of Great Britain on the Seychelles Islands. The savage King of Benin has taken the place of the great Napoleon as another of England's royal captives on the Island of St. Helena, and in addition to these two African potentates Great Britain has several Indian rulers under detention since the loss of their thrones.

All Japanese Are Gardeners.

Japan is a nation of gardeners. Every man, woman and child is passionately fond of flowers. Gardening is a religion.