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THE LAND OF ANNIE LAURIE.

Where the mists of London come not
To obscure the Scottish sky,
Where they call a maid a "lassie,"
And they say "dee" for die,
In my hands I hold the heather
And my feet are in the ferns
Of the land of Annie Laurie
And the home of Bobbie Burns.

Now I put the hills behind me,
And o'er the ocean gray
I gaze out toward the Occident
With tear wet eyes to-day;
To earth's mainland—America—
My tired spirit turns
From the land of Annie Laurie,
And the home of Bobbie Burns.
—Cy Warman, in the New York Sun.

THE DOCTOR'S MISTAKE

CHAPTER I.

"H. dear! Oh, dear!"
Surely some one was crying close by. Dr. Hammond stood still a moment to listen. He was very tired. He had been called out of his bed soon after midnight to attend a patient, and now was returning home with the prospect of breakfast and an hour's sleep to cheer him on the way.
He gave a little involuntary sigh at the thought of possible luncheon, then turned aside from the beaten path through Ralford Woods, as the sound of distress was distinctly repeated. A few steps and he came upon the figure of a girl, prone at the foot of a big tree. The thick moss had deadened the noise of his approach, and she started violently when he said:
"What is the matter? Have you hurt yourself?"
"I didn't hear you coming. How you startled me! Hurt myself? I should think I have! Dreadfully, horribly—oh, oh!"
A tinge of pain blanched her cheeks.
Dr. Hammond was down on his knees in an instant.
"Your ankle, isn't it? Yes, I see," noting the awkward position of the leg. "You have given it a nasty twist. You fell, I suppose?"
"Yes, I did, in cross ascent. I came out for a walk. I thought I'd like to see how the woods look in the early morning. Oh, dear, I wish I hadn't come—I never will again! And then I caught my foot in a horrid root that stuck out, and when I tried to get up I couldn't, and I have been lying here, oh, ages, and I thought no one ever would pass by!"
"Poor little girl," said Philip Hammond, compassionately. "I dare say the time did seem long. Where do you live? I don't know your face."
"Oh, I am boarding with Mrs. Dawson at Myrtle Cottage. And how I am to get back there I don't know," and the tears trickled feverishly down the girl's pretty cheeks. For she was pretty—very pretty—the prettiest girl Philip thought he had ever seen.
"Oh, that's easy enough. I shall carry you."
"You carry me? Who are you, pray?"
"Philip Hammond, doctor of this village, quite at your service," responded the young man, his recent fatigue entirely forgotten.
"A doctor! How lucky! But—dubiously—"are you sure you can carry me?"
"Certain."
And, snatching the action to the word, Philip lifted the slender form with gentle, capable hands.
The girl shuddered, but set her teeth close.
"I am afraid you will have to endure some suffering till I can bathe and bandage the ankle," said Dr. Hammond.
And before they had gone a dozen paces Philip saw that she had fainted.

CHAPTER II.

It was a bad sprain, and Lalla Halding—such Mrs. Dawson informed the doctor was her boarder's name—was a bad patient. She was peevish and irritable.
"I hate being ill, and, besides, I must go back to the city, I must," she declared.
"You can't," was Dr. Hammond's quiet rejoinder.
"But I tell you I must," with increased vehemence. "I have things to do."
"They must go undone. You certainly cannot travel yet."
"When can I? In a couple of days? Three days? Four?"
"No; neither in two, three nor four days."
"When, then? Oh, how provoking you are! I believe you are glad to keep me here ill!" cried Lalla, petulant tears dimming the brightness of her dark eyes.
Philip paused a moment before replying. The girl's words were in a measure true. He did not desire that she should suffer, but he would like to keep her there, not merely for a few days or a week, but for always. Until now women, except in the light of patients, had not interested him. But Lalla Halding had awakened the love which had been dormant in his heart during all his thirty years of life. He knew nothing about her. He fancied she was a governess or a typewriter spending her scant holidays at Monticello. But her occupation in life mattered naught to him. He loved her and an all absorbing passion. Presently, when she was stronger, he would tell her of his love.

"On the contrary, I am sorry that you should be in pain," he said, bending over the foot, which he was rebandaging.
In spite of his efforts at self control his voice and his hands trembled ever so slightly. The tears did not prevent Lalla's sharp yes from noting these small signs of emotion.
"You are clumsy this morning; you hurt me!" she exclaimed, impatiently.
"I am sorry," rejoined the doctor, as he adjusted the last fastening.
It had been an ordeal to-day, tending and talking to this fractious patient, who a every mood allure and fascinated him.
"I can't think how you came to be always in the country," she remarked by and by.
"Can you not? My work is here," he replied.
"Yes, but the country is so dull!"
"Perhaps, if I had had a choice, I might have chosen a city practice. But I succeeded my father, whom I had previously assisted. He died two years ago, my mother only last year—and my father succeeded his father."
"I see—a sort of inheritance. But you would like to live in the metropolis, would you not?" Lalla persisted.
"I might."

CHAPTER III.

"I may try to walk to-day, may I not?" Lalla's eyes were sparkling, her cheeks were flushed.
She looked radiant. Philip had thought her pretty before. To-day he deemed her beautiful. His glance fell and his pulses throbbed fiercely.
"Perhaps, I will see," he rejoined, in a low voice.
"How gloomy you look! Are you not well?"
"Quite, thank you," was the rather curt response.
"Then you must be cross. Fie! fie!"
Dr. Hammond made no reply. He was stooping over the limb, examining it, and Lalla, who was watching his downcast face, smiled a sweet, mischievous smile.
"Yes, I think you may venture to-day," he said, presently, straightening himself.
Lalla clapped her hands gleefully.
"Joy—joy! Oh, you're a dear, good doctor!"
"You must be very careful—very careful, indeed," returned Philip, gravely. "Take my arm, and lean most of your weight on me. Bear very lightly on the injured foot."
Heedfully carrying out injunctions one hour of the room was successfully accomplished. Then, becoming venturesome, Lalla tried to be more independent, with the result that the ankle gave way under the strain, and, uttering a cry, she would have fallen to the ground had not Dr. Hammond held her tightly.
"That was foolish of me, I suppose," she said, with a nervous little gasp.
The foot, relieved of her weight, did not hurt now, but Philip's arms were clasping her closer and closer.
"I—I—" she began, then she met his gaze and her own eyes dropped.
"Oh, Lalla, my darling," he whispered, drawing her nearer to his breast. "You knew—you must have known—you have guessed that I loved you."
"I fancied you did," she retorted, saucily. "Don't you think I have stood long enough? Ought I not to sit down now?"
"Of course you ought. What a selfish brute I am!"
And he drew her to the sofa without releasing his clasp.
She could feel the tumultuous beating of his heart as he leaned her head against his shoulder.
"When did you first begin to care for me?" she asked.
"When? Why, when I saw you lying helpless in the wood," he answered.
"What! That very first moment?"
"Yes, that very first moment. It was all I could do to restrain myself from kissing you as I carried you here. Your face lay against my shoulder as close as it is now, Lalla."
"What!" in a muffled tone.
"Don't hide your lips. It's useless. I am going to have my due."
"No, no. Not yet—later, perhaps."
And she covered her burning cheeks with her hands.
But Philip was a masterful lover. With one hand he imprisoned her fingers and with the other turned her face upward. And in spite of her blushes and protestations he obtained his desire.

CHAPTER IV.

At length Miss Halding was pronounced convalescent, and the day was fixed for her return to the city. What a blissful fortnight the last two weeks had been! Every moment that Philip could spare from his patients he had spent with Lalla. And she was such a fascinating little mortal—kind one moment, cruel the next. Now whispering words of tenderest affection, anon laughing at his vows of love. Cold and hot by turns. But in whatever mood she might be, she was still the one woman in the world to the young doctor. He had arranged to accompany her to the metropolis, but at the last hour was prevented. Hendrix Harcourt, one of the big guns of Monticello, was seized with an attack of internal gout, and would have no other medical man to attend him but Dr. Hammond.
"In a couple of days I hope to run up, darling; even if only for a few hours."
"Two days?" pouted Lalla, her eyes tender and soft. "What ages they will seem!"
"What ages they will be—to me. Oh, my darling, how can I exist apart from you? We must be married soon."
"We must not. I have a trousseau to get."
"Oh, bother the trousseau. That's soon bought. The home is ready, darling—ready and waiting for its mistress."
"But, Philip, I have told you I can't consent to live in the country. You must secure a practice in the big city."
Philip looked rueful.
"As soon as I can, dearest, I don't think I can afford it yet. But we will save all we can, and then it shall be as you wish."

Lalla smiled brightly.
"We will discuss it when you come up to see me. Mind, you must not be longer than two days."
But it was a week before Philip was free to seek his ladylove. Mr. Harcourt's seizure was more serious than any previous one, and Philip could not leave him till he was out of immediate danger. Then as fast as an express train could take him he hurried to the bustling city.
When his cab stopped at the address Lalla had given him there were three or four carriages waiting at the door.
"Evidently her employers are very fashionable people," thought Philip, as he alighted and paid the driver. Nothing definite as to Lalla's position had ever been said, but he had the impression that she earned her livelihood on a governess.
He asked for Miss Halding, and his name was passed from one obsequious servant to another, till at last the door of a large, sumptuously furnished parlor was thrown wide, and "Dr. Hammond" was announced in stentorian tones.
There were many people in the big apartment, but he clearly saw Lalla as she rose to greet him, her hand outstretched and a radiant smile on her countenance.
She was pouring out tea. She gave him a cup, and a footman handed him cake. He ate and drank like a man in a dream.
Then one by one the visitors took their leave, and Lalla and Philip were alone.
She came up to him then and laid her hands on his shoulders, and lifted her lips for the anticipated kiss.
"Oh, my love, my love!" she murmured. "The time has been so long, and then those people, I thought they would never go."
But Philip stood cold and unresponsive.
"Is this yours?" he queried. "Are you the mistress here?"
"Certainly I am."
"Why that masquerading at Monticello?"
"There was no masquerading. I went there for a little quiet. I was tired of the city gaiety and dissipation, and wanted simplicity for a change."
"But you led me to suppose that you were a governess?"
"No, I did not. Reflect a moment, and you will remember that I never led you to suppose anything of the sort. It was purely your own supposition. But, Philip," coaxingly and tremulously, "it makes no difference, does it, that I am rich instead of poor?"
Almost roughly he put her from him.
"No difference!" he repeated harshly. "I, a poor village doctor, could not venture to marry an heiress such as you must be. I wish you good-by, Miss Halding."

CHAPTER V.

It had been a winter of bitter cold and biting frost, and the spring was late and unpleasant. Philip had passed the time with an aching smart at his heart, that now was settling to dull, gnawing pain. He had loved Lalla with such intense passion, such sudden, fierce ardor. In that short halcyon period she had grown to be almost a part of himself, and now he must pass his life without her. Oh, the orderings of fate were cruel!
He would do his best to forget her—the best. And, as an aid to this noble end, he invariably, whenever he passed through Ralford Woods, visited the scene of their first meeting.
To-day the east wind was blowing

its worst; still Philip turned aside, as he had done so many times before. But this time there was some one seated on the roof which had been the cause of Lalla's accident. The same one was a woman, who lifted her drooping head as a twig snapped under Philip's foot.
It was Lalla. Lalla, pale and sad, and with dark rimmed eyes.
"You!" she cried, rising. "Why do you come here?"
"Why do you?" was the counter query.
"Because I must," she burst out. "Oh, Philip, Philip! if you do not mind for yourself, have mercy on me. You want a city practice—you said you did, at least. Buy one with my money. Use it for what purpose you will, but, oh, don't let it stand between us and happiness. I love you, Philip, and my love to be of less account than my money?"
He stood speechless, motionless.
"Answer me, Philip," she pleaded; "say you love me still, say you will do what I ask you—what I beg you to do."
Her hands touched his own timidly, and at the contact a sudden quiver thrilled him from head to foot. He caught the girl in a fierce embrace; he rained hungry, passionate kisses on her cheeks and her lips.
"My darling—my darling!" he burs forth. "I cannot live without you! I have tried, but I cannot. Rich or poor, you belong to me! I must have you!"—New York Weekly.

THE PULSE OF THE WIND.

Experiments Made on the Island of St. Helena of Much Value.
Out in the wastes of the southern Atlantic there breaks up through its tempestuous waters, into the very heart of the southeast trades, that famous little rocky pinnacle, the island of St. Helena. This lonely Napoleonic relic of wave-worn stone is, it seems, the best place in the world to feel the pulse of the wind. As far back as 1890 Prof. Cleveland Abbe, meteorologist of the United States Weather Bureau, during an eclipse expedition to St. Helena, called attention to its peculiar fitness as a meteorological station, and urged the establishment of an observatory there.
This suggestion was brought to the attention of the British Colonial Office, but with no result, except that an old wind recorder, called an anemograph, just returned from Heligoland, was sent out to the curate or some other religious functionary connected with St. Matthew's vicarage on the island, along with a couple of pounds or thereabouts per annum to pay him for looking after it. The records obtained by this and one or two other instruments, subsequently added to form what the British Weather Bureau designates a "normal station of the second order," have accumulated for fifteen years. Their study, says W. N. Shaw, secretary of the Meteorological Council of Great Britain, has raised some extremely interesting questions as to the relationship between wind velocity at St. Helena and rainfall throughout northern Europe.

He believes there is a causal relation between the two; that the pulsations of the southeast trades are in some way closely connected with the amount of rainfall over certain great land areas. At any rate, he says, if one cannot positively assume this, the records in question are sufficiently striking to justify further inquiry. By 1904 the old wind meter had become so worn that it was returned to England for repairs. Presumably it is back again long before this, humming out the beginning of another fifteen years' record for scientific "weatherists" to speculate about.
Rainfall and the trades, says Mr. Shaw, both closely connected with the distribution of solar energy over the earth and the equalization of heat extremes. If they have a close mutual relationship and science can unravel it, the meagre science of weather prophecy will be considerably enriched, and results of great economic importance may ensue.

Misfortunes of Royal Johns.

John I. of Bohemia was blind; John I. pope was imprisoned by Alaric, king of the Goths; and Pope John X was driven from Rome by Guy, duke of Tuscany. John XI, pope, was supposed to have been poisoned by his brother, Alberic, who kept him a prisoner in the lateran. John XIV also died in prison from poison or starvation. John XV ascended the papal throne after the murder of Boniface, and was forced to flee to Tuscany, where he died of fever. Nor was John XVI more fortunate, for he was dubbed the "anti-pope," and after a varied career, which lasted only eleven months, he was brutally tortured and then consigned to a dungeon, whence he never emerged alive.

The Kindly Word.

A kindly word is a little thing—a breath that goes and a sound that dies. But the heart that gives and the heart that hears may know that it sings and sings till at last it bends with the wild bird's song and the coo of babes in what men call the celestial choir.
Magnetic compasses are to be supplied in future to all British and native cavalry regiments in India at the rate of four a squadron.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.



HOT CURRANT LOAF.

For luncheon nothing is nicer than a hot currant loaf. It is also cheap, a desideratum. One teaspoonful of butter, one cup of sugar, one egg, a little over a half-cup of milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder. When well mixed, add three-quarters of a cup of currants lightly dusted with flour. Bake in a loaf.

POTATO PUFFS.

Potato puffs are a particularly light, flaky sort of rusk. Boil and mash one quart of chopped potatoes, add a cup of milk, two beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of lard or butter, a teaspoonful of salt, one cup of sugar, one-half a yeast cake and flour enough to make a thin batter. When light, make up like bread dough. Let rise, then make into rolls. When these are very light, bake in a moderate oven. Set the sponge somewhat before noon if the rolls are wished for tea.

BOUDINS.

Chop cold cooked poultry very fine; add to each pint a scant teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Put in a saucepan one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Put in a saucepan one tablespoonful of butter, one-gill of stock, two tablespoonfuls stale bread crumbs, stir until boiling and then add the meat. Take from the fire and add two well beaten eggs; fill small greased molds, stand in hot water and cook in the oven fifteen minutes. Serve with cream sauce made of rich milk thickened to consistency of cream.

QUEEN MUFFINS.

Queen muffins are especially nice, and once gave the desired extra touch to a meal which was to have consisted of a dish of the much-despised hash and plain bread and butter. Aided by the muffins and a pot of chocolate, it passed muster very creditably. Three eggs, beaten separately, will be required for these, although two may be made to serve. To one quart of sweet milk add four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a saltspoonful of salt, the yolks of the eggs and two generous teaspoonfuls of baking powder mixed with two pints of sifted flour. When this has been stirred in, add enough more flour to make a rather stiff batter, then the beaten whites. Have the pans well greased and piping hot.

RAISIN BREAD.

Given time to make preparation ahead, raisin bread forms an excellent substitute for cake, and is also desirable for school lunches. Make a sponge at night of one quart of milk, boiled and cooled—water will answer if more shortening is used—a tablespoonful of lard added to the warm milk. When cool, stir in two beaten eggs, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, flour enough to make a soft batter, and a yeast cake. In the morning add a teaspoonful of salt, two pounds of seedless raisins and flour to make a dough. When risen, mold into four loaves, sprinkle cinnamon over the tops, let get very light and bake one hour in a moderate oven. Cut in slices when cold. Good while a crumb of it lasts.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Dishes which are to be frozen need an extra amount of sweetening.
To bake a pie crust without filling, line with paraffine paper filled with uncooked rice.
A lump of butter dropped into boiling molasses or maple candy will prevent it from running over.
If jelly molds are well brushed inside with the white of an egg, the jelly will turn out quite easily.
When making cornmeal mush sift a tablespoonful of flour with the meal to prevent the mush sticking.
If boiled or roasted meat that is to be used cold is wrapped in a moist cloth it will be more tender.
Macaroni should be kept in an airtight receptacle, and plunged into boiling, salted water when cooked.
Never use newspapers to wrap about food. A supply of paraffine paper is a real economy and convenience.
In molding fancy jellies brush the inside of the mold with white of egg and the jelly will turn out easily.
Don't use a galvanized iron squeezer. When brought into contact with the lemon juice it forms a poisonous salt.
A few pieces of horseradish root will prevent mold from forming on top of the liquid in which pickles are kept.
The colder eggs are the quicker they will froth. White of eggs may be beaten to a stiff froth by an open window when it would be impossible in a steamy kitchen.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.



The Chilean Government has voted several millions of dollars for the subsidization of international steamship lines in the expectation of extended mercantile relations with foreign countries, and an extension of the Chilean coasting trade is also contemplated.

Prof. Ullenhuth, a German biologist, is making some important investigations of the differences in the blood of different animals. He finds, by a system of delicate tests, that the blood of species even very closely related differs measurably in chemical character.

The London County Council have recently decided to spend £5200 on an experimental scheme of motor ambulances. The experience of the St. John's Ambulance Association shows that the electric car is superior to the patrol car for the purpose on account of the comparatively greater absence of jerking and vibration.

As the outcome of the recent investigatory visit of the deputation of Birmingham brass workers to Berlin, a proposal has been launched in favor of the establishment of a reorganized technical school for the better training of brass workers on "the artistic and intellectual side of their trade."

The height that the atmosphere extends above the earth is usually placed at about 110 miles. This result was reached by observing shooting-stars, which only become lighted up when they enter our atmosphere. Prof. T. J. See of the naval observatory at Washington figures from a new basis that the atmosphere is 131 miles high.

According to German papers forwarded by Consul-General Guenther, of Frankfurt, Otto Schick, of Hamburg, has invented an appliance which reduces the rolling of ships to a minimum. He calls it "schiffslorerei" (ship top). It is stated that if it fills expectations it will prove of great importance, not only that seasickness would be done away with, but the efficiency of warships would be greatly enhanced, as the hitting ability would be vastly increased.

The Oregon Country.

Our ponies' hoofs thumped the ripe earth as we drove north from the California line, following the Cascades' backbone. Past the Lake of the Woods, in the shadow of the mountain, we pounded the Dead Indian road and dived deeper into the primeval.
Two days more and we struck camp on the Upper Des Clutes, "100 miles from civilization by the shortest route," according to the calculations of Alex, our guide and general roustabout. We were in the heart of the "Oregon Sierras," in the heart of an uninhabited wilderness that embraces over 4200 square miles in its almost boundless area—an area as large as the State of Connecticut.

It was midsummer and our camp was on the black hemlock timber line, 8000 feet above the sea. Soundless fields of unbroken white stretched above and beyond us, and big lumps and patches of snow spotted the scantily timbered land about us. Below us spread green meadows, knee-deep in grass, and here we hobbled the ponies to feast to their caprice hearts' content. And here, in mid-August, the columbine, verbena, violet and forget-me-not fight for a footing in the fat soil by the tardy snows.—From "Following the Cascades," by Dennis H. Stovall, in Four-Track News.

Trade in Chinese Pigtails.

German papers, forwarded by Consul-General Guenther, of Frankfurt, state that the importation of Chinese pigtails, which are imported into Europe in packages of 1000 pounds each, was recently the subject of court proceedings in England.
A laborer who was employed in preparing camel's hair, cheap foreign wool and human hair, had been taken sick with fatal inflammation of the spleen (miltbrand). In order to fix the cause it was ascertained that the pigtails, after being cut off the heads of Chinamen, were at once braided and packed. The possibility exists that the hair comes from the head of a Chinaman who had suffered from the plague or some other contagious disease.

Tips to Flower Merchants.

The points noted in chrysanthemums are symmetry of the flower, the shape and arrangement of the petals and the color. The large tumbled ones are seldom considered seriously in selecting the most perfect flowers for prizes. Carnations are the most satisfactory and profitable flowers for the florist. They bloom all year, and if you have carnations and roses you might as well go out of business.