

The Roanoke Beacon.

\$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY AND FOR TRUTH."

Single Copy 5 Cents

VOL. XVII.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1906.

NO. 14

THE SINGER.

He came to us with dreams to sell—
Ah, long ago it seems!
From regions where enchantments dwell,
He came to us with dreams to sell—
And we had need of dreams.

Our thought had planned with artful care,
Our patient toil had wrought,
The rosy treasure-houses where
Were heaped the costly and the rare—
But dreams we had not bought.

Nay, we felt we had no need of these,
Until with dulcet strain,
Alluring as the melodies
That mock the lonely on the seas,
He made all else seem vain;

Bringing an aching sense of dearth,
A troubled, vague unrest,
A fear that we, whose care on earth
Had been to garner things of worth,
Had somehow missed the best.

Then, as had been our wont before—
Unused in vain to sigh—
We turned our treasure o'er and o'er,
But found in all our vaulted store
No coin that dreams would buy.

We stood with empty hands; but gay
As though unborne on wings,
He left us; and at set of day
We heard him singing, far away,
The joy of simple things!

He left us, and with apathy,
We gazed upon our gold;
But to the world's ascendancy
Submissive, soon we came to be
Much as we were of old.

Yet sometimes when the fragrant dawn
In early splendor beams,
And sometimes when the twilight gone,
The moon o'er-silvers wood and lawn,
An echo of his dreams

Brings to the heart a swift regret
Which is not wholly pain,
And, grieving we would not forget
The vision hallowed to us yet—
The hope that seemed so vain.

And then we envy not the throng
That careless passes by,
With no remembrance of the song;
Though we must listen still, and long
To hear it till we die!

—Florence Earle Coates, in The Century.

THE INTERVENTION OF THE COLONEL

THE flame in the grate rose
and fell fitfully. The man
leaned forward and spread
his palms to catch the heat.

"Are you cold?" the girl
asked.
"No," he answered, "not exactly
cold." He looked around at her. "My
blood is a bit sluggish, you know. It
needs a little heat to start it running.
That's what I owe to my phlegmatic
Dutch ancestry."

"Are you going away?"
"Yes. Not willingly, you understand.
This is a poor climate for weaklings.
Southern California is the place for
me."

"When do you go?"
"I promised my doctor to get away
before snow flies. That means right
away."

There was a brief silence. He rubbed
his hands slowly together.
"I am sorry you have to go, Gra-
ham."

"That's good of you, Julia. But
don't be too sorry—I might change my
mind and defy my medical man."
"But of course you will come back?"
"I doubt it. I'm ashamed to quote
my learned healer so often, but he
says when I become acclimated to the
climate there I mustn't take such se-
rious chances as visiting cooler or
moister climes would invite."

He sighed softly.
"We will miss you, Graham."
"Thank you, Julia." He looked
around at her again. "How long have
we known each other?"

She considered for a moment.
"We were toddlers of something like
six and three, I think. We almost
grew up together."

"You grew up, Julia. I merely vege-
tated. At ten you were as tall as I
was at thirteen. At sixteen you out-
weighed me by twenty pounds."

"I couldn't help it, Grana-a."
"Nor could I. Or rather, I couldn't
prove myself your equal—and then I
quit trying."

"Don't talk like that, Graham."
"It's the truth." He laughed a little
hoarsely. "You will find our respec-
tive heights scratched on the pagoda
down in the lower garden—Julia, aged
ten, and Graham, aged thirteen. And
you beat me by fully an inch. I fancy
we are pretty nearly of a height now."

"You are taller, I think," said the
girl.
"Kind hearted Julia. There may be
an inch or so in my favor. But just
contrast your superabundance of vi-
tality with my sleepy sluggishness."

She frowned down at him as he bent
toward the fire.
"You are not nice to-night," she said.
"You certainly cannot think that I am
interested in hearing you depreciate
yourself."

"I'm a little blue," he said, "and per-
haps I shouldn't have come here. But
then it's quite likely to be the last
time."
"The last time, Graham?"
"Yes, I'll be busy getting ready to
go. And I've half promised to visit
George Selwyn for a day or two. But
I wanted to see you to-night."
"And I'm very glad you came."
He turned half away from the flaring
grate.

"It isn't really good for me to be
here," he slowly said. "I've been told
to avoid everything depressing."
"And why depressing, Graham?"
"Perhaps because it is to be for the
last time. You and I have been good
friends, Julia."

"Yes, Graham, very good friends for
a long, long time."
He laughed suddenly.

"Do you know I used to hope that
we would be something better than
friends, Julia. But of course you never
noticed it?"

"No, Gra'am."
"That's queer. It was very apparent
to me."
"You mean when we were very
young?"

"Then and afterwards. But every
year you grew away from me. I
seemed to stand still as you raced by.
I clung to the idea until I saw it was

quite impossible." He laughed again.
"I think I gave it up three years ago."
He rubbed his hands before the flame
and hummed a plaintive little air.

"You are not like yourself, Graham.
You are growing morbid."
"No, Julia. Not morbid. I'm growing
self-analytical. I'm taking myself
to pieces, but you are not to worry. It
isn't as painful as it looks."

"Don't, Graham."
He did not heed her words.

"If we could have remained forever
children it would have been a blessing
for me. I couldn't appreciate then
your all around superiority."

"Graham, you distress me."
"But it presently dawned upon my
sluggish mind. And then I swiftly
realized it. The contrast was too evi-
dent. There was I with my five-feet
six of slender and even delica-physi-
que. There were you in your splendid
youthful womanhood, far more than my
equal physically, and—"

"Stop, Graham. Do you wish to of-
fend me?"
He ran his thin white hand through
his thick dark hair.

"It was a good thing I awoke when
I did," he said with a little laugh. "I
might have gone on thinking that you
could in time learn to care for me—
on the theory, perhaps, that like seeks
unlike. I might have thought that you
could even care enough for me to go
with me where I am going. I might
have dreamed that you could find
within me something lovable that was
not indicated by any exterior sign.
But that would have been folly. Yet
I want you to know all this. I want
you to understand that I am not so
blind and unreasoning as to bother
you with any declaration of a passion
that is so palpably hopeless. That's
credible, isn't it? At the same time
I can go on regarding you as I would
a serene and beautiful and unap-
proachable star. For there never will
be any woman to usurp your place in
my regard." He paused and a faint
smile rippled across his serious face.

"There," he cried, "I'm glad it's said
and I'm glad I said it. It's something
I've wanted you to know for a long
time."

She looked at him with a tender
smile.

"We must always be good friends,
Graham."

"Good friends! Of course we will.
Test my friendship, as you may see fit.
You'll find it responds all right. I'll
even dance at your wedding—if you
invite me and my doctor says I may."

He laughed a little discordantly. "Here
let me give my prophetic inspiration
free rein and describe your future
husband to you." She shook her head in
a commanding way, but he did not heed
her. "He must be tall and rather
dark, and broad of shoulder and keen
of eye. He must be strong and bold
and ready for every emergency. He
must be a man who can do things. A
man who can lead others, who can en-
force obedience, and can command re-
spect and inspire affection. That's the
sort of mate for you, Julia." He
laughed a little hoarsely. "On the other
hand look at me. What have I ever
done, save spend money my useful and
honored father laid away for me? Where
is my strength and my boldness, and
my winning personality? Look at
me, Julia, and then choose a man who
is quite the opposite in all things."

He leaned back in his chair.

"And you came here just to tell me
all this."

"I'm glad I told it," he hummed the
words as if they were set to music; "I
am glad I told it." He straightened
up. "And having told it," he added,
I'm going to say good-bye, and may
heaven lavish upon you its choicest
blessings—all of the same pattern as
the ones you now enjoy." He arose as
he spoke and drew his slender figure
to its full height. "Not very impres-
sive, am I?" he laughed.

The girl arose and gave him her
hand.

"I don't like to have you leave like
this, Graham," she said.

"It's the only way," he answered.
"I've got rid of my little confession,

and I can tell you I feel a good deal
lighter here," and he tapped the breast
of his coat. "Good-bye, Julia."
"Good-bye, Graham."

He held her hand a brief moment,
then turned and was gone.

She looked after him and sighed and
shook her head and went to the mantel
and leaned against it, looking down
at the fitful flames.

"Poor Graham."
Then came a ring of the bell and a
moment later a heavy voice in the hall
drew her attention.

"Come in, Colonel Bruce," she called.
The owner of the heavy voice looked
through the curtains.

"Oh, it's papa's blessed girl," he
cheerily cried, and strode into the
room. He was a big man with thick
white hair and a heavy white mus-
tache. "How are you, Julia?" and he
put out his big hand. "Where's your
daddy?"

"Gone over to Judge Wemple's."
"His rubber of whist, eh?"
"Yes. Won't you sit down?"
"Guess I will for a minute or two.
Don't often get a chance to exchange
small talk with a handsome girl. I
suppose you are tired of hearing that
you are a very splendid young woman?
Why don't you marry? Hasn't the
right man come along yet?"

"No, colonel."
"He's painfully slow. I only wish I
were thirty years younger. Vain re-
gret. Didn't I see Graham Earl going
away from here?"

"Yes, colonel."
"I thought it was Graham. He
seemed in a hurry. Do you know him
well?"

"I don't think anybody knows him
well. We were children together, but
during the last three or four years I
have seen him but a very few times."
"He's been chasing around trying to
prop up his health. Not very robust,
you know. Peculiar fellow."

"Yes, colonel."
"And you are right when you say
that nobody knows him very well. You
know how lacking he is in self-appreci-
ation?"

"Yes."
"Always ready to stand aside for
somebody else—anybody. Morbid about
his deficiencies in health and physique.
Shy to a degree. And yet—well, I'll
tell you something about him. Want
to hear it?"

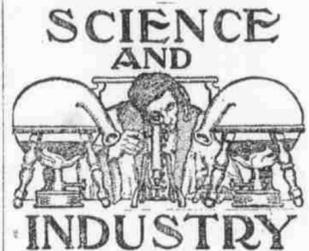
"Yes, colonel. I have told you that
Graham and I are old friends."
"Perhaps you don't know it, but I
was in the upper Peninsula looking
after some rather heavy lumber inter-
ests a year or so ago. Right out in
the wilderness, you know—and the wil-
derness wasn't any wilder than the
men who people it. Your friend
Graham was up there, too. Somebody
told him that it was the place to build
up a new constitution, and so he was
out there in the woods roughing it. He
had a little shack of his own and used
to wander about like an uneasy spirit.
The boys didn't know what to make of
him, and he didn't make anything of
himself, as usual. I wasn't there when
he came and the foreman told me some
of these things. It seems that one of
the men, a French-Canadian, had
brought his little girl, a child of ten
years, with him into the woods. She
was suffering from consumption and
her days were numbered. Well, she
and Graham became great friends, and
in her last hours it was Graham who
nursed her, and told her stories and
held her hand as the breath left her
frail little body. And Graham took
charge of the funeral and actually
preached a little sermon beside her
open grave, and the foreman told me
it was the most beautiful and touching
thing he ever heard. Well, after that
there was nothing he couldn't do with
that gang of barbarians. Why, when
"Manitoba Pete" ran amuck through
the camp, shooting and slashing, it was
Graham who walked right out in the
open and took his knife and gun away
from him and led him to his shack and
sobered him up and brought him back
to decency again. Any other man in
camp would have sooner faced a hun-
gry tiger. Yes, and when a clumsy
young Swede cut an artery in his leg,
it was Graham who sat by him and
made a living tourniquet of his hands
and kept him from bleeding to death
until help came three hours later. And
one thing I saw with my own eyes. A
game came over from a rival camp,
a particularly bad lot, and every man of
them half drunk and armed to the
teeth, and they were after some rene-
gade of a chap and meant to lynch
him. Well, Graham got the fellow in
his shack and standing in the doorway
held those human wolves at bay with
a most sublime display of nerve and a
single revolver. And, by Jove, he
talked them out of their purpose. I
saw that myself, Miss Julia. You are
right when you say that nobody knows
Graham Earl very well, but I fancy I
know him well enough to recognize in
him one of the gentlest and bravest
spirits that ever tenanted a mortal
frame. But there, I must go. I just
dropped in to see your daddy for a mo-
ment or two. Good night."

The girl stood by the mantel staring
down into the fire for a little time.
Then a flush suddenly reddened her
beautiful face and a smile quickly
crossed it.

She turned and stepped to the tele-
phone across the room and in clear and
steady tones gave the number she
wanted.

"Graham," she presently said, "do

you know the voice? What's that?
The one voice in all the world? That
isn't what I asked you. Yes, it's Julia's
voice. Wait, Graham. I've been think-
ing—thinking very hard—and, Graham,
I am quite ready to go with you when-
ever and wherever you will."—W. R.
Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Dr. Plorkowski, a German bacteriolo-
gist, says he has discovered not only
the microbe of distemper in dogs, but
also an effective serum having curative
as well as preventive qualities.

The director of the Berlin Observa-
tory says the Courrieres disaster was
connected with atmospheric conditions,
and that the crust of the earth in the
Eastern Hemisphere is in a dangerous
condition. He predicts other disasters.

"Lusol" is the name of a new hydro-
carbon oil—a by-product from the man-
ufacture of coke—which is being used
for illuminating purposes in Paris.
The city authorities are experimenting
with it and it gives a large amount of
light at minimum cost.

The strength of hair has been found
by a German experimenter to vary
greatly with color. A single black hair
supported four ounces; one of very
dark brown three and one-half ounces;
brown, three ounces; and one-half scarce-
ly held up two ounces without break-
ing.

In a hot fire the union of the carbon
of the fuel with the oxygen of the air
produces carbonic acid gas, which sur-
rounds the paper and prevents it from
blazing, for carbonic acid does not
blaze. But if you give the paper a
little draft by blowing upon it, you
dissipate the carbonic acid and fan the
paper into flame.

A concern at Baldwinville, Mass., re-
cently had to install new boilers in its
plant and the question was how to se-
cure power while the work was going
on. At length a locomotive was hired
from the railroad, and this being
switched alongside the mill and con-
nected up with the engine inside fur-
nished all the steam needed.

A novel use of compressed air is
made by some railway companies in
the Southern States of America, says
the Railway News. When the loads
of cotton for export are being taken to
the coast there is always some danger
of such highly inflammable material
becoming damaged through sparks
from the locomotives. To prevent this
the locomotive boilers are filled with
compressed air. A train load of several
thousand bales of cotton can be hauled
by these locomotives at a rate of
twelve miles an hour, although no fire
whatever is used in working them.

The Dreadnought, the largest and
most powerful battleship of the world's
navies, was launched at Portsmouth,
England, February 10. The vessel is
the first of a new class, in which the
constructors have embodied the lessons
obtained from close observation of
naval operations in the recent war in
the Far East. When ready for sea, the
ship will displace 18,500 tons, and will
have the heaviest armament ever car-
ried by a ship. She will be able to
discharge every minute ten projectiles
weighing 8500 pounds, with sufficient
velocity to send them twenty-five miles,
or to penetrate sixteen inches of armor
at a distance of two miles.

When Columbus Landed.
According to the Boston Herald,
when the Hon. John B. Alley, of Lynn,
was a member of Congress he, with
others of the New England delegation
in Washington, had given a dinner on
Forefathers' day. Ex-Secretary of
State Everts was one of the guests. In
the after-dinner exercises Mr. Alley
had taken much time in relating cir-
cumstances in which he was the most
conspicuous figure.

Everts was next on the list of speak-
ers, and, in beginning his remarks,
said: "I have listened to my friend
Alley with profound interest and re-
spect. The many events of National
and State history with which he has
been connected is truly wonderful, but
there is one he has omitted, doubtless
through his well-known modesty. I
refer to that ever memorable morning
when, after the discovery of America,
Columbus turned to him and said:
'John, where had we better land?'"

Soldiers on Oxen.
The strangest military body in the
world is a band of cavalry at Saint de
Moorway, a province on the east coast
of Africa, which is under the rule of
the French Governor-General of Madag-
ascar. These soldiers go about their
military operations on oxen. The ani-
mals are lean creatures, and it is said
they move with surprising rapidity.—
Chicago Journal.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.



THE SNAPSHOT.

"Come on, all ready. Stand right there.
I'll tell you when I'm taking. Wait—
I've got to focus. Now! Prepare!
No, no—the camera's not straight.
How far is it, do you suppose?
I'm focussing at twenty feet."
No, papa needn't change his clothes.
And doesn't baby look too sweet!

"Now! Wait a minute—I can't get
You all in somehow. Mamma, please
Move close to papa—closer yet;
Or sit, with baby on your knees.
I'll move back, too, a little bit.
Now! Wait—you're partly in the shade.
I guess that mamma'll have to sit.
Or else she won't show, I'm afraid."

"And, papa, you sit, too. Let's see—
No, that won't do; your feet are out
Of focus; they would look to be a
Kok as big as ferryboats, about!
Turn catty-corner—there! Now! No,
That won't do. Wait. I guess we
planned
Best way at first. You seem so low.
Perhaps you all had better stand."

"No! Wait!—until the sun is bright.
How mean a cloud should interfere!
You've all three now exactly right!
Just fine! And baby's moved! Oh,
dear!
But there—it's coming out! Now, quick!
Here, baby! Look at sister—look!
Just look at sis—I'm taking!" (Click!)

"There, now! It's over with. You're
"look."
—Edwin L. Sabin, in St. Nicholas.

THE PARROT'S RIVAL.

In the house of the consul in Bang-
kok is a bird that keeps up an inces-
sant chatter that might almost be
dubbed conversation, so clever is it.
The voice of this bird is very much
like a human voice, far more so than
the parrot.

The bird is called the Mineur or
Minor. It learns much more readily
than the parrot and is as clever at imi-
tating as the American mocking-bird.
It whistles in exact imitation of its
master and sings whole songs through-
out without making a mistake. When it
was first purchased it could only talk
in Siamese, but in a short while picked
up many sentences of English.

The master of this cunning songster
always summons his servants to him
by calling "boy." The mineur learned
to do the same thing with the result
that the servant was sent on a fool's
errand many times. None could tell
whether the master called "boy" or
the mineur. This greatly annoyed the
servant, whose owner told him that he
need not come unless he heard the call
"boy, boy," repeated twice. In three
days' time the mineur had learned this
trick and was doing the same thing.

Then it was arranged that the master
should strike on the table or clap his
hands as they do in Turkey or Siam.
This was too much for the mineur,
who found that his fun was over.—
Washington Star.

BIRD GUESTS.

One of our greatest pleasures is
watching and studying the birds who
come to drink and bathe in the water
we provide in pottery saucers of vari-
ous sizes, writes Bertha W. Kaan in
Good Housekeeping. We do not put
these on the ground, for fear of the
deadly cat, but set them on stumps,
or in the crotches of trees. We have
six of these baths, and it is no small
task to keep them replenished, as one
robin will empty a large saucer. They
are most enthusiastic bathers and in
hot weather will often sit crouching
in the water for several minutes at a
time. Robins never approach the
saucer directly, they always pretend
they are going somewhere else. Black-
birds, on the other hand, dart into
the dish like an arrow from a bow,
sometimes from a long distance. After
the young are hatched, the blackbirds
always bring food to the water and
moisten it before taking it to the nest.
Vireos have a peculiar way of bathing
—they skim through the water, never
alighting in the saucer or on the edge.
Sometimes they will fly through in this
manner several times in quick succe-
sion, but we have never seen them
bathe in any other way. English spar-
rows are the daintiest drinkers of all
—they seldom bathe—and when we see
a company of a dozen of these little
creatures rimming the big dish and
drinking together, we are so interested
that we forget our prejudice against
them. The yellow warblers, always
devoted, bathe together in the small-
est dish—the prettiest sight our gar-
den affords. Aside from the many en-
tertaining sights which we enjoy daily,
we are sure that the garden is more
free from insect pests since we have
encouraged "our little brothers of the
air" to have "a cup of cold water" with
us.

JOEY AND FREDDY.

"When I'm big I'm going to be a
soldier," said little Joey Hunt.
"So am I," said Freddy Layton.
And so they meant to be, for they
thought there was nothing so nice in
the whole world as soldiers.

Their papas used to drill with the sol-
diers, and were tall and straight and

strong, and the boys wanted to
just like them when they grew big.

Freddy and Joey often went
their papas to the park, where the
diers drilled; and, when they came
home, they made big paper caps,
out their flags and toy drums,
played soldier for ever so long.

Joey and Freddy both liked can-
dy but their papas said much candy
not good for people; that it would
make them grow strong nor stra-
nor good looking.

Well, these two boys went to kin-
garten—a nice kind of school for
boys go when they are small.

They lived a long way from the
dergarten, and it was nearly al-
ways late when they reached home for
ner, so their mothers let them take
little lunch with them to eat about
middle of the forenoon—sometimes
cookie, sometimes an apple; and of-
ten they were given a cent or two and
to call at the shop on the way and
something for their lunch.

Joey always bought an appli-
banana or an orange. Freddy al-
ways bought chocolate or some other
of candy, and often ate it before
reached kindergarten.

He had a grandmother who lived
cute little house on the side of
street, so his mother told him al-
when he had time, to run in and
good morning to her, and ask her
she were well. Grandma loved to
and, to show her love, often gave
pennies. He used these for buy-
more candy on the way home.

Well, these two boys grew older
older and bigger and bigger—the
Joey grew much faster than Fred-
Joey always seemed to be re-
stronger, too; he soon got so he
lift real heavy things almost as b
his papa could lift. His eyes be-
brighter, his cheeks grew redder
legs grew longer, his back
straighter, and everybody said:

"Why, Joey Hunt is beginning to
just like his father!"

But Freddy—his cheeks grew thin
and paler; his back did not grow
straight as it should, nor his legs
arms as strong as they should, an
head used to ache very often. In
morning he had dark rings under
eyes and he did not want to eat
breakfast. His mother, father
teacher could not think what
wrong.

Well, at last Joey and Freddy
old enough to go to school, and
still wanted to be soldiers.

After while they were old enou-
leave school, and they still want
to be soldiers.

At last the day came when they
to go into the army and start to
soldiers. The man from the
came to measure them and see if
were fit to be soldiers.

He measured Joey first. He re-
used to see how tall he was, and
was just right.

He measured him to see how
his shoulders were, and they were
right.

He measured him to see how
tall he was, and it was just right.

Then the doctor examined him.
Lungs were right, his heart was
his blood was good, and he was
just right! So the man said he
be a soldier.

Then they measured Freddy.
officer measured him to see how
he was, and he was not quite
enough. He measured him to see
broad his shoulders were, and
were not quite broad enough.
measured him to see how full his
was, and it was not full enough.
the doctor examined him, but he
he would often have headache
blood was bad, his muscles were
strong enough, and he was too
and sickly to be a soldier.

So poor Freddy had to give up
a soldier—and all because he at-
much candy when he was a
Mother's Magazine.

To the Pacific.

A grand highway, boulevard or
course, is a probability between
York and San Francisco. In a
line the distance is 2900 miles. I
shortest railroad line, I believe, is
lines. Locomotives must have en-
well as tunnels and embank-
their powers of moving grades,
extremely limited. A fifty per-
grade is fun to an auto car. The
Wall of China was built in five
We could construct this ocean-
boulevard in less time. And a
superb drive it would be!—New
Press.

The largest consignment of
ever exported to England, well
seventy tons, was landed at
New York from the American liner
York. The metal was in 672 ba-
closed in 363 boxes, and its val-
\$1,250,000.