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THE PEOPLE.

It isn't the streets nor the buildings,
That are reared 'neath prosperous skies,
Nor the domes with their splendid gildings,
That we truly revere and prize.
For houses may fall and their wrecks
May strewn
The place 'neath misfortune's frown;
But a great voice cries "We will build
Anew!"
It's the people that make a town.

It isn't the plain nor the mountains,
Nor the ocean that rolls afar,
Nor the waving field nor the fountain
That makes us the men we are.
When the shadows of want and grief
Expand,
It is then that we know the worth
Of a gentle heart and stalwart hand;
It's the people that make the earth.
—Washington Star.

IN THE COURT OF LAST RESORT

A True Incident of the Australian Bush.

By WILFRED FRENCH.

Never was I so near "beat out" as the night when I finally struck the trail and waddled into the alleged "inn," a day's ride down from Kalgooey and two days up from the coast, in the wildest of the Australian mountains.

Rain? I never knew what rain was before, and have never seen it more than sprinkle since. You could not breathe without sheltering your nose, and I believe one could have drowned standing upright on the top of a rock. When it began I was out in the bush with two naked native helpers, plotting a possible path, through those infernally erratic defiles, for the new railway that was to connect Kalgooey with the coast.

Rain? Dear Heaven! The two natives crept into a cave and both were drowned there. Four solid hours I waded, swam, wallowed, gulped, then more dead than alive crawled into the inn, reminding myself of a rat I once pulled from a mud-hole by the tail after holding him down with a stick long enough for him to have drowned twice over.

The railway is going in great shape now and Kalgooey is a place. Then it was only a mad mining corpse just coming back to life. It had boomed its boom and got its crowd together, with no end of saloons, a newspaper, and telegraphic communication with the coast; but there was no other connection except an evasive bridle-trail to transport necessities up and luxuries—dust and ore—down, without an apparent possibility of ever getting so much as a two-wheeled cart through those crazy intervening mountains. It was a death-warrant. The bottom fell out of the boom and Kalgooey died. Then Sir Robert Broadley, the millionaire, bought everything in sight, declared that possible or impossible a railway was about to be, and Kalgooey came to life.

Lord, how it did rain! I heard later that over in Sydney they had been praying for rain for one solid week. It came all right, but there was an error in billing, for in Sydney they never got a drop of it till goodness knows how long later.

The inn which I struck was no place like home. It was only a cook-while-you-wait shack for transients who were better used and satisfied to do their sleeping in the open. It was kept by a half-cast,—a fellow cast half-way between a human effort and an ape,—who had precious little variety in his larder and less in his vocabulary. There were two more fugitives from the injustice of the elements already established there. One was a young priest on his way to contend with the flesh and the devil up at Kalgooey, who gave his time to religious mutterings and paid little attention to the rest of us. But the other was a paragon! a marvel of good nature and unlimited resources. But for him there would have been hardly an obituary left of me by the end of the three mortal days and nights while the heavens stayed wide open and we huddled in the leaking inn. His other name was hard to remember, so I called him the Elixir of Life.

On my third afternoon at the inn, the fourth day of the storm, it received a knock-out from the northwest, and the mud-plastered postman stopped for a drink on his way—four days later—to Kalgooey. The Elixir and I contributed a bob apiece for an ancient newspaper he had about him and settled ourselves to read. Many a fresh Australian daily is a dead loss at a penny, but this was cheap at two bob. It startled us from our stagnation with a thunderbolt,—the murder of Sir Robert Broadley, up at Kalgooey, four days before; telegraphed to the coast and printed, then brought back to us as vital news only a day's ride from where it happened. There was no evidence of robbery except that the assassin had cut off the little finger of his victim, upon which he was known to have worn a unique and beautiful diamond ring. The people looked upon Sir Robert as their deliverer. They were frantic and promised the criminal a real American lynching, spiced with aboriginal Australian tortures, when they laid hands on him, which was sure to be soon, for the man was murdered just before the storm broke and the villain could not have got far away. Every outlet from the mountains was now effectively guarded and a minute description was given of a stranger who had been seen following Sir Robert just before the dead and since had disappeared.

My personal interest centred in the effect it would have upon the proposed railway and I was pondering it when the outer door opened again. The storm was subsiding as rapidly as it came, but the fellow who entered had evidently been out in the whole of it. He grunted a kind of salutation and staggered to a rude bench before the open-fire, where he dropped like a dead log, calling to the ape-faced landlord:

"Hi! you black devil! Whiskey! A jugful! Quick!"

It was a fresh opening for the Elixir, and he was in it in an instant, bending over the fellow and gently as a woman asking what he could do for him.

"Ye kin mind yer own business!" the fellow muttered. "I got into a landslide four days ago, comin' down from Kalgooey. Lost my horse and been clingin' by my eyelashes ever since till the postman give me a lift. I'm a bit done, same's you'd be, but I ask no odds from God or man and I don't take none from such as you. Hi, you monkey! Where's that whiskey?"

Undaunted the Elixir stood, his soulful eyes fixed on the poor fellow in unshaken sympathy. The half-caste was ambling slowly across the room with a bottle and glass. The man on the bench sat glaring with bloodshot eyes at the Elixir. Just as the innkeeper reached him he muttered:

"Didn't I tell yer to—er— Ye lobster-eyed—er—"

With words still gurgling in his throat he fell over on the bench unconscious.

"It is better so," the Elixir said, gently stuffing a blanket under his head for a pillow and lifting his feet to the bench. "Sleep will help him more than that hell-fire you call whiskey. Go heat up some of the stuff you said was soup this noon."

The Elixir returned to the window and his newspaper. I watched the unconscious face till the glint of the firelight across it dazzled me and the hypnosis of his steady snoring made me sleepy. I was beginning to doze when the Elixir touched my arm, pointing to something he had written on the margin of the paper opposite the description of the murderer: "Compare this with the man on the bench, and if you agree with me pass it on to Father Belcher."

The only thing which astonished me was that I had not thought of it before or that the man's own account of himself had not suggested it. The priest read it carefully, then went over to the bench and read it again. He crossed himself and muttered a prayer. Allowing for such days and nights as he had spent out in the storm the pen picture was perfect. The Elixir stood up and, looking out of the window, said:

"A red sunset and a fair tomorrow, so we shall part in the morning. Let's have a breath of fresh air together first."

We understood and followed him outside. Close upon the horizon the masses of gold and crimson cloud were following the sun away. The Elixir cast one admiring glance over the glorious wilderness, then his being changed to something entirely new, even after all that had been before. He spoke rapidly and earnestly:

"That fellow is stark mad," he said. "He was demented when he did it. It is like the work of a maniac. Perhaps he'd lost everything up there and charged it to Sir Robert. Besides he is helplessly ill. Do unto others as ye would, applies to us. If we leave him here and go our ways, the fends from Kalgooey will tear him in pieces. If he is crazy he ought at least to have a show of justice, and we can secure it for him if you will help me. I have handled maniacs several times and always successfully. We two can easily get him to the coast if we are not overtaken by a mob from behind. You are starting for Kalgooey in the morning, Father, and will doubtless meet searching parties coming down. It will insure success if you will tell them that the man is already captured, in safe hands, and well on his way to the coast by way of the Lower Fork, where he will be given into custody. Keep them from following if possible. If not, then send them by the Lower Fork. The day after tomorrow wire privately to some one you can trust. Say that the prisoner will be at Baldwin's by Friday noon. Tell them of his condition, so that they will be prepared to care for him properly."

After a little parley the priest con-

sent and did his work so well that the plan worked out to the end. It did not rouse the man even when the Elixir made him drink the soup and relieved him of a rusted revolver, some cartridges, and an ugly knife with black-red rust spots on the blade. Then the moon rose in a clean-swept sky, and the Elixir proposed that we start at once, lest the people of Kalgooey do the same.

We borrowed a cob from the half-caste for the prisoner, who was evidently an old horseman for he sat the saddle by instinct. He would not pay the slightest attention to me, but heeded every suggestion of the Elixir, to whose watchfulness he owed his life many times over during that rapid and dangerous journey.

The officers with a physician met us at Baldwin's, but for the first time the prisoner became obstreperous. He clung to his deliverer, fighting and yelling, and kicking every one else, till for the sake of peace they persuaded him to continue with them, and we parted abruptly, I at least never more reluctantly.

Two weeks later, back in the bush, a letter came to me by way of Kalgooey.

"Before you open this I shall have left the Convict Isle for quarters undiscoverable, as it was I who killed the demon at Kalgooey. Finding myself in a trap, and, worse, that I was recognized by the fellow who came in on us, looking so like the printed picture of my so-different self, I was forced to utilize him, and incidentally saved his life by getting him to a hospital in return for his getting me out of the trap. I must make this unfolding to you, that you may stand by him again if by remotest chance the suspicion should cling to him. I did it; but, lest you smite yourself for having helped me unwittingly, let me add: if you had been in my place you would have done as I did to the fiend who wore that ring. I have kept it as my only consolation through whatever years are left. If I could tell you the story of the ring, you would not regret having aided—"

"Your Friend of the Mountain Inn."
—Lippincott's Magazine.

HOW CONVICTS KILL TIME.

Some Have Made Useful Articles—One Committed to Memory Old Testament.

The convict whose idle hours are the bitterest of his term of imprisonment must kill time—clandestinely unless the governor or chaplain is willing to take a very broad view of the regulations in order to help him. Sometimes a skilled workman of an industrious turn of mind will appeal to one or other of these gentlemen to find him some employment for his spare time. Thus a clever wood carver mentioned in a recent report of the prison commissioners was able to present to the chapel a really magnificently carved eagle lectern in oak, entirely the work of his own hands, done in hours which might otherwise have been spent in solitude and idleness.

An ex-governor of a great prison has in his possession a remarkably handsome side-board in walnut which was made for him by a convict of a prison where he was governor for some ten years. The man appealed to him for some means of killing time, and knowing the man to be a cabinet maker, he provided him with wood and tools. The side-board was the surprising result and in consequence of it, when the convict took his discharge there was a substantial present from the governor to help him in making a fresh start in life. Moreover, while thus employed his hand was not losing its cunning nor his mind lying fallow, and his chances of leading an honest life thereafter were therefore greatly increased.

On the other hand, prisoners have been known to kill time secretly by such melancholy devices as making mats and baskets of straw taken from their beds, rather than simply sit and brood. Others have set themselves to count the number of times certain letters occur in the Bible, with a copy of which every convict is provided, and it is quite a common practice for the prisoners to learn whole chapters, gospels, and epistles by heart. A certain hardened character once committed to memory the whole of the Old Testament, but the moral good it did him could not have been very great, for two days after his release he committed burglary, for which he was sentenced to three years imprisonment.

The chaplain of the prison possesses considerable powers in the way of providing convicts with spare time occupations, and with his co-operation an educated convict will sometimes indulge in such "literary pursuits" as inditing his autobiography, which many chaplains consider an excellent method for getting a prisoner to weigh his own character, though they are often disappointed by the measure of hypercritical claptrap such autobiographies contain.—London Tit-Bits.

When at Eton, it is said, the Duke of Westminster was known as "Jack Shepard." He was at that time a small, thin boy with a sharp figure and face.

THE CALL OF THE DESERT

PROSPECTORS WHO CAN'T KEEP AWAY FROM IT.

Grub Stakers Who are Always Searching for Mines and Sometimes Finding Them But Who Rarely Profit From Them—Luck in the Panamint Region.

"Say, boss, kin I talk to you for jest a minute?"

The speaker, writes the Los Angeles (Cal.) correspondent of the New York Sun, was a tall, thin man with gray hair and whiskers, his face the color of tanned hide. His eyes were intensely blue and had a shrewd, good natured expression, and his face while stern was wrinkled in just the places to indicate a habit of laughter. He was leaning on the marble of the cashier's window in a large bank.

"Is it grub stake, or porterhouse, or both?"

"Yes; all," said the man, laughing. "You're a guesser from Panamint."

"I can't talk to you now, but I will meet you at the restaurant around the corner in half an hour," said the cashier.

In the restaurant later the grub staker joined him, dead broke, dry, hungry, but good natured.

"I've been down the Panamint way," he explained after he had cleared out the big bowl of soup. "Every blame fool is going there to try and see what Scotty's got, but my hands are up. 'I lost my best burro there and I've had enough; but I've got something good down in San Diego county, and that's what I want.'"

"Did you ever make a stake?" asked the cashier.

"Found the Red Rose."

"What?"

"Fact and I kin prove it. D'ye know Col. A. C. Belmer?"

"Why, yes, he banks with us," replied the cashier.

"Well, ask him who found the Red Rose mine, and while you're about it you might also ask him who was fool enough to sell for a thousand dollars, as I'm that man. You've heard the old saying that a sucker's born every day, eh? Well, I'm the Friday sucker; I was born that day, sure."

"I was strapped, and I sold out for a thousand dollars. You see a poor man makes a find; how's he, without a cent, to get the attention of men with money or to get within a mile of them?"

"When I struck the Red Rose I was a hundred miles out on the desert."

"All I had on earth was four pounds of bacon and a pound of coffee. Some chaps came along and offered me that money for my claim and I took it."

"I went to Los Angeles, walked into a barber shop, and got a bath and a shave, then went to a store and told a man to fit me out from head to foot, and I vow when I went out I didn't know myself. I bought a bag and went over to the hotel and entered my name as John Handy, Red Rose, San Bernardino county, took the best room gave the bell boy a dollar, and the next morning read in the paper that 'Col. John Handy, the millionaire mine owner from Red Rose, was in town.'"

"Well I gained twenty pounds in the next two weeks and at the end of the month I was broke. No, no; I didn't drink it up. I ran across the wife of an old pardner. She was scrubbing floors in schools, and she is 65 years old. I staked her with \$500, hired a little house for her so she could rent a room or two and that cleaned me out."

"Then I got a stake from a restaurant man, the next day I was walking to the desert; and, d'ye know, there's something about the desert that kind of locoes a man? This time I'll let you into it."

"You know they have been finding some queer stones down at Mesa Grande Pala and different places in San Diego county; and last week I was sitting in a bar room at Daggett, out on the desert when a man came in, the picture of hard luck, but when he came to pay up he unrolled from a bag a lot of curious stones and offered to sell them to me. One was the most beautiful blue you ever saw."

"Where is it? I sold it for \$20 at Indio one night. I wanted a burro and I struck an Indian and bought his burro for the stone and \$10; he wanted it for his squaw."

"It might have been worth \$1,000 for all I know, but the point is this. 'The man I bought it from gave me a map of the place where he found it; here it is. He said he knocked it out of the side of a cliff with a stone, and there was a lot of it all broken up and no good.'"

"I kept a little piece and showed it to a travelling jeweler and he told me that if I knew where the mine was I was in luck and would make my fortune; so there you are. The stone has probably been knocked and hammered with rocks, and all you want is to put in a small blast and get in to it where it's good."

"How much of a stake do you want?" asked the cashier.

"Grub," was the reply, "grub for two months and some new tools. Hundred dollars will do it."

"All right," said the cashier, "I'll go you; sign this," and he drew up the following:

I, John Handy, agree to divide with anything I may find from January 11, 1905, to March 11, 1905, on account of grub stake of \$100 provided by—

The prospector signed the paper and said he would make it six months. The cashier took him to an outfitter's and next day the man left for the desert. All of which is the story of the discovery of one of the best tourmaline mines in southern California.

There are scores of grub stakers wandering over the desert; poor men, men on small salaries, grub stake men.

These men often keep themselves poor, hoping against hope; many men have spent their lives wandering over the desert without making a valuable strike. Again some of the best mines have been found in this way.

The big Cajon Pass and the pass of San Geronimo, leading down to the deserts of California and Mojave, are the highways for the grub staker, and hardly a day but you may see him following the track or on the road, and at the desert towns, as Banning, Daggett and Indio, he may be seen.

The desert, while forbidding, has valuable mines, and it is the grub staker's roaming ground, and along its pathways you may see his bones bleaching in the sun or his grave marked by a rude cross. The desert has many phases. Now it is sand, again alkali, again wide stretches of sandy billows, or you may find it a waving field of flowers, again mounds of gravel; but there are mountains always in sight, as this section of the desert is flat, a sandy waste surrounded by mountains, bare, barren, rocky, heat blasted, yet invested with all the splendors of color the mind can imagine.

SMART RATTLESNAKE.

Captured Thieves and Held Them Until Farmer Awoke.

The most affectionate of snakes is the rattler. I have had this proved to me—or, rather, I believe it, for it was proved to a man in whom I have the utmost faith, and who related the matter that I now submit to the snake department of the Inter Ocean. I am proud to say that my authority is Big John Brewster, a friend of snakes, if snakes ever had one.

Big John Brewster did not share the loathing for snakes that so generally exists. On the contrary, he was fond of them. He held that most snakes had a mission, particularly those that rid the fields of vermin. Big John never killed a snake, nor would he permit any one else to kill one if he was about. I do not know if this got about in the snake world, but I do know that Big John's farm in Northern Missouri had more snakes to the square acre than any thereabout, and that he was consequently less troubled by field mice.

And another curious thing was that nobody on Big John's farm was ever bitten. He had three hired men, who went about their work running into snakes every day, and nothing happened; in fact, the snakes, of all varieties, would gambol about in the lower meadow at hay cutting time, carefully keeping out of the way of the scythes—for Big John used scythes in those days—and seeming to enjoy the performance. And a fine assortment of rattlers was the most interesting bunch about the place.

You have read the good old snake yarn of the rattler that used to come on the front porch and amuse the baby by rattling its tail. Of course, nobody believes it, and I scouted it for a long time until I heard what Big John's bunch of rattlers did for him.

Chicken thieves took to raiding Big John's poultry yard. He missed a number of very fine fowls, but was never able to catch the raiders. No matter how tight he locked his big henhouse, the thieves would find some way of getting in. John talked the situation over with his hired men, and in some way the danger came to be understood by the fatters. At any rate, they took to staying around the henhouse, and one night there was a great commotion.

Big John got out of bed and ran to the poultry yard. He beheld two very much frightened persons kneeling on the ground and forming a circle around them were about 100 rattlers. It was a curious scene, for the moon was full. There was no way for the men to escape unless they broke through the circle, and as the snakes were coiled they were afraid of being struck. True to their custom of not striking at anybody on Big John's place, the trusty snakes had not attempted to bite the chicken thieves, but behaved so as to scare them until Big John could arrive. The thieves were arrested and John was no more troubled.

Knowing this story to be true, I cannot believe that the rattlesnake lacks affection.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

By virtue of special provisions recently promulgated, the importation into the Empire of Russia, the Grand Duchy of Finland included, of all kinds of firearms—except ordinary sporting guns—such as cannon, shells, explosives of all kinds, gunpowder, cartridges, nitroglycerine, etc., is absolutely prohibited.

THE IRISH NAMES.

Names wld the musical lilt of a troll to thim—
Names wld a rollickin' swing an' a roll to thim—
Names wld a body an' bones an' a soul to thim—
Sure an' they're pothry, darlint ashore!
Names wld the smell o' the praties an' wheat to thim—
Names wld the odor o' dillick an' peat to thim—
Names wld a lump o' the turf hangin' sweet to thim—
Where an' yez bate thim the whole wurruid o'er?

Brannigan, Flannigan, Milligan, Gilligan,
Duffy, McGuffey, Mulrany, Mahone,
Rafferty, Lafferty, Connelly, Donnelly,
Dooley, O'Hooley, Muldowny, Malone,
McDuggan, Caddigan, Hallahan, Callahan,
Fagan, O'Hagan, O'Houllan, Flynn,
Shanahan, Lashan, Fogarty, Hogarty,
Kelly, O'Skelly, McGinnis, McGinn.

Names wld a fine old Hibernian sheen to thim—
Names wld the dewy shamrocks clingin' green to thim—
Names wld a whiff o' the honest potheen to thim—
Shure an' they're beautiful, darlint ashore!
Names wld the taste o' the salt o' the earth to thim—
Names wld the warmth of the ancestral hearth to thim—
Names wld the blood o' the land o' their birth to thim—
Where an' yez bate thim the whole wurruid o'er?
—John Ludlow in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Lacklutz—Does your servant girl oversleep herself? Subbubs—Not only that, but she oversleeps us.—Philadelphia Press.

Major Butler—Lady VI looks uncommonly well. Got such a fresh complexion. Mrs. Scratcham—Yes. Fresh every day.—Punch.

Him—I don't like young Higgins, and he doesn't like me. Her—Well, that is certainly very much to the credit of both of you.—Chicago Daily News.

Mary—Did she make a good match? Ann—Splendid. Lots of money, good social position, and all that. In fact the only drawback is the man.—Brooklyn Life.

Moseley Wraggs—You used to move in good society, didn't ye? Wareham Long—I never done any movin' when I could help it, in any kind o' society.—Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. Corrigan—Astroike, is it? Will thim, begorry, yez kin hilt me wid me washin'." Mr. Corrigan—Ay course O' will, darlint. If the tub breaks down, O'll fix it fur yez.—Puck.

Ethel—Think of his being a foot pad! He looked like a real foreign nobleman. Esther—What did he do you of? Ethel—Everything I had. Esther—Then I guess he was.—Judge.

Belated Traveler—Wha's matter Cabby—Ere's a nice ag! One of the front wheels 'as bin come off! B. T.—Well, knock off t'other, an' make the bestly thim. a hansom!—Punch.

At the Garage—Boy—Mr. Smith telephoning for his machine. Can you send it to him today? Head man—Don't see how we can. Why this machine is the only one around here to use!—Life.

"A politician should strive to be representative man." "Certainly answered Senator Sorghum. "The question is whether you are going to represent the public or the boss."—Washington Star.

"Binx is always mowing his law. "Yes," answered the neighbor who takes life easy. "Binx doesn't really how a man in his shirt sleeves pushing a lawn mower spoils the looks a lawn."—Washington Star.

"I don't see anything in that poem new poem." "Of course you don't," replied the editor in chief, "because opened it first and took a \$5 bill out of it. Give it a good place—top column next reading matter!"—Atlantic City.

Newitt—They say that boy of yours is a pretty bad one. Mose. Unc. Mose—O! I dunno; ah doan' reckon he so tur'ble bad. Newitt—Think n'ch? Uncle Mose—No, suh; ah doan' s'pose he's ez white ez he's kalmimed.—Philadelphia Press.

"All I ask," said the Muck to the Rake with a gentle dignity that pressed all who heard it, "is simply be let alone." Then it hastily a unobtrusively backed up on a lift corner where the graft was showing through.—Baltimore American.

Life Insurance in Japan.
Since 1881 life insurance has developed greatly in Japan. In that year there was only one company, with capital of \$20,000, and 1439 policyholders, representing \$352,300 of surplus. At the end of 1904, three years later, there were then five companies, with \$2,750,000 capital, and reserve funds aggregating \$262,000. The policyholders then numbered 743,971, carrying \$102,000,000 insurance. According to a Japan official paper the business is still going rapidly.—From Daily Consular Trade Reports.